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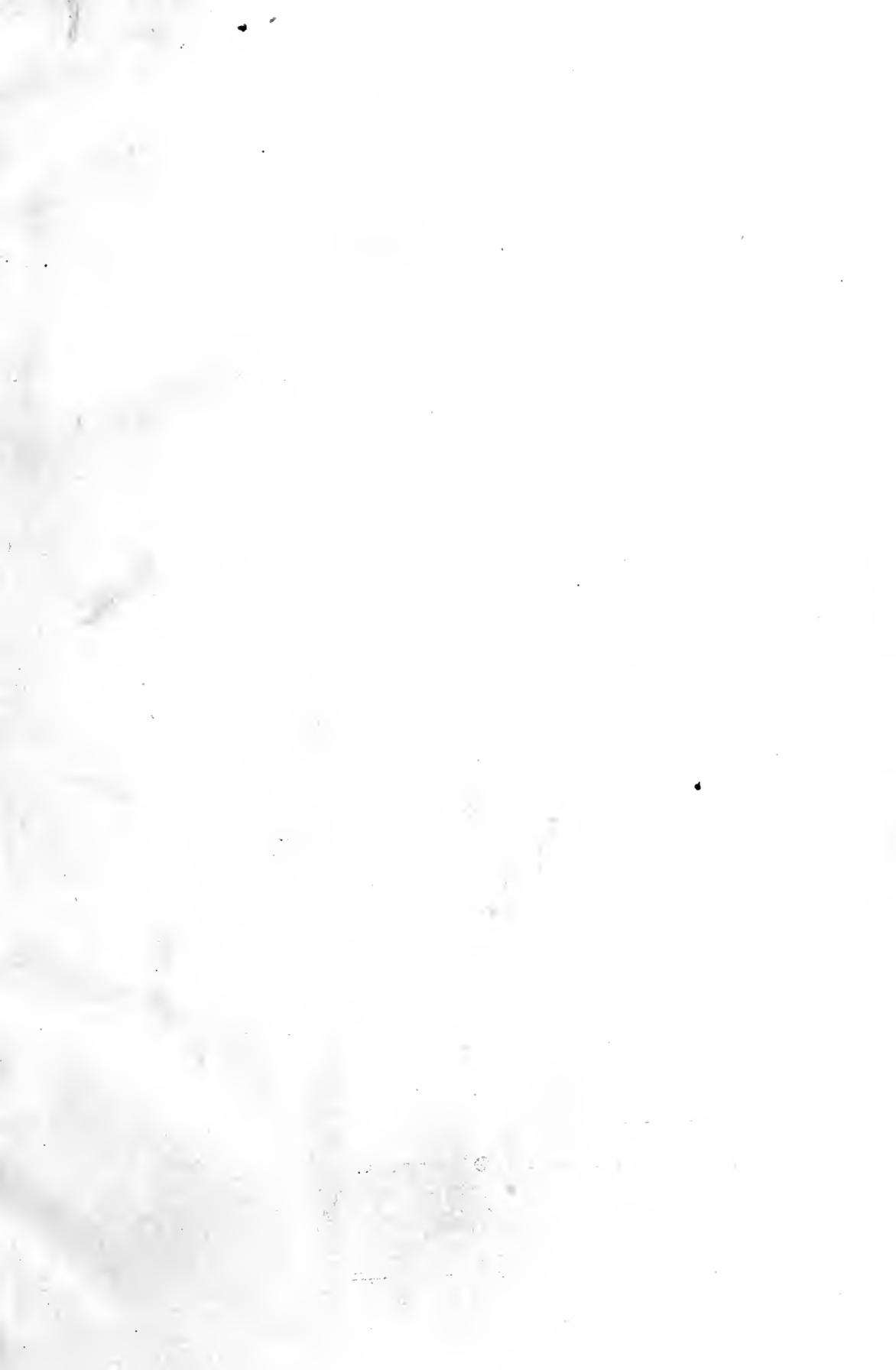
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ST. IGNATIUS AT MONTSERRAT.



VOL. XXV.

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NO. I.

(Copyright — Rev. D. E. Hudson, C. S. C.)

Compensation.

BY CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

WHAT if my tender roots may haply coil
 In a deep, mellow soil,
 Wherein is found no weed
 That killeth all things with its harmful greed;
 But only there is nourished mine own reed—
 To rear its slender crest
 In every delicate hue of richest blossom
 dressed?

If in the sunny mazes of my leaves
 The crafty spider weaves;
 Or in my fairest bloom
 Some worm hath stole, where, in delicious
 gloom,
 It lies and fattens in its honeyed tomb—
 What shall it profit me
 The outward show so fair, the prize I seem to be?

Still I may 'scape the worm, the spider's net;
 No cursed blight may set
 Its dangerous touch anew
 Upon my frailest buds in vile mildew;
 My faded flowers the autumn winds may strew;
 But, after all the strife,
 If I have borne no fruit, then of what use was
 life?

THE best perfection of a religious man is
 to do common things in a perfect manner.
 A constant fidelity in small things is a great
 and heroic virtue.—*St. Bonaventure, quoted
 by Longfellow.*

The Visitation of the Blessed Virgin.

BY ELIZA ALLEN STARR.

BEHOLD, He cometh leaping upon
 the mountains, skipping over the
 hills. My Beloved is like a roe or
 a young hart.* "I am the flower of the
 field and the lily of the valleys. As the
 lily among thorns, so is my love among the
 daughters." † "Arise, make haste, my love,
 my dove, my beautiful one, and come. For
 winter is now past: the rain is over and
 gone. The flowers have appeared in our
 land; the time of pruning is come: the voice
 of the turtle is heard in our land: the fig-tree
 hath put forth her green figs; the vines in
 flower yield their sweet smell." ‡ "Who is
 this that cometh forth like the sun, and
 beautiful as Jerusalem? . . . The daughters
 of Sion saw her, and declared her blessed:
 the queens and they praised her." § "And
 as the flower of roses in the day of spring,
 and as the lilies of the valleys." ||

With such canticles does the Church lure
 us onward to the contemplation of the
 sacred mysteries involved in the Visitation
 of the tender young Virgin of Nazareth to
 the aged Elizabeth. Like her own illumi-
 nators, she first gives us a border of grace-
 ful imagery, drawn from the world around
 us and familiar to our bodily eyes; then

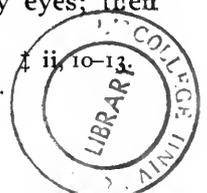
* Cant., ii, 8, 9.

† ii, 1, 2.

‡ ii, 10-13.

§ Cant., vi, 8.

|| Ecclus., 1, 8.



sketches in the landscape, beautifying it with all the charms of the most perfect of seasons—the early days of midsummer. Not a tint of the atmosphere, not a perfume that floats on the morning air, is lost or disregarded; and when this natural paradise is complete, and she has won us by the beauty to which we are so susceptible in the order of nature, she straightway lifts the soul into the supernatural regions of grace, and we see—no longer the rose or lily of the valleys of Nazareth, no longer the roe or the young hart of the woods of Libanus, but—the fairest of all the daughters of the tribe of Judah or the house of David, the one unsullied Lily among the daughters of Eve, hastening with Her virginal step over the hill country between Her own home at Nazareth and the home of Elizabeth;—*hasting*, as the Evangelist himself has it; for did She not bear within Her One who is swifter on His errands of grace and of sanctification than the roe or the young hart?

What Solomon, with all the beauties of his celestial poem, could not give to this picture of early midsummer, is given by St. Luke the Evangelist, privileged with pen and pencil to show to the world the picture of Mary. This is the spirit of the Church, in her Invitatory, as she call upon all Christians at her Matin song: *Visitationem Virginis Mariæ celebremus, Christum ejus Filium adoremus Dominum.*—“Let us celebrate the Visitation of the Virgin Mary, adoring Her Son, Christ the Lord.” In response to this invitation of our Mother the Church, let us read, with hearts touched as they may never have been before, this narrative of the Gospel, which has inspired the artist and the musician, as well as the devout, in all Christian ages; while a St. John Chrysostom and a St. Ambrose of the fourth century, and a St. Bede of the eighth, still give us the pure gold of their theological piety, through their homilies and sermons in honor of this festival.

St. Bede dwells, in his homily, upon the singular humility and simplicity of disposition evinced by the Blessed Virgin in this

act of Her Visitation. Instead of being engrossed by Her dignities and honors as the Mother of the Messiah, She is impelled to visit immediately Her kinswoman, who, if not favored to any degree like Herself, has still been signally blessed. Yet this impulse, as St. Bede so justly remarks, does not come from any necessity of sympathy or encouragement from one of Her own sex on the part of this tender Virgin of fifteen years, but from Her desire to “congratulate Her aged kinswoman, and to give her such careful service as a youthful maiden could bestow.”* She does not seem to have contemplated any communication concerning Her own extraordinary favors from God; and the first word uttered by a mortal on the mystery of the Incarnation, after the “*Fiat*” of Mary Herself, was uttered by Elizabeth. “And it came to pass that when Elizabeth heard the salutation of Mary, the infant leaped in her womb; and Elizabeth was filled with the Holy Ghost. And she cried out with a loud voice, and said: Blessed are Thou among women, and blessed is the Fruit of Thy womb. And whence is this to me that the Mother of my Lord should come to me? For, behold, as soon as the voice of Thy salutation sounded in my ears, the infant in my womb leaped for joy. And blessed art Thou that hast believed, because those things shall be accomplished that were spoken to Thee by the Lord.” †

At these words the tide of praise breaks forth from the Heart of Mary, and on the threshold of Elizabeth’s home, under the shadow of the blossoming vine and fig-tree and the pale olives, She sings Her *Magnificat*, which for eighteen hundred and eighty-seven years has been the fulfilment as well as the prophecy of Mary’s glories. Elizabeth has just called Her Blessed among women; she has echoed the salutation of Gabriel—“Blessed art Thou among women.” But Mary, under the inspiration of the Holy Ghost, whose Bride She now is, exclaims, “Behold, henceforth all generations shall

* “Our Lady’s Dowry,” p. 76. † Luke, i, 41-45.

call Me blessed." Not Gabriel and Elizabeth alone—privileged as they are to be admitted to the councils of the Most High,—but the weak ones, and unlearned ones, and the frail and erring ones, as well as great masters of theology and doctors in knowledge—all will call Me blessed. Well did the Church speak when she added to the list of Mary's titles *Regina Prophetarum*,—"Queen of Prophets."

Not so many minutes have elapsed since Mary's foot touched the threshold of Zachary's house as we have taken to copy these words, but what wonders have been accomplished! What miracles of grace! What perfection of praise and of thanksgiving! The world goes on, and the years roll by, and this Gospel is chanted and meditated upon; and not only does its sweetness and freshness and peculiar charm never pall upon the soul, but we seem always to be growing into a comprehension of it just in proportion as we grow in grace.

The first of these miracles was the sanctification of St. John the Baptist, the Precursor of the Son of Man, the "Messenger who was to go before the face of the Lord and prepare His ways before Him." *Et tu, puer, propheta Altissimi vocaberis: præibis enim ante faciem Domini, parare vias ejus.** As He had sealed His choice of His Mother by the grace of an Immaculate Conception, so He forestalled the birth of His Messenger by the grace of pre-sanctification. And so effectual was this grace, that more than thirty years after, Our Lord said of His Messenger: "There hath not risen among them that are born of women a greater than John the Baptist." †

The second miracle was the clause added by Elizabeth to the *Ave Maria* of the Angel Gabriel, "Blessed art Thou among women" belonged to both, but Elizabeth added, *Et benedictus fructus ventris tui.*—"And blessed is the Fruit of Thy womb." To this day every Catholic child knows to whom he is indebted for this clause of his "Hail Mary," nor will his tongue ever

hesitate to pronounce these words, uttered by Elizabeth under the inspiration of the Holy Ghost, and recorded by an inspired Evangelist. We have yet to see this text of Holy Writ, this clause in the four Gospels, adopted by any Bible Christian into his daily prayers. Go on, little "Papist!" You may not own the whole Bible, and you may never read it from the first verse of Genesis to the last of the Apocalypse; but you believe in it, and your prayers are true coin, stamped with its seal.

The third miracle was the Cantic of the Blessed Virgin Mary, the *Magnificat* of Christendom. To say how poor the Vesper-song of the Church would seem to our ears without the *Magnificat*, is to say but little; and yet not even from her Vespers on Good-Friday does the Church shut out the *Magnificat* of Mary. At Christmas and Easter, on Good-Friday and Holy Saturday as well as Maundy-Thursday, this Cantic makes the one note of joy that never changes. The Antiphon may speak the grief of her soul, but the *Magnificat* remains always the same: always a song of exultation, of promise and of fulfilment.

And now, surely, we can repeat, even more fervently than at first, the precious sentences by which the Breviary Lessons and Nocturns, Versicles, Responses, Antiphons, and even Invitatory, sought to accustom our bodily ears, as well as the ears of our souls, to the gracious significance of the mysteries of the Visitation. We turn with fresh delight to her ejaculatory Versicles and Responses: "Blessed are Thou that hast believed, because those things shall be accomplished that were spoken to Thee by the Lord. And Mary said: My soul doth magnify the Lord."* "Come and hear, and I will tell you what God hath done for my soul." † "Surely Thou art happy, O Holy Virgin Mary! and most worthy of all praise; for out of Thee arose the Sun of Justice, Christ Our God. Pray for the people, mediate for the clergy, intercede for the devoted female sex. Let all experience

* Luke, i, 76.

† Matth., xi, 11.

* Luke, i, 45, 46.

† Ps., lxxv, 16.

Thy assistance, whoever celebrate Thy holy Visitation."*

For the pictures of the Visitation we can go back as far as Cimabue with delight. The most popular is undoubtedly the one painted by Albertinelli, although Pinturicchio may well dispute the palm so often given to Albertinelli. Both Lucia della Robbia and Lucas von Leyden have represented this mystery under forms of exceeding grace and tenderness; but the Visitation which has held the first place in our hearts for years, the one to which we find ourselves referring mentally whenever the mystery is named, is by Don Lorenzo, monk of the Angeli of Florence. His paintings came into notice in the first quarter of the fifteenth century. His name is generally given as "Don Lorenzo the Monk," and is thus given under the small but very choice engraving we refer to, and which was issued many years ago by the Dusseldorf Society.

The monastery of the Angeli belonged to the Camaldoli Order, which has been favored by a genuine love of art among its members. Of the type of the Virgin in this picture, we may say that Don Lorenzo certainly belonged to the same celestial order of souls as Fra Angelico Fiesole, and the angels in attendance on his own monastery must have assisted his pious aspirations. In his picture, St. Elizabeth kneels to salute the Blessed Virgin and the divine "Fruit of Her womb"; and nothing could exceed the purity of the forms that express the youthfulness and delicacy of the Virgin Mother. She was indeed to Don Lorenzo the Monk what She is still in the Breviary Lessons, "the flower of the field and the lily of the valleys, whom all generations shall call blessed."

* Office of the B. V. M.

LIKE as the ark floated on the waters—the deeper they became, the higher it rose,—so does Christianity at this moment repose in all calmness and majesty on the great flood of human science in its highest cultivation.—*Cardinal Manning.*

A Brave Life.

BY KATHLEEN O'MEARA.

GASTON DE SÉGUR was born in Paris, on the 15th of April, 1820. His father, Comte de Ségur, was a peer of France, and in those days that was still something more than an empty title, so that the birth of an eldest son was an important event, as well as a domestic joy.

The Comtesse de Ségur, Gaston's mother, was a Russian—Mademoiselle Rostopchine, daughter of the famous General Rostopchine, who was Governor of Moscow in 1812, and who gave the heroic order to set fire to the city when Napoleon was advancing with his conquering legions to take possession of it.

The wife of this stout-hearted soldier was as remarkable in her way as the General himself. She had been early converted to the Faith, and had imbibed its spirit so deeply, and embraced its maxims and practices so fervently, as to become a model of holiness and an accomplished type of a Christian lady living in the world. She was a person of great weight in the family, both on account of her intellectual gifts, which were of a very high order, and of her angelic piety.

This first little grandchild was welcomed with great delight by the General and his wife, and soon the indomitable old soldier who burnt down the capital of Russia, and thereby nearly beggared himself rather than surrender to the conqueror of Europe, went down abjectly before the new-born peer of France, and became his obedient, humble servant even before he had made his personal acquaintance. "I am very impatient," he writes to his son-in-law, "to see for myself the progress of Gaston, and to supplant him in Sophie's affections by means of presents, base bribes,—by treating him, in fact, as a personage in office." Elsewhere he "kisses the feet of Gaston, the first paladin of Christendom."

It seems strange that the little paladin,

object of the adoring tenderness of two fathers and two mothers, all equally impressed with his importance, should have been sent away to school at the infantine age of six. But so it was. The child evidently suffered keenly from this early banishment from home, and his letters at eight years old to his mother show how his poor little heart pined for the warm tenderness of home atmosphere, and how much he suffered from the want of it. Gaston's love for his mother, which was the great love of his life, breathes through these early letters very touchingly, and already testifies to the strength of that affection which illuminated the dark school-days, protected his youth, and remained through his manhood a strength and a benediction.

And yet, at this early date, there started up in his heart a rival passion to this unique love: a passion for drawing. The child manifested an extraordinary talent for art, and was perpetually exercising it in illegal ways and at forbidden times, covering his own and other boys' books with sketches and caricatures, adorning or disfiguring with his pencil everything he could lay his hands on. This gift, which made him very popular amongst his companions, was not equally appreciated by his masters. It was continually getting him into trouble. Sometimes he got out of the scrape by a peace-offering in the shape of some pretty sketch, or a portrait of the angry master; he had a wonderful facility for taking likenesses, and often turned it to good account as a means of propitiation.

From this infant school Gaston went to a more advanced one at Fontenay-aux-Roses, where the pupils followed the classes of the Lyceum. There he formed some friendships which added much to the happiness of his school-life, while they developed his heart and character. He took the troubles of his friends and their successes and rewards as much to heart as if they had been his own, and his letters home are full of their concerns.

"Paul and Albert have passed as bachelors!" he writes to his mother, jubilantly.

"You can fancy how happy I am in their happiness. They are going home with their good mother, the next best mother in this world after mine. They came this morning to announce the news. . . . But, as every good thing has its bad side, after the happiness came tears. I cried for a good half hour after they left. I held myself in before them, so as not to damp their joy; but I shall be alone now, dear mother,—all alone, without a friend to confide my sorrows and joys to. I had hoped not to lose my two friends until it was time to go back to you, who fill up every body's place to me; but instead of this I have four months of complete solitude before me."

These pure and strong affections filled up Gaston's youth, and were a protection as well as a delight to him, until God came and took full possession of his heart. During his student days religious sentiments seem to have lain dormant in his soul, and nothing in his correspondence at this date suggests his future vocation. He made a pious First Communion, but that supremely important event was not accompanied by those examples and immediate influences which help to make it sink deeply into a young life, and assist in keeping alive its blessed influences. "We were not impious at college," he writes, recalling those days in later years, "but we were utterly indifferent. When I think that the year after my First Communion nobody suggested to us that we should make our Easter duty! It took me fifteen years to get rid of the baneful effect of the impression left upon my mind by that fatal university. . . . It took my four years' stay in Rome as Auditor of the Rota before I finally got rid of every trace of it."

This 'utter indifference' was rather a misfortune than a deliberate fault with the young student, and the fatal university, as he styles it, never went the length of shaking his faith, though it made him lukewarm and negligent in the practice of it. This lukewarmness, however, soon disappeared in the beneficent atmosphere of his Christian home life, and under the example of his parents, of his young cousin, August-

tine Galitzin, and above all under the influence and teaching of his grandmother, the Countess Rostopchine. This holy and gifted woman resided in Moscow, where she spent her time in study, prayer, and working for the poor. Her reading was extraordinarily extensive, and reminds one of Madame Swetchine's prowess in that line.

In the summer of 1838 she came to France, to the Chateau des Nouettes, her daughter's country home. Here the charming grandmother became the centre of the family life, and drew all the hearts of the young people to her. But none loved her, or was so tenderly loved in return, as Gaston. With that quick insight to souls and characters which again reminds us of Madame Swetchine, the Countess Rostopchine quickly detected the rare spiritual capacities, the germ of divine things, that lay dormant in her grandson. She attracted him as much by her holiness as by her charm, and she used her power over him to develop his vocation for the perfect life. He became another being before the holidays were half over. Everyone was struck by the change in him; his brothers and sisters were puzzled as to the cause of it; he was no longer the same Gaston; his conversation had grown grave and earnest, and was continually turning on religion; his manner was subdued to sadness; his countenance and demeanor reflected the crisis that his soul was passing through. This lasted for over a month. On the 8th of September, the Nativity of Our Lady, he went to the curé and made a general confession, and in the humble little parish church he received Holy Communion, and consecrated his young heart to God once and irrevocably. He was eighteen years of age. Jesus came into his soul that morning as sole Lord and Master for evermore.

The sense of his sinfulness, remorse for what he called his "criminal life," filled his soul with such intense sorrow that his one desire was to take vengeance on himself by penance. This led him into exaggerated exercises of mortification; he was perpetually saying prayers and performing

penances; he shunned the merry company of his brothers and sisters, and his natural gayety was clouded by melancholy. But the phase of indiscreet fervor had its source in too healthy a cause to last long. It quickly passed away, leaving the ardent young soul the purer for the suffering it had inflicted. Gaston got back his natural high spirits, and was brighter than ever, proving that the heart is all the merrier for having cast out sin and self, and turned with all its strength to God.

The holidays of 1838 mark a distinct era in his life, and he always attributed the blessed change—his conversion, as he rightly called it,—under God, to the influence of his grandmother. Guided by her, he placed himself in the hands of a wise director, and became a daily communicant. He commemorated his conversion in a picture of the Blessed Sacrament surrounded by angels in adoration, and bearing the inscription, "*Souvenir de ma conversion, à Aube, Notre Dame de Septembre, 1838*"; and under this the words, "Blessed are they whose iniquities are forgiven."

His life from this forth was divided between piety and painting; when he was not in the chapel, or visiting the poor, the pencil or the brush was never out of his hand. He spent his evenings with Madame Rostopchine, and while joining in the conversation around him he was busy drawing a series of pictures which were to represent the life of Our Lord. He finished only twelve of them, but these are full of beauty and fine artistic as well as spiritual sentiment. He was interrupted in the work by an attack of inflammation in his eyes, brought on, it was said, by overstrain of them; but it was doubtless the first warning of that terrible infirmity that was to sanctify him, and crown his life as by a grace of martyrdom.

He soon recovered, and so completely that he set to work in good earnest at his art, and entered the studio of Paul Delaroche. But the atmosphere of the *atelier* was intolerable to him; the naked models, the coarse jokes and elastic morals of his

fellow-students were odious to his pure conscience and refined taste. He left the *atelier* and continued his studies at home, getting models to come there and sit to him. In leaving the company of the students he did not, however, cease his intercourse with Delaroche. He went frequently to his house, and met there a great many distinguished artists, who became interested in him, and conceived great hopes of his talent. Paul Delaroche expected great things of Gaston, and when M. de Ségur told him he meant to put his son into the diplomatic service, the artist replied: "You may do what you will with him, and put him into what career you like: his vocation is to be a painter, and a great painter."

The future great painter had a brilliant facility for caricature, which he exercised diligently at this period, but never at the expense of charity. If one of his sketches, however successful, struck him as the least ill-natured, it was at once pitilessly sacrificed. His enthusiasm in the pursuit of his art did not, even at its high tide, draw his heart away from the pursuit of holiness; God ruled supreme there, and his soul continued bent on higher things than any earthly achievements. His devotion to the poor was admirable; he became a member of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul, then in its infancy, and had as his fellow-worker Pierre Olivaint, the future Jesuit and martyr.

Gaston's sympathy with the poor equalled his pity for them, and enabled him to win their confidence, and made his mission amongst them fruitful as nothing else can. He was by nature essentially *distingué*, but with the poor he made himself as simple, as homely as they. He served them like a servant, taking his gifts to them in person; he would walk off through the most fashionable street with a huge bundle of clothes under his arm—sometimes his own clothes, sometimes old suits that he had begged of his friends. He was, indeed, constantly compelled to beg these gifts, for he gave away his wardrobe so recklessly that he was frequently left with the bare necessities. He did not rest satisfied with visiting the poor

in their homes: he followed them to the hospital, and tended them there diligently. Pierre Olivaint was his companion here, as in the service of St. Vincent de Paul. They had the same ward and the same days for their visits. The future Jesuit used to speak with admiration in after times of the wonderful grace Gaston had, even at this early date, for consoling the dying and preparing them to receive the last Sacraments.

One day the Sister of Charity, a venerable woman who had grown old in the service of the poor, met him in the corridor of the hospital (the Hôpital Necker), and, accosting him with some agitation, said: "Go to Number 39, and see what you can do. He is a man between three or four and thirty, in the last stage of consumption; he will be dead in three days. I have done my best, but to no purpose; your *confrère* [Pierre Olivaint] has succeeded no better. Very likely he will send you about your business, too; but one must try while one can; he has got a soul to save." "If he sends me about my business, I will go," replied Gaston; "it won't do me any harm. But do you go and say an *Ave Maria* for the poor fellow while I am trying to bring him round." He went into the ward, and made his way to Number 39. The dying man was dreadful to see; he was emaciated to a skeleton, and his great black eyes, fixed on vacancy, had something unnatural in their expression. Gaston asked him kindly how he felt; he made no answer. "Can I do any little thing to comfort you?" No answer, only a fierce glance of the black eyes that turned slowly on the speaker.

"I was going to give it up in despair," Gaston said, relating the incident afterwards, "when God sent me an inspiration. I bent over him, and whispered: 'Tell me, did you make a good First Communion?' The question acted like an electric shock; he started, the expression of his face changed, and he said, almost inaudibly: '*Oui, monsieur.*' 'Well,' I said, 'and were you not happier then than you are now?' Presently two big tears rolled down his cheeks. I took his hand in mine and said, 'You were happy

then because you were pure and chaste and good, and fearing God. But the happiness may come back. God has not changed.'” The poor fellow’s tears were trickling down. Gaston went on pleading. At last he said: “You will go to confession, won’t you?” The dying man made an effort to speak. “*Oui, monsieur,*” he said, and he made a movement to embrace Gaston, who took him in his arms and kissed him. This was his first conquest of a death-bed sinner to God.

In these blessed and wholesome labors the time passed quickly. When the summer of 1841 came round, Gaston made ready for a pleasure long in store for him. This was a visit to his grandmother in Russia. The Countess Rostopchine passed the long winter in Moscow, and the short summer at Voronovo, her country-seat. Here Gaston joined her, and the old gentlewoman and the young man spent two delightful months in *tête-à-tête*. He learned many things from her, and discovered new beauties in her ardent soul and lofty intelligence. It was a period of distinct spiritual growth for Gaston, and, like that visit of his grandmother to Nouettes, marked an epoch in his soul’s life.

On his return home he had soon to make ready for another journey. This time it was to Rome that he bent his steps. His father, anxious to combine all pleasant and useful things for him, had obtained for him the appointment of *attaché* to the Embassy in Rome, under M. de le Tour-Maubourg, an old friend of the family. This nomination would, he felt, enable Gaston to follow his true vocation, as M. Delaroche called it, and study art while learning his duties in the diplomatic service. It may seem strange that the family did not foresee the probability of any other result in this new sphere,—that it did not occur to them that the young man’s great natural piety might, under the spiritual influences so potent in the Eternal City, develop a vocation for the priesthood; but they foresaw nothing, and he himself had no apprehension of the sort. He entered with intense zest into the life

of Rome, its artistic and social delights, and above all into that religious life which to a fervent Catholic is so attractive; but he suspected no danger to his chosen career in these divine allurements.

He was welcomed by M. de le Tour-Maubourg as a member of his family, and all that was most agreeable in Roman society was at once opened to him. Handsome, *spirituel*, full of enthusiasm, and with a charm that none resisted, he was soon a universal favorite. He might easily have drifted into a life of mere pleasant worldliness, had he not been protected from it, on one side by the influence of that pure, Christian home life which was to be seen in its highest perfection in the family of the French Ambassador, and still more powerfully on the other hand by his staunch and ardent piety. He used the honest pleasures of society as a Christian may use them, but they never carried him away from his duties, or infringed on the work he had set himself to do. His duties at the Embassy demanded only two hours a day, and this left him a large margin for studying his art in the galleries and museums and studios.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

That Wicked Paragraph.

BY MAURICE F. EGAN.

I.

THEY—that is the critics—say that the art of letter writing has gone out of fashion, and that the speed of the mails and the cheapness of postage have forever blighted any hope of there being another Madame de Sévigné in these times. For myself, however, the hasty notes of our day, particularly if they suggest any kind of a story, or show the workings of character, have an inexpressible charm. As I am sure I am not alone in this, I am unselfish enough to open a little packet of notes—enclosing a newspaper clipping among them—which came to me from both the writers, with the consent of the persons to whom they were

written, of course. Of Mr. Redmond O'Connor and Miss Anna Arthur, I have nothing to say, except that they were the persons last alluded to.

II.

The paragraph enclosed in one of the letters of the packet reads this way. It is printed in leaded bourgeois. It was written because the editor-in-chief of a metropolitan daily journal suddenly dashed into the office of one of his staff, to say:

"There's nothing going on. I've exhausted myself on the present appearance of the tariff question; but I need a couple of stickfuls to 'fill out.' Can't you think of a paragraph or two?"

The member of the staff took his cigar from his mouth, and thought and grinned.

"Pitch into the Pope!"

"That's played out, you know very well," answered the editor-in-chief, irritably. "It used to be different. I want 'copy.' Hurry up!"

"Very well," the member of the staff said, amiably; "I'll see to it."

And the editor-in-chief left the room, sighing with relief. The member of the staff turned up his gaslight, picked up a pile of "exchanges," and looked for prey.

"Indian question," he murmured; "we have had enough of that. New novel by James—Judkins has too much literary stuff in already. Lecture by Ingersoll—don't know whether the paper is for or against him just now. Tariff—oh, bother! Theatricals—enough of them, too. Sermon in St. Paul's Roman Catholic Church: unity—unchangeable—infallible. Good gracious! what awful claims that priest makes! It would be pretty bad for us, who are neither hot nor cold, who neither believe nor disbelieve, if he should happen to be right. 'One Faith, one Lord, one Baptism.' He talks as if he knew—ah, here's poetry! 'Tower of David, Tower of Ivory, House of Gold.' Well, it is queer that a fellow in the Protestant Church should be taught to believe in Christ and yet told to hold an attitude of reserve and almost of dislike towards His Mother. It *is* queer—by George, I've

been dreaming! It will not do. I *must* find two stickfuls of *something*."

He turned over the papers, and ran his eyes up and down columns of print with the dexterity of long practice.

"What's this? 'Mr. James Vernon's failure in business struck the community like a thunder-clap. The closing up of his factory will leave over a hundred men without the means of subsistence. His inability to meet the demands of his creditors is attributed to careless management.'"

The member of the staff cut this out of the *Evening Cablegram* with speed and a new pair of scissors. "Not remarkable," he said, "but it will do, unless the chief brings me a hint from the telegraphic reports. Let me see. Roumania—bother Roumania! Bismarck—well, he ought to die! French Republic, M. Ferry—always talking about 'revenge' on Germany, and taking it out of the priests, who can't fight. That's an idea; but the chief wouldn't like me to put that in; too ultramontane; some light sneer at something else would be better. But—confound it!—I can't find anything to sneer at to-night."

Having come to this conclusion, he lighted his cigar again and wrote the paragraph.

"Another disastrous failure is announced. It is alleged that James Vernon, the only survivor of the solid old firm of Vernon & Vernon, has allowed 'carelessness' to force him to close the factory of the firm. 'Carelessness' is a very light and frivolous way of putting a phase of our life which ought to be called criminal; for it is criminal to reduce working-men to despair by taking the bread out of the mouths of their wives and children. If Mr. Vernon chose to rob his rich creditors, we have nothing to say against it. That is the affair of the law, and the rich can easily secure the law's assistance. But what of the poor? They may die in dumb despair in their close, unhealthy rooms,—die, yes, my lords and gentlemen, with James Vernon's carelessness written on their hearts—their withered and pulseless hearts. 'Carelessness' like this brought

on the French Revolution. Public opinion should frown down—

“No, not ‘frown down.’ That’s too weak,” said the member of the staff, drawing his pencil through the phrase,—

“Should scariate these ‘careless’ individuals—oppressors of the poor,—until they should be forced out of the precincts of every decent community.”

“A sweet thing!” he said, meditatively. “The chief will like that. Judkins’ aristocratic notions have lately made some of the people think we were going over to the bloated bond-holders. I know that he has a long ‘story’ on the first page about the swells that have taken boxes for the Italian opera. This will even up things a bit.”

He pushed the “copy” into the tube that led to the printing department, and, humming a tune, took up several letters which he had not yet had time to read. Then he yawned—for it was after midnight,—took up his pen and answered them.

III.

“DEAR RED:—When I looked at the signature of your letter—which I always do,—and saw the old scrawl, ‘Redmond O’Connor,’ it gave me new energy; for I was almost fagged out by a night’s work. You ask me whether anything has happened to me. Nothing much. The most interesting event was the receiving of your letter, and another one to-night after I had finished my work on the paper. It was a little note containing one of those silver medals you Catholics are so fond of,—a representation of the Virgin (after all, I don’t see why I should hesitate to call Her blessed, since the Scripture does so) with outstretched arms.

“The note was made up of a few words. It had no signature, but I recognized the delicate handwriting—not at all like the big, sprawling English style that ladies of fashion have adopted—as that of one of the most interesting young gentlewomen I have ever seen. She only said ‘Thank you,’ and I shall never see her again, but I will never forget her. You think all this is very romantic coming from a materialistic and utilitarian fellow like me, don’t you?

“The other day the chief asked me to go up to the Brevoort House, to do an ‘interview,’ which I hate. But in journalism one has to do what one is expected to do, so of course I went. It was hard work; for whenever the dignitary said anything particularly interesting, he always paused and said that he told it to me as a gentleman and not as a reporter. This was very unpleasant, and I went away in a gloomy state of mind. I was trying to disentangle the parts of his talk that were for the public from those that were not, and feeling that his views on the tariff were about as incomprehensible as possible, when I heard a little scream. I looked up. There was an elderly man, looking pale and helpless, in the middle of the street, in a regular tangle of drays, wagons, and street-cars. The policeman was looking after a group of ladies who were just crossing, and the old man seemed utterly bewildered by the shouts of the drivers and the turmoil around. You know, Red, that, as a New Yorker, I know my Broadway. It is like the proverbial nettle: you must attack it boldly if you want to come out unscathed.

“The old man’s foot slipped in the slimy mud; he went down almost under the fore-feet of a huge dray horse. But I had the horse by the bridle in an instant. I pulled the old man up. Then the policeman with charming coolness cleared a space, and together we dragged him to the sidewalk. The old man thanked me gravely, and asked for my card, which I gave him in a courteous impulse. As I did this I noticed a young woman by his side. I saw her for only a moment—just a glimpse of a face. It was she who had screamed. She took her father’s arm, and gave me such a look of gratitude! Oh, my dear boy, a look like that makes a man feel chivalrous! I did not make note of the color of her eyes but I know they were the color I like,—that is, whatever color they were I like,—that is—but never mind sneering at me; I am a confirmed bachelor.

“I shall never see her again, and, besides, she is a Catholic; for the old man smiled a

little and said: 'St. Raphael sent this young gentleman.' And his daughter—of course she is his daughter—answered: 'We must thank them both.'

"She would not marry a Protestant, nor would I marry a Catholic. You people are right in your objection to mixed marriages. I am not a bigot, but I could not endure a wife who prayed to saints, and who would interrupt a dinner party to say the *Angelus*, and who would amaze her Protestant friends by giving them little pious pictures. It would not do. There must certainly be a great discord in married life when two people are of different religious practices.

"It was so kind of the Unknown to send me this medal! I shall always wear it. I do not see why I should not. I fancy you are sneering at my inconsistency. I am a Christian, although I have never thought much about religion. I do not have time. I fancy that if I married I should adopt my wife's form of belief—not if she were a Catholic, though; I really could not go that far. But at present there is no chance of my marrying, as the French poet says—

"Si vous croyez que je vais dire
Qui j'ose amier,
Je ne saurai, pour un empire
Vous la nommer."

"You ask me if I would not like to go back to the law, and work over Blackstone with you in a musty old office again. No. As you say, a journalist has great responsibilities, but I bear them without acquiring those deep lines of care which you seem to think ought to furrow my brow. Perhaps if I were a Catholic, and scrupulous about many things, I might lie down under the weight of my fears, and hesitate a long time before I wrote a paragraph or even a line. But my conscience is not abnormally tender, and I write about what comes in my way without troubling myself about it. I suppose I do some harm occasionally; but a man has to 'fill space,' and what is the use of bothering?

"You ask me what the twentieth century will bring forth if we young men continue to doubt. Nothing, my dear boy,—nothing.

We shall all have committed suicide by that time, and your Church will alone remain in the ruins, like Macaulay's New Zealander. Of course I'm a Christian, if I'm anything; but I don't know. Really, I don't know anything. And you can not blame me from your Papal height of certitude. I have been educated to believe only what I see. I am what I have been made. Good-bye; it is three o'clock in the morning."

IV.

"The curse has come upon me,' dear Red,—the curse of weariness of all things. During the chief's vacation I took his place, and when he came home he complimented me; he said he could not have done better, and he sent me off to this town to recuperate. It is a quiet spot, as all watering-places are in April, I suspect.

"Here I am at Atlantic City, with my pipes and a few books. I can look at the sea from my window all day long. But I am tired of it, as I am of everything. Life is not worth living. The only other persons in the house are from New York, too. They are a young girl and an old man or woman, I believe. But don't care. I shall get back to the journalistic harness as soon as I can.

"Why didn't I write? Because I did nothing I could help doing. Now, do not try to convert me (although I am under obligation for the books you sent). I never read books; and it's too late for me to try to go against the spirit of the age. I don't know; and the Christians I meet seem to have as little reason for the faith that is in them as I have for going occasionally to the Episcopal Church, which is very well served here by a gentlemanly rector. The wind is howling, and you should see the sea! It tears along the beach and upon it with a fury truly awful. Just think of it! A thin pane of glass separates me from the cold, the pitiless wind, and the rush of water outside my room! A thin pane of glass! But, old fellow, the partition between life and death is thinner."

V.

"What an April! I have been on the outskirts of this queer, straggling city a week. The wind still howls. Every morning I see

one of the other inmates of this cottage go out early through the howling storm. I asked the landlady where she goes. She said to church I concluded that she must be a very advanced Ritualist. 'She's very "High Church," I suppose,' I said.

"'High?' the landlady repeated. 'She's a Catholic. I never met anybody else who would run out in weather like this just to go to church. But she does. And I never met a kinder or a sweeter girl. She takes care of that father of hers as if he were a baby.'

"'It's strange I never met them.'

"'People don't go promenading on the beach in a storm like this,' she answered; 'and they take their meals in their room. I'd like them better if they were not so particular about having meat on Fridays; but we all have our weaknesses.'

"The day after this I was up earlier than usual. The boom of the waves was like the sound of the dead march of some giant beaten out of colossal drums. The spray spouted against the gray sky. I thought that a morning like this would certainly keep my neighbor at home. It did not. She went out, closely wrapped up, and was soon lost in the mist and spray. This amazes me. It is the first time I have seen a woman look on church-going as a serious business, unconnected with new bonnets or new frocks."

(CONCLUSION IN OUR NEXT NUMBER.)

A Lady.

BY MARGARET H. LAWLESS.

IT was a good old Saxon name,
When names had soul beneath their sound,
Before world's lore had turned men's heads,
Ere yet they knew the earth was round.

The woman then who kept the keys
And helped her maidens with each task,
And fed the hungry at her door,
Nor questioned any who might ask,

Was called "loaf-giver,"—in their tongue
"Laf-dieni" was the rough old name,

Till usage, like waves on a rock,
Its roughness smoothed, and it became

"A lady." So the name implies
A something beyond what we find
In those who claim the title now,
Yet seem to fall so far behind

The lady of those ancient days,
Who fed the poor with open hands.
But she who is a lady now
Must meet society's demands:

Must nurse her nerves, but not her child—
She leaves that to a hireling's care,—
Must have her daily change of dress,
Unasked by any daily prayer;

Falls ill because some richer friend
Has jewels which her own outshine,
But never grieves because her soul
No more resembles the divine.

Your mission is forgotten quite,
"Loaf-givers!" Ye are strangely few;
How it must pierce your tender hearts
To think God is forgotten too!

O Charity! thou warm, wide cloak!
If only women were agreed
To clothe themselves in thy blest folds,
They would be "ladies" then indeed.

Fairy Gold.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE first thing of which Marion was conscious when she entered the drawing-room was that a pair of bold, bright and keen dark eyes were instantly fastened on her. The owner of these eyes was a tall and very striking-looking man, whose originally brunette skin was so deeply bronzed by exposure to a tropical sun that he scarcely had the appearance of a white man at all, but whose clear-cut features at once recalled those of old Mr. Singleton; and whose whole aspect was so unusual and so remarkably handsome that it would have been impossible for him either to personate or be mis-

taken for any one else. Marion recognized this even while Mr. Tom Singleton was in the act of stepping forward to take her hand, and said to herself that no one who had ever seen this man once could doubt whether or not he was the person he assumed to be.

"How do you do this morning, Miss Lynde?" said Mr. Singleton, who tried to conceal a certain awkwardness under more than his usual geniality of manner. "I hope we have not disturbed you too early, but I had your permission to present my cousin, Mr. George Singleton."

"Not my permission only, but my request," observed Marion, looking at the tall, handsome stranger, who bowed. "I am very glad to see Mr. George Singleton—at last."

"You are very good to say so," replied that gentleman, easily. "I assure you that, so far from expecting you to be glad to see me, I feel as apologetic as possible about my existence. Pray believe, Miss Lynde, that I mean to give you as little trouble as possible. I have no doubt we can soon arrive at an amicable arrangement."

"I have no doubt of it," said Marion, calmly. "But you will allow me to say how sorry I am that any arrangement should be necessary,—that your father was not aware of your existence when he made his will."

Mr. George Singleton shrugged his shoulders. "I am by no means certain that my father believed me to be dead," he answered. "At least he had no special reason for such a belief. He had indeed not heard from or of me in a long time, because that was thoroughly settled when we parted. I threw off his control, and he washed his hands of me. But I hardly thought he would ignore me completely in his will. No doubt he had a right to do so, for I had ignored every duty of a son; but he should have remembered that he also had something to answer for in our estrangement. However, that is neither here nor there. What I mean to say is that the consciousness of my shortcomings will make me easy to deal with; for I feel that my father was in great measure justified when he selected another heir."

This cool, careless frankness was so un-

expected that for a moment Marion could only look at the speaker with a sense of surprise. He was so totally unlike what she had imagined! His bold, bright glance met hers, and, as if divining her thoughts, he smiled.

"Don't expect me to be like other people, Miss Lynde," he continued. "Tom here will tell you that I never was. Even as a boy I was always a law unto myself—a wild creature whom nothing could tame or restrain. Perhaps it is because I am still something of a wild man that I see no reason why we should not discuss and settle this business between us in a friendly manner. I have only the most friendly sentiments for you, being aware that my coming to life is rather hard lines for you."

Marion could not but respond to his smile and what seemed to be the genuine though somewhat blunt friendliness of his manner. Yet when she spoke her tone was slightly haughty.

"Pray do not think of me," she said. "The fact that your father left his fortune to me was the greatest surprise of my life,—a surprise from which I have hardly yet recovered. Naturally, therefore, it will be no great hardship to give it up."

"But I don't ask you to give it up," replied the tall, dark man, hastily. "There is enough to divide, and I assure you I am not a grasping fellow. Ask Tom if I am."

Mr. Tom Singleton smiled. "If so," he said, "you must have changed very much."

"I haven't changed a particle. I did not give a thought to my father's fortune when I left him: I was thinking only of freedom, of escape from irksome control; and I hardly gave it a thought during the years that I have been out yonder, thoroughly satisfied with my own mode of life. I should not be here now but for the fact that a lawyer—what is his name?—took the trouble to write and inform me that my father was dead and I disinherited. Naturally one does not like to be ignored in that way; so I replied, directing him to contest the will. But since I have come, heard the circumstances of the case, and—and seen

you, Miss Lynde, I perceive no reason for any such contest. We'll settle the matter more simply, if you say so."

"Seen you, Miss Lynde"! It sounded simple enough, but the eyes of this wild man, as he called himself, emphasized the statement so that Marion could not doubt that her beauty might again secure for her an easy victory—if she cared for it. But she did not suffer this consciousness to appear in her manner or her voice as she replied:

"We can settle it very simply, I think. Shall we now put aside preliminaries and proceed to business?"

"Immediately, if you desire," answered Mr. Singleton. He bent forward slightly, pulling his long, dark moustache with a muscular, sunburned hand, while his brilliant gaze never wavered from Marion's face. His cousin also looked at her, apprehensively as it seemed, and gave a nervous cough. She met his eyes for an instant and smiled gravely, then turned her glance back to the other man.

"I am very sure, Mr. Singleton," she said, "that your father must have left his fortune to me under a wrong impression of your death. If this were not so he certainly left it under a false impression of my character. To retain money of which the rightful heir is living, is something of which I could never be guilty if every court of law in the land declared that the will should stand. Your father's fortune, then, is yours, and I will immediately take steps to resign all claim of mine upon it."

"But I have not asked you to resign more than a portion of it," answered Singleton, impetuously. "It is right enough that you should have half, since my father gave you the whole."

"You are very generous," she said, with a proud gentleness of tone, "but it is quite impossible for me to keep the half of your fortune. Your father would never have left it to me but for circumstances which need not be entered into—he wished to punish some one else. But he could never have wished to disinherit his son. I am certain of that. He liked me, however—I think I

may say as much as that; he was very kind to me, and I believe that even if he had known of your existence he might have remembered me with a legacy; do you not think so?" She turned, as she uttered the last words, to Mr. Tom Singleton.

"I am sure of it," replied that gentleman.

"Believing this, I am willing to take what he would have been likely to give. It is rather difficult, of course, to conjecture what the exact amount would have been, but it seems to me that he would probably have left me about ten thousand dollars."

Both men uttered a sharp exclamation. "Absurd! You must certainly take more than that," said George Singleton.

"Remember that you are giving up half a million," remarked his cousin.

But Marion shook her head. "It is with extreme reluctance," she said, "that I have decided to take anything. Mr. Singleton is aware that my intention yesterday was to keep nothing; but I have been advised to the contrary by one whose opinion I respect, and so I have determined to take what I think your father, under ordinary circumstances, might have given one with no claim upon him, but in whom he had taken an interest."

"But why should you fix upon such a paltry sum?" demanded George Singleton. "There was nothing niggardly about my father. He was cold and hard as an icicle, but he always gave like a prince."

"That would have been a very generous bequest to one who had touched his life as slightly as I had," said Marion, "and who had no claim upon him whatever—"

"He calls you his adopted daughter in his will."

"He was very good to me," she replied, simply, while tears came to her eyes. "But I think he only said that to make such a disposition of his fortune seem more reasonable. Your cousin here has perhaps told you, or at least he can tell you, all the circumstances—how your father was disappointed in some one else on whom he had set his heart."

"Brian Earle," said George Singleton, carelessly. "Yes, I know."

"Well, he thought that I had been disappointed too, and so—partly from a generous impulse to atone for the disappointment, and partly from a desire to punish one who had greatly angered him—he made *me* his heir. But it was all an accident, a caprice, if I may say so; and if he had lived longer he would have undone it, no doubt."

"You did not know my father if you think so," said the son, quietly. "He had caprices perhaps, but they hardened into resolutions that never changed. Who should know that better than I? No, no, Miss Lynde, this will never do! I can not take a fortune from your hands without litigation or any difficulty whatever, and leave you only a paltry ten thousand dollars. It is simply impossible."

"It is altogether impossible that I can retain any more," answered Marion. "As I have already said, I would prefer to retain none at all; and if I consent to keep anything, it can only be such a moderate legacy as might have been left me."

"As would *never* have been left you! My father was not a man to do things in that manner. What was your legacy, Tom?"

"Fifty thousand dollars," replied Mr. Tom Singleton.

"Something like that I might agree to, Miss Lynde, if you will insist on the legacy view of the matter; but I should much prefer to simply divide the fortune."

"You are certainly your father's son in generosity, Mr. Singleton," said Marion. "But believe me you are wasting words. My resolution is finally taken. I shall make over your fortune to you, retaining only ten thousand dollars for myself. That is settled."

It was natural, however, that neither of the two men would accept this settlement of the case. Both declared that it was manifestly unjust, and each exhausted his powers of argument and persuasion in trying to move Marion. It was a singular battle—a singular turn in an altogether singular affair,—and when at last they were forced

to go without having altered her resolution, they looked at each other with a sense of baffled defeat, which presently made George Singleton burst into a laugh.

"By Jove!" he said, "this is a reversal of the usual order of things. To think of a disinherited man, instead of having to fight for his rights, being forced to beg and pray that his supplanter will keep a fair share of the inheritance! What makes the girl so obstinate? Has she money besides?"

"I don't believe that she has a sixpence," replied his cousin.

"Then what on earth, in the name of all that is wonderful, is the meaning of it? She does not look like a fool."

Mr. Singleton laughed. "Miss Lynde," he said, "is about as far from being a fool as it is possible to imagine. We all thought her at first very shrewd and scheming, and there is no doubt but that she might have wound your father round her finger without any trouble at all. She is just the kind of person he liked best: beautiful, clever—*he* never fancied fools, you know,—and she charmed him, without any apparent effort, from the first. But if she schemed for any share of his fortune it was in a very subtle way—"

"In the light of her conduct now, I don't see how it is possible to believe that she ever schemed at all," interposed the other.

"I *don't* believe it," said Tom Singleton; "although the fact remains that, in choosing between Brian and his uncle, she stood by the latter."

"There might have been other than mercenary considerations for that. I can't imagine that this splendid creature ever cared about marrying Brian."

Mr. Singleton did not commit himself to an opinion on that point. He said, diplomatically: "It is hard to tell what a woman does care to do in such a case, and Miss Lynde by no means wears her heart on her sleeve. Well, the long and short of the matter was that Brian obstinately went away, and that your father made this girl his heir—for the very reasons she has given, I have no doubt. She was most genuinely aston-

ished when I told her the news, and my belief that she had ever schemed for such a result was shaken then. But from something she said to me yesterday I think she is afraid that such a belief lingers in people's minds, and she is determined to disprove it as completely as possible. Hence her quixotic conduct. I can explain it in no other way."

"She is a queer girl," observed George Singleton, meditatively; "and so handsome that I don't wonder she knocked over my father—who was always a worshipper of beauty,—and even that solemn prig, Mr. Brian Earle, without loss of time."

"She knocked over another man here in Scarborough, who has a hand in her affairs at present," said Mr. Singleton, significantly. "Did it ever occur to you to wonder why that fellow Rathborne should have interested himself to look you up and notify you of your lost inheritance?"

"Why should I wonder over anything so simple? Self interest prompted him, of course. If there had been a contest over the will, he might have pocketed a considerable slice of the fortune."

"Well, I suppose that influenced him; but his chief reason was a desire to do Miss Lynde an ill turn, and so revenge himself for her having trifled with his feelings."

"You are sure of this?" asked George Singleton, with a quick look out of his flashing dark eyes.

"Perfectly sure. Every one in Scarborough knows the circumstances. He considered himself very badly used, I believe—chiefly because he was engaged to Miss Lynde's cousin; and the latter, who is something of an heiress, broke the engagement. He fell between two stools, and has never forgiven her who was the cause of the fall."

"The wretched cad!" said George Singleton, emphatically. "As if anything that a woman could do to a man would justify him in such cowardly retaliation! I am glad you told me this. I will end my association with him as soon as may be, and let him know at the same time my opinion of him—and of Miss Lynde." •

"Do be cautious, George. I shall be sorry I told you the story if you go out of your way to insult the man in consequence. No doubt he *was* badly used."

The other laughed scornfully. "As if that would excuse him! But I don't believe a word of it. That girl is too proud ever to have taken the trouble to use *him* badly. But a man might lose his head just by looking at her. What a beauty she is!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Miracle of Avignon.

AMONG other errors of the Albigenses, that blasphemous sect rejected the dogma of the Real Presence of Our Saviour in the Holy Eucharist, and profaned everywhere, by a thousand abominations, that august Sacrament. Louis VIII., King of France, having won a brilliant victory over these heretics, was piously inspired to institute a public reparation for the outrages committed against our divine Lord. The 14th of September of the year 1226, which was also destined to be the last year of that monarch's life, was the day chosen for the accomplishment of the solemn act.

The King was returning to his capital, and to his dearly loved family (whom he was destined never to see), and the citizens of Avignon, where he halted, looked on with admiration at a touching spectacle. The Bishop, Peter of Corbie, carried the Blessed Sacrament to a chapel built in honor of the Cross, without the walls of the town, and the King took part in the procession, clothed in a clay-colored sack, girdled with a cord, bareheaded, holding a torch in his hand, and accompanied by the Cardinal Legate, followed by all his court, and by an immense crowd of people. The Most Holy Sacrament was deposited in the chapel, and while the King remained in Avignon he went every day to pay homage to His divine Majesty. So illustrious an example was imitated, and this procession gave rise to the founding of a devout band known by the name of the "Gray Penitents," because the members

adopted then, and have preserved to this day, as their habit a clay-colored sack, like the one worn by Louis VIII. during the ceremony of reparation.

The Blessed Sacrament remained exposed, but veiled, according to the usual custom of that century, in the Chapel of the Cross. The crowd was so great on the day of Its transportation that it was thought advisable to leave It exposed during the night also. There was no limit, apparently, to the devotion; the chapel was thronged with worshippers every hour, and was thus permitted to enjoy the very special and almost unique privilege of the perpetual adoration of the Most Holy Sacrament. This pious practice was still in full vigor in the church of the Gray Penitents more than two centuries after its institution, when God ordained to render this sanctuary, already so favored, more celebrated still throughout the whole Christian world by renewing, after a fashion, the miracles of the Red Sea and the crossing of the Jordan.

The topographical position of Avignon is well known. Built on the banks of the Rhone, which bathes its embattled walls on the west, this town has its territory watered by the Durance and a branch of the stream of Vaucluse. These signal advantages are not without inconveniences, and more than once the Papal city has had to suffer great danger from inundations. In 1433 the continual rains caused the Rhone, the Durance, and the Sorgue to overflow. Soon all the lower parts of the town were inundated. On the 27th of November the water began to enter the chapel of the Gray Penitents, which was situated on the banks of the Sorgue, near the convent of the Friars Minor; and the waters rose so much during the night that it was feared they would soon reach the stone niche in which the Blessed Sacrament was exposed.

To guard against such an accident, the priests resolved to proceed at once to the chapel, and remove the Sacred Host. They approached in a boat, and saw with inexpressible amazement that the waters had risen to right and left along the walls to the

height of at least four feet, and, dividing, had left a dry passage leading to the altar. The prodigy appeared still more stupendous when it was perceived that the sanctuary, which was on a level with the chapel, was also dry, and that the waters sloped gradually down the whole length of the walls, to the pathway, which they left bare, thus forming a bank, or, as the ancient historian says, a sort of roof. The two priests having satisfied their devotion, and adored the Author of this marvel, hastened to impart the news to their brethren. The following is a translation of a portion of the ancient official report:

"The miracle in that holy chapel was as great as the waters in 1433. They rose high on Monday morning, the 29th of November; they penetrated into the chapel toward the upper part of the altar, under which were many books of paper and parchment, the vestments and linen, and all the reliquaries, —all of which, by the providence of God, were not in the least wet, notwithstanding that that day, which was Tuesday, the waters ceased not to rise; and the next day, which was Wednesday, they began to subside, until Thursday morning they were all gone at the hour of Prime, at which time many people came.

"Mr. Armand and Mr. Jean de Pousilliac discovered this grand sight. On the dexter and sinister walls rose the water to about four feet; it was two feet higher near the wall than it was at the seats, and from there it sloped gradually, like a roof. Half of each seat was full of water, and the other part was not wet; and in the middle of the chapel there was no water at all, and all was perfectly dry, as also the whole space near the altar, by a miracle of Jesus Christ. The plush covering of the seats of the masters was not wet. The rest—and there were twelve of us at the least—all saw this miracle; and, to be more sure, we went in search of four Friars Minor, of whom three were doctors in theology, and the other a bachelor of the same; and they found half the seats wet and the other half dry. And with knives we cut into the seats, and found

them dry within; as also a little farther, where you know, by the permission of the Pope, we keep *Corpus Domini*, of which we are not worthy."

By the 1st of December, the water having left the chapel, the people came in crowds, and all witnessed the fact that the books, papers, linen, and everything that was beneath the altar, had not been wet, and that half of the seats had been left entirely dry.

So striking a miracle increased the devotion of the faithful and the zeal of the Confraternity. To perpetuate the memory of it, the Penitents decided that a special festival should be held in the chapel on the anniversary. It is celebrated on St. Andrew's Day, November 30, when all the members of the Confraternity leave their shoes in the outer chapel, and go from there to the altar on their knees to receive Holy Communion. After Vespers there is a sermon on the wonderful event of 1433.

The privilege of perpetual exposition which this chapel enjoyed was interrupted only by the revolution of 1793. The Chapel of the Cross underwent the fate at that time of all things consecrated to the use of religion. Nevertheless, at the end of the revolution the chapel was bought by a worthy family, who presented it to the Confraternity of Gray Penitents at the time of the restoration of the Faith. Later Mgr. Maurel de Mons, Archbishop of Avignon, re-instituted the privilege of exposition of the Most Holy Sacrament, and from then until now the adoration continues with piety and edification.

Indian Policies.—An Appeal for Prayers.

THERE are now three Indian policies before the country: (1.) The policy of extermination, based upon the savage creed so truly expressed in the words of a prominent General, "The only good Indian is the dead Indian"; (2.) The policy of immediate and forcible absorption of the Indians by the body politic, based upon the barbarous creed put into aphoristic form by the Rev. Dr. Lyman Abbott, "Barbarism has

no rights which civilization is bound to respect,"—which creed is the basis of the Dawes land-in-severalty bill; (3.) The just and truly Christian policy of keeping faith with the Indians, by respecting their rights under the treaties already made with them, and protecting them in the possession of the small remnants they still hold of the vast domain once owned by them. This policy is embodied in the platform and constitution of the National Indian Defence Association.

All who desire to see the Indians treated justly, and who feel an interest in the welfare of the missions established among them, will give their cordial sympathy and support to the appeal of the National Indian Defence Association against the Dawes land-in-severalty bill passed by the late Congress, the enforcement of which would almost inevitably result in pauperizing and demoralizing the mass of the Indians. It is proposed to test its constitutionality before the Supreme Court of the United States, and our readers are asked to offer special prayers that this iniquitous law may be set aside. The following letter, in which the appeal is made, has been addressed to us by a prominent Catholic layman in the East:

REV. EDITOR "AVE MARIA":—I was glad to see your notice of the Dawes Indian severalty law. I have for a long time taken a deep interest in those unfortunate wards of the nation, the aborigines of the West. After a careful investigation of the subject, I am convinced that there is too much reason to fear that the Dawes bill was engined through the late Congress by a powerful railroad syndicate altogether in the interests of the whites, and, if carried out, that it will prove the destruction of the poor Indians. The object of the law is to place the Indians on farms in severalty of 40, 80, or 160 acres, as the case may be; survey the reservations, and sell the rest of the land to white settlers. This, it is claimed, is an arbitrary measure, ignoring treaty rights, and going back on all the traditions of the Government. It is also believed that to place the Indians on farms, and make them citizens before they are prepared for it, will be the surest way to exterminate them.

We as Catholics are particularly interested in this subject, because the law, if carried out in its present form, will prove the destruction of our missions, which have cost so much, and which have thus far proved so successful as to attract the attention and commendation of distinguished Protestants. There is a most deplorable apathy prevalent even among Catholics on this subject, and there is great danger that, unless public sentiment is aroused to the evils which threaten not only our missions but the very existence of the red men of the forest, the law will go into immediate operation. There is just one slight ground of hope, and that is that an appeal will be made to the Supreme Court, and that the law will be pronounced unconstitutional. My object in directing attention to the matter through your columns is to call upon all good Catholics, and especially the religious of every order, to pray for the success of the appeal, and that the threatened evils may be warded off.

Catholic Notes.

Those who have travelled in England are probably familiar with the name of Willesden, a pretty suburb at the northwestern extremity of London, and one of the most beautiful localities on the outskirts of that city. At the present day it is chiefly known as a great railroad junction, but in former times it was the favorite resort of pious pilgrims. A church is still standing, in which, before the Reformation, was a statue of Our Lady famed for many graces and miracles: this church, though now in Protestant hands, still bears the title of St. Mary's of Willesden. Last year a small Catholic mission was opened at Willesden, the first Mass being said by the Rev. Bernard Ward, son of the famous Dr. Ward. The mission was placed in the charge of Father Ward, and the old name of Our Lady of Willesden was revived. Since that time the mission has been rapidly increasing, and a small community of nuns of the Order of Jesus and Mary have located themselves there. The special objects of the religious are twofold: 1st, to revive the devotion to the Blessed Virgin under the title of Our Lady of Willesden; and 2d, to provide facilities for Christian education. The community is poor—poorer than most communities,—and they make a touch-

ing appeal for funds to enable them to carry on their work, which is commended by Cardinal Manning to the charity and generosity of all who may be able and willing to help them. It is a striking fact that there has been found in an old chronicle an account of a revelation to a certain Dr. Crookham, who lived shortly after the Reformation, to the effect that the Blessed Virgin had said, "I will still be honored at Ipswich and at Willesden." The date of this revelation is some years after the public burning of the venerated images of Our Lady at both these places of pilgrimage.

The Lazarist Fathers are gathering testimony and examining witnesses on the life of Mademoiselle le Gras, with a view to her canonization. She was the foundress, with St. Vincent de Paul, of the Sisters of Charity.

A well-known jeweller of Lyons has just finished a magnificent reliquary of monumental proportions, destined to hold the heart of St. Louis, which is to be placed in the Cathedral of St. Louis in Carthage. It is an exact copy of the shrine ordered by the saintly King to receive the relic of the Crown of Thorns.

The following resolution was passed by the Catholic Knights of America at their recent convention in Chicago:

"Whereas our Holy Father, Leo XIII., will celebrate the Golden Jubilee of his priesthood this year; and whereas he has always entertained and encouraged a most particular devotion to the Immaculate Mother of God, and has ever manifested a cordial spirit of good-will towards all approved Catholic associations; and whereas it is meet, just, and proper that the Catholic Knights of America should give practical expression of their love and veneration for the Supreme Head of the Church, therefore be it resolved by the sixth Supreme Council of said Catholic Knights of America that it recommend to the various branches of the order that they shall, on the first Sunday of October, 1887, Feast of the Holy Rosary, receive Holy Communion in a body for the temporal and spiritual intentions of our beloved Supreme Pontiff; and that they shall on the afternoon or evening of the same day take such appropriate action as will demonstrate their attachment and filial devotion to his august person."

A few months ago, when the small-pox made its first appearance in Los Angeles, California, three Sisters of Charity offered their services at the hospital to nurse the afflicted. Their offer

was accepted, and day after day the religious were at their post, caring for those who were attacked by the disease. This noble act of self-sacrifice—though nothing more than acts that are performed by the Sisters of Charity every day all over the world—has called forth an eloquent tribute from the Board of Health at Los Angeles. What bright examples these heroines of unselfishness are! How irresistible a proof of the truth and vitality of the Catholic Faith!

Among Queen Victoria's Jubilee gifts was a Madonna from the brush of Signor Corrodi, an eminent Italian artist. It represents one of the shrines of Our Lady, built on piles high above the surface of the water, and approached by long step-ladders. A boat containing the family of a fisherman is waiting at the foot of a ladder, and a girl is trimming the lamp which is always kept burning before the statue. The painting was the gift of the Princess of Wales.

We are pleased to comply with the request of a subscriber of THE "AVE MARIA" in India, who asks us to publish the following item in thanksgiving for a remarkable cure, which he attributes to the prayers of the members of the Apostleship and the intercession of the Blessed Virgin:

"INDIA. TEHRI-GARHWAL.—I wrote and asked the prayers of the members of the Apostleship at Calcutta for a cure. A severe accident happened to my brother—a fall from a horse, followed by fracture of the leg. I at the same time promised to write to the *Messenger of St. Helen's*, Lancashire, and THE 'AVE MARIA,' and now return heartfelt thanks to the Sacred Hearts of Our Divine Lord and His amiable Mother, through your medium. I have not the *slightest doubt* that the cure was a *miracle*: the bone not having joined for over a month—in fact, mortification had set in, —there being no physician in the station; when, after continued prayers, it took quite a favorable change, and is now well."

Our Lady of *Prime-Combe*, Nimes, France, has been invoked for a thousand years under the title of *Notre-Dame de Bon Secours*, the first authentic date of this devotion being 887. In 1238 the priory of *Prime-Combe* was served by the disciples of St. Benedict. During four centuries the glories of the old abbey were clouded, and it passed into the hands of persons who let it fall into ruin. Then St. Francis

Regis appeared in the seventeenth century, and by his preaching aroused the faith of the people. Fired by his saintly ardor, a brave soldier, Gabriel de le Fayole, after twenty years' service with the sword, laid it at the foot of the altar, became a hermit, and restored the ancient chapel, to whose service he devoted himself. The statue of *Notre-Dame de Bon Secours* was held in veneration far and wide; numerous miracles were performed at its shrine, and it passed unmolested through the storm of the Revolution. At the close of the month of May this statue was solemnly crowned by the Bishop of the diocese, assisted by a number of distinguished prelates who had come from the surrounding dioceses to add to the solemnity of the event, at which as many as fifteen thousand pilgrims were present.

Count Frederick, eldest son of Prince Francis de Waldburg, has renounced the world and entered the Society of Jesus. He is twenty-five years of age.

Over \$100,000 have already been collected for the new church of Our Lady to be erected in Hanover, to commemorate the seventy-fifth birthday of Dr. Windthorst, the famous Centre leader.

Prof. Seelye, of the Congregational College of Amherst, and Dr. Hodge of the Presbyterian College at Princeton, have gone as far as any Catholic in describing and denouncing the irreligious tendencies of the public schools, from which religious instruction is necessarily excluded. In the last paper written by him before his death, Dr. Hodge expressly commended the Roman Catholics for having maintained a sounder position on that subject than Protestants, and rendered thanks to God "that He has preserved the Roman Catholic Church in America to-day true to that theory of education upon which our fathers founded the public schools of the nation, and from which they have been so madly perverted." —*N. Y. Sun*.

In France the different diocesan offerings for the Papal Jubilee are very handsome. Paris is to send a tiara, which is to be the work of Froment-Meurice, the celebrated artistic jeweller. Chalons offers a bronze statue representing St. Alpinus arresting Attila at its gates.

Bayeux gives a surplice trimmed with costly lace. The Bishop of Clermont proposes to his flock to send vestments, sacred vessels, etc., for poor churches and foreign missions; but to add as a personal gift to His Holiness a set of vestments for his daily Mass, "said by the Pope in that small oratory where we have the happiness on each visit to Rome to receive his blessing."

New Publications.

ONCE UPON A TIME. A Collection of Stories and Legends. 297 pp., 16mo. Office of THE "AVE MARIA." Price, 75 cents.

An attractive title, an attractive binding, and type that fits the eye, ought, in this book-buying age, to be enough to create a demand for a new volume even if there were little else to commend it. The cultivation of taste is almost as essential as the cultivation of mind, and when the two may be combined, as is the case in a publication like the one before us, it will be a pity indeed if the opportunity is not improved by all the readers in the land.

It is scarcely necessary to comment upon the character of the contents of "Once upon a Time." It is issued from the Office of THE "AVE MARIA," which is sufficient to insure literary excellence. The editor, with his customary discrimination, has selected from the Youth's Department of the magazine sixteen tales and legends, which fill nearly three hundred pages; there is not a dull page among them; there are many that are touched with pathos and thrilled with dramatic power; and it is safe to assert that not a better, more interesting, or more valuable book for young Catholic readers is in the market to-day.

Read "The Black Robe's Prayer," read "How St. Francis of Paul Crossed the Straits of Messina"—read any one of the beautiful sketches, and see if you have the heart to lay down the volume without finishing it. On the appearance of such a book as "Once upon a Time," editor, publisher, and reader are alike to be congratulated. * * *

GLEN MARY. A Catholic Novel. By Mrs. Junius McGehee. Author of "Buried Alive" and "Clouds and Pearls." Baltimore: John Murphy & Co. 1887.

This is a Catholic novel, and a good one. The story is dramatic, and the interest in the

plot is well kept up throughout the book. But its literary merits are by no means its only title to consideration. The story points a moral,—a moral ever needed, but needed more than ever in the age in which we live—the dangers of marrying outside the Catholic Church. The book is dedicated to Our Lady of Perpetual Help, and so touching is the narrative and so well enforced the lesson it conveys that Our Blessed Mother will not refuse to bless the volume and its gifted authoress.

—An elegant little volume comes to us from Toronto, entitled "A Gate of Flowers and Other Poems," by Thomas O'Hagan, M. A. Though the volume is small and unpretentious, it contains several pretty and melodious pieces of verse, and is by no means unworthy of its title. Youthful poets like Mr. O'Hagan deserve encouragement, and we think we can not do better than quote a few stanzas, in the hope that many may be attracted to read this dainty little book. The following lines are from the piece entitled "Another Year":

"Another year passed over—gone,
Hope beaming with the New;
Thus move we on, forever on,
The many and the few.

"Another year with tears and joys
To form an arch of love,—
Another year to toil with hope,
And seek a rest above;
Another year winged on its way—
Eternity the goal;
Another year, peace in its train—
Peace to each parting soul."

Obituary.

"It is a holy and wholesome thought to pray for the dead."

—2 MACH., xii., 46.

The following persons, lately deceased, are commended to the charitable prayers of our readers: Mrs. Catherine Donnelly, of Philadelphia, mother of Miss Eleanor C. Donnelly, the well-known Catholic poet, who departed this life on the 13th ult. She was a lady of superior intellect, deep faith, and solid piety. The last Sacraments fortified and consoled her in her illness, and her death was that of a fervent Christian.

Mrs. Margaret Moran, whose happy death occurred in Galena, Ill., on the 10th of June.

Mr. William Coggins, of Sacramento, Cal., and John D. Phelan, Keokuk, Iowa.

May their souls, and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace!



Good-Night.

THE tales are told, the songs are sung,
The evening romp is over,
And up the nursery stairs they climb,
With little buzzing tongues that chime
Like bees among the clover.

The starry night is fair without,
The new moon rises slowly,
The nursery lamp is burning faint;
Each white-robed like a little saint,
Their prayers they murmur lowly.

Good-night! The tired heads are still
On pillows soft reposing,
The dim and dizzy mist of sleep
About their thoughts begin to creep,
Their drowsy eyes are closing.

Good-night! While through the silent air
The moonbeams pale are streaming,
They drift from daylight's noisy shore—
"Blow out the light and shut the door,
And leave them to their dreaming."

Two Little Rustics.

BY CLARA MULHOLLAND, AUTHOR OF "THE MISER OF KINGSCOURT," "PERCY'S REVENGE," ETC.

I.

One day, in the month of June, a young girl, dressed in a simple cotton gown, sat on the trunk of a fallen tree in a shady nook in the Sussex Woods. A little fox-terrier lay at her feet, watching her with inquiring eyes, as though wondering when she was likely to rise up and depart. But the girl did not seem anxious to move. She had been sketching; and round about her on the grass were pencils, brushes, and paints, whilst on her knee was a half-finished water-color. But her thoughts had wandered far from her work, and her face wore a sad,

perplexed expression as she gazed dreamily into the distance.

Suddenly the dog sprang up, and uttered a low growl; then, wagging his tail, ran off through the wood. Very soon he came back, jumping and barking in evident delight.

"Go fetch little Gip! Go fetch!" cried a merry voice, and a tall, handsome girl stepped lightly over the brushwood, and touched the young artist on the shoulder.

"What, dreaming again, Marjorie?" she asked, laughing. "Not much work done to-day, I suppose?"

"I was not dreaming, Celia, only thinking," replied Marjorie, blushing and stooping to pick up her brush.

"And what may have been the subject of your thoughts, most wise little sister?"

"A very serious one, dear. And I have come to the conclusion that something must be done."

"To help mother?"

Marjorie nodded. "Yes, to help mother."

"But what can we do? We can't go out charring or dress-making, and we are not well enough educated to be governesses."

"No, dear; I am afraid you would not be much use in either capacity," said Marjorie, looking at her beautiful sister with a smile.

"But I have thought of something else, and, if I can only manage it, it would be far better than anything you have suggested."

"A lady-help, perhaps? But pray do not think of that for an instant, Marjorie. I would rather starve."

"Would you? Well, I am not so sure about that. However, I did not think of offering ourselves as lady-helps."

"Then I can not imagine what you mean," cried Celia, sinking down upon the grass. "I have gone over all the employments for distressed gentlewomen that I know of, but not one seems to suit us."

"There is certainly nothing I know of that would suit you, darling. Just fancy how mother would grieve if her pretty Celia had to work for her bread! No, dearest; unless things become very much worse, you must never leave home—never. But it is different with me. I—"

"Marjorie! Marjorie! do not talk like that," cried Celia, nestling up to her sister and giving her a loving kiss. "Mother would miss you more than she would me. You are so useful, so thoughtful and kind."

"Mother would miss us both, pet, I am sure. But since our money has come in in such small quantities, she has found it hard to make ends meet; and it seems to me as if the anxiety must soon kill her if she does not get some help. Therefore I have resolved to earn something at home, or, if that fails, go out as a nursery governess."

"O Marjorie! But how could you earn money at home?"

"Well, dear, that is just what I have been thinking about," said Marjorie, blushing again. "Do you remember that Mrs. Baker told us how some girls she knew made money by painting Christmas cards, and—"

"Of course I do, you old darling! That is a capital idea. Why, you can paint hundreds. And if you sold them, say at a shilling or eighteen pence each, you could earn a good deal of money."

"But perhaps no one would buy them," said Marjorie, modestly. "You see I am not so clever as—"

"My dear Marjorie, you paint exquisitely. You know you do. Why, Edith Thompson said she paid two or three shillings for hand-painted cards last Christmas, and I am sure they were not half so good or so pretty as yours."

"Did you see them?"

"Yes, and I assure you yours were infinitely nicer."

Marjorie smiled. "You are a partial critic, dear. I am afraid strangers would not think so well of them."

"Perhaps not, but still most people would admire them."

"Yes, they might," said Marjorie, examining her sketch with much attention. "I hear there is a great demand for hand-painted cards in London. But how could I get mine there?"

"By post."

"I don't think that would do. They might get lost."

"Then take them there yourself."

"Celia! How could I? It costs money to go to London. I dare not ask mother for a shilling."

"Of course not. But we might borrow the money from some one, and pay it back when you sold your pictures."

"No, dear; I could not think of that," replied Marjorie, with decision. "I might never be able to repay it, and that would make me very unhappy. Out of debt, out of danger, remember."

"Yes, I suppose you are right," said Celia, mournfully. "How sad it is to be pinched for money as we are! Heigh-ho! I think I must try being a lady-help, after all."

"Nonsense, Celia! You'll do nothing of the kind. However, I need not be afraid; no one would engage you. Lady-helps are made of much more commonplace stuff."

"That sounds very well, and I dare say you mean it as a compliment. But it seems to me the commonplace stuff is the best—at least when people are poor."

"There I agree with you," said Marjorie, smiling; "and for that reason I am full of hopes for myself."

"Marjorie!"

"Well, dear, I *am* made of commonplace stuff. No one can deny that. I am a little, plain, brown creature—not disagreeable to look at perhaps, because I am healthy and sometimes merry. But you—"

"Never mind me," cried Celia, pouting. "What is the use of a pretty face, after all? It doesn't make money, or pay the bills for one; so I can't see—"

"Celia, Celia, you must not talk so wildly, dear. We are both as God made us, remember, and He has good reasons for all He does. You are pretty, I am plain. I can go about without being remarked; you can not. Therefore it is your duty to stay at home with mother, mine to go forth and earn my own bread."

"No, no, Marjorie, not yet! Think how lonely we should be without you," cried Celia, flinging her arms round her sister's neck, and laying her cheek lovingly against hers.

"My darling!"—and Marjorie's voice shook with emotion, her eyes were full of tears,—“it would be terrible to leave you and mother, and go amongst strangers. But what can we do? Our little income is enough for two with great economy, but for three it is absolute poverty. Therefore something must be done.”

“Yes, but, Marjorie, try selling your sketches first. If that fails, you must go. But do try that, dearest.”

“I am anxious to do so, dear. But how?—where shall I get money to take me to London? And unless I go there I can do nothing.”

Celia lay back amongst the bracken, and, closing her eyes, looked for a moment as though she had fallen asleep. She was not sleeping, however, but was pondering deeply over the low state of the family finances. Suddenly she sat up, her beautiful face radiant with delight.

“I have solved the problem, Marjorie mine!” she cried, gaily. “You shall have the money. go to London, get thousands of orders—”

“My dear Celia, what do you mean? Who will give it to me?”

“I will, your humble servant, Celia Darmer.”

“You?”

“Yes, I. Listen, Marjorie. I have one piece of jewelry in the world, and—”

“You must not sell it.”

“No, not if I can help it. But my idea is this. You know how kind that dear old book-worm Squire Lindon is—how anxious he has always been to help mother?”

“Yes.”

“Well, to-morrow I shall go to him, tell him our story, and ask him to take my brooch and lend me some money on it. When you earn a little by your pictures we can pay him back. And if you never earn any, why he will have the brooch.”

“But, Celia—”

“But, Marjorie, we can not do better. The Squire will not object, I am sure.”

“But your brooch?—you will miss it.”

“Marjorie Darmer, how dare you say

such a thing! How dare you suggest it! I am not made of commonplace stuff, perhaps, but—”

“Indeed you are not, darling!” cried Marjorie, earnestly. “I accept your offer, and stand rebuked. God grant I may succeed in my undertaking!”

“Amen,” said Celia, reverently. “And now we must go home. It is almost dinner time. Mother will wonder if we are late.”

So, gathering up pencils and paints, the girls called to Gip and wandered home, hand in hand, through the wood.

It was a glorious day. The birds sang gaily amongst the branches of the fine old trees; the air was filled with the perfume of many flowers. And as Marjorie and Celia tripped along side by side, their eyes sparkled, their tongues ran as merrily as their feet; for their hearts were full of hope.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Concerning a Bad Habit.

The United States Navy is especially exacting in its requirements of young candidates. It takes annually into its service a large number of apprentice boys, who are sent all over the world and taught to be thorough sailors. The Government aims at developing them in all possible directions, believing that the more intelligent a man becomes, the better sailor will he be.

There is no lack of candidates for these positions. Hundreds of boys apply, but many are rejected because they can not pass the physical examination. Major Houston, of the Marine Corps, who is in charge of the Washington Navy Yard Barracks, is authority for the statement that one-fifth of all the boys examined are rejected on account of heart disease. His first question to a boy who desires to enlist is, “Do you smoke?”

The surgeons say that cigarette-smoking by boys produces heart disease, and that, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, the rejection of would-be apprentices on account of this defect comes from excessive use of the milder form of the weed.



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An Agnus Dei.

BY MARION M. RICHARDSON.

A SILKEN heart, by convent fingers hemmed
With golden threads around a Sacred
Name;

Reversed, a group of roses, thorny stemmed,
But tipped with color of the tint of flame.

And, looking, I recall a friend I knew,
Whose steps were bounded by the cloister
shade,
But with her sunny kindness breaking through
All barriers time or place or distance made.

And in wild deserts, where the Southern day
Burns breaths of incense from the piñon tree,
I wear it, hoping when she kneels to pray,
The one who gave may yet remember me.

Corpus Christi in the Tyrol.

BY RICHARD J. M'HUGH.

IT is the Feast of Corpus Christi, the
day specially consecrated to the
Sacramental King.

Beneath a canopy of delicious, dreamy
blue, fringed with cloudlets of softest fleece,
the rugged mountains, clothed in stoles and
pluvials of spotless, sun-kissed snow, stand
like Nature's pontiffs in reverential awe;
the wooded hills are wrapt in purple haze,
which shifts and changes with the south

wind's breath like fragrant wreaths of incense; in the tabernacle of the east flashes the radiant sun of June—a massive monst-
rance of burnished gold; and from their
shady stalls in elm and linden the feath-
ered monks are pouring forth their dulcet
matin song.

It is the Feast of Corpus Christi, and the
heart of this Catholic land goes out in love
and homage to its Lord and Saviour—for
Tyrol, like Moreno's Republic, is dedicated
to the Sacred Heart—in thanksgiving for
all His graces, and in humble reparation
for all the insults, scorn, and contumely
which Unbelief with tireless persistency
daily offers Him in the Sacrament Divine.

From the beginning of the ecclesiastical
day—*i. e.*, from yester-eve—the deep-voiced
cannon have been booming lustily, and from
an early hour this morning the myriad
church bells of the city have been filling
all the air with their notes of joy and glad-
ness. At every Mass, from five o'clock until
seven, such throngs of devout communi-
cants approached the Holy Table that it
is hardly too much to say nearly the entire
city received the Blessed Sacrament. Not
alone with outward form and imposing
ceremony, therefore, is the day observed,
but with unuttered prayer and secret up-
lifting of heart and soul as well.

At eight o'clock a Pontifical High Mass is
celebrated in St James' (parochial) Church,
by the Cistercian Abbot of Stams. The
Mass is *coram Exposito*, and all the splen-
dor of her magnificent ritual is invoked by

Mother Church to do honor to her Heavenly Bridegroom. Like the sun at glorious mid-day blaze the countless lights upon the marble altar; like a garden of the lavish East the sanctuary blooms with rare exotic flowers. The vestments of the celebrant and his immediate assistants are of cloth of gold, encrusted with tiny gems which twinkle and glimmer in the fair white flood of light like star-dust in a cloudless sky. A well-trained choir and excellent orchestra in the organ-loft render, alternately with the theologians in the stalls, the ravishing music of the day. Over all, the smoke of incense rolls in translucent volumes of amber and azure and crimson and gold.

Immediately after Mass the procession of the Adorable Sacrament is formed. A plank walk, four feet in width, has been laid throughout the streets along which the human stream will flow. The shops, as on all festivals of the Church, have been closed, and all the private dwellings along the line of march have been adorned with branches of trees and evergreens. Statues and sacred pictures have been set over door-ways and in every other available nook before the houses, and burning tapers have been placed in all the windows. In the public squares temporary altars have been erected, and beautifully decked with lights and radiant flowers. The theological department of the grim old University has undergone a complete and pleasing metamorphosis. Candles, flowers, saintly effigies, and flowing draperies of crimson and gold have changed the usually sombre building into something like a giant altar of royal splendor.

And now the procession moves slowly forward. The vanguard is formed of a bright-eyed army of school-boys, members of the Gymnasium, with banners of green and white, and red and white, waving in the breeze. As the dear little fellows march proudly on, they recite together the Rosary of the Blessed Virgin, and their "*Gegrüßet seist du, Maria!*" strikes the ear—well, to put it mildly, with charming vigor. Anon they halt and the prayer ceases, while with voices fresh and clear they burst forth

into some joyous hymn, that floats upward through the morning air with certainly a grand effect.

Following the youthful host come young and middle-aged men, with gorgeous flags and massive candelabra, taper-crowned; then an almost interminable double file of venerable old men with crucifixes, banners of the Sacred and Immaculate Hearts, and other religious symbols. (Remember, please, that from first to last, throughout the entire procession, "Hail Mary, full of grace!" is going up incessantly.)

Next appear the members of the "Helvetia"—the Swiss students' *Verein*—with caps and "colors" of "red, white, green"; then the members of the "Austria"—the Catholic students' *Verein*, in contradistinction to the duelling corps of the "Liberal" (God save the mark!) students of the University—with colors of "white, red, gold."

Now the merchants and business men and charitable guilds of the city come into view; now the military band with two companies of infantry. Then follow in regular order the mayor and city council, judges and other officials in full insignia of office; the deans of the University, with crosses and chains of gold; the University professors; one hundred and fifty theologians, surplice-robed and bearing lighted candles; the various religious orders—Capuchins, Franciscans, Servites, Redemptorists, and Jesuits. All around the theologians and Fathers throng little mites of girls, sweetly decked in white and childhood's innocence, strewing flowers in *His* path who is soon to follow.

A select choir of theologians next appear, and the deep, majestic tones of the grand old Gregorian chant roll upward and onward, harmoniously sublime. The deacons and subdeacons, in dalmatics and tunics of cloth of gold, followed by the mitre and crosier-bearers, and thurifers with swinging censers, draw slowly near, and we fall on reverent knees and bow our head; for we know that *He* is passing as truly and really as He ever walked Judea's streets two thousand years ago.

Beneath a canopy richly wrought, surrounded by a guard of soldiers with bayonets fixed, the abbot bears the Sacred Host; while the cannon loudly boom, and the glad bells gaily peal, telling every breeze that flutters by the joyful tidings. "Christ is King!—King in the hearts of His people, King in the Bread Divine!"

Behind the Blessed Sacrament walks the Governor of Tyrol, with head uncovered; and finally, closing the procession, come the young ladies' sodalities, and hundreds of good old women, whose piety never permits any thought of bodily fatigue to deter them from doing public homage to their Saviour.

The principal churches along the route are visited and Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament is given; a pause is also made at the open-air altars while the theologians chant a few stanzas from the *Lauda Sion* or *Pange Lingua*, and the military fire salutes; the solemn ceremony concludes with the Lord again deigning to bless His people.

Corpus Christi in the Tyrol, take it all in all, is a day long to be remembered.

Fairy Gold.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

CHAPTER XXVII.

"AND now the question is—what am I to do?" It was Marion who asked herself this, after the departure of the lawyer who, with some remonstrance, had taken her instructions for drawing up the necessary papers to transfer to George Singleton his father's fortune. It was not with regard to the act itself that the lawyer remonstrated—that he thought just and wise enough,—but with regard to the sum which the heiress of the whole announced her intention of retaining.

"You might just as well keep fifty or a hundred thousand dollars," he declared. "Mr. Singleton is willing to relinquish even so much as half of the fortune, and it is absolute folly—if you will excuse me—for you to throw away a comfortable independ-

ence, and retain only a sum which is paltry in comparison to the amount of the fortune, and to your needs of life."

"You must allow me to be the best judge of that," Marion replied, firmly.

And, as she held inflexibly to her resolution, the lawyer finally went away with the same baffled feeling that the Singleton cousins had experienced. "What fools women are when it comes to the practical concerns of life!" he said, from the depths of his masculine scorn. "They are always in one extreme or the other. Here is this girl, who, from what I hear, must have been willing to do anything to secure the fortune, now throws it away for a whim without reason!"

Meanwhile Marion, left face to face, as it were, with her accomplished resolve, said to herself, "What am I to do now?"

It was certainly a necessary question. To remain where she was, living with the state of Mr. Singleton's heiress, was impossible; to go to her uncle, who would be incensed against her on account of the step she had taken, was equally impossible; to stay with Helen, however much Helen in her kindness might desire it, was out of the question. Where, then, could she go?—where should she turn to find a friend?

Marion was pacing up and down the long drawing-room as she revolved these thoughts in her mind, when her attention was attracted by her own reflection in a mirror which hung at the end of the apartment. She paused and stood looking at it, while a faint, bitter smile gathered on her lip. Her beauty was as striking, as indisputable as ever; but what had it gained for her—this talisman by which she had confidently hoped to win from the world all that she desired? "I have been a fool!" she said, with sudden humility. "And now—what remains to me now?"

It almost seemed as if it was in answer to the question that a servant at this moment entered, bringing the morning mail. Marion turned over carelessly two or three papers and letters, and then suddenly felt a thrill of pleasure when she saw a foreign

stamp and Claire's familiar handwriting. She threw herself into a chair and opened the letter.

It was dated from Rome. "I am at last in the city of my dreams and of my heart," wrote Claire; "pleasantly settled in an apartment with my kind friend Mrs. Kerr, who knows Rome so well that she proves invaluable as a *cicerone*. Already I, too, feel familiar with this wonderful, this Eternal City, and its spell grows upon me day by day. Now that you have gained your fairy fortune, dear Marion, why should you not come and join me here? I have thought of it so much of late that it seems to me like an inspiration, and I can perceive no possible reason why you should not come. Pray do! It would make me so happy to see you, and I am sure you would enjoy many things which form part of our life here. Having lived abroad many years with her husband (who was an artist), Mrs. Kerr has a large cosmopolitan acquaintance, and her *salon* is constantly filled with pleasant and interesting people. Come, Marion, come! I find every reason why you should, and none why you should not. Have I not heard you say a thousand times that you wanted to see the world, and do not I want to see you and hear all about the magical change that so short a time has made in your fortunes? Write, then, and tell me that you will come. Helen has had you for months, and it is my turn now."

"Ah! how little she knows!" Marion thought with a pang as she read the last words. The letter dropped from her hand into her lap; she felt as if she hardly cared to read further. Would Claire desire to see her if she knew the story of all that had happened since they parted? There was no one else in the world from whose judgment Marion shrank so much, and yet this summons seemed to her more of a command than an invitation. It came as an answer to her doubts and indecision. "What shall I do?—where shall I go?" she had asked herself. "Come to me," Claire answered from across the sea; and it seemed to her that she had no alternative but to obey—

to go, even though it were to meet Claire's condemnation.

That condemnation would be gentle, she knew, though perhaps unsparing. Helen's affection had indeed returned to her in a degree she could never have expected; but it is impossible that the stronger nature can depend upon the weaker, and she knew that it was for Claire's unswerving standards and Claire's clear judgments her heart most strongly yearned.

So the way opened before her, and when she saw Helen next she announced her intention of going abroad to join Claire. "It seems the best—in fact it is the only thing I can do," she said. "And Claire is good enough to want me. She fancies me still in possession of what she calls my fairy fortune—not knowing how fairy-like indeed it has proved,—and writes as if expense would be no consideration with me. But a mode of life which is not too expensive for her, surely will not be too expensive for me with my ten thousand dollars. So I shall go."

"I suppose it is best," said Helen, wistfully; "and if it were not for mamma I would go with you."

The tone was a revelation to Marion of all that the tender, submissive heart was suffering still. "Why should your mother object?" she asked, quickly. "Come, Helen—come with me; and when we find Claire, let us try to forget everything but the pleasure of being together again."

"I should like it," replied Helen, "but it is not possible. I know how long mamma has looked forward to the pleasure of having me with her, and I can not go away now for my own selfish satisfaction, leaving her alone. Besides, I doubt if running away from painful things does much good. It is better to face them and grow resigned to them, with the help of God."

"I am sure that God must help *you*," said Marion, "else you could never learn so many wise and hard things."

Helen looked at her with a little surprise in her clear blue eyes. "Of course He helps me," she answered. "When does He not help those who ask Him?"

"Oh, Helen! if I only had your faith!" cried Marion, with positive pain in her voice. "How easy it would make things!"

"Yes," replied Helen, with her sweet smile, "it does make things easy."

But before Marion could complete her preparations for departure, she was obliged to see Mr. George Singleton again and yet again. He came in the first place to remonstrate forcibly against her intentions with regard to the fortune, and found her society sufficiently attractive to induce him to pay inordinately long visits after he had discovered that his remonstrances were vain. "He is certainly very unconventional," Marion observed after one of these visits. "He does not strike one so much as violating social usage, as being ignorant of and holding it in contempt. In essential things he is a gentleman, but that his father—one of the most refined and fastidious of men—should have had a son who is half a savage, strikes me as very strange."

Young Singleton did not hesitate to speak of himself as altogether a savage, and to declare that the strain of wild lawlessness in his nature had brought about the estrangement between his father and himself. "Of course I am sorry for it all now," he said frankly to Marion; "but I don't see how it could have been avoided, we were so radically different in disposition and tastes. My father was a man to whom the conventionalities of life were of first importance, who held social laws and usages as more binding than the Decalogue; while I—well, a gypsy has as much regard for either as I had. I irritated and outraged *him* even when I had least intention of doing so; and he, in turn, roused all the spirit of opposition in *me*. I do not defend my conduct, but I think I may honestly say that he had something for which to blame himself. We were miserable together, and it ended as you know. He said when we parted that he had no longer a son, and I took him at his word—perhaps too literally. And that being so, Miss Lynde—his renunciation of me having been complete, and my acceptance of it complete also,—I really do not

think that I have a right to come and take all his fortune."

"I am sorry if you have scruples on the subject, Mr. Singleton," Marion answered, quietly. "They ought to have occurred to you before you moved in the matter; now they are too late. I can not possibly accept the odium of holding a man's fortune when his own son is alive and has claimed it."

"But you know that I have always said I should be satisfied with part—"

Marion lifted her hand with a silencing gesture. "I know," she said, "that the affair is finally settled, and not to be discussed any more. I am satisfied, and that ought to satisfy you. Now let us talk of something else. Are you aware that I am going abroad?"

"No," he replied, quickly, with a startled look. "Where are you going?"

"To Rome. I have a friend who is at present living there, and I am going to join her."

"But why?"

The point-blank question was so much in character with the speaker, that Marion smiled.

"Why?" she repeated. "Well, I have nothing to keep me in this country, I am fond of my friend, and I wish to see the world—are not those reasons enough?"

"Perhaps so," he answered. He was silent for a moment, staring at her with his large, dark, brilliant eyes in a manner which tried even her self-possession. Then he asked, abruptly: "When are you going?"

"As soon as I can arrange my affairs. That sounds like a jest, but it is not: I really have some affairs to arrange. They will not occupy me very long, however. I shall probably leave in a week or ten days."

"Oh—I thought you might be going tomorrow!" said Mr. Singleton, with an air of relief.

After that he was a daily visitor,—such an open, persistent, long-staying visitor, that all Scarborough was soon on tiptoe of expectation. What did it mean? What would be the end of this sensational affair? Would the legitimate heir of the fortune marry the girl who had given it up without

a contest? People began to say that Miss Lynde had been shrewd, and had known very well all the time what she was about.

Miss Lynde, on her part, felt as if she would never reach the end of the difficulties which seemed to evolve out of one another, according to a process of evolution with which we are all familiar. Had her passionate desire for wealth created a sort of moral Frankenstein, which would continue to pursue her? When, after a struggle known only to herself, she had decided to resign the fortune, she had thought that she cast away all perplexities arising out of it; but now it appeared that she had resigned only the money, and that the difficulties and perplexities remained. For, as clearly as any one else, she perceived—what indeed George Singleton made no effort to conceal—the object of his constant and assiduous attentions. The fortune she had given up was to be offered her again: she would again be forced to make a difficult choice.

For all that has been written of Marion Lynde has been written to little purpose if any one imagines that wealth had lost its glamour in her eyes, or that her old ambitions were dead within her. They had been for a time subdued,—for a time she had realized that one might be crushed by the weight of a granted prayer; but the old desires and the old attraction still remained strong enough to prove a potent force in the hour of temptation.

And she began to feel that it might be a temptation to regain in the most entire manner the fortune she had resigned; to cast one glance of triumphant scorn at Rathborne, who had fancied himself scheming for her downfall; to receive Mrs. Singleton's cousinly congratulations; and, above all, to prove to Brian Earle how easily she could console herself for his desertion—how readily another man offered the homage he had withdrawn. Yes, all these things were temptations; for the sway of the world, of natural inclinations and passions, was still strong in this soul, which had leaned toward higher things without embracing them.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A Brave Life.

BY KATHLEEN O'MEARA.

(CONTINUED.)

WHEN summer came, everybody who could leave Rome fled to the country; but Gaston, as a young *attaché*, was obliged to remain. He fell ill, and this illness was destined to be a turning-point in his life. It was God's call to him for something more than he had yet given. He was quite alone, and a holy priest, who had become attached to him, insisted on carrying him off to his own house, in order the better to nurse him through his illness. Thankful to escape from loneliness, Gaston gladly accepted the invitation: This act of priestly charity from a comparative stranger had a great effect upon him. For the first time he was brought into close personal contact with a man of austere holiness; he now saw the beauty of charity in a true priest; the example wrought upon him like a spell, and before he was aware of the workings of his own mind, the desire to sacrifice himself to God and lead a perfect life had taken possession of him. He rose up from his illness greatly changed; life looked different to him; he felt detached from it, and stood ready to go anywhere, to do anything that God might ask him.

As soon as he had got through his convalescence, a young man who was leading a devout life in Rome proposed to him that they should make a pilgrimage together to Loreto. Gaston was delighted at the opportunity of making a thank-offering for his recovery, and at the same time paying a tribute of respect to Our Blessed Lady; he consented joyfully, and the two set out on their journey. The moment they entered the shrine of Loreto, Gaston was conscious of a wonderful visitation of grace; he felt his heart inflamed with extraordinary fervor, and torrents of tears poured from his eyes. This lasted all the time of his first visit; he left the sanctuary feeling that Our Lady had obtained some wonderful favor

for him, and that henceforth he was bound to serve Her with no ordinary service.

Three months later he made a vow of virginity, and consecrated himself to Mary by a vow to enter the priesthood. He made this solemn act at Midnight Mass on Christmas, before receiving Holy Communion. The incident is recorded in a note found amongst his papers.

"Pars mea Dominus! Rome, in the night of the Nativity of Our Lord, 1842.

"Lord Jesus Christ, before the Adorable Sacrament of the Eucharist, in this blessed night of Thy birth, I consecrate myself to Thee, and bind myself wholly to Thee and the Blessed Virgin Mary by a vow of perpetual chastity Here I promise and swear to follow the holy vocation by which Thou hast called me to Thyself. In faith of which I promise Thee, O Jesus! sweet Spouse of my soul, to read every day the Little Office of the Blessed Virgin Mary, until, having received by Thy grace Holy Orders, I shall take upon myself the most sweet burden of the great breviary. Amen. Alleluia!"

When Gaston de Ségur made this consecration of himself to God he had been ten months in Rome. He made no secret of his vocation, and the news of it excited general surprise. It always seems so strange, not merely to worldlings, but to good Christians in the world, that a young man who has everything to make life brilliant, who has only to stoop to pick up the flowers on his path, should deliberately renounce all this for Christ's sake, and sacrifice the sweet happiness of family life for the austere joys of a life of sacrifice. This, I say, so takes even good people by surprise, that their first idea generally is to attribute it to some human motive, some sudden grief or intolerable disappointment.

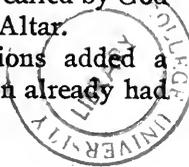
The report was spread that young De Ségur had been disappointed in love, and that to drown his despair he was going to become a priest. Any one who had seen the uncontrollable merriment which the story caused Gaston when it was repeated to him would have had no need of further proof of its absolute groundlessness. God makes use of an infinite variety of means to lead souls to their destiny, and some of the most heroic vocations have had their source in grief for

the loss of an earthly ideal; but in Gaston de Ségur's case it sprang from a direct movement of grace, without the faintest assistance from human sentiment. God touched his pure and happy soul that day in the sanctuary of Loreto; and the soul, faithful to the grace, had responded generously, and made its sacrifice there and then.

Writing later to an intimate friend, who, like himself, was preparing to give up all things for Christ's sake, he says: "There is not so much as one grain of truth in this precious story that you have heard. From the time I was eighteen I was resolved to give myself to God. At twenty-two I entered the seminary, and should have done so sooner had it not been for a director who was very cautious, and took great pains to prove and enlighten me. I did not enter 'against the will' of my family, but in spite of their intense reluctance, which is the case nine times out of ten, and which is no doubt permitted by God in order to try the vocation of those whom He calls to the priesthood."

In Gaston's case the reluctance and grief of his family far exceeded what nine out of the ten have to encounter. His mother's grief amounted to despair, and expressed itself with an intensity that is hard to reconcile with her deep piety and lively faith. The probability is that she did not quite believe in his vocation, and trembled lest it should turn out to be no more than a passing phase of pious enthusiasm. Gaston's love for his art, the passion he had shown for it as a career, blinded her to the reality of the higher and deeper enthusiasm before which this had vanished so suddenly. He had kept the secret of his soul so guardedly that his mother never suspected it, and thus the vocation which he had been yearning after from his boyhood came upon her with a suddenness that shook her belief in it. This is the only solution we can find for the despair of the devout Christian mother on learning that her son was called by God to the sublime service of the Altar.

Her grief and expostulations added a heavy cross to the one Gaston already had



to carry in separating from her, and leaving a home that was inexpressibly dear to him. Her letters were agonized appeals to his compassion and love for her; it was hard for such a son to read and not succumb to them. He told her in after years that he used to take them into church, and read them on his knees before the Blessed Sacrament, so much did he dread the pain and the strife they awoke in him. He left nothing undone to convince her of the sincerity of his vocation, and his perfect happiness in it; but in vain: his boyish gayety, the serenity of his countenance, his enthusiasm for the life he had chosen,—all seemed to her a sustained and heroic effort to overcome nature, and disguise his own feelings in order to console and mislead her; she could not bring herself to believe that he was not suffering intensely.

She used to accuse herself afterwards of this obstinate resistance of her heart to his vocation, and many a time in later years brought comfort and hope to other mothers in the same trial by telling them how, after so long repining and rebelling, she had not only become entirely reconciled to the sacrifice, but had grown to love it as the greatest happiness of her life, even humanly; for of all her children, this one, whom she had so grudgingly given to God, was the one whom she most retained as her own, who most shared and brightened her home-life to the last; who, after giving her up for God, was the least separated from her.

Gaston was very anxious to pursue his ecclesiastical studies in Rome, but this concession his parents absolutely refused to make; so he returned to Paris, and entered the seminary at Issy. Before taking this final step, however, he made a journey to Russia in order to take leave of his venerable friend and grandmother, the Countess Rostopchine. He also made a farewell visit to Nouettes. This done, he turned his back upon home and kindred, and entered the seminary in the month of October, 1843.

For three years he pursued his course of studies without any interruption; then he was arrested by an attack of ophthalmia,

which made it necessary to give up everything and take a complete holiday. He went with his brother and a friend to make a tour in Switzerland and the Tyrol. It was a happy time for the three tourists. Gaston was the life of the party; his high spirits, his sense of humor, and his childlike enjoyment of everything, made him a delightful companion. He was in raptures at the beauty of the scenery, and was wild to sketch every beautiful point they passed. But amidst these fine scenes that excited his artistic imagination, he was mindful and on the watch for things that were above the beauties of nature.

Two highly-favored souls, known as the *ecstatica* and the *addolorata*, were drawing numerous pilgrims to the Tyrol, and the three young Frenchmen could not fail to seek the privilege of seeing them. They went first to Marie de Mœrl, the *ecstatica*. They found her kneeling on her bed, bent forward in an attitude that could not have been maintained for a moment naturally; her hands, transparent as wax, were lifted up; her face shone with a sort of divine illumination; her whole person was that of a soul *beholding* God. It was impossible to look at her without being profoundly impressed as by a supernatural presence; even unbelievers, who went to see her out of curiosity, were so overcome, that involuntarily they fell on their knees. Gaston, after gazing for a long time on her rapt countenance, with ardent reverence, took out his pencil, and made a rapid but remarkably faithful sketch of her. Just as he had finished it, the *ecstatica* came out of her ecstasy, and spoke.

Dominica Lazzari, the *addolorata*, was lying on her bed, rigid as a corpse, her pallid face covered with clotted blood from the thorn wounds in her forehead; she was thin to emaciation, a ghastly and awful picture to look at; and yet, in spite of the signs of physical agony visible in her body, her countenance bore the impress of a divine peace. Gaston carried away a very vivid sketch of her also.

His eyes and his general health—on which their condition was erroneously sup-

posed to depend—were greatly benefited by this tour and the bracing air of the mountains. He returned to his studies, completed them successfully, and was ordained in 1847.

The first Mass of a fervent priest is a unique event, not only in his own life, but in the lives of his kindred and friends. There is nothing on this side of heaven that can be compared to it for divine solemnity and heavenly sweetness. To such a family as Gaston de Ségur's, it came glorified as an apparition of Christ amongst them. His parents, his brothers and sisters, and many near relatives and dear friends assisted at it, and received Communion from his hands. Those who beheld him celebrating that first Mass at the great high altar of St. Sulpice, at which so many thousands of young priests celebrate the sacred mysteries for the first time, declare that his air of angelic fervor was a thing never to be forgotten. He looked like an angel as he came down the altar steps holding the consecrated Host over the ciborium.

It is customary for a priest to make some special petition at the moment of consecrating the bread and wine at his first Mass, and it is a pious and general belief that anything he asks then will be granted. Gaston was charged with many "particular intentions" from kindred and friends, and we may rest assured they were all devoutly executed. But he made a special petition of his own which gives us the measure of his love for God, and which was destined to affect signally the whole course of his career: he asked Our Lady to obtain for him the infirmity which would be most crucifying to himself without hindering his ministry.

While Mme. de Ségur was shedding tears of joy as she bowed down before the God that this dear son lifted up for her adoration, she little dreamed what a prayer was ascending to Him from the celebrant's heart; if she had, her courage would probably not have been equal to saying Amen to it. But she suspected nothing; he confided his secret only to his confessor and one other spiritual friend.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

That Wicked Paragraph.

BY MAURICE F. EGAN.

(CONCLUSION.)

VI.

"YOU say that the phenomenon I mentioned in my last letter, dear Red, is not uncommon, and that Catholic young ladies are frequently as devoted to their religious duties as the one I have mentioned. Perhaps so. It strikes me as strange in this mocking nineteenth century that anybody can take religion seriously. It makes me uneasy.

"I have seen the old gentleman. The amiable landlady came up and asked me if I could play whist. I said I could, and, as his daughter has gone to New York for a few days, I go into his room for a game occasionally. It will amaze you when I say that he is the man I pulled from under the horses' feet on Broadway! The young lady is—the Unknown. His name is Vernon. He is good-tempered, but rather sad and reticent. Something seems to weigh on his mind. His daughter's name is Anita.

"As I was writing that last line *she* came home in the coach—it looks like an ambulance—which brings passengers from the station. Later I went down-stairs with a newspaper in my hand. I had promised to give it to Mr. Vernon. As I was about to knock at his door, I heard a slight rustle near me, and I turned. The young lady was there.

"Do you want to see father?' she asked, looking at me frankly from a pair of very earnest eyes.

"I came to give Mr. Vernon this newspaper,' I said.

"She colored slightly and hesitated. 'Will you please give the newspaper to me? I always look over any newspaper intended for him.' She saw that I looked surprised; she colored more vividly, and said: 'You no doubt think this strange. My father had a dreadful shock from a newspaper once, and I am always very careful now.'

"I gave her the newspaper, and she thanked me. She has an air of charming dignity, and of—I don't exactly know what to call it, but it is very pleasant to look at her."

VII.

"You accuse me, Anita Vernon, of having forgotten you, Anna Arthur. How unreasonable! I have thought of you every day, and I am sure I've written more letters to you than you have written to me since we left the convent. We have been at this dear, delightful place for over five weeks. At first the wind was *awful*; the sky was the grimmest expanse of gray clouds I ever saw, and the sea roared like a monster. I assure you I have often come back from early Mass drenched with the spray, which was flung almost into the very city itself.

"I told you that the only guest at the cottage is a young man from New York, Mr. Weston Lee, who is a writer. It turns out that he is the gentleman who saved father's life on that awful day in Broadway. He plays whist with papa, and I have acquired a habit of sitting with them. He certainly is nice, but hopeless. It is the saddest thing to hear him speak of the weariness of life. He has high views, too; and, in speaking of the journalistic life yesterday, he said he had never written a line that he would want to blot. It is a great thing to say. Father—you know how he loves me, and thinks that everybody else should be in love with me,—warned me today that I was becoming too friendly with Mr. Lee. He says that I ought not to encourage him. This warning was founded on the fact that I let him walk to Mass with me four mornings last week. How queer of father!

"P. S.—As I was going to the post-office to mail this, I met Mr. Lee. He is generally very self-possessed. He seemed nervous, and he asked if he might walk back with me to the office. I was glad to say yes, for I do like him. He said he was about to leave; the office wanted him, and he would have to go to-morrow. I felt all of a sudden that I should miss him very much. Returning

along the beach, we were both silent. We seemed to be walking on a glass floor colored with the glow of a million rubies. The sunset was magnificent, and the wet beach reflected it until both earth and sky were on fire.—Well, my dear, he asked me to be his wife, and I told him that I would never marry a man outside the Catholic Church. He tried to argue, and then I told him that I would never marry at all, that—and you know how hard *that* was—my father's name was tarnished in the eyes of the world, and that his daughter was too proud to take to her husband a tarnished name as her only dowry. O Anna! how sad and astonished he looked, and how wretched I felt! I began to sob in spite of myself, and ran ahead of him, though I heard his voice asking me to pause. Don't try to comfort me, Anna; I can find comfort only at the foot of the Tabernacle. Ah, Anna, it is hard to do one's duty sometimes!

"You know that I have not known him long, and it may surprise you that I should suddenly have become conscious of so great a regard for him. He has been so very kind to my father, and so reverent when any subject connected with our holy religion was brought up. I could have cut out my tongue for having spoken of my father's misfortunes, but I felt as if I must tell him the truth. He naturally can not comprehend my reasons for refusing to marry a non-Catholic. He might persist in his attentions if he did not know there were other reasons for my refusing him. As it was, he joined me near the cottage. 'Let me add one word, Miss Vernon,' he said. 'I will even join your Church for your sake. Forms make little difference.'

"'No,' I said, 'you must not think of such a step. The barrier that separates us is no mere form. Your conversion for my sake would neither satisfy God, yourself, nor me. It would be the most empty of forms. Good-bye.'"

VIII.

"Well, my dear Redmond, you know all that occurred during my last day at Atlantic City from my last letter. I have been

deeply impressed ever since by the thought that there must be *something* under all your Catholic ceremonies when a young girl can act as Miss Vernon has acted. I give no weight whatever to her words about her father's 'tarnished name.' I find out that Mr. Vernon failed in business because of bad debts, and that he honorably discharged his obligations as far as possible. I do not imagine that I shall ever meet her again, but I will never cease to remember her sweet womanliness, her patience, her regard for duty, and the serenity which seemed to emanate from a heart filled—yes, I will say it, though many of my friends would call it cant—with the love of God. Oblige me, my dear boy, by sending some books to me,—books that will answer why Catholics believe so firmly in these days of doubt. I can not get rid of the influence of Miss Vernon's daily example."

IX.

"DEAR LEE:—There is an acquaintance of yours on a visit to my mother. It is Miss Vernon. Will you run down to Swampscott with me? Meet me at the Grand Central station on Saturday.

"REDMOND O'CONNOR."

X.

"DEAR REDMOND:—With pleasure. Ex-Governor Jinks is there just now, too. I will mix business with pleasure, and interview him at the same time. I am to be baptized conditionally to-morrow. It is sudden, but, you see, I had prepared myself for it unconsciously. It may amuse you when I say that Mallock's 'New Republic' had as much to do with it as anything, except Miss Vernon's beautiful example, and, above all, God's grace. I have always worn that medal since I received it. I can't understand why the author of 'The New Republic' does not enter the Church. I can say honestly that the hope of one day marrying Miss Vernon has had nothing to do with this change in my belief—or, rather, my adoption of the only belief possible for a logical mind; but, as I have said, her example was my first impetus towards the Faith."

XI.

"DEAR ANNA:—Father and I were surprised to meet him" ("him" is scratched out in the original letter, and "Mr. Lee" written over it) "at Mrs. O'Connor's. He looked happier, and I soon discovered the reason. He has become a Catholic. He told me so as we stood in the little parlor waiting for the others to come down. And then I had to listen to a new proposal. I told him that, although it made me happy to hear that he had entered the Church (and you know, Anna, I prayed for it very hard), I could not be his wife. I repeated that we were under a cloud. My father had been branded as worse than a thief in a public print. We had sought refuge from the sneers of the world in quiet places, and that I would never marry any man with a load of disgrace upon my father and me.

"He seemed amazed at my vehemence.

"I know all about it. The world does not sneer at your father. He is much respected, notwithstanding his misfortunes."

"You don't know," I answered, wishing from my heart that I could have been saved from this cruel ordeal; and then I drew from my pocket-book that cruel, cruel article, the sight of which in a New York paper gave papa his first stroke of paralysis. 'I will show you, Mr. Lee, what the world says of my father. And then I will ask whether you can marry a girl whose name has been dragged in the mire, and whose father you would have to call father.'

"He started at this, and turned paler. I gave him that heart-crushing paragraph. He started to read, and turned it over. 'I think I know this type,' he said: 'it's a bit out of our paper'; and then he read *sotto voce*:

"Mr. Vernon—carelessness—criminal to reduce working-men to despair by taking the bread out of their mouths—'

"That was said of my father—*my father*, who reduced himself to poverty, who knew them all, who never refused to help them!' I interrupted, tears coming to my eyes. 'O Mr. Lee! why did you force me to

show you this?—why did you? Look in his face and see whether he is capable of defrauding laborers' of their wages. He failed, it is true; but he has left no man worse by his failure. My mother's property has gone to pay his debts. His creditors have shown their appreciation of this, and allowed him enough for his old age. But tell me, Mr. Lee, if you would marry the daughter of a man whose name was tarnished by such a stain? He has suffered silently; for when he recovered from the blow that those cruel words gave him, it was too late to meet the charge. Let us say no more of marriage, Mr. Lee.'"

"He tried to take my hand, but I would not let him. 'You can not comfort me in any way. I must bear my burden.'

"He read the paragraph to the end, coloring up to the eyes. I could not help thinking that men are not like us—constant to those we love in all darkness and storm. I, in his place, would not have blushed for the woman I loved.

"'If,' I added, as I saw that he was not about to speak, 'you should ever meet the editor who wrote that article, ask him not to be so ruthless the next time. That printed calumny is worse than murder. I could more easily forgive a murderer. And now, Mr. Lee, let us be merely polite to each other while we are here.'

"He went to the window in silence. I noticed his head trembled. He turned to me as if to speak, when my father and Mrs. O'Connor came in. During his stay at Swampscott I did not again see him alone. Imagine a woman acting like that! Love! These men may talk of love, but no woman would ever desert one she loved because the world spoke ill of *his* father. I am almost ashamed to admit even to you that I thought him the bravest of men."

XII.

"O Anna, Anna! what am I to do? He admits in a note I received this morning that he wrote that wicked, wicked paragraph! The wretch, the dastard, the calumniator—and yet he seems so nice!"

XIII.

"In answer to my letter asking for an explanation, he says that he can give none, except that he is a journalist. Journalists are worse than brigands, Anna. The former take our good name, the latter only our money. Does 'I am a brigand' seem sufficient excuse for highway robbery? And yet he asks me to accept 'I am a journalist' as an excuse for worse than highway robbery. How I dislike him and his—occupation!"

XIV.

"DEAR RED:—It is all up with me. What endless evil I have done! How lightly words roll from our pens, sometimes crushing hearts and blasting names! I have at last come to realize this. I will never—so help me God!—write another line thoughtlessly or under the pressure of opinion I know to be false. I will not write again for a long time. I can give Miss Vernon no explanation that would not seem to make my weakness more pitiable."

XV.

In spite of this last line, there must have been some explanation; for I find a wedding-card in the bundle, but no note further explaining it.

To the Ocean Queen.

BY R. HOWLEY.

I.

AWAY, sea-sounding song! Upon the tide
Resistless ride, the Ocean Queen to greet;
How soft the billows' bonds! Their realm how
wide!

How all their paths of light
Lead th' enraptured sight
To where the glowing skies and waters meet—
To Thee, Mary!

II.

O stainless sea! thou makest all things clean;
Where'er thou flowest health and hope abound.
The very stars that on thy bosom lean

Melt in thy fond embrace,
And with a mystic grace,
New rays of liquid loveliness, are crowned:
So Thou, Mary!

III.

The spell of Thy sweet name, the breath of
Thee,
Brings incorruption. So the starry way
Of souls elect hangs mirrored in the sea
Of Thy unbounded love,
That all the spheres above
Grow pale with envy of their hallowed ray—
Thy light, Mary.*

IV.

And Thou dost love the sea; for never sin
Did wanton in its depths; nor primal fault
That cursed our grosser earth found home
therein;

But, like Thee, clean always
It spurns a guileful sway,
And of a wounded world's the healing salt,—
Like Thee, Mary.

V.

Still be the seaman bold Thy favored son,
Whom billows sever from a mother's side,
Whose only light till his life's course be run,
His morn and vesper star,
Thine eyes of mercy are,
To cheer his pathway o'er the waters wide.

VI.

From deep to deep as the great echoes swell,
Like sound of floodgates let Thy prayer ascend; †
Let all the depths of grace that in Thee dwell
In pitying currents flow
To meet our depths of woe,
And with our sighs in one sweet concord blend.

* The common people believed that the Milky Way was appointed by Providence to point out the particular place and residence of the Blessed Virgin, and it was on that account called the "Walsingham Way."—*Blomfield (quoted in Northcote's "Sanctuaries of the Madonna"—"Our Lady of Walsingham")*.

† Deep calleth on deep at the noise of thy floodgates. (Ps. xli, 8.)

As for spirits, I am so far from denying their existence, that I could easily believe that not only whole countries, but particular persons, have their tutelary and guardian angels. . . This serves as a hypothesis to solve many doubts whereof common philosophy affordeth no solution.—*Sir Thomas Browne*.

The Ways of God.

BY L. W. REILLY.

THIS anecdote was told by me to the editor of a Catholic newspaper:

When Father K—— was stationed at Palatka in Florida he had to make periodical trips to a dozen outlying missions. On one occasion when he went to De Land he was met at the wharf by an acquaintance, who, after greeting him, said:

"There is a young man at Blank's who is anxious to see you."

"Is he a Catholic?" inquired the priest.

"No, Father; that is—yes—well, he ought to be. He is baptized and made his First Communion. But he's nothing now. He drifted out West in his early youth, and lived for years where there was no other Catholic. Missionaries occasionally visited adjacent hamlets, but he never had the good fortune to be at hand. Consequently he fell away from the knowledge as well as the practice of his religion. Finally he took to attending Protestant meeting-houses, wherein itinerant preachers held forth at irregular intervals. His health began to break down last year, owing to the severity of the climate, and he has come here to locate."

"Is he sick?"

"No, Father, he's not sick. His lungs are weak and his system's run down, but he's able to do light work, and is as lively and chipper as a cricket."

"What does he want with me?"

"I presume he desires to put himself under instructions to return to the Church. He was here recently, and when he found out that I was a Catholic he seemed drawn to confide in me. He told me his whole history. When he came to speak of his illness he said that lately he had been at the point of death in one of the Territories, and that his one source of dread was, as he put it, 'to go across the river without being acquainted with God.' All along he had been eager to meet a priest. When I told

him that you would soon be here, his face flushed with pleasure; but as he is working in Mr. Blank's grove, and is kept busy all day long at this season, he begged me to request you to visit him. Indeed the last words he said as he bade me good-night were: 'Now, don't forget; tell him to please come right away.'"

The day was hot. The priest was tired. Noon was near. The road was dusty, and Blank's was three miles away.

"All right," said the priest; "I'll go see him after dinner."

Then he went to a hotel, got a room, made his toilet, and sat down to wait for the mid-day meal. But he couldn't rest. The thought of that unhappy man so long deprived of the Sacraments haunted him, and the words, "Tell him to please come right away," rang in his ears. "Right away!" echoed the priest; "that's unreasonable. I'll go after dinner."

Then he picked up a paper, but he couldn't read. His mind would not be interested in the news; it would persist in recalling the entreaty, "Tell him to please come right away." He took an orange from a dozen on a table in the room, and began to peel it; but that troublesome "right away" took away his taste for the fruit. He got up and looked out of the window. The level land stretched out before him for miles; the pine-trees waved their high branches in the distance; the orange groves that dotted the neighboring fields were beautiful in green and gold; there was not a cloud in the bright blue sky, and the sun was fiercely shining. The priest put back the orange on the table. "I'll go before dinner," he said.

He hurried down stairs, hired a horse against the remonstrance of the landlord, who urged him to defer the trip until the cool of the evening, and rode away to Blank's.

The young man was at the gate. Noticing the priest's black garb and uncommon collar, he asked: "Are you Father K——?" He cordially welcomed his visitor, invited him to dismount, gave the horse

some corn, and took the priest to his own apartment. Dinner was not quite ready, and they would have time for a talk. Hurriedly the young man outlined the story of his life. After rehearsing the hardships he had endured, and the sufferings that had brought him to death's door, he began to set forth in glowing terms his exuberant hopes of health and prosperity in Florida. He felt so well! His prospects were so bright! In the midst of a sentence descriptive of his projects for the years of plenty after his to-be-planted grove had come into bearing, he stopped of a sudden and coughed sharply; there was a choking sound in his throat, blood filled his mouth and came pouring down in a crimson tide upon the floor. The priest caught him and called for help. When assistance arrived, the sufferer was properly cared for, and soon the hemorrhage was stopped. It was one of a dozen that had drained away his vigor. He was very weak, but he insisted on receiving some instruction, and having his confession heard at once.

The priest sent the others out of the room, and prepared the penitent for the Sacrament. Then he helped him to examine his conscience. As his transgressions were acknowledged, his contrition deepened, and when he bowed his head to receive absolution the tears were in his eyes. Just as the priest pronounced the *Amen* of the pardon, the ominous cough was heard and the choking noise, and again the blood gushed forth, but now in an endless stream. Fainter he grew and fainter; the color that had warmed his cheek fled; the courage that had buoyed him up gave way to the certitude of dissolution, and, with one supreme effort, he leaned over towards the priest and died within his arms.

"May God have mercy on his soul!" said the priest; "his death was sudden but not unprovided. Strange are the merciful ways of Providence. If this poor boy had not implored his friend to send the priest to him, if I had not come to De Land to-day, if his friend had not met me and thought to tell me of his plea, if I had not come 'right

away' as he had desired, where would he be now? What a number of coincidents concurred to give him the grace of a happy death!"

When I had concluded, the editor sighed and said:

"I can match your anecdote with an experience of my own. My little boy was run over by a horse-car not far from our home, and was taken to a hospital in a hastily-summoned ambulance. As the vehicle was on its way back from the scene of the accident, it was stopped to take up a poor workman who had fallen thirty-five feet from a scaffolding. When they reached the hospital it was found that my child's arm must be amputated. His mother was notified, but before she got to his side the operation was performed. As soon as she saw him she sent for a priest to hear his first confession. The dear boy was conscious, but very low from shock and loss of blood; and while there was excellent reason to hope for his recovery, his mother would run no risk, and thought that the presence of the priest would be a comfort to him, as well as serving to make assurance of his salvation doubly sure for one so young and innocent, in case he were called away.

"It was ascertained that his companion in misfortune was fatally hurt, but it was supposed that he would linger for a day or two.

"The priest came. He heard my little son's confession, and thought to stay with him a while. But an attendant informed him of the other case, and added that while there was no immediate danger, yet that the injured man would likely die in a few days; and that, as he was a Catholic, his reverence would save himself a journey if he would give him the last Sacraments then. The priest consented. He heard the man's confession and anointed him, and promised to see him again. Then he returned to the room where — was, to console us (for by this time I had been sent for and had reached the bedside of my boy), and we talked over the dreadful occurrence. While we were conversing, one of the nurses came in to tell

the priest that the man whose confession he had just heard was a corpse, having expired within five minutes of receiving absolution.

"But for the accident that maimed my boy, and his mother's prompt call for the priest, it is most probable that the poor man would not have had this grace."

The ways of God are indeed wonderful, and His mercy is above all His works.

Religious Vocations.

IN an article on religious vocations published in the *Figaro*, a paper indifferent and sometimes even hostile to the Faith, Monsieur Ernest Daudet has recalled to mind the principles of his own religious education. He writes as follows, in reply to the clamor and insults raised against convents by the radical press:

"The legislator has not found a legal means to prevent a son or daughter who has attained majority from marrying against the will of parents; he has even been obliged to give up trying, and to admit that a time comes when the authority of the father is powerless against the will of the child. He considers that with the obligatory *sommations respectueuses** the paternal right is at an end, and that when this formality has been complied with, the child may marry on his own responsibility. It should be the same," says M. Daudet, "for those who are carried away by a religious vocation. The definitive suppression of religious communities will not hinder them from enrolling recruits in undiminished numbers. Every day young men leave our country to enter the novitiates founded in other lands by orders that have been suppressed in France, while women display even more ardor and enthusiasm than men when actuated by the irresistible power of vocation.

"It is, then, the vocation which is the enemy, if there be an enemy. But I defy

* By the law of France, when a man or woman marries without the consent of parents, it is obligatory to send them at three different times an announcement of their intentions.

any one, no matter who he may be, to conquer it; or, if it were banished for a time, to prevent it from returning. Whence do these vocations spring? How do they take possession of frail and tender souls? How do they transform them, rendering them insensible to the seductions of the world, to family entreaties, to maternal tears? How do they give that invincible courage which later, in hours of peril, at the bedside of the sick, in the presence of death, during epidemics, on the field of battle, in the rigors of the cloister, reveals itself in nuns as well as in priests?

"It is customary to say that early education and surroundings have much to do with it. That is perhaps true, but not absolutely so. Contrary to an erroneous but widespread opinion, the men and women who people the convents were not all brought up in religious communities. I know many whom nothing had prepared for the destiny they chose—neither their manner of living, nor the examples before their eyes, nor the instructions they had received. There were some even in whose case everything was calculated to draw them away from the religious state.

"Towards the end of the Empire there was a woman, well known in Paris, who, without holding a high rank in the world, . . . owed a brief celebrity to her beauty and her luxurious life. I shall not name her; I should fear to disturb the retreat where she lives repentant and forgotten. But I can without naming her recall the fact that a daughter was born to her,—an innocent flower, springing up amid the mire of Paris. She was brought up in England, and only recalled to her mother's side to be given in marriage to a foreigner. During the few weeks preceding the *fiancé's* arrival, the young girl went each Sunday, with her maid, to assist at the services, not in the parish church, but in the chapel of a Carmelite convent near her home. One evening, after a long ceremony, she returned in a more serious mood than usual. Finding herself alone with her mother, after dinner, she said to her suddenly:

"I have reflected seriously, mamma, and I renounce my marriage."

"You renounce it?"

"Yes: I want to become a religious."

"The mother was thunderstruck. 'You a religious!'

"Yes, mamma, a religious; why not?' And the young girl smiled softly, as if it were not a question of engaging in a life of mortification and suffering.

"And yet no one had influenced her to choose this future; no one had gilded its austere perspective. But in the shadow of the silent chapel where she went to pray she had, as the fervent say, heard the divine call, and she was obeying that call. She entered, not the Carmelite Convent, but an order devoted to the education of children and the care of the sick.

"How many other examples could be cited analogous to this! Is not that also a spontaneous vocation, independent of all outward action, which draws to the cloister rich and beautiful heiresses, for whom life in the world seems to have nothing but charms? . . . They abandon fortune, homage, and opulence, to embrace a career of sacrifice and incessant immolation. Who is to be reproached with having seduced and enticed them?"

In confirmation of the preceding, M. Daudet recalls a personal reminiscence.

"The education of my earliest childhood was confided to one whom a vocation of this kind had led to the priesthood. In the world he would have encountered only smiles and attentions. To be happy in it would have required no effort on his part; he had but to will it, and to abandon himself to it. So many privileges assured to him from his cradle did not prevent him from wishing to become a priest. When he announced his determination to his family it occasioned the most violent despair. They entreated him to renounce it, but he remained firm. And yet he was an only son, the last inheritor of his name. He consented to go and live in Paris for a year, in order to prove the sincerity of his vocation by testing it in the face of the seductions of

the world. But at the end of a few months' experience, after having distributed to the poor the money destined for his pleasures, he entered the seminary, and shortly afterwards became an admirable priest.

"Of what avail would be the laws advocated by some against vocations such as these? Is it not evident that laws could not control these over-excited energies, capable, if one attempted to subdue their manifestation, of going even to martyrdom?"

M. Daudet continues in these terms:

"It is not the monastic orders which we must accuse of awakening these vocations and fanning them to a flame. They arise, in most cases, without the help of these orders, and in spite of them. With some very rare exceptions, far from finding incitement and encouragement from the superiors of communities, those who go to consult them hear at first only advice and remonstrances more likely to discourage than to allure them if they are not sincere. What the orders dread above all are postulants drawn to them only by romantic excitement or diseased imaginations. What they seek are strong souls in healthy bodies. To those who offer themselves they first show the monastic life only in its most repellent aspect—through the hard trials of a severe novitiate,—and they who confront it without flinching are truly of the elect.

"And, notwithstanding these proofs, in spite of the persecutions exercised against the Church, perhaps even because of these persecutions, never have vocations been more numerous. The superior of one of the most important communities in Paris, a woman of very distinguished family, told me recently that not a day passed in which she did not refuse or put off postulants eager to take the veil. And it is true, the convents are full—those in which life is passed in mortifications and prayer, as well as those where they form guardians of the sick and aged, or instructresses of childhood.

"Whether these facts, which are undeniable, please or displease, the responsibility of them must not be imputed to human

causes. They proceed from causes beyond our reach,—causes which elude the action of men. And it is for this reason that the grave question which they raise is not to be decided by the law. It is one of those questions which the law can not solve, and which it will never solve.

"As long as life is not softened, and until death ceases to be; as long as poetry is not withered, enthusiasm frozen and faith killed in human hearts; as long as the perspective of an uncertain and mysterious hereafter—darkness for some, light for others—has not been banished from the imagination; as long as human beings suffer, weep, think, and pray; as long as there are souls accessible to repentance, and souls consumed with the need of sacrifice, so long will there be religious vocations. They will exist in spite of the efforts of man, in spite of surroundings, in spite of education. And nothing can move them or disarm them."

Catholic Notes.

There are not a few Catholic parents who will not allow their children to attend Catholic schools, on the false supposition that the religious instruction received therein prevents all progress in secular knowledge and retards worldly advancement. They seem to be but little affected by the evil results of irreligious training as exemplified in the life around them; they pay no heed to the words of advice and warning from the great educators of the day—even those outside of the Church,—who realize themselves and give the strongest public expression to the fact of the absolute necessity of a religious training of the young. But there are instances of frequent occurrence which, we think, would not fail to exercise an influence on such parents, if they were brought to their notice. In every case of public examinations in which pupils of Catholic schools have been brought into competition with those of state or public institutions, invariably the result has been to the credit and honor of the former, both in the Old and the New World. A recent case mentioned in the *Pilot* may be cited as an example.

Victor James Dowling, a young man wholly

educated in schools conducted by the Christian Brothers—St. Peter's Parochial, De la Salle Institute, Manhattan College, New York.—recently graduated from the Law School of the University of the City of New York, carrying away from a host of competitors (all graduates of the secular schools and colleges) the only prizes: one of \$100 for best oral examination, the other of \$100 for the best written examination. No student heretofore ever won the two prizes.

The British Medical Association will meet next month in Dublin, and it is announced that the proceedings will be inaugurated by a morning service at the Pro-Cathedral, at which the Rev. Father Klein, S. J., a distinguished scientist, has been invited to preach. Father Klein is Professor of Biology in the University College; he was formerly a surgeon in the French Army.

Not long since a priest was called on to attend a poor woman in one of the large Dublin workhouses; she had been there for many years and suffered from some internal disease—in fact, a complication of diseases. He heard her confession, gave her the Holy Viaticum, and anointed her. Her fervor during the administration of these Sacraments was admirable. While anointing, the priest had occasion to move her head, and to his surprise found that she had a large stone under her pillow. When all was over he said: "My poor woman, why have you that stone under your head? Are you not suffering enough?" At first the dying woman hesitated to reply, but after a little pressing she answered, simply: "Well, your reverence, maybe it would be wrong of me not to tell you. It has pleased God to afflict every part of my body but my head, and I thought I might do that much myself."

In the Church of St. Dominic, Washington, D. C., is to be found, embedded in one of the exterior walls, a stone of the greatest historic interest,—a stone which forms the only existing memento of the first Catholic church erected at the national capital. The *Baltimore Mirror* says the stone is of the same material as that used in the construction of the older or central portion of the Capitol building—Virginia sandstone,—and was no doubt cut from one of the blocks designed for that magnificent structure. The surface of this vener-

able memorial which for more than three quarters of a century has been exposed to sun and storm, bears evidence of the corroding influence of time; but the following inscription, in deeply-cut words and figures, surmounted by the sacred emblem of the cross, is plainly discernible, though a few letters are obliterated:

"In the name of the blessed and undivided Trinity. Amen. This first stone of a small Roman Catholic church is laid in the city of Washington, in the year of Our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ 1806, and dedicated to the Blessed Virgin Mary, under the title and name of

SAINT MARY'S.
GLORIA IN EXCEL... DEO."

Among the many motives which serve to impress the Christian soul with the salutariness of devotion to the ever-blessed Virgin Mary, perhaps there is none that exercises a greater influence than the thought of Her twofold maternity—that She is the Mother of Jesus and our Mother. It is a thought that brings home to the mind at once the realization of Her great dignity and power, and of Her willingness to aid and assist us. This has been beautifully expressed and developed in a discourse by the late Father Farrell, whose sermons have been recently published by M. H. Gill, of Dublin. Speaking of a mother's love, he says:

"It is unselfish and everlasting, patient and ineffaceable; it never tires, never gives up; time can not weaken it, ingratitude itself can not kill it. Even in this cold world the mother will not forget the son whom she has borne. . . . He may have placed the early wrinkle on her brow, and sown the silver streak upon her hair; he may have planted thorns in her pillow, and made her heart ache with very anguish for his follies and his crimes: still she remembers only that she is his mother. When all her schemes have failed, when his sins—as sins always do—have found him out and dragged him down, when the hand of sorrow has bowed him to the dust, his mother's hand is there to soothe, his mother's heart is there to sympathize, his mother's love is there to pour balm into the wounds that sin and sorrow have inflicted on his soul. And Mary is your Mother; you have it on the words of the dying Saviour—'Behold thy Mother.'"

Cardinal di Rende before leaving France spent a day at the little seminary near Orleans, where, twenty-five years ago, he completed his classical studies. His Eminence made a

very humorous speech in answer to the pretty compliment addressed to him by the superior. He told his hearers that when he had been only a few days at the College a bishop paid it a visit, and the young Di Rende remarked that especially the closing words of the speech which his Lordship made were vociferously cheered; not understanding French, he turned to a companion, who observed: "It is for *congé*, of course." This did not throw any light upon his ignorance, so he went off to a fellow-student who spoke Italian, and finally learned what "*congé*" meant. "In this way," said the Cardinal, "*congé* was the first French word I learned. I beg you, Monsieur le Supérieur, to have me cheered Well, my children, I give you a *congé*." The wished-for applause broke forth with a heartiness which must have thoroughly satisfied his Eminence.

New Publications.

THE CONVERSION OF ST. AUGUSTINE AND OTHER SACRED POEMS By Eleanor C. Donnelly. With a Preface by the Rt. Rev. Michael Joseph O'Farrell, D. D., Bishop of Trenton, N. J. Published and sold to aid in the erection and completion of the Church of St. Monica at Atlantic City, N. J.

A new collection of poems by Miss Eleanor C. Donnelly means always a fresh wreath of fragrance, purity, and beauty laid upon some holy altar. This time she brings her offering to the feet of St. Monica, the holy mother of that magnificent sinner and more magnificent saint, Augustine. These sweet and graceful verses, apparently aiming at so little, yet flying so far, and striking so deep into hearts that hear, are, many of them, familiar to the readers of THE "AVE MARIA." "The Angelus-Bell of the Convent of the Sacred Heart," "The Humming-Bird at the Chapel Door," "Our Lady of Good Counsel at Genazzano," are here, with "The Conversion of St. Augustine," "The Bishop's Ring," "St. Christopher's Burden," "St. Nicholas and the Doves," and others.

When, where, and how, are questions asked by the poet concerning the coming of the last hour on earth. They are marked with a spirit of such loving content that they deserve to form the model for less humble, less trustful souls.

Dear Lord! in some dim future year,
 In some dim future month and day,
 Abides the hour, the solemn hour,
 When Thou shalt call my soul away;
 That year, that month, that day of days,
 Come soon? come late?—I know not when;
 O Thou who rulest all my ways,
 Master of life, whom Death obeys,
 Be with me then, be with me then!

Somewhere upon this globe of ours
 Is hid the spot where I must die,—
 Where, 'mid the snows or 'mid the flowers,
 My shrouded form shall coffin'd lie;
 If north or south, if east or west,
 At home, abroad,—I know not where:
 O tender Father, Lord of grace,
 Whose presence fills the realms of space,
 Be with me there, be with me there!

By fire? by flood? by famine sore?
 By sudden stroke? by slow decay?—
 When Death's dark Angel opens my door,
 How shall it call my soul away?
 God only knows. He bends the bow,
 And He alone can fix the dart;
 Yet care I not when, where, or how
 The end may come, sweet Lord, if Thou
 Wilt then but shield me in Thy Heart!

But to select is a difficult task, and fortunately there are few American Catholics, at least, who need to be told of the charm of Miss Donnelly's life work.

Obituary.

"It is a holy and wholesome thought to pray for the dead."
 — 2 MACH., xii., 46.

The following persons, lately deceased, are commended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

Sister M. Eleanora, who was lately called to the reward of her devoted life at the Convent of the Visitation, Mt. de Chantal, W. Va. She was in the eighty-first year of her age, and the fifty-fourth of her religious profession.

Sister Mary of St. Josephine, of the Sisters of the Good Shepherd, who peacefully departed this life in New York city on the 14th ult.

Mrs. Bridget M. Considine, whose death occurred in Detroit on the 15th ult.

Miss Mary E. Sherman, a devout Child of Mary, who passed away on the 20th of June, fortified and consoled by the last Sacraments. Her life was an example for all who knew her.

Mary J. Henry, of Philadelphia; Felix Dugan and Miss Teresa Balentine, San Francisco; Edward Hanrehan, Mrs. C. Waub, and Luke Series, San José, Cal.; John Holahan, Sacramento.

May they rest in peace!



Two Little Rustics.

BY CLARA MULHOLLAND, AUTHOR OF "THE MISER OF KINGSCOURT," "PERCY'S REVENGE," ETC.

II.

The next morning the girls were early astir. They could not go to Lindon Court till after breakfast, but they were excited and restless, and found it impossible to lie in bed. So, rising, they wandered forth into the garden, where they gathered roses wet with the summer dew, which they placed with loving hands upon the altar of Our Lady. Then, as the hour for Mass came round, they stole into the little chapel, and offered fervent prayers to God, imploring Him to bless them, and help them in this their great undertaking.

They were full of anxiety as to what their mother would think of their plan, and longed to hear her opinion. But they resolved to tell her nothing until they had seen the Squire, and obtained the money for Marjorie's journey to London. So whilst Mrs. Darmer was present, the great subject was not mentioned; and Celia sat up at the breakfast table as grave as a judge, the pretty gold brooch fastening her collar.

"How smart you look this morning, dear!" said her mother, smiling. "One would think you were bent upon some gay excursion, with your fresh muslin and your beautiful jewelry."

Celia blushed and crumbled her bread. But Mrs. Darmer was busy with the teapot, and did not notice her confusion.

"It is a lovely day, dear," she remarked presently. "What would you say to walking up to the Court? Miss Lindon asked me for a recipe last week, and I am afraid I shall not get that far for some days."

"I'll go with pleasure, mother," cried

Celia, gaily. "Marjorie and I have not been there for a long time. O Marjorie! will you come?"

"Certainly," and Marjorie looked straight at her mother. "We were going there on our own account. We—want to see the Squire about something."

"Indeed!" said Mrs. Darmer, in surprise.

"Yes, but please do not ask us what we want to see him for, mother," cried Celia, clasping her hands. "It is a secret for the present. You shall hear all about it to-morrow."

"Keep your secret, dear child," answered her mother, smiling. "But if you go to the Court, give my compliments to the Squire and his sister. Also give this, please, to Miss Lindon." And she handed her a folded paper. "Do not walk too fast, and do not be late for dinner."

"No, mother; and this very evening we promise to tell you our reason for wishing to see Mr. Lindon. We may then have a favor to ask of you." And Marjorie put her arms round her mother, and gave her a loving kiss.

"Well, I trust I may be able to grant it, dearest. But, alas! I have little in my power now." Then, sighing heavily, she rose from the table and left the room.

"Poor mother!" said Marjorie, sadly; "how troubled she looks! Things are in a bad way, Celia. She seems more depressed than usual."

"Yes, I noticed that, although she smiled and tried to look bright. This state of things must not go on. It is absolutely necessary that either you or I should earn some money."

"Certainly. And if I do not succeed very soon with my painting, I shall look out for a situation as nursery governess. I am not accomplished, but I think I could teach little children."

"Of course you could. But I do hope that may not be necessary. I am sure you will make a good deal of money by your sketches—I am indeed."

"I trust you may be right, dear," sighed

Marjorie. "But come, we must set out for the Court at once."

And they went up-stairs to put on their hats.

Mrs. Darmer was a widow, and lived in a pretty cottage just outside the picturesque village of Slindon. Her husband had been in the navy, and had little to leave her at his death besides the small pension allowed to her and her children by Government. But that little had been enough to make a great difference to them all, and had enabled them to live, if not in luxury, at least in comfort. But quite unexpectedly the bank in which Mr. Darmer had placed his savings smashed, and his wife found herself in a very difficult position.

And as time went on she became more and more embarrassed. Debts began to accumulate, creditors pressed for their money, and the poor woman knew not where to turn for help. The thought that her daughters might soon be forced to leave their home was anguish to her, and she did not dare to mention such a thing for fear of giving them pain. But Marjorie and Celia loved their mother dearly, and noted each change in the sweet face with keen anxiety. They knew she required money, and so they resolved to take the matter into their own hands, and earn it for her if they could.

Celia was beautiful, and her mother's darling; so Marjorie determined that she was the one to go forth and work. But as she sat in the wood sketching the pretty wild flowers and delicate ferns, it struck her that by selling her pictures she might, perhaps, earn sufficient money to help her mother without leaving her home. And, as she shrank from going amongst strangers, she gladly seized on this idea, and resolved to carry it out. Then came the difficulty of procuring funds for her journey to London. This, however, was speedily disposed of by Celia, when she made up her mind to go to the Squire and ask him to give her money for her brooch.

The girls had known Mr. Lindon all their lives; and, though they stood rather in awe of him—for he was grave and silent,—they

knew he was kind and good, and felt certain he would grant their request. But as they walked through the shady lanes that led to the Court, a great fear took possession of Marjorie.

"Supposing Mr. Lindon should refuse, Celia?" she said, in a low voice. "What should we do?"

"He will not refuse," replied Celia, decidedly. "Why should he? This brooch is a treasure." And she gazed lovingly at the little bit of gold as it lay in its blue velvet case. "I never knew how beautiful it was till this morning, when I put it on for the last time, just to say good-bye to it. If we are never able to repay him"—with a sob in her voice,—“he will have this to look at.”

"Poor little Celia! I do hope you may get it back soon—I do indeed."

"Don't talk like that—as if you thought I cared! It makes me feel so mean. Just as if it mattered! Please say no more about it."

"Very well, dear, I will not," said Marjorie, meekly. But she pressed Celia's hand, and gazed with tearful eyes away over the fields.

After this the girls walked on in silence until they came to the gates of the Court. Then they paused, and both grew very red.

"It seems hard to ask for the money today," cried Celia. "Yesterday in the woods it seemed as easy as possible."

"Shall we go home, then?"

"Certainly not. I wonder at you, Marjorie Darmer. I had no idea you were such a coward." And Celia pushed open the gate, and walked boldly up the avenue.

Lindon Court was a low, two-storied house, built of red brick, green and brown in many places, and almost covered with ivy. Over the hall-door was a porch, round which clustered roses of every hue, mixed with Virginia creeper and pure white clematis. Within this pretty bower sat a lady of some forty summers, working industriously at clothing for the poor. This was the Squire's sister, a kind-hearted though somewhat garrulous person, who had lived with and kept house for him since the death of their parents, some ten years before. For,

although Mr. Lindon was wealthy, and had reached the mature age of thirty-eight, he was still a bachelor, and was regarded in the neighborhood as a man who would never marry.

As the girls were seen approaching the house, Miss Lindon laid aside her work, and went forward to meet them with outstretched hands.

"My dear Marjorie, my pretty Celia, I am so glad to see you! How is your mother?"

"Mother is quite well, thank you," said Marjorie. "She asked me to give you this"

"Thanks so much! The very thing I wanted! This recipe is a treasure. It is more than kind of Mrs. Darmer to part with it," she cried, rapturously. "And how goes the world with our fair Celia?"

"Very well, thank you," replied Celia, blushing and looking about uneasily.

"That is right. I like to see young people happy. They always are if they are healthy," she said, resuming her work. "And I am sure you look blooming, Celia. How you have grown, my love! Why, Marjorie, she has left you far behind!"

"Yes," replied Marjorie, smiling. "She did that long ago, Miss Lindon. She has not grown since you saw her a month ago."

"No, of course not; but I never remember noticing before what a contrast you are. One tall and fair, the other small and brown," she said, examining them critically. "Marjorie, I am afraid you do not take care of your complexion. Shall I give you a little receipt I have for the skin? It is capital for keeping off freckles and sunburn."

"Thank you, my complexion does not matter at all. I am always brown. It is very kind of you to care about it," the girl answered. "But," she added quickly, seeing that Celia was looking quite exasperated at so much useless conversation, "do you think we might see Mr. Lindon—just for a moment?"

"My brother is busy, but if I ask him he will come out to speak to you, I am sure." And she rose to enter the house.

"Let us go to him, pray," said Marjorie, laying a detaining hand upon the lady's

dress. "We have something private to say to him. But it will not take five minutes. Will it, Celia?"

"No, I think not." And Celia colored painfully. "It—can not take long."

Miss Lindon glanced curiously from one sister to the other.

"If your business is private, you must, of course, see my brother alone," she said, gravely. "Come this way, please."

The girls followed their guide across the hall, and down a long, narrow passage, at the end of which was a red baize-covered door. This Miss Lindon opened, then knocked gently upon an inner door of solid oak.

"Come in," called a clear, ringing voice, loud but full of sweetness.

Miss Lindon entered, leaving Marjorie and Celia on the mat. But it was only for an instant, and then before they quite knew what had happened, or how they had come there, they were seated in the Squire's most comfortable chairs, with the Squire's grave eyes fixed inquiringly upon their faces.

Miss Lindon had vanished, the two heavy doors were shut, and Mr. Lindon had laid aside his books, and was waiting to hear why they had come to visit him.

Celia's tongue seemed paralyzed. She who generally had so much to say was now mute. Her color came and went, her lips trembled and she did not dare to raise her eyes to Mr. Lindon's as she sat before him. Presently she gave a little sigh, and pushed the jewel case into Marjorie's hand with an imploring gesture. Her sister understood her at once: her courage had failed her at the last, and she wished her to explain the object of their visit.

So straightforward Marjorie went to the point at once. She stated their case simply: told how troubled their mother was; how anxious they were to help her; how she wanted to go to London to sell the sketches she had made, and if possible get orders for others. And finally she wound up by laying the little brooch before him, and asking if he would kindly take it, and give them some money on it.

Mr. Lindon took up the jewel case, and bent his head as though examining the trinket. In reality he saw nothing, but was silent to hide his emotion; for he was deeply touched. Then he rose, and went over to his desk. In a few moments he returned, carrying a large envelope.

"You have done me a great honor in asking me to assist you. This will, I think, be enough for what you require," and he handed the envelope to Marjorie. "You can repay me when you like. But," turning to Celia, "I can not—I will not keep your brooch."

"Then," she replied, proudly, and rising as she spoke, "we can not take your money. We did not come here to beg." And she swept past him to the door.

"Miss Celia, pray consider," cried Mr. Lindon, surprised at the girl's manner. "I do not offer the money as—as—a present, but merely as a loan—to be repaid when you please."

"When I please!" she said, somewhat bitterly,— "I who have no money, who can never earn any, because—because I am good for nothing." And the stately Celia burst into tears.

The Squire turned away, and, walking over to the table, laid the jewel case amongst his papers.

"Pray do keep the brooch, Mr. Lindon," said Marjorie, raising her honest brown eyes to his face. "It is worth—something, and it will make us happier to think that, should we never be able to repay you, you will have some value for your money. So please keep it—just to make us comfortable."

"Certainly I will, since you desire it so earnestly," he answered, kindly. "But Miss Celia must not think so little of herself, or be so sensitive. See I will put the brooch here," and he opened the desk. "Every day I shall take a look at it to remind me of two good, affectionate children."

Celia came back, smiling through her tears. "Thank you," she said, putting her little hand in his. "I will take the money now. You are very good, and we will pray for you every day."

"God bless you!" he said, simply; "and you too," turning to Marjorie. "You must let me know at once how you fare in London. I have a strong feeling that your visit will be a fortunate one."

"That is just what I feel," cried Celia, radiant with delight. "Marjorie will soon be making plenty of money."

Marjorie smiled. "Always in one extreme or the other, Celia. Is she not a curious girl, Mr. Lindon? Mother says she is like an April day."

"Half sunshine, half tears," he replied, smiling. "Yes, the description suits you well, Miss Celia."

"I am all sunshine now," she cried, gaily. "But come, Marjorie, we must hurry home. Good-bye, Mr. Lindon. You are very, very kind."

"Not half so kind as I'd like to be. You are very proud, Miss Celia."

"Perhaps I am," she said, lightly. "Good-morning!" And, dimpling and smiling, she made the grave man a sweeping curtsy, and ran out of the room.

"Pray forgive Celia, Mr. Lindon," said Marjorie, gently. "She is a little wild sometimes, especially when much moved."

"She is charming," he cried. "I would not have her otherwise for the world."

Marjorie looked at him doubtfully. "You are very kind," she said. "Good-bye, and thank you so much!" Then, passing out of the room, she followed her sister through the hall.

Mr. Lindon stood at the window, and watched them go down the avenue. "Half sunshine, half tears—poor little girl! poor little girl!" Then, sighing, he seated himself at the table, and re-opened his books.

All that day Mr. Lindon seemed lost in thought, and his sister wondered why he was so absorbed—what great subject occupied his mind; for she never imagined that the staid, silent man was thinking of what he had seen that morning in the library—a pair of blue eyes heavy with tears, a sweet mouth trembling with emotion, and a moment later wreathed in bewitching smiles.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Confidence in Mary.

AN INCIDENT OF THE WAR.

A poor young soldier had received a bullet wound in the chest in General Foster's attack on Goldsborough, North Carolina, and was left for dead on the field. One of the ambulances which were sent to bear the wounded men to the temporary camp erected after the battle, passed near him.

He was speechless, but not unconscious, and, while trying to stanch the blood with his Scapulars, kept saying mentally, "Mother of God, I am in mortal sin; don't let me die without the priest," so that it seemed a marvellous and direct answer to prayer when he heard the voices of the men, now almost beside him. But they, perceiving that the end was approaching, said, unfeelingly, "Oh! there's no use stopping for him. He will be dead before we can get him into the ambulance." And they went on, leaving him to his fate. The sufferer heard every word, and prayed the more earnestly to Our Lady not to let him die in his sins.

The relief party had already gone a considerable distance, when one of the men, perhaps more humane than the rest, said to his comrades: "I must go back to that poor fellow; I can not let a fellow-soldier die like that without making an effort to save him." So he induced some of them to return with him, and when they came to the wounded man, he had regained strength enough to cry out, "For the love of God take me out of this."

Tenderly they raised him, and bore him on a stretcher to the camp, where so many of his brother soldiers were struggling in mortal agony. When all the wounded men had been thus gathered together, they were brought to the Military Hospital at Newbern, which was conducted by the Sisters of Mercy. It was a long and weary journey of nearly three days, and the sufferings of the poor men were greatly increased by the heat and fatigue; but here at last they found rest and care.

When the doctor had examined and dressed the wounds of the poor soldier who had so fervently implored Our Blessed Lady's help, he told the Sisters that there was no possible hope of his recovery; that his death was imminent, and might be expected at any moment. He had lapsed into unconsciousness during

the operation, so one of the Sisters took her station at his bedside, watching for a lucid interval in which to prepare him to meet his God. After a little time she noticed him groping for something, which when he had found he opened his eyes with such a satisfactory expression that she bent over him to learn the cause, and speak some words of comfort. He was grasping tightly—his Scapulars.

"Thanks be to the Mother of God, Sister!" said he: "She heard my prayer and did not desert me." Then in broken accents he told of his terror lest he should die in the condition in which he was left on the battle-field, and of his oft-repeated prayer: "Mother of God, I am in mortal sin; don't let me die without the priest." "And now, Sister," he continued, "will you send me one without delay? I know I have not long to live, and it's many and many a year since I went to confession."

The good chaplain of the hospital hurried to the bedside of the dying man. With the utmost fervor he made his peace with God, was anointed, and received Holy Communion; and after the Sister had helped him to make his thanksgiving he opened his heart to her, and told her that, although from boyhood he had led a wild and reckless life, and had not *once* approached the Sacraments from the time of his First Holy Communion, he had always preserved some remnant of the love for Our Blessed Mother which his own Irish mother had endeavored to plant in his heart when he was a child. On enrolling himself in one of the militia companies formed so rapidly in those times, he had procured a pair of Scapulars among the first articles of his regalia, thus placing himself under the patronage of Her who was to protect him so visibly in the end.

His touching prayer to Our Lady when left among the dead and dying was prompted no doubt by the Scapulars, to which he clung so fervently; and She "to whom no one ever had recourse without obtaining relief" inspired his soldier companion to go back to him before life was extinct, and strengthened him miraculously until his soul was renewed in the Blood of the Lamb.

After the great efforts consequent on his reception of the Sacraments, he seemed to rally for a few hours, but then sank into a state of complete exhaustion, and in the evening of the second day after his arrival at the hospital, his soul went forth to God.—*Catholic Youth.*



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The Feast of Mount Carmel.

I.

MOUNT CARMEL, as every one knows, is in Palestine, and is frequently mentioned in Holy Scripture both on account of its natural beauties and the many mysterious events of which it has been the scene. The Prophet Elias, especially, has rendered it celebrated. Here it was that he triumphed over the eight hundred and fifty priests of Baal; here it was also that he made his dwelling, in company with the great Eliseus, and gathered together that assemblage of holy persons who were called "the children of the Prophet." He prescribed for them certain rules of abstinence, fasting, prayer, and other exercises of piety by which they were distinguished from the rest of the Jews.

Tradition says that this holy Prophet on whom God bestowed the favor of seeing events that time was to bring forth in the distant future, once beheld the Mother of the world's Redeemer under the figure of a small cloud arising from the sea, and that he consecrated to Her the Order which he founded. Under this ægis it flourished wondrously, and when our divine Saviour began His public life, the disciples of Elias, of all the inhabitants of earth, were the most eager and best disposed to receive the Gospel. After the Ascension of Christ, His Blessed Mother frequently visited Mt. Carmel, entertaining Her devout clients with

conversations that filled them with holy joy.

Elias is considered the founder and first General of the Carmelite Order, and the present religious of Mt. Carmel are the successors of "the children of the Prophet"; consequently the venerable institute embraces not only the past nineteen centuries of the era of grace, but also nearly nine centuries of the preceding era of the Old Testament. Its members devote themselves in an especial manner to the honor of the Blessed Virgin, and have always regarded Her as their Mother and superioress. Their chief occupation is, by fervent prayers and other pious practices, to make Her better known, loved and venerated. They were the first to erect an oratory in Her honor after She had been taken up to heaven; it stands on Mt. Carmel, near the Fountain of Elias, and covers the very spot on which the Prophet stood when he saw the symbolic cloud arising from the sea. As a reward for their zeal and devotion, Our Lady has at all times shown Herself a special protectress of the Order, and obtained for it innumerable graces and blessings.

II.

One of the most signal favors granted by the Blessed Virgin to the Carmelites was the bestowal of the Scapular by the hands of St. Simon Stock, an Englishman by birth, and the first European elected General of the Order. His death occurred in 1265. This holy man prayed for a long time that the Mother of God would deign, by some special token, to show Her good

will towards the religious of Mt. Carmel. One day, while he was prostrate in supplication, the Queen of Heaven, attended by choirs of angels, appeared before him, holding in Her hands a Scapular, and said: "Receive, My son, this habit of thy Order; it is a mark of the privilege which I have obtained for thyself and all the religious of Carmel; he who is invested with this habit, and piously wears it, shall be saved from eternal punishment after death. It is a sign of salvation, a safeguard in dangers, and the pledge of a special protection."

Pope Benedict XIV., of illustrious memory, declares, in his treatise on the Feasts of the Blessed Virgin, that he believes the apparition of the Mother of God to St. Simon to be a fact, and adds, "It seems to Us that all the faithful should so consider it." With authority like this in its favor, it would be rashness to contest the genuineness of the supernatural revelation, or the great advantages attached to the Scapular. We may, therefore firmly believe, since it is promised in the revelation, that all who die invested with this holy habit shall obtain grace before God and be preserved from everlasting fire. The Blessed Virgin will procure for them all the assistance necessary for their perseverance in the path of justice; or, should they fall into sin, She will obtain pardon for them before they die, enabling them to become truly penitent and contrite. This pious and consoling belief has been confirmed by the apostolic authority of many Sovereign Pontiffs; and, in order to encourage the spread of the salutary devotion of the Scapular, they have enriched it with numerous and precious indulgences.

III.

About half a century after the vision recorded above, the Mother of God deigned to appear to Pope John XXII. She assured him that She would, in a special manner, assist the Carmelites and all others enrolled in the Scapular, who, having died before satisfying the divine justice, should be condemned to the pains of purgatory, and that She would mercifully obtain their release the Saturday following their death. From

this apparition originated the celebrated Sabbatine Bull, in which John XXII. published both the vision with which he had been favored, and the singular privilege of being delivered from the flames of purgatory by the Queen of Heaven. This Bull was confirmed by Alexander V., and Benedict XIV. subsequently declared that the Apostolic act of John XXII. was worthy of all respect from the faithful. A large number of Supreme Pontiffs have not hesitated to extol these signal favors; the zeal with which they have labored to publish and defend these privileges bears witness to the estimation in which they held them.

IV.

From what has been said it follows that the Scapular is productive of inestimable advantages to those who wear it and fulfil the necessary obligations: * (1.) The special patronage of the Blessed Virgin during life, which will enable them to bring forth worthy fruits of penance, and obtain the grace of a happy death; (2.) A participation in the merit of all the good works and of all the prayers of the Carmelite Order; (3.) Assistance after death and prompt deliverance from purgatory.

We should remark, furthermore, that the Scapular is the insignia of a reciprocal alliance between Mary and those who are invested with it. The Blessed Virgin obliges

* It is absolutely required that the Scapular be worn day and night. It is suspended from the shoulders—hence the name,—one piece hanging over the breast, the other over the back. It is not a sin to lay it by (unless this be done through contempt), but in doing so we forfeit all its advantages till we put it on again. No matter what the motive which induced us to take it off, we are restored to all its privileges on resuming it. Some authors, however, are of opinion that if we have laid it aside for several years, we ought to be again invested by a competent priest. (We say "competent," for a priest must have special faculties to confer it.) To participate in all its benefits, we must, moreover, comply with the conditions prescribed by the bulls of concession. The usual conditions are confession and Communion on certain appointed days, and prayers for the Pope, for the Church, and for peace among Christian princes.

As regards the singular favor of a speedy deliv-

Herself to obtain for us special graces and favors; we, on the other hand, bind ourselves not to dishonor Her holy habit. The Scapular is the livery of the Blessed Virgin, and indicates that he who wears it has adopted Her for his Mother.*

What more glorious title than that of child of Mary—Queen of heaven and earth, Mother of God! *Noblesse oblige*. We must, then, always show ourselves worthy of so holy and so glorious a Mother; there must be nothing in our thoughts, in our words, or in our actions that can displease Her; our whole conduct must be such as to manifest our love and veneration. Those who truly love the Blessed Virgin will do all in their power to prevent others from doing or saying anything derogatory to Her—will leave nothing undone to inspire them with the same sentiments of esteem and affection which they themselves entertain. The true child of Mary is never happier than when he is doing something to further the interests and glory of his holy Mother. Mary, on Her part, having the treasures of heaven at Her disposal, will not let Herself be outdone in generosity; She will return a hundredfold all that is done for Her. It is towards the associates of the Scapular, in particular, that She loves to display Her generosity. The holy habit with which they are clothed is for them a mantle like that bequeathed of old to Eliseus; under its folds they pass in safety over the Jordan of temptations, and traverse the stormy sea of life secure from danger; it encourages them to holiness of life, is a preventative

* The Scapular of Carmel consists of two pieces of brown or black woollen cloth, joined together by two pieces of string or ribbon of any kind or color. An image of the Blessed Virgin on each of the pieces of cloth is usual, but not necessary.

erance from purgatory after death, we must, in addition to the preceding conditions, observe chastity according to our state of life, and recite every day the Little Office of the Blessed Virgin or the Canonical Office. Those who can not read must not fail to observe fast-days, and abstain from flesh-meat on Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays. When there is a grave reason these works may be commuted by proper authority.

against sin, and a powerful means of leading the erring back to the path of repentance.

The Scapular is a mark of predestination for those who wear it worthily. Never has a true servant of Mary been abandoned by the Mother of fair love and holy hope; She is his guardian and protectress until he enters into the true Promised Land. There are numerous instances even of persons who placed little or no faith in the efficacy of this devotion, and yet received great advantages from it. Volumes of such examples might be written. Let it suffice to say—and who can deny it?—that by virtue of the Scapular tempests have been stilled, conflagrations extinguished, mortal wounds healed, incurable diseases cured, the chains of the captive broken, obstinate sinners converted, and despairing souls restored to the arms of God's mercy. If, as it sometimes happens, we hear skeptics assert that such marvels are altogether disproportionate to the cause, we have only to remind them that "the foolish things of this world hath God chosen that He may confound the wise."

Who shall dare to place a limit to His power, or set Him laws by which to act? If it pleases His Mother, whom He has appointed the dispenser of His riches,—who was the cause of His first great miracle at Cana,—to determine on any livery whatever, and to oblige Herself to reward him who wears it worthily in Her service, why can She not do so? Earthly potentates distinguish their servants by various kinds of badges, which secure privileges held in the highest esteem: why should the world wonder that the Queen of Heaven distinguishes Her servants in like manner?

We ought, then, to admire the goodness of this Most Holy Queen, who gives us so easy a means of showing our devotion, and of procuring Her assistance and protection. We ought not to delay taking part in a practice so salutary, which can contribute so powerfully towards the assurance of our salvation; and the thought that it is a certain means of pleasing God and His holy Mother will be an incentive to our performing well the duties attached to the devotion.

Mercy.

BY CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

IN his last hour a good man lay alone,
His couch, the naked earth; his pillow,
stone.

Thus faithless fortune left him, in the end,
To perish in the dark, without one friend.
Lifting his eyes, in great bewilderment,
He saw seven shining angels o'er him bent;
And with his failing breath he cried, in fear,
"Ye heavenly messengers! what do ye here?"
Each angel in his turn made low reply,
In voices of celestial melody:—

"I was a-hungred, and thou gavest meat";
"I was athirst, thy draught was passing
sweet";

"And I was naked, and was clothed by thee";
"A captive, I, when thou didst ransom me";
"I harborless till I thy harbor found";
"When I was sick thy mercy knew no bound";
Then the last whispered, as he bowed his head,
"And thou didst bury me when I was dead."

Now a great glory filled the vault of night,
A still small voice glowed like intensesst light;
It seemed to fashion words that were as flame,
One flashed and faded as another came:—

"And lo! as thou hast done it unto these,
So hast thou done it unto Me." At ease
On his cold bed the good man breathed his last:
A bed of roses now, and every blast
Was softer, sweeter than an infant's breath,
For the bright watchers by that bed of death;
And as the spirit left its form of clay,
Seven angels bore it in their arms away.

A Brave Life.

BY KATHLEEN O'MEARA.

(CONTINUED.)

THE young priest went forth with his
ministry full of courage and joy. He
could not be persuaded to come to reside in
his father's house, but went with four other
young priests to a little lodging in the Rue
Cassette. They were all the sons of wealthy
parents, but, filled with the spirit of their
holy state, they reso'ved to conform their
lives as much as possible to the ideal of

evangelical poverty. Some months before
the Abbé de Ségur's ordination, Mgr. Affre
had been applied to for a chaplain for the
military prison; there had been some delay
in filling the appointment, and meantime
Gaston had obtained permission to go to
the prison and devote himself to the service
and consolation of the prisoners. As soon as
he was ordained he offered himself as chap-
lain, and was appointed to the post.

He entered on this his first sacerdotal
mission with all the fervor of a neophyte.
The soldiers soon came to love and trust
him, and he thus easily gained access to
their souls. They made their confession to
him without any difficulty, and numbers
who had never made their First Communion
were instructed and prepared for it, and
made it in the prison. When these penitents
of the young priest were removed to heavier
punishment, or returned to their regiments,
they did not forget him, and he was careful
to retain his influence over them by corre-
spondence. Numerous letters, soldierly in
style and orthography, were found amongst
his papers after his death. Some were dated
from the hulks at Toulon—the outpourings
of violent but not vicious fanatics, who had
been led to take part in the riots of '48; they
were all alike in their expressions of grati-
tude to the Abbé de Ségur—"the friend
who came to us and stood by us when every
other friend had deserted us," writes one of
the convicts.

His friendship was, on some few occa-
sions, put to a terrible test by these poor
misguided rebels; some of them were con-
demned to be shot at Vincennes, and the
chaplain accompanied them to the ground,
giving them the crucifix to kiss, and praying
with them to the last moment. He dreaded
these executions, in spite of his courage,
and would stand pale and trembling by the
poor condemned man, looking as if he were
about to faint. What he shrank from still
more was accompanying a convict to the
guillotine. He invariably had the consola-
tion of seeing them die in the most Christian
sentiments of faith and contrition; not a
few died saintly deaths, and this rewarded

him for all the pain he went through in assisting them. The one thing, he used to declare, that he never would have had the courage for was to escort an impenitent sinner to the gates of hell.

His mission amongst prisoners gave him an insight to the horrors of the galleys, which made him extraordinarily compassionate towards the unhappy men who were condemned to those foul abodes. The letters of the prisoners whose souls he had won to God were always full of the moral anguish they had to suffer from the corruption of the prison, and the persecution a converted convict had to bear from the degraded and vicious beings around him. "If you utter a good sentiment," writes one of them, "you are a spy; blasphemy and vice are in the air." The Abbé de Ségur had many friends in distant prisons, both convicts and chaplains, and from these latter he sometimes heard accounts of holy and happy deaths that rejoiced him.

Besides the soldiers, he devoted himself to young apprentices. This latter mission was less harrowing to his heart, but it was in many ways more laborious. There was the difficulty of catching the wild and wilful lads who were scattered over a great space in their workshops, not ready to his hand like the soldiers; but once caught, their conquest was generally easy enough; the young priest "had a way with him," as the soldiers said, that nobody could long resist. When Easter was drawing near, and there was the great affair of the Paschal Communion to be accomplished, he determined to gather his vagabond flock together for a few days, and put them through a kind of retreat. For this purpose he hired a room, and, in order not to excite the curiosity, and perhaps ridicule, of the neighborhood, the meetings were carried on as secretly as possible. The lads, unconsciously impressed by the serious opportunity so zealously provided for them, were as quiet as possible both coming and going, and the retreat was a great success,—so great, in fact, that the Abbé de Ségur resolved to brave everything the following year, and risk the conse-

quences of having it on a larger scale, and this time openly, in the school-house of the Rue de Grenelle.

The instructions were so popular that the apprentices crowded to hear them in greater numbers than the place could accommodate, and when they were dispersing, the street was momentarily turned into a wild pandemonium. The noble residents of the aristocratic old houses took fright, and fancied some popular insurrection must be brewing. One day the Abbé de Ségur happened to be in a *salon* when the juvenile congregation was rushing to the evening instruction, and a lady started up in great alarm. "Don't be frightened," said the Abbé, hurrying out to the encounter; "it is only my retreat marching past!" The retreat was always on its best behavior, but its best was noisy enough to scare the dignified inhabitants of the Rue de Grenelle. When the boys met their friend in the street, they greeted him with a salvo of cheers, and cries of "*Vive M. de Ségur!*" that brought the neighborhood out to see what the uproar was about. But it soon came to be known who the rioters were, and then no one complained of the noise they made. His little room in the Rue Cassette was invaded at all hours by these honest lads, who grew to look on the young priest as their own particular friend.

For the first six months after his ordination, he worked so hard that a doctor who was a witness of his life said to him: "If you want to be carried to Père-la-Chaise in six months, go on working like this for another six months." He took no heed of the remark, and precisely six months later his health broke down. He had been always expecting some answer to that prayer at his first Mass, and seeing the months go by without bringing any sign of its having been accepted, he said laughingly to the friend who knew of it, "It looks as if I had set the Blessed Virgin a problem that She can't solve!" The solution was, nevertheless, on its way to him.

The break-down in his health was not, however, the result of deliberate impru-

dence, or wilful disregard of that invaluable blessing, a sound body; he had, theoretically, a great respect for health, and his rule of life, though breathing austerity and self-sacrifice in every line, included "reasonable care of my health." He conscientiously believed that he observed this clause, and, ascetic though his life was, there was no undue strain put upon his health by fasting or vigils. It was his burning zeal that wore him out; he saw so much to be done, and longed so ardently to do it,—he set his duties so high above his strength, that imperceptibly he bent under the pressure until he fell. His love for God and for souls was like a fever consuming his physical strength, and he may be truly said to have had but one thought from the moment he awoke till he lay down to rest—to suffer and to work for his divine Master.

Love for Our Blessed Lady was the chief characteristic of his piety. His rule of life contains the following clause: "Absolute devotion to the Mother of God. I must act always in total dependence on Her; for all I am belongs to Her. I will ask Her blessing before coming in and going out. Recite the Rosary meditated." He took Mary for his guide and confidante in all things, and he honored Her as the "Virgin most Prudent" too much not to imitate Her discretion, as far as his light enabled him. But heroic souls have principles and enthusiasms that are apt to clash in practice. The Abbé de Ségur had a theory, which he adopted before his ordination, that every man must always be in extremes, and that if he does not fall into extremes on the right side, he runs a great risk of doing so on the left. A priest, he held, is bound to give himself *wholly* to the service of his Master, and the Master will look to the consequences.

The Abbé de Ségur slaved for the soldiers, the apprentices, children, and the poor; he confessed and preached unsparingly, and he walked in all weathers until his strength gave way. He was arrested suddenly by a loss of voice and a spitting of blood. He immediately gave in, put himself with the docility of a child in the hands

of the doctor, even to the point of staying in bed and drinking ass's milk of a morning, and so sacrificing the happiness of saying Mass. He considered at once how he could best turn to account the period of leisure that illness forced upon him, and he resolved to employ it in writing. He set to work on a book entitled "Answers to Objections against Religion."

The Abbé Gay read the MS., and thought highly of it; the substance was solid, and the style terse, lucid and to the point, and had all the qualifications of a popular book. It was sent in to the Society of St. Vincent de Paul,—a society for the publication of good books. The president, unable to come to an opinion himself, sent it to a distinguished man of letters, since an academicien, who was a member of the society. His verdict, after careful reading, was, "Dull enough to justify the general opinion that good books are always dull." The author accepted the snub very meekly, but his friends did not. They refused to believe in the judgment of the literary man, and took the MS. to three publishers, who each in turn refused it.

The Abbé de Ségur, now fully convinced that the book was worthless, put it away, and thought no more about it. He had almost forgotten its existence, when his mother asked him to let her read it. He could not even remember what he had done with it, and for some days it was supposed to be lost. The volume was found at last, and Mme. de Ségur read it, and pronounced it a very able and valuable piece of work. She had a sum of two thousand francs at her disposal for some good work, and determined to spend it on the publication of this book. It proved a good inspiration. The "*Réponses*" was an extraordinary success; the first edition went off like wildfire, and, after going through *one hundred* editions, the book still remains popular.

The incident furnishes as striking an instance of the fallibility of private judgment on a literary work as the records of publishers show. Five years ago, no less than *seven hundred thousand* copies of the book

had been sold in France and Belgium, while countless editions of the translation into foreign languages were selling in Europe; it was even translated into Hindostanee; in all, it was calculated before the author's death that over a million copies had been sold. And yet a number of critics, supposed to be competent judges, had rejected this book as "dull and worthless"!

The Abbé de Ségur took the brilliant success, as he had taken the contemptuous rejection, with the gentle humility of one who looked at events outside of self. The good the "*Réponses*" did was the reward that went to his heart; and humility could not blind him to this, because the conversions it made were brought constantly under his eyes. His illness was thus only the beginning of a new field of labor, and one in which he toiled as diligently and as successfully as in any where he had hitherto carried his vigorous service.

His health was completely restored by the rest and the mild climate of the Pyrenees. He was surprised when his voice returned; for it had seemed to him that this might have been the infirmity he had asked Our Lady to obtain for him. Had She rejected the prayer as overbold, and was he to renounce the hope of seeing it answered?

He returned with renewed ardor to his ministry, and was welcomed back with joy by the poor and the outcasts to whom his first service was devoted. As a very young priest he displayed such a wonderful power of helping the dying, that his presence at a death-bed came to be sought for as a heavenly consolation and support. A man of the world who saw him assisting a dying soul said: "You can not look at that priest without seeing God in him." This atmosphere of holiness that breathed from him was often a source of potent grace to death-bed sinners, and many an impenitent soul, who had resisted every other influence, succumbed almost involuntarily to the charm of the Abbé de Ségur's angelic sweetness and burning piety.

Gaston de Ségur was, both by inherited loyalty and personal conviction, a devoted

partisan of the Comte de Chambord; but once a priest, he ceased to take any heed of politics. So long as the Church was protected, and left free to fulfil her divine mission, the form of government under which she lived and reigned was indifferent to him, as indeed it has been, under every *régime*, almost universally, to the French clergy. When the monarchy was overturned in '48, and the revolution built up a Republic on its ruins, he held aloof from political parties and agitation. When the Republic went down and the Empire came up, he accepted the despotic reign of order as a plank in the storm, and was content to let it take its trial.

Soon after the *coup d'état*, he was offered the post of Auditor of the Rota. His first impulse was to refuse it; but Monseigneur Pie and other influential friends implored him to accept it, protesting that to have him occupying such an office would be "a great benediction." This advice prevailed; he accepted the appointment, and made ready to set out for Rome. Before leaving Paris, the newly named Auditor was admitted to the presence-chamber at the Tuileries. The audience was long and cordial, and Gaston de Ségur fell a conquest to that personal charm which was so potent in the Emperor. It would, indeed, have been hard to withstand the winning frankness with which Napoleon III. confessed and bewailed his wild youth, and the errors that had led him away, and the earnestness with which he expressed his regret for the mistaken ideas he had entertained concerning the Church. The Auditor left his presence penetrated with confidence and admiration and sympathy.

The news that they were about to lose their friend was received by the poor prisoners and the apprentices and a host of workmen with a feeling of despair. Many of them asked for his photograph; he had it taken on purpose for them, and distributed it freely amongst them. The letters of those poor people asking for it are very touching; they looked up to him as a *grand seigneur*, and at the same time they were

on terms of the most familiar equality with him, while one and all regarded him as a saint.

In the month of May, 1852, the Abbé, now Monseigneur, de Ségur left Paris on his way to Rome, where he entered on a new sphere of duties

On reaching the Eternal City, he went straight to his cousin, Cardinal de Mérode, who, as chaplain to the Pope, lived in the Vatican. While they were in the first excitement of their meeting, a message came from the Pope, ordering the newly arrived Auditor to come to him at once. The traveller was in dismay. Present himself before the Sovereign Pontiff all dusty and unkempt as he was? Impossible! But Monseigneur de Mérode, who dearly loved a joke, was filled with wicked glee at the sight of his horror and embarrassment, and hunted him off, without a moment's grace, to obey the papal summons

The moment Pius IX. beheld Gaston de Ségur, his heart went out to him, and he loved him as Our Lord loved the young man in the Gospel on whom He looked. The piety and modesty of the young priest went straight to his heart, while his gayety and fine sense of humor refreshed and delighted him. From this first visit he admitted the French Auditor to an intimacy which never ceased during the four years that the latter resided in Rome.

Before settling down in rooms of his own at the Palazzo Brancadero, Monseigneur de Ségur was the guest of his cousin, De Mérode, for some days. He was deeply impressed by the insight into the life and character of the bellicose prelate which this visit afforded him. Cardinal de Mérode treated his body with a rude contempt which bordered on inhumanity; he took no more heed of how it fared as to eating and sleeping than if it had been a stray dog that came about the house. Hospitable as a patriarch, but assuming that his guests, who were almost always priests, were as indifferent to bodily comfort as he was himself, he sometimes exercised them in mortification without the least intending it. "Never in

my life," declared Monseigneur de Ségur, "was I so much edified, or so badly fed."

He himself cared very little about the feeding: for, better than most Christians, he knew that man does not live by bread alone, and there were compensations of every sort to make up for the rough fare of his saintlike host. It was a constant entertainment to him to observe the tall, lean Cardinal, agitating his long limbs, so vehement in his gestures, so brusque in his comings and goings, at prayer so humbly rapt in devotion, at the altar so majestic. A soldier in his early youth, Cardinal de Mérode remained a soldier always; he must fight somebody; he fought for the Church and God, he fought the world and the devil; sometimes he fought the Pope, and Pius IX. admired his honest daring, and was never offended by his courageous contradiction.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Forget Me Not.

ONE morning, when the earth was new,
And rainbow-tinted lay the dew,
The Father came.
Upon His waiting flowers He cast
A gentle glance, and, as He passed,
Gave each a name.

The twilight deepening, as before
He walked among His flowers once more,
And asked each one
What name, apart from all the rest,
He gave, its faithfulness to test,
When day begun.

The Aster, Columbine, and Rose
All answered—every flower that grows
In field or wood,—
Save one wee blossom, from whose eyes
Shone back the color of the skies,
That silent stood.

The flowers were still. "I loved Thee so!"
She said; then, trembling, whispered low,
"Yet I forgot!"

"Dear child, thy name thou mayst forget
And be forgiven—only yet
Forget Me Not."

—*Marion Boyd Allen, in "Cottage Hearth."*

Fairy Gold.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

MARION did not in the least relax her preparations for departure, and she gave no sign to Mr. Singleton of perceiving the end which he had in view. They progressed very far toward intimacy in the course of their long interviews; but it was an intimacy which Marion regulated, and to which she gave its tone, preserving without difficulty command of the situation. Yet even while she commanded it, an instinct told her that the hour would come very soon when this man would assert himself, when her time of control would be over, and the feeling that betrayed itself in his eyes and voice would find expression in a manner beyond her power to regulate. Nevertheless, she was hardly prepared for the declaration when it came one day, abruptly and without anticipation on her part.

"I think, Miss Lynde," said Singleton, "that it is time you and I understood each other—or, at least, that I understood *you*; for I am pretty sure that you understand *me* thoroughly. You know perfectly well that I am in love with you. Do you intend to marry me?"

"Mr. Singleton!" cried Marion, startled and considerably discomposed. "Do I intend—" she repeated. "How could I possibly have any intention in—in such a matter? That is a very extraordinary way of speaking."

"Is it?" said Singleton. "But you do not expect an ordinary way of speaking from me; for do you not make me understand every day how much of a savage I am? What can I do except ask your intentions? For you can not say that you do not know I am in your hands to be dealt with as you like."

"I know nothing of the kind," she answered, hastily. "Why should I know it? I have been glad that we should be friends, but beyond that—"

"Do not talk nonsense!" he interrupted, somewhat roughly. "You are too clever a woman not to have been aware from the first that there was no friendship about it. As soon as I saw you, I made up my mind that I would marry you if you would agree to it. And why should you not agree? It will settle all difficulties about the fortune, and I am not really a bad fellow at heart. I assure you of that."

"I think I know very well what kind of fellow you are," said Marion, smiling in spite of herself. "Certainly not one who is formed on a very conventional model. I like you very much—I am sure you know that,—but I have no intention of marrying you."

It cost her something of an effort to say this—to put away, finally as it were, the glittering prize that life had cast in her way. But, thus brought face to face with the necessity for decision, she found that no other answer was possible to her. Yet the form of words that she chose did not convey her meaning in an unalterable sense to the man watching her with such keen, brilliant eyes.

"You have no intention of marrying me!" he repeated. "Does that mean that you will not form such an intention—that you will not take the subject into consideration?"

"There is no reason why I should," she answered. "It is best that you should think no more of it."

"I can not agree to that," he said. "On the contrary, it seems to me best, from every point of view, that I should continue to think of it, and endeavor to bring it to pass. I warn you that I am not a man who is easily daunted. Unless you intend to marry some one else, I shall continue my efforts to induce you to marry me."

"Not if I tell you that there is no use in such efforts?" said Marion.

"You can not possibly tell whether there would be use in them or not," he persisted, "unless you are decided with regard to some other man. If so, I hope you will tell me."

"There is no other man in question," she said, coldly. "I may surely be supposed to know my own mind without being bound to any one."

"And I know mine," he replied, "so positively that, until you are bound to some one else, I shall not relinquish the hope of inducing you to marry me. I give you fair warning of that."

"Really, Mr. Singleton," said Marion, who hardly knew whether to be vexed or amused, "you are a very singular person. Are you not aware that a man must abide by the woman's decision in such a matter as this?"

"I am not so uncivilized as you imagine," he replied. "Of course I know it. But everywhere and always he has the right of endeavoring to change that decision if he can. And I have a double reason for desiring to change yours. I not only want to marry you, but I also want you to have your share of my fortune."

"I have no share in it," she said, haughtily—for surely such a persistent suitor as this promised to be very troublesome;—"you know that well, and you know also that I have forbidden you to speak of it to me."

"Henceforth I will endeavor to obey you," he answered, with the courtesy which now and then contrasted oddly with the usual abruptness of his manner. "But you can not forbid me to think of it—nor of you."

"I hope," she said, "that when I go away you will very soon cease to think of me."

He smiled. "Do you think," he asked, "that I shall not follow you? The way to Europe is as open to me as to you."

"But if I forbid it?" she cried, with a sudden sense of dismay.

"You have no right to forbid it," he answered, quietly. "I have no intention of accompanying you and I have surely been guilty of nothing which could lead you to disown my acquaintance should we meet in Rome or elsewhere."

Marion fancied that after his declaration, and the refusal with which it had been

met, George Singleton would leave Scarborough, since he had certainly no business to detain him there. But that gentleman proved himself to be of another opinion. He not only remained in Scarborough, but he continued his visits with the same regularity which had characterized them before. Partly vexed, partly amused, Marion, nevertheless, took precautions to guard against any embarrassing renewal of his suit. She ceased to receive him alone, and whenever it was possible she turned him over to Helen for entertainment. To this he apparently did not object in the least. He had hardly met Miss Morley before, and her soft gentleness charmed him. It was the type of womanhood best suited to his own passionate, impulsive nature, and he yielded to its influence with an *abandon* that surprised himself.

"You have no idea what an effect you have upon me," he said to her on one occasion. "When I come into your presence I am like a cat that is smoothed the right way—you put me into harmony and accord with all the world."

It was impossible not to laugh at the frankness of this assertion, as well as the homeliness of the comparison. "I am very glad to hear that my presence has a good effect upon you," said Helen; "although I do not know why it should be so."

"I suppose some people would call it magnetism," he answered; "but I think it is simply owing to the fact that your nature is so placid and gentle that you exercise a calming influence upon the passions of others."

"My nature is not so placid and gentle as you imagine, perhaps," she said, with something of a shadow stealing over her face. "I have passions too."

"Have you?" he asked, rather incredulously. "Well, if so they must be of a very mild order, or else you understand managing them in a wonderful manner. I wish you would teach me how to manage mine."

She looked at him with her blue eyes, and shook her head. "I am afraid you would

not care to learn the only thing that I could teach," she said.

"Why not? I think that I should like to learn anything that you would teach."

"Perhaps, then, if our acquaintance lasts long enough, I may take you at your word some day," she replied, smiling.

In saying this she thought herself very safe; for she had little idea that their association would outlast the day on which Marion left Scarborough. She knew that the latter had been offered the opportunity of regaining her lost fortune in the most legitimate and satisfactory way, and had little doubt but that the matter would end by her accepting George Singleton. "For Marion was never meant to be poor," she said to herself; "and he really seems to have a great deal of good in him—much more than one could have fancied. And he takes her treatment of him very nicely. It is kind of him to seem to like my society, instead of finding me a dreadful bore."

She said as much as this to Marion, who laughed. "There is very good reason for his not finding you a bore," Marion replied. "He enjoys your society much more than mine—it suits him better. I can see that very plainly. In fact, the thing is that he and I are too much alike to assimilate well. We are both too fiery, too impulsive in our natures and strong in our passions. You are the counteracting influence that we need. Instinct tells him so, as experience tells me."

"Marion, what utter nonsense!"

"So far from that, the very best sense, my dear. There is only one person who has a more beneficial influence upon me than you have. That is Claire, and I am going to her. If Mr. Singleton is wise he will stay with you."

"If I thought you were in earnest in saying such a thing as that, you would really provoke me," said Helen, gravely.

"Then you may be sure that I am not in earnest," cried Marion; "for I would do anything sooner than provoke you. No man in the world is worth a single vexed thought between you and me."

It was a few days after this that, everything being at last settled, she finally left the place where she had gained and lost a fortune,—where she had sounded some depths of experience and learned some lessons of wisdom that could not soon be forgotten.

"Marion," said Helen, the evening before her departure, "I am going to have a Mass said for my intention to-morrow morning—and, of course, that means you. Will you not come to the church?"

"With pleasure," answered the other, quickly. "Indeed I am not so absolutely a heathen but that I meant to go, in any event. I am setting out anew in life, as it were, and I should like to ask God to bless this second beginning, as I certainly did not ask Him to bless the first."

"Then you will be at the church at eight o'clock?" said Helen. "And afterward breakfast with me, so that you will not need to return here before meeting your train. I should like the last bread that you break in Scarborough to be broken with me."

"It shall be exactly as you wish," observed Marion, touched by the request, which meant more, she knew, than appeared on the surface. For it was not only that Helen wished to renew the link of hospitality—not only that she desired, as she said, that the last bread broken by Marion in Scarborough should be broken with her in token of their renewed amity,—but she wished to show to all the little world that had so curiously watched the course of events in which the beautiful stranger was concerned, that their friendly and cousinly relations were unchanged. All of this Marion understood without words.

Eight o'clock the next morning found her in the church. As she acknowledged, she had asked no blessing of God on her former beginning of life—that life which had come to such utter failure in every respect; and in the realization of this failure much of her proud self-confidence had forsaken her. She had asked only that opportunity should be given, and she had felt within herself the power to win all that she

desired. Opportunity *had* been given, and she had ended by losing everything, saving only the remnant of her self-respect, and Helen's generous affection. These thoughts came to her with force as she knelt in the little chapel, knowing that she was going forth to a new life with diminished prospects of worldly success, but with a deeper knowledge of herself, of the responsibilities of existence, and of the claims of others, than she had possessed before.

Then she remembered how she had knelt in this same place with Brian Earle, and felt herself drawn near to the household of Faith. It had been an attraction which had led to nothing, because it had been founded on human rather than on divine love. Now that the human love was lost, had the divine no meaning left? The deep need of her soul answered this, and when she bent her head as the priest at the altar offered the Holy Sacrifice, it was with a more real act of faith and worship than she had made on that day when it seemed as if but a step divided her from the Church of God.

Mass over, she went to say a few words of farewell to Father Byrne, and then accompanied Helen home. It had been a long time since she had entered her aunt's house, and the recollections of her first coming into it, and of the welcome which had then met her, seemed to rush upon her as she crossed the threshold. "If it were only to do over again!" she thought, with a pang. When they sat down to breakfast she glanced at the place which she had so often seen Rathborne occupy, and thought that but for her Helen might never have been undeceived, might never have suffered with regard to him. "At least not in the way she has suffered," she said to herself. "In some way, however, she must have suffered sooner or later. Therefore perhaps it is best as it is—for her. But that does not excuse me. If only I might be permitted to make some atonement!"

But atonement is difficult to make in this world, either for our mistakes or our wrongdoing. The logic of life is stern indeed. From certain acts flow certain consequences

as inevitably as conclusions proceed from premises or night follows day. It is vain to cry out that we had no such end in view. The end comes despite our protests, and we are helpless in the face of that which springs from our own deed.

These reflections had in great measure become familiar to Marion, especially with regard to the pain she had brought upon Helen. She had been forced to realize clearly that what it would have been easily possible for her to avoid, it was absolutely impossible for her to repair. To Helen's own goodness, generosity, and gentleness she owed the relief that had come to her on the subject. Nevertheless, she longed greatly for some means of repairing the injury she had done, the suffering she had caused, and—was it an inspiration which suddenly seemed to suggest to her such a means?

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A Memorable Disaster.

A RECORD OF MARVELS AND GOLDEN DEEDS.

THE burning of the Opéra Comique, one of the principal theatres of Paris, on the night of the 25th of May, plunged the whole city into mourning, and the horrors of that disaster are still spoken of with bated breath by those who witnessed them. The scenery, it appears, took fire from the gas jets, and some sparks fell upon the stage. The director came forward and implored the audience to retire quietly, declaring that there was no danger; but, as burning material continued to fall on the stage, and the iron curtain was not let down—it was out of order,—the theatre became filled with smoke, and a great panic ensued. Unfortunately, all the doors from the building onto the passages opened inwards. People fought their way out as best they could, some leaping from the windows, and falling in shapeless masses on the pavement. Others by dint of hard blows right and left escaped, and in this struggle the weaker were knocked down and trampled under foot.

The number of corpses found was eighty-three, nearly all of whom were identified. About one hundred persons were hurt and injured more or less severely. The exact number of those who perished in this fire will never be known, as after the first two days all bodies in the theatre were completely carbonized.

The bravery and heroism of the firemen were beyond all praise, but they were so poorly armed that they fought at a terrible disadvantage. On that fatal night, as there was no water at hand—two reservoirs which should have been filled were empty,—all they could do was to rush into the building and try to save as many lives as possible. The fire was burning for nearly an hour before any water was thrown on it, and it was not till eleven o'clock, when the theatre was a huge furnace, that fourteen engines began to play upon it. The first fire-escapes did not arrive till one hour and twenty minutes after the fire began, and then they required such complicated manœuvring that much valuable time was lost in getting them into order.

The curé of the Madeleine, on hearing of the disaster, rose immediately, and, turning to the priests who were sitting with him, said: "Gentlemen, I must go at once to these poor suffering souls." All followed without a word. They were able to give absolution to many, and to hear the dying confessions of a few. One poor *danseuse* had been crying out in great misery, "*Un prêtre, un prêtre!*" And the Abbé le Rebours had the unspeakable consolation of being in time to administer to her the last rites of our holy Faith.

The Theatre Comique was considered the most respectable in Paris, and was frequented for the most part by the best class of the populace; therefore it is to be presumed that the greater number of the unfortunate victims were Catholics. In the pockets of many of the women Our Lady's Beads were found, and we can hope that Our Blessed Mother asked a special mercy for them—for all. This belief is shared by the venerable Archbishop of Paris, who said

in the touching letter read from the pulpit of Notre Dame before the funeral service: "A cruel and sudden death is a lesson on which we can not too often meditate; it confirms the words of the Master, 'Watch and pray; for you know not the day or the hour.' In that awful moment when the soul is suddenly brought face to face with eternity, and cries out to God, He answers by numberless graces. We may, then, hope and believe that the memory of their Baptism and First Communion brought back to God many of the souls summoned so unexpectedly to the judgment-seat."

A few almost miraculous escapes and some deeds of noblest heroism have been reported; they are quite authentic, and deserve to be recorded in the pages of Our Lady's Journal. The mysteries of grace and conversion wrought amidst those terrible flames and that suffocating smoke will be revealed only at the Day of Judgment.

At the first sign of fire, a poor woman, box-keeper at the Opéra Comique, was seized with fright; her impulse was to rush out of the theatre, but seeing a crowd hurrying to a corridor without egress, she turned back and called on them to follow her. In their excitement they knocked down the lamps lighting the stairs, and the confusion so increased in the dark that several persons were trampled upon, amongst them the box-keeper. As she fell she sent up an aspiration, "O Notre-Dame des Victoires, receive my last breath!" She then lost consciousness, and when she recovered her senses she found herself lying in a bed at the Hôpital de la Charité. Her slight injuries will soon disappear. She is convinced that her preservation was due to the intervention of Notre-Dame des Victoires, under which title she has great devotion to the Blessed Virgin. She begged a friend who visited her on the day following the disaster to have a Mass of thanksgiving offered, also to have her name inscribed as a member of the Archconfraternity.

Early on the morning of the 26th of May two ladies, mother and daughter, were at the same favorite shrine to thank God for

having spared their lives. They had come to Paris on business for a few days, and wished to see "Mignon." To their great disappointment, they could obtain seats only in a top gallery; afterwards they were shown to a box, but it was already too crowded to admit even one more. There was nothing left for them but to leave the theatre. Coming out, the young girl said: "Mother, let us go to the May devotions at the Madeleine." The mother gladly assented, and both were delighted with the services. The sermon was eloquent, and the music exquisite. "Mother," exclaimed the young girl on leaving the church, "how glad I am that we came here! I could not have enjoyed the theatre half so much."

On the way to their hotel they had to pass before the Opéra Comique. To their horror they saw it blazing in a cloud of smoke, and the victims, dead or dying, being carried away. Then they realized the hand of Providence; their gratitude knew no bounds, and they hastened to Our Lady's shrine to pour out their hearts before the privileged altar.

Another marvel was related in a wine-shop by a person of very weak religious sentiment, but, being still under the impression of what he had seen the night before, he spoke with much warmth. "From my window," he said, "I commanded a full view of the burning theatre. One group of men and women had taken refuge on a cornice of the monument. They were the image of despair, paralyzed with indescribable terror. Just in front of them a woman knelt, her hands lifted up in the attitude of supplication; she remained thus for some minutes—minutes that seemed hours,—when suddenly a fireman appeared; he lifted her in his arms, but hardly had he reached the ladder than the wall supporting the others fell with a terrible crash, burying them in tongues of flame." The narrator did not add what conclusions he drew from the fact, but it was evident from his tone that he believed it to be a supernatural answer to fervent prayer.

The fourth episode can not be read with-

out emotion; it illustrates in a striking manner the beauty of heroism inspired by religion. Several young men of the Faubourg St. Germain bore testimony to it; one of them, M. de M—— related it to a circle of friends. The fire was raging with intense fury, casting a dazzling glare on all the surroundings. Several members of the fire-brigade gathered about their lieutenant, awaiting his orders; their attention was directed to a group of five people standing on a wall threatening to crumble every moment. The lieutenant turned to his men. "I can not ask any of you," he said, "to succor those wretched creatures; it would be certain death, with faint hope of saving them; yet if there be one amongst you who will attempt the rescue, here is a ladder." Deep silence greeted the officer's words, then a voice was heard; it was that of a brave-hearted Breton. "I will go." And, making a great Sign of the Cross he added: "Farewell, comrades!" In another moment he was nimbly climbing the ladder. To the amazement of all present, he succeeded in rescuing, one after the other, the five, who but for him must have perished in the flames. As he finished his perilous work, he fell exhausted into the arms of his valiant comrades.

A "Lost Paradise" Found.

AN occasional correspondent of the *London Tablet* gives the following description of a country "rich in all that flows from Nature's hand," but, alas! poor indeed as regards the light and consolations of Religion. We hope, with the writer, that missionaries will soon be found for this beautiful but abandoned country:

On American soil, from the Straits of Magellan to the extreme north of the Canadas, no region presents such a favorable field for missionary labor as the Republic of Guatemala, in Central America. In 1872, when the Religious Orders were exiled, the population of Guatemala amounted to 900,000, all Catholics except the tribe of Indians called *De la Can-*

tonis, who may be seen only from a distance by the pyramids and smoke of their city, and upon whose grounds no one dare trespass who values his life. Among these 900,000 inhabitants there are 300,000 of mixed race, or Guatemalians, who are called civilized; 600,000 are pure Indian. These Indians are naturally gentle and tractable, and are all Catholics, but, alas! entirely neglected, and left destitute of the blessings of the Catholic ministry; no priests, no schools; their beautiful churches, built by the early Fathers, are falling into ruin; idols are being again erected, and the people returning to their primitive state of idolatry and paganism. They live together in large villages, numbering from 800 up to 40,000 inhabitants, having their own chiefs and government, making their own laws, and leading a quiet and industrious life. They weave the cloth for their own clothing, and possess immense droves of sheep and cattle; and everything that goes into the great market of the city of Guatemala and other important cities—such as the skins of deer and bears, honey, indigo, cochineal, chocolate, coffee, India-rubber, etc.—all comes from the free industry of these Indians.

From the earliest date the Republic was divided (spiritually) among the Dominican and Franciscan Fathers, who had built monasteries in every village; these are yet standing, and anxiously waiting for some one to dwell within their walls. The country was thus ministered to up to the year 1872; they treated the Fathers with the most affectionate kindness and gratitude, and were accustomed to place four Indians as sentinels outside the door of the convents; others attended to the wants of the Fathers inside *gratis*; four others would remain at the porch of the church to guard the precious ornaments of the altar.

The mysteries of religion and the feasts of the Blessed Virgin were dramatized by them, especially during Holy Week, when they would go through the streets bearing the crucifix, and sounding the trumpet to call on the people to come to confession. Besides their own language, they all speak Spanish. On Good Friday they would sweep the church, and take home with them the *very dust* of the pavement in memory of their devotions; and their faith gained for them, through the pious use of this dust, many special benefits, not to say miraculous cures. In seasons of drought

they would come in thousands, and, reciting the Rosary, carry the image of the Blessed Virgin in procession through the country: the old people carrying heavy stones and crosses on their shoulders, others, with their faces concealed, scourging themselves to blood; and even the little children decorating their brows with wild rose branches, and forcing the thorns into their foreheads. Thus they went, clamoring for mercy, and never returning to the church until the rain should be granted to their prayers and tears; and we know that God invariably heard them. This is a sign that if these poor people are now falling again into idolatry it is not on account of their bad will, but from pure want of Catholic ministrations.

Among them are to be found the most beautiful antiquities: ancient cities and monuments of fine architecture in ruins; pyramids resembling those of Egypt; curiously carved idols resembling animals and devils; little birds of silver and gold, and warlike implements, remnants of a very early pagan civilization.

The scenery is beyond description in its magnificence—the mountains covered with trees, whose branches are crowned with *paracitos* exhibiting every hue and variety of color, and producing the appearance of a garden in the skies. The country abounds in fruits of all kinds, growing wild in the greatest profusion, such as bananas, cocoanuts, oranges, pine-apples, etc. The climate is such that you can enjoy in one day all the four seasons of the year, according to the altitude you go. The advantages of this country are well appreciated by the Indians, who have built their cities on elevated places commanding the most charming prospects in the world, and redolent of the most exquisite perfumes of nature.

All the minerals and precious stones abound in this country. From the time of its first discovery up till this day all the gold and silver used have been coined here. But what constitutes the happiness of these Indians is not the products of earth (which they have in abundance), but the light and consolations of the Church, of which they are utterly deprived. We have witnessed them as late as 1872—just before the banishment of the religious—as much more desirous of the ministrations of the missionaries than of the riches which nature has strewn around them. We have listened to them playing the *marimbas* on the towers of

the churches to announce to their people the eve of an approaching feast; and have beheld how on the following day every one without exception came, headed by a band of music—flutes, fifes, and drums—to the church, and there in stentorian voices intoned the *Kyrie Eleison*, and sung at intervals their own hymns in Spanish—*Dios te salve Maria, Perdon O Dios Mia*, etc. —in the most touching manner.

The Stations of the Cross was a general devotion during the year, beginning in the village in the evening, and going out into the country, where the crosses were erected, and thence returning at night by torch-lights made from the pine-trees, into the church, singing *Stabat Mater*.

We write this not to amuse the curious, but from affection for these poor souls, who, through the publication of this letter in Catholic papers, may perhaps receive some help, by inducing religious missionaries and plenty of Sisters to turn their steps to this beautiful but abandoned country. The country now is peaceful, and the Government favorable.

Catholic Notes.

It is well known that at Rome, on each recurring Festival of SS. Peter and Paul, a medal is struck to commemorate another year of the Pontificate of the Holy Father happily reigning. This year the Pontifical Medal is designed to represent the great event of the Papal mediation in the international question of the Caroline Islands. On one side of the medal is a portrait of Leo XIII. with the inscription, *Leo XIII. Pont. Max. Anno Decimo*. On the reverse is an allegorical figure of Religion, with Germany and Spain on either side holding her by the hand. It bears the following inscription composed by Padre Tongiorgi: *Pacis arbitra et conciliatrix. — Gontroversia de insulis Carolinis ex æquitate dirempta.*

A few facts and figures serve to give an idea of the wonderful growth during the last few years of the Archdiocese of Chicago. Though the most recently established, it has proved the most progressive of all. Up till last year the Archdiocese of New York headed the list in the number of churches, priests, parochial schools, and religious institutions; but at present the number of Catholic churches

in Chicago is greater than in New York. The figures are: New York, 182; Chicago, 198. The Catholic population of Chicago reaches a total of 425,000. The See of Chicago was established in 1844, but was not created an Archdiocese till the fall of 1880, when Archbishop Feehan was placed at the head. He has now 275 priests, and is contemplating the establishment of seven or eight new parishes. The Archdiocese has no less than eighty theological students preparing for the priesthood.

“The Church and Civilization” is the title of the Alumni Oration delivered by the Rev. T. O’Sullivan at the Forty-Third Annual Commencement of the University of Notre Dame. This discourse is indeed a remarkable production, containing a wealth of illustration and a fund of information, that entitle it to a very high rank among compositions on the subject. As specimens we cite the following passages:

“Religion is the only middle term that can reconcile the contradictory elements of society—poverty with riches, class with class, power with weakness. She opens the strong coffers of wealth, and fills the bony hands of want with plenty. She causes poverty to bless her benefactor and draws the sting of envy from the heart of the poor. Like the good Samaritan, she pours the oil and wine of Christian charity into the bleeding wounds of humanity. She can not, it is true, remove all sorrow from earth—for this is a valley of tears, a land of exile,—and the abuse of free-will must always prove a prolific source of misery. But she has always an antidote at hand for those passions from which so large a part of social inequality and wretchedness result, and she lightens every cross by pointing to the crown which attends it. And as to that suffering and poverty which proceed from unavoidable accident, or mental and physical inequality, the Church looks upon such misfortunes as blessings in disguise. ‘Blessed are the poor; for theirs is the kingdom of heaven! Blessed are the mourners; for they shall be comforted!’ To her the poor, the working classes, are the especial friends and representatives of Him who was born in a stable, earned His bread in the sweat of His brow, and died naked on a Cross. Thus are labor and poverty ennobled, and the poor made content with their lot. The rich are commanded to act the part of God’s almoners, and stewards towards their less fortunate brethren, under the terrible penalty which attaches to the avarice of Dives. Rich and poor are alike taught that the highest end of life is not mere material wealth or enjoyment, but eternal beatitude in the world to come; and that virtue, which

can be gained in every state of life, is of infinitely more value than gold or precious stones.

"The Church levels, but she levels upward, on the grand lines of Christian faith and Christian charity; and, had she the opportunity, she would renew the miracles of former days, when there were no poor-houses in the land, and when her religious took upon themselves the chains of the captive to restore a father to his weeping children, a son to his broken-hearted parents."

The church of Mexiottl, Mexico, contains a remarkable veil of great value. For nearly three centuries Spaniards were in the habit of vowing a jewel to the Veil of Our Lady of Mexiottl if they returned safely from a voyage to Spain, until in Maximilian's time the veil was bejewelled to the value of about forty thousand pounds.

An interesting antiquarian discovery has just been made in Detling Church, Kent, England. In the course of taking down the outer wall of a lean-to on the north side, for the purpose of widening the aisle, it was necessary to remove a stone which seemed to be nothing more than a doorstep. This stone proved to be a slab of Bethersden marble, and had evidently been the upper portion of a coffin lid, measuring two feet, four inches and a half where it was broken off. It was perfectly flat on the top as it lay; but on being lifted up disclosed on the under surface a half-length figure of a priest, in bold relief, with the hands joined as in prayer, the whole *contour* of the face and head being well preserved, and the features beautifully sharp. Unfortunately, from contact with the damp earth in which it was embedded, the right shoulder had scaled away, and the head, though entire, had from the same cause become detached from the flat stone. No letters or marks can be traced round the head, nor has the lower part of the figure been found. It has probably been ignorantly or wantonly utilized (as this was) for the paving of some portion of the floor, and so will be past recovery. This choice representation of mediæval sculpture clearly belongs to the twelfth century.

The Archconfraternity of Notre Dame des Victoires, Paris, counts 1,061,886 members. They are found in every part of Christendom.

During the celebration of his Golden Jubilee the Holy Father will sometimes officiate

in St. Peter's, in order that the great influx of pilgrims may have the happiness of seeing him and assisting at his Mass. The great hall over the portico or vestibule of St. Peter's is now undergoing a thorough renovation, and it is expected that the grand ceremony of canonization announced for the Jubilee will take place there.

Thomas Hallahan, who for many years has been a well-known restaurant keeper in Oakland, has recently returned from his pilgrimage to the Grotto of Our Lady of Lourdes, in the south of France. The history of Mr. Hallahan's case is very remarkable. Last year he was a complete cripple from spinal irritation, and had to be rolled around in a chair. The disease had been pronounced incurable by several of the most distinguished specialists, and he himself had given up all hope of a cure until a friend induced him to try applications of the water from the Grotto of Lourdes. Mr. Hallahan did so, at the same time vowing a pilgrimage to Lourdes. The result was an almost miraculous cure. Mr. Hallahan is today as healthy a man as there is in Oakland, and may be seen at any time attending to his business.—*San Francisco Chronicle*.

The Rt. Rev. Lawrence Scanlan, first Bishop of the newly constituted See of Salt Lake, Utah, was consecrated in St. Mary's Cathedral, San Francisco, on Wednesday, the 29th ult. The consecrating prelate was the Most Rev. Patrick W. Riordan, Archbishop of San Francisco, who was assisted by the Rt. Rev. Eugene O'Connell, Bishop of Joppa, and the Rt. Rev. Patrick Manogue, Bishop of Sacramento. The Rt. Rev. Bishop Machebeuf, of Denver, Col., and a large number of priests were also present. The sermon on the occasion was preached by the Very Rev. J. J. Prendergast, Vicar-General of San Francisco.

Bishop Scanlan, now in the forty-fifth year of his age, was ordained at All Hallows' College, Ireland, June, 1868. The first three years of his life in the ministry were spent as assistant rector of St. Patrick's Church, San Francisco. He was then assigned to the active charge of the territory over which he now holds episcopal jurisdiction, and where, overcoming the most trying difficulties, his humility, self-sacrifice, patience, and zeal have been wonderfully blessed and most signally rewarded by God. The churches, hospitals,

schools and higher educational institutions established through his enterprise and ability are noble monuments, attesting his zeal for God's glory and the temporal and eternal good of souls.

Bishop Scanlan thus enjoys a distinction, rare indeed in the annals of the Church in America, of being the founder, the builder, and the guiding spirit of the new diocese over which he has been called to preside. May many years of health and strength be his in the dignity to which he has been raised, to continue and push forward to still more glorious results the grand apostolic work in which he has been so successfully engaged.

The late eminent theologian, journalist and publicist Giacomo Margotti, took particular pains to train young journalists, especially laymen, in the art of controversy, that, while urging with all the powers of earnestness and conviction the unassailable rights to which the Italian Catholics were entitled, they might always observe the courteous forms and gentle Christian manners which give a charm even to polemics, and raise Catholic journalism above the commonplace level of the ordinary daily press. Though an ecclesiastic himself, he well knew the value of lay assistance in the cause of Catholic truth, and often reminded his readers of the words of Joseph de Maistre (*Du Pape: Discours Préliminaire*): "We live in one of the greatest of religious epochs, in which every man, who is able, is in duty bound to bring a stone to the august edifice, the plans of which are visibly designed. Every science owes something, and in these days especially should pay a tithe at least to Him from whom all science comes; for 'He is the God of sciences, and it is He who prepares all our thoughts.'—*Deus scientiarum dominus est, et ipsi præparantur cogitationes.* (Reg. 1, ii.) The priest who defends religion does his duty, no doubt, and deserves all admiration; but in the eyes of a number of inconsiderate and prejudiced people he appears to be engaged in his own cause, and, though his good faith is beyond question, every observer may perceive that the unbeliever is less suspicious of the man of the world, and allows himself to be approached by him with less repugnance."—*Irish Ecclesiastical Record*

The approbation of the Supreme Pontiff has imparted a new impulse and life to the Inter-

national Catholic Scientific Congress, which will, in its own sphere, carry into practical operation the suggestions of the Head of the Church in regard to "the concentration of the forces and works of religion, and the union of all Catholics in the domain of scientific investigation."

New Publications.

THE EXISTENCE OF GOD. A Dialogue in Three Chapters. By Richard F. Clarke, S. J. Formerly Fellow and Tutor of St. John's College, Oxford. New York. Cincinnati, and St. Louis: Benziger Bros. 1887.

Says the author in his preface to this work: "This Dialogue is an attempt to put forward, in popular form, the chief arguments from reason by which the existence of God is proved, and to answer the objections most commonly urged against it." The "attempt" has been successful. The language is clear, forcible and convincing; the style is attractive and invests the whole work with a charm which fixes and retains the attention of the reader, whilst the mind is imbued with the solid and cogent arguments which sustain this grand truth, upon which all doctrine, scientific as well as religious, must depend. The work is divided into three chapters, in the first of which the proofs of the existence of God deducible from reason are given. The author explains what force may be attached to the arguments by which the human mind seeks to rise to the certain knowledge of a Supreme Being, and at the same time sets forth the inadequacy of many of them. For example, the arguments from consciousness, or design, whilst admirably filling the rôle of confirmatory proofs, are not in themselves sufficient to produce conviction; and, besides, in individual cases there may be moral hindrances—such as indulgence of the passions, pride, and the like,—which must first be overcome before the mind can be prepared to practically admit this truth. The author takes as the great fundamental argument from reason which demonstrates the existence of God, "the argument from causation," which proves irrefragably the existence of a First Cause, independent, self-existent, containing all the perfections of the universe. After developing this proof, the remainder of the chapter is devoted to a masterly refutation of the objections which the

skeptical mind would be likely to conceive. The second chapter is taken up with the consideration of what might be called the "subsidiary" arguments in support of the truth of the existence of God, such as those taken from the moral law—especially the argument from conscience,—the general consent of mankind, etc. We may quote from the conclusion of this important chapter:

"I weigh the claims of the advocates and the opponents of Theism. On the one side I find the great mass of mankind; on the other, an insignificant minority. I go further, and examine into the moral character and general tone of those who lead the van of the opposing camps. On the one side I find the heroes of humanity—those who live a life of self-sacrifice, who are the enthusiasts of virtue, and who are ready to lay down life itself for the sake of that God whose existence is to them as certain as their own. On the other I find those who are in general a villainous and abominable crew. I find among them all the filthy things that shun the light—selfishness, lust, greed of gold, petty meanness, every kind of vice. The most respectable of them are but a handful of self-sufficient theorists, full of pride and vainglory, while the rank and file are corrupt beyond description. Joyfully, then, I cast in my lot with the friends of God; joyfully I recognize my dependence on Him; joyfully I listen to the accents of that soft whisper which is the voice of my Father and Friend; joyfully I admire in Him a perfection which sums up all the perfections of created things; joyfully I contemplate His attributes, and try to realize in my poor feeble fashion how He is the First Cause, Himself uncaused; the Creator and Lord of all, Himself uncreated and supreme; the Friend and Father and Lover of us His children—though He in His self-contained felicity has no need of our friendship, and derives no benefit from our love,—the infinite, incomprehensible, omnipotent God. I do not think I could live if I did not believe in God and love Him. Truly indeed does your candid friend say that with the negation of God the universal has lost its soul of loveliness. What would the world be without God but a miserable blank of hopeless despair?"

In the third chapter Father Clarke removes all the "popular difficulties" that prevent the skeptic from being willing to accept this truth. Among the questions considered are: "The limited nature of God's mercy," "The eternal punishment of a momentary action," "The creation of hell." "The misery of this life often suffered by the innocent," "Predestination," etc.

The brief outline which we can only give

of this work is far from affording an idea of its merits. We consider it the best popular exposition of the truth of God's existence that has come under our knowledge. Besides, it has a character of timeliness, appearing as it does at a period when the popular mind is more than ever liable to be impressed with the teachings of liberalism, free-thought, and the negation of all religion. We bespeak for the work a widely extended circulation at the hands of every intelligent Christian throughout the land.

Obituary.

"It is a holy and wholesome thought to pray for the dead."

— 2 МАСН., XII., 40

The following persons, lately deceased, are commended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

The Rev. Father Connaughton a devoted member of the Society of African Missions, whose death took place at Lagos, Equatorial Africa. He visited this country two years ago, in company with the Rev. Father Merlini, to collect for the African Mission.

Sister Mary, of the Sisters of Notre Dame, Lowell, Mass., who went to receive the reward of her many virtues on the 30th ult. She was remarkable for her tender charity and childlike docility.

Sister Mary of St. Paul, of the Sisters of Holy Cross, who was called to the recompense of her devoted life on the Feast of Our Lady's Visitation.

Mr. Alexander Traill, formerly of Charlestown, P. E. I., who died a happy death in South Boston on the 26th of May.

Mr. John A. Lloyd, whose death, fortified by the Sacraments, occurred in Boston on the 7th inst.

Mrs. Mary McCormick, of Roxbury, Mass., who passed away on the 26th of May, in the dispositions of a fervent Christian.

Miss Hannah Foley, a devout Child of Mary, who departed this life last month in Pittsburg. Her holy death made a deep impression on all who witnessed it.

Mrs. Mary Hurley, of New York city, whose exemplary life closed with a precious death on the 27th ult.

Mr. Michael Cunningham, who breathed his last on the 20th of June, at Loogootee, Ind. He was a native of Co. Roscommon, Ireland. His devotion to the Blessed Virgin was remarkably fervent.

Mrs. John Shea, of N. Cambridge, Mass.; John and Samuel Dougherty, Mary F. Cooney, and William O'Hara, of Philadelphia; James Reagan, Boston; William Gibson, Peter Dunn, Mrs. Mary Shaw, and Patrick Kehoe, of Pottsville, Pa.; Mrs. Bridget Moran, Minneapolis, Minn.; and Catherine McCaffrey San José, Cal.

May they rest in peace!



The Story of a Shepherd Boy.

There is a very true saying, "No one knows what he can do until he tries." And I am sure the little peasant boy, Giotto, never dreamt of what he could really do, but he was always trying, and great things came of it at last.

Six hundred years ago he lived. His father was a herdsman, and their cottage stood in one of the Italian valleys. Every morning he drove out the sheep and goats to beautiful green places, where there was plenty of grass and herbs for them to feed upon. All day long he took care of them, and kept the flock together; and in the evening, after counting them, and seeing that they were all his own—for he knew each by sight, as every shepherd does,—he would drive them back to the little valley for the night.

What could a boy accomplish whose daily work was this and nothing more?

But, although he took good care of his father's sheep, Giotto had a great deal of time left—idle time, when he could only sit and rest himself beneath a tree, or watch the birds laboring, always in their own way rejoicing, or the few white clouds that drifted across the blue, intensely bright sky. At last he found an occupation for all those idle hours—something that kept his fingers and his mind busy; something of which he never tired, until, as he tried and tried again, he was able to do it better and better. He would sit or kneel beside one of the large smooth stones which abounded there, and, taking a sharp bit of slate, would draw on the stone, copying as perfectly as he could something before him, generally one of his flock.

One evening, when he was copying a sheep which was grazing at a little distance,

he perceived that some one was looking down over his shoulder. A stranger taking an evening walk on the plain had seen him at work, and drawn near softly, not to disturb him. He was delighted to see how the boy was occupied; for this stranger was Cimabue, a renowned artist from Florence. He asked Giotto if he, too, would like to be an artist—would he live with him and learn. The little shepherd must have thought he was only dreaming; but no, it was all true—quite true, even when the stranger went down to the child's home to get his father's consent, and then took him away to Florence.

In that great and beautiful city there were many artists doing their work under the care and direction of Cimabue. But in a little time the shepherd excelled them all; and his kind patron took care to have him educated in other things besides art, so he placed him under a celebrated master. He was about twenty-six years old when Cimabue died. They are always spoken of and praised together; and when the peasant artist died too, after a long life of fame, he was buried in the same Italian church where the friend who had done so much for him had been laid years before.

Giotto's paintings were sought for with the greatest enthusiasm by the people of his time, because they were remarkable for being natural and life-like; and we think he owed his success to having begun by simply copying his sheep and goats feeding or lying down, just as they were. So great was his fame that the highest nobles of Italy ordered pictures from him, and the Pope, desiring to see this marvellous artist, sent a messenger, bidding him go to Rome. When the messenger reached Giotto's house, he began to doubt if the man he saw was really the great painter, so he asked him for a proof. There was paper lying on the table. Giotto took a pencil, and with one sweep of his arm drew upon it a large perfect circle. Now, a perfect circle is the hardest thing in the world to do; to draw one in a moment, without any tremble or mistake, is what only one in a thousand

would think of trying. "This is indeed the great artist!" thought the messenger; he could need no further proof. Even to this day, when an Italian is talking of anything utterly impossible, he will say that it is "rounder than the O of Giotto."

Two Little Rustics.

BY CLARA MULHOLLAND, AUTHOR OF "THE MISER OF KINGSCOURT," "PERCY'S REVENGE," ETC.

III.

That evening, as the girls sat under the tall sycamore tree in their little garden, Marjorie asked her mother's permission to go up to London the next day.

Mrs. Darmer looked at her elder daughter in surprise.

"To London! My dear Marjorie, are you dreaming?"

"Not at all, mother. Listen, dear," said the girl, earnestly. And then she poured forth the whole story.

"And did Mr. Lindon really lend you money, and keep Celia's brooch?"

"Yes, mother; see." And she held up a five-pound note. "Was he not generous?"

"Very, dear," answered her mother, kissing the eager face; "too much so, I fear. The brooch is hardly worth all that."

"O mother!" cried Celia, "surely it is!"

"Well, dear, I am not in the habit of valuing jewelry, but I should say not. However, do not fret about it. We must redeem the brooch as soon as possible."

"Yes," cried Marjorie; "the first money I earn will go to do that. And I shall not require half of five pounds to take me to London. I shall go third class, and make a penny bun do me for lunch."

"I think you ought to allow sixpence for your lunch, dear," said Celia, wisely, "and a few shillings for cabs. London is such a big place."

"What a princess you are, Celia!" replied Marjorie, laughing. "I am more simple in my views. Not a penny will I spend on cabs. I am a good walker, remember."

"As you like, dear. But I would not kill myself if I were you."

"Don't be afraid, dearest," said Marjorie; and she went off to bed singing merrily.

Early next morning Marjorie started for London, and Celia walked into Arundel to see her off. The girls bade each other good-bye as solemnly as though they were parting for years instead of hours, and the tears hopped quickly over Celia's nose as the door of the railway carriage was shut, and she was left on the platform alone.

"You look so sad going off to seek your fortune by yourself, darling!" she cried.

"Would that I could afford to go with you!"

"I wish you could. But don't fret, Celia. I'll soon be back."

"Yes—of course—good-bye—and God bless you!" she cried. "I am not fretting."

Then, as the train puffed out of the station, she put her hand into her pocket, drew out an old white satin shoe, and flung it after the carriage where sat her darling Marjorie.

"Who is the bride, Miss Celia?" said a voice at her elbow; and, blushing deeply, the girl turned, to find herself face to face with the Squire's sister.

"There was no bride, Miss Lindon," she replied. "But Marjorie was going to London, and I wanted her to have good luck."

"Waste of time, my dear. Slippers are for brides, and not for young ladies who go to town for a day's shopping. Horace"—to her brother, who at this moment came out of the parcel office,—"*do you know what this foolish child has been doing? Throwing a satin shoe after her sister who has gone to London.*"

"Well, I hope it may bring her good luck," said the Squire, as he took Celia's hand. "Marjorie is a brave little girl, and deserves to succeed in her undertaking."

"Indeed she is brave," cried Celia, raising her eyes full of gratitude to his face; "and I do hope she may get on."

"So do I. And I feel sure that if she does not succeed with her painting, she will succeed at something else. She is a clever girl, and full of energy."

"Yes, but it is so hard for girls to find anything to do," replied Celia, plaintively. "Look at me—here I am young and strong; and yet, because I am a girl, I can do nothing—absolutely nothing."

Mr. Lindon allowed his eyes to rest admiringly on the blooming face and golden head.

"Well, my child," he said, gently, "our lives are in God's hands. He made us what we are, and as such we must be content. Who knows what happy future He may have in store for you? You—"

"Horace, are you going to stand there talking all day?" cried Miss Lindon, impatiently.

"No, dear, no," answered her brother, dreamily. Then he added, with a smile: "Let me drive you home, Miss Celia? Lydia and I pass your door."

"Thank you, that would be very nice—that is if you are sure there is room for me."

"Of course there is. Lydia won't mind sitting behind. Will you, dear? Miss Celia is coming with us, and I want to point out several things to her as I go along."

Miss Lindon smiled, and stepped into the dog-cart.

"I have no objection to sitting behind," she said; "in fact, I rather like it."

Then the Squire handed Celia on to the front seat, and, taking his place beside her, gathered up the reins and drove off.

Meanwhile poor little Marjorie was carried away from the beautiful, fresh country, into the dust and heat of the great metropolis. She had been brimming over with good spirits and bright hope all the morning, but suddenly she felt full of fear. Her heart beat loudly, and her courage oozed gradually away, growing fainter and fainter as she neared her destination.

At last the train stopped with a jerk. Her travelling companions hurried from the carriage, and all at once she knew she was in London. Taking her parcel of sketches, she went forth, and, looking neither to the right nor to the left walked out of the station, and up the Buckingham Palace Road.

Presently she came to a stationer's shop.

"This is the kind of place I want. I know they sell them here," she thought, and in she went.

"Do you keep hand-painted Christmas cards?" she asked, timidly.

"Certainly, madam. This is not the season for them, but we always have a few left over—"

"Oh! please," said Marjorie, blushing, "I do not want to buy any—but—but I thought you might like to take some of mine for next Christmas. I paint them."

"We never get our stock in that way," replied the man. "We have ordered all we shall require from the wholesale houses some time ago. Is there anything else I can do for you, madam?"

"No, thank you—nothing." And Marjorie walked out again into the sunshine. "They may not all be the same," she said, sadly. "I must not lose heart so soon."

Then she went into a confectioner's, ate a scanty lunch, and drank a glass of water.

"Now for Regent Street," she said, putting her purse into her pocket. "There are many shops of the kind I want there."

So, feeling refreshed after her slight refection, she set off across St. James' Park, up Piccadilly into Regent Street.

It was a beautiful day, the height of the season, and many were the gorgeous equipages that rolled past her as she trudged along. Crowds of well-dressed people thronged the streets, cabs and carriages filled the road-ways, and our poor little rustic felt sick with terror as she rushed wildly across the street, or was jostled rudely from side to side as she stood watching an opportunity to run over a crossing.

"Why do people live in towns?" she thought. "How much pleasanter are the quiet roads and shady lanes in the country! The roar and din of London would soon drive me mad. But—oh, what a lovely lady! How sweetly she smiles! How graciously she bows!" And Marjorie stood still, gazing in delight at the Princess of Wales, as she swept past in her handsome barouche.

"There are many beautiful things, many good-looking people here," she sighed, as

she walked on. "But I'd rather have our dear, lonely woods. One seems nearer to God there. I must finish my business and get away."

So on went Marjorie, determined not to turn back till she had tried every stationer's, every fancy shop in Regent Street. It was weary work, full of humiliation and disappointment. Of humiliation, because the free-and-easy manners of some of the shopmen, and the cool contempt and scorn of others, annoyed the girl intensely; whilst the constant refusal to buy the sketches she had with her, or order others, was cruel disappointment.

"It is no use," she said, as she stopped in front of Jay's, and looked sadly across the circus; "I might go on forever like this. I see now how foolish I have been to think of making money by my paintings. I am only fit to be a nursery governess. I must put an advertisement in the *Times* as soon as possible. Poor Celia!"—and with much difficulty Marjorie checked a rising sob—"how sorry, how grieved she will be! But she shall have her brooch back soon. The very first money—how tired I am! If I had received one order or sold one picture I would certainly take a cab. But now I can't. I have spent too much."

And she turned, and walked bravely back, down the hot, glaring street. But if the din and noise of London tormented her on her first arrival, when she was fresh and comparatively hopeful, it dazed and bewildered her now. She felt thoroughly weary and sick at heart. Her head was aching, her pulse throbbing. So when she reached Piccadilly Circus, and saw an omnibus marked "Victoria," she crept in, and sat down in the farthest corner. Presently the "bus" filled, and off it rattled towards the station. Marjorie looked at no one, spoke to no one, and did not notice what kind of people she travelled with. They did not interest her. She had but one thought—the failure of her great scheme, and Celia's disappointment.

After some time she heard the chinking of money, and, guessing instinctively what was going on, she handed some coppers to

her neighbor to pass on to the conductor, put her purse back into her pocket, and relapsed into thought.

Arrived at Victoria, she found a train almost ready to start for Arundel, and, hurrying up the platform, she took her seat in a third-class carriage.

"Tickets, please," said the guard.

And, without raising her eyes, Marjorie put her hand into her pocket in search of her purse. With a cry she started to her feet.

"It is gone—my purse—my ticket also! What shall I do?"

The man looked vexed. The girl was a lady. She doubtless spoke the truth, and had really lost her ticket. But he could not help that. He was bound to do his duty.

"I am sorry," he said, "but you can not travel without a ticket. So I must ask you to leave the train."

"Yes," replied Marjorie, white as death, a look of cruel anguish in her brown eyes. "But how shall I get home? I know no one in London. Please let me go, and I will pay you again."

"I dare not, miss," he said, deeply moved. "I am really sorry— but sit here a moment; you look faint."

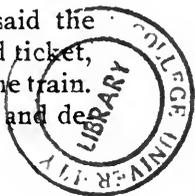
And he led her to a portmanteau that lay upon the platform.

"This is my luggage—this and that large black trunk," said a manly voice. "Please have them put into the van at once, porter. I beg your pardon, miss, I am sorry to disturb you."

And looking up, the girl saw a tall, broad-shouldered man, with a fair beard and honest grey eyes, standing, hat in hand, before her.

"I—beg—your pardon," she said, and she tried to rise and walk away. But a feeling of dizziness came over her; she opened her lips to speak—put out her hand to steady herself—staggered, and would have fallen to the ground had not a strong arm caught her and held her up.

"The lady is in trouble, sir," said the guard. "She has lost her purse and ticket, so I was obliged to make her leave the train. She looked like one about to die, and de-



clared she had not a friend in London."

"Poor child!" said the gentleman; "is that really the case?"

"Yes," replied Marjorie, blushing deeply, and drawing herself away from the protecting arm. "I—I don't know what to do."

"I shall soon make it all right for you," he said. "Mother, here is some work for you. Look after this young lady, please, whilst I get her ticket. We have not a moment to spare, so take her with you at once to our carriage." And he dashed off down the platform.

The person addressed as "mother" by the stalwart stranger was a little old lady with rosy cheeks, small features, and snow-white curls arranged in stiff rows round her face. Her eyes were grey and honest like her son's, and her mouth spoke of a gentle, sweet disposition.

"Come, dear," she said to Marjorie; "there is no time to lose." And she led the fainting girl across the platform into the train.

Marjorie sank upon the seat, closed her eyes for a moment; then, opening them again, gazed about her in alarm.

"I—can not—go—this is first class," she gasped. "O madam!—it is too much—I must not go first—"

"My son said I was to bring you here, dear. So do not be frightened. It will be all right," answered the old lady, soothingly.

"But—it is—too much—you do not know—O sir!" she cried, as the gentleman stepped into the carriage and took his seat by her side; "pray let me out—I can not afford—I must not travel first class."

"It is too late to change now," he said, quietly. "We are just off." And as he spoke the train puffed out of the station.

Marjorie fell back; her eyes filled with tears, her heart felt as though it must break. For some moments she sat in silent misery, her head bent, her brain in a whirl. But presently she looked up. The mother and son were conversing together in low, hushed tones. They were talking of her, she knew; and their words were kind, she felt sure. Suddenly the gentleman glanced

her way, and smiled encouragingly. Then Marjorie sprang to her feet, and, fixing her tearful eyes upon his face, exclaimed:

"How—oh! how and when can I ever repay you?"

"My dear young lady, the debt is not large," he answered, gently. "You can repay me exactly when you please."

"You little know how hard it will be. Oh! why did you bring me first class?"

"Because it is the proper place for you, and my mother and I wanted your society. Eh, mother?"

"Certainly, Ronald. But come, dear," said the old lady, drawing the excited girl down beside her; "be calm. Do not fret about this small debt. It is not necessary to repay it at once, so pray forget all about it. And now, if you have no objection, I should like you to tell me your story. Why are you travelling alone this afternoon?"

"Because—" then Marjorie broke down, and fell to weeping bitterly.

The big man looked uncomfortable, and, flushing hotly, stared out of the window.

"That will relieve you, dear," said his mother. "Have a good cry, and then tell us what you like."

(CONCLUSION IN OUR NEXT NUMBER.)

What one Sows he Reaps.

One day the master of Lukman, an Eastern fabulist, said to him, "Go into such a field, and sow barley." Lukman sowed oats instead. At the time of harvest, his master asked, angrily, "Did I not tell you to sow barley here? Why, then, have you sown oats?" He answered, "I sowed oats in the hope that barley would grow up." His master said, "What foolish idea is this? Have you ever heard of the like?" Lukman replied, "You yourself are constantly sowing in the field of the world the seeds of evil, and yet expect to reap in the after-life the fruits of virtue. Therefore I thought, also, I might get barley by sowing oats." The master was abashed at the reply, and set Lukman free.



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Our Lady of Lujan.*

HEAR "AVE MARIA":—Your pages made mention some weeks ago of Father Salvaire's mission to Rome with a crown for the miraculous Madonna of Lujan; so allow one who was privileged to witness the coronation, on the 8th of May, to tell your readers something about it.

I.

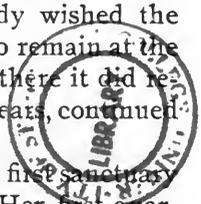
First, they will care to know the traditional origin of the shrine. It dates back as far as 1630. In that year a certain Portuguese, whose name has not come down to us, had a farm near Sumampa, a village some forty leagues from Cordoba, in the Province of Tucuman. Being a devout Catholic, he wished to erect a chapel on his estate, and dedicate it to the Immaculate Conception, then called in Spanish *La Purissima Concepcion*. Accordingly he wrote to a friend in Brazil for a small *imágen* (image) of Our Lady under that title, asking him to send it by sea to Buenos Ayres. His friend sent two images: one of the *Purissima*, the other, somewhat larger, of the *Madre de Dios*—the Spanish designation for a Virgin-and-Child. The ship arrived safely at Buenos Ayres, and the sacred images had to be conveyed all the rest of the way by bullock-cart—a clumsy vehicle on two huge wheels, still used for long "camp" journeys

* Pronounced *Luchan*, hard guttural *ch*. Old spelling "Luxan."

with wool, timber, etc. These carts at that time travelled in caravans of twenty-five or thirty together—a measure rendered necessary by the hostile Indians.

Our Lady's two *imágenes*, each boxed up separately, were placed in the same cart. The caravan travelled slowly, of course, and on the third day reached a spot near the River Lujan, where there was a ranch called Rosendo de Oramas. Encamping here for the night, the men prepared to resume their journey next morning, when a wonderful thing occurred. The cart which held the sacred images would not move! The oxen were cruelly goaded, and as many as six yoke attached to the vehicle; yet, although there was no obstacle from road or rut, all efforts at motion proved futile. At last, it is said, the miracle recorded in Numbers (xxii, 28) was renewed; only this time it was an ox that spoke, reproaching his drivers for their blindness. This protest opened their eyes at once to the supernatural character of what had befallen the cart; so they took down the box containing the larger image, and then plied the goad. But no: the wheels would not stir. On the other box being taken out of the cart, all difficulty was over. It was, therefore, clear to them that Our Blessed Lady wished the smaller image, at any rate, to remain at the spot She had chosen. And there it did remain, while the other, it appears, continued its long drive to Sumampa.

A hut of straw was Mary's first sanctuary near the River Lujan; and Her first guar-



dian there was a black man, sole occupant of the ranch. No wonder that a settlement soon formed around this favored spot,—a village, which in course of time grew into a town. A pious lady, Doña Ana Mattos, one day undertook to remove the sacred image from the ranch to her own house; but it had disappeared next day, and was found at home in its hut of straw! This was recognized as conclusive evidence that Our Lady had selected a particular spot, and meant to stay there. So it came to pass that, in the year 1677, Father Pedro Montalvo built a chapel on this spot, with the money of the good Doña Ana.

In 1730, the centenary of the miraculous detention above recorded, Bishop Juan Arreguy erected a church in place of the humble chapel; and this church, in turn, was rebuilt and enlarged, in 1754, by Bishop Agramont and Don Juan Lezica. This is the sanctuary which stands to-day, with quite a venerable look, and which is now to give place to a basilica.

II.

Such is the origin of the shrine and sanctuary of Our Lady of Lujan, as tradition gives it. It is easy to call the miraculous story a legend unworthy of credit. But why is it unworthy of belief? Is there anything absurd about it? It does not read like an invention. For my part, I can not see any solid reason for rejecting it. However, be this as it may, the fact is beyond question that Our Lady has had a shrine at Lujan from the latter half of the seventeenth century. And equally is it matter of fact that recourse to this shrine has been made not only by countless individuals in all sorts of necessities, but by dignitaries of the Argentine Church and officials of the Argentine nation.

In 1763 Our Lady of Lujan was declared patroness of Buenos Ayres—that is, of the entire province. And what was this but a solemn public acknowledgment of many and great favors received from Her? And particularly in the war of independence, which was fought in the early part of the present century, the Argentines invoked

Our Lady of Lujan to aid them against the Spaniards, and attributed their victories to Her intercession. Thus in 1813 General Belgrano offered at this shrine the flags taken from the Spaniards, while in 1815 Colonel French placed his troops under Our Lady's protection.

It is far more interesting, to your readers who are not Argentines, to know that the great servant of Mary who was afterwards, as Pope, to define Her Immaculate Conception, paid his homage at this sanctuary of Lujan in the year 1824.

III.

The image itself is a queer little thing, more like a doll than a Madonna. It is about fourteen inches in height, though its dress makes it appear taller. The dress consists of a white robe, like an alb, which widens out, bell-shaped, at the feet; and over this a blue mantle, like a cope, covering the head and reaching to the feet. Both garments are of silk, and richly embroidered.

It is singular that the Argentine colors are those of Our Lady—white and blue; the latter, too, generally of the exquisite tint known as “the Blessed Virgin's blue.” For this reason, I confess, I think the Argentine flag the prettiest in the world. Would that the nation were worthy of it!

The shrine at Lujan is literally covered with votive offerings—silver hearts, arms, legs, etc.,—made in acknowledgment of favors received. But far more valuable donations have, of course, been lavished at Our Lady's feet there. Indeed the crown just placed upon the head of the miraculous image was formed from the store of gold and jewels faithfully treasured by the Lazarist Fathers, who have charge of the sanctuary of Lujan.

This crown—blessed by Pope Leo XIII. on the 30th of last September—is a masterpiece of Parisian workmanship. It is valued at one hundred thousand francs, one of its diamonds being worth seven thousand. The arms of Pius IX., Leo XIII., Archbishop Aueiros (of Buenos Ayres), and of the Argentine Republic, are beautifully enamelled on it. The Pope at first delegated

Father Salvaire to crown the sacred image in his name; but the humble priest had come to ask that honor for Archbishop Aneiros, and the Holy Father granted the request.

Our Archbishop, moreover, made a vow of pilgrimage to Lujan when the cholera attacked this city last December; and we may well attribute to Our Lady's intercession the surprisingly little harm done by the plague among streets and vicinities the most favorable for its ravages. While Rosario suffered heavily, and other places and provinces—particularly Mendoza and Tucuman,—Buenos Ayres, both city and province, was singularly spared, as all acknowledge. It was, therefore, peculiarly gratifying to his Grace Archbishop Aneiros to be the Pope's delegate for placing the crown upon the head of Our Lady of Lujan.

IV.

Father Salvaire had another favor to ask from the Holy Father: viz., the concession of a new feast, with proper Mass and office, in honor of Our Lady of Lujan. He asked that it might be assigned to the fourth Sunday after Easter, and as a feast of the first class. The Congregation of Rites granted the petition in all but one point—making the feast of the second class; but an Octave was also conceded, though at first not requested. And it is probable that in a few years' time the festival will be raised to the first class.

The first Vespers of the new feast were solemnly sung in the church at Lujan, Saturday evening: the Archbishop officiating, with three bishops present—one the Bishop of Montevideo,—and a large number of clergy, secular and regular. As to the people, the church was crowded to overflowing. Two Fathers and a Brother, beside myself, represented the Passionists. And we three Fathers deemed ourselves highly favored next morning by being the first to celebrate Our Lady's new Mass, each securing an altar at four o'clock (the earliest permissible hour). There were some eighty priests to say Mass, and, fortunately, ten altars.

At nine o'clock began the grand *función*

(function); the procession forming at the church, and wending its way,

“with solemn march and slow,
Like mighty Nile or Ganges in his flow,”

to a large open space outside the town, where an altar had been erected upon a high platform, and under a sail-like canopy.

The procession was certainly very picturesque, and in far better taste than I had expected to see. At the head rode two companies of Knights of Our Lady: one company in blue, the other in yellow (the Pope's color). Bringing up the rear marched two battalions of infantry, sent expressly by the Minister of War. His Grace the Archbishop had the place of honor, of course, and in front of him was the bishop who was to sing the Mass. Then there were the other two bishops, and the canons with their violet capes; and then the miraculous image, carried in a sort of sedan-chair of blue plush, and resting on the shoulders of eight priests in alb and chasuble. The Dominican and Franciscan habits; the long line, on either side, of surpliced clergy; the confraternities, with their banners of white or blue silk; the white-dressed Children of Mary, and the blue-sashed seminarians,—all contributed to fill up the picture. There were also three bands of music, one of which acted as orchestra for the Mass.

V.

The only drawback to the Mass was the wind, which not only prevented the lighting of any candles, except those enclosed and carried in the procession, but also kept shaking the canvas roof in a very distracting way, ripping it a good deal, and threatening to carry it away altogether. In other respects the day was perfect, a genuine specimen of the Southern November (May). After the Gospel, his Grace Archbishop Aneiros preached eloquently, as he always does; though he could hardly be heard, I suppose, by anybody off the platform. The throng of people was dense indeed; there must have been twenty thousand at the very least—probably thirty, while one estimate was over forty thousand.

At the end of the Mass came the coronation ceremony. This was reserved for the Archbishop, as Apostolic Delegate. Intoning the *Regina Cœli* at the foot of the altar, and singing the collect which completes the antiphon, his Grace then blessed the incense, and, proceeding up some steps at the back of the altar, to where Our Lady of Lujan stood with Her sacerdotal guard, censured the sacred image; then, taking the golden crown, placed it on the veiled head, saying as he did so: "*Sicuti per manus nostras coronaris in terris, ita et a Christo gloria et honore coronari mereamur in cœlis.*"* At the same moment all the banners and flags gave the royal salute, and the soldiers fired two volleys.

The *Te Deum*, of course, closed the ceremony, and the procession formed for the return march. The crowned image was brought back to its sanctuary along streets hung with banners, and the church itself was most tastefully decorated with hangings of blue and yellow—blue predominating.

VI.

The day finished with solemn Vespers, and a panegyric from a famous preacher; followed by another procession, which, instead of merely going round the *plaza*, or square, in front of the church, as I had been told it would, led us a slow tramp of over a mile along the two principal streets. And here I think Our Lady of Lujan wrought numerous miracles, for which few gave Her credit; for the sun had set before we started, and the air grew chill and damp to a degree that ought, by the laws of nature, to have given a most severe cold (to say the least) to many who took part in the interminable walk,—to myself, for one, who find the cold of this climate possessed of a penetrating power never experienced anywhere else. But I, for one, escaped unharmed.

After the religious ceremonies were over, there was a display of fireworks, *of course*. But these I did not witness, being better

* As by our hands Thou art crowned on earth, so may we deserve to be crowned by Christ with glory and honor in heaven!

employed in warming myself up at the hospitable dinner table provided by the Lazarist Fathers.

VII.

Each day of the succeeding week was devoted to Our Lady's honor, and placed under the care of some clerical or religious body. Friday was the day chosen for the Redemptorists and ourselves: *they* furnishing the preacher (in Spanish); *we*, the celebrant, ministers, and master of ceremonies for the Mass. That day was consequently selected by many of our English-speaking Catholics for their visit to Lujan, while not a few who had attended at the opening came again. A goodly number approached the Sacraments. There were four thousand Communion, by the way, on the first day; and a large portion of the communicants were men belonging to the "Catholic Association" formed in Buenos Ayres last year, and having a branch at Lujan.

The corner-stone of the new basilica was laid by Archbishop Aneiros on the closing day of the Octave, May 15. The Jesuit Fathers were in charge that day, but the canons of the cathedral chapter were present also, with a very large assembly of the laity.

VIII.

And now, in ending this long letter, dear "AVE MARIA," I am sure your readers will all join with me in the hope that our glorious Lady of Lujan will bring about a great revival of faith and practice among this nominally Catholic people. When She first came among them, they were fervent. There still are to be seen many native families, as well as individuals, well worthy of the name of Catholic. But, alas! within the past thirty years (as I am told) the circle of the elect has narrowed alarmingly. The Church is hampered and insulted by a Masonic Government, whose propaganda is to destroy Christianity by infidel education and every other means in its power. The worst feature of the case is the fact that the people are alienated from their clergy to a very serious extent. Their minds have been poisoned, it would seem, by the bad Italian

element which has been flowing into the country—I mean the revolutionary, Garibaldian, secret-society element; for a considerable portion of the Italians who come here are much better Catholics than the natives. Yes, the Argentine clergy, though a respectable body of men, are regarded by their people as holding a purely *official* position—as salaried servants of the State. Consequently so many of their flock will not come near them except when obliged to do so, as for baptisms, marriages, or funerals; while even in case of fatal illness the priest is seldom sent for till life is despaired of; and then, of course, it is often too late to benefit the parting soul. The entrance of a priest into their houses means *death* in the eyes of these people.

No wonder, then, that the Argentine clergy dread the separation of Church and State. But there is no need to dwell further on this painful picture to convince your readers that Our Lady of Lujan has a vast work of reform to accomplish, if the wills of Her rebellious children can be brought to yield to God's grace. Let us hope that with this coronation of Her miraculous image a new era has dawned. Her sanctuary at Lujan is not, indeed, the most celebrated in South America; but Her image there is the first that has been crowned anywhere in the New World (I believe).

I ask your pious readers, dear "AVE MARIA," to join with me in praying frequently for the intention of Our Lady of Lujan as to the triumph of the Argentine Church.

Your servant in Christ,

EDMUND OF THE HEART OF MARY,
Passionist.

BUENOS AYRES, May 17, '87.

THERE is more genius, more poetry, more thought, in one mediæval building than in all the tame and idea-less edifices of modern construction put together. Go to an ancient square of Antwerp or a street of Nuremburg—then think of Piccadilly or the Boulevard Haussmann, and shudder. Or go yonder into the Trastevere, and think of the Via Nazionale, near at hand.—*Heart of Steel.*

In Retreat.

BY T. J. K.

SOFT, sweet and low, yet once again I hear,
In these few days of quiet, calm retreat,
(So full of peace, with grace and hope replete)
The voice of God breathe gently in mine ear:
Ego elegi te; as in that year—
Remembered, O so well!—when at His feet
My youth I cast, and found how strangely
sweet
His grace can make the penitential tear.

Ego elegi te—I come, my God;
Lo, here I am, Thy prodigal returned.
Even as I am, again Thou chooseth me—
Way-weary, worn and travel-stained; I've trod
Those ways in which, alas! too well I learned
Earth's joys are phantoms when bereft of
Thee.

A Brave Life.

BY KATHLEEN O'MEARA.

(CONTINUED.)

ANOTHER striking figure of Mgr. de Ségur's intimate circle in Rome was the Abbé Bastide. He, too, entered the priesthood very young, leaving a happy home, and turning his back on a bright world to consecrate his life to God. As a mere youth he had devoted himself to the sufferers of the revolution of '48, and, while ministering to the wounded and dying, received as his reward a call to the higher life. He, too, was named chaplain to the soldiers soon after his ordination, and was then sent on to Rome, where the remainder of his holy life was to be spent. These three kindred souls became as one family; they passed their evenings together, and made a common fund of their piety, their learning, and their fun.

Other consolations were in store for Mgr. de Ségur during his stay in Rome. Mme. de Ségur and her daughters came to spend the winter there, and their *salon* was soon one of the most delightful centres in the

city. It was a great joy to Gaston to have this dearly loved mother and his sisters near him, for his love for God rather intensified than chilled his family affections; but he never allowed the allurements of their society to intrench one iota on his duties. One of their great happinesses was to assist at his Mass. All who had that privilege were deeply impressed by the angelic fervor with which he celebrated the divine mysteries. A stranger, having chanced to see him at the altar, was so struck by his extraordinary air of sanctity that he went from one person to another asking who he was, describing him as "a very young priest, whose face was illuminated like the face of an angel."

His duties as Auditor were extremely irksome to him, from his inexperience and ignorance of technical science; but he took it up as his cross, and carried it with his habitual energy and courage. It was his only cross. At this period of his life, everything conduced to make him as nearly perfectly happy as a mortal can be in this world. The Pope treated him as a favorite son; all that was good and noble in Rome loved and honored him; he was in good health, and was doing a vast deal of work, and doing it well. It seemed now pretty evident that the heroic petition he had made at his ordination was to be answered like Abraham's sacrifice,—only by the hundredfold of happiness with which God is wont to repay every generous aspiration of His creature. Still Gaston de Ségur looked reproachfully at Our Lady, and wondered why She had rejected his prayer.

The Abbé Bastide was employed in the service of the French soldiers garrisoned in Rome, and Mgr. de Ségur joined him in this, and had himself named joint chaplain with him. The troops had now been three years in the Eternal City, and were to remain there three more. Mgr. de Ségur had learned by experience how to manage them—how to get at the soldier's soul through his heart. The French soldier—torn, *volens volens*, from his native village, from his parents, his wholesome field-work, all the protecting influences of an honest agricul-

tural home,—is the most forlorn and exposed of human beings, and the priest alone can replace in any degree all that has been taken from him—the tenderness, the kind personal interest, the fearless rebuke, the generous indulgence of the parental home. Here, as in Paris, Mgr. de Ségur made himself quickly loved and trusted by the soldiers. His very glance sometimes had a compelling virtue in it when it rested on one of them.

One morning a young man named Klingenhoffen, a non-commissioned officer of the *chasseurs*, chanced to be standing on the sidewalk while the gala carriages of the Papal court passed on in procession to a grand ceremony at the Vatican (the canonization of St. Germaine Cousin, I believe); he noticed, seated in one of them, a distinguished-looking young priest, clothed in a violet *soutane*, who, meeting his glance, bowed to him with a smile. The smile, the face pursued Klingenhoffen. He inquired who the priest was, and longed to go and see him; but before he could accomplish his desire, he fell ill, and the Abbé Bastide came to visit him. Finding him lamentably ignorant concerning religion, he brought him a copy of the *Réponses*. Klingenhoffen read it with attention, and, as soon as he was well, took courage and went to see the author. In a trice Mgr. de Ségur had fascinated him and confessed him. His conversion was heart-whole, and included a vocation to the priesthood. During his studies he acted as secretary to Mgr. de Ségur, who took him into his house, and treated him as a brother.

It was a beautiful life they led in the Palazzo Brancadero, and rich in the best things that are to be had out of heaven. Mgr. de Ségur was as merry as a school-boy, and he had a capacity for work that excited rages of envy in many zealous but less strongly endowed laborers. His prolonged sittings in the confessional were the despair of the cook, for he kept the dinner waiting till eight o'clock very often; then, to make things worse, he would bring four or five penitents home with him to share the dishes

that had been waiting since six. Even the Abbé Bastide sometimes took part with the aggrieved cook, and joked Mgr. de Ségur on the scanty *menu* he set his guests down to. But, bad as this was, things were not complete unless Mgr. de Mérode came in and claimed his share of the soup; true, he had a knack of making it go farther by pouring plenty of water on it, so his arrival did not much matter; and, with a slice of cold meat and a few leaves of salad, he always fared sumptuously. When Mgr. de Ségur invited bishops to his table, he departed from this evangelical simplicity, and spread the board bountifully; but even on these grand occasions abundance was the only excess, and he never swerved from the principle of plain living and high thinking

It will be remembered that Mgr. de Ségur, on being named Auditor of the Rota, had had a private audience with the Emperor. Napoleon III. was too keen a judge of human nature not to have seen quickly what manner of man the young priest was; he felt a strong sympathy for him, and, seeing in him a safe and wise medium of communication with the Holy See, gave him his confidence, and held out hopes to him of suppressing, or at least of rectifying, the Organic Articles; in fact, he seemed filled with genuine respect for the Sovereign Pontiff, and an earnest desire to establish filial relations towards him personally, and to place France in her immemorial and glorious position of eldest daughter of the Church. Mgr. de Ségur was himself a good judge of men, and he believed, and continued ever afterwards to believe, that at the time the Emperor made these professions and overtures he was thoroughly sincere. Probably he was. His instincts were noble and generous, and when he betrayed them, it was under pressure from that fatal principle of expediency which proved the bane of his reign and ended in ruining him.

He had set his heart on having Pius IX. come in person to crown him, and he entrusted Mgr. de Ségur with the mission of obtaining this favor from the Holy Father, as the following letter shows:

TUILERIES, May 8, 1853.

MY DEAR MONSIEUR DE SÉGUR:—I profit by Mgr. Ricci's departure for Rome to send you the enclosed letter for the Holy Father. I ask him in this letter to tell me frankly whether he will come to Paris. I prefer that the letter should pass through your hands, so that it may not have an official character. You will try and send me the answer as soon as possible. I have not written to you for a long time, because I had not settled my plans on two subjects—the coronation and the Organic Articles. As to the coronation, if the Pope thinks he can not come, it will take place towards the month of September, and I will convene all the bishops of France to that effect.

As to the Organic Articles, long before the Empire was thought of, I charged the Bishop of Carcassonne to say how much I desired that they might by common accord be revised. But the moment there was a question of the coronation, I had to act with more reserve; for I would not have it thought that it was through interest or ambition that I wanted the revision of the Articles, when, on the contrary, it was only with a view to closer *entente* with the spiritual power, and for the good of religion. Nevertheless, in spite of me, something eked out to the public, and I saw with regret that opinion was opposed to any change that could seem like a concession to the court of Rome. Undoubtedly, the coming of the Holy Father would do a great deal of good to religious ideas and politics. But in this world a crowd of little things always come to interfere with great projects. Well, may the will of God be done!

Receive, with my thanks for your zeal, the assurance of my sentiments,

NAPOLEON.

Immediately on receiving this letter, Mgr. de Ségur carried it to the Holy Father, together with the official letter which accompanied it. Pius IX., with his eye-glass in one hand, and the Emperor's letter in the other, read the contents, muttering them to himself as he went on, with a nodding movement of the head. Mgr. de Ségur, meantime, was waiting on his knees, breathless with excitement, till the Pope finished and looked up.

"*Ecco una lettera magnifica!*" he exclaimed, radiantly.

"What does the Emperor want?" demanded Gaston, boldly.

"He wants me to come and crown him!"

"He is quite right. You would want the same in his place."

The Pope smiled, and shook his head.

"There are obstacles in the way," he said; "I am in the act of concluding a concordat with Austria, and what would Austria say if I went off to France now? It might break off the negotiations altogether. But what is more important than this is the affair of the *Articles Organiques*. While they are in existence, I can not put my foot on French soil; they were a slap in the face to the Holy See." He read the letter again, and then said, suddenly: "And what does Mgr. de Ségur say?"

"Holy Father, I am not capable of having an opinion on such a subject. Who am I to dare give my opinion to your Holiness!"

"But I wish to know it. Speak out, and tell me what you think."

"Well, Holy Father, I will obey you. Why should not the Pope, after crowning the French Emperor, go to Vienna and crown the Emperor of Austria? This apparition of the Papacy in Europe would produce a splendid effect. The moment you set foot on French soil, all France will be at your feet, and your presence would give the death-blow to Gallicanism. Once in Paris, you will obtain all you wish from the Emperor. From Paris to Vienna your progress will be a triumphal march. You will pass through Germany like a conqueror, and deal a fatal blow to Protestantism, which can not satisfy the people, who are turning in despair to Rationalism and Catholicism."

The Pope heard him out, and then, with a smile, exclaimed, "*Ebbene, andremo.*" (Well, we will go.) "But the Emperor must first open the door. If he wants me to come to France, he must make a new concordat, and set aside the existing one. I will wait three months. This will save him from the appearance of making a bargain in the interest of his ambition." Then, tapping his snuff-box, the Pope added, "And that done, *in carrozza!*"

Mgr. de Ségur went home, and wrote a full account of this conversation to the Emperor, urging him frankly to accept the Pope's proposal. "You see, sire," he pleaded, "it is only dead-wood the Holy Father asks of

you. These Articles, equally inapplicable and unapplied, have been always rejected, not only in Rome, but by all good Catholics in France. If your Majesty attempted to put them into execution, you would see all your bishops, all your priests, rise up as one man to protest, and if needs be to resist."

The Emperor made no immediate answer to this letter; but when, a month or so later, Mgr. de Ségur went to France for his holiday, he saw the Emperor, and was received with great consideration and cordiality. He went so far as to propose to Napoleon III. that he should take Charlemagne for his model, rather than Napoleon I. "Sire, go to Rome, and be crowned!" he exclaimed, in his impetuous way.

The Emperor smiled and shook his head. "I should make a sorry figure in Rome," he answered; "I spent a wild youth there, and the dignity of the imperial purple would be in danger."

He did not add, what he no doubt felt, that his own life might be in danger—that Freemasons and *Carbonari* might take vengeance on him for his desertion. He knew what their deadly rancor was towards deserters, and when Orsini's attempt horrified Europe, probably the Emperor was the only one whom it did not take by surprise.

Time went on, and no Pope went to Paris, and no Emperor came to Rome. Mgr. de Ségur hoped on while it was possible, and used all his influence to decide the Emperor, but in vain. If Napoleon III. had been brave enough to inaugurate his reign by taking his stand by the Church against the Revolution, the whole course of his destiny would in all human probability have been changed, and he would have played a magnificent part in history. But self-protection and the policy of expediency prevailed. He played fast and loose for a time, and then betrayed his nobler self and lost his opportunity; and that legal lie, the *Articles Organiques*, was left uncanceled—an odious burden upon the Church of France, and a blot on the name of Bonaparte.

These negotiations between the Holy See and the Tuileries had given great *éclat*

to Mgr. de Ségur, and increased his prestige before the world, while they won for him the tender regard of the Emperor—a sentiment which the latter continued to cherish until he took up openly a hostile attitude towards the Holy See. Mgr. de Ségur had been now more than a year in Rome, honored and trusted, and perfectly happy. He had found time in the midst of his occupations to paint, and had composed a series of pictures representing the Beatitudes, which he hoped would be of use in serving souls and the glory of God. When Mme. de Ségur left Rome he was engaged on the one illustrating "Blessed are the Merciful"—St. Charles Borromeo ministering to the plague-stricken population of Milan.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A Far-Famed Shrine of the New World.

BY A. M. POPE.

THE early part of the seventeenth century saw the exodus from the sunny land of Brittany of numerous hardy and adventurous mariners. These men, attracted by the love of danger common to "those who go down to the sea in ships," with possibly an additional motive responsive to the newly-awakened enthusiasm of the soldier of Navarre, sought to enrich themselves, it is true; but also bore in mind that they would aid in and form part of the establishment of a Christian and Catholic colony upon the pine-crowned shores of the New World. Fresh from the hallowed shrine of St. Anne d'Auray, with the blessing given from her altar lingering in their memories, and the graces obtained through her intercession keeping the light of faith aflame in their hearts, it is not wonderful that these early colonists should have broadly scattered seeds of devotion to the mother of Our Blessed Lady.

Of the seventeen shrines dedicated to St. Anne which exist to-day in the most Catholic Province of Quebec, there is one particularly dear to Canadian hearts, and famous

above all other sanctuaries of the New World. Away among the grand Laurentian Mountains which skirt the northern bank of the St. Lawrence River, lies a valley consecrated by holy memories—St. Anne de Beaupré. This parish, lovingly called by the fervent French Canadians *la bonne Sainte Anne*, has many natural charms, but on purely supernatural grounds has it acquired celebrity above the other hamlets of Quebec, and gained the *soubriquet* mockingly bestowed upon it by a Protestant journalist of Montreal—"the Canadian Mecca."

The first settlement of Beaupré, or "Petit Cap," as it was called in the olden time, is lost in obscurity. The account generally received is that a fleet of Breton fishermen were caught in one of those sudden squalls that sweep up the St. Lawrence, and, having invoked St. Anne, were saved from drowning; whereupon they named the marshy bank on which they scrambled out of the angry waters after their beloved patroness. Year after year sailors were guided to land in safety on this spot, and at length quite a settlement grew up, attracting colonists from Quebec.

Among the precious volumes that live in retirement on those upper shelves, upon which cobwebs lovingly linger, is one wherein is set forth in quaint old French the story of how, on the 13th of March, 1658, Monsieur Louis d'Ailleboust de Coulanges, Governor of New France, with the Rev. Mr. Vignard, visited the coast of Beaupré, to see if the work of building dwellings there was being carried on properly. It is further told how Mr. Vignard, commissioned by his ecclesiastical superior in Quebec, blessed the site for the church of Petit Cap, and how the Governor, with all due ceremony, laid the corner-stone. Occasionally Jesuit Fathers from Quebec would come to hold missions on this spot, destined hereafter to be so famous.

On the 25th of October, 1645, Monsieur de St. Sauveur, a secular priest from Quebec, started for Beaupré, the "Company of a Hundred Associates" having promised to pay him a yearly salary should he under-

take the spiritual and temporal charge of the mission. This was arranged with the consent of the Jesuit Fathers, in order that one of their number, who had hitherto served the mission, might be free to attend at the Hospital of Quebec, where his services were daily needed. For this charge Monsieur de St. Sauveur was to receive the magnificent sum of twenty-five crowns a year!

Miracles were frequent in that spot from its earliest settlement. The foundress of the Ursulines of Quebec, the Venerable Mother Mary of the Incarnation, writing to her son in 1665, says: "At seven leagues distant from here there is a village called Petit Cap, where there is a church dedicated to St. Anne, in which Our Lord works great marvels in favor of the holy mother of the Blessed Virgin. There one may see paralytics walking, the blind receiving sight, and the sick restored to health."

In the year 1668 Monseigneur de Laval, the great Bishop of Quebec, received a relic of St. Anne, which a Jesuit, the Rev. Father Nouel, brought from the chapter of Carcassonne to the shrine at Beaupré. It was first venerated there on the 12th of March, 1670. The church, of which the foundation stone was laid with the stately ceremonial of the old *régime*, by Monsieur Louis d'Ailleboust de Coulanges, was opened for worship in 1660, and was dedicated to St. Anne. It was erected on the shore, so near the river's brink that the rising tide constantly flooded it, and rendered it almost useless. It was therefore removed, or rather rebuilt, with the same stones, in 1676, by Monsieur Filion, then parish priest of St. Anne's, and still stands on a slight eminence rising from the north side of the road,—a quaint old stucco edifice, with the high-pointed roof and double bell-tower that mark the Canadian style of church architecture in those early days.*

* This is the earliest church at Beaupré of which we have any authentic account, but it is generally believed that there was a simple structure built there in 1650 by those Breton sailors, who were the first pilgrims guided by the good St. Anne to her now famous shrine.

This venerable structure, long since too small to contain the crowds which flock to *la bonne Sainte Anne*, has been the scene of many wonderful and well-authenticated miracles. To it the converted Indians were in the habit of coming annually in great numbers. Towards the end of July the broad St. Lawrence would be black with their canoes, and the shore bristle with Indian tents. From distant deserts, from beautiful Gaspé, from Restigouche, from the shores of the great lakes, even from bleak Hudson's Bay, the red men came in hundreds to do homage to their good mother St. Anne, and to beg her intercession for her poor children of the forest. The wild Ojibbeway, the graceful Algonquin, the Huron, the Abenquais, the Milecite, and the Mic-Mac were all brothers in their love for her. They would make this pilgrimage with great faith and earnestness, approaching the Sacraments with reverence, and venerating the precious relic of her who has been so manifestly a protectress to the Indians. Many miracles are recorded among the Indians at this time, in especial a cure granted to an old Mic-Mac chief from Restigouche, who, as long as he lived, came every year from his New Brunswick home to thank and honor the good St. Anne.

The new church—a large stone edifice, built in 1870,—is on the lower side of the road-way. It was begun in 1872; in 1876 it was solemnly blessed by the Archbishop of Quebec, and that same year a decree of his Holiness Pius IX., dated May 7, declared St. Anne the Patroness of Quebec, as, long since, St. Joseph had been proclaimed Patron of all Canada.

The church has eight altars, given by different Canadian dioceses. There are some fine stained-glass windows, and a profusion of old oil-paintings, most of them giving evidence of piety rather than genius. Nearly all represent scenes of peril or shipwreck in which St. Anne mercifully comes to the aid of the mariner. Above the high altar is a true work of art—a painting from the brush of Lebrun, representing St. Anne, her Immaculate Daughter, and two pilgrims. This

fine old picture, on which may be seen the armorial bearing of the noble house of Tracy, was the votive offering of the Marquis de Tracy, Viceroy of New France, presented to the shrine on the occasion of his visit in August, 1666. Two pictures by the Franciscan monk Lefrançois, and a magnificent reliquary, are gifts from the princely Bishop Laval de Montmorency. In 1706 the gallant Iberville, dying in far Havana, sent to the distant shrine on the shore of the blue St. Lawrence a massive silver crucifix. A second relic of St. Anne was brought from Rome in 1877, by the Rev. M. Laliberté, at one time curé of the parish.

Perhaps the most magnificent of the treasures of this sanctuary is a chasuble wrought by the royal fingers of Anne of Austria, queen-mother of *le grand monarque*. Two hundred years have passed since the gorgeous fabric came as an earnest of the interest taken by the court of France in France's most Catholic colony of Canada; but the silver and gold have lost none of their splendor, and the work of the regent Queen is still shown with pardonable pride to pilgrims to the shrine of *la bonne Sainte Anne*.

To the last two curés of St. Anne's, the Rev. J. B. Blouin and the Rev. Antoine Gauvreau, belongs the credit of having built the existing fine church and school.

In 1879, in accordance with an agreement between the Archbishop of Quebec and the Society of the Most Holy Redeemer in Belgium, the parish of St. Anne was ceded to the Redemptorist Fathers, four of whom arrived to take charge of it on the 21st of August of that year. Since then their number has more than doubled, and their work is ever on the increase. The number of organized pilgrimages to the shrine of the good St. Anne in 1882 was seventy-eight; in these 52,030 persons received Holy Communion, and 2,540 Masses were celebrated. Since that time, however, the number *per annum* has greatly increased, many from the maritime provinces having been added to the record.

In 1882 it was the good fortune of the writer to assist at an Irish pilgrimage, which

left St. Patrick's, Montreal, for St. Anne de Beaupré, on the 29th of July. The *Canada*, one of the fine river steamers of the Richelieu Company, had been chartered for the occasion; the number of her passengers was limited to seven hundred. Of these there were pilgrims from various parts of the Dominion, and some from the United States. After receiving the blessing of his Lordship the Bishop of Montreal, the *Canada*, carrying the Pontifical and Irish flags, as well as those of England and America, let go her grapplings, and steamed down the river.

Particularly beautiful on a golden summer afternoon is the aspect of Mount Royal from the St. Lawrence; green and cool are its pine-covered heights, to which here and there the sunbeams give a russet tint. The summit, first consecrated by the cross which the gallant Maisonneuve erected, and by Père du Perron's Mass of thanksgiving, is partially hidden in silvery clouds, that, floating in mid-air, break the monotony of the almost tropical blue of the sky. Below lies the city, her many domes and spires glinting in the sunlight; the vast avenues of houses and shops attesting to her wealth and importance; and her ever-increasing number of factories, lazily smoking, adding their quota to the heat and heaviness of the atmosphere.

Past Montreal steams the *Canada*; past beautiful St. Helen's, past Longueuil, Boucherville, and Varennes (where there is another famous shrine of St. Anne); past Ile Ronde and Ile Grosbois, and all the other entrancing spots so easy of access to Montrealers. It is dark when we reach Sorel, where the Richelieu flows into the St. Lawrence; we can scarce trace the outlines of that beautiful stream, the Iroquois River of olden time. The town is almost lost in shadows; the ships in the little bay swing lazily at anchor, without a light to mark their location. All is sombre and solemn, but we think of the stirring scenes that have been enacted at this gate to the land of the Mohawks, of the strong fort of De Tracy, and of the days when the war-whoop

resounded along the shores of the Richelieu. In later times the Royal Duke of Kent resided at Sorel, and here his life-long friendship grew and strengthened for Canada's soldier hero, the Lord of Chambly, the gallant De Salaberry.

The population of Sorel is largely composed of English, or rather of "United Empire Loyalists." So loyal were they that at one time they changed the name of the town to "William Henry," in honor of the King. However, the tenacity of the Canadian race with regard to all that bears on their country and its nomenclature is intense, so the English name, never wholly popular, fell into disuse, and the erstwhile seigniorship of the brave Sieur de Saurel, of the Carignan Salières Regiment, is still, and always will be, Sorel.

(CONCLUSION IN OUR NEXT NUMBER.)

The Pioneer.

BY MARGARET H. LAWLESS.

A THOUSAND echoes from the hills
Have followed every ringing stroke,
Until the rapid, glittering steel
Each stout heart reached and broke,
And oak and elm and pine and fir
Bent low to man, the conqueror!

What thoughts sweep thro' his busy brain?
What fields spread out before his gaze?
Broad wheat-lands, yellowing in the sun
Armies of rustling maize?
Four walls lit up with love divine,
A hearth-stone odorous with pine?

Where once he plied the ringing steel—
Sons of his sons shall sit at ease;
Where once he reared his hut of logs—
They dwell in palaces:
Till, like the oak and elm and fir,
Forgotten be their conqueror!

"In speaking of the saints whom the Roman Catholics revere, he said, 'I too have a favorite saint—St. Francis of Assisi.'"—*Longfellow's "Final Memorials."*

Fairy Gold.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

CHAPTER XXIX.

BREAKFAST over, they went into the familiar sitting-room—for there was still an hour or two before Marion's train was due,—and it was there that Helen said, with a smile: "Mr. Singleton is coming to see you off: I met him yesterday evening after I left you, and he announced his intention, of doing so; so I asked him to come here and accompany us to the train. Of course there is no *need* of him: the boys will do all that is necessary; but I thought it would look better. People have talked so much about you both, that I would like them to have a public proof that you are really on very good terms."

"You think of everything, Helen," said Marion. "What a wise little head you have!"

"Do you think it is the head?" asked Helen. "I think it is the heart. One feels things rather than thinks them—at least I do."

"I know you do," said her cousin. "It is your heart in the first place; but you must not underrate your head, which certainly has something to do with it."

Helen shook the appendage in question. "Not much," she answered. "I have never fancied that my strong point was my head."

"Head or heart, you are seldom wrong," said Marion, "when it comes to a practical decision. Whereas I—you know I have been very vain of my cleverness, and yet I am always wrong—no, don't contradict me; I mean exactly what I say, and I have the best possible reason for meaning it. But, Helen, let me ask one favor of you. When Mr. Singleton comes leave me alone with him for a few minutes. Now mind, *only* for a few minutes. I have something to say to him, but it will take only a little time to say it."

"That will be easily arranged," said Helen, who would not suffer herself even to look a question.

So when Mr. Singleton presently arrived, she spirited herself and her mother out of the room in the most unobtrusive manner possible, leaving the young man alone with Marion.

The latter did not waste one of the minutes for which she had asked. She plunged without preface into the subject on which she desired to speak. "Mr. Singleton," she began, abruptly, "I am going to say something very unconventional, but you who are so unconventional yourself will pardon me, I am sure. Briefly, I am going to recall to your mind something that you said when—when we had our last private conversation. You then declared your intention of following me abroad, is it not so?"

"Yes," answered Singleton, with composure, "I did, and I meant what I said. You will soon see me over there."

"I think not—I hope not," she said, quickly; "for I am sure that you have too much self-respect to persecute a woman with attentions which can lead to nothing. And I tell you in the most positive manner that they can only bring you disappointment."

"You can not be sure of that," he observed, with a touch of his former obstinacy. "Women have sometimes changed their minds."

She shook her head. "Not women who feel as I do. Listen, and I will tell you the whole truth about myself, since there is no other way of convincing you. I will not deny that what you offer is in some degree a temptation to me—I am worldly enough and unworthy enough for that; and it has been a temptation, too, to suffer you to follow me, and keep, as it were, the chance open in case I should find that it was the best life offered me. But I know this would be wrong; for I can not deceive myself into fancying that there is any doubt whatever about my feelings. If my heart were empty, you might in time fill it. But it is not—I will be perfectly frank with you at any cost to myself,—another man has long since filled it."

There was a pause after these words—

words which it cost Marion very much to utter. To acknowledge even to herself the fact which they expressed, was hard enough; but to acknowledge it to another, to this man who sat regarding her steadily with his dark, brilliant eyes, was harder still. But in courage, at least, she was not deficient, and her own eyes met his without drooping.

"You see now why I can not let you follow a false hope in following me," she continued, when after a moment he had still not spoken. "I may be mercenary in some degree, but I am not mercenary enough to marry you for the sake of your fortune, when I love another man. I have tried to crush this love, and it humiliates me to acknowledge it; but I have incurred the humiliation in order to be perfectly frank with you, and to keep you from making a great mistake."

The last words seemed to touch him suddenly. His whole face—a face which showed every passing emotion—changed and softened. "Believe me," he said, "I appreciate your frankness, and I see no humiliation in your confession. It is good of you, however, to suffer the pain of making it in order to save me from what you think would be a mistake."

"I *know* that it would be a mistake—a mistake in every way," she said, earnestly. "And I have made so many mistakes already that I can not add another to the list. Believe me, if you succeeded in persuading me to marry you, it would be a mistake which we would both regret to the end of our lives. For we do not suit each other at all. When you marry you ought to select a woman different altogether from what I am—a woman gentler, yet with more moral strength."

"That may be," he answered, in a meditative tone; "but, then, no other woman can be the one to whom my father left his fortune, who has generously given it back to me, and with whom I should like to share it."

"That is a feeling which I can understand, and which does you credit," she said. "But

do you not see that I could hardly accept your suit on such a ground as that? It would have been better to have kept your fortune than to do that. No, Mr. Singleton, I beg you to think no more of this; I beg you not to follow me with any such thought in your mind. Promise me that you will not."

She leaned toward him in her earnestness, and held out her hand with a gesture of entreaty. George Singleton had something chivalrous in his nature, under all his brusque exterior; and taking the little hand he raised it to his lips.

"The confidence that you have placed in me," he said, "makes it impossible that I can do anything to annoy you. Your request is a command. I shall not follow you."

Her eyes thanked him. "Now I can go in peace, because I shall not have to think that I am misleading any one. However hard or lonely my path in life may be, I want henceforth to keep my conscience clear. I have tasted the bitterness of self-reproach, and I know what it is. Yes, you will stay. You have duties here now, and—and I hope it may not be long before you will find happiness."

He had no opportunity to reply, if he had been inclined to do so. Helen, remembering Marion's urgent request that the minutes allowed for her "few words" might be short, was heard approaching. Her clear, sweet voice gave some orders in the hall, and then she entered the room.

"I grieve to say, Marion, that it is almost time for you to go," she announced. "Ah, how sad parting is!"

Half an hour later, when Marion was borne away from Scarborough, her last backward glance showed her Helen and Singleton standing side by side on the station platform, waving her an adieu; and if she smiled at the sight, it can not be denied that she also sighed. With her own hand she had closed the door of a possibly brilliant destiny; and, naturally enough, it had never looked so bright as when she said to herself, "That is over finally and forever."

CHAPTER XXX.

It was with little pause for sight-seeing on the way that Marion made her journey to Rome. A few days in Paris constituted her only delay; then, flying swiftly down through Italy—reserving until later the pleasure of seeing the beautiful historic cities which she passed,—she did not stop again until she found herself within the walls of Rome.

And not even the fact of entering by means of a prosaic railway could lessen the thrill with which she realized that she was indeed within the city of the Cæsars and the Popes,—the city that since the beginning of historic time has been the chief centre of the earth, the mistress of the world, and the seat of the apostolic throne. It was strange to feel herself in this place of memories, yet to step into a modern railway station, resounding with noise and bustle; but even Rome was forgotten when she found herself in Claire's arms, and Claire's sweet voice bade her welcome.

What followed seemed like a dream—the swift drive through populous streets, with glimpses of stately buildings and narrow, picturesque ways; the passing under a great, sounding arch into a court, where the soft splash of a fountain was heard as soon as the carriage stopped; the ascent of an apparently interminable flight of stone steps, and pausing at length on a landing, where an opening door gave access to an antechamber, and thence through parting curtains to a long *salon*, where a pretty, elderly lady rose to give Marion greeting. This was Claire's kind friend and chaperon, Mrs. Kerr, who said to herself, as she took the young stranger's hand, "What a beautiful creature!"

Marion, on her part, was charmed, not only with Mrs. Kerr, but with all her surroundings. The foreign aspect of everything enchanted her; the Italian servants, the Italian dishes of the collation spread for her, the soft sounds of the language,—all entered into and made part of her pleasure. "O Claire!" she said, when presently she was taken to the pretty chamber prepared

for her, "I think that I am going to be so happy with you—if only you are not disgusted with *me*, when you hear the story I have to tell you!"

Claire laughed, as she bent and kissed her. "I have not the least fear that I shall be disgusted with you," she said. "You might do wrong things, Marion—things one would blame or censure,—but I am sure that you will never do a mean thing, and it is mean things which disgust one."

"Ah!" said Marion, with a sigh, "do not be too sure. I am not going to possess your good opinion on false pretences, so you shall hear to-morrow all that has happened since we parted. Prepare your charity, for I shall need it."

And, indeed, on the next day Claire heard with the utmost fulness all that had occurred since the two parted at their convent school. As far as the Rathborne incident was concerned, Marion did not spare herself; and, although Claire looked grave over her self-accusation she was unable to express any regret that, even at the cost of Helen's suffering, the engagement of the latter to Rathborne should have been ended. "I saw the man only once," she said, "but that was enough to make me distrust him thoroughly. He has a bad face—a face which shows a narrow and cruel nature. I always trembled at the thought of Helen's uniting her life to his. There seemed no possible prospect of happiness for her in such a choice. So I am glad that at almost any cost the engagement—entanglement, or whatever it was—has been ended. And I can not see that your share in it was so very heinous."

"That is because I have not made it clear to you, then," answered Marion. "I, too, always distrusted the man, but I liked his admiration, his homage; it was my first taste of the power for which, you know, I always longed. Indeed, Claire, there are no excuses to be made for me; and if the matter ended well for Helen—as I really believe it did,—I am still to blame for all her suffering; and you do not think that evil is less evil because good comes of it?"

"I certainly do not think that," said Claire. "But you had no evil intention, I am sure; you never *meant* to hurt Helen."

"No, I did not mean to do so, but I was careless whether she suffered or not. I thought only of myself—my own vanity, my own amusement. Nothing can change that, and so I have always felt that it was right I should suffer just as I made her suffer. Retribution came very quickly, Claire."

"Did it?" asked Claire. Her soft, gray eyes were full of unspoken sympathy. "Well, suffering is a great thing, dear; it enables us to expiate so much! Tell me about yours—if you like."

"I feel as if I had come here just to tell you," said Marion. And then followed the story of her engagement to Brian Earle, her anger because he would not comply with his uncle's wishes, their parting, her unexpected inheritance of Mr. Singleton's fortune, Rathborne's revenge in finding the lost heir, her surrender of the fortune to him, and her rejection of his suit.

"So here I am," she observed in conclusion, with a faint smile, "like one who has passed through terrible storms: who has been shipwrecked and has barely escaped with life—that is, with a fragment of self-respect. I am so glad I had strength to give up that fortune, Claire! You know how I always desired wealth."

"I know so well," said Claire, "that I am proud of you—proud that you had the courage to do what must have cost you so much. But I always told you that I knew you better than you knew yourself, and I was sure that you would never do anything unworthy, not even to gain the end you had so much at heart. But, Marion"—her face grew grave,—"I have something to tell you that I fear may prove unpleasant to you. Brian Earle is here."

"Brian Earle here!" repeated Marion. She became very pale, and for a moment was silent. Then she said, proudly, "I hope no one will imagine that I suspected this. I thought he was in Germany. But it will not be necessary for me to meet him."

"That must be for you to decide," said Claire, in a somewhat troubled tone. "He comes to see us occasionally—he is an old friend of Mrs. Kerr's,—but, if you desire it, I will ask her to let him know that it will be best for him to discontinue his visits."

"No," said Marion, with quick, instinctive recoil; "for that would be to acknowledge that I shrink from seeing him. If I *do* shrink, he shall not be made aware of it. Perhaps, when he knows that I am here, he will desire to keep away. If not, I am—I will be—strong enough to meet him with indifference."

Claire looked at her steadily, wistfully; it seemed as if she were trying to know all that might be known. "If you do not feel indifference," she said, gently, after a moment, "is it well to simulate it?"

"How can you ask such a question?" demanded Marion, with a touch of her old haughtiness. "It is not only well—it is essential to my self-respect. But I do not acknowledge that it will be simulation. Why should I be other than indifferent to Brian Earle? As I confessed to you a few minutes ago, I suffered when we parted, but that is over now."

"You care for him no longer, then?"

"Is it possible I could care for a man who has treated me as he has done? For I still believe that it was his duty to have remained with his uncle, and if—if he had cared for me at all he would have done so."

"But perhaps," said Claire, "he perceived that passionate desire of yours for wealth, and thought that it would not be well for you to have it gratified. I can imagine that."

"You imagine, then, exactly what he was good enough to say," replied Marion, dryly. "But I suppose you know enough of me to be also able to imagine that I was not very grateful for such a form of regard. He talked like a moralist, but he certainly did not feel like a lover and so I let him go. I am not sorry for that."

"Then," said Claire, after a short pause of reflection, "I can not see any reason why you should avoid meeting him. There may

be a little awkwardness at first; but, if you have really no feeling for him, that will pass away."

"I should prefer to avoid such a meeting, if possible," answered Marion; "but if not possible, I will endure. Only, if you can, give me warning when it is likely to occur."

"That, unfortunately, is what I can hardly do," said Claire, in a tone of regret. "Our friends have established a habit of dropping in, without formality, almost any evening; and so we never know who is coming, or when."

"In that case there is, of course, nothing to be done. I can only promise that, whenever the occasion occurs, I will try to be equal to it."

"I have no doubt of that," answered Claire.

But she looked concerned as she went away, and it was evident to Mrs. Kerr that she was more than usually thoughtful that evening. As she had said, their friends in Rome found it pleasant to drop informally into their pretty *salon*. Artists predominated among these friends, so it was not strange that she watched the door, thinking that Brian Earle might come, and conscious of a wish that he would; for Marion, pleading fatigue, declined to appear on this first evening after her arrival; and Claire said to herself that if Earle *did* come, it would give her an opportunity to tell him what meeting lay before him, and he could then avoid it if he chose to do so. When, as the evening passed on, it became at length clear that he was not coming—and there was no reason beside her own desire for expecting him,—Claire thought, with a sigh, that events must take their course, since it was plainly out of her power to direct them.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

AN old cavalier was asked, when Cromwell coined his first money, what he thought of it. On one side was the inscription, "God with us," and on the other, "The Commonwealth of England." "I see," he said, "that God and the Commonwealth are on different sides."

Favors of Our Queen.

A CONVERSION BY MEANS OF THE HOLY ROSARY.

WE find the following account of the conversion of Queen Mary of Bavaria in a recent number of our valued contemporary, the *Indo-European Correspondence*, of Calcutta; it is translated from the *Apostolat du Tyrol*. The trait is well calculated to increase the piety and fervor of the children of Mary in the daily recitation of the Beads, a practice so strongly recommended by our Holy Father Leo XIII.:

In 1874 the Queen-Mother, Mary of Bavaria, and relict of King Maximilian II., abjured Protestantism and was solemnly admitted into the Church. Her conversion caused a great sensation throughout Germany; for as she was by birth a Prussian princess, so was she hitherto a zealous Protestant, unequalled in her kindness to the poor, and her charities of various kinds; insomuch that her fellow-believers, the Protestants, were proud of her dazzling example. From the day of her conversion, she became a model of Catholic piety, practising the virtues of a Christian with charming simplicity and consummate perfection. Now, this remarkable conversion is due to the Beads.

When in 1842 she was married to the heir of the crown of Bavaria, she was in the prime of life and gifted with the most brilliant qualities. Great then, presumably speaking, was to be the influence she was destined to exercise over the hearts of her people. Her Catholic subjects began to feel uneasy on the score of their religion. To ward off the impending danger, the pious ladies of Munich formed an association on an intimate footing, the sole object of which was the conversion of their future Queen. They resolved that the chief duty of their association should be the daily recitation of the Beads for this intention.

When Death claimed the King, her husband, for his victim, Queen Mary was cast into deep sadness, and began to see the emptiness of Protestantism; whereas, on the contrary, she was forcibly struck with the prayers and ceremonies of the Catholic Church, and the common practice of its devout people in

saying their Beads. Thenceforward she determined to seek for consolation in prayer; and, as she often visited the public hospitals, she became closely acquainted with the Sisters of Charity. It was her delight to recommend herself and her departed husband to their prayers. She frequently asked the good Sisters to instruct her on the manner of reciting the Beads; and, turning to good account their lessons, she set herself to saying them with daily-increasing fervor. Passing a part of the summer in one of her country-seats somewhere in the middle of the Alps, she came in contact with a virtuous priest of the neighborhood. By slow degrees she asked him to explain to her all the points of the Catholic religion. The more she listened, the more she reflected and prayed; the more completely, too, did her Protestant prejudices vanish; the more, in fine, did she feel herself drawn towards the one only true religion of Jesus Christ. At last, after long and fervent prayer, accompanied with deep study, she made up her mind to become a Catholic.

As soon as they got wind of her resolve at Berlin, they left no stone unturned to change her mind. They sent her one of the chief Protestant pastors, in whom she formerly had great confidence. He put forth all his arguments to induce her to remain a Protestant. But it was all to no purpose; for, after having bootlessly spun out all his logic, he added, "Then, madam, all you have to do now is to say your Beads." "I am already in the habit of saying them every day," said the Queen, with a smiling countenance. The Protestant pastor found no reply to this, and left her. Shortly afterwards the ceremony of her abjuration and her admission to the Sacraments took place, and ever since the Queen has made the Beads her inseparable companion.

If we take the full pleasure of all that is lawful, it is almost certain that we shall pass over the limit of a lawful use, and go onward before long into that which is unlawful. The way to use lawful things safely is to keep far within the boundary, and the farther we keep within the boundary the safer we shall be. The most sparing use of lawful things is safest.—*Cardinal Manning*.

Catholic Notes.

Last month the Holy Father received in private audience two priests, zealous propagators of the devotion of the Holy Rosary, who made offering of a handsome photograph of an admirable painting by Vincent Pacelli, representing Leo XIII. in the act of reciting the Beads, kneeling before the Madonna. The Cardinal Vicar, who presented the clergymen to his Holiness had written beneath the photograph the text of Holy Scripture: *Inspice et fac secundum exemplar*,—"Look, and follow the example given to you,"—with a few words of comment. The Pope, after closely examining the photograph and the written sentences, and learning that the Fathers were to devote themselves to the work of propagating in Catholic families the devotion of the Holy Rosary, was pleased to declare his supreme satisfaction, "since nothing could be more gratifying and acceptable to him," and affectionately blessed all connected with the pious intention.

The Princess Eugenie, sister of the King of Sweden, recently sold her diamonds to raise funds in order to complete a hospital in which she is interested. When visiting this hospital, after its completion, one of the sufferers cried with gratitude as she stood by his side, and a tear happened to fall upon her hand. "Ah," she said, as she noticed it, "now I see my diamonds again!"

As a happy result of the interest excited in historical research by Leo XIII., and his act of throwing open the Vatican Library to the students of every class, creed, and country, the *Catholic Standard*, of Hobart (Tasmania), notes the publication of an able work, by a distinguished Protestant canon of England, on the history of the Papacy during the period of the Reformation, which quite upsets the pet Protestant views of Papal power and action. Even Alexander VI. is shown not to be by any means the infamous character that Protestant historians have been accustomed to describe him; for "he was not given either to prodigality or luxury." The author, it is worthy of remark, is professor of Ecclesiastical History in the University of Cambridge. We may hope that the Holy Father's action

will have the effect of making many non-Catholics see how seriously the Church has been misjudged, and with what prejudice so many have written of the Papacy.

We had occasion not long since to refer to the public recognition in Los Angeles, California, of the untiring zeal and courage displayed by the Sisters of Charity during the small-pox epidemic in that city some months ago. We are gratified to learn that, in addition to the \$20,000 voted to them on that occasion for their orphan asylum, several generous citizens of Los Angeles have made up a purse of equal amount, and presented it to the Sisters for the same purpose.

The Commencement Exercises of Georgetown College have been attended by all the Presidents of the United States, from Washington to Cleveland.

In the current number of *The Pilgrim of Our Lady of Martyrs* is a very interesting account of missionary work that is going on in South America, high up in the Andes. This locality was one of the great fields of labor for the Jesuits till the modern spirit of liberty deemed it necessary to drive them out. Thirteen years ago they were allowed to go back, and since then they have held their post in spite of the continual revolutions all around them. Up on the heights of the Andes, in the wildest region of the Republic of Ecuador, you find to-day a Jesuit missionary in charge of "the poorest church in the world." Read the testimony rendered to his heroic and self-sacrificing work by an English Protestant traveller:

"I had often, from previous knowledge of and personal friendship with Jesuits, admired the self-sacrifice of their lives; but never was this so markedly realized as now, when I saw the *Padre* busying himself among these miserable sufferers, attending to their physical requirements, administering remedies, and listening to their confessions. . . . Can the lives of our Protestant missionaries be compared to those of Rome in abnegation? Those who have known both, be it in the East or in the West, will be able to say which lead the lives exemplified by their professed Master."

The life of this devoted Jesuit priest is the same as that of the savages among whom he lives. His food is of the poorest and coarsest kind; he is exposed to the attacks of every

kind of wild beast and insect. Many of his predecessors have suffered martyrdom. May their deaths and his unselfish life be fruitful to the building up of Christ's Church in the inhospitable wilds of Ecuador!

"At this time of the year," observes the *Catholic Review*, "when everyone who can fly from the city's heat makes haste to do so, Catholics should remember that they are under a peculiar obligation in the selection of a place for the summer's rest. It is hard to understand how Catholics can deliberately make up their minds to pass two or three months in a place where it will be impossible for them to be at Mass, even on Sundays, during the whole time. Yet a great many undoubtedly decide upon their summer-vacation place without thinking of this matter at all, while others seem to think that there is some sort of dispensation in hot weather."

The French Chamber has refused to exempt seminarists from military service, also to consider a proposal to limit their service to hospitals and ambulances. This last suggestion received some support even on the Opportunist benches, but the Government refused even to argue it. The exemption of priests was defended by Mgr. Freppel in a long and powerful speech.

Duke Paul of Mecklenburg, who was recently converted from Lutheranism, has sent a letter to Pope Leo expressing the most filial sentiments of devotion towards the Sovereign Pontiff and loyalty to the Church.

In a recent issue of the *Sunday News*, of Buffalo, we find this edifying item, under the heading "A Brave Sister of Charity":

"An accident that came near resulting in the death of a deaf-mute occurred at Old Fort Erie Grove yesterday afternoon. The Sisters of Charity with about fifty deaf-mutes, boys and girls, from St. Mary's Asylum, went over to the grove yesterday for their annual outing. They had a very pleasant time. The train was coming up from Fort Erie while the happy party was waiting for the boat. Just as the train got within a few feet of the party who were standing near the track, a mute boy about fifteen years of age rushed out to speak to one of his companions. The bystanders called to him in frantic tones to look out, but he, of course, could not hear. Just as he was almost

under the wheels, a brave Sister ran forward and seized him, and got him to the other side of the track. The engine passed within a foot of him."

In copying this paragraph the *Catholic Union* remarks that the secular press usually speaks of all Sisters as Sisters of Charity. "In this case it was a Sister of St. Joseph who performed the heroic action."

A thoroughly old-fashioned Christian's last will and testament is that of the lately deceased Bohemian Magnate, Count Clam-Martinic. Testator, addressing his nephew and successor, adjures and entreats him, whatever may happen, "to remain true to the holy Catholic Faith, to the principles of honor and virtuous conduct; to preserve loyalty to our King and Emperor; love, attachment, and devotion to our fatherland Bohemia; to remain a worthy son of his nation, and to practise constant works of fraternal charity towards all, especially towards the working classes and the poor."—*London Tablet*.

Those who bind THE "AVE MARIA"—and we are glad to know that their number is constantly increasing—can now be supplied with the table of contents and title-page of Volume XXIV. (January—June.) Application for missing numbers to complete files should be made without delay. Attention is directed to the advertisement of covers, etc.

Obituary.

"It is a holy and wholesome thought to pray for the dead."

— 2 MACH., xii., 40

The following persons, lately deceased, are commended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

Sister Amelia, of the Sisters of Notre Dame, who was called to her eternal rest on the 9th inst., at Roxbury, Mass.

Mr. Edward McKenna, an exemplary young man, whose death occurred at Pittsfield, Mass., on the 12th ult.

Miss Margaret McCoy, of Versailles, Conn., whose happy death, after a long illness, took place on the 6th inst.

Mrs. Anne Hurley and Mrs. Bridget Smith, of Chicago; Mr. Timothy Murphy, Glen More, Wis.; Mrs. Margaret Doyle, Mr. James Cahill, Mr. James J. Lawlor, Miss Hannah Kirby, Mrs. Mary Sheahan, and Mr. James Landrigan of Albany, N. Y.

May their souls, and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace!



Two Little Rustics.

BY CLARA MULHOLLAND, AUTHOR OF "THE MISER OF KINGSCOURT," "PERCY'S REVENGE," ETC.

(CONCLUSION.)

IV.

Marjorie smiled through her tears, and after a time she dried her eyes, and, nestling up close to the old lady, told her story from beginning to end. Her new friends listened attentively, and seemed much moved.

"May I see your sketches, Miss Darmer?" asked Ronald when she had finished. "I am fond of drawing, and know something about art."

Marjorie brightened considerably, and opened her packet.

"Do not be too hard on me," she said, blushing; "I am fond of my painting, but I have not studied much."

"I promise not to be severe," he replied, then thought sadly, "Poor little girl! She has not studied much, yet she imagined she could sell her work—enter into competition with real artists. What simplicity!"

Then, one by one, he examined the sketches, and passed them on to his mother. The old lady was in raptures.

"They are charming! they are really beautiful!"

"Mother, you will make the young lady vain."

"I always speak the truth, Ronald; and I do not think Miss Darmer could be made vain just now. She has suffered too much to-day."

"You are right, mother, as you always are." And he turned again to Marjorie. "You have a great deal of talent, Miss Darmer. These are very pretty. You were anxious to sell them in London? Now, I have a friend who knows a lot about this sort of thing. May I take them to him, and

allow him to dispose of them for you if he can?"

Marjorie's eyes sparkled, a brilliant color dyed her cheeks, her little face became wreathed in smiles.

"If you would," she cried, clasping her hands, "I should be so grateful!"

"That is right," he said, laughing; "I like gratitude. And now, Miss Darmer, pray give me your address."

"Rose Cottage, Slindon."

"How fortunate! My mother and I are going to pay a visit in that neighborhood, so I shall drop in to see you some day, and tell you how my friend succeeds in disposing of your paintings."

"Thanks! thanks!" cried Marjorie. "You are more than good. How shall I ever—ever show my gratitude?"

"Perhaps I may tell you by and by, when we meet again."

"Please do. I would do anything for you."

Here the train ran into Arundel station, and Marjorie saw Celia peering into the passing carriages.

"Good-bye," she said, holding out her hand; "this is where I get out. Good-bye, and God bless you!"

"Good-bye," replied her new friends,— "good-bye for the present."

And in another instant Marjorie was on the platform, with Celia's arms around her.

"Well, my darling, what news?" cried Celia. "How have you fared in that big wilderness of a city?"

"Badly, dearest; very badly."

"Marjorie! But where is your packet of sketches? If you have sold all those, you have not done so badly."

"I have—not—sold any," answered Marjorie, in a choking voice; "and—I—lost my purse and ticket. I might have been wandering sad and lonely through London this moment, only for a good, kind man who had pity on me, and bought me another ticket. But, O Celia! he made me come first class—and so—and so I owe him a great sum of money. I wish—oh! how I wish I had stayed at home!"

And as the girls walked along in the dusk, Marjorie sobbed aloud.

"My poor little sister!" said Celia, gently, "what a bad time you have had! But do not fret, dearest. It is a pity, but it was not your fault. Some one picked your pocket I suppose."

"Yes, in the 'bus' I think. Oh! why did I ever start off on such a wild-geese chase?"

"Well, dear, you thought it right to go to London. You did it for the best, so do not cry, Marjorie. Be brave, dear; do not cry."

"I know it is silly to fret—but—but I can't help it."

"I understand your feelings, dear. It is very, very hard." And Celia's blue eyes were wet and shiny. "But what have you done with your sketches, Marjorie? Did you lose them also?"

"No: the strange gentleman took them," said Marjorie, brightening. "O Celia! he was so kind! And his dear little mother had the sweetest face in the world, and spoke to me so gently! I forgot all my trouble when I was talking to them. He—I don't know his name—took my sketches, and promised to show them to some friend, who would perhaps sell them for me."

"Then you have had good luck, after all!" cried Celia, joyfully. "I knew my old slipper would be of use."

"Your old slipper?" Marjorie looked puzzled.

"Yes—at least it was one of mother's white satin wedding-shoes; for I never had such a thing. I heard it was lucky to throw a slipper after people when they went on a journey, so I threw one after you as you went off in the train."

Marjorie stopped short, and her merry laugh rang out upon the evening breeze.

"You dear, good, simple little goose! O Celia! if any one had seen you!"

"Some one did see me."

"Who?"

"The Squire—or at least his sister, and she told him what I had done."

"And he—?"

"Laughed, and said he hoped it would bring you good luck, and it has."

"Perhaps," replied Marjorie, thoughtfully. "Yes, I am sure he will do what he said; and if my sketches are worth anything, he will dispose of them for me."

"Then he is a brick. Pardon the slang expression, sweet sister," cried Celia, gaily. "But no other word says so plainly that a man is good—thoroughly good."

"Then I forgive you, dearest; for I believe he is all that. He has a noble face, and his mother is a darling."

"That sounds very nice. I wish I had seen them."

"Well, perhaps you may soon. I gave him our address, and, as he is going to stay somewhere in the neighborhood, he will call and tell me what his friend thinks. His mother will come with him, I hope."

"So do I. And when he comes I am sure he will have good news for you, Marjorie. He would never have taken your sketches unless he had thought them clever."

"Perhaps not. But, unless he gives me great encouragement, I shall not do any more painting. I shall advertise at once for a place as nursery governess."

"Not yet, Marjorie; not yet. Please wait till the summer is over."

"But why? If a thing is to be done, it ought to be done at once."

"True, but we are going to have a little gayety here soon. Mr. Lindon's cousin from Jamaica, a Mr. Vane, is coming to stay at the Court, and Miss Lindon is going to give a big tennis party. So you must not think of going till that is over."

"My dear Celia, I shall probably wait longer than that for my situation. They are not always easy to get."

"So much the better. Let us put off the evil day as long as possible."

"Naughty little temptress!" cried Marjorie, shaking her head. "But when did you hear this news, Celia?"

"This morning. After I had thrown my old shoe, I went for a drive with the Squire and his sister."

"You?"

"Yes, me—wild little me," answered Celia, with a total disregard for grammar.

"And the Squire was so nice! He says we are to have gay doings when his cousin comes. And he's so simple when he talks, and says such pleasant things that one forgets he is such a clever, serious man. We had a most delightful drive."

"Yes? I am glad you enjoyed it. But when does this cousin arrive?"

"To-night. Miss Lindon told him to go on to Farnham. It is nearer the Court than Arundel."

"Yes—but, O Celia! here we are at home! How shall I ever tell mother my misfortunes? It will be very, very hard."

But when Marjorie found herself seated at her mother's feet, her head resting on her knee, her face well hidden from sight, she found it easy enough to pour forth a full account of all that had happened since her departure for London that morning.

"You did what you believed to be your duty, dearest," said Mrs. Darmer, gently; "so you must not blame yourself. I am sorry you are disappointed. But I am not surprised. I never expected much from this visit to London. God took care of you, and sent that kind-hearted stranger to your aid. I am deeply grateful to Him for His protection, and glad to have my Marjorie safe home. I prayed fervently for you, darling, and asked Our Blessed Lady to watch over you. I feel now that my prayers were not in vain. You were well taken care of in your hour of need. We must pay this gentleman what he spent for your ticket, and redeem Celia's brooch."

"Yes, mother, and I am determined to go out as a nursery governess. I see now I can not earn money by my painting. I will not be a burden on you any longer."

"My poor darling! I am afraid there is nothing else to be done—at least for a time. It is a trying life, I fear. But you are a good, brave girl, and God will bless you." And Mrs. Darmer kissed the little brown face with loving tenderness.

Next day Marjorie sent her advertisement to the *Times*, and resolved to accept the first situation that should offer itself. From her mother's manner she felt sure that her

difficulties were greater than she had ever imagined; so, no matter what it might cost her to leave her home, she was determined to do so as soon as possible. But in the meantime she would be bright and cheerful. No one should know how much she suffered, and she begged her mother and sister never to mention the subject. Mrs. Darmer gladly assented, so did Celia, and life at the cottage went on as before.

One morning, some ten days later, the two girls sat with their mother in the little arbor on the lawn. Mrs. Darmer and Marjorie were sewing busily. Celia was reading aloud. Suddenly a shadow fell upon her book, and two gentlemen stood bowing in the door-way.

"Pardon me for interrupting you, Miss Celia," said the Squire's cheery voice. "Good-morning, Mrs. Darmer. Allow me to introduce my cousin, Mr. Ronald Vane."

And as her mother went forward to greet the visitors, Marjorie started to her feet with a cry of surprise.

"My friend, Celia,—the kind gentleman who helped me that day! Isn't it wonderful that he should be the Squire's—"

"You have not forgotten me, I hope, Miss Darmer?" said Mr. Vane. "I have thought a great deal about you since we parted."

"No, indeed, I have not forgotten you," she cried, putting her hand in his, and looking up at him with shining eyes. "I never, never could. And your mother—the dear, kind old lady—is she well?"

"Quite, thanks; and most anxious to see you again. She took a great fancy to you that day in the train. And now you must introduce me to your sister; for of course this is Miss Celia, of whom I have heard so much." And he looked admiringly at the beautiful young girl.

"Yes, this is Celia," replied Marjorie, with a smile of pleasure; for she noticed the admiration in his glance.

"She is not at all like you," he remarked, looking from one to the other. "I never saw two sisters more unlike."

Marjorie laughed softly. "No," she said, "we are not at all like each other."

"You must not judge by appearances," cried Celia, raising her head and looking at him a little defiantly. "I am more like Marjorie than you would suppose. I have the same wish to work, but unfortunately I am stupid, whilst she is clever and—"

"Celia!" cried Marjorie; "you know that is not true."

"Marjorie Darmer, it is. I can do nothing—absolutely nothing, and am quite tired of being told that I am pretty, and so must stay at home; whilst you—but you know how clever she is, Mr. Vane. You have seen her sketches."

"Yes," he said, amused at the girl's quaint manner, but anxious not to show his amusement, lest he should offend her; "and that is what I have come to talk about. I have good news for you, Miss Marjorie."

"Really?"

The girls clasped each other's hands, and looked at him with shining eyes.

"My friend has kept all the sketches I sent him, and is willing to pay twenty-four shillings a dozen for them. If you agree, he would like you to do several dozen at the same rate as soon as you can. It is not high payment, but just to begin—"

"O Mr. Vane! it is splendid!" cried the sisters in a breath. "Thank you—thank you a hundred times!"

"I am glad you are pleased," he said. "Mr. Lindon thought you would be. I myself think the pay miserable, so does my mother."

"If you had trudged through the London shops imploring men to buy, and been rejected as I was, you would not think so little of the price," said Marjorie, gravely. "It seems to me that I am going to make my fortune."

"Here, then, is the beginning of that great fortune," he answered, smiling, as he opened his pocket-book and drew out a cheque. "This came from my friend this morning—the price of the sketches I sent him. There were two dozen in all, so he sends forty-eight shillings."

"Oh!" cried Marjorie, joyfully. "I shall soon send him some more. Thank you so

much! You have indeed been a true friend to me. And now," she said, blushing, "I hope you will tell me how much my ticket was that day, and allow me to repay you."

"May I ask a favor, Miss Marjorie?"

"As many as you like," she cried, gaily. "O Mr. Vane! I feel so happy!"

"I am glad of that, but what I want you to do is this. Pay me in kind, not in money."

"In kind?" repeated Marjorie, looking bewildered.

"Yes, in kind. Paint me a pretty picture, and allow me to choose the subject."

"With the greatest pleasure. When shall I begin?"

"To-morrow, if you have no objection. My mother, Miss Lindon, perhaps the Squire, and I will call early in the morning, and we shall all wander together through the woods till we find an inspiring place. Then we shall sit down, and you can, if you like, begin your picture, whilst we talk and look on."

"That will be charming!" cried Marjorie. "And I am so anxious to see dear Mrs. Vane again—"

"Well, Ronald, have you made your arrangements?" asked the Squire, coming back from his walk round the garden with Mrs. Darmer.

"Yes, and, if Mrs. Darmer has no objection, I think the young ladies are quite content."

"I have no objection, indeed," cried Mrs. Darmer, in a voice full of emotion. "Mr. Lindon has told me what you have done—what you mean to do. My Marjorie is fortunate in finding such a friend."

"It was all caused by that old satin shoe," cried Celia, gaily. "I knew it would surely bring Marjorie good luck."

"Miss Lindon was shocked at such misuse of the ancient slipper," said Ronald, laughing.

"Yes, but the Squire was not," replied Celia; "he knew it was only for fun."

"Of course I did," said that gentleman, smiling. "I told Lydia it was a harmless joke. So now good-bye till to-morrow, when we are to meet in the woods. My sister

brings provisions for a picnic lunch. Good-bye."

And, shaking hands with the ladies, the gentlemen took their departure.

For the next three weeks the two girls were supremely happy. The summer days were warm and bright, and many hours were spent in the shady woods with their friends. Marjorie made rapid progress with her painting, and the other ladies got through a large quantity of sewing, as they sat together under the trees. Mr. Vane and the Squire were their constant companions, and helped to make the meetings enjoyable by reading aloud to them from some interesting book.

Thus time passed pleasantly, and Marjorie was full of hope; for as fresh orders for Christmas cards, birthday cards, and *menus* came in, she felt sure she could now help her mother sufficiently without leaving her home. And so the advertisement in the *Times* was promptly withdrawn. Several small debts were also paid, and they were ready to redeem Celia's brooch.

Meantime Miss Lindon's tennis party came off, and it resulted in two engagements.

There was much astonishment amongst the good people of Slindon when it was announced that Ronald Vane, the rich Jamaica merchant, had chosen plain little Marjorie Darmer as his wife. But their amazement was greater still when they learned that the grave, studious Squire had wooed and won the beautiful, vivacious Celia.

So one day, just before Christmas, there was a double wedding in the little ivy-grown church, and Mrs. Darmer's money troubles were at an end forever.

A Lesson for a King.

It used to be said of Father Gourdan, a religious of the last century, who had a great reputation for virtue, that his brother, who was a cantor, sang the praises of the saints, and that he imitated them. One day the Duc de Villeroy brought the youthful King, Louis XV., to see him. It was the hour of Ves-

pers. The porter was told to inform Father Gourdan that his Majesty asked for him. The porter replied: "It is of no use; for if it were the Pope himself he would not come out until the Office is finished." In fact, not until the Office was ended did the holy monk appear. Then he presented himself, conversed with the King in the most edifying manner, and the latter, touched by his words, recommended himself to his prayers. When subsequently the Father was accused of keeping the King waiting, his Majesty observed: "He was right: he was serving a Master whom I ought to serve myself." From that time the King sent him every year, by the First Groom of the Chamber, his blessed taper on Candlemas Day.

Cardinal Gibbons as a Peacemaker.

While Cardinal Gibbons was driving in the suburbs of Baltimore the other day, he saw a number of boys indulging in a free fight, the outcome of a game of baseball. The Cardinal told his driver to stop, and, alighting from the carriage, hastened to where the *mêlée* was going on, separated the astonished combatants, and acted the part of a peacemaker all around. He soon had the youngsters in good humor, and walked back to his carriage as quietly as he came. Just as he was driving off, one of the boys proposed three cheers for the Cardinal, which were given with a will.

A Pretty Legend of St. Francis of Sales.

At the death of St. Francis of Sales it was remarked that one of his breviaries, which remained in a Convent of the Visitation that he had founded shortly before in Burgundy, opened of its own accord and began to fill the house with the sweetest odor. This miracle was looked upon as a divine testimony to his piety, and as an earnest that he had begun in heaven, never more to cease, the office of blessing and praise which he had sung here below with so angelic a fervor.



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Midsummer.

BY WILLIAM D. KELLY.

MIDSUMMER, and in meadowlands the lush

Green grasses rippling in the passing breeze,
As dimples the smooth surface of the seas
Which south winds softly with their pinions
brush;
Cornfields, where, when, the feathered song-
sters hush,
One hears a burst of insect melodies;
Fruits bending down the branches of the
trees,
And wild vines where the ripening berries
blush:

Dear mother of the Maid Immaculate,
St. Anne, who bore Her who begot the Lord,
And thus had part in that great act which
brought
The world the Saviour it so long had sought;
This month, with all its promise of reward,
To thy blest motherhood is consecrate.

A Far-Famed Shrine of the New World.

(CONCLUSION.)

THE sun rose clear and bright over
fortress-crowned Quebec as the
Canada steamed up to a wharf,
where was waiting the little tender, *Broth-
ers*, to which the pilgrims were transferred,
and which left for St. Anne's at 5.30 a. m.
What pen can tell the beauties of that sail!

How picturesque are the rugged outlines
and quaint architecture of old Quebec, the
cradle of the Canadian race, its grim bastions
and moss-grown glacis towering against the
sky, confronting the green heights of Point
Levis across the mighty stream, over which
they have kept their solemn watch since
time began!

The district lying between Quebec and
St. Anne's, known as the Côte de Beaupré,
affords to the traveller who may be ignorant
of the characteristics of the Province of
Quebec, the best opportunity of seeing for
himself the strong stamp of national char-
acter that is indelibly impressed on the
descendants of the early French colonists.
It is by studying the peasantry of a coun-
try that we can best learn that country's
past and future. These *habitans*, as they
are called, are a race that, with a loyalty
amounting to a passionate love of the coun-
try given to civilization by their ancestors,
and an unyielding determination to uphold
their religion, their language, and their
laws, were the first to bear the name now
given to all the natives of the great Domini-
on—Canadians.

But to return to the Côte de Beaupré, as
the little steamer glides past its wave-kissed
shores. How beautiful is the Fall of Mont-
morency, dashing headlong over its rocky
steps, a wonderful path of silvery light in
the distance; then, as we come near, an angry
torrent, discharging its foaming body of
waters down a dizzy height amid rainbow-
hued clouds of glittering spray! To our

right, green and smiling in its placid loveliness, is Ile d'Orléans; to our left, after Montmorency, comes the picturesque village of Château Richer, then beautiful Ange Gardien, and then the goal for our seven hundred pilgrims, Ste. Anne de Beaupré.

Apart from its fame as a miraculous shrine, the village of St. Anne would be noticed for its natural loveliness. It lies in the shadow of the Laurentian Mountains, —a picturesque cluster of cottages, with the goodly-proportioned church standing out in bold relief. Away up on the hill-side is the convent of the Sœurs Grises; below it, and adjoining the church, is the monastery of the Redemptorist Fathers. Running down through a verdant marsh, a long pier rises from water so deep that the pilgrimage boats can lie up beside it, and thus spare their passengers the inconvenient mode of transit of former years, when pilgrims were all landed in small boats, that were paddled to the water's edge, where they were exchanged for carts, which in turn were embedded in the mud, forcing their occupants to wade to shore. Now we walk serenely up the gangway; or, if the tide be low, scramble up,—a difficult matter for some of the ill and infirm. It is pitiful to note the expression of some of the faces: such wistful hope, such earnest faith; so many who feel that this for them is life or death.

We pass quickly along the pier, and up the village street, which brings us to the House of God. A Mass is being said for a "Lower St. Lawrence" pilgrimage, and the church is quite full; so we take advantage of the time of waiting to visit the celebrated fountain of water, from which many vessels are filled, in order that the benefits of the visit to this shrine of St. Anne may be extended to the homes of the pilgrims. The old chapel stands near the fountain. On entering we are struck by its simplicity. There are no pews; on the walls hang paintings so old that their subjects are barely distinguishable. Two very ancient statues stand one on either side of the altar. A crowd has congregated in one part of the chapel; we approach, to find them gazing at

a block of wood—a portion of the pioneer church built in the days of the first settlers at Petit Cap. Outside of the chapel is the little graveyard, where repose many "good and faithful servants." The bell collects the scattered band of pilgrims, who soon fill the new church to its utmost capacity.

There are few more striking scenes than a pilgrimage Communion at the shrine of Ste. Anne de Beaupré. After long weeks, sometimes months or years, of prayer and faith and patience, the supreme moment has arrived—God is about to come unto His own in this His most holy place; and, whether the pleading prayer be granted, or whether the grace be withheld, each knows it will be well with him; for God's will must be best. Oh! the hope, the yearning for a special manifestation of divine grace, followed by an expression of awe, almost of terror, as the poor cripple feels the thrill of returning strength, and, tottering on limbs so long useless, goes back to kneel and give thanks to God and to St. Anne! Such was the case of one poor woman of our pilgrimage, who added two more crutches to the pyramid standing on the epistle side of the sanctuary.

This pyramid is about thirty feet high, and is composed of all sorts of crutches and other reliefs for suffering humanity. So many of these have been left here that the Rev. Fathers, not knowing how to dispose of them, were obliged recently to have a large number burned.

After Mass, and an address by the Rev. Father Burke, C. SS. R., we venerated the holy relic of St. Anne, and then dispersed. The morning air from the mountains in this historic spot is apt to make one prosaically, painfully, piteously hungry. Even the sincerely religious fervor that upheld us through the solemn exercises of the morning can not successfully quiet the cravings of the inner man. Breakfast, therefore, was our prevailing thought. Some of us were most hospitably entertained by the good Fathers; others went up to the convent, where the Sisters are always in readiness for the hungry pilgrim; others again be-

took themselves to the numerous hostleries, which are uniformly clean and well kept.

The village consists of one long and somewhat crooked street; the inns are interspersed with clean and comfortable private dwellings, of which we may often catch a glimpse of the interior, and note the union of past and present that is everywhere remarkable in this quaint Côte de Beaupré. Imagine a picturesque old grandam, whose drawn silk cap might have been fashioned in the days of Samuel de Champlain, and whose nervous brown hands deftly ply her old-fashioned spinning-wheel, while beside her, in a costume of the present day, her daughter sits with feet on the treadles of that triumph of American "institutions"—an improved, patent, generally faultless sewing-machine!

In summer evenings these villagers remove the furniture to the sidewalk, where the usual avocations are calmly pursued; the father, in his *toque bleue*, smokes his short pipe; the mother has her knitting—generally a stocking on five needles,—and there is somebody patient enough to rock the inevitable baby whilst the rest of the family indulge in music and dancing.

The village post-office at St. Anne's bears the somewhat peculiar sign, "*Bureau de Poste-Office.*" "*Ici Bonne Maison de Pension,*" hangs from every second gable; but of all the peculiarities of the village the most striking is a huge sign-board bearing the inscription, "*E. Lachance, Epoux de Dlle. Mercier.*" Now, for a man to pose as a candidate for public patronage because he is the son of his father, or the successor of his uncle, is common enough; but why the husband of the Demoiselle Mercier should proclaim the fact of his so being from his house-top puzzled us not a little.

We learned that "a many years ago," next door to this old hostlery stood a *maison de pension* kept by one Mercier, who had two daughters, one of whom was so winning, so obliging, so attentive, and so courteous, that she attracted a large share of custom to her father's inn. An enterprising candidate for the patronage of the travelling

public kept the hostlery next door—one Lachance, a lonely bachelor. For once love and interest went hand in hand; he wooed and won the village belle, and, having secured as custodian of his *Lares* and *Penates* the magnet of the Mercier Inn, he proclaimed the fact upon the curious sign which amuses every visitor to the village of St. Anne.

Those hanging signs, among the more unpretentious class of Canadian tradespeople, are often very comical in their strained adaptations to the two languages spoken almost equally in the towns of Quebec and Montreal. We recollect once seeing, set forth in white letters on a vermilion ground, the intimation that the second floor was occupied by "*Mad. Pigeon, couturière dans les hardes d'hommes,*" which, on the reverse of the sign, was kindly translated for the passer-by into, "Mad. Pigeon, dressmaker in men's clothes!"

One can not leave St. Anne's without a second and quieter exploring of the churches and their treasures. The statue of St. Anne, which is the most prominent object in the parish church, is very fine; it is from the studio of M. Zens, of Belgium, and was given by the family of Father Hendrickx, C. S. S. R. Below this gracious figure of the mother of Our Blessed Lady a poor blind boy was kneeling in an attitude of earnest supplication. With accents of pitiful entreaty he murmured again and again, "*Bonne Ste. Anne, guérissez mes yeux!*" and from the sightless eyes scalding tears fell upon the little folded hands. Poor child! it made one sad to leave him there; surely such faith must be rewarded.

Many and wonderful are the cures constantly reported at the favored shrine. From the day when Samuel de Champlain planted the white flag of France over the site of Quebec, to our own more favored age, thousands of Canadians have echoed the cry, "*Bonne Ste. Anne, priez pour nous!*" confident that even if the cure come not, yet the prayer will be crystallized into a shower of graces falling on the head of the earnest suppliant.

A Brave Life.

BY KATHLEEN O'MEARA.

(CONTINUED.)

MME. DE SÉGUR bade her son good-bye on the 25th of April. On that day, immediately after taking leave of her and his beloved sister Sabine, he mentioned to his friend, Mgr. Conny, that he felt a slight pain in his left eye, and noticed a red spot in the corner of it. The pain passed off, however, and he thought no more about it. On the 1st of May—the first day of the Month of Mary—he assisted at a session of the Rota, came home feeling very tired, and by way of resting himself sat down to his painting. Suddenly the little red spot on his left eye spread all over it, covering the pupil like a curtain; then, instantly, the sight went out, and the eye became stone-blind. He said to himself at once, "It is paralysis of the optic nerve; the other eye will soon go."

Mgr. Conny came in a few moments later, and on learning what had happened was greatly shocked; he saw at once the gravity of the malady, and went off with Mgr. de Ségur to consult Dr. Mayer, the oculist of his dear friends, the soldiers. Dr. Mayer said it was very serious, ordered absolute rest, and a *régime* for the general health. The two friends walked home by the streets along the Quirinal gardens. Mgr. Conny was agitated and depressed, Gaston de Ségur was calm and cheerful. Any one seeing them would have supposed it was his companion who had been stricken with the affliction, and that he (Gaston) was cheering and encouraging him under it.

"What have I to complain of?" he said; "thirty-two years ago, God gave me two eyes; He has a perfect right to take away one now if He pleases."

"No doubt," replied his friend; "but it is a heavy trial, and nature will cry out."

"And are we Christians and priests to listen to nature?" was the brave retort. He seemed positively elated. "This is the hap-

piest thing that could have befallen me," he said, after a moment's silence; "in my position, enjoying the favor of the Pope and the confidence of the Emperor, I might have been made Archbishop, and then Cardinal; and, do what we will, honors are a great danger, and expose our hearts to swell. There is an end now of that danger for me! I shall go back to Paris, and set to work confessing my poor street Arabs again. I tell you this is the best thing that could possibly befall me. The only thing that grieves me is the sorrow it will be to my poor mother."

Mgr. Conny made no answer: his heart was too full for speech; he could only praise God in silence.

Before nightfall the news was all over Rome. It was received everywhere with genuine sympathy, but the sorrow of the troops was inconsolable; to them it came like a family affliction. Mgr. de Ségur saw the Holy Father two days later, and found him full of tender anxiety about the stricken eye. "I know of only three remedies for those diseases," said Pius IX.: "good food, cold water, and patience." To which the patient replied: "Holy Father, I have more faith in the last than in the other two."

A little while later the Pope, on seeing him, inquired: "How is the poor eye?"

"Holy Father, it is all over with it!" was the cheerful reply.

The Pope looked at him with emotion, and sighed. Suddenly it occurred to Mgr. de Ségur to take advantage of this propitious moment for asking a favor of the Holy Father. He went down on his knees, and said, impulsively, "Santo Padre, grant me a consolation: grant me leave to keep the Blessed Sacrament in my oratory?" It was a tremendous thing to ask; even cardinals do not enjoy the privilege. The Pope started, and was on the point of saying, "Impossible!" when he looked at the upturned face, where the sightless eye was pleading so eloquently; the denial was arrested on his lips; his heart failed him, and for a moment he stood irresolute; then taking Gaston de Ségur's head in both hands, he

pressed it to his heart, and said, with emotion: "To any one else I should answer, 'Impossible!' to you I say, 'Yes,' because I love you. *Ad consolationem, ad tempus.*"

But neither the Pope nor Mgr. de Ségur's other friends could accept as beyond hope of remedy the trial that won for him this consolation. They insisted on his imploring a miracle through the intercession of the Blessed Virgin, but he answered always: "I dread the responsibility of a miracle." In his secret soul he knew that the miracle had already been performed, and that the blindness, which he believed would become total, was a miraculous answer to the prayer of his ordination. Nothing but this conviction can explain the spirit of joy with which he welcomed it, and his constant assertion that some wonderful grace was attached to the trial; for there is no infirmity that human nature shrinks from with such terror as blindness; it places a man in absolute dependence on the charity of everyone around him, and in many ways makes his gifts useless, and paralyzes his powers. It fell with an additional cruelty upon Mgr. de Ségur, because it deprived him of the exercise of his talent for painting, which was his chief, almost his sole, recreation; but from the first hour of his trouble he made the sacrifice cheerfully, and never was a murmur, a regret, heard to escape him; he gave it up—he gave up everything, as a child lays down its toys at the bidding of a mother.

The following letter, dated Rome, May 25, 1853, written to a friend a few weeks after his affliction, expresses the serenity of his soul under the trial:

"I know not, dear friend, whether I am destined or not ever to see you again; but, judging from appearances, you are destined to see me again, because you have eyes. You know that in former times I, also, had eyes, and that I used them in the days of our rambles through the Pyrenees to draw caricatures. . . . Well, it seems I put God out of patience with me since then, by the bad use I made of them; or else, on the contrary, I made such good use of them that

He wishes to reward me by treating me as He treats His best friends; for here I am for the last month with one eye nearly gone, and the other in such sorry plight that it is not worth counting. I incline to think that what has befallen me is of the nature of *gouttes sereines* . . . This means simply that the optic nerve is becoming paralyzed, partially or wholly. So far this paralysis of the left eye is not complete, and I still distinguish objects as if seen through water. The doctor, in whom I have as much confidence as one can have in a doctor, hopes that it is not final. For my own part, I neither hope nor don't hope; for at heart, my good friend, it is perfectly indifferent to me. I have the happiness to be a Christian; I know that I am in this world only for a moment, and I have long since centred all my hopes in eternal life. If I had the choice, I should choose suffering, and I hope, in God's goodness, that if this should prove to be a visit from His justice and His mercy, as I rather believe, I shall know how to appreciate so great a favor, and shall remain faithfully with the Blessed Virgin at the foot of the Cross of the Master of suffering. It is from Good Friday that one sees the approach of Easter Sunday. I see Good Friday coming on very willingly.

"You who are a good Christian, my dear friend,—you will not offer the affront to Our Lord Jesus Christ of being afflicted at what has befallen me. You love me well enough to thank Him, and will simply ask that I may use as I ought so excellent a trial. We are God's in life and in death, said St. Paul once upon a time. God has not changed since that time. . . . Adieu, dear friend. I love and embrace you tenderly."

From this date his handwriting changes—falters, grows more and more unsteady, until he is compelled to use the pen of a friend. On the 6th of June he writes:

". . . My eye is about the same; rather a little better than worse, and this little is a great deal. . . . I do nothing, except to take every day a little iron and quinquina to strengthen the nervous system. I don't work at all. I am not dull, and, although

we are in June, I have the luck not to suffocate. . . . Have you ever seen Tasso's portrait? If I lose my eye, I have before me the prospect (not a picturesque one) of being like him. Picture to yourself one eye completely closed, and, recalling the sleep of innocence, the other staring wide open, and full of fire. If ever I come to be like that, I shall wear a bandage, like Robert Macaire! I leave it all to God; He knows best what is good for us; He is the Master of our two eyes, as He is of our whole being, and He tries us and humbles us when He knows it is necessary for our soul."

A week later he writes to the same friend: "You frightened me, announcing that you were suffering from your eyes; but when I found it was only a miserable sty, I smiled with pity, indignation, and happiness, in comparing myself to you. . . . My eye is just the same, neither better nor worse. This morning, after a monster dinner given yesterday by the Ambassador to the two new cardinals, and after the public consistory that I have just come from, and where we all nearly suffocated, so hot was it, I see a little better than before. This looks like a spirit of contradiction. In three months—after my holidays—we shall know the fate of this unfortunate eye, for which in the bottom of my heart I have small hope. You know what an admirable consolation the Pope has granted me in this trial, and how, in exchange for this first visit that He has deigned to make me, Our Lord Jesus took up His abode with me eight days ago. . . ."

At the desire of his family, he came to Paris, and consulted the leading oculists there. They gave no hope of restoring the lost eye, and very little of saving the other one. Its sight was going out slowly but surely. Mgr. de Ségur knew its days were numbered, but he said this to no one. It was a secret between himself and Our Blessed Lady. The Emperor was full of the kindest concern about him, but spoke confidently of his recovery, and intimated his desire to make him Grand Almoner.

Mgr. de Ségur listened complacently, and made no protest; but began diligently to

prepare himself for total blindness, learning to do things with his eyes shut, practising eating and shaving in this way. He also began to learn by heart the Psalms, offices, and other devotions; he committed to memory the Masses of the Sacred Heart, the Holy Ghost, the Blessed Sacrament, the Chair of St. Peter, the Stigmata of St. Francis, the Mass for the Dead, and the Votive Mass of the Blessed Virgin, which the Pope had already given him leave to say always, so as to spare the eye whose sight was to be tried as little as possible. He had not a good memory naturally, but from the moment his eyes failed him it was wonderfully quickened. He was making great haste to do all he could for himself while there was still light; for he felt it would not last long. His friends little suspected that he was training himself for blindness; they were full of illusions, and rejoicing over the apparent certainty of his being soon made Archbishop and Grand Almoner to the Emperor. He let them talk, laughing in his sleeve, and making ready for a different service; for he was as certain as if Our Lady had appeared in person and announced it to him, that the next time God's finger touched him it would be to put out the light completely, and lock him for the rest of his life in total darkness.

A year went by, and it seemed to those around him that the state of the right eye remained stationary; he, however, knew that it was failing, and more rapidly as time went on. When the holidays came round, he set out for France with a kind of anxious impatience, praying that, if it were God's will, his sight might not go before he got home, and that he might be permitted to see his parents and all his brothers and sisters once more. It seemed very unlikely that this prayer would be granted. His brothers and sisters had not intended to assemble during this vacation at Nouettes, but God reserved this sweet consolation to His generous servant. A series of unexpected circumstances led every member of the family to the castle just at this time, and when Gaston arrived he found them all

awaiting him; even the brother who was in diplomacy got an unlooked-for *cong e*, and came home in time to greet him.

A few days after his arrival, the village doctor came to examine his eyes, and brought the eye of an ox, and dissected it before him, in order that he might admire the structure of the organ. He followed the operation with interest. When it was over, he took a sheet of card-board, and made a spirited sketch of Pius IX. This was the last time he ever used his pencil.

It was a lovely summer's day; they all went for a stroll in the park. Monseigneur was walking with his brother, who was a little in advance of him. Suddenly he stopped, and said, quietly, "I am blind!" He took his brother's arm, and returned to the castle, and begged that nothing might be said to his mother. He went to his room, and Mme. de S gur, on returning from her walk, went and sat a while talking to him, and noticed nothing; she did this several times during the afternoon, and had no suspicion of the terrible fact; Gaston was as gay as usual, and looked as if nothing had happened. But at dinner the truth broke upon her. She noticed that he did not help himself when the dishes were carried round; then she saw his sister cut his meat for him. She looked fixedly at her son for a long moment, and saw that he was blind. At first horror held her silent and motionless, then the mother's agony found vent in tears, and her sobs broke forth. The sight of her grief overcame the self-control of all present, and soon Mgr. de S gur's eyes were the only dry ones at the table. He remained serene and smiling amidst the emotion of his sorrowing family. The catastrophe was to him as a heaven-sent guest; he met God's messenger reverently, and bade it welcome. His real sorrow, as he had said from the first, was the pain his blindness was to his mother, and all his efforts were directed now to consoling her.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

GREAT dejection often follows great enthusiasm.—*Abb  Roux.*

Our Lady's Knight.

BY R. J. MCH.

I.

A BRAVE young knight rode to the West,
His visor closed, his lance at rest;
The shield before his valiant breast
A Heart inflamed discovered;
An interfretted annulet
Of thorns around the Heart was set,
And 'round his lance's coronet
The golden sunbeams hovered,

II.

"To him who loves, all things are light;
Who suffers, Love will soon requite;
Who loves to suffer, loves aright!"—
Thus read the warrior's motto;
Thus sang he as with gallant air
He rode unto the dragon's lair,
Nor paused, except to breathe a prayer
At his dear Lady's grotto.

III.

He journeyed when the sun was high,
And when the stars were in the sky,
Until he reached far Molokai,
The Island of Affliction;
The very air was thick with death,
So noisome was the dragon's breath,
Yet fearless rode the knight beneath,
Our Lady's benediction.

IV.

He faced the dragon in his den
(Our Lady's help was needed then!)—
He would not see his fellow-men,
Unaided, mourn and languish;
He fought right valiantly and well
To save them from the dragon fell,
And by God's grace he wrought a spell
That soothed their lonely anguish.

V.

What though his own young life must be
The forfeit claimed by Leprosy,
In that far island of the sea,
Where bloom Hope's roses never?—
"To him who loves, all things are light;
Who suffers, Love will soon requite;
Who loves to suffer, loves aright!"
Rose for his *chanson* ever.

Fairy Gold.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

CHAPTER XXXI.

AND events did take their course, when, a few evenings later, Marion suddenly saw Earle entering the *salon*, where three or four visitors were already assembled. She herself was at the farther end of the room, and somewhat concealed by a large Oriental screen, near which she was seated. She was very glad of this friendly shelter when she felt her heart leap in a manner which fairly terrified her, as, glancing up, she saw Earle's face in the doorway. Her own emotion surprised her far more than his appearance; she shrank farther back into shadow to conceal what she feared might be perceptible to others, and yet she could not refrain from following him with her eyes.

What she saw was this—that, even while greeting Mrs. Kerr, his glance wandered to Claire; that his first eager step was taken in her direction; and that his face, when he took her hand, was so eloquent of pleasure and tender admiration that it made Marion recall some words he had spoken when they first knew each other in Scarborough. "She charmed me," he had said then of Claire; "she is so simple, so candid, so intent upon high aims." Every word came back with sudden distinctness, with sudden, piercing meaning and weight in the light of the look on Earle's face.

"He is in love with Claire!" said Marion to herself. "Nothing could be more natural, nothing more suitable. There is no struggle *here* between his heart and his judgment, as was the case with me. She seems to be made for him in every respect. Why did I not think of it sooner, and why did not Claire tell me that he had transferred his affection to her? Did she want me to see for myself, or did she think that I should not see? But there is no reason why I should care—none whatever."

Even while she repeated this assurance to herself, however, the sinking of her heart,

the trembling of her hands, belied it, and frightened her by the evidence of a feeling she had not suspected. Surely, among the mysteries of our being, there is none greater than the existence and growth of feelings which we not only do not encourage, but of which we are often in absolute ignorance until some flash of illumination comes to reveal to us their strength.

Such a flash came now to Marion. She had assured herself that she had put Brian Earle out of her heart, and instead she suddenly found that, during the interval in which she had condemned it to darkness and silence, her feeling for him had increased rather than lessened. And she was now face to face with the proof that he had forgotten her—that he had found in Claire the true ideal of his fancy! She felt that it was natural, she acknowledged that it was just, but the shock was overpowering.

Fortunately she happened at that moment to be alone—a gentleman who had been talking to her having crossed the room to ask Mrs. Kerr a question. Seeing him about to retrace his steps, a sudden instinct of flight—of flight at any cost of personal dignity—seized Marion. She felt that in another instant Claire would point her out to Earle, that he would be forced to come and address her. Could she bear that?—was she able to meet him as indifferently as she desired to do? Her beating pulses told her no, and, without giving herself time to think, she rose, lifted a *portière* near her, and passed swiftly and silently from the room.

Claire, meanwhile, glanced up at Earle, and she, too, met that look of tender admiration which Marion perceived. It was not the first time she had met it, but it was the first time that a consciousness of its possible meaning flashed upon her. She did not color at the thought, but grew instead suddenly pale, and glanced toward the corner of the room where Marion was sitting. Marion at that instant had made her escape, but Claire did not perceive this, and, with the sense of her presence, said to Earle:

"You have probably not heard that my friend Marion Lynde is here?"

He started. "Miss Lynde *here* — in Rome!" he asked. "No, I had not heard it. Why has she come?"

"To see and to be with me," answered Claire, calmly. "You know, perhaps, that we are great friends."

"I have heard Miss Lynde speak of you," he said, regaining self-possession; "and if the friendship struck me as rather a strange one, knowing little of you as I did then, you may be sure that it strikes me now as more than strange. I have never met two people in my life who seemed to me to have less in common."

"Pardon me," returned Claire, "you think so because you do not know either of us very well. We have really a great deal in common, and I doubt if any one in the world knows Marion as well as I do."

He looked at her with a sudden keen glance from under brows somewhat bent. "Are you not aware that I had at one time reason to fancy that I knew Miss Lynde quite well?" he asked.

"Yes," said Claire, with frankness; "I know. She has told me of that. But in such a relation as the one which existed between you for a time, people sometimes learn very little of each other. And I think that perhaps you did not learn very much of her."

"I learned quite enough," he replied, — "all that was necessary to convince me that I had made a great mistake. And there can be no doubt that Miss Lynde reached the same conclusion. That, I believe, is all that there is to say of the matter." He paused a moment, then added, "If she is here, I hope it will not be unpleasant to her to meet me, since I should be sorry to be banished from this *salon*, which Mrs. Kerr and yourself make so attractive."

"There is no reason for banishment, unless you desire it," said Claire. "Marion does not object to meeting you. But I think that there are one or two things that you ought to know before you meet her. Are you aware, in the first place, that she has given up your uncle's fortune?"

"No," he answered, very much startled. "Why has she done so?"

"Because Mr. Singleton's son appeared, and she thought that he should in justice possess his father's fortune. Do you not think she was right?"

"Right?—I suppose so. But this is very astonishing news. Are you positively certain that George Singleton, my uncle's son, is alive?"

"I am certain that Marion has told me so, and I do not suppose she is mistaken, since she has resigned a fortune to him. People are usually sure before they take such a step as that."

"Yes," he assented, "but it seems almost incredible. For years George Singleton has been thought to be dead, and I was under the impression that my uncle had positive reason for believing him so. This being the case, there was no reason why he should not leave his fortune as he liked, and I was glad when I heard that he had left it to Miss Lynde; for the possession of wealth seemed to be the first desire of her heart."

"Poor Marion!" said Claire, gently. "You might be more tolerant of that desire if you knew all that she has suffered—suffered in a way peculiarly hard to her—from poverty. And she has surely proved in the most conclusive manner that, however much she desired wealth, she was not prepared to keep it at any cost to her conscience or her self-respect."

"Did she, then, resign *all* the fortune?"

"Very nearly all. She said that she reluctantly retained only a few thousand dollars."

"But is it possible that George Singleton did not insist upon providing for her fitly? Whatever his other faults, he was not mercenary—formerly."

"Mr. Singleton must have tried every possible argument to induce her to keep half the fortune, but she refused to do so. I think she felt keenly some reflections that had been thrown on her by Mr. Singleton's relatives, and wished to disprove them."

Earle was silent for a minute. He seemed trying to adjust his mind to these new views of Marion's character. "And you tell me that she is here—with you?"

"I was about to say that she is in the room," Claire answered; "but I do not see her just now. She was here a few minutes ago."

"Probably my appearance sent her away. Perhaps she would rather not meet me."

"She assured me that she did not object to meeting you; and, unless you give up our acquaintance, I do not see how such a meeting can be avoided; for she has come to stay in Rome some time."

"Well," said Earle, with an air of determination, "I certainly have no intention of giving up your acquaintance. Be sure of that. And it would go hard with me to cease visiting here in the pleasant, familiar fashion Mrs. Kerr and yourself have allowed me to fall into. So if Miss Lynde does not object to meeting me, there assuredly is not the least reason why I should object to meeting her."

Claire would have liked to ask in her sincere, straightforward fashion if all his feeling for Marion was at an end, and she might have done so but for the recollection of the look which had startled her. She did not acknowledge to herself in so many words what that look might mean, but it made her instinctively avoid any dangerous question, and she was not sorry when at this point their *tête-à-tête* was interrupted.

But Marion did not reappear, and when Claire at length went to seek her, she found that she had retired. Her room was in partial darkness, so that her face could not be seen, but her voice sounded altogether as usual when she accounted for her disappearance.

"I found that I was more tired than I had imagined by our day of sight-seeing," she said. "I grew so stupid that flight was the only resource. Pray make my excuses to Mr. Gardner. I vanished while he went across the room, and I suppose he was astonished to find an empty chair when he returned."

"Do you know that Mr. Earle entered just at the time you left?" asked Claire, who had her suspicions about this sudden flight.

"Did he?" said Marion, in a tone of indifference. "Fortunately it is not necessary to make my excuses to him. There is no more reason why he should wish to see me than why I should wish to see him. Another time will answer as well to exchange some commonplaces of greeting. Good-night, dear. Don't let me detain you longer from your friends."

"I am so sorry you are tired! Hereafter we must be more moderate in sight-seeing," observed Claire.

As she went out of the room she said to herself that she must wait before she could decide anything with regard to the feelings of these two people. Was their alienation real and complete? One seemed as cold and indifferent as the other. But did this coldness only mask the old affection, or was it genuine? Claire had some instincts which seldom misled her, and one of these instincts made her fear that the indifference was more genuine with Earle than with Marion. "That would be terrible," she said to herself: "if *he* has forgotten and *she* has not. If it were only possible that they would tell the simple truth! But that, I suppose, can not be expected. If I knew it, I would know how to act; but as it is I can only wait and observe. I believe, however, that Marion left the room because he appeared; and if his presence has such an effect on her, she certainly cares for him yet."

Marion was already writhing under the thought that this very conclusion would be drawn—perhaps by Earle himself,—and determining that she would never again be betrayed into such weakness. "It was the shock of surprise," she said in self-extenuation. "I was not expecting anything of *that* kind, and it naturally startled me. I know it now, and it will have no such effect a second time. I suppose I might have looked for it if I had not been so self-absorbed. Certainly it is not only natural, but very suitable. They seem made for each other; and I—I do hope they may be happy. But I must go away as soon as I can. That is necessary."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Rome of To-Day.

MGR. DUPANLOUP, preaching at St. André della Valle in 1862, foresaw the revolutionary invasion of Rome which was realized in 1870. After having enumerated the most celebrated monuments of the Rome of the Popes, the eloquent Bishop cried out: "And there are men who would dwell there! But they should, then, raze Rome to the ground, and rebuild another suited to themselves." These words came to my mind last year, when, after a long absence, I was paying a visit to the Eternal City,—a city to-day profaned by sacrilegious intrusion.

It was evening. Before me was the depot, illuminated with the electric light, by whose silvery rays could be seen locomotives moving backward and forward, whistling and snorting; and ancient remnants from the *agger* of Servius Tullius, which the pick-axes of modern engineers had unearthed. From this place I was carried into regions entirely unknown to me, yet I must have been in them on several previous occasions. Many a time have I visited the Church of St. Mary of the Angels, and the summits of the Quirinal, of the Viminal, of the Esquiline. But where was I now in this spacious street, full of omnibuses and tramways, lined with saloons all sparkling with light, and with stores vying with one another in the brilliant display of their merchandise? Was I indeed in Rome, and not rather in Turin, Paris, New York, or Chicago—in one of those cities newly formed out of diverse elements, and suddenly springing up as did Potemkin formerly to honor Catharine the Great of Russia on her passage through it?

It was only after a quarter of an hour that I recovered from my bewilderment. My *legno* (cab-driver) made a turn, descended a street down a steep grade, and in a few moments I found myself in a place less brilliantly lighted, more quiet and solemn. I was really in Rome. Here was the Venetian Palace, the *Gesù*, deserted shortly after it became the Roman College. At this moment a clock began to strike; I remem-

bered its chimes; I had heard it before—twenty-five years ago. Then its striking announced the lectures of Franzelin, of Patrizzi, of Tarquini, and of those illustrious professors, successors of other Jesuits more illustrious still; but now what does it announce?

On the next day I hastened to revisit those basilicas and churches, from which, after one has prayed and contemplated them at leisure, one can not depart without leaving a portion of his heart behind him. St. Peter's—the great St. Peter's—is there in its resplendent immensity, with its marbles, its tombs of Popes, its figures of the holy founders of religious orders. Pilgrims still continue to come and reverently kiss the bronze feet of the Galilean fisherman's statue. The little lamps burn as of old, tranquil and calm, around the glorious sepulchre of the Prince of the Apostles. The noble edifice is still filled with that mild and heavenly atmosphere which so deeply impressed the visitor in past ages; and when one raises his eyes towards the gigantic cupola, he sees it suspended in the air like the immovable diadem of an imperishable royalty.

The Basilica of St. Paul, on the Ostian Way, is near completion, and glitters like a vision of the Apocalypse. St. John of Lateran has been renovated by the munificence of Leo XIII., who caused the choir to be rebuilt and ornamented with the most precious marbles. At St. Mary Major's, the statue of Pius IX. seems still to glorify by an eternal prayer the Virgin recently proclaimed Immaculate. Pius IX., where is he not? There are souvenirs of him everywhere; his name is seen at every step; marble and bronze exhibit it on all sides; and it seems as if the streets of Rome mourn because they no longer see him, and St. Peter's appears desolate now that his incomparable voice is heard no more pronouncing a blessing over the city and the world. But it is above all at St. Lawrence's, on the Tiburtian Way—at this basilica, the least pretentious of all, perhaps, which the immortal Pontiff chose for his last resting-

place, and in which his remains lie surrounded with honor, glory, and veneration,—that the memory of Pius IX. is particularly cherished.

Yes, the Rome of the Popes, the Rome of the Apostles, the Rome of Christ, is ever full of life, and her streets and columns of marble, her mosaics and the gilded roofs of her venerable basilicas forever glitter in the brightness of her glowing sun. But if the heart expands in the presence of so enchanting a spectacle, alas! how many other things there are to depress and make it gloomy! How many sights there are that a dutiful son would not wish to see in the city, in the kingdom of his father—and such a Father! That kingdom is now in the hands of men who outrage the holy tenant of the Vatican,—men who proclaim themselves his enemies and oppressors. They have violently taken possession of the city which God gave him. With their artillery they have broken down his gates and shattered his walls, saying, “In the name of all that is just, this land belongs to us.” And yet on seeing these men one can not help thinking that they feel conscious of being a burden to the soil, and with fear and trembling await the issue of their sacrilegious deeds. They have surrounded with fortresses the peaceful city of the Popes; they have massed troops and ordnance within it, and, nevertheless, they deem it necessary to cry out from time to time to encourage themselves, like one who in the darkness of night dreads some lurking danger. “Rome,” they proclaimed the other day, “is impregnable.” Why make so much noise about it, if not to show their doubts, or soothe their guilty consciences?

They have thought—and from their point of view they were, perhaps, right,—that it was necessary to metamorphose Rome—to change its entire character, to rid it of its solemn, aristocratic and sacerdotal aspect,—in order to make of it a modern city, bearing, as they say, the stamp of the civilization of the age. To this end they have multiplied bazaars, theatres, barracks, dram-shops, tramways, omnibus lines, gas-lamps, electric lights, etc. They have not

only built this Via Nazionale, of which they feel so proud—the street in which I became lost on my arrival,—but they have also erected a pile of other buildings in places of very doubtful repute. In the neighborhood of the depot are rows of immense square houses, six stories high. They remind one of Turin stripped of its beautiful porticos and picturesque perspective. Among these buildings is the bureau of finances. It is very spacious—quite in harmony with the deficit of the Italian budget. “This house would make a fine seminary for the Propaganda,” said Pius IX. Let us trust that some day it may be put to this holy use. A new suburb is springing up in the Prati di Castello, behind the Vatican, where Cincinnatus labored with his plow. Its eulogium is summed up in the verse of Brizieux:

“The useful has forever banished the ornamental.”

To reach the place one must cross over a crooked old bridge, which terminates in a variety theatre of the lowest class, and utterly destroys the picturesque beauty of the Port of Ripetta.

In several places the masons are busy in their work of destruction. They have torn down the Corso, to enlarge it; the centre of Rome is a heap of rubbish, which, when carted away, will allow the Via Nazionale to continue its course. They have mutilated the Capitol, to place a statue of Victor Emanuel in a corner of the terrace of the Ara Cæli, not far from where the deplumed eagle and savage wolf have been engaged by those who, except as sons of Adam, can claim no affinity with Romulus or Julius Cæsar.

Where there is so much to blame, it is a relief to find something to praise, and we therefore turn to the excavations of the Campo Vaccino, where have been discovered the pavement of the Forum and of the Julian Basilica, the *atrium* of the vestals with the interesting statues of the vestal priestesses. But they have stripped the Coliseum of all the majesty and beauty with which the hand of Religion alone had been able to adorn it. How grand it was, that

austere wooden cross, looking down in glorious triumph upon the soil that had been so often crimsoned by the blood of Christian martyrs! But it had to come down, it seems, at any cost; and so also the little Stations that hung on the wall of the gallery where the Cæsars, consuls, pontiffs, and vestals formerly sat to view the games. The interests of archæology, too, must be promoted by these modern Romans, and accordingly they scooped up the sand of the arena till they came to a couple of half-finished walls that had been built, in the Middle Ages, from the *débris* of the gigantic structure.

The grand monument is disfigured, but what matter! The Cross is down, and paganism externally triumphant. But, wonderful to relate, the little nook in which St. Benedict Labre used to pray remains untouched, and before it I found men and women of unmistakably Italian physiognomy saying their Beads; so that all Rome is not pagan. When they had ended the Rosary, they honored the virginity of Mary with three *Ave Marias*, which I repeated with them. The Roman people have not forgotten their religion, and Rome, Catholic Rome, whose *perfumes* a great poet has sung in harmonious prose, is immortal.

What sentiments must fill the heart of the true Christian as he experiences these feelings of joy and sadness while contemplating so much splendor and devastation, coming in contact with this beauty ever ancient and ever new, marred, however, as it is by the work of modern vandals! To the politician all this ought to be a subject of serious reflection. For sixteen years the successor of St. Peter has been shut up in the Vatican, while in the dishonored Quirinal opposite him his vanquisher sits enthroned. The trial is a hard one; the history of the Popes, who have suffered so much in their day, narrates few incidents like this. Satan seems to have chosen his own time, and taken the utmost precautions. Acting from impulse and so-called patriotism, Italy has constituted itself a kingdom; its geography even is changed, thanks to the railroads that furrow

its plains and mountains. For twenty-five years military service and administrative centralization have assimilated native and foreigner. Europe, a prey to liberalism and Freemasonry, sent a few chosen soldiers to take part in the modern crusades; but it looked on with silence and indifference during the contest at Castelfidardo and Mentana. The strange fact, however, remains that when it has need of a mediator and an impartial arbiter it calls upon the Pope.

The Vatican of Leo XIII. is like the tomb at Gethsemane. Soldiers stand as sentries round about, and magistrates seal the gate. But all who have faith in Christ believe that in this sepulchre is an imperishable germ of supernatural life. When will the hour of liberty, then, sound for the Church and for the world? When will the moment come for justice to triumph over sects of iniquity? God alone knows. When Leo XIII. raises his eyes to the cupola of St. Peter's he knows that the words "*Portæ inferi non prævalebunt*" are there traced in ineffaceable characters. He knows that the grand obelisk of the Vatican, illumined by the light of human torches under Nero, will forever sing of victory and of Christ the Liberator. When he casts a sorrowful look over the Eternal City—his own rightful domain—he beholds on the summit of his ancient fortress the statue of the Archangel Michael, the great conqueror. He has, accordingly, ordained that all his priests and all the faithful shall invoke every day the name of him who formerly triumphed over the demons.

Yes, the prospect is sad; but already the dawn of another day is breaking—the day of victory, when the God of armies will arise in defence of the right, and when the Lord of hosts will mock at the efforts of kings, princes, and diplomats.

It is a sublime and beautiful doctrine of the early Fathers that there are guardian angels appointed to watch over cities and nations, to take care of good men, and to guard and guide the steps of helpless infancy.—*Washington Irving.*

A Knight of Mary.

A MAN in whom the world was far from seeing a great saint, and who was then but a brilliant and brave officer, defended for Charles V. the city of Pampeluna against the army of Francis I. This was in 1521. The young officer was named Ignatius of Loyola.

The detachments which had been left him for the defence of Pampeluna were in great fear of the French army, and in spite of all his efforts the city surrendered. Ignatius, still unconquered, retired to the citadel, accompanied by a single soldier who had courage enough to follow him; and, although he found but a handful of men in this retreat, he sustained several assaults; a breach, however, was finally made, and the victorious army entered the city. The young officer, who had wished to make of his body a rampart to the fort which he defended, received a blow from a stone, which wounded him in the left leg, at the same time that a bullet shattered the other.

He bore himself so bravely that the French, on his account, spared the little garrison. They carried him with honor to their general, who had him conveyed in a litter to the Castle of Loyola. His family dwelt in this manor, which was not far from the city.

We shall not speak here of the courage with which the wounded man endured the sufferings which he underwent from the medical treatment of his case. It was necessary to break the limb on account of being badly set, cut off a bone which protruded above the knee, and adopt other extreme measures.

During his convalescence the time dragged along wearily and monotonously. His youthful years had been passed at court: first as a graceful page, next as a gallant courtier, and finally as an officer of merit. He was of a noble family, brought up amid pleasures and vanity. Up to that time (he was in his twenty-ninth year) he had paid but little attention to his Christian duties,

leading a life such as, unfortunately, is too generally led in the world. To alleviate the monotony of his condition, he asked for books, choosing those romances of chivalry so much in vogue at the time. Having devoured all the literature of this type that could be furnished him, his attendants brought him the "Life of Christ" and the "Flowers of the Saints." These books he received coldly, but little by little he began to take pleasure in them. He admired, in other careers than his own, heroic acts which he had never imagined; deeply impressed by the imposing army of martyrs, anchorites, confessors, and virgins, he was not slow to recognize that their immortal palms were far above the empty toys of this world.

As he continued to read, his mind was more and more enlightened, and grace touched his heart. He vowed himself wholly to God, and took the generous resolution to walk henceforth in the footsteps of the saints. If the disorders of what is called in society the life of a young man seem light to frivolous consciences, the soul which enters into itself, and examines itself by the light of God, judges differently. Faults that indifferent men scarcely notice, showed themselves to his eyes in their true aspect. According to the code of the saints, they were crimes; for they had outraged God's goodness. It was necessary to expiate them. The hair-shirt and other instruments of penance were at once employed, and never again did St. Ignatius hesitate to make a sacrifice for the sake of his Redeemer.

The ideas of military life had not been eradicated from his mind. In thought he had made himself the Knight of the Virgin Mary, and consecrated himself to Her service. As soon as he was able to go out, he mounted his horse, saying simply that he was going to visit his relative, the Duke of Najera. Upon his arrival, he dismissed the two servants who accompanied him, and, after his visit, set out alone for the sanctuary of Our Lady at Montserrat.

On this rugged mountain, from which the most magnificent views of Catalonia

can be had, is revered a famous image of the Blessed Virgin. According to the traditions which the historians of this celebrated shrine have preserved, the sacred image of Our Lady of Montserrat had been brought into Spain in the first century, if not by the Apostle of the country, at least by his disciples. It was thus honored at Barcelona during the time of the Roman government. When the irruption of the Moors occurred, it was hidden in a cave at Montserrat, and not found until the ninth century.

The annalists of Catalonia, relying upon an inscription discovered in 1239, and preserved in the monastery of Montserrat, relate that in 880, under the reign of Geoffrey, Count of Barcelona, three young goat-herds, whilst guarding their flocks on the mountain during the night, saw bursting forth from a rock a brilliant light which seemed to unite heaven and earth; at the same time they heard coming from the same quarter a supernatural melody. The Bishop of Maresa, accompanied by all the Christians of the neighborhood, went to the mountain on the following night. All beheld the heavenly light. The Bishop, filled with wonder, betook himself to prayer; after which he advanced, followed by the faithful, to the place marked by the light. There he found an image of the Blessed Virgin. He wished to carry it to Manresa, but upon arriving at the spot on which the Church of Our Lady of Montserrat was afterward erected he found it impossible to proceed farther.

Mabillon, who regards as certain the veneration of this image before the Saracen invasion, and the venerable Canisius, who gives Montserrat a place among noted pilgrimages, testify without hesitation to the truth of these events.

Great miracles soon signalized the event just related: the sick whom medical skill had given over suddenly recovered health, dead infants were restored to their mothers, plagues and infirmities disappeared.

It was before this sacred and miraculous image that the young officer wished to accomplish the project he had formed. Knight

of the Blessed Virgin—he thought only of this title, although he as yet but partly understood its significance.

After making a general confession, remembering to have read in his former favorite books that the aspirants to knight-hood prepared themselves by watching a whole night in their armor, which was called the "vigil of arms," he wished to sanctify this ceremony. In his uniform and arms, which he was soon to lay aside forever, he watched the whole night before the altar of the Blessed Virgin. In the morning he hung his sword to a pillar near the altar, to mark his renunciation of secular warfare; he gave his horse to the monastery, his clothes to a poor man, and, after receiving Holy Communion, he departed from Montserrat, a soldier of the Lord, whose greater glory he would always seek. Soon, no doubt favored by Our Lady, he saw the whole career of combats opened before him. The Church, threatened or attacked on all sides by the so-called reformers, stood in need of an intrepid advance guard. He conceived the project of his famous Company of Jesus, which, however, was not established until 1534, at Paris, on the Feast of the Assumption, in the crypt of Our Lady of Montmartre. The Bull instituting it was promulgated at Rome in the year 1540.

We need not narrate here the life of St. Ignatius, who was at the same time a great man and a great saint; nor is this the place to speak of the Jesuits, ever persecuted by those who know them not. They arrested the so-called Reformation, spread enlightenment and a zeal for study, increased the domains of science, produced an imposing array of profound scholars, eminent writers, and illustrious missionaries and saints. Everywhere innocent, but attacked with arms which they can not use judged without being understood, the Society of Jesus marches on the *royal road of the Cross*. As the Gospel commands, it goes about doing good, and prays for those who calumniate it.

MORALS are the blossomings of truth.—
Victor Hugo.

A Treasured Word.

MANY years ago the present Bishop of Charlottetown was parish priest of Tignish, an Acadian settlement in the western part of Prince Edward Island. His mission comprised a large district which is now divided into many parishes. One of these—the Indian reserve known as Lennox Island—was often visited by Father McIntyre, who offered Mass in the little Chapel of St. Anne, and, in default of a presbytery, lodged in the home of the Mic-Mac chief, Peter Francis who was in very comfortable circumstances.

Mrs. Francis, who, like Martha of old, was much engrossed in housewifely duties, and careful for the good Father's comfort, had occasion during one of his visits to punish her little boy Peter, then not much more than a baby. She was very angry, and in keen pursuit of the little fellow, who, terribly afraid of the coming hastisement, fled to the priest for protection. Father McIntyre opened his cassock and wrapped it around the trembling baby, while he gently reproved the mother for her extreme harshness, saying that she really must forgive her son, who would be good henceforth.

"And how do I know he'll be good, Father?" asked the woman.

"I'll answer for him," said the priest; "I'll go security that he will be good."

And so the little boy was reprieved, and Father McIntyre thought no more of the matter.

Many years after, when he was paying his first pastoral visit to Lennox Island as Bishop of the diocese, a procession in his honor came to meet him at the shore. From the ranks stepped a tall, handsome young man, who, doing homage to his chief pastor, said smilingly that he had come to relieve his Lordship of his bond, and, upon the Bishop wonderingly asking what he meant, recalled the incident of the threatened whipping, and said that he was the baby boy for whom his Lordship had gone security so many years before, naively remarking that he had been good ever since.

Hormigo de Oro.

The Monk's Revenge.

A FRANCISCAN lay-brother went out one day as usual to ask for alms. He came by chance to the abode of a noble English Protestant, who had come to take up his quarters in a beautiful country-house outside the walls of Nice. Seeing the door open, the friar began with great humility to ask for alms; but no sooner had the Englishman seen him with his bag on his back, than, full of rage, he commanded him to be gone out of his sight. The friar did not understand the broken French which the other spoke, and so he continued to beg with great humility and patience. At length, quite beside himself with anger, the Englishman belabored the poor mendicant so furiously with a stick that he returned to his monastery, bearing upon him the signs of the reception he had met with at the hands of the Protestant. Rebuffs are the alms which the good sons of St. Francis oftentimes receive!

Some time after this event, the Englishman had occasion to visit a Franciscan monastery in that district. He went thither one day to take sketches of the surrounding country. The good religious conducted him to the garden, procured a chair and table, and paid him every attention, pointing out the vantage-grounds which other artists had chosen, and answering courteously all his questions.

When he had finished sketching, the friar who had accompanied him brought him to a little cell, where he received refreshment. The Englishman accepted it with gratitude, but while he was taking it he was rather surprised to see that the friar who served him was the very one whom he had treated so roughly in his own house. He was so embarrassed that he could not help asking if that was the beggar he had treated so ignominiously some time before. The friar said he was the man.

"But tell me," said the Englishman, "how can you treat me so well, after the evil treatment you received from me? I suppose you didn't know me?"

"Yes, I knew you very well," answered the friar, with great humility; "but my religion commands me to forgive injuries—to love my neighbor, and return good for evil."

This sublime principle, enunciated with so much calmness and modesty, made such an

impression on the heart of the Protestant, that he at once called for the superior of the monastery, related what had happened, and begged pardon. He gave a considerable sum of money to the monastery, and asked that the monk who had been treated so badly by him should go to his house every Saturday, where he would obtain an abundant alms.

A few months afterwards this Protestant became a fervent Catholic. Such are the fruits of Christian Charity.

Catholic Notes.

A decree of the Sacred Congregation of Indulgences and Holy Relics, bearing date April 27 of the present year, declares that for the valid reception of the Brown Scapular it is necessary that it be blessed and imposed singly, and not together with other Scapulars. The privilege of blessing and imposing the Brown Scapular at the same time with others will not be granted in future; and in the case of those who have already received this privilege, it is to cease in ten years from the date of the decree.

Information was received at San Francisco on the 18th inst., from Oun, Alaska, that Archbishop Seghers was murdered last November by his companion and servant in a lonely spot on the Yukon River. The murderer, who assigns no motive for his crime, has given himself up to the authorities. The murdered prelate was formerly Archbishop of Oregon, but resigned his see, and, with the approval of Leo XIII., devoted himself to missionary work among the Indians of the Northwest. He had gone to Alaska with the object, as he himself expressed it, of exploring regions never before visited, and of laboring among natives never before preached to by missionaries of any denomination. An illustrious example of Christian devotedness, Archbishop Seghers was also a fit representative of the Church as the pioneer of civilization.

The *Pilot* draws attention to the fact that the Governors of Massachusetts, for over thirty years, have distributed the honors at Holy Cross College, Worcester. Governor Ames, however, it appears, has been the first to make the natural inquiry, "How can such admirable results be achieved with such slender re-

sources?" The Governor was amazed to learn that the College never had any endowment, and that its very moderate tuition fees were all it had to depend on. Under these circumstances, he came to the conclusion that he could not better testify his admiration for the noble work the College was doing than by starting an endowment fund, which he did, with a subscription of \$1,000. People do not seem to realize that every Catholic college in this country is doing its work without endowments; and if so much has been done without this help, what could not be accomplished with it? We look to men of the stamp of Governor Ames for an answer to this question.

About one hundred and forty leagues from La Paz, the most populous city of Bolivia, is a celebrated sanctuary dedicated to the Mother of God. It possesses a very ancient and miraculous statue of the Blessed Virgin venerated under the title of Our Lady of Copacabana. It was on this spot that, in the month of November last, a very touching scene was witnessed, at the parting between the President of the Republic of Bolivia, M. Pacheco, and his family, who were about to leave for Europe. All had assembled around the altar of Our Lady of Copacabana, consecrated themselves to Mary, and vowed to send from Europe a rich mantle of gold for Her venerated statue.

A voyage thus placed under the auspices of the Star of the Sea could not fail to have a happy issue, and as soon as they arrived at their destination, the mother and children set about the accomplishment of their vow. A cloak, such as had been promised, was ordered, and when completed was immediately sent to Bolivia. M. Pacheco determined to associate the whole people with him in this act of homage to the Blessed Virgin. He formed a national pilgrimage to Our Lady of Copacabana, and set out from La Paz, accompanied by the Vice-President of the Republic, the Minister of State, his *aides-de-camp*, the chief officers of the army, the prominent citizens of the country, his own military escort, and several regiments of soldiers. After two days the imposing pilgrimage arrived at the port of Copacabana. The road to the sanctuary of Our Lady was decorated with two hundred and fifty triumphal arches, richly and tastefully ornamented. Between the throngs, fervent and pious, that lined both sides of the road,

the pilgrimage, with the military band at the head, advanced processionally. On arriving at the sanctuary, the *Salve Regina* was sung; then the President, amid the deep emotion of the assembled multitude, offered to the Blessed Virgin, with respect, love, and gratitude, the rich cloak of gold. Next day a Solemn Mass of thanksgiving was offered up, and all admired the beautiful statue of Our Lady of Copacabana, now resplendent with the graceful ornament bestowed upon Her by Her devoted son, the worthy chief of a worthy people.

The *Weekly Register* states that the Rev. Father Ferrari, S. J., a pupil of the celebrated Padre Secchi, has been sent by the Pope on a scientific mission to Moscow—to observe the solar eclipse that will be visible from that city next month. He will also be the bearer of an autograph letter from the Pope to the Czar.

The question of a short cut from Europe to India has engaged the attention of statesmen and navigators ever since the days of Columbus. The problem has now been solved, but by a different method from that which was formerly thought to be the true one. "The present age," says the *New York Sun*, "has discovered both the existence and the uselessness of the northwest passage." The shortest way to the East is over the Atlantic, and across the American continent; and the sagacious surmise of Columbus that the shortest route to the Orient was westward has been established by the arrival the other day in London of the first cargo of tea from Japan over the Canadian Pacific Railroad. The time it took in coming was thirty and one-half days, or ten days less than is required by the Isthmus of Suez route.

A novelty in church organs is being exhibited at Milan. It is constructed entirely of paper. The inventor is a priest named Giovanni Crespi-Righizzo, one of the professors in the Lyceum in that city; and its builder is a workman named Luigi Colombo. The two gentlemen have obtained a patent for the invention. A German firm of organ builders has already offered them a sum of 50,000 lire for the priority of use.—*The Republic.*

The Rev. Adrien Rouquette, who died at New Orleans on the 15th inst., was for many

a year a prominent figure in the world of literature, and in his beloved field of labor as an apostolic missionary. He was born in one of the wealthiest and most influential French families in Louisiana, and his youthful days were spent in the midst of all the happiness that affluence could afford. His education, begun in New Orleans, was completed at Philadelphia and Nantes (France), from the Royal College of which city he graduated with high honors. During a stay of some years in Paris, he became an associate of the leading men of the day. It was there that, after long meditating upon his vocation, he felt that he was called to the priesthood, and, entering the seminary, he devoted himself to the study of theology. When his course was finished he returned to New Orleans, where he was ordained by Archbishop Blanc in the Cathedral of that city. For several years Father Rouquette served at the Cathedral, during which time he gave evidence of the remarkable powers of oratory with which he was gifted. However, in his zeal he asked and obtained permission to lead the life of a missionary among the Choctaw Indians, who had settled at Bayou Lacombe. There, known by the Indian name of Chatuima, he lived in the midst of the tribe, sharing their wild and rough life, and realizing the happy reward of his devotedness in effecting their conversion to the true Faith, until a few months ago, when failing health obliged him to enter the hospital at New Orleans, where, in the 74th year of his age, he gave up his soul to God.

Though Father Rouquette's writings are not numerous or voluminous, still they are of such literary value as to insure him immortality. Especially delightful are his fugitive poems. "Les Savannes," which appeared in Paris in 1841, was greeted by a most flattering reception from the Parisian *litterati*. His next production was "La Thebaïde en Amérique," an apology on the life of solitude and contemplation. "Wild Flowers" is a collection of poems in English, which, though not his mother tongue, are of the purest and truest style, free from all taint of Gallicism. Among his more recent productions were "La Nouvelle Atala; or l'Isle de l'Esprit," and a long poem in which he idealizes Catherine Tegawita. Brizieux, in writing about l'Abbé Rouquette, has frequently called him the "Bard of Louisiana," or the "Ossian of America."

Longfellow, we remember, regarded him one of the greatest poets of our day. He had enjoyed the correspondence of many famous men of our time, most of whom have expressed their admiration for him as a poet and man in terms bordering on enthusiasm.

The *Universe* tells a good story of a clergyman of the Established Church who went to a certain part of Ireland to stamp out of the people's minds the evils of Mariolatry; and taking a little boy, he asked him to repeat his prayers for him. At once the little boy began the Lord's Prayer, and then went on to the Hail Mary; but the clergyman immediately stopped him, saying, excitedly, "Leave Her out, and never on any account mention Her again." Continuing, the little one recited the Creed till he came to the words "who was conceived by the Holy Ghost, born of—" when, turning his eyes to the worthy man, he said: "Please, sir, here She is again! What am I to do this time?"—*Indo-European Correspondence*.

New Publications.

LIFE OF LEO XIII. From an Authentic Memoir. By Bernard O'Reilly. D. D., LL. D. (Laval.) New York: Charles L. Webster & Co. 1887.

This magnificent volume is one of the most important and valuable publications that has appeared during the last few years. Compiled from an authentic memoir furnished by the order of his Holiness, and written with his encouragement, approbation, and blessing, it will always be a standard and authoritative work on the life of our beloved Holy Father, now happily reigning. The execution of this labor of love could not have fallen into better hands than it has done. Rev. Father O'Reilly's well-known and widely appreciated Life of Pope Pius IX., of blessed memory, showed conclusively that there were few better fitted than himself to undertake the task of giving to the public an account of the life and life-work of his Holiness Pope Leo XIII., to be issued as a souvenir of his Golden Jubilee year. The volume is most appropriately dedicated to Cardinal Gibbons, and contains a letter of approval from his Eminence, along with similar communications from Cardinal Parocchi, the Vicar of his Holiness; Cardinal

Simeoni, Prefect of the Propaganda; and the Archbishop of New York.

This memoir commends itself to all Catholics on account of its subject, the high auspices and favorable conditions under which it has been written, and lastly the marvellously faithful and successful execution of the work. His Holiness is set before us as a scholar, as a servant of God of saintly and stainless character, as a diplomatist, as a teacher of all that is calculated to advance the welfare of society, and as a master of the difficult science of sociology. The fact of his being chosen arbitrator between Germany and Spain, his conclusion of a concordat with Portugal, the exquisite tact he has shown in dealing with ecclesiastical matters in Great Britain, must invite to the perusal of his life even those who are most bitterly opposed to him; while his love for the United States, and his paternal interest in all that pertains to the welfare of our glorious Republic, can not fail to induce many of our separated brethren to embrace the opportunity afforded them by the publication of this life to enlighten themselves on the true character of the common Parent of Christians.

Youthful readers will find the story of the early life of Joachim Vincent Pecci full of interest and romance; students will read with due appreciation the account of his early studies and his progress in the sciences; statesmen will be attracted by the full and detailed account of his administrative and diplomatic career; and every reader of the newspapers will stop to glance at the chapters which give us an insight into the state of Europe since the death of Pope Pius IX., such as can not be obtained from any but the authentic sources which Father O'Reilly has had placed at his disposal. We know of no book that will interest a wider circle of readers, and we are sure the distinguished author will have the satisfaction of knowing that his work has done much to delight Catholics, to attract non-Catholics, and to dispel ignorance and prejudice.

WHAT CATHOLICS HAVE DONE FOR SCIENCE. With Sketches of the great Catholic Scientists. By the Rev. Martin S. Brennan, A.M. New York, Cincinnati, and St. Louis.: Benziger Bros. 1887.

The title of this work is one which will attract the attention of every Catholic; the subject which the book deals with is one of the

prominent topics of the day, but we think Father Brennan has not treated it as fully as it deserves to be treated. The book aims at being a good deal more than a mere *résumé*, but lacks the grasp of the subject that would entitle it to rank as an authority. We are convinced, however, that it will do good and be read with interest by many, and we are also convinced of the excellence of the author's intention. But the field is still open for an author, scientist or no scientist, who can write a complete and authoritative treatise. Such a man would confer an inestimable boon on all classes of the community.

Obituary.

"It is a holy and wholesome thought to pray for the dead."
— 2 MACH., xii., 46

The following persons, lately deceased, are commended to the charitable prayers of our readers: The Rev. Arthur Devlin, of Dunbar, Fayette Co., Pa. (Diocese of Pittsburg), who departed this life on the Feast of Our Lady of Mt. Carmel, aged thirty-seven years.

Brother Francis de Sales, C. S. C., who died suddenly, in Chicago, on the same day, having just finished his annual retreat. He was the efficient director of the Manual Labor School at Notre Dame.

Sister Mary Cherubim, of the Sisters of Holy Cross, who passed away on the 21st inst., fortified by the last Sacraments.

Mrs. Jennie McIntosh, who calmly breathed her last on the 6th inst., at Newry, Pa. She was eighty-one years old, and her peaceful death was fit ending of a well-spent life.

Mrs. Sarah J. O'Donnell, whose precious death occurred on the 13th ult., at Clontarf, Minn.

Mr. Francis C. Kathman, who was called to his eternal rest on the 12th of April. He bore a long illness with true Christian fortitude, and expired in beautiful dispositions.

Mrs. Mary Hogan, an old friend of THE "AVE MARIA" in Charlestown, Mass., whose happy death took place on the 16th ult.

Mrs. Ellen Conroy, of Newport, R. I., whose good life was crowned with a holy death on the 9th inst.

Mrs. Bridget Ivory, who rendered her soul to God on the 8th inst., at Lewiston, Me. She had a long and severe illness, during which she was consoled and fortified by the Sacraments of Holy Church.

Mrs. L. Maginnis, of Omaha, Neb.; Kate Moran, Lewiston, Me.; Mr. — Lynch, Lowell, Mass.

May their souls, and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace!



Honesty Recompensed.

BY E. V. N.

I.

A bright summer sun shed its genial rays over the humble cottage of Hans Müller and his wife, who had just returned from assisting at early Mass on a Sunday morning. The Müllers had seen more prosperous days. Hans had received a goodly patrimony from his father, who had plied his trade of baker in one of our great cities of the West, and he had increased it so far as to enable him to enlarge his shop, employ more men, and, in fine, live at his ease.

One sorrow pressed upon his kind, parental heart, and that of his devout wife—viz., that of several children born to them, only one son, William, had survived. Naturally they lavished upon him all their attention. He was sent to school regularly, and gave great satisfaction to the Christian Brothers, who looked upon him as a very promising pupil. When the boy had completed his studies in grammar and mathematics, he asked his father to let him become a watchmaker, and his parents, after due deliberation, placed him with a firm of noted jewellers, where the greatest pains were taken to teach him the delicate art of watchmaking. The good couple were very lonesome without their dear boy, but wisely consoled themselves by praying much for him, giving alms for his success and his perseverance in the good principles he had imbibed at school. There was a frequent interchange of affectionate letters; for William had been entrusted with commissions to dealers in watches and jewelry in Cincinnati, some distance from his native place.

Meanwhile the Civil War broke out. Müller's business suffered greatly, and he

found himself indebted for a large quantity of flour and other provisions which he could no longer hope to sell. To complete his pecuniary loss, a mob set fire to his bakery, which, with his shop and dwelling-house, was reduced to ashes. He resolved, therefore, to dispose of the lots on which his former property had stood, pay his debts, and with the surplus purchase a small house in the suburbs. A letter was written to William, but not a line of sympathy arrived. However, as the mails were often intercepted in those troublous times, the fond parents resigned themselves to this seeming neglect. Aided by Father Alphonsus, a charitable Franciscan, they obtained a neat cottage near M——, in the suburbs of their native city, within a short walk of the monastery. The venerable Fathers kindly invited the worthy couple to assist at Mass in their chapel, and aided them in many ways to support themselves decently, and become reconciled to their change of condition.

Again and again, as time passed, letters were sent to the absent son, but, strange to say, no answer ever came. Finally the parents concluded that he had followed some recruiting officer, and had been slain in battle. Thus fifteen years elapsed, and on the Sunday on which this little story opens, Müller and his faithful wife Gertrude had been reading over the "Sermon on the Mount," which Father Alphonsus bade them do whenever they were tempted to despondency.

"At one time," remarked Mrs. Müller, with tearful eyes, "we were able to give to charitable purposes more than we now own."

"True," rejoined Hans, "and now neither of us has a decent suit to go to High Mass. But, wife, get your spectacles," he added, "and read a few pages of the 'Imitation.'"

She did so, and began to read slowly and solemnly, her husband signifying his appreciation of the thoughts, maxims, and promises by a nod and a "yes." When she closed the precious volume, both recited the Beads

of the Mother of Sorrows, and resolved more fervently than ever to put all their trust in Him who 'feeds the birds of the air, and clothes the lilies of the field, though they neither toil nor spin.'

II.

Before Müller's cottage there was a well-kept grass-plot, shaded by the wide-spreading branches of a towering elm, under which was a rustic arm-chair, in which Father Alphonsus would sit and contemplate the beauties of nature when he visited his humble friends. Near the gate, which was always ajar, stood a comfortable bench, behind a small table; for some of the neighbors patronized Müller's vegetable garden, and his wife's treasures of fresh eggs and thriving poultry. Passengers on the turnpike often came in during summer, and occupied the bench for a moment's rest. In fact, the little cottage was very attractive; a luxuriant multiflora ran over the porch, and petunias of every shade bloomed, with ponisetta, Jacobean and Bermuda lilies, and hyacinths of many tints. Father Alphonsus brought them seeds of choice plants and scions of shrubs, which Müller cultivated carefully. Then, too, Mrs. Müller's varieties of beautiful poultry would attract the eye of ladies and gentlemen driving out in the afternoon for an airing. The bronze turkeys strutting about, with fowls of Andalusia; the Toulouse geese and Rouen ducklings swimming gaily in the little pond, excited well-deserved admiration.

Still, with all their efforts and their industry, as the couple were advancing in years, they could only just manage to live and keep clear of debt. Their garments had become faded and old-fashioned, so they paid their visit to the chapel of the monastery in the morning and evening twilight, always carrying with them a rich bouquet of flowers and greenery to place on the altar.

III.

While Gertrude was reading aloud to her husband, he had observed a man enter their gate, and, sitting on the bench, make use of the small table to write a memoran-

dum; then, after reading a few moments, the stranger took up his portmanteau, and resumed his journey.

Hans told his wife what he had observed. "Probably the man is looking for the Franciscan Fathers," she said; "but he is going in the wrong direction. I wonder who he is?"

Hans took his hat and cane, and walked slowly over to the arm-chair; but as he passed the bench he observed a coin, which he took to be a new cent, glittering on the grass, and, stooping with difficulty, picked it up and threw it on the table, supposing some customer had dropped it. But the strange rattle of the piece induced him to take his spectacles and examine it more closely. It was an *eagle* fresh from the mint. "Gertrude! Gertrude! come here," he called to his wife, who hurried to his side; "look at this coin! It is a ten-dollar piece. I found it here."

"Blessed be Our Lord! He has not forgotten us," cried Mrs. Müller. "He always remembers those who put their trust in Him. Now, Hans, this will get you a new summer coat and hat, and you can go to High Mass and sermon. Just what I have asked Our Blessed Mother to give you!"

"It would buy you a new dress and a bonnet as well," rejoined the aged man; "but you forget this money is not ours: it probably belongs to the traveller whom I saw here while you were reading."

"I hardly think he will ever miss it; at all events, he can not be sure that he dropped it *here*. It is a real favor from God, who is proving to us that He does not forget His friends."

"God *is* good, dear wife, beyond all that we can express. See how my garden grows, what lucky broods your poultry bring, how cool the wind blows this very morning to refresh us. But God is just also; soon the winds will blow over my grave, and I even hear them murmur in advance the words of the Great Judge: 'What, Hans Müller, you dishonored your grey hairs for a piece of yellow dust!'"

"You are right, Hans. I suppose I we

ought to try to overtake the traveller and return it to him."

"I will try to do so," said Hans, laying down his newspaper and starting off.

His wife watched him trudging along, bent almost double, but hurrying as much as he could, when a sudden thought seized her. She ran down the road, and, quite out of breath, stopped him, saying, "You know there is a big 'elbow' in the turnpike hereabouts. We had better go through the fields, and we shall be pretty sure to get in advance of him. Lean on me, Hans," she added; "I am stronger than you." And on they walked together.

Gertrude had made a close calculation; they had time, by crossing fields, to take breath and wait a few seconds for the stranger to come up; then Hans called out:

"Here, sir, is a gold piece that I think you must have dropped on the grass, at our little cottage, a while ago."

"Thank you, thank you ever so much! I just now missed it." And the traveller swept his eye over the ill-clad couple, while Hans gazed at the speaker. "I would be glad to give it to you," he continued, reflectively, "but I have a long journey to make, and I may need it. However, if you will give me your name, I will send you more than this when I reach my destination."

Hans was lost in thought, but Gertrude said: "O sir, we do not want a reward for restoring your own money."

The stranger smiled, then, drawing out a card and pencil, he asked again, "Give me your name, please?"

"It is Müller," she replied.

"*Müller!*" exclaimed the man, in astonishment; "why, my own name is Müller!"

"William Müller?" inquired Hans.

"Yes," answered the traveller, breathlessly. "Perhaps you knew a baker in the city of—"

"Wife," interrupted Hans, "this is our own son!" And he threw his arms about the young man's neck. The mother's heart was ready to burst with joy. She clung to her son for a long time, kissing him fondly.

God had indeed sent the venerable couple

a blessing after years of sore trial; for the stranger was really their long-absent son.

Our readers may imagine the details of such a meeting: the emotion of the parents, the explanation of their child; the adventures of both father and mother, their grief and misfortunes, minutely narrated; their pious thanksgiving, and their projects for the future.

IV.

When the Civil War broke out, a Swiss partner in the firm to whose care William had been entrusted was on the eve of setting out for Geneva, for the double purpose of transacting business for the company and settling family affairs. This gentleman was a friend of William, and, thinking that he was too young to join the army, and that all their apprentices would have to be dismissed, conceived the idea of taking him to Europe, and let him continue the study of his art in a city in which watchmaking is carried to a high degree of perfection. The presiding partner approved of the plan; letters were sent to Hans Müller, but, as we have seen, they never reached him. The Müllers' change of residence and the accidents of civil strife had contributed to the loss of letters on both sides. When William returned he again made unavailing inquiries, and, obtaining no satisfactory response, had tarried in New Orleans with a branch house of the Cincinnati firm. Finally he became a partner in the business, and, having prospered, had married an estimable lady. But he never forgot his devoted parents, and had resolved to follow a slight clue given him by a missionary priest sojourning in New Orleans. We have seen the result.

The dutiful son at once took measures for having his parents made comfortable during the remainder of their days. He settled on them an annuity, and, as they had become sincerely attached to the excellent Franciscan Fathers, and their pretty cottage, it was deemed better to let them remain where they were than to change their residence in the decline of life. An addition was built to the cottage, and in the

summer William would bring his wife and children to gladden the hearts of the worthy old couple.

Mrs. Müller had a statue of the Afflicted Mother placed near the garden gate, and she would often tell her grandchildren that upright dealing, with confidence in God's protection, gives peace of soul, a treasure far beyond all the riches earth can bestow.

A Daughter to be Proud of.

Two gentlemen, friends who had been parted for years, met in a crowded city street. The one who lived in the city was on his way to meet a pressing business engagement. After a few expressions of delight, he said:

"Well, I'm off. I'm sorry, but it can't be helped. I will look for you to-morrow at dinner. Remember, two o'clock, sharp. I want you to see my wife and child."

"Only one child?" asked the other.

"Only one," came the answer, tenderly; "a daughter. But *she's a darling.*"

And then they parted, the stranger in the city getting into a street-car bound for the park.

After a block or two, a group of five girls entered the car; they all evidently belonged to families of wealth; they conversed well. Each carried a very elaborately decorated lunch basket; each was well dressed. They, too, were going to the park for a picnic. They seemed happy and amiable until the car again stopped, this time letting in a pale-faced girl of about eleven, and a sick boy of four. These children were shabbily dressed, and on their faces were looks of distress. They, too, were on their way to the park. The gentleman thought so; so did the group of girls; for he heard one of them say, with a look of disdain:

"I suppose those ragamuffins are on an excursion, too." Another remarked: "I shouldn't want to leave home if I had to look like that. Would you?"—this to her nearest companion.

"No, indeed. But there is no account-

ing for tastes. I think there ought to be a special line of cars for the lower classes."

All this was spoken in a low tone, but the gentleman heard it. Had the child heard? He glanced at the pale face and saw tears. He was angry.

Just then the exclamation—"Why, there is Nettie! Wonder where she is going?"—caused him to look out upon the corner, where a sweet-faced young girl stood beckoning to the car-driver. When she entered the car she was warmly greeted by the five, and they made room for her beside them. They were profuse in exclamations and questions.

"Where are you going?" asked one.

"Oh, what lovely flowers! Who are they for?" said another.

"I'm on my way to Belle Clark's. She is sick, you know, and the flowers are for her."

She answered both questions at once, and then, glancing toward the door of the car, saw the pale girl looking wistfully at her. She smiled at the child, a tender look beaming from her beautiful eyes; and then, forgetting that she wore a handsome velvet skirt and costly jacket, and that her shapely hands were covered with well-fitted gloves, she left her seat and crossed over to the little ones. She laid one hand on the boy's thin cheeks as she asked of his sister:

"The little boy is sick, is he not? And he is your brother, I am sure."

It seemed hard for the girl to answer, but finally she said:

"Yes, miss, he is sick. Freddie never has been well. Yes, miss, he is my brother. We're goin' to the park to see if 'twon't make Freddie better."

"I am glad you are going," the young girl replied, in a low voice meant for no one's ears except those of the child. "I think it will do him good; it is lovely there, with the spring flowers all in bloom. But where is your lunch? You ought to have a lunch after so long a ride."

Over the little girl's face came a flush.

"Yes, miss, we ought to, for Freddie's sake; but, you see, we didn't have any lunch to bring. Tim—he's our brother—saved

these pennies so as Freddie could ride to the park and back. I guess, mebbe, Freddie'll forget about being hungry when he gets to the park."

There were tears in the lovely girl's eyes as she listened, and very soon she asked the girl where they lived, and wrote the address down in a tablet which she took from a bag on her arm.

After riding a few blocks she left the car, but she had not left the little ones comfortless. Half the bouquet of violets and hyacinths was clasped in the sister's hand, while the sick boy, with radiant face, held a package from which he helped himself now and then, saying to his sister, in a jubilant whisper:

"She said we could eat 'em all—every one—when we get to the park. What made her so kind and good to us?"

And the little girl whispered back:

"It's 'cause she's beautiful as well as her clothes." The gentleman heard her whisper.

When the park was reached, the five girls hurried out. Then the gentleman lifted the little boy in his arms and carried him out of the car, across the road, and into the green park: the sister, with a heart full of gratitude, following. He paid for a nice ride for them in the goat carriage, and treated them to oyster soup at the park restaurant.

At two o'clock sharp the next day, the two gentlemen, as agreed, met again.

"This is my wife," the host said, proudly, introducing a comely lady; "and this," as a young lady of fifteen entered the parlor, "is my daughter."

"Ah!" said the guest, as he extended his hand in cordial greeting, "this is the dear girl whom I saw yesterday in the street-car. *I don't wonder you called her a darling. She is a darling*, and no mistake, God bless her!" And then he told his friend what he had seen and heard in the horse-car.—
Our Dumb Animals.

THE boy who says his night prayers in bed will soon neglect them altogether.



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Lilies.

BY SARA TRAINER SMITH.

THE blossoms of the lilies slow unfold
 When the glad summer sighs its happy
 breath
 O'er teeming fields that seem to laugh at
 death.

The petals open over hearts of gold,
 And from the sweetness loose their gentle hold,
 To cast it wavering on the golden air,
 Seeking in vain a resting-place more fair
 Than these pure chalices of perfect mould.
 Well might the Angel come to Mary's side,
 Bearing such token of Her-home on high!
 First by the ripple of life's crystal tide,
 Must they have bloomed beneath God's
 loving eye;
 And when His Son came hither to abide,
 His footsteps left them springing far and wide.

The Children of Mary.

BY R. H.

WHEN Mary became Mother of God
 all Christians were made, by the
 very fact, Her children. This tender
 relationship was solemnly ratified, from
 the tribunal of the Cross, when the dying
 Redeemer pronounced Her the Mother of
 His beloved Apostle. Thus the Congrega-
 tion of the Children of Mary is, virtually, a
 divine institution. It embraces, in a true

sense, all mankind, but it binds together the
 children of the Church by the strictest ties
 of spiritual consanguinity. Yet this com-
 mon family tie was not deemed sufficient to
 satisfy the ardor of devotion that at all times
 inflamed the popular heart in the service of
 the common Mother of the faithful.

It may often be observed, in the natural
 family, that the mother—the centre and
 bond of all the home affections—becomes
 an object of almost passionate attachment
 to one or more of her children. This she
 repays in kind, and so in that circle wherein
 love is most impartial there is formed a
 sort of esoteric bond. An inner sanctuary is
 built, whose secrets are reserved for those
 specially beloved ones whom a holy jeal-
 ously designates as the "mother's pets."
 These assume a sort of prerogative in the
 household, founded chiefly on their fond-
 ness for "clinging to the mother's apron-
 string." Such as these in the family of the
 Church are the Children of Mary. It will
 surely be interesting to all Mary's Ameri-
 can children to learn, through THE "AVE
 MARIA," which I take it is their organ,
 the story of the institution, formation, and
 fortunes of their society. I shall tell them,
 or those of them that do not know, all I
 know myself on the subject.

The Confraternity of the Children of Mary
 is connected in a very special manner with
 the history of the Jesuit Order. Through
 the Jesuits it became widely known, and it
 was cherished and patronized by their So-
 ciety in all parts of the Catholic world. ²A

young Jesuit priest, Father Léon, a professor in the Roman College, established the Confraternity there in 1563. Soon after it became one of the most distinguished and popular of devout institutions. It had inscribed on its lists such names as those of St. Charles Borromeo, St. Francis of Sales, St. Louis Gonzaga. This Confraternity was erected under the title of the Annunciation of the Blessed Virgin Mary, and it flourished wonderfully among the youth who frequented the Jesuit colleges wherever they were established. It was, however, exclusively a boys' society.

This foundation can not, however, be truly called the origin of the Confraternity of Mary. It goes back to a much earlier age. Towards the end of the eleventh century a Regular Canon of St. Augustine, the Blessed Peter de Honestis, founded at Ravenna, in the Church of S. Maria del Porto, a congregation which he named the "Sons and Daughters of Mary." An immense enthusiasm sprang up on all sides in its favor. All classes became eager for enrolment. The very title of the association levelled all distinctions of rank by ennobling all its wearers. The "Sons and Daughters of Mary" were all equal in an age and a society where faith, their common bond and heritage, was the recognized charter of true nobility, and mere rank was but its appanage. Supreme Pontiffs, emperors, kings, and queens, many of whom were enrolled in the society, could own no higher title than that of "Sons and Daughters of Mary." As such they were "one in name and one in fame" with the lowliest in worldly station. At the head of the list was the name of the great Princess Matilda of Canossa, who may justly be called the first Child of Mary.

Unfortunately, this Congregation, like all others that are nearly connected with the dogma and destinies of the Church, suffered, together with her, all the inward and outward trials she passed through during the succeeding ages. Little by little its members abandoned the fervor of devotion that distinguished the earlier period of the

institution. In fact, it may be considered to have lapsed, as a special association, in the centuries that followed.

It was revived, however, towards the end of the sixteenth century: first, as we have seen, by the Jesuit, Father Léon, who introduced it into the Roman College, whence it spread to all the Jesuit institutions. But another hand was destined to spread this seed of devotion broadcast throughout the world, and restore it to its primitive purpose. It was the hand of Blessed Peter Fourier, Patriarch of the "Active Orders," and, like the early founder of the Confraternity, also a Canon Regular. This apostolic man had himself been educated by the Jesuits at the University of Pont-à-Mousson, and was a Child of Mary of the Confraternity of that place. In 1586 he became a Canon Regular of St. Augustine, in the ancient Abbey of Chaumouzey, near Épinal, and afterwards curé of the parish of Mattaincourt in the Vosges, a once obscure hamlet, now become famous from his name and virtues. The one idea of his life was the religious education and training of children. To this end he founded a religious congregation at Mattaincourt, devoted entirely to instructing young girls in letters and useful handiwork. This congregation was approved and erected into a religious order by Paul V. and Urban VIII. Under the name of the Congregation of Notre Dame, it spread in a remarkable way. It was established in Canada as early as 1657—more than a hundred years before the Independence of the United States—by Margaret Bourgeois, President of the *Congregation Externe* of Troyes.

This was what may be called the grand work of Blessed Fourier's life. In connection with it, however, he wished to popularize, among the young especially, the Confraternity of Mary to which he had long ago given his name when a student with the Jesuit Fathers, and which owed its first foundation to a member of his own Canonical Order. "This holy Confraternity," he writes to the Rev. Father Guinet, "must tend to the glory of God and the increase of devotion to

the Blessed Virgin Mary." He introduced it first among the girls that were being educated by his congregations of Notre Dame, but he so framed its rules that it might be adapted also to young boys in parish schools, and to young people in all stations of life. In 1631 Cardinal Francis of Lorraine, Bishop of Toul, approved of Blessed Peter's association of Children of Mary, and erected it into a confraternity. Thenceforth it grew apace, spread from the Old World to the New, and flourished vigorously in both.

But we have not yet done with the history of this happy family, so old in time, and yet so fresh and youthful in its gathering that it seems to have kept up a perpetual springtime, an unending flower season, in the long ages of Religion. The associations we have been observing so far embraced but did not define the Children of Mary of our day, who are a congregation of young maidens only, devoted to Mary's service and imitation. It was left to the poetic heart of Pius IX. to gather the daughters of the family together, and bind them to their Mother by the sweetest bond of consecration—a memorial wreath formed from the mingled laurels and lilies of martyrdom and maidenhood. It was a thought worthy of that tender soul to weave into the story of the Children of Mary the blessed memory of Agnes, the true "mother's pet" of the Church in heaven and on earth. It happened this wise.

About the middle of this century the Most Rev. Dom Passeri, General of the Canons Regular, re-established the institution of his early predecessor in the Order, Blessed Peter de Honestis, in the Basilica of St. Agnes outside the walls of Rome. This is one of the Roman churches of the Regular Canons, and is a celebrated centre of devotion for the youth who congregate in Rome. On the 30th of September, 1864, this new foundation was canonically erected by a rescript of Cardinal Patrizi, Vicar-General of Pius IX., under the title of Pious Union of the Children (*figlie*—daughters) of Mary. It was then placed under the pat-

ronage of the Immaculate Virgin and St. Agnes. Thus Pius IX. made the tomb of this heroic virgin and martyr the centre of all the congregations of the Children of Mary, and by divers briefs he nominated it *Primaria*—first, or chief, or arch-confraternity. He gave to it also the faculty of aggregating canonically to itself all other associations of the Children of Mary, and he enriched this Archconfraternity and its aggregates with many and large indulgences.*

Leo XIII. renewed and confirmed this work of his predecessor. Since 1886 the Confraternity of St. Agnes has gathered to itself three thousand Pious Unions from all parts of the world. The authority of affiliating is reserved to the Most Rev. Father General of the Canons Regular, on condition that the society petitioning for affiliation have the approval of the bishop of the place where it exists, conducts its proceedings under the patronage of Mary Immaculate and St. Agnes, and engages to observe the rules contained in the "Manual of the *Primaria*,"† or book of common prayer of the Confraternity of St. Agnes. Thus upon the very tomb of this heroic virgin and martyr the Confraternity of the Children of Mary has come to be established. Resting upon such foundation, it shall no more suffer change of form or lack of fervor and efficiency.

It is greatly to be desired that all the American congregations of the Children of Mary should associate themselves with the Confraternity of St. Agnes. I have before

* Pius IX. never forgot his miraculous preservation on the occasion of a state visit he made to St. Agnes' Church in 1855, about ten years before the foundation of this association. For an account of this event see THE "AVE MARIA," Vol. XXI., No. 51.

† This manual, or prayer-book, has not yet appeared in English. I have, therefore, undertaken to translate it from the Italian, so that it may come to be in general use among English-speaking Children of Mary, and that the Confraternities may be enabled to gather with their Roman sisterhood round the tomb of St. Agnes, enjoy all the blessings and privileges of the Roman Confraternity, and form one society with it.

me a ravishing vision as I write,—a vision that will certainly before long, become a more beautiful reality. I see the fair and faithful young sisterhoods of America gathering from every diocese and parish of the boundless continent, under the guidance of their several pastors. I see them assemble by the Atlantic shore, like the white sea-birds that stop to rest a while and concert their airy plans before taking wing over the wide ocean. I see them at length perch as it were outside Rome's walls—there where old Nomentum lies hiding its secrets deep in the hallowed soil. They bring with them a breath of ocean to refresh the tired old Tiber, and a whiff from the prairie to stir up and disinfect the lazy breezes of the Campagna. Of the great dome of St. Peter's they will, for the nonce, take only a bird's-eye view. The goal of their flight is not hung, like Angelo's artistic miracle, high in air. It lies low in the nether earth; for ages have piled their grey robes over the bed where Agnes lies sleeping.

There is nothing in Rome or in the world more soul-subduing than that silent shrine. Down the great marble steps leading to it flutter the American Children of Mary. The great nave, with its everlasting pillars, opens to their view. It is the vestibule of the Catacombs of St. Agnes. Its arches glow serenely in the mellow light that seems the glimmer of a spiritual presence—for the glitter of day has been left to the world above. Festoons of gold mosaic, like amber satin, bind the pillar caps and architraves, and they seem to swing and rustle as the shadows come and go upon them. At the far end from the foot of the great staircase stands the altar. It is St. Agnes' tomb. Beneath it lies that faultless virgin form. One feels as though it had but just been laid there. Tears of unspeakable pity spring to the eyes. "So young, so beautiful; cut off so cruelly in the flower of her hopes and joys, at the very moment of the fulfilment of life's brightest promises!" But pity is here a brief sentiment. Admiration, love, a yearning for spiritual companionship with her, a devout jealousy of the blessed martyr-

maiden, is the feeling that succeeds and remains. All the American Children of Mary will experience these emotions; and a tenderness, worth a thousand such long flights as they have taken to come here, will possess their souls.

Around the marble chancel rail, within it, and swaying backwards to the curve of the apse, they will see gathered their dark-eyed Roman sisters. The gilt-bronze statue of Agnes, raised above the tabernacle, forms the lofty centre figure of their group. The arms are slightly parted from the sides, as though in the inception of a gesture of embrace. The right hand holds a wreath of gold—the double crown she won. She seems to have removed it from her brow to place her visitors more at ease, and to receive them as their sister rather than as their queen.

I dare not pursue the vision, for it ends at this point in a sweet confusion. Nature and grace become delightfully mingled. There is a rush and a flutter, and two ages, separated by eighteen hundred eventful years, meet as though they had parted but yesterday. Old Rome and young America, or young Rome and young America—which is it?—(the mind becomes dazed amid this mingling of forms and faces, dates and distances, that are all one, and yet not one) meet together at the feet of Agnes. Oceans and continents, ages and their events, are but illusions. The one truth is that these are sisters who have known and loved one another and lived together all their days without being aware of it till now. There is no common language needed here. Theirs is the true language of flowers—flowers that reflect and interpret themselves, and distil from one to other the fragrance caught from the Lily of the Valley and the Rose of Sharon.

WRETCHED is he who remains ignorant of the sublime influences of confession. Still more wretched he who feels called upon to regard it with scorn, that he may not appear one of the vulgar.—*Silvio Pellico.*

Fairy Gold.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

CHAPTER XXXI.—(Continued.)

IT was several days after this that the meeting between herself and Earle took place. She had been with Claire for some hours in the galleries of the Vatican, and finally before leaving they entered the beautiful Raphael Loggia—that lovely spot filled with light and color, where the most exquisite creations of the king of painters glow with immortal sunshine from the walls. As they entered and paced slowly down its length, a figure was advancing from the other end of the luminous vista toward them. Marion recognized this figure before Claire did, and so had a moment in which to take firm hold of her self-possession before the latter, turning to her quickly, said, "Yonder comes Mr. Earle."

"So I perceive," replied Marion, quietly. "He has not changed sufficiently to make an introduction necessary."

The next moment they had met, were shaking hands, and exchanging greetings. Of the two Marion preserved her composure best. Earle was surprised by his own emotion when he saw again the face that once had power to move him so deeply. He had said to himself that its power was over, that he was cured in the fullest sense of that which he looked back upon as brief infatuation; but now that he found himself again in Marion's presence, a thrill of the old emotion seemed to stir, and for a moment rendered him hardly able to speak.

Conventionalities are powerful things, however, and the emotion must be very strong that is not successfully held in check by them. Claire went on speaking in her gentle voice, giving the others time to recover any self-possession which they might have lost.

"We just came for a turn in this beautiful place before going home," she said to Earle. "They are my delight, these *loggias* of the Vatican. All the sunshine and charm

of Italy seem to meet in the divine loveliness of the frescos within, and the beauty of the classic gardens without. A Papal audience is never so picturesque. I am sure, as when it is held in one of these noble galleries."

Earle assented rather absently; then saying, "If you are about to go home, I will see you to your carriage," turned and joined them. It was a singular sensation to find himself walking again by Marion's side, and the recollection of their last parting returned so vividly to his mind that when he spoke he could only say, "My poor uncle's life was much shorter than I imagined it would be, Miss Lynde."

"Yes," replied Marion, quietly. "His death was a great surprise to everyone. I am sure you did not think when you parted from him that his life would be numbered only by weeks."

"I certainly did not think so," he answered, with emphasis. Then he paused and hesitated. Conversation seemed hedged with more difficulties than he had anticipated. His parting with his uncle had been so closely connected with his parting from Marion, that he found it a subject impossible to pursue. He dropped it abruptly, therefore, and remarked: "I was greatly surprised to learn from Miss Alford that my cousin George Singleton is alive, and has returned from the wild regions in which he buried himself."

This was a better opening. Marion replied that Mr. Singleton's appearance had astonished everyone concerned, but that his identity was fully established. "Indeed," she added, "I do not think there was a doubt in the mind of any one after he made his personal appearance."

"And you gave up your fortune to him?" said Earle, with a sudden keen glance at her.

She colored. "I did not feel that it was *my* fortune," she answered, "but rather his. Surely his father must have believed him dead, else he would never have made such a disposition of his property."

"That was my impression—that he believed him dead. But it is difficult to speak

with certainty about a man so peculiar and so reticent as my uncle. You will, perhaps, pardon me for saying that, since he had left you his fortune, I do not think you were bound to resign it all."

"I suppose," said Marion, somewhat coldly, "that I was not bound to resign any of it: I had, no doubt, a legal right to keep whatever the law did not take from me. But I am not so mercenary as you believe. I could not keep what I did not believe to be rightfully mine."

Despite pride, her voice trembled a little over the last words, and Earle was immediately filled with self-reproach to think that he had wounded her.

"So far from believing you mercenary," he said, gravely, "I think that you have acted with extraordinary generosity,—generosity carried, indeed, beyond prudence. Forgive me for alluding to the subject. I only regret that my uncle's intentions toward you have been so entirely frustrated."

"I have the recollection of his great kindness," she said, hurriedly. "I know that he desired to help me, therefore I felt it right to keep something. I did not leave myself penniless."

"You would have been wrong if you had done so," remarked Earle; "but it would have been better still if you had kept a fair amount of the fortune."

"Oh, no!" she replied; "for I had no claim to any of it—no claim, I mean, of relationship. I was a stranger to your uncle, and I only kept such an amount as it seemed to me a kind-hearted man might give to a stranger who had wakened his interest. Mr. George Singleton was very kind, too. He wished me to keep more, but I would not."

"I understand how you felt," said Earle; "and I fear I should have acted in the same manner myself, so I really can not blame you. I only think it a pity."

The gentleness and respect of his tone touched and pleased her. She felt that it implied more approval and sympathy than he liked to express. Unconsciously her eyes thanked him, and when they parted a little

later in one of the courts of the Vatican, each felt that the awkwardness of meeting was over, and that there was no reason why they should shrink from meeting again.

"I have wronged her," said Earle to himself as he strolled away. "She is not the absolutely mercenary and heartless creature I had come to believe her. I might have known that I was wrong, or Miss Alford would not make a friend of her. Whoever *she* likes must be worthy of being liked."

CHAPTER XXXII.

It was soon apparent to Marion that Claire's talent was as fully recognized by the artists who made her circle now, as it had been by the nuns in the quiet convent she had left. They praised her work, they asked her judgment upon their own, and they prophesied a great future for her—a future of the highest distinction and the most solid rewards.

"I knew how it would be, Claire," Marion said one day, as she sat in the studio of the young artist watching her at work. "I always knew that *you* would succeed, whoever else failed. Do you remember our last conversation together—you and Helen and I—the evening before we left school, when we told one another what we desired most in life? *I* said money; well, I have had it, and was forced to choose between giving it up, or giving up my self-respect. I have found out already that there are worse things than to be poor. Helen said happiness—poor, dear Helen!—and the happiness of which she was thinking slipped out of her fingers like a vapor. But you, Claire,—*you* chose something worthy: you chose success in art, and God has given it to you."

"Yes," observed Claire, meditatively, "I have had some success; I feel within myself the power to do good work, and my power is recognized by those whose praise is of value. I feel that my future is assured—that I can make money enough for all my needs, and also the fame which it is natural for every artist to desire. But, Marion, do you know that with this realization has come a great sense of its unsatisfactoriness? There

are days in which I lay down my brushes and say to myself '*Cui bono?*' as wearily as the most world-weary man."

"Claire, it is impossible!"

Claire smiled a little sadly as she went on mixing her colors. "It is very possible and very true," she said. "And I suppose the moral of it is that there is no real satisfaction in the possession of any earthly ideal. We desire it, we work for it, and when we get it we find that it has no power to make us happy. We three, each of us in different ways, found that out, Marion."

"But there was no similarity in the ways," replied Marion. "Mine was an unworthy ideal, and Helen's a foolish one; but yours was all that it ought to be, and it seems to me that you should be perfectly happy in the attainment of it."

"And so I am happy," said Claire. "Do not mistake me. I am happy, and very grateful to God; but I can not pretend to a satisfaction in the attainment of my wishes which I do not find. There is something lacking. Though I love art, it does not fill the needs of my nature. I want something more—something which I do not possess—as an object, an incentive—"

She broke off abruptly, and Marion was silent for a moment from sheer astonishment. That Claire should feel in this way—Claire so calm, so self-contained, so devoted to her art, so ambitious of success in it—amazed her beyond the power of expression, until suddenly a light dawned upon her, and she seemed to see what it meant. It meant—it *must* mean—that Claire in her loneliness felt the need of love, and the ties that love creates. Friends were all very well, but friends could not satisfy the heart in the fullest sense; neither could the pleasure of painting pictures, nor the praise of critics, however warm. Yes, Claire desired love—that was plain; and love was at hand for her to take—love that Marion had thrown away.

"It is just and right," said the latter to herself. "I have nothing to complain of—nothing! And she must not think that I will regret it. I must find a way to make

her understand this." After a minute she spoke aloud: "Certainly you have surprised me, Claire; for I did think that *you* were happy. But I suppose the moral is, as you say, that the attainment of no object which we set before ourselves is able to render us thoroughly satisfied. But your pictures are so beautiful that it must be a pleasure to paint them."

"Genius is too great a word to apply to me," remarked Claire, quietly. "But it is a pleasure to paint; I should be ungrateful beyond measure if I denied that. I have much happiness in it, and I am more than content with the success God has granted me. I only meant to say that it has not the power to satisfy me completely. But that, I suppose, nothing of a purely earthly nature can have."

"Do you think not?" asked Marion, rather wistfully. This is "a hard saying" for youth to believe, even after experience has somewhat taught its truth. Indeed the belief that there may be lasting good in some earthly ideal, eagerly sought, eagerly desired, does not end with youth. Men and women pursue such delusions to the very end of life, and lie down at last in the arms of death without having ever known any lasting happiness, or lifted their eyes to the one Ideal which can alone satisfy the yearning of their poor human hearts.

This glimpse of Claire's inmost feeling was not forgotten by Marion. It seemed to her that it made matters very plain, and she had now no doubt how the affair would end as regarded Earle. She said again to herself, "I must go away"; but she knew that to go immediately would be to betray herself, and this she passionately desired not to do. Therefore she did what was the next best thing—she avoided Earle as much as possible, so markedly indeed that it would have been impossible for him to force himself upon her even if he had desired to do so. She persevered in this line of conduct so resolutely that Claire began to think that some conclusions she had drawn at first were a mistake, and that the alienation between these two was indeed final.

But Marion's success cost her dearly. It was a severe discipline through which she was passing—a discipline which tried every power of her nature, in which there was a constant struggle to subdue everything that was most dominant within her. Passion that had grown stronger with time, selfishness that demanded what it desired, vanity that smarted under forgetfulness, and pride that longed to assert itself in power,—all of these struggled against the resolution which kept them down. But the resolution did not fail. "After having thrown away my own happiness by my own fault, I will die before I sacrifice Claire's," she determined. But it was a hard battle to fight alone, and, had she relied solely upon her own strength, might never have been fought at all, or at least would have ended very soon. But Rome is still Rome, in that it offers on every side such spiritual aids and comforts as no other spot of earth affords.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Deception.

BY CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

I knew a cumbrous hill,
From whose green breast did daintily distil
A throbbing rill.

"This is the artery,
And farther on the crystal heart must be,"
Thought said to me.

All other I forsook,
To follow every turn and curious crook
In that wild brook.

Among deep mosses set,
I found the sparkling fount that did beget
The rivulet.

No other eye had known
Its secret, nor ear heard; for it made moan
Always alone.

I quaffed its waters clear,
Its lulling music babbled to mine ear
With voice sincere.

Then such a silence fell
Upon me, mantling me as where a spell
Is wont to dwell.

Yet fled I from the place
At a rude rustling, and fear gave me chase
In my disgrace—

'Twas a slim water-snake,
Slipt like an arrow thro' the shivering brake,
And left no wake,

But cleft the placid spring,
And waved its flaming sword, its forkèd sting,
In a charm'd ring.

So was the fountain spoiled:
Within its limpid walls a devil coiled—
My trust was foiled.

Father Friederich Spee and the Witch-
craft Mania.

BY T. F. GALWEY.

SUPERSTITION and irreligion are two opposite forms of error. Superstition ascribes divine or supernatural powers to persons or things that are not entitled to them, while irreligion refuses to ascribe these where they really exist. It is a prevalent notion that superstition is confined to the ignorant. The phrase "ignorance and superstition" has enjoyed a wide vogue, showing how easy it is for ingenious and plausible phrase-makers to disseminate untruth merely by playing on the popular love for brief and pithy expression. It is quite true that a certain sort of ignorance is favorable to superstition, but the sophistry of the phrase consists in making superstition seem to be coincident with what is popularly called ignorance—that is to say, with illiteracy and general lack of knowledge of the world's ways; whereas the only ignorance that has any logical connection with superstition is ignorance of true religion.

In our own day and country we have an instance. Millions of Americans of at least the average intelligence, and of more than the average inquisitiveness of mind—many

of them, even, of unusual acquirements,— have been the victims of what is called Spiritism. It matters not whether Spiritism be regarded as a thorough deception, or whether it be held to be in whole or part a manifestation of infernal forces: it remains that the mass of Spiritists wrongly suppose themselves to be in communication with an upper world. Though superstition and irreligion are opposite forms of error, they are, for all that, often united in the same person. The really superstitious are nearly always irreligious, and the irreligious are, perhaps, nearly as often superstitious.

Figuratively speaking, superstition is the ruins of true religion. It is in a sense a caricature of true religion. The most Protestant parts of Germany are full of queer superstitious beliefs and practices, which are, to a considerable extent, the misunderstood survivals of Catholic doctrines and devotions. Those regions of Pennsylvania where the primitive habits and customs of the early Protestant German settlers remain without much change, and some of the Western rural communities whose inhabitants came originally from that Pennsylvanian stock, are very much given to odd varieties of superstition; which, however, are rarely malignant in intent, having to do chiefly with the pretended cure of ills in man or beast. The late Norman MacLeod, one of Queen Victoria's honorary chaplains, related, in a volume of ministerial reminiscences, that not many years ago the Protestant clergymen in the Presbyterian parts of the Scottish Highlands used to be incensed on observing that their simple-minded mountain flocks, Presbyterians though they were, persisted in making the Sign of the Cross over their sick cattle, as the best remedy available; they mumbled at the same time in Gaelic broken and meaningless fragments of the Lord's Prayer and the Angelical Salutation. In this case, what with their Catholic ancestors had been a pious and perfectly proper prayer, had, apparently, become degraded among these Presbyterians into a superstitious incantation.

In the countries that constituted the Ro-

man Empire every grove, every dell, every mountain and stream had its special divinity. In the barbarous lands of the north of Europe each of the elements—air, fire, water; every season of the year, storm and calm, the blue sky, the dark cloud; every wind, the rain, the hail, the sleet and the snow; every locality, had its particular dominant spirit. Everywhere, in fact, there was the dominion of the deified physical forces, whose worship in another form has been revived by our modern infidels. The natural physical laws were but little understood then, even by the most enlightened. The sailor, therefore, saw the direct action of the gods in the winds and the waves; the farmer in the favorable or unfavorable growth and bearing of his crops and herds; the housewife was conscious of an unseen presence amid her domestic duties.

In the Roman and Grecian States, despite the general mythology which had the sanction of the Government and the legalized priesthood, there was everywhere a purely popular form of religion which clung with an almost pathetic affection to the local deities, which knew little and cared little for Jupiter and Apollo, or Juno and Venus, or Neptune and Vulcan, but which worshipped with genuine devotion the queer gods and goddesses of the mountain cleft and the river side, the deities of their own neighborhood. It was this local and rustic idolatry which toward the end offered the most strenuous opposition to the introduction of Christianity into the Roman Empire. The villagers, or *pagani*, had a sort of home feeling for their neighborhood deities; and, though they would readily abandon the great gods and goddesses of Olympus—for whom, after all, it is quite likely that the masses of the people, especially the rustics, had never entertained any very sincere reverence,—they displayed a sort of patriotic reluctance to give up their local superstitions.

Christianity, therefore, found many unwilling converts, who, while in deference to the general popular movement they outwardly conformed to, inwardly retained a

liking for the ancient local myths. Dryads and fauns, naiads, sprites, elves, and fairies still continued to have their votaries. But as Christianity gained strength and took an official sanction, the ancient cult withdrew more and more out of sight. Remote or obscure spots, such as deep glens in the mountains, or gloomy nooks in the shadow of the wood—probably the ancient seats of these deities,—were resorted to by these imperfectly converted Christians. By the force of circumstances, an air of mystery and of weirdness began to enshroud these superstitions, which in the olden day had been conducted with an artless frankness entirely devoid of affectation, and probably innocent of fraud or of intentional deceit. The depth of night was now the chosen time, and the chief promoters were, for the most part, crabbed and sour-faced old women—withered and gibbering hags such as Shakspeare presents to us in "Macbeth."

It was undoubtedly this foul and uncaunty survival of the old local heathenism which developed in the course of time into the mania known as witchcraft. It is true that magic, necromancy, divination, and other occult superstitions, flourished, and vigorously too, before the time of Christianity; but there is this important distinction to bear in mind. Before Christianity the public conscience saw nothing intrinsically impious in these arts. So long as they produced no disastrous effects, or supposed disastrous effects, their practice excited no ill-will. On the contrary, they were, rather, regarded with kindly interest if practised for a good purpose; for example, for the curing of disease and the like. But once Christianity was accepted, the very profession or practice of such arts, no matter what the end aimed at, was in itself an impiety—an irreverent deceit, if fraudulent; or a defiance of God, if genuine.

Witchcraft implies some sort of contract with the infernal powers, by means of which preternatural privileges are supposed to be obtained. As might be expected, Germany, where Christianity was latest introduced, gives us the earliest records in Christendom

of the existence of witchcraft. There are German synodal decrees of the eighth and ninth centuries which deal with the matter; although it is worthy of remark that these decrees seem intended, not so much for the suppression or punishment of witchcraft, as for the condemnation of those who, through a foolish dread of witchery, were tempted to engage in a fanatical pursuit of supposed witches that was likely to lead to great injustice.

The dawn of Protestantism was really the beginning of the witchcraft era. For even the famous bull of Innocent VIII., near the end of the fifteenth century—the first official pronouncement of consequence on the subject of witchcraft,—was, like the decrees of several centuries before in Germany, to a considerable extent for the benefit of those accused of witchcraft. Its immediate purpose was to remove the accused from the civil courts (where the probability was that they would be tried in accordance with ignorant and popular clamor) to the ecclesiastical tribunals, where common-sense and equity, as well as piety and learning, were more likely to prevail. But even then Wycliffe's and John Huss' teachings had begun to unsettle faith, and, consequently, to make an opening for superstition.

Not, however, until Protestantism had been established with all the possible sanctions of English law—that is to say, not until the statute of Elizabeth in 1562—was witchcraft declared in England to be a crime in itself, to be punished with death. Under James I. witch-finding became almost a fine art, and the accounts of the cruelties to which the hapless "witches" were subjected in England during the time when Protestant zeal and fanaticism ruled that country are enough to harrow even the hardest of hearts. And just in proportion to the growth of Protestantism in England grew the witchcraft mania with all its attendant horrors. During the sitting of the notorious Long Parliament, when Puritanism dominated England, three thousand persons, according to the ordinary

estimates, were put to death in England for witchcraft. The last execution there was that of Mrs. Hickes and her daughter, who were hanged in 1716 on the accusation of having sold their souls to the devil, and for having on several occasions raised a storm by pulling off their stockings and at the same time making a lather of soap.

So grave a Protestant legal writer as Blackstone* says that "to deny the possibility, nay actual existence, of witchcraft and sorcery is at once flatly to contradict the revealed word of God both of the Old and the New Testament, and the thing itself is a truth to which every nation in the world hath in its turn borne testimony." From the first case in the reign of Henry VIII. to that of Mrs Hickes, it is estimated that in England thirty thousand persons were put to death by law for witchcraft.

The history of England during the dark or Protestant period that covers the seventeenth and part of the eighteenth centuries has been written for us almost exclusively by Protestants, and it is, therefore, distinguished for a careful reserve as to the many evils that undoubtedly followed the establishment of Protestantism. The real truth of the history of that Protestant period—a period of black hypocrisy and harsh persecution—in its social, moral, and political aspects, will probably never be disentangled from the maze of rhetoric which Strype, Gilbert Burnet, Hume, Macaulay, and smaller writers, such as the late Mr. Green, have spun about it, until the time comes that competent Catholic writers shall be enabled to give it to the world.

As for Scotland, the accounts are frightful. The first Scottish act of Parliament against witchcraft was passed in 1563, in deference to the wishes of John Knox and his friends. Some years later, on the occasion of the marriage of Scotland's first Protestant king, thirty persons were executed in Edinburgh, charged with having conspired with Satan against the life of James. Indeed

it may be said without exaggeration that the Presbyterian clergy of Scotland seem to have resolved themselves into a committee of witch-finders. The General Assembly of the Presbyterian Kirk almost yearly renewed its denunciations of the witches, and of those who harbored them, or failed to inform against them. The civil courts of Scotland were obedient to the Kirk, and in 1659 a single circuit in the neighborhood of Glasgow convicted and burned seventeen persons. The total number supposed to have been capitally punished in Scotland between 1563 (the date of the first penal enactment) and 1722, when the last victim, an old woman, was executed by the Sheriff of Caithness, is four thousand. Considering both that this was limited almost exclusively to the southern and other most intensely Protestant parts of Scotland, and that in those days the population of Scotland was comparatively very small, some idea may be formed of the fury to which the witchcraft fanaticism had been lashed by the preaching and legislation of the Presbyterian Kirk.

So late as 1730 there was published at Edinburgh a serious and systematic commentary on Scottish law, under the title of "The Institutes of the Law of Scotland." Its author, William Forbes, was a jurist of reputation in Scotland at that time. In the "Institutes" the following passage appears: "Nothing seems plainer to me than that there may be, and have been, witches, and that perhaps such are now actually existing; which I intend, God willing, to clear in a larger work concerning the criminal law,"—a promised work, by the way, which apparently was never published.

(CONCLUSION IN OUR NEXT NUMBER.)

OUR sentiments, our thoughts, our words lose their rectitude on entering certain minds, just as sticks plunged in the water look bent.—*Abbé Roux.*

DO not think it wasted time to submit yourself to any influence which may bring upon you any noble feeling.—*Ruskin.*

* "Commentary on the Laws of England," Book IV., ch. 4, sec. 6.

A Brave Life.

BY KATHLEEN O'NEARA.

(CONTINUED.)

THE news went quickly from Nouettes to all his friends, and many hurried thither to express their sympathy. Mgr. Conny was amongst the first to arrive. He was filled with admiration by the blind man's submission and perfect content; he found him just as calm and detached as on that evening when they had walked back together from the oculist's. Mgr. de Ségur declared to him that he was not "resigned": he was too happy to apply the word resignation to his state of mind; he had already begun to love his blindness, to feel that it drew him closer to Our Lord, and enabled him to see souls as he had never seen them before. No one who met him could doubt the sincerity of his acquiescence in the divine will, for his spirits never flagged for a moment; on the contrary, he was more than usually gay and merry from the day of the final accident. A letter dictated to his beloved friend, Mgr. Pie, within a week after the occurrence, reveals the temper of his mind and of his soul better than any description.

"... I was going to write to you, my dear Lord, when I received your kind little note. . . . To-day I can begin my letter like Marlborough:

'The news I bring you, your bright eye will weep over.'

I am, in fact, busy these last five or six days getting rid of the little eyesight that remained to me, and a cataract, already very thick, . . . scarcely lets me see the outline of things around me. Here, as ever, the justice of God is tempered with mercy, and where the trial abounds, grace superabounds. The grief of my dear mother, of my brothers and sisters, amidst whom, happily, I am at this moment, gives me more pain than my personal *petites misères*. The cross is such a good and holy thing that really one must be very little of a Christian to complain of it; and if it only affected myself, I should

be more inclined to rejoice than to repine. Are we not all God's in death as in life? And what does it matter whether or not we see the outer light, provided the eyes of our heart perceive the eternal light, which is no other than Jesus Christ living in us?

"Do, dear Lord, remember me at the holy altar, at the feet of this divine Master, and ask Him that I may carry the cross worthily. You will understand that all the fine plans they have been making for me (or against me) have vanished utterly. My vocation is now simplified, and the will of God, the only rule to be followed in all things, is clear and evident. I only ask Our Lord that when the time comes the Emperor may make a good choice, and place near himself a man devoted to Holy Church and to France.

"For me, I return to Rome, where my new infirmity will make little change in my manner of life. . . . I have a little priestly ministry all prepared, and I need only ears, legs, and a tongue to preach and hear confessions. Perhaps it will come like a piece of good luck to big sinners to be able to tell their tale to a confessor who is stone-blind. . . . Adieu for to-day, my very kind and very dear Bishop; I embrace you heartily, and, thank God, I don't require any eyesight to love you a great deal."

Again he writes to one dear to him: "It is a great blessing and an inestimable grace to be nailed to the cross by any infirmity, but above all by blindness; it is a permanent share in Jesus Crucified, and a sort of religious consecration which compels you, *bon gré, mal gré*, to give up the world and its foolish joys, to renounce the dangerous attraction of earthly grandeurs, *fêtes*, and pleasant gatherings. It is like a drop of divine vinegar which comes to Christianize every earthly drink, and a sort of elixir against naturalism. Help me to bless God for this undeserved visit."

He received his blindness, in fact, as a kind of divine vocation. It remained to the end of his life a crucifixion that nature never grew accustomed to, and his joy in it was to the last an act of heroic sacrifice;

but he loved it with the supernatural love of saints for the cross. Kindred and friends could not rise to these heights of generosity. They cried out in desolation, and refused to believe that science could not restore his lost sight "No, no, I will not believe it!" cried his father, in an outburst of natural, passionate grief; "God will not strike us with such a cruel blow!" And Mgr. Bastide writes from Rome to Mme. de Ségur: "Is his poor eye really as bad as he says? I confess his resignation terrifies me. He is only too ready for so great a sacrifice. . . . What reassures me is the conviction that Gaston is called to do so much good in the Church. Few men are capable of bearing adversity well, but far fewer are capable of bearing honors—I mean of bearing them with advantage to themselves and others. And this is why I go the length of hoping for a miracle to preserve the eyesight of your dear son."

All his friends, however, proved worthy of him and, after giving expression to the personal sorrow inseparable from human affection, they joined him in offering the sacrifice to God, and gave thanks for the grace that bore him through it so bravely. He would have been bitterly disappointed if they had done otherwise. He had a horror of what he called "sugary piety," and looked for sterner stuff in those who loved him. No one gave him the heroic sympathy he longed for more courageously than the venerable Comtesse Rostopchine. She was in her eightieth year when the news reached her at Moscow. She wrote to him at once, in the language of a Maccabean mother:

"Happy Gaston to have entered into the way of the Beatitudes announced by the Saviour! This God of our souls is treating you like one of His elect; but if He takes away the sight of your body, He illuminates your soul. And I will even say, with a divination that is easy to one who knows your antecedents: Happy is he who has become blind while considering the true light of the living! May it never cease to shine in thee, and may we all walk in the path it marks out for us!"

A little later this valiant mother writes to Mme. de Ségur and Gaston: "My dear Sophie, my dear Gaston, an illness which was neither long nor painful has made me lazy in writing to you. God must love Gaston very dearly to try him by so great a loss as that of sight. I look upon this loss as a pledge of divine grace, which only tries him in order to crown his submission, his faith and love. Verily, my daughter, you are very blessed to have given birth to a saint. . . . My dear, my precious dear boy, you are stricken like St. Paul, and, if I dare say it, better than St. Paul; for it was not at the moment when you were persecuting Jesus Christ, but while you were seeking His glory and the good of your neighbor. I ought rather to ask you for your blessing than to give you mine. All the same, I bless you, in my condition of an old woman, an adorer of the God you adore, a grandmother, a poor woman in the sight of Our Lord, in whose presence my age and His mercy will, I hope, soon call me to appear."

This is the language of a woman after the heart of St. Jerome—one of those stout-hearted Christians, "elect ladies" and servants of the saints, whom the Apostles loved to honor.*

His Holiness Pius IX. was not slow to add his consolation to all that came to soften the blow of his great trial to his dear son. He wrote most affectionately, expressing hopes for a recovery through science and care, and sending a fatherly blessing to the sufferer and his sorely-trying family.

The Emperor, whose heart was easily moved by the sight of suffering anywhere, but above all in his friends, wrote to him as soon as he heard of the young prelate's affliction.

PALACE OF THE TUILERIES, Sept. 22.

MY DEAR MONSIEUR DE SÉGUR:—I am truly afflicted by the sad cause which deprives me of the pleasure of seeing you, and I am not the less touched by the courage with which you do not hesitate to resume your important functions. Continue as in the past to give me news of your-

* An interesting sketch of Comtesse Rostopchine was published in THE "AVE MARIA" a few months ago.

self; it will always be a pleasure to me, and add to it such information as circumstances shall dictate. I await a favorable opportunity for alleviating your great trial as far as depends on me, by naming your brother to Rome. The moment this opportunity occurs, be assured I shall take advantage of it with alacrity.

If it were possible to obtain from the Pope one Catechism for all France, I should attach great price to it. I beg you to sound His Holiness' intentions on this head.

Believe in all my sentiments,

NAPOLÉON.

Although Mgr. de Ségur had absolutely renounced all idea of accepting any of the high offices and honors that were within his reach, he did not at once resign his position of Auditor of the Rota. He thought it wiser to return to Rome, and see how far it was possible for him to resume his former duties under his present altered conditions. The medical men were of opinion that the disease was a cataract, which might be removed when it was ripe. He did not share this belief; he knew that human science could do nothing for him; but, in deference to the wishes of others, he consented to act as if he shared their hopes. He left Nouettes, and went back to Rome to resume his functions, and continue those negotiations between the Pope and the Emperor of which he was the sole direct medium.

His blindness imposed few privations on him more bitter than that of standing before Pius IX. and not being able to see him. Next to this he felt keenly not being able to see Rome, the mighty mother, whose face he loved, and in the beauty of whose tabernacles he delighted. His love of nature, too, was now a source of salutary pain to him. One day, when he was walking with a friend in the Campagna, he said: 'The Blessed Virgin knew well what She was doing when She answered my prayer. I used to keep wondering how She would contrive to combine the infirmity that would make me suffer most without taking away my faculty for the ministry. She knew my weak point, and deprived me of the only enjoyment compatible with my renunciation of the world and its pleasures.'

It was not long until the Emperor found

the opportunity he desired of sending Mgr. de Ségur's youngest brother as secretary to the French Embassy in Rome, and no act of kindness could have so delighted Monseigneur as this. The only sacrifice, he himself declared, that his vocation had imposed upon him was the giving up his family, to whom he was extraordinarily attached. But now it seemed as if God, in compensation for the other sacrifice, was resolved to restore to His servant some of those joys that had been relinquished for His sake. The presence of his young brother in Rome made at once a home to him.

But his Catholic heart had larger joys than the purest earthly ones to fill it at this crisis. The bishops of Christendom were assembled in the Eternal City for the definition of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception, and Mgr. de Ségur, whose devotion to Mary was intense, felt like a son who was making ready for his mother's coronation. His house was open to all the bishops of France, to whom he did the honors with evangelical hospitality and the stately courtesy of a grand seignior. He was present at the magnificent festival of the proclamation of the dogma; and, if his bodily eyes were blind to the blaze of the myriads of torches that illuminated the basilica, his spiritual eyes beheld the sweet vision of the mystery all the clearer for it; for his heart beat with a joy beyond the joys of this world when Pius IX. proclaimed Mary immaculate, and pronounced anathema all who denied this truth so dear to every Catholic heart.

Soon after this glorious event the cholera broke out in Rome, and made fearful havoc amongst the French soldiers. The Holy Father went to visit them, and gave them blessings and words of encouragement, and distributed crucifixes and medals to them. The surprise and happiness of the brave fellows on beholding the Vicar of Christ amongst them was so great that some of them were arrested in the very act of dying. Mgr. de Ségur wrote an account of this visit to the Emperor, and spoke with satisfaction of the piety and morality of the

French troops. The Emperor answered this letter himself. "... What you tell me of the excellent conduct of the soldiers," he says, "and of the justice that is rendered to them, and of the cause of the Holy See being more and more closely linked with that of France, causes me great satisfaction. I am also happy to hear that the doctors hope for your cure; it is a pleasure to me to share their hopes."

Napoleon III. was evidently very fond of him. He was also sincerely attached to the Holy Father at this time, and full of the most loyal Catholic sentiments. The Abbé Klingenhoffen relates that one day, being called to an audience at St. Cloud, the Emperor conversed with him in his private room for a time, and then coming back with him into the *salon*, where there were a great number of people, he said, in a loud voice: "You are going to see the Holy Father; tell him to pray for France and for the Empress [she was expecting the birth of the Prince Imperial]; tell him to ask for me that I may always have light to see the right way, and strength to walk in it." Alas! if he had but acted up to the dictates of his conscience and the promptings of his better self!

After a very short time it became a matter of scientific certainty to most of Mgr. de Ségur's friends that all hopes of a cure were utterly vain. He resolved, consequently, to give up his functions in Rome, and to return to Paris, and work there in the humble sphere in which his infirmity must henceforth confine him. The question now arose what rank could the Holy See confer upon him suitable to the position he had occupied in Rome: for he had been in reality envoy from the Emperor to the Pope. There was no precedent for a blind priest being made a bishop; half blind, *cæcucientes*, yes; but *cæcutiens*, no. The prelates of the Sacred College tried to make him out half blind. "You can distinguish day from night," they urged; "and therefore we may consider you *cæcucientes*." But he never would acquiesce in the charitable prevarication. The Pope solved the difficulty by naming

him Prothonotary Apostolic, with the right to assume the dignity of bishop.

It was with a very heavy heart that Gaston de Ségur took leave of this loving, generous and indulgent father. The parting between them was full of emotion on both sides. Amongst the many who saw him depart with regret, there was one notable figure—a beggar named Lazarus, whom he lodged in the Palazzo Brancadero, and fed from his table. When Lazarus saw his benefactor drive away never to come back, his grief, till then restrained by respect for Mgr. de Ségur, broke forth in howls of despair that were pitiable to hear.

And so this first period of Gaston de Ségur's apostolate came to an end. On leaving Rome, he turned his back on the brilliant career that had begun for him in this world, and entered on a new mission, which, if more hidden before men, was not the less fertile, and was crowned moreover with that finish of beauty which the Cross alone can give.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Hidden Reef.

BY ELIZA ALLEN STARR.

A LETTER describing Mackinac Island as only a poetic soul and a facile pen could describe its associations as well as its natural beauties, had so charmed us that we repeated it to another friend, who said: "I must show you a chart (bearing my name) of that entire region, and your friend's letter reminds me of its extraordinary interest."

The chart was produced, and very fair it was too, with its indented coast, its islands and strait, and our Mackinac Island lying off from Bois Blanc Island like a detached piece of its verdure. There was a wonderful fringing of coast and lake towards the northeast, where our friend laid his finger on a mere speck. "Here is Martin's Reef, to which belongs a story. Thirty-three years ago—*i. e.*, in 1854—I was engaged on the government survey of the lakes, and, with

a party of some thirty men and three assistant engineers, was at work on the north shore of Lake Huron, between Mackinac Island and the mouth of St. Mary's River. We were directed by Captain Macomb, in charge of the survey, to carry our soundings far enough from shore to include everything at a depth of less than five fathoms, or thirty feet, and to keep a sharp look-out for hidden reefs and shoals outside the general line of soundings. So, on the occurrence of a 'heavy blow,' we were accustomed to have an eye to 'breakers' off shore; for it is only when the sea is very rough that rocks six to eight feet under water will cause the sea to break around them, and thus betray their secret.

"One day we discovered indications of a reef nearly midway between Mackinac Island and St. Mary's River. The storm was succeeded by a perfect calm, and the lake so clear as to tempt one not only to float over its surface, but to peer into its depths. It was the very day for reef-hunting, and we lost no time in running a line of soundings from a station on shore in the direction indicated by the breakers during the 'heavy blow.' It was a weary pull from shore, and for two miles or more the leadman called: 'Three fathoms! By the mark, four!' Then: 'A quarter less seven!' And so on, when a minute later came the startling call: 'Four feet!' We were floating over a boulder on the very crest of a reef, which was perfectly visible as we leaned over the boat's edge; for we had discovered Martin's Reef!

"When its position had been accurately determined, it was marked upon our chart—and, I must own, with a touch of complacency. It was, in fact, an important discovery, as we found it to be on the direct line from the southeast point of Mackinac to the mid-channel of the mouth of St. Mary's River.

"The existence and exact position of this dangerous reef were published in the newspapers of the towns most interested in the navigation of the lakes, but elicited from some of the most experienced navigators only derisive remarks about the 'folly

of those government surveyors.' 'Had not steamboat men and sailors run that line for years? If there were such a reef they must have seen it.' 'The reef was away in-shore, off the track of steamers between Mackinac and the Detour.'

"Not long after the publication of the locality of Martin's Reef, the fine steamboat *Garden City*, running between Chicago and the Sault Sainte Marie, left the pier at Mackinac for the mouth of St. Mary's River, having on board a crowd of passengers for the Sault and Lake Superior. There had been a three days' blow from the north and east, but the weather was then perfectly clear, and the lake unruffled by a breath of air. The 'blow' from the north, however, had driven the waters of the lake from the northern shore, and when it subsided, the 'let-back' was just enough to counterbalance the ordinary current of the lakes, so that there was, for a short time, absolutely still water between Mackinac Island and the Detour. Thus, for once the steamer actually made the straight course for which she was accustomed to steer, there being no current to cause the slightest deflection from it. At mid-day, or about one o'clock, the passengers were at dinner, all in fine spirits on account of this delightful passage to the Sault, when there was a crash, and passengers and crockery were promiscuously intermingled. The reef was there, after all, and the *Garden City* had found it! Happily there were some sailing craft within hail, by whose aid passengers and their luggage were transported to Mackinac. The *Garden City* went off in pieces during the next heavy blow, and the chart of the government survey still bears, beside the mere speck called Martin's Reef, the brief comment: 'Wreck of *Garden City*, 1854.'

We have given the narrative in the very words of our friend; for the narrative having a technical value, there was a certain scientific accuracy in his statement that we must not lose. But the words with which he prefaced his narrative—"When one has been long familiar with any locality, on land or sea, he is apt to presume that he knows

all about it; and sometimes this presumption is the parent of disaster"—suggested a certain contrast between the guidance of what is called personal experience, and that authorized guidance of which the life of our friend has proved to be an exponent.

Ten years before he was appointed to this survey of the lake coast, he had found out the fallacy of personal experience in matters of faith as well as in science, and had put himself under the authorized and infallible guidance of the Church Catholic and Roman. General Scammon, whose West Point education and training, reinforced by inborn chivalry, won distinction by his command in the Mexican war, and even more brilliant laurels during the war for the Union, was no other than our Captain Scammon of the Coast Survey, whose skiff stood above the boulder cresting Martin's Reef.

The Church in Catholic Countries.

IT is sometimes alleged by those who ought to know better that the Church is losing ground in Catholic countries. In a spirited and timely article in the columns of the New York *Sun* this opinion is ably combated. "Catholicism," says the *Sun*, "is actually better off under the French Republic than it was under the pious despotism of Louis XIV." This view has been successfully championed by Mr. A. F. Marshall in the last number of the *Catholic Quarterly*. He declares that Louis XIV. did more harm to religion than Paul Bert, and he proves this assertion by showing that there is to-day among the people of France a larger number of fervent Catholics than there was two hundred years ago. "In the old Versailles days the world, the flesh, and the devil were all in active fraternity with the show of faith."

In Italy, too, Mr. Marshall points out that, numerically, there are as many professing Catholics as there were before the Garibaldian aggression, and that the force of the Catholic religion in Italian life is as great as it ever was. In Germany M. Stoecker, the

chief Protestant minister of Berlin, writes as follows in the *Gazette Ecclesiastique Evangelique*: "For years back we have seen the Catholic Church in Germany acquire a constantly increasing development. She has gained the sympathy of the nobles, the princes, the upper classes generally, as well as the peasantry and working people. . . . It is incontestable," concludes M. Stoecker, "that the Catholic Church has far outstripped the Protestant Church."

After such testimonies as these in reference to France, Italy, and Germany, what further need have we of witnesses to refute the silly calumny that the Church is losing ground in Catholic countries? But to make assurance doubly sure, news comes from Mexico of a great Catholic revival, characterized by increased devotion everywhere to the Blessed Virgin. In the face of facts like these we think it ill-timed, to say the least, to bring up a ten-times refuted slander.

Catholic Notes.

It is announced that the Holy Father has deigned to erect into a basilica the sanctuary of Ste. Anne de Beaupré, in the Diocese of Quebec, and that the miraculous statue of the Saint venerated therein will be solemnly crowned, in the name of Leo XIII.: the Pope desiring thus to glorify the patroness of French Canada. The crowns for St. Anne and the Blessed Virgin will be of massive gold, the gifts of the women of Canada. The announcement has caused great rejoicing among Canadian Catholics.

The Spanish pilgrimage to Lourdes last month comprised a thousand persons, mostly men. All classes were represented. The pilgrims left a number of beautiful banners at the Grotto as *souvenirs* of their visit.

There has just died at the Visitation Convent in St. Louis the last member of a most remarkable family, whose name is famous in the annals of the Church in America,—Sister Mary Josephine Barber. Her grandfather and father were both originally Episcopalian ministers, and were converted to Catholicity, the latter becoming a Jesuit. His son, Sister Mary

Josephine's brother, also joined that Order, while his wife became a Visitation nun, under the name of Sister Mary Augustine. Their five daughters, moved by a like spirit of devotedness, all became members of religious orders; four of them joined the Ursulines, and died in Canadian convents; while Sister Josephine, the last surviving member of the family, whose death we have now to chronicle, became a Visitandine. Born in 1817, she was educated at the convent in Georgetown, D. C., made her novitiate in Kaskaskia, Ill., and was sent in 1844 with her mother, to St. Louis, where they remained together for four years, after the expiration of which time Sister Mary Augustine was sent to Mobile. Sister Mary Josephine remained to the end of her life as a teacher in the St. Louis convent, and had some of the most distinguished ladies in the country for her pupils. Beloved and esteemed by all who knew her, she fulfilled her duties with great self-sacrifice and conscientiousness. For the last two years of her life she was a sufferer from cancer, which finally caused her death. The last survivor of an illustrious family, she has been gathered in to make the harvest complete. May she rest in peace!

It is no surprise to learn that the number of gifts already forwarded to Rome, or to be sent to the Vatican Exhibition, is so large that they are fast becoming an embarrassment. A multitude of offerings are pouring in from every country and diocese in Christendom as tokens of the attachment of the faithful to the august occupant of the Chair of Peter. It has been wisely suggested that henceforth efforts be made to promote the augmentation of the annual collection of Peter's Pence, as the most suitable means of manifesting loyalty to the Holy See.

A grateful father contributes to the English *Messenger of the Sacred Heart* another instance of the efficacy of the Scapular. It would seem that marvels of this kind were never more frequent, and no doubt there is everywhere a corresponding increase of devotion to the Brown Scapular. We give the communication entire:

"My eldest son is station-master at a place which it is not necessary to mention. I wish to tell you what happened to him, to the honor of Our Blessed Lady and Her Brown Scapular. . . . That morning an express train had appeared in

sight, when a woman, in the unaccountable way in which some people will act, calmly proceeded to cross the line, with the simple certainty of being killed. My son sprang forward, threw her back upon the platform, and made a leap for his own life; but the engine struck him, casting him to a great distance, as if dead. The report of his death reached me and his mother in a few hours, and, indeed, spread all along the line. Three surgeons were quickly brought to the spot by the rumor of the accident, and all three examined the extent of the harm. Not a bone was broken; there was no internal injury; the whole harm consisted in a sort of girdle of black bruises, providentially arrested, within half an inch on each side of the spine, on which the Scapular of Our Lady rested. The surgeons were surprised that the violence of the shock alone had not caused death. The first words he uttered on returning to consciousness were (to the utter amazement of the crowd of people round him): '*My Scapular saved me!*' Such is the conviction of his happy and grateful father. I have seen the clothes which he had on; a'l, even to the flannel which was next his skin, are in tatters: only the Scapular is untouched."

On the Feast of SS. Peter and Paul the Rev. James Durward, son of B. I. Durward, poet and painter, whose name is familiar to the readers of THE "AVE MARIA," celebrated his first Mass in the beautiful Church of St. Mary's of the Pines, at Durward's Glen; the Rev. George Brady, of Portage, Wis., acting as deacon; the celebrant's brother, the Rev. John Durward, of Seneca, as subdeacon; his professor from St. John's Abbey, Minnesota, as *presbyter assistens* and orator. The German priest from Portage was also present, and many friends, —some even from a distance of twenty miles; so that, with the congregation belonging to St. Mary's, there were more than could kneel within the church. But the pines gave them shelter under the very eaves of the sanctuary. The family itself made the choir, led by the celebrant's brother Wilfrid; the wine used in the Holy Sacrifice was made by his only sister, from grapes grown by the father in his vineyard; the mother giving as the work of her hands an exquisitely netted alb. The only member of the family absent was in his far Texan home among the flowers and bees; for on the slope of the pine ridge, among the graves of the scattered neighborhood, lies a brother Charles, cut off in the midst of a high artistic career.

The story of Durward's Glen and St. Mary's of the Pines is still to be written. It holds a

place among the sanctuaries of the far Northwest, hallowing by its altar the romantic region of "The Wisconsin Dells,"—in fact, the most interesting of all, for reasons we may sometime be able to give. And the 29th of June, 1887, was another of those days at "The Glen" "at which the angels rejoice and give praise to the Son of God"

Cardinal Manning celebrated his seventy-ninth birthday on the 15th of July. It was an occasion of great rejoicing among his numerous admirers, friends, and spiritual children, lay and clerical. Our English exchanges state that his Eminence enjoys the best of health, and, judging by the duties he is constantly performing, his activity almost seems to increase as he grows older. May he be spared to England and the Church many more years!

The Roman correspondent of the *London Tablet*, writing under date of the 16th ult., confirms the report of the establishment of new dioceses in the United States.

"The Pope has sanctioned the decision of the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda to divide the existing Diocese of Leavenworth, erecting therefrom the three dioceses of Leavenworth, under the present titular, Rt. Rev. Louis Fink, O. S. B., of Wichita, of which see the Rev. James O'Reilly, of Leavenworth is named first Bishop; and that of Concordia, of which see the Rev. Richard Scannell, Vicar-General of the Diocese of Nashville, is nominated Bishop. Likewise his Holiness has approved the decree of that Sacred Congregation to divide the existing Diocese of Omaha, with the erection of the three dioceses of Omaha, under the present titular, Rt. Rev. James O'Connor, of Lincoln, of which the Rev. Thomas Bonacum, of St. Louis, is appointed first Bishop; and that of Cheyenne, of which see the Rev. Maurice Burke, of Chicago, is nominated Bishop."

We regret to record the death of Father O'Reilly, Bishop-elect of Wichita. He died of typhoid fever on the 26th ult. He was a most worthy priest, and so humble as to be greatly distressed over his promotion.

The best behaved of all the meteoric streams holds its anniversary on the 10th, and the few days preceding and following. The Tears of St. Lawrence it is called, because it makes its appearance on the day sacred to the memory of that august Saint. We call this zone the best behaved of the family, because the fiery rain never fails to fall, and no one is disappointed

who looks skyward when the shower is due and the clouds are propitious. The tiny atoms of which it is composed are sure to impinge against the earth's atmosphere, burst into yellow stars, and descend with trains of silvery light.

The August meteors consist of a swarm of particles following Comet II., 1862, in its orbit. The distintegrating process has been carried on so long that the *débris* of the comet are nearly evenly scattered throughout the gigantic ellipse in which they wander. One extremity of the zone crosses the earth's orbit, and the other extends far beyond Neptune. The earth encounters this zone on the 10th of August, and countless meteors falling from the skies attest the fact that the earth is then plunging "full tilt" through the swarming atoms.

It is a wonderful fact, which remains as true in our days as in the early ages of the Church, that the blood of martyrs becomes the seed of new Christians. A French missionary, Mgr. Pineau, Vicar-Apostolic of South Tonquin, writes that two large pagan villages, Hwa-luat and Dong-ai, foremost in the persecution last year—the inhabitants of which ruthlessly beheaded more than 1,100 Christians,—are now beseeching him for the grace of Holy Baptism.—*Indo European Correspondence.*

New Publications.

SHAMROCKS. By Katharine Tynan. Author of "Louise de la Vallière, and Other Poems," etc. London: Kegan Paul, Trench & Co. 1887.

This volume of poetry is not unworthy of its dedication to William and Christina Rossetti. We do not hesitate to say that it contains some of the best verse written by any poetess during recent years, and we prophesy for Miss Tynan a reputation as an authoress to which few Catholics of the rising generation will attain. For true lyrical grace, felicity of expression, and exquisitely musical rhythm,—for a freshness and sweetness that characterize productions of only the highest order of merit, we confidently recommend this volume to all lovers of true poetry, feeling sure that its perusal will not disappoint them. Some of the verse has a rare beauty and delicacy of coloring and description; as, for instance, "Sanctuary," "At Daybreak," "St. Francis to the

Birds" (first published in THE "AVE MARIA"), "The Good Shepherd," and "A Winter Landscape." "The Pursuit of Diarmuid and Grainne" will attract many; in it the authoress seems to have caught much of the inspiration of Tennyson and Rossetti. But it is invidious to make special selections where most of the pieces are almost equally beautiful.

MEMORIES. By M. G. R. Dublin: M. & S. Eaton. 1887.

This is a rather large collection of poems, many of the pieces contained in it being suitable for scenic presentation. The subjects are chiefly religious—the praises of various saints, and particularly of the Blessed Virgin, forming a large proportion of the themes. Patriotic poems come next, some historical, others bearing on the politics of the day, with the vein of satire in them that we expect in political poems. Then there are some verses addressed to personages of distinction; those in particular to John Ruskin will make manifest what has been often shown before—how much more kindly Catholics feel towards him than he does towards Catholics, *as such*. The work has evidently been done largely to meet the necessity for the public expression of wholesome sentiments,—a necessity which is always felt, from time to time, in an institution to which many look for moral, intellectual and spiritual guidance. While some of the verses are intended for special occasions, the majority will be found of general interest. Almost every style of poetry, except the epic and erotic, is here exemplified; showing great facility and pleasing diversity of rhythm, and a correct ear for rhyme. We recommend the work to all lovers of poetry. The exterior is neat and even elegant, making it suitable and acceptable as a present.

THE GUARDIAN'S MYSTERY; OR, REJECTED FOR CONSCIENCE'S SAKE. By Christine Faber. New York: P. J. Kenedy.

The story is a good one, and thoroughly American. The characters are drawn with a skilful touch, and illustrate several phases of modern social development. The plot is interesting and well worked out, without any unnatural straining after artistic effect. The *ars celare artem* rules. It is scarcely necessary to add that the moral principles inculcated are thoroughly sound and wholesome, and the aims of the writer pure and high. If more

works of this kind were upon our drawing-room tables, the generally developed appetite for novel-reading might be satiated with less detriment to the heart and intellect than usually results from its gratification.

"IN THE WAY." By J. H. London: Burns & Oates. New York: Catholic Publication Society Co.

"In the Way" is one of those useful works in which an interesting narrative has been made the thread on which to string the precious pearls of Christian doctrine. The scene is laid in England, and the well-sketched characters belong chiefly to the industrious classes. An excellent combination of entertainment and instruction, in very neat form.

Obituary.

"It is a holy and wholesome thought to pray for the dead."

—2 MACH., xii., 40

The following persons, lately deceased, are commended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

Sister Margaret Mary, of the Sisters of Peace, whose happy death occurred on the 21st of June.

Sister M. Liliosa, who departed this life on the 7th of June, at St. Mary's Convent, Notre Dame.

Mrs. Catherine Corcoran, of Rockford, Ill., who died suddenly on the 21st inst. Her life was one of unswerving faith and charity, and she was regarded by all who knew her as a model Christian. The large attendance at her funeral, and the deep sorrow manifest on every countenance, were proof of the great esteem and affection in which she was held.

Mr. John Greene, whose death, at the venerable age of eighty, took place at Valatie, N. Y., on the 4th of July. He was a native of Queen's Co., Ireland.

Mrs. Cecilia McNally, of Boston, who was called to her eternal rest on the 17th ult. She was a devout client of the Blessed Virgin.

Mrs. Alice O'Hagan, who calmly breathed her last on the 20th ult. at Renovo, Pa. She was in the 80th year of her age. Her beautiful death was the fitting end of a well-spent life. Mrs. O'Hagan will long be remembered by all who knew her for her saintlike faith and fervent Christian life.

Master Charles Schayer, who was drowned on the 20th ult. He was a boy of great promise, and his sudden death is mourned by a large circle of friends in Boston.

Richard J. Hughes, of Albany, N. Y.; Mrs. — Hurson, New York city; John Murphy, Dennis and William Donnelly.

May their souls, and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace!



The Old Hair Trunk.

A TALE OF THE ASSUMPTION.

I.

It was an excessively hot day in August, but the heat was tempered by a delicious air that blew straight in from the west, laden with the perfume of the woodbine, and the keen salt odor from the river that raced like a silver greyhound past the house to join the Chesapeake, a few miles away.

Fair Point, with its garden and orchards, lay on a tongue of land bounded right and left by two picturesque creeks, that merged themselves, with swift current and a soft clatter of tiny waves, in the Choptank River. And among all the stately old country-seats in Talbot County it was, perhaps, the most typical Southern home one could find. By day the plash of water, the drone of the bees about the hives, the murmur of the pines around the gables, the singing of the catbirds, and the twitter of the swallows, made a symphony as restful as it was delightful. But by night the voices of the river and the wind had it all to themselves, and then it was you might have guessed that there was the burden of a great sorrow weighing down the household at Fair Point.

"And the weight thereof was mournful"; for the owner, a kinsman of Jefferson Davis, had entered heart and soul into the cause of the Confederacy, and had made such a good record, even in that army whose valor and courage in victory and defeat have become a proverb, that when the war was over he was a marked man, and only by "taking the oath" could he qualify himself for employment by and under the Government. This he could not do; "it stuck in his conscience," he said; for he felt too keenly the ruin of his hopes to honestly

swear allegiance to the United States; and so he and his beautiful young wife went back to the one possession left them, and, "Beating his sword into a pruning-hook," he tried gallantly to wrest a living from the soil.

But Fair Point was already loaded with a heavy mortgage, put on its broad acres the last year of the Rebellion; and the interest on it was a cruel drain that left no money to pay for labor, machinery, fertilizers, or seed; and the young officer struggled on with a courage as splendid as it was ignorant and unavailing; and this year the troubles culminated in a ruined fruit crop, that left the annual interest unpaid, and so exasperated the mortgagee that he announced his intention of foreclosing immediately.

And so in the first week of August, with heavy hearts, the afflicted couple turned with fresh entreaty to Our Lady, and began a novena in honor of Her Assumption, and to beg relief from the loss of their home. Everybody in the house joined in the devotion, and there were a good many to make it; for that year, as a last resort, Major and Mrs. Ridout had advertised for summer boarders, and two charming Catholic families had responded, lured in a measure by the beauty of the place, but chiefly by the fact that there was a chapel in the house, where Mass was said at regular and short intervals.

The two families counted between them eight children, who simply adored the Major, reckoning him their chief playmate, and who frolicked and scampered, and ate and swam, and laughed and talked, until the wonder is they did not fly into pieces like "the one-horse shay."

Next to the Major in the scale of their affections was his mother-in-law, dear old Mrs. Travers. And small wonder; for she stuffed their heads with fascinating stories, their stomachs with delicious "ole time" Southern delicacies, and filled their little souls with many beautiful thoughts of the Son that died for us, and the Mother whose love forgave us that death.

This special afternoon the dear old lady—she was just like a fine bit of Dresden china, with her pretty pink cheeks, bright eyes, and soft grey curls—was standing at the door, kissing each child as the troop of them trotted after their Uncle Jeff (for so he taught them to call him) for a sail in the *Skip-John*, which was quite the fastest and prettiest sail-boat on the Choptank.

“Get the most beautiful flowers and vines you can find in Cambridge,” she said between the kisses; “for the chapel must look its very best for Our Lady’s feast.”

“Yes’m,” they shouted, or said, or were going to say—according to the place they occupied in the rank and file,—and she smiled and waved her hand; but when the trim little craft, with its white sails and floating pennon, dipped and courtesied around the bend, her mouth quivered, and her blue eyes filled with tears.

“Poor Aline, poor Jeff! How they are praying and hoping! I do hope Father John will get here by to-morrow’s boat, so we can finish the novena with Mass and go to Holy Communion. I wonder if the mail will bring me a letter? O sweetest Mother! remember our needs, and pray we may not be turned out in the world penniless!”

Then—for she was the right sort of Christian: prayed and worked—she went with light, nimble feet to the trunk-room in the attic to set it to rights; for it was the children’s favorite game-place, and *always* needed to be put in order.

I wish you could have seen it! From the huge Saratoga to the little half-bald old hair trunk that stood modestly in the corner, there was not one piece of luggage that had not been pressed into the service. They stood in procession, and represented either a train of cars, or a circus entering a city, or Buffalo Bill’s Wild West, or a fleet of ships drawn up in line-of-battle, or some such thing; for those youngsters had imaginations (like Mark Twain’s aunt’s conscience) seven feet high, and as broad as Lake Michigan.

She looked at them a moment; then turned, and, as she had not the muscles of a

coal-heaver, did the only thing to be done—left them. Not, however, before she patted the little old trunk, and sighed:

“Dear Uncle John! If I live to be a hundred I’ll never guess why you wanted me to have this. ‘Tell her to take care of it, and *never* to part with it,’ was what you said. Well, here it is, and here it will stay till I go. Poor old thing! We’ve made some pleasant journeys together.”

II.

The next day dawned grey and dismal, and the rain poured in torrents; but it did not make any difference to the household; for Father John did come by the *Highland Light*, and the elders put their tears away in their hearts, and the youngsters hung about his cassock like bees about buckwheat.

The priest was Mrs. Travers’ eldest son, and called himself the “chaplain of Fair Point.” He was one of those pure, holy natures that make “being good” attractive alike to young and old, and his great knowledge was hidden under a manner so simple and ingenuous that the poorest and most ignorant came to him unabashed, and the wisest went away instructed. He stirred the whole family into fresh enthusiasm and activity for the morrow’s festival, and from greybeard to toddler they worked like Trojans.

The chapel was decorated with garlands; Our Lady’s shrine was a bower of loveliness; the tabernacle was banked with and hung with the fairest and most delicate of vine and flowers; and finally, when the last spray was set, Mrs. Ridout said they must have some Assumption lilies. There were none nearer than Farmer Brown’s, and as they could not go until the rain held up—for you go everywhere by boat in that part of the world,—they all separated: the seniors to go to their rooms, Father John to the chapel to read his Office, and the children flew to the attic, after a hurrah for Mrs. Travers, who gave the permission.

“Remember, children,” she called after them, “when the dressing bell rings come at once. Don’t go into any other room; don’t be boisterous; and, above all, don’t fuss.”

Her voice rose in a steady crescendo the higher they climbed, and in shrill diminuendo the answers came drifting down:

"No'm. No, Mis' Travers. No, ma'am. No indeedy! We will, *we* won't. We won't, *we* will," like a party of highly-excited katydids.

They burst into the room, the boys in a bunch, the girls wisely keeping back till the whirl of boot-heels subsided.

"What'll we play?" shouted Louis.

"Circust," said Philip—but they understood. "Here are the animills all ready. The big Sara—one will be the el'phant."

"Hurrah!" they squealed in chorus. And they clapped a red shawl over the "Sara—one's" lid, put a magnificent gilt pasteboard crown on Edyth's head, seated her in her wee chair, and mounted her on its top, with Laura's red umbrella in her hand.

"Sit perfectly still now," said Clarence. "You're the Queen of Love and Beauty, and you're on your throne."

"I can't," quavered the little maid; "it's so *wiggly!*"

(Other queens have had the same complaint to make before this.)

But Clarence said: "Oh, yes you can!"

And Shorb added: "Never mind, Edie; we'll pick you up if you tumble."

And then the boys sprang to their favorite canels—Arabians (?), mustangs (?), and dromedaries (?),—got out their Jew's-harp, accordion, bones, and mouth-organ, and the fun commenced.

Those children must have had throats of brass and lungs of leather; for the tongue of the Jew's-harp nearly dropped out with the twanging of a sturdy, sunburnt finger; the accordion was fit to burst with the violent rushing in and out of the air; the mouth-organ soared above the din, and the bones rattled as if they had a superior attack of fever and ague; and *all* the party beat time rapturously with their heels on the ribs of the trunks, and yet they were as fresh as paint; and "Old Aunt Jenimie" was in its fifth *encore*, when suddenly the door opened, and Mrs. Travers stood in the

frame with her fingers stuffed in her ears and shouting,

"Children, children, what *are* you doing! Play more quietly, for pity's sake. You're not out in the wilderness!"

There was an instant hush; for, now that they remembered, they would not disturb the darling old lady for anything in the world.

Louis opened his mouth and cleared his throat to explain, when Edyth fell with a crash of umbrella, chair, and self, and every other consideration gave way to her cries.

True to his promise, Shorb picked her up (but it must be owned he did it by one arm and leg in his hurry), and carried her pick-a-pack to Mrs. Travers' room, where the tender-hearted old lady rubbed arnica on the bruises, washed her face, put cologne on her handkerchief, kissed her eyes dry of tears, and gave each child a stick of candy—of which she kept a famous supply on hand,—then suggested they should go back and straighten up the trunk-room.

They went at it with a will, and as they worked she said: "I am glad, children, you never play roughly with my little old trunk, and you must promise me you never will."

"Yes'm," they all said.

"How long have you had it, Miss Travers"—"Miss" seemed more polite to Edyth—"a thousand years?"

"Not quite," she laughed; "but it is a hundred years old, and I've had it for forty years or so."

"Where'd you get it, Mrs. Travers?" asked Lee.

"My favorite uncle left it to me, and I'm very fond of it for his sake. Many a time I come in here and have a talk and a cry with it."

"O Mrs. Travers! It can't talk and cry, can it?"

"After a fashion," she answered, dreamily, "and in a language of its own. Things that belong to our dead have a way of speaking." And she wiped her eyes. Then, realizing by their round eyes and solemn faces that she had rather gone beyond the children's understanding, she added, briskly:

"This brass band was very bright and fine once upon a time. It wasn't always there, though; but when Uncle John was dying he seemed so troubled about the trunk—he always kept it under his bed when he wasn't travelling,—and tried so hard to tell us something about the cover, that I promised him to see to it myself, and he died satisfied. I did look at it, and found the edges of the hide ripped up in places and torn out, and then I knew he wanted it mended; so I sent for a man to come here—for I wouldn't trust it to the rough usage of a shop,—and now for forty-one years it has worn its brass belt."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Poison of Zaniab.

A Jewish woman named Zaniab, who had been taken captive by the first followers of Mohammed, determined to murder the false prophet. After his conquest of Khaibar, she prepared for his table a shoulder of lamb impregnated with a subtle poison. Mohammed sat down to his meat, but at the first taste discovered the drug, and instantly spit it out. In that instant enough of the poison had entered his system to injure his health for life. It affected him to the last. In the paroxysms of death he exclaimed, "The veins of my heart are throbbing with the poison of Khaibar!" One wrong, one sin, one mistake even, may send its poison through the life, like the poison of Zaniab.

In the Streets.

An Italian School-Boy's Journal.

SATURDAY, 25.

I was watching you from the window this afternoon, when you were on your way home from the master's; you came in collision with a woman. Take more heed to your manner of walking in the street. There are duties to be fulfilled even there. If you keep your steps and gestures within bounds in a private house, why should you not do the same in the street,

which is everybody's house? Remember this, Enrico. Every time that you meet a feeble old man, a poor person, a woman with a child in her arms, a cripple with his crutches, a man bending beneath a burden, a family dressed in mourning, make way for them respectfully. We must respect age, misery, maternal love, infirmity, labor, death. Whenever you see a person on the point of being run down by a vehicle, drag him away, if it is a child; warn him, if he is a man; always ask what ails the child who is crying all alone; pick up the aged man's cane when he lets it fall. If two boys are fighting, separate them; if it is two men, go away: do not look on a scene of brutal violence, which offends and hardens the heart. And when a man passes, bound, and walking between a couple of policemen, do not add your curiosity to the cruel curiosity of the crowd; he may be innocent.

Cease to talk with your companion, and to smile, when you meet a hospital litter, which is, perhaps, bearing a dying person; or a funeral procession, for one may issue from your own home on the morrow. Look with reverence upon all boys from the asylums, who walk two and two,—the blind, the dumb, those afflicted with the rickets, orphans, abandoned children; reflect that it is misfortune and human charity which are passing by. Always pretend not to notice any one who has a repulsive or laughter-provoking deformity. Always answer a passer-by who asks you the way, with politeness. Do not look at any one and laugh; do not run without necessity; do not shout. Respect the street. The education of a people is judged, first of all, by their behavior on the street. Where you find offences in the streets, there you will find offences in the houses. And study the streets; study the city in which you live. If you were to be hurled far away from it to-morrow, you would be glad to have it clearly present in your memory, to be able to traverse it all again in memory;—your own city, and your little country; that which has been for so many years your world; where you took your first steps at your mother's side; where you experienced your first emotions, opened your mind to its first ideas; found your first friends. It has been a mother to you: it has taught you, loved you, protected you. Study it in its streets and in its people, and love it; and when you hear it insulted, defend it.

THY FATHER.



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The Assumption of Our Lady.

BY M. A.

I.

BRIGHT Virgin Queen, when Thou didst rise
From this our earthly sphere,
To reign in heaven, Thou didst leave
A growth of lilies here.
Mother, from Thine all-glorious throne,
O send an angel fair
To pluck the weeds from out my heart,
And plant a lily there!

II.

Celestial lilies crown Thee now,
And virgins round Thee stand,
Pearl coronets on every brow,
A lily in each hand.
Great Queen of Heaven, as Thou art,
Will not Thy tender care
Banish the weeds from out my heart,
And plant a lily there?

III.

Thou sittest on Thy radiant throne
In majesty serene,
While angel hosts encircle Thee—
Our Mother and their Queen.
Mother, from that celestial throng,
O send an angel fair
To pluck the weeds from out my heart,
And plant a lily there!

IV.

O Mother! 'tis my only pride
That I am Thine alone:
Thy gentle hand protects my way,
Thou claim st me as Thine own.
Mother of Mercy, my sure hope
Is that, beneath Thy care,
The weeds may vanish from my heart,
And lilies blossom there.

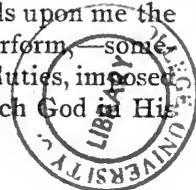
A Brave Life.

BY KATHLEEN O'MEARA.

PART II.

AS soon as he arrived in Paris, Mgr. de Ségur set about organizing his little household on the larger footing that his blindness made necessary. He now required a secretary, as well as a servant who should be in constant attendance upon him. M. Klingenhoffen, that non-commissioned officer on whom the Bishop's glance had fallen with such a blessed fascination as he drove to St. Peter's, had acted as his secretary so far; but the convert was studying for the priesthood, and compelled to resign his functions on this account. Monseigneur's choice next fell on the Abbé Diringer. He was delighted to replace M. Klingenhoffen; but before accepting his services, the Bishop warned him, almost with exaggeration, of all that might make the position irksome. The Abbé Diringer, however, was not daunted, and persisted in his desire to undertake the office. When the affair was finally decided, Mgr. de Ségur wrote to him as follows:

"... One more month of holidays, and then you become my slave. I will endeavor, by the love and in the love of Our Lord, to soften to you as far as depends upon me the duties you will have to perform, — some times painful and fatiguing duties, imposed on you by the infirmity which God has



mercy has sent me. You, on your side, will endeavor, for love of the same Lord, to bear with my daily imperfections, and with that end of my cross which will fall heavily on your shoulders. . . . We are going to live like priests—that is to say, simply, laboriously, and roughing it a little. May God bless us, and increase His divine charity in us! I embrace you cordially.”

The blessing was given abundantly, and the Abbé Diringer's eyes became so completely those of his blind friend, that the latter used to say he sometimes forgot they were not his own.

The other figure which we see by the side of Mgr. de Ségur during the rest of his life is Méthol, his valet. Méthol had been a soldier in Rome, and had won the esteem of his future master by his courageous piety and total absence of human respect. He belonged to a Basque family. Amongst the Basques the right of primogeniture reigns like a divine law, and the duty of providing for the younger brothers and sisters devolves upon the eldest son. Méthol was the eldest, but on receiving Mgr. de Ségur's offer he at once made over his birthright to a younger brother, looking forward with joy to serving the master whom he already looked upon as a saint.

But Mgr. de Ségur insisted on his taking time to reflect and seek counsel before finally committing himself to so decisive a step. “. . . I must add a few lines to my brother's letter,” he writes, “in order to put more clearly before you, my good, honest Méthol, what you will have to do here, and what I shall expect from you if you enter my household. What I look for *above all else* in the two men who will be my servants is a peaceful Christian life, more like that of a religious than of an ordinary servant; and next to this the certainty that they will be happy with me, and that they will remain with me all my life. I wish them to see in me, not a master who pays them, but a father whom they will serve from affection and devotedness in the sight of God. This, needless to say, will not prevent my giving them fixed wages, as my

brother's letter will have made clear to you. But, I repeat, these wages must be accessory in the affair, for you as for me; and it is a son and a brother that I want to find in you. I am well aware that this is not the usual way of looking at things between master and servant, and, therefore, again, my dear Méthol, I want you to reflect seriously before making up your mind, so as to leave no room for regrets afterwards.”

Some days later, having received an emphatic acceptance from Méthol, Monseigneur answers it as follows: “Your letter, my good Méthol, gave me great joy, and I already consider you as belonging to me—as my faithful servant and my son in Jesus Christ. You will try and see Our Lord in me, and do for Him all that you do for me. We are to have the happiness of dwelling close to the Blessed Sacrament, which, by a special privilege from the Holy Father, I reserve in the tabernacle of my chapel. Your service will be easy and simple, although I shall expect from you the utmost punctuality and diligence.”

Those social revolutionaries, who denounce the Church as the enemy of the rights of man, will search in vain amongst themselves for an example of perfect equality, acknowledged with the grace of perfect charity, such as is here displayed by the nobly born prelate towards his hired servant. Méthol was welcomed to his house like a son, and as a son he served him, with unflagging fidelity and an affection that could not be surpassed. His fellow-servant, the cook Urruty, was also from the Basque country, and worthy of being a member of that beautiful Christian home.

The apartment was furnished with an almost monastic simplicity, but the chapel formed an exception. Here Mgr. de Ségur allowed his artistic taste to have full play. The walls were covered with red silk, the ceiling was painted blue and spangled with stars, while the altar was as beautiful as he could afford to make it, and the tabernacle was overlaid with fine and costly enamels.

The prelate's bedroom was in fine contrast to the splendor of the chapel; a kitchen

cupboard of common deal, two straw chairs, and a long, low chest of deal, composed the furniture. This odd kind of box, in which there were two drawers, had a thin mattress on the top of it; this was the bed; on this hard couch he rested for the next five and twenty years, and never until, as we shall see, a few days before his death could he be persuaded to leave it for a softer one.

His daily life was in keeping with this penitential bed. He had always been a very early riser, and as he advanced in life he came to need less and less sleep; he would gladly have risen every day at four o'clock now, but out of consideration for Méthol he lay in bed till five, making his meditation of an hour before he rang his bell. Then Méthol, who slept in the next room, ran in, not waiting to dress himself completely, and assisted his master to dress. While he was being clothed, the latter recited aloud the six Franciscan *Paters* and *Aves*, and the *De Profundis*. Then he would give vent to his soul's affections, uttering fervent ejaculatory prayers, and inviting Méthol to join him. "O we love our God! Don't we, my dear friend?" he would exclaim; "but what will it be when we are in heaven, face to face with Him!" And so on, until the toilet was complete. Then he would go into the chapel, where he was sure to find a group of penitents waiting for him—chiefly young apprentices, who were obliged to come at that early hour before going to their work. But men of high rank, too, were to be seen kneeling in the dimly lighted little sanctuary; and big sinners, who came and went mysteriously, encouraged to lay bare their souls to a confessor who could not identify them.

As the virtue of his direction became known, the number of his penitents increased, especially among young workmen, and, to suit their convenience, he advanced the hour of his Mass from seven to half-past six. By degrees the crowd became so great that, after beginning to confess at six o'clock, and returning to the work after Mass, he was kept in the confessional till ten, sometimes eleven o'clock. After a time

the fatigue and the long fast made him seriously ill, and the Abbé Diringer insisted on "the trap," as the household called it, being closed at nine, and no one admitted after that hour. But when some long-absent prodigal came after the hour, and expressed sad disappointment at missing his opportunity, Méthol was easily melted, and would bring him in; and so after a while things fell pretty much into their old way, and the trap was kept open till ten and eleven o'clock. As soon as the Bishop escaped from it, he went to his work, dictating letters, etc., until noon, when the midday meal was served. After this he went out to his sick calls. He never left or re-entered the house without going to adore the Blessed Sacrament in the chapel. At three o'clock he came home, and recited Vespers with the Abbé Diringer, in presence of the Blessed Sacrament. Three days in the week his afternoons were taken up by penitents, and he spent the whole of Saturday in the confessional. Workmen and apprentices crowded in all day long, often keeping him sitting till ten at night.

Every day except Saturday he dined at his mother's—close by, in the Rue de Grenelle—at half-past six, and remained in the midst of his family till nine o'clock, when he returned home, and, after a last visit to the Blessed Sacrament, retired to rest.

Although it seemed to others—to some of the holiest and wisest—that Mgr. de Ségur, from his birth, education, and social influence, was specially called to be the apostle of those in his own rank, he himself felt distinctly called to minister to the poor and the ignorant. His best loved work was amongst the people, above all amongst young artisans and working-men. He had an unconquerable tenderness for those brave young fellows who struggle to keep their faith alive and their souls clean in the midst of foul and contagious surroundings.

The Patronage of Our Lady and the Perseverance of the Rue de Grenelle—a work for helping first communicants to persevere in frequenting the Sacraments—seized upon him the moment he returned to Paris, and

became his chief mission. The young boys, and the elder lads who were already out on the world earning their bread, got to know and love the "blind Bishop," and came regularly to every meeting of the Patronage and the Perseverance, where his appearance was the signal for shouts of welcome and merriment, and a rush for a blessing. He made these meetings delightful as well as instructive to them; he gave them earnest discourses, interspersed with stories that alternately made them laugh and cry, but oftenest laugh; for he used to say that when you made a boy laugh, you had it all your own way with him.

It frequently happened that after keeping this turbulent assembly of three hundred boys amused and interested with games and funny anecdotes and sallies, he would, on reaching home, find that a number of them had run away from the meeting to wait for him to hear their confessions. These boys, "*mon petit peuple*," as he called them, were zealous propagandists. They carried home to their families, their workshops, the enthusiasm for better things with which he inspired them; they induced others to come and see the blind Bishop, who was a grand seignior, and yet so blind and simple that they were all as familiar with him as with a father; and numbers came, first out of curiosity, but they came again, falling quickly under the spell which attracted all to Mgr. de Ségur. All this consolation of success brought with it extra work. The newcomers followed the Patronage and the four hundred boys of the Perseverance to his confessional, and to these were added a procession of outside penitents, so that their name became legion, and on the eve of festivals and all through Holy Week he was kept confessing from before his Mass to past midnight, barely stopping to take a bowl of soup and a crust of bread, when it became physically impossible for him to go on without some such sustenance.

His reward came after these arduous days of labor, when he gave Holy Communion to the souls that he had reconciled to God. It

is wonderful, when we come to think of it, that he should have been able to give Communion, and that, in spite of his blindness, he should never have had the smallest accident when administering the Sacred Host. He stood at the foot of the altar, holding the ciborium in one hand and the Host in the other, and a priest guided his right hand to the lips of the communicant.

Zeal brings many obligations with it. Mgr. de Ségur's love for his boys knew no limitations, but his purse-strings did; and what with lotteries and prizes and little presents and treats, he came very soon to the end of his money. Méthol declared this state of things must stop, if there was not to be the scandal of a bankrupt bishop. But Monseigneur hit upon a device. He formed a committee of boys, the sons of rich parents, and made them the protectors of his poor boys; he assembled them at stated intervals at his own house, fired them with his own zeal on behalf of their suffering young brothers, so that they vied with one another in helping them. They agreed to contribute a yearly sum out of their own pocket-money, and with reckless indiscretion committed their parents to supplement these contributions; they did more than this: they went about amongst their friends and begged for the apprentices and poor lads. In this way the Bishop secured annually a sum sufficient to cover what he spent on the association.

But the demand continued to increase, and soon ran far ahead of these new supplies. The Bishop cast about for some fresh resources, and hit upon the idea of giving a concert. He had not the remotest idea how to go about it, for he did not know an artist who could either sing or play. But this was a trifle. He knew most of the leading artists by name, and he determined to go and see them—speak to them rather,—and ask them to perform for his poor boys. He had a childlike belief in the good will of all men, and, though he felt he was doing a bold thing, he never doubted a moment but that he would meet with a kind response. And he was not disappointed. He was re-

ceived everywhere with the greatest respect and sympathy, and the artists granted his request with a readiness which fully justified his trust in their kindness. The concert proved a splendid success. When all was over, the Bishop, ever observant of the courtesies of a man of the world, and impelled on this occasion, perhaps, by a lively gratitude for future benefits, paid a visit of thanks to all those who had lent their talent to the charity, and presented each one with a handsomely bound copy of "Les Réponses." One artist, who was a Jew, was, out of delicacy, not offered the book; he protested against the exclusion when he heard of it, and claimed his reward, which was gladly bestowed.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Fairy Gold.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

CHAPTER XXXII.—(Continued.)

IF Marion had begun to find mysterious peace in the bare little chapel of Scarborough, was she less likely to find it here in these ancient sanctuaries of faith, these great basilicas that in their grandeur dwarf all other temples of earth,—that in their beauty are like glimpses of the heavenly courts, and in their solemn holiness lay on the spirit a spell that language can but faintly express? It was not long before this spell came upon her like a fascination. When the heavy curtains swung behind her, and she passed from the sunlight of the streets into the cool dimness of some vast church; when through lines of glistening marble columns—columns quarried for pagan temples by the captives of ancient Rome—she passed to chapels rich with every charm of art and gift of wealth,—to sculptured altars where for long ages the Divine Victim had been offered, and the unceasing incense of prayer ascended,—she felt as if she asked only to remain and steep her weary heart and soul in the ineffable repose which she found there.

She expressed something of this one day to Claire, when they passed out of Santa Maria Maggiore into the light of common day; and Claire looked at her, with a smile in her deep grey eyes.

"Yes," she said, in her usual quiet tone, "I know that feeling very well. But it is not possible to have only the comfort of religion: we must taste also the struggle and the sacrifice it demands. We must leave the peace of the sanctuary to fight our appointed battle in the world, or else we must make one great sacrifice, and leave the world to find our home and work in the sanctuary. I do not think that will ever be your vocation, Marion, so you must be content with carrying some of the peace of the sanctuary back with you into the world. Only, my dear"—her voice sank a little—"I think if you would take one decisive step, you would find that peace more real and enduring."

"I know what you mean," answered Marion, thoughtfully. "I can not tell why I have delayed so long. I certainly believe whatever the Catholic Church teaches, because I am sure that if she has not the truth in her possession, it is not on earth. I am willing to do whatever she commands, but I am not devotional, Claire. I can not pretend to be."

"There is no need to pretend," returned Claire, gently; "nor yet to torment yourself about your deficiency in that respect. Yours is not a devotional nature, Marion; but all the more will your service be of value, because you will offer it not to please yourself, but to obey and honor God. Do not fear on that account, but come let me take you to my good friend, Monsignor R—."

"Take me where you will," said Marion. "If I can only retain and make my own the peace that I sometimes feel in your churches, I will do anything that can be required of me."

"I do not think you will find that anything hard will be required of you," observed Claire, with a smile that was almost angelic in its sweetness and delight.

And truly Marion found, as myriads have found before her, that no path was ever made easier, more like the guiding of a mother's hand, than that which led her into the Church of God. So gentle were the sacramental steps, and each so full of strange, mysterious sweetness, that this period ever after seemed like a sanctuary in her life—a spot set apart and sacred, as hallowed with the presence of the Lord. She had willingly followed the suggestion of the good priest, and gone into a convent for a few days before her reception into the Church. This reception took place in the lovely convent chapel, where, surrounded by the nuns, with only Claire and Mrs. Kerr present from the outer world, it seemed to Marion as if time had indeed rolled back, and she was again at the beginning of life. But what a different beginning! Looking at the selfish and worldly spirit with which she had faced the world before, she could only thank God with wondering gratitude for the lesson He had taught so soon, and the rescue He had inspired.

When she found herself again in Claire's *salon*, with a strange sense of having been far away for a great length of time, one of the first people to congratulate her on the step she had taken was Brian Earle. He was astonished when Claire told him where Marion had gone, and he was more astonished now at the look on her face as she turned it to him. Although he could not define it, there was a withdrawal, an aloofness in that face which he had never seen there before. Nor was this an imagination on his part. Marion felt, with a sense of infinite relief, that she *had* been withdrawn from the influence he unconsciously exerted upon her; that it was no longer painful to her to see him; that the higher feeling in which she had been absorbed had taken the sting out of the purely natural sentiment that had been a trouble to her. She felt a resignation to things as they were, for which she had vainly struggled before; and, even while she was withdrawn from Earle, felt a quietness so great that it amounted to pleasure in speaking to him.

"Yes," she said in answer to his congratulation, "I have certainly proved that all roads lead to Rome. No road could have seemed less likely to lead to Rome than the one I set out on; but here I am—safe in the spiritual city. It is a wonder to me even yet."

"It is not so great a wonder to me," he replied. "I thought even in Scarborough that you were very near it."

She colored. The allusion to Scarborough made her realize how and why she had been near it then, but she recovered herself quickly. "In a certain sense I was always near it," she said, quietly. "I never for a moment believed that any religion was true except the Catholic. But no one knows better than I do now what a wide difference there is between believing intellectually and acting practically. The grace of God is absolutely necessary for the latter, and why He should have given that grace to *me* I do not know."

"It is difficult to tell why He should have given it to any of us," observed Earle, touched and surprised more and more. Was this indeed the girl who had once seemed to him so worldly and so mercenary? He could hardly credit the transformation that had taken place in her.

"I have never seen any one so changed as Miss Lynde," he said later to Claire. "One can believe any change possible after seeing her."

Claire smiled. "You will perhaps believe now that you only knew her superficially before," she replied. "There is certainly a change—a great change—in her. But the possibility of the change was always there."

CHAPTER XXXIII.

Soon after this Claire said to herself that if these two people were ever to be brought together again it could only be by her exertions. Left to themselves, it became more and more evident that such an event would never occur. And Claire had fully arrived at the conclusion that it would be the best thing which could occur; for she had no doubt of the genuineness of Marion's regard for Earle; and, while she recognized the

attraction which she herself possessed for the latter, she believed that, underlying this, his love for Marion existed still.

"But, whether it does or not, his fancy for *me* can come to nothing," she thought; "and the sooner he knows it, the better. I should be glad if he could know it at once. If such a thing must be stopped, there should be no delay in the matter."

It was certainly no fault of Claire's that there was any delay. Earle's manner to herself rendered her so nervous, especially when Marion was present to witness it, that she could hardly control her inclination to take matters in her own hand, and utter some words which it would be contrary to all precedent for a woman to utter until she has been asked for them. But her eagerness to make herself understood at last gave her the opportunity she so much desired.

One evening Earle inquired about a picture on which she was engaged, and of which he had seen the beginning in an open-air Campagna sketch. She replied that she was not succeeding with it as she had hoped to do; and when he asked if he might not be permitted to see it, she readily assented.

"For, you know, one is not always the best judge of one's own work," he remarked. "You may be discouraged without reason. I will give you a candid opinion as to the measure of your success."

"If you will promise an altogether candid opinion, you may come," she answered; "for you were present when I made the sketch, and so you can tell better than any one else if I have succeeded in any measure at all."

"To-morrow, then," he said,— "may I come to-morrow, and at what hour?"

Claire hesitated for a moment, and then named an hour late in the afternoon. "I shall not be at leisure before then," she said.

She did not add what was in her thoughts—that at this hour she might see him alone, since Mrs. Kerr and Marion generally went out at that time to drive. It was, she knew, contrary to foreign custom for her to receive him in such a manner; but, strong in the

integrity of her own purpose, she felt that foreign customs concerned her very little.

The next day, therefore, when Earle arrived he was informed that the ladies were out, except Miss Alford, who was in her studio, and would receive him there. A little surprised but very much pleased by this, he followed the servant to the room which Claire used as a studio when she was not studying in the galleries or in the studio of the artist who was her master.

It was a small apartment, altogether devoted to work, and without any of the decorations which make many studios show-rooms for bric-a-brac rather than places for labor. Here the easel was the chief article of furniture, and there was little else beside tables for paints and a few chairs. All was scrupulously clean, fresh and airy, however; and, with Claire's graceful figure in the midst, it seemed to Earle, as he entered, a very shrine of art—art in the noble simplicity which suits it best.

Claire, with her palette on her hand, was standing before the easel. She greeted him with a smile, and bade him come where he could command a good view of the painting. "Now be quite candid," she said; "for you know I do not care for compliments."

"And I hope you know that I never pay them—to you," he answered, as he obeyed her and stepped in front of the canvas.

It was a charming picture, a typical Campagna scene—a ruined mediæval fortress, in the lower story of which peasants had made their home, and round the door of which children were playing; a group of cattle drinking at a flag-grown pool; and, stretching far and wide, the solemn beauty of the great plain. The details were treated with great artistic skill, and the sentiment of the picture expressed admirably the wild, poetic desolation of this earth, "*fatiguée de gloire, qui semble dédaigner de produire.*"

"You have succeeded wonderfully," said Earle, after a pause of some length. "How can you doubt it? Honestly, I did not expect to see anything half so beautiful. How admirably you have expressed the spirit of the Campagna!"

"Do you really think so?" asked Claire, coloring with pleasure. "Or, rather, I know that you would not say so if you did not think so, and therefore I am delighted to hear it. I wanted so much to express that spirit. It is what chiefly impresses me whenever I see the Campagna, and it is so impossible to put it in words."

"You have put it here," said Earle, with a gesture toward the canvas. "Never again doubt your ability to express anything that you like. You will be a great painter some day, Miss Alford; are you aware of that?"

She shook her head, and the flush of pleasure faded from her face as she turned her grave, gentle eyes to him. "No," she answered, quietly, "I do not think I shall ever be a great painter; and I will tell you why: it is because I do not think that art is my vocation—at least, not my *first* vocation."

"Not your first vocation to be an artist?" he said, in a tone of the greatest astonishment. "How can you think such a thing with the proof of your power before your eyes? Why, to doubt that you are an artist in every fibre of your being is equivalent to doubting that you exist."

"Not quite," she answered, smiling. "But indeed I do not doubt that I am an artist, and I used to believe that if I really could become one, and be successful in the exercise of art, I should be perfectly happy. Now I have already succeeded beyond my hopes. I can not doubt but that those who tell me, as you have just done, that I may be a painter in the truest sense if I continue to work, are right. And yet I repeat with the utmost seriousness that I do not think it is my vocation to remain in the world and devote myself to art."

Earle looked startled as a sudden glimpse of her meaning came to his mind. "What, then," he said, "do you believe to be your vocation?"

Claire looked away from him. She did not wish to see how hard the blow she must deliver would strike.

"I believe," she said, quietly, "that it is my vocation to enter the religious life. God

has given me what I desired most in the world, but it does not satisfy me. My heart was left behind in the cloister, and day by day the desire grows upon me more strongly to return there."

"But you will not!" said Earle, almost violently. "It is impossible—it would be a sacrifice such as God never demands! Why should He have given you such great talent if He wished you to bury it in a cloister?"

"Perhaps that I might have something to offer to Him," answered Claire. "Otherwise I should have nothing, you know. But there can be no question of sacrifice when one is following the strongest inclination of one's heart."

"You do not know your own heart yet," said Earle. "You are following its first inclination without testing it. How could the peace and charm of the cloister fail to attract you—you who seem made for it? But—"

Claire's lifted hand stayed his words. "See," she said, "how you bear testimony to what I have declared. If I 'seem made' for the cloister, what can that mean save that my place is there?"

"Then is there no place for pure and good and lovely people in the world?" asked Earle, conscious that his tongue had indeed betrayed him.

"Oh! yes," she answered: "there are not only places, but there are also many duties for such people; and numbers of them are to be met on all sides. But there are also some souls whom God calls to serve Him in the silence and retirement of the cloister, who pine like homesick exiles in the world. Believe me I am one of those souls. I shrank from leaving the convent where I had been educated, to go out into the world; but I knew what everyone would say: that I was following a fancy—an untried fancy—if I stayed. So I went, and, as if to test me, everything that I desired has been given me, and given without the delays and disappointments that others have had to endure. The world has shown me only its fairest side, yet the call to something better and higher has daily grown stronger within

me, until I have no longer any doubt but that it is God's will that I shall go."

Earle threw himself into a chair, and sat for a minute silent, like one stunned. He felt as if he had heard a death-warrant read—as if he was not only to be robbed individually, but the world was to be robbed of this lovely creature with her brilliant gift.

"What am I to say to you?" he cried at length, in a half-stifed voice. "This seems to me too horrible for belief. It is like suicide—the suicide of the faculties, the genius that God has given you,—of all the capabilities of your nature to enjoy,—of all the beauty, the happiness of life—"

He paused, for Claire was regarding him with a look of amazement and reproach. "You call yourself a Catholic," she said, "and yet you can speak in this way of a religious vocation!"

"I do not speak of religious vocations in general," he answered. "I only speak of yours. There are plenty of people who have nothing special to do in the world. Let them go to the cloister. But for you—you with your wonderful talent, your bright future—it is too terrible an idea to be entertained."

"Do you know," she said, gravely, "that you not only shock, you disappoint me greatly? How can you be a Catholic and entertain such sentiments?—how can you think that only the useless, the worn-out, the disappointed people of this world are for God? I have been told that Protestants think such things as that, but they are surely strange for a Catholic to believe."

"I do not believe them," he said; "I am sure you know that. But when one is awfully shocked, one does not measure one's words. You do not realize how close this comes to me—how terrible the disappointment—"

She cut him short ruthlessly. "I realize," she said, with a sweet smile, "that you are very kind to have such a good opinion of me—to believe that the world will really sustain any loss when such an insignificant person as I leave it for the cloister."

"Insignificant!" he repeated, with something like a groan. "How little you know

of yourself to think that! But tell me, is your mind unalterably made up to this step?—could *nothing* induce you to change it?"

Her eyes met his, steady and calm as stars. "Nothing," she answered, firmly but gently. "When God says, 'Come,' one must arise and go. There is no alternative. As a preparation, He fills one with such a distaste for the world, such a sense of the brevity and unsatisfactoriness of all earthly things, that they no longer have any power to attract."

"Not even human love?" he asked, almost in a whisper.

She shook her head. "Not when weighed against divine love," she answered.

In that answer everything was said, and a silence fell, in which Claire seemed to hear the beating of her heart. Would he be satisfied with this and go away without forcing her to be more explicit, or would he persist in laying on her one of the most painful necessities which can be laid upon a woman? As she waited with anxiety for the solution of this question, Earle was having something of a struggle with himself. The impulse was strong with him to declare unreservedly what he felt and what he had ventured to hope; but an instinct told him not only that it would be useless, but that he would inflict needless pain upon Claire, and mar their friendship by a memory of words that could serve no possible purpose. He knew that she understood him; he recognized the motive which had made her speak to him of a purpose that he felt sure had been spoken of to no other among her associates and friends; and he was strong enough to say to himself that he would keep silence—that she should know no more than she had already guessed of the pain which it cost him to hear her resolution.

When he presently looked at her, it was with a face pale with feeling, but calm with the power of self-control. "Such a choice," he said, "it is not for me or for any other man to combat. I only venture to beg you not to act hastily. It would be terrible to take such a step and regret it."

Claire smiled almost as a cloistered nun

might smile at such words. "Do you think that one ever takes such a step hastily? No: there is a long probation before me; and if I have spoken to you somewhat prematurely, it was only because I thought I should like you to know—"

"I understand," he said, as she hesitated. "It is well that I should know. Do not think that I am so dull as to mistake you in the least. I am honored by your confidence, and I shall remember it and you as long as I live. Now"—he rose—"I must bid you good-bye. I think of leaving Rome for a time. I have a friend in Naples who is urging me to join him in a journey to the East. Can I do anything for you in the Holy Land?"

"You can pray for me," said Claire; "and believe that wherever I may be I shall always pray for you."

"What better covenant could we make?" he asked, with a faint smile. And then, in order to preserve his composure, he took her hand, kissed it, and went hastily away.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Father Friederich Spee and the Witchcraft Mania.

BY T. F. GALWEY.

(CONCLUSION.)

PROTESTANTISM had scarcely gained a foothold in North America when the witchcraft mania began to rage. In the Spanish and French settlements, as might have been expected, there was no trace of it; but throughout the Protestant colonies, almost without exception, witches were a common subject of uneasiness, though it was only in the most radically and genuinely Protestant region—that is to say, in New England—that the evil delusion showed the worst malice, seven or eight supposed witches having been hanged in Massachusetts Bay before 1655.

Boston and Salem and Plymouth enjoyed a short lull after that. But in 1688 an old Irishwoman, who could speak no English,

was apprehended in Boston on the charge of having bewitched the children of John Goodwin. That light of Calvinistic theology, the Rev. Cotton Mather, was called on to examine the "witch." The poor creature, not understanding what was said to her, but put in great fear by the forbidding countenance and expression of "the great divine,"—and perhaps in her turn, looking upon him as in some way an agent of the Evil One,—probably had recourse to prayer, and, as well as her toothless old mouth and pallid lips would permit, muttered the Lord's Prayer and the "Hail Mary" over and over again in Gaelic. At all events, the orthodox master witch-finder of America concluded that she was speaking some demoniac words of incantation, and he pronounced for her death. Four years later, Mather reigned supreme for a while in Salem, and twenty were put to death there, one of the women being pressed under gradually-increasing weights until her life was extinct.

The witchcraft mania was one of the most horrible which Christianity has ever beheld. Pope Innocent's bull shows that it was already beginning to attract attention just before the opening of the sixteenth century; yet it was not until that century was well under way—not until, as was said before, Protestantism had begun to unsettle religious beliefs—that it took on the malignant form which constituted its main horror. The cities of the Rhine, of Italy, and of France, put their witches to death on sufficiently absurd evidence, and with sufficient stupidity generally and cruelty of detail, and in great numbers. But these were precisely those localities where Protestantism for a time seemed as if it were about to obtain the mastery. In Spain and Portugal, where Protestantism was never much more than a foreign menace, there was but little heard of witchcraft.

Rome alone, let it be noted, among the important cities of Europe, was completely innocent of the witching fury. Rome is probably the only great city of Europe where no one in Christian times has ever suffered

death for witchcraft. While Galileo, that famous "victim of the Inquisition," was undergoing for his contumacy a pleasant and honorable "imprisonment"—really as the guest of his friend, the eminent scholar Cardinal Bellarmine—"liberal" and "reformed" England was burning and hanging and torturing poor old women as witches, by the thousand.

By the time that the witchcraft mania was at its height—that is to say, by the middle of the seventeenth century—the beautiful lands along the Rhine had already for a hundred years been suffering from the effects of the schism begun by Luther. Many of the princes and nobles there, as elsewhere, had been shifting about from Catholicity to "the Reform," and back again, and to and from Lutheranism, Zwinglianism, or Calvinism, accordingly as opportunities of self-aggrandizement seemed to offer. The Saxon unfrocked friar's work had already culminated in hatred, and in constant wars or menaces of war. The almost harmless superstitions that had survived here and there through the Middle Ages from pagan forefathers—hitherto, however, practised among ignorant and obscure rustics, and only by stealth,—now broke out as a sort of epidemic of folly. The endless and absurd controversies which the "Reformers" had been carrying on as to faith and good works, the redemption of man, the way of salvation generally, had convinced no one. Yet these controversies had very fairly succeeded in disturbing the unity of belief in the reign of God,—a belief which had formed the basis of that comity of European nations ordinarily described under the term "Christendom,"—a comity which promised a glorious development of civilization in peace and concord as time should roll on.

By these controversialists and the thousands of loud-mouthed preachers who were industriously spreading the new gospel of "Reform," the Church which the Saviour of men had planted, which the blood of the martyrs had fertilized, which the Spirit of God had brooded over from the day of Pen-

tecost, was declared to be merely a rotten trunk, which ought to be cut down. The angels and saints were denounced as idolatrous abominations. After centuries of the reign of Christ, Europe was told by the "Reformers" that only the Evil One had in reality prevailed. Heaven itself was closed by the "Reformers" to all except their chosen few, but for the great mass of the human race the gates of hell were said to be gaping wide on their hinges, while the elements fairly swarmed with the emissaries of Satan. Is this exaggeration? Read the writings of the leading "Reformers" themselves, many of whom were men of intellect and more or less scholarly attainments. How they boil over with wrath and denunciation! Read Luther himself. Although much of his language is too foul to quote, it is hardly up to the bounds of truth to say that the name of the devil occurs in his writings very much oftener than does that of God.

But if men like Luther and Calvin and Melancthon were so free in consigning myriads of Christians to eternal torments, it needs no great exercise of fancy to conjure up the sentiments and the teaching of the horde of ignorant fanatics, the inspired tinkers and cobblers, who contributed so large a share to the ministerial fraternity in the second and third generations of Protestantism. Is it any wonder, then, that the appearance of Protestantism was always followed by a readiness to discern the cloven foot of the enemy of the human race in whatever was mysterious or hard to understand? Even in "Paradise Lost"—that sad and gloomy Protestant epic, in which Milton sits in the shadow of the "Divine Comedy,"—Satan is enthroned in awful majesty.

It was reserved for a Catholic of the Rhine to be among the first to expose, with sound logic and good-natured wit, tempered by a charitable commiseration for the helpless victims, the absurdity and injustice of the witch persecution. This was Father Friederich Spee, a Jesuit, born in 1591 at Kaiserswerth, near Dusseldorf. To

the greater number of his countrymen, Father Spee is probably better known for his poetry; for he was a true poet, his subjects for the most part being simple in the extreme, and his method very much more artless than that of most of the poets of his day. But to all who are not Germans he must be chiefly interesting for the important share which he enjoyed in calling the attention of the learned to the iniquity of the legislation and procedure against supposed witches.

Spee received his academic education in the Jesuit college of Cologne, and when nineteen years of age was admitted a novice to the Society of Jesus. His life as a priest and a member of that Society was passed in the usual way—as prefect or professor in college, or else in parish work: He taught moral theology for a while, and evidently with some success; for the celebrated moral writer Busembaum, who had been one of his pupils, always spoke of him with affection and respect. In the course of his career he had to serve for two years (1627–29) as chaplain in the prison of Würzburg. This was during the witchcraft epidemic on the Rhine. His experiences while exercising this function resulted in his really valuable work (when the sentiment of those times is considered), the “*Cautio Criminalis*,” a treatise intended to expose the fallacies and absurdities of the processes then in vogue against witches.

Father Ryder, in an article entitled “A Jesuit Reformer and Poet,” published in the *Nineteenth Century*, gives an excellent summary of the main features of the “*Cautio Criminalis*.” He says:

“It was first printed in 1631, at the Protestant press of Rintel. Although anonymous, its authorship would seem to have been from the first an open secret. It is a collection of theses in Latin, and closely argued, against the abuses inherent and accidental of the witch processes, with interludes of vivid description and expostulation. Its plain-speaking is simply tremendous. It is characteristic of the writer that in his hands the syllogistic process seems here to kindle and culminate in fiery outbursts of indignation, just as in his compositions on happier themes his prose so frequently blossoms into song. The soft-hearted,

sentimental poet, as the lawyers thought him, in whom the love of God and man was the one absorbing passion,—a man so gentle that even in those fierce times he was never known to use a harsh word even of a heretic,—swept down upon them with falcon clutch, and, more dreaded still, with a voice that rang in the ears of men with the shrill, thronging notes of his own ‘nightingale.’ It was verily ‘the wrath of the Lamb’ that last, worst threat of outraged mercy.

“He paints in vivid colors the hopeless tangle of accusation in which the poor victim is involved. ‘Gaia’ (the accused) is either of bad or of good repute. If the former, her reputation grounds a presumption of guilt; for vices go in company. If the latter, there is an equivalent presumption against her; for witches are wont to cloak themselves under an appearance of virtue. Again, Gaia either manifests fear or she does not. If she fears, her fear shows that she is aware what is in store for her, and is a proof of her consciousness of guilt. If she has no fear, this is yet another proof (*indicium*); for witches constantly make a pretence to innocence. What matters if there is a failure of adverse evidence! She is racked till she becomes her own accuser. She is allowed neither advocate nor the liberty of self-defence; and were an advocate allowed her, no one would be found bold enough to face the suspicion of sorcery. ‘And so every mouth is closed, and every pen paralyzed, that they neither speak nor write.’ Even when she is permitted to explain, no one takes the slightest notice of her explanations. If she insists upon her innocence, she is remanded to prison, where she may bethink herself seriously if she will still be obdurate; for exculpation is nothing less than obduracy. She is then brought back, and the rack programme is read over to her. ‘All this constitutes the first stage of her agony, and if she then confesses, she has confessed without the rack.’ And after such a trial as this, Gaia is without a scruple hurried to the stake; for, whether she confesses or not, her fate is sealed—she must die.”

Father Spee was not the only Jesuit of that period who assailed the witchcraft delusion. In Bohemia, Father Adam Tanner, of the University of Prague, in his “*Theologia Scholastica*” enjoined the necessity of greater caution. But so much had the Hussite schism aggravated religious fanaticism among the Czechs, that after his death the populace of Prague disinterred Father Tanner’s body, and burned it amid indignant imprecations against him for having seemed inclined to protect odd and eccentric women from dangerous suspicion.

Father Spee himself was once cruelly assaulted by a Lutheran; but the assault was not on account of his denunciation of the witch processes, but because of his great success in winning back to the faith numbers of Westphalians who had gone over to Protestantism during the first excitement of the "Reform." Father Spee was, in fact, one of those to whom Macaulay, in his "History of England," so eloquently refers as having helped to beat back the tide of Protestantism that, flowing down from the North, at one time threatened to engulf all Germany. But so far from his "Cautio Criminalis" bringing obloquy on its author, that work was hailed with so instant and almost unanimous favor that the disappearance of the witch delusion in the Rhine countries followed very closely after.

Three writers of note had preceded Father Spee in denunciation of the folly, and they are three to whom Protestants are very much accustomed to ascribe the ridding of the public mind of its childish fears and fancies. These are Reginald Scot in England, and Molitor and Cornelius Agrippa in Germany,—all three having flourished and written a generation or more before the appearance of Father Spee's "Cautio Criminalis." But Reginald Scot was so obscure a man that few facts are known about him, except that the book on which his reputation rests—"The Discoverie of Witchcraft," published in 1584,—met with hearty and almost unanimous condemnation from his contemporaries, James I. himself writing in reply the famous "Dæmonology," in which among other things appears the declaration that under Popery there had been more ghosts, but that since the "Reformation" there had been more witches. Scot's book was burnt by the public hangman, and executions for witchcraft continued in England for a hundred and thirty years after Scot's death.

As for Molitor and Agrippa, neither enjoyed any influence in his own time. Agrippa indeed, in spite of his undoubted talents and learning, was but little removed

from a mere adventurer; while his reasoning against the witchcraft delusion was involved in a general abuse of holy things, and therefore would hardly meet with attentive consideration from the mass of men of that day: all the more because Agrippa was regarded as a carping and sneering skeptic in all things, and destitute of any sound moral or religious principles whatever.

There were no sneers in Spee's writing; there was warmth, and perhaps—and justly too—indignation; but this was tempered with charity. He wrote to convince, not to wound, nor to mock or amuse. Spee did not deny the existence of infernal powers acting through chosen human agents by some sort of compact. It is doubtful if there were many sane and serious men of that day who would have sincerely made such a denial. But Father Spee did deny—and most logically, yet kindly and courteously, did he sustain his denial—that any of the processes of law then in vogue was capable of establishing the guilt of the accused. That was all that was needed to put an end to the folly. Reasonable men, even though still believing in the possibility of witchcraft, would no longer consent to the imprisonment, torture, or execution of persons who were quite as likely, after every process of law had been exhausted in the inquiry, to be as innocent as themselves of any real crime.

But not only did the gentle poet practically put an end in his country to the witchcraft mania, but the reasoning which he had employed for that purpose led just as certainly to the downfall of the whole system of legal inquisition by torture.

The lovely soul of Father Spee is shown in the following stanza of one of his hymns, which Father Ryder quotes in the *Nineteenth Century* article referred to above:

„O Schönheit der Naturen,
O Wunderlieblichkeit,
O Zahl der Creaturen,
Wie streckst du dich so weit!
Und wer dann wollt nit merken
Des Schöpfers Herrlichkeit,
Und ihn in seinen Werken

Erspüren jeder Zeit?
 O Mensch, ermeh' im Herzen dein,
 Wie Wunder muß der Schöpfer sein!"*

Father Spee died peacefully among his brethren at Tribur, August 7, 1635, but a few weeks after having performed a most arduous service as chaplain, confessor, and nurse amid the contending military forces of the Empire and France. He had done his work thoroughly, however,—all that it was given him to do; and he had done it from the first with no wound of body or mind to his adversaries, and his modest but wonderful work lived after him.

A Singular Instance of Our Lady's
 Protection.

In the year 1848 a mysterious murmur of discontent was heard in the city of Turin. It arose among the enemies of religion and the Government. While the King of Sardinia, Charles Albert, was debating what measures he should take, it became trumpeted in its defiance. Lawless deeds were of daily occurrence, and greater evils were feared for the near future. The religious orders, as usual, were among the chief objects of persecution.

Among many institutions that were displeasing to the radicals was the convent of the Ladies of the Sacred Heart, to which was attached a boarding-school for daughters of the nobility, under the special patronage of her Majesty the Queen. It was her delight to visit the class-rooms of the pupils, listen to their recitations, hold council with their teachers and in particular to watch the young girls from a balcony when they were engaged in their recreations and

* O comeliness of nature,
 O wondrous loveliness,
 O widespread world of creatures,
 In numbers numberless!
 Who, then, can fail to notice
 The Maker's master-hand,
 And trace Him in his working
 In sea and sky and land?
 Think, man, within this heart of thine,
 How must the great Creator shine!

games. Great, therefore, was the sorrow of the pious Queen when the revolutionists became so violent in their menaces as to make it prudent for Madame du Rousier to notify parents and guardians to withdraw their children and wards.

One of the first to heed the summons was General de V——, his profession rendering him more apprehensive than civilians were regarding the position of the religious and their pupils. As his little motherless daughter Elena clung to the beloved superior, who had tenderly cared for her, the religious whispered to her: "The Blessed Virgin will protect you, and your aunt in Florence, who will be a second mother to you. Promise me, my child—will you?—that you will recite three *Ave Marias* each night before you retire."

"I promise, Mother," sobbed the heart-broken Elena, as her anxious father hurried her to the carriage that was in readiness.

There were only a few passengers in the *diligence*, so the General placed his little daughter near a window, where she could observe the fleeting landscapes, and listen to his explanations of the various scenes through which they passed. Hence she soon became cheerful, and interesting in her remarks or intelligent questions. The officer meanwhile forwarded a dispatch to the Countess de V——, his sister, begging her to send a domestic to conduct Elena from a village at which he intended to halt, to their villa in the suburbs of Florence.

It was dark when they reached the inn at N——, and the two travellers alighted, while the stage-coach proceeded on its customary route. The landlord was very polite and attentive offering his best apartment to the General, and providing an excellent supper. The guest expressed great satisfaction on seeing in the sleeping room a deep recess, which contained a comfortable bed, well-nigh concealed by curtains gracefully draped and gorgeously tasselled. "This alcove," he said, "I will occupy, and I will ask you to bring in a cot and a portable screen for my little daughter, as she would be afraid to sleep alone in a strange house."

His orders were promptly obeyed. "Bring me several candles," said the officer to a valet who entered as he was opening his portmanteau, and drawing forth a large package of letters; "I shall have to write nearly all night." However, only a small quantity of lights was brought, with the promise to provide more after supper. But the promise was not fulfilled.

After chatting a while with his child, General de V—— said: "Now, Elena, you will make your night toilet while I get through these letters." And, lighting a taper, he began to undo the package and peruse letter after letter. Suddenly it occurred to his fatherly heart that the light might keep the child from sleeping soundly, so he bade her take the bed in the alcove. "I shall hardly find time to repose," he thought; "and if I do, I will throw myself, military fashion, on the stretcher."

Elena said her prayers, bade her kind father good-night, and climbed up into the dainty bed. The officer wrote letter after letter, and the night wore on. Suddenly his attention was arrested by faint sobs from the recess. Going to the bedside, he found his little daughter regretting her teachers and schoolmates. He explained to her in the gentlest manner the cause of her removal from the convent, adding that by that time her companions were all dispersed to their homes. Then the child started up, and, bounding out of bed, cried, "O I forgot to say my three *Aves!*" and with clasped hands she knelt and repeated them.

As Elena jumped out of bed her father was surprised to observe that the bedstead swayed from side to side, and while she prayed he examined the construction of the handsome couch, and found that it swung from fixtures in the ceiling; that the heavy cords ending in magnificent tassels were strong ropes that were attached to movable pulleys; and, moreover, that the portion of the floor that was under the canopied bed was distinctly separated, and seemed to be furnished with springs. Never having seen such an arrangement before, he began to grow suspicious. So when Elena had fin-

ished her devotions, he bade her return to the cot, remarking calmly that she would probably sleep more soundly on it than in the grand bedstead.

He next examined his pistols, and placed them in readiness near him, and, remembering that the valet had not brought in the promised tapers, he went to the door to call for them, and found that the key with which he had locked the room during supper had been removed, and the door of the apartment fastened on the outside: this convinced him that some mischief was intended. Agonized at the thought of Elena's danger, he threw himself on his knees and commended himself and his innocent child to the God of Mercy. "It is her fidelity," he pleaded with Almighty God "that has, humanly speaking, revealed to us our dangerous position. Through the intercession of Mary, be propitious and deliver us from our enemies." Rising from his knees, he recited the Rosary, and calmly awaited developments.

A little after midnight the mysterious bedstead sank visibly, then mounted noiselessly, and mumbled curses were distinctly heard. The officer commended himself anew to the care of his Father in heaven, and determined to take steps to save himself and child. He found the two windows securely fastened, but contrived to undo the bolts of one, and, looking out, saw that it would be possible to get down onto the public road. He promptly awakened Elena, bade her dress as quietly as possible, while he tied the sheets in a strong knot, and then putting her inside, contrived to lower her to the ground; next he let down his portmanteau and part of her baggage. All was done so noiselessly that it did not alarm the inmates of the tavern, who expected their guest would stop with them some time, as he had said that he intended to await the arrival of a servant, and she had not yet appeared. This, they thought, would give them another chance.

General de V—— now conducted Elena to a clump of bushes near the roadside, then went back for their baggage. And

there the two remained until the early morning, when the General's quick ear discerned the martial tread of advancing soldiers. Soon the drum-beat assured him that he could easily secure aid, and, signalling the officer, a halt was commanded, explanations made, and some of the men were detailed to conduct the General and Elena to a place of safety.

Of course the authorities were speedily informed of the mysterious occurrence at the inn, and an investigation was ordered. The result, after proper trial, was the execution of the landlord and his accomplices. The deep vault beneath the deceitful bedstead was found to contain many human skeletons, and much lost property, including a number of valuable documents. The inn was razed to the ground, the plough passed over its site, and the name of the innkeeper was stricken from the public register.

After some delay the expected domestic arrived, and took charge of Elena, who was warmly received by the Countess, her aunt, and cherished as the only daughter of the house usually is. General de V—narrated their wondrous escape from a violent death, and an account of it was sent to the banished religious, among whom was the narrator of this wonderful instance of Our Lady's patronage.

The Virgin's Necklace and Veil.

LEGENDS OF THE ASSUMPTION.

NIGHT wore upon her brow her crown of stars, and the moon slept in her bed of clouds. Silence reigned unbroken, save where the great cedars slowly waved their branches in the gentle breeze that whispered from one to another. Now and then, too, a bird would take a sudden flight, or far away the nightingale poured forth a song whose melody resembled that of the angels of heaven. Meanwhile Paradise resounded with songs of joy and triumph, because the Bride awaited from eternity and Her heavenly Spouse were to celebrate the divine espousals with gladness unspeakable.

Mary had breathed Her last sigh in a supreme ecstasy; Her soul had broken its bonds with one last ejaculation of love. She was now to ascend to highest heaven. Behold where She sleeps in the rocky sepulchre, which the holy women had sprinkled with myrrh and aloes ere they laid Her to rest in Her snowy robes—Her beautiful eyes closed to earth, Her long hair unbound, enveloping Her like a royal mantle. A heavy stone closed the entrance of the sepulchre, and the mysteries of death encompassed Her in their shadow, while the intense azure of the heavens shone like an infinite ocean above the place of Her repose.

The distant mountains were tinged with flame, and the summit of Libanus was empurpled with rosy light. Dawn comes rapidly in these lands of fire. Suddenly from amidst the silvery twilight descended a snowy cloud like a breath of vapor; and while the impalpable light dispersed the shadows, myriad forms, white and diaphanous, assembled under the arching firmament, surrounded the tomb, and by the motion of their wings rolled away the heavy stone which closed it.

The Virgin slowly awakened. Like the daughter of Jairus, She rose from Her couch, and moved towards the great stone that lay at the mouth of the tomb. As She returned to life, a smile came to Her still pallid lips, and Her lovely eyes were raised to heaven. She listened to the sweet call of Her Beloved, Her beautiful countenance radiant with happiness. She knew then that nothing of Her was to remain on earth. The Mother of the living God escaped the horrors of death. Never could they touch One who had borne in Her womb the Master of the universe. Joy filled Her heart, and Her soul dilated in a divine ecstasy, while the Cherubim, kneeling, offered homage to their Queen.

And now the whole earth began to awaken from its slumber; the Virgin beheld it bathed in the heavy dews which glittered in the first rays of the rising sun, representing to Her eyes and Her heart the countless tears of our poor suffering humanity.

She endeavored to gather these dewdrops in Her holy hands, but at Her touch they were transformed into pearls. Of these pearls She formed a brilliant necklace, and the Rosary which She afterwards bestowed on one of Her chosen children. Adorned thus with Her bridal ornament of human tears, in a golden cloud-chariot She floated slowly upward to the empyrean.

Her brown, flowing locks changed to waves of light, Mary, as She is represented by Her painter and Her poet Murillo,—Mary, followed by Her *cortege* of Seraphim and Cherubim, Powers and Dominations,—Mary, the Queen of Angels, entered into eternal beatitude. And when at the threshold of Paradise God the Father offered Her the spousal ring in the name of the Holy Ghost, the Sanctifier, and the Son of Man placed upon Her brow the crown of eternal royalty, Mary besought Her nuptial gift. Presenting to the Most High the gathered tears, the pearls of Her necklace—Her sole memorial of earth,—She asked the gift of boundless mercy, and from that moment She became the all-powerful Mistress of the treasures of divine compassion. It is She who consoles, who sustains, who intercedes, who ever extends help to those who suffer. We invoke Mary, and at Her blessed name the tempest sinks to rest, the raging storm is appeased, and tranquillity returns to our troubled hearts. And Mary is become the Sovereign of the world in the name of grief and of poesy.

In Her flight to heaven the Virgin dropped a portion of Her veil. Lighter than the air of the morning, it was borne along by the breeze, and, catching in the thorns of earth, it was torn and ravelled. In the warm days of autumn we often see the shining threads of which it was wrought floating in the golden air. We can not seize them, but as they brush by us, carrying to heaven our passing thought, young heart, oh! breathe a prayer; weary exile, ask for deliverance. You will cease to live for earth, you will cease to mourn, because the Virgin always listens to the message borne into Her presence by the shining threads of Her veil.

Praise of Mary.

[On the occasion of the crowning of a statue of Our Lady of Lourdes at Villanor, India, a short account of which appears elsewhere, Z. Savarayolounaiker, the poet laureate of Pondicherry, composed some verses in Tamil, a few of which have been translated into English by a correspondent of the *Indo-European Correspondence*. They afford a characteristic example of the Indian style.]

“In the midst of rich fields, fertilized by abundant streams, where thousands of wild fowls have fixed their abode; in the midst of the intoxicating odors of perfumed flowers; in the midst of the splendid water-lilies, which set off the brilliant plumage of the graceful birds which sport joyfully under shining flowers, stands Villanor.

“Villanor, celebrated for its temples and ancient palaces; remarkable for its towers which reach the sky; protected by its cyclopean walls; embellished by its gardens and flowery groves; sanctified by its convent of virgins; thronged by the crowds attracted by the abundance of its markets.

“It is there,—it is there, within a temple of foliage, in the depths of a picturesque grotto carpeted with a thousand flowers,—it is there, O Lady of Lourdes! that Thou appearest smiling on Thy people who kneel before Thee. O Divine Mother! guard us by Thine aid; ward off all evils; bring the infidel to Thy altar, which he knows not.

“Every day Thou overwhelmest us with benefits without number, and we know not how to testify our profound gratitude, O Divine Virgin! So we have had recourse to our chief Pastor, and, thanks to the prayer of our venerable Archbishop, thanks to the boundless kindness of the Supreme Pontiff, behold us ready to-day to place a golden crown on Thy august head, O Divine Lady, already crowned with twelve radiant stars!

“What is our humble offering! It is like the little shining fire-fly of night, which hides its feeble light as soon as appear the first rays of the powerful sun. But anything which children are pleased to offer to their cherished Mother, is it not always received with delight?

“And we also, behold us prostrate at Thy august feet, O Mother, the most excellent of mothers! Accept this crown, with its gold and brilliant emeralds. Accept this offering: it is the offering of Thy children, and in their minds will be ineffaceable the remembrance of this gladsome day.”

Catholic Notes.

The apprehensions that the Liberal press of Italy are trying to raise about the failing health of the Holy Father are altogether groundless, and the reports they print are utterly devoid of foundation. His Holiness, we are pleased to be able to state, enjoys excellent health, and can engage without weariness in his usual arduous mental labors. He does not appear to experience any discomfort even from the overpowering heat of the weather, and is able to work with much less fatigue than any member of his household. The numerous and prolonged private audiences granted to bishops and prelates are a still further proof of his Holiness' undiminished energy and vigor.

Off the northeast coast of New Caledonia lies a group of small islands, called Loyalty Islands, the largest of which is named Lifou. The natives are for the most part Protestants, a fact due to the presence of numerous English preachers who preceded the French missionaries of the Society of Mary. To counteract the evil effects of heretical teachings, which were principally directed against devotion to the Blessed Virgin, the Marist Fathers have called to their aid the great mystery by which the Mother of God crushed the head of the serpent—the mystery of the Immaculate Conception.

On Cape Meketepoun, a point first perceived by voyagers from New Caledonia, they have erected a colossal statue of the Immaculate Conception. Around the base of this glorious image of Mary's triumph beautiful mountain-firs form a crescent of perpetual verdure; and, lower down, the foam from the waves of the sea beating against the rock paints, as it were, the pedestal with a symbolical white color. Whenever the French vessels pass before this statue, their flags are lowered in salutation to the Queen of Heaven, and at the same time the crews uncover their heads, and the melody of beautiful canticles rises above the sound of the waves.

On the 2d inst. was celebrated the centenary of the death of St. Alphonsus Liguori, one of the most illustrious theologians of the Church and founder of the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer, whose members are generally known as Redemptorists. A few facts about the life of this great Saint and Doctor will be

interesting, even if familiar. Born of a noble Neapolitan family, it was prophesied of him, while yet a child, that he was destined for canonization. His talents and piety won the admiration of all who knew him, and when he took up the study of law he was considered to have a brilliant future before him. In the face of great opposition from his family, he put off the lawyer's gown for the cassock of the humble seminarian, and was rapidly advanced to the priesthood. His renown as a confessor is well known, and it was not till after many years of experience in the confessional that he published his great and justly celebrated treatise on Moral Theology. In 1749 he founded his Congregation, and lived to see it increase and prosper beyond his most sanguine expectations. Despite his unwillingness, he was elected in 1762 to the bishopric of St. Agatha of the Goths, a town near Capua. His life as a bishop was only a continuation of the self-sacrificing career which he had followed as a priest. His zeal and charity worked wonders everywhere. He governed his see till 1775, when Pius VI. accepted his resignation on account of feeble health. St. Alphonsus then retired to Nocera, where he gave himself up to prayer and to the care of his beloved Congregation. He died in 1787, and was canonized by Pope Gregory XVI. in 1839.

The Redemptorists are well known in this country, having permanent establishments in fifteen dioceses of the United States. They have been always very active and zealous in giving missions, and the good they have wrought in this manner is incalculable. The saintly Bishop Neumann, of Philadelphia, was a member of the Order, as was the present Archbishop of Oregon, the Most Rev. William Gross.

An exhibition of relics was the most interesting feature of the tercentenary of the execution of the saintly Mary Queen of Scots at Peterborough, England. Queen Victoria contributed numerous relics, including a Bible with autograph; a print portrait, of which only three copies are known to exist; and a lock of Queen Mary's hair.

A recent number of the *Indo-European Correspondence*, published at Calcutta, contains an interesting account of the "Coronation of Our Lady of Lourdes at Villanor," on Sunday, the 8th of May last. The ceremony

was certainly unique in India, attracting over thirty thousand pilgrims from all parts of the country, drawn by the desire to render their homage to the Immaculate Virgin. A large temporary church had been erected for the occasion, and beautifully decorated; but it was insufficient to contain more than a third of the immense crowd that gathered to witness the coronation. From the 26th of April to the 4th of May the exercises of a novena took place in the church, with frequent Masses, Benedictions, and sermons. Twice a day the pious pilgrims gathered before the Madonna to recite the Rosary. On May 4 the miraculous image was carried solemnly to the church, and placed in a grotto built over the high altar. On the following Sunday the coronation took place. The ceremony was performed by the Archbishop of Pondicherry, assisted by the Bishop of Bangalore, the Titular Bishop of Tricala, and many of the clergy. The brilliant golden crown, all glistening with precious stones, was solemnly blessed in the name of his Holiness Leo XIII., and then the Archbishop slowly mounted the steps and placed it on the head of the statue, amid indescribable emotion on the part of the vast multitude of worshippers, who were entranced by the imposing spectacle. In the evening there was a grand procession and display of fireworks, and on all sides were heard the enthusiastic shouts of the multitude, 'Long may Our Lady of Lourdes reign at Villanoor!'

A Roman periodical makes us acquainted with a Polish gentleman, Count Joseph Mlo decki, who took part in the pilgrimage of the Slavs to Rome some time since. This nobleman, who is related to the principal families of his nation, is one of the many victims of the fierce persecution of Catholics by Russia which began in 1863. The Emperor confiscated the property which he held in Russian Poland, valued at 5,000,000 francs. Some time afterwards he was summoned to appear before the Governor of Kiew, who told him that his property would be restored on one condition. "What is the condition?" asked the noble Pole.—"It is that you renounce Catholicity and enter the Greek Church. This is not much to ask."—"My faith is something above all price I will keep it; you may keep my goods." And hereupon the noble confessor retired to Austrian Galicia.

New Publications.

THE WORKS OF ORESTES A. BROWNSON. Collected and Arranged by Henry F. Brownson. Volume XX. Containing Explanatory and Miscellaneous Writings. Detroit: H. F. Brownson. 1887. Pp. 636.

This is the last volume of Dr. Brownson's Works. It brings his writings down to the last article, the "Valedictory," that he published in his well-known and influential *Quarterly Review*. The vigor, courage, strength and independence of character that so conspicuously distinguished Dr. Brownson find expression even in his closing articles—are made manifest even as his eyes grow too dim for further work, and the taper of life flickers in its socket. The "Valedictory" appears in the *Review* for October, 1875. It marks the termination in activity of a busy life—a life rendered conspicuous by commanding abilities, extraordinary firmness, unflinching courage, unyielding fidelity, and an aggressive championship of truth. From the time in active manhood when Dr. Brownson entered the True Fold, he became and continued to be a faithful servant of the Church, and devoted advocate of all her interests, as God gave him to see and understand those interests. This fact is well illustrated by the articles that appear in the volume before us. In his "Valedictory" he writes, almost with childlike humility: "Yet none will be found more sincerely Catholic, or more earnestly devoted to Catholic interests; though, no doubt, men may be found with more prudence, and with a far better understanding of those interests, as well as ability to advance them." And again: "I have, and I desire to have, no home out of the Catholic Church, with which I am more than satisfied, and which I love as the dearest, tenderest and most affectionate mother. My only ambition is to live and die in her communion." A valedictory such as this suggests the inscription for the monument to Dr. Brownson, and surely none could be more touching, beautiful and inspiring.

This volume has a deep and peculiar interest, in that it closes the notable series to which from time to time THE "AVE MARIA" has referred, and gives the articles written in life's twilight by one whose towering intellect brought him fame, whose unswerving patri-

otism gained him honor among his countrymen, whose advocacy of truth never compromised with the tricks and shifts of policy, whose faith and sense of right never sought a mask nor knew dissimulation. Of the leading articles published in it we may be pardoned for citing: "Capes's Four Years' Experience"; "The Church in the United States"; "Archbishop Hughes on the Catholic Press"; "Burnett's Path to the Church"; "Catholic Polemics"; "Reading and Study of the Scriptures"; "The Punishment of the Reprobate"; "Catholicity, Liberalism, and Socialism"; "Reform and Reformers"; "Civil and Religious Freedom"; "Liberalism and Progress."

The indexes are complete, accurate and admirably arranged. They bear witness to careful and painstaking labor on the part of the editor. The "Index of Titles" covers twenty-three pages. The many articles and reviews published, about 940 in number, are appropriately indicated under this head, due reference being made to the volumes and pages where they may be found. These deal with a great variety of subjects—in fact, everything inviting discussion and comment, or concerning the interests and welfare of humanity, during the author's long and busy life,—and every subject treated appears to gain in interest, importance and lustre from the charm of his gifted pen. The "Index of Subjects" comprises 171 pages, and enables the reader to refer at once to the volume and page where each and every noteworthy matter is presented. To prepare these indexes was manifestly a most laborious task, but well and ably has it been accomplished.

Dr. Brownson's Works are now finished. As already stated, this is the last volume. Henry Brownson, the editor and compiler, has faithfully, ably, lovingly and devotedly discharged his duty in the premises. He has placed before the Catholics of the country and the public generally a magnificent edition of his father's works—an edition of which Catholics and Americans generally may alike feel proud. He has not only edited, but also published these imperishable works, and in carrying to a successful issue an undertaking so formidable he necessarily incurred much expense. Now, is it not pertinent to ask whether Catholics and the public generally have not an obvious and positive duty to sup-

port and encourage so praiseworthy an undertaking—an achievement so important in Catholic and American literature? Aside from that, however, Dr. Brownson's Works are of great utility on account of their philosophy, their history, their strong moral tone, their sound religious teaching, their high literary standard; viewed from any and every standpoint they can not but be regarded as an invaluable accession to any library. Whenever practicable, room should be made for them in parochial, school and society libraries; and we are persuaded that many of the wealthier laymen will, once they carefully consider the claims of Catholic literature upon their favor, regard their libraries as incomplete without Dr. Brownson's Works.

Obituary.

"It is a holy and wholesome thought to pray for the dead."

— 2 MACH., xii., 40

The following persons, lately deceased, are commended to the charitable prayers of our readers.

Sister Mary Cecilia, who was called to her eternal rest on the 25th ult., at the Sacred Heart Mission, Indian Territory. She was one of the first Sisters to labor among the Indians there.

Sister Mary of St. Catharine, of the Sisters of Holy Cross, who departed this life on the 4th inst., at St. Mary's Convent, Notre Dame. She had been a professed religious nearly forty years.

Mrs. Mary Casey, whose death, in her eighty-eighth year, occurred last month at Knocknagree, Co. Kerry, Ireland.

Mrs. Michael Ryan, of Charlestown, Mass., who was called to the reward of her good life on the 25th ult. She was a fervent member of the Third Order of St. Francis.

Miss Agatha Casey, a devout Child of Mary, whose happy death took place at her home in Potosi, Mo., on the 22d ult. Miss Casey was beloved by a large circle of friends.

Mr. David O'Leary, of Springfield, Mass., who died on the 3d of May, fortified by the last Sacraments.

Mr. Patrick Cleary, one of the first subscribers of THE "AVE MARIA" in Marysburg, Minn., who breathed his last on the 30th ult. He was a practical Catholic, and highly respected by all who knew him.

Miss Hanora Buckley, of Chicago.

May their souls, and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace!



To-Day.

BY SISTER MARY AGNES.

SWEET Jesus! grant at least to-day
 My soul for Thee may live,
 Not seeking any gift to weigh,
 Thou askest it to give;
 Not counting any price too dear
 For Thy loved smile to pay,
 So that each hour I feel Thee near,
 And helping me to-day.

Forget my infidelity,
 The graces I have lost;
 Remember only all that I
 Thy Precious Blood have cost.
 Think what I am when left alone,
 And do not leave my side;
 Cover my merits with Thine own,
 And all my weakness hide.

The past my tears can not undo,
 The future is not mine;
 To-day, Lord Jesus, keep me true
 To every wish of Thine.
 What I have done till now is naught,
 And life fleets fast away;
 But oh! to serve Thee as I ought,
 Let me begin to-day!

As though I ne'er before had clung
 To Thee or holy things,
 As though on this one day were hung
 The hopes the future brings;
 As though my dread eternity
 Rested on this, I pray
 To serve Thee with integrity,
 Let me begin to-day!

THE alms of a man is an act of charity, but that of a child is at one and the same time an act of charity and a caress—do you understand? It is as though a *soldo* and a flower fell from your hand together.—*An Italian School-Boy's Journal.*

The Old Hair Trunk.

A TALE OF THE ASSUMPTION.

III.

When Mrs. Travers left the room, the children looked first at one another, then cast furtive glances at the hair trunk. They had taken her words literally, and endued it with a voice; for there was Hans Andersen's "sole-leather trunk," and everyone knows how that talked!

"Talks and cries!" said Lee. "I wonder if it would talk to us? Let's try"—for she was a hardy little soul.

But there was an undefined crinkle up and down their backs at the thought of opening a conversation with a hundred-year old article, and when the dressing bell rang they silently and promptly withdrew.

After dinner, however, they went back, and gathered about the little old trunk, staring at it, and revolving plans to make it speak. The wind hummed faintly about the eaves, and there was a little sound now and then of creaking—probably the trunks reviving from the weight of their riders.

Suddenly Louis said: "Sh—sh! What's that? I believe it's *it* talking—I mean whispering!"

"Nonsense!" answered Laura. "It's the wind."

"Sounds like a telegraph wire humming," said Clarence.

"A tree-frog," said Shorb.

"A bee buzzing," said Phil.

"A mouse squeaking," said Edyth.

"A stair creaking," said Lee.

Then they all asked: "What is it?"

"It was right here," said Philip; "and I just believe it *is* the trunk talking."

"Bosh!" put in Clarence—he was getting scared.

"Bosh yourself!" said Louis. "What in thunder do *you* know about it? Didn't Mrs. Travers *say* it talked?"

"Y—es, but she said it talked a language of its own."

"Well, and how do you know this ain't the language?" demanded Louis.

That was a poser, so, in obedience to a suggestion from Dollie, they sat down as quiet as mice to listen.

We all know what tricks an excited imagination plays, therefore it was not very difficult for the children soon to persuade themselves they *did* hear a whispering in the trunk.

"Open it," ordered Lee.

"How can I?" asked Clarence. "Don't you see this brass thing goes clear round and holds it fast?"

"Burst the band," said Shorb.

"Break Mrs. Travers' dear old little trunk! I'm ashamed of you!" said Lee.

But somehow the idea once suggested took a permanent hold on their minds, and, after a long consultation, sympathy was compromised with, and conscience silenced by a decision to cut a slit in the hair cover—just a wee slit,—then to bore a little hole in the lid, so as to peep through and see what was there. Maybe it was a brownie suffering imprisonment through the cruelty of a wicked fairy; and they would free the little fellow—delightful thought—and then have good luck all their lives. For the children had an old North country nurse, and believed as firmly as she did in "the good people"—brownies, lob-lie-by-the-fires, kelpies, nixies and pixies.

"There couldn't be any harm in it," argued Lee. "Indeed it would be a kind and good action."

And, after the fashion of older folk when they want to justify a dubious matter to themselves, this argument carried the day.

Louis was sent for Shorb's tool-box, and cautioned to go tiptoe, for fear of rousing possible nap-takers. Soon they heard him puffing up stairs, and in he rushed, breathless.

"Oh! I met Uncle Jeff—"

"What did he say?"

"Why, he wanted—whew!—to know—where we were—ah!—and I told him—and he wanted—no, I mean he said he was coming up—oh! dear, my breath—to tell us a story; and I said he mustn't, and he said—"

"Oh, dry up! Is he coming or not?" said Clarence.

"Maybe he is, and maybe he isn't," was Louis' answer; for the boy was provoked under the snub.

"Well, if he does come, brownie won't get out this evening, that's all. Philip, go stand at the door and watch for ten minutes, then we'll each take a turn," ordered Clarence.

"Just a wee slit now, Lee," said Shorb, giving the little girl the sharp blade.

"Oh, I'm so frightened!" said Lee. "I'm scared most to death."

"Pshaw! give it to me," said Clarence, impatiently. "Girls are such *scareys!*"

He took the knife to make a slit, but, alas! the skin was very old and very dry, and the boy was very energetic and very strong, and what was meant for a small incision stretched suddenly into a ghastly gash across the whole top of the trunk!

They were horrified. What should they do? Brownie was forgotten, only poor Mrs. Travers remembered. For forty years she had loved it, and now they—the children she was so good to—the children to whom she had told its story—had ruined it! It seemed incredible.

Steps were heard. Throwing the red shawl over the wounded veteran, they started pell-mell down the stairs, almost overturning Mrs. Ridout, who was coming to find them.

"My patience, children, what is the matter? Lee, you are as white as a ghost. What is it?"

"We got scared, Mrs. Ridout, and we are going down to Kathie," answered Philip.

"Nonsense! Frightened in broad daylight? You ought to be ashamed. Nothing can hurt you. Mother's in her room, Sydney in his. Go back all of you and play."

"No'm, thank you. We'll go play dom'noes and Jack Straws on the gallery."

"Don't make a noise, then; and, if you are very good, I'll get Uncle Jeff to take you all in the *Chipmunk* when he pulls over after the lilies. You see it has cleared, and there'll be a rainbow presently. Clarence, do you and Louis be sure to fetch some

water-lilacs for Our Blessed Lady's feet. Jeff may forget them."

"Yes'm," Clarence answered, meekly.

But, alas! neither lilies nor water-lilacs nor rainbow nor *Chipmunk* could raise their spirits. They were in the first bitter moments of repentance, and they huddled in a group on the gallery, and whispered; plans of remedy were discussed and rejected; no smooth way from the trouble seemed to open up, and to tell of it—oh, how could they bear to grieve Mrs. Travers!

The tea-bell rang, and a dejected, sorrowful crowd of children gathered about Miss Susan at the table reserved for them. The cake was not touched, the curds and cream were left in their saucers, the clabber on the plates, the tea in their cups.

"It's the weather, mother," said Mrs. Ridout in answer to dear Mrs. Travers' solicitous inquiry, "What can ail the dear children?"

"They have been housed all day," Mrs. Ridout continued, "and I suppose they've been eating crackers and candy. You know Kathie always has something for them."

"Come to the *Chipmunk*! Passengers for the *Chipmunk*! This way, ladies and gentlemen. Now for the *Chipmunk*! Last bell's rung," shouted the cheery voice of Uncle Jeff down the hall. "Come, children."

What should they do? Suppose they went, and somebody should go into the trunk-room and find out? It would be worse than if they told, suggested one.

"Let's go," said Lee, "and tell Uncle Jeff?"

"Tell Uncle Jeff!" they gasped, horror-stricken.

"Yes, Uncle Jeff. He's so good and kind he couldn't scold so *very* awfully even if he tried. Besides, we'll have to tell somebody."

"Come, children," again called Uncle Jeff, coming from the chapel, where he had been to say his Beads.

"Yes, sir; in one minute," said Lee. "Come on, Clarence; let's all go in and ask Our Blessed Lady to help us tell. *She* won't scold."

So they all glided into the chapel, and

surely more fervent prayers are not often laid at Our Lady's feet than those suffering little hearts poured out that August evening.

Then they ran down the walk to the landing, and were soon seated in the *Chipmunk*.

IV.

It was a lovely sky the storm had washed and draped for the world, and the sun painted it in splendid shifting colors as the wind rolled the clouds gently to and fro. The water-lilacs were in full bloom, and the grasses and seaweeds pulsed in sprays and bunches of living green. But the children saw nothing, felt no pleasure, and pulled their oars at sixes and sevens.

"What's the matter there, Clarence?" called out Uncle Jeff finally, attracted by the yawing and tacking of the boat. "Mind the tiller. Pull up, pull up, Louis. Lee, you'll have a basket of crabs* at that rate. Feather, feather, Dollie. You and Laura look like you are poling. Mind that sloop—Jove, boy, you nearly had us into it!"

But they reached the shore safely, and got the lilies; took the mail out of the cigar-box nailed to the big pear-tree at the farmer's gate, into which a kind neighbor dropped it daily, and so saved them a six-mile drive to the post-office; and started home.

On the way the Major ran through the mail. "Poor mother," he said to himself, "nothing for her! God knows she has enough to bear, without that brute's adding to it. I don't—"

Here the sound of a sob interrupted him, and before he could even place it, or ask what it was for, the entire party of children were weeping bitterly.

"Thunder and blazes!" he said (he had given up his trooper's oaths since he became a Catholic, but he still used strong language), "what is the matter with you all?"

"O Uncle Jeff! Uncle Jef—f!" they wailed.

"What is it? Tell me?"

* When, through awkwardness, the blade of the oar catches in the water, and the handle strikes the rower in the breast, knocking him, it is called "catching a crab."

"We've been so wicked!"

"Great heavens!" he thought, "what have they been up to?" Then aloud: "Now, children, stop crying and tell me. No matter what you've done, out with it—the truth and the whole truth. Do you hear?"

"Yes, sir—yes, sir," they sobbed.

"All right. Now, Lee, go ahead." And he spoke after the fashion his soldiers knew and always obeyed.

"The trunk, Uncle Jeff—the trunk in the—" but she choked.

"Well, what trunk—whose trunk? What of it?"

"The little old hair trunk. Mrs. Travers—oh—oh—"

And then they lifted up their voices and wept again in chorus.

"Steady there, steady!" he said, divided between one desire to laugh at and another to shake them all around. "What have you done with the trunk?"

"We did it *to it*," they sniffed, sorrowfully.

"Well, to it, then?"

"We cut its back open."

"What?"

"Cut it's b—back open."

"What for?"

"To let brownie out."

"*What!*"

"To let brownie out. We heard him groaning, and we were going to make a *weensy* hole—a peep-hole; but when we poked in the knife, the back just split wide open."

"Shouldn't wonder," said Uncle Jeff. "Suppose I were to make a *weensy* hole in *your* back with my knife, wouldn't you—"

Here something in his voice encouraged them; they looked up, and saw his eyes twinkling. In an instant they threw themselves upon him, hugging and kissing him.

"O Uncle Jeff! will she mind much? Can you mend it? Need she know? Will we have to tell her?"

"Sit down, sit down!" he shouted. "You'll upset the boat, and then where will you be?" And he held on to as many of the girls as he could, and elbowed the

boys back amidships and forward; then he said:

"Yes, I think she will mind." (They groaned.) "I may be able to mend it." (They all said, "Ah—h!" with a sigh of relief.) "But she must know, and you must tell her. It's best to be on the square always, no matter what the first cost is." (Here they shivered.) "Now you all go to the second gallery, wait till I make the *Chipmunk* fast, and come to you; then we'll go to the attic and see the wounded soldier."

(CONCLUSION IN OUR NEXT NUMBER.)

How an Old Woman's Prayer was Answered.

One bitter January night the inhabitants of the old town of Sleswick were thrown into the greatest distress and terror. A hostile army was marching down upon them, and new and fearful reports of the conduct of the lawless soldiery were hourly reaching the place. In one large, commodious cottage dwelt an aged grandmother with her granddaughter and her grandson. While all hearts quaked with fear, this aged woman passed her time in praying to God that He would "build a wall of defence round about them," quoting the words of an ancient hymn. Her grandson asked why she prayed for a thing so entirely impossible as that God should build a wall about their house that should hide it, but she explained that her meaning only was that God should protect them.

At midnight the dreaded tramp was heard: an enemy came pouring in at every avenue, filling the houses to overflowing. But, while most fearful sounds were heard on every side, not even a knock came to their door; at which they were greatly surprised. The morning light made the matter clear; for just beyond the house the drifted snow had reared such a massive wall that it was entirely concealed. "There!" said the old woman, triumphantly; "do you not see, my child, that God did raise up a wall to protect us?"



VOL. XXV.

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(Copyright — Rev. D. E. HUSON, C. S. C.)

Cloister Peace.

BY MARION M. RICHARDSON.

HOW often, out of Life's thick dust and heat,
And sick of its continual sad cries,
The woman, weak and overburdened, sighs
For the still confidence of that retreat
That holds the convent well, whose waters
sweet

From out the heart of peaceful gardens rise,
Far from the busy world's unkindly eyes,
And bitter triumphs that are real defeat!

"But never," the soft-voiced Sister replies,
"Can even these calm cloisters give repose
To those within whose hearts earth's leaven
lies,

With power to work confusion where it goes.
Bring not to us, O restless and forlorn!
The fatal pangs wherewith yourselves are
torn."

The Treasures of the Missal and Ritual.

BY THE REV. A. A. LAMBING, LL. D.

I.

BY the transgression of our first parents man came into the power of the evil spirit, as the Council of Trent teaches in accordance with the Sacred Scriptures. (Session V.; Hebrews, ii, 14.) The visible creation was also burdened with the malediction of the Creator, as He said to Adam: "Cursed is the earth

in thy work." For this reason we find the spirit of evil called in various places of the Sacred Scripture the prince of this world.* The earth itself bears evidences of the fall; for we can not imagine a God of infinite goodness creating a world such as ours is at present. So truly is it natural for man to entertain this view, that even the pagan philosophers and the sages of all nations and times have regarded the earth as more or less a place of punishment for the human race. Their conviction of this led the children of God at all times to ask the divine blessing upon such creatures as they had occasion to use,—evidences of which are to be met with in various places in the sacred writings, and everywhere in sacred biography.† But it is not with this precisely that we are at present concerned.

Apart from the use which man is necessitated to make of various created things for the sustenance and conveniences of life, he is also required to use them in relation to the service of God, and this in a three-fold manner: they are offered as victims to be sacrificed; as vessels, vestments, etc., in the service of religion; and as instruments or channels for the conveying of supernatural assistance to the souls of men, as in the Sacraments, sacramentals, etc. The infinite dignity of Almighty God and the relation which man bears to Him require that this should be done at all times and under all circumstances with becoming de-

* St. John, xii, 31; xiv, 30; Ephesians, vi, 12.

† I. Tim., iv, 4, 5.

corum; in other words, with certain ritual and liturgical observances. And here let us note, in passing, the meaning of these two terms, and the difference between them; for they are not unfrequently confounded. By *ritual* is meant the forms to be observed by the priest in the administration of the Sacraments, giving Holy Communion out of Mass, and performing the many blessings which he may be empowered to perform; while *liturgy* is more comprehensive, and takes in everything that is in any way connected with the sacred functions of the Church.

In patriarchal times the liturgy appears to have been regulated by the patriarch's own ideas of what was becoming, because at that time he, or one appointed by him, was the sacrificing priest of the tribe or family of which he was the head. And this continued among the Gentiles even after the institution of the Mosaic Law, as in the case of Job, from whom God accepted sacrifices for himself, his family, and his friends. But when the Jews were set apart as the chosen people of God, a special ritual was prepared for them by a revelation from Heaven; in which, as we learn from the Pentateuch, the ceremonial law was laid down to the most minute details, and its observance enjoined under the severest penalties.

With the abrogation of the Mosaic Law a new liturgy came into existence to suit the changes brought about in divine worship by the institution of the Sacrifice of the Mass and the Sacraments. Our Divine Lord unchangeably fixed all that relates to their essence, as the matter and form; but it was fitting that He should leave to His Church the regulation of the minor details of their administration, both because it became His dignity to do so, and because these depended in a measure on the circumstances of time, place, and people. The authority necessary for arranging these particulars is contained in the power of binding and loosing given in its plenitude to the teaching body of the Church. To the same authority was entrusted the power of instituting such sacramentals as might,

from time to time, be found conducive to the welfare of the children of God.

What relates to the offering of the Adorable Sacrifice of the Mass, the administration of the Sacraments, and the blessing and use of the sacramentals, is found in the Missal and the Ritual. These books are, of course, printed in Latin—the language of the Church; and, notwithstanding that prayer-books are readily to be had in which some of the prayers of the Missal are rendered into the vernacular, and even entire translations of the Missal are made, and not a few of the blessings of the Ritual are witnessed, and explanations of them heard, still these books are more or less a mystery to the greater number of Catholics. Their lack of information, as is too often the case, both renders them incapable of appreciating their value, and leaves them without the desire of increasing their knowledge.

A short explanation of these two very important books must, therefore, be at once interesting, instructive and useful. Interesting, because they treat of matters in which all are concerned, and would be still more concerned if they knew more of them; instructive, because it will open up a new and extensive field of knowledge relating to our holy religion and the salvation of ourselves and others; and useful, because it will place within the reach of everyone many graces, the existence of which was wholly or partially unknown before,—graces which will strengthen, console, and encourage them in the time of temptation, trial, and bereavement, and prepare them the better for their final passage to eternity.

II.—THE MISSAL.

The Mass offers to God the greatest honor that can be given Him, subdues most triumphantly the powers of hell, affords the greatest relief to the suffering souls in purgatory, appeases most efficaciously the wrath of God against sinners, and brings down the greatest blessings on mankind.—*St Liguori*, "*Sacerdos Sanctificatus*," p. 6.

It is not my intention to treat in this article of the treasures we possess in the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass; it is regarded by all as the clean oblation foretold by the Prophet

Malachy, which was to be offered up from the rising to the setting of the sun. I purpose rather to treat of its form and the contents of the Missal.*

Time was necessarily required to bring the Missal to its present state of perfection; for, although from the beginning all the essential parts were in use in the Church, the Missal had not reached the form in which we now have it until the lapse of centuries. Nor were the parts arranged in precisely the same manner as they are in our day. A portion was found in one book and another portion in another, which different books were known as the Antiphonary, the Lectionary, the Book of the Gospels, and the Sacramentary. Besides, certain prelates arranged the Missals for their dioceses more or less according to their own ideas. The necessity of adopting uniformity of ritual where there was uniformity of belief became more and more apparent as time wore on, and the faith became diffused; and, the better to secure this, the necessity of restricting the power to make alterations to the highest authority in the Church. But it was not till the sixteenth century that the Missal was brought to its present form, and all further changes forbidden under the severest penalties.

The Council of Trent recommended this action, and it was taken by Pope St. Pius V., who thoroughly revised the Missal, and published it in its corrected form, making that the standard to which all subsequent editions should strictly conform; forbidding at the same time, under the severest penalties, the use of any other Missal or of any other prayers or ceremonies in the celebration of the Holy Sacrifice. No person, however exalted his dignity, was exempted from the observance of this command; but churches or religious orders having different

customs dating back at least two hundred years, were excepted out of respect for the antiquity of their liturgy.* The Holy Father's bull enjoining the use of the revised Missal and prohibiting all others is dated July 16, 1570. But the evil was not fully remedied, and Pope Clement VIII., under date of July 7, 1604, issued another bull on the same subject, increasing the penalties. He was followed, September 2, 1634, by Pope Urban VIII., in a bull of the same tenor. These three bulls are placed at the beginning of every Missal, as well as certain decrees of the Congregation of Sacred Rites bearing on the same subject.

Thus it was that the Missal came to assume its present form. The first step, however, had been taken by "Burchard, master of ceremonies under Innocent VIII. and Alexander VI., who set out at length both the words and the ceremonies of the Mass in his 'Roman Pontifical,' printed at Rome in 1485, and again in his 'Sacerdotale,' printed a few years later. . . . After this the ceremonies were joined to the Ordinary of the Mass in some printed Missals, and were finally arranged under their present titles by Pius V." ("Catholic Dictionary," p. 724.)

A matter which those not of the One Fold find it difficult to understand, and for which, unfortunately, the vast majority of Catholics are not able to give a satisfactory reason, is the use of the Latin language in the liturgy of the Church. While a spirit of submission to the Church and of confidence in the wisdom of her decrees follows necessarily from a lively faith, there are too many Catholics who are satisfied with these, forgetting the advice of the Apostle, that they should be able to give a reason for the faith that is in them. It may, however, be doubted whether it is the result of faith, and not rather of indifference, that so many Catholics feel a reluctance to study books of instruction. Faith is not founded on ignorance, nor is it nourished by ignorance; nor does it, as some of our enemies would

* The Missal and Ritual consulted in the preparation of this article are the "Typical Editions," which were revised and published by the special command of the Holy Father, under the auspices of the Congregation of Sacred Rites, and declared to be the model to which all future editions must strictly conform.

* For a fuller explanation of this matter, and of the rites having the requisite antiquity, see O'Brien's "History of the Mass," pp. 103 *et seq.*

fain have us believe, fear the light. On the contrary, the Church invites and desires the careful study of both friend and foe.

But to return. The Latin is the language of the Church's liturgy for several good reasons. In the first place, it was the language of the Roman Empire, and was generally understood, if not spoken, throughout the civilized world at the date of the foundation of our holy religion; and, as St. Peter fixed the centre of the Christian commonwealth in the city of the Cæsars, it was not only natural but also necessary for the Church to adopt the Latin tongue as that of her liturgy. Again, the Church is one, and oneness of language serves to illustrate and preserve her unity of faith. Besides, living languages are always changing, more or less; new terms are constantly being introduced, and those already in use vary their meaning. As instances of this we have certain English words not only changing their signification, but taking a diametrically opposite one; as, for example, *let*, *prevent*, etc. But it is of the first importance that the well-defined doctrines of religion should be expressed in language that always conveys the same ideas. The advantages also of a medium of communication between the members of the Church throughout the world, whether assembled in general council, addressing their common Father, or corresponding with one another, is too apparent to require comment.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Fairy Gold.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

AND so for Earle those Roman days ended, with the brief dream which he had indulged of finding in Claire's heart a response for the feeling that had arisen in his own. Yet no disappointment can be very keen when hope has not been very great, and Earle was well aware that he had never possessed any ground for hope. Kind and

gentle as Claire had been, he was always conscious of something about her which seemed to set her at a remote distance,—an indefinable manner which had made him once call her "a vestal of art." He understood this now, but he had felt it before he understood it, and so the blow was not as heavy as it might have been if this underlying instinct had not existed. A vestal!—the expression had been well chosen; for there was indeed a vestal-like quality about her,—a vestal-like charm, which seemed to inspire thoughts of cloisteral tranquillity, and keep the fires of human passion at bay. This exquisite quality had been her chief attraction to Earle: its very unlikeness to the nature which had fascinated him, and from which he had recoiled, making its charm the greater; but even while it attracted, he had felt that it removed her from him, and made hope wear the guise of presumption.

Now all hope was finally at an end, and, since it is in human nature to resign itself to the inevitable, the wound might be said to carry its own cure. Earle was aware of this, and he left Rome in no melodramatic spirit whatever, but feeling it best to go, in order to recover that calm and healthy control of himself and his own feelings which had been lacking with him since he first met Marion in Scarborough. As we know that nature abhors a vacuum, it is probable that his attachment to Claire arose partly from the disappointment of that prior attachment—from the need of the heart to put another object in the place of that which had been dethroned; but, leaving all analysis of the kind for the future, he quietly accepted the pain of the present and went away.

Marion had not the least doubt of the reason of his going, although no word fell from Claire on the subject. She said to herself that she was sorry—that she had hoped to know that Claire and himself were happy together, since they suited each other so well; but, although she was sincere in thinking this, there could be no doubt that, despite herself, she felt his departure to be a

relief—that it relaxed a strain in which she held herself,—and that if a blank followed, a sense of peace, of release from painful conflict, also came. “I suffer through my own fault,” she reflected: “therefore it is quite right that I should suffer.” And such acceptance robbed the suffering of half its sting.

Two or three tranquil months followed—months during which the influences that surrounded her sank deep into Marion, and seemed to be moulding over again the passionate, impulsive nature. Claire was one of the foremost of these influences, as Marion herself was well aware; and more than once she thought that she would be content if she might spend her life near the friend who had always seemed to her the voice of her better self. She had begun to study art—having a very fair talent,—and one day as she sat working at a study she said to Claire, who was painting busily on the other side of the room:

“If I can ever grow to be anything of an artist, what a pleasure it will be for us to live and work together! I can not think of anything I should prefer to that.”

Claire smiled a little. “Nevertheless,” she said, “there may be something that you will prefer as time goes on, although our association is very pleasant—as pleasant to me as to you.”

“Is there anything that *you* would prefer?” asked Marion; for something in the tone of the other struck her with surprise.

Claire did not answer for a moment. Then she said, quietly: “Yes. I must be frank with you. There is something I should prefer even to your companionship, even to art. I should prefer to go back to the convent that I have never ceased to regret.”

Marion’s brush dropped from her hand. She was astonished beyond measure, for it was the first intimation she had received of such a feeling on Claire’s part. “Go back to the convent,” she cried, “and give up your art!—Claire, are you mad?”

“Very sane, my dear,” answered Claire, smiling. “I have disliked to tell you about it, because I knew you would be sorry. I am

sorry, too, that it should be necessary for us to part; but I grow daily more certain that my vocation lies not in the world but in the cloister.”

“I am more than sorry—I am shocked!” said Marion. “With your talent!—why, all the artists whom we know say that your future is certain to be a brilliant one. And to bury that in the cloister!—Claire, it should not be allowed!”

Claire remembered what other voice had said this, almost in the same words; but she was no more moved by it now than she had been then.

“Who should prevent it?” she asked. “If you, for instance, had the power, would you venture to prevent it—to say that any soul should serve the world instead of serving God?”

“That is not a fair way to put it. Can not people serve God in the world as well as in the cloister?”

“Surely yes, if it is their vocation to do so. But if one has a vocation for the religious life—if that imperative call is heard, which can not be realized except by those who hear it, bidding one arise and go forth,—then one *can not* serve God as well in the world as in the cloister.”

“But, Claire, may you not imagine this call? I can not believe that God would have given you such a talent if He had not meant you to make the most of it. Think how much good you might do if you remained in the world—how much money you might make, as well as how much fame you might win!”

“My dear,” said Claire, with gentle solemnity, “how much will either money or fame weigh in the scales of eternity? I want to work for eternity rather than for time, and I am, happily, free to do so—to go back to the cloister, where I left my heart. Do not make it painful for me. Try to reconcile yourself to it, and to believe that God makes no mistakes.”

“I can not be reconciled,” said Marion. “It is not only that I can not bear to give you up—that I can not bear for you to resign the success of which I have been proud

in anticipation,—but I am selfish too. I think of my own life. You are my one anchor in the world, and I have been happy in the thought of our living together, of our—'

Her voice broke down in tears. It was indeed a blow which fell more heavily than Claire had reckoned on. Feeling assured herself what would be the end for Marion, she overlooked the fact that Marion herself had no such assurance. In her disappointment and her friendlessness she had come to Claire as to a secure refuge, and lo! that refuge was now about to fail her. Emotion overpowered her—the strong emotion of a nature which rarely yields to it,—and for some minutes she was hardly conscious that Claire's tender arms were around her, and Claire's tender voice was bidding her take comfort and courage.

"I am not going to leave you immediately, nor even soon," that voice said; "and I should certainly not leave you, under any circumstances, until I saw you well placed and happy. Dear Marion, do not distress yourself. Let us leave things in God's hands. He will show us what is best."

"I am a wretch to distress *you*," said Marion, struggling with her tears. "But you must not believe me more selfish than I am. Do you think I should only miss you as a convenience of my life? No, it is *you*, Claire—your influence, yourself—that I shall miss beyond all measure. No one in the world can take your place with me—no one!"

"But there may be a place as good for some one else to take," said Claire. "Do not fear: the path will open before you. If we trust God He will certainly show us what to do. Trust Him, Marion, and try to be reconciled, will you not?"

"I will try," Marion answered; "but I fear that I never can be. You see now, Claire, how strong a hold the world has on me. If I were good, if I were spiritual-minded, I should be glad for you to do this thing; but as it is, my whole feeling is one of vehement opposition."

"That will not last," said Claire. "I have seen it often, even in people whom you

would have called very spiritual-minded; but it ended in the belief that whatever God wills is best. You will feel that, too, before long."

Marion shook her head sadly, but she would not pain Claire by further words. She felt that her resolution was immovable, however long it might be before it was executed. "So there is nothing for me but to try and resign myself," she thought. "I wish it were *my* vocation that I might go with her; for everything that I care for seems to slip from my grasp."

Apart from resigning herself in feeling, there was also a practical side of the question which she was well aware must be considered. Where was she to go, with whom was she to live when Claire had left her, and, like a weary dove, flown back to cloister shades? She considered this question anxiously, and she had not arrived at any definite conclusion, when one day a letter came which made her utter a cry of surprise and pleasure.

"This is from Helen," she said, meeting Claire's glance; "and what I hoped and expected has come to pass—she has promised to marry Mr. Singleton."

"Helen!" exclaimed Claire, in a tone of incredulity. "Why, I thought he wanted to marry you."

Marion laughed. "That was a mistake on his part," she said, "which fortunately did not impose upon me. Perhaps he was a little in love—the circumstances favored such a delusion,—but I am sure his ruling motive for asking me to marry him was to give me that share of the fortune which he could not induce me to take in any other way. I really did not suit him at all. I saw before I left that Helen *did* suit him, and I hoped for just what has come to pass. Oh! Claire, you don't know how happy it makes me; for I feel now as if I had in a measure atoned to Helen for the pain I caused her about that wretched Rathborne."

"How?" asked Claire, smiling. "By making over Mr. Singleton and his fortune to her? But I am afraid you can scarcely credit yourself with having done that."

"Only indirectly, but it is certain that if I had accepted him he could not be engaged to her now. I am so glad—so very glad! He is really a good fellow, and Helen will be able to do a great deal with him."

"Is he a Catholic?"

"She says that he has just been received into the Church. But here is the letter. Read it for yourself. I think she is very happy."

Claire read the letter with interest, and when she had finished, returned it, saying, "Yes, I think she is certainly very happy. Dear Helen! how we always said that she was made for happiness! And now God seems to have given it to her in the form of great worldly prosperity—the very prosperity that *you* lost. Are not His ways strange to us?"

"This is not at all strange to me," replied Marion. "What I lost would have ruined me; what Helen has gained will have no effect upon her, except to make her more kind and more charitable. She is one of the people whom prosperity can not harm. Therefore it is given her in full measure. But it certainly would have been singular if I could have foreseen that after I had gained my fortune it would pass into Helen's hands, and that by a simple process of retribution. For if matters had remained as they were between Rathborne and herself, there could have been no question of this. And they would have so remained but for me."

"You should be very grateful," said Claire, "that you have been allowed to atone so fully for a fault that you might have had to regret always. *Now* it can be forgotten. Helen says she will be married in April, does she not?"

Marion turned to the letter. "Yes, in April—just after Easter. Claire, let us beg her to come abroad for her wedding journey, and join us?"

"With all my heart," said Claire. "They can come here for a little time, and then we can go with them to Switzerland, or the Italian lakes, or wherever they wish to go for the summer. It will be pleasant for us to

be together once more—for the last time."

"Claire, you break my heart when you talk so!"

"Oh! no," said Claire, gently, "I am very sure that I do not break your heart; and if I sadden you a little, that is necessary; but it will not last long. There is no need to think of it now, however; only think that you and Helen and I will pass a few happy days together—for I suppose Mr. Singleton will not be much of a drawback—before we start on another and a different beginning of life from that on which we entered when we left our dear convent."

(CONCLUSION IN OUR NEXT NUMBER.)

Catholic Painters of Spain.

SCHOOLS OF ANDALUSIA.

BY OCTAVIA HENSEL.

MAHOMETANISM, which ruled this land of the pomegranate and orange so long, was as antagonistic to the art of painting as to the spirituality of that religion which has ever imbued and called forth the noblest efforts of art. Not until the conquest of Granada and the discoveries of Columbus; not until Charles V. had united the peninsulas under one government, when Italy in the zenith of her splendor—the golden days of Buonarroti, Raphael, and Da Vinci—was teaching the world, from Naples to Antwerp, the loveliest lessons of sacred story, did the intellectual life of Spain rise from the lethargy of Moorish rule to the spiritual beauty of Catholic art, and seek at the shrine of Italy's great masters the knowledge which was to lead onward to the glorious works of Murillo and Velasquez.

Flemish artists, who had settled in Spain when its more adventurous sons had sailed for the western El Dorado across the sea, brought the first ideas of painting to a little band striving to express their ideas in form and color.

Perfectured by intercourse with the Italian

schools, there arose about the middle of the fifteenth century a special school at Seville, founded by Juan Sanchez de Castro, whose first painter of note was Antonio del Rincon (1446-1500), whose masterpiece, the *Life of the Virgin*, is still seen in the Church of Robledo, near Madrid. Of those who left Castile for Italy, the names of Alonso Berruguete, Navarrete (el Mudo), Juan de Joanes, and Francisco de Ribalta; from Valencia, Luis de Vargas, and Pablo de Céspedes from Cordova, stand pre-eminent as teachers and founders of schools, which, while they adopt the coloring of the Venetians, possess a sombreness peculiarly their own. The gloom of the asceticism of Spanish cloister life, the solitary, kingly dignity of the palace, with a few simple *genre* pictures of street and home life, foreshadowing the later English school of which the Spanish has been called the anticipation, are the few types that remain of the earliest period of Spanish art.

Through the Valencian school, the lessons of Italy came to Spain; and this school, with those of Seville, Toledo, and Madrid, sprang into life almost simultaneously; but later, Valencia, combining with the schools of Cordova, Granada, and Mercia, became one with the parent school of Seville, or the Andalusian, whose zenith was reached in Murillo; while the school of Toledo, with those of Badajoz, Saragossa, and Valladolid, merged into the Madrid, or school of Castile, whose highest art was perfected in Velasquez.

Juan de Joanes (1507-1579) was the leader and founder of the Valencian school. His works are rare except in Madrid. He painted especially for churches and convents. His pictures are all religious. It is said of him, as of Fra Angelico, that he began his work by prayer and fasting. He imitated Raphael, especially in the pictures of Our Blessed Lady. Of his picture *La Purissima*, legend tells us that Our Blessed Mother appeared to the Jesuit Fathers in their convent church at Valencia, and commanded a picture of Herself to be painted in the dress She wore—a white robe and

blue mantle,—a crescent beneath Her feet, the mystic dove hovering above Her, while Our Lord placed a crown upon Her head, with God the Father looking from clouds above. The apparition was described and the work entrusted to Joanes. He fasted long and prayed incessantly, but inspiration came not. At last his zeal and sincerity conquered, and he painted the picture which still hangs above the altar of the convent church, and is known as *La Purissima*.

Joanes' pictures show invention in design, and splendor of color, but they are stiff and severe in attitude. He also painted a lovely Head of Christ upon an agate cup, now in the Cathedral of Valencia.

The Ribalta, father and son, students under Raphael and the Carracci in Italy, are chiefly seen in their paintings in Valencia, but rarely found out of Spain. Francisco, the father, was the best historical painter of his time. We are told that while studying in Valencia he fell in love with his master's daughter, but her father refused to allow him to marry her until he became a great artist. He went to Italy, and, after a few years of earnest study, returned with the title of the Spanish Domenichino, and became the husband of his early love. His son Juan died when only thirty years of age. His style of painting was similar to his father's, and had he lived he would have been a great artist.

The Riberas are noted more especially as the instructors and friends of José de Ribera, or "Il Spagnoletto," as he was called in Italy. José de Ribera, born in 1588, after studying in the studio of Francisco de Ribalta, fellow-student with Juan, went to Italy in the early part of the seventeenth century. He was very poor when he arrived in Rome, but he attracted the attention of a cardinal, who took him to his home and provided for his comfort. But Ribera loved life in the streets, and ran away. The cardinal reproached him with ingratitude, but the young painter replied that it needed the spur of poverty to make him a good artist. The cardinal approved, and allowed him to seek his own support.

Ribera greatly imitated Caravaggio, but studied under Raphael and the Carracci. A picture-dealer in Naples offered him his daughter in marriage. He accepted the offer, and soon rose to wealth and greater fame. In 1630 he was made a member of the Academy of St. Luke, and in 1644 the Holy Father, Innocent X., sent him the Order of the Cross of Christ. He died, full of honor and possessor of worldly wealth, in 1656.

Notwithstanding the best part of his life was spent in Rome, Parma, and Naples, Ribera never forgot his Spanish birth, and to his finest pictures he affixed the word "Español." In the Carthusian Convent of S. Martino at Naples he painted his great work, the *Communion of the Apostles*, and his famous picture, the *Descent from the Cross*,—a picture so full of pathos and expression that it seems to unite the energy of Caravaggio, the grace of Correggio, and the religious fervor of Fra Angelico. Power of expression, the union of grief and beatitude, with grace of outline, are his chief excellences; his coloring is not brilliant, but full of deep tone and warm-lighted shadows.

Many celebrated artists of the Andalusian school precede Murillo. As all are noted for some excellence which seemed to culminate in that great master, it may be well to mention them in the order of their influence.

Luis de Vargas (1502-1568), who studied in Italy for twenty-eight years, was the first to teach the true method of oil-painting in Spain. He substituted *Renaissance* art for the Gothic; there was little taste or harmonious effect in his tone, but his coloring was fresh and brilliant; character and expression were shown in his faces, especially his female heads, which are very graceful. His frescoes form his greatest fame. He was very religious. After his death scourges and instruments of penance were found in his coffin, which he had kept in his studio, and in which he would often lie down to meditate on death. Once when asked his opinion of a picture of Christ on the Cross, he replied: "Our Saviour looks as if He were saying, 'Father, forgive them; for they

know not what they do.'" His best picture is the *Temporal Generation of Christ*, in the Chapel of the Conception in the Cathedral of Seville.*

Pablo de Céspedes, who lived 1536-1608, was more noted as a scientist and litterateur than a painter. His best work, the *Last Supper*, is in the Cathedral of Cordova. The jars in the foreground of this picture were so well painted, that they detracted from other portions of the work—at least they attracted more attention. This angered Céspedes, and he told his servant to efface them. Only the most judicious entreaty saved them and the picture. He made a head of Seneca in marble, which so well fitted the torso that it gained for him the title "Il Spagionola Victor." The Italian artist Zuccaro was asked to paint a picture for the Cathedral of Cordova. He replied: "You have no need of Italian artists while Céspedes lives in Spain." In coloring he resembled Correggio. He was appointed canon in the Cathedral of Cordova, where he was received with full approbation of the Cordovese Bishop and chapter. He spent most of his time in writing and studying the fine arts. He excelled in languages of the Orient, and through his literary labors greatly influenced the Spanish schools of painting.

Juan de las Roelas (1558-1625) studied under Titian and Tintoretto at Venice, and brought back to Spain the gift of Venetian coloring. He used the rich olive hues in flesh tints, which in Murillo developed into most vivid, life-like effects. His anatomical drawing is most admirable. *St. Iago and the Moors*, in the Museum of Castile, is his *chef-d'œuvre*.

Francisco Pacheco (1571-1654), who succeeded Roelas, is more celebrated for the academy he opened for the instruction of young painters than for his work as an artist. Among his pupils we find Alonzo Cano, later termed the "Spanish Michael Angelo"; and Velasquez, who married the

* This picture is sometimes called *La Gamba* (the leg), because the leg of Adam is so perfect in drawing.

daughter of Pacheco. A writer on art rather than a painter, Pacheco introduced many effects detrimental to art. He was the first to paint backgrounds and figures of bas-reliefs; his method of gilding and painting statues, and his portraits are his best works.

Francisco de Herrera (1576-1656), usually called "El Viejo" (the elder), to distinguish him from his son who had the same name, was also a teacher of Velasquez. He was one of the most celebrated and original of Spanish artists, but a man of such gloomy and violent temper that even his son deserted him. He made valuable etchings of his pictures; the best of these are found in Seville.

Contemporary with Herrera we find Juan del Castillo and Francisco de Zurbaran, noted in the Andalusian school as teachers of Murillo and Alonzo Cano.

Zurbaran is one of the first Spanish painters in whom we recognize an independent and national style. His heads are majestic and life-like, full of religious fervor and triumphant faith. His coloring and *chiaroscuro* are noted for peculiar depth and breadth; in expression of suffering he is too realistic, and his grouping is not always artistic and graceful. His contrasts in light and shade are most strong. His tints are subdued but brilliant. He made his draperies fac-simile of the models from which he painted. He has been called the Caravaggio of Spain. In painting animals he was very successful, but his chief excellence was his painting of Spanish monks. He made a special study of these good friars, and painted them with as keen a relish as Titian painted the Venetian noble, or Vandyke the gentlemen of England. He has been called "Painter of the King, and king of painters."

Alonzo Cano, the Spanish Angelo, was born at the beginning of the seventeenth century (1601); and, although he lived more than half a century, as painter, sculptor, and architect, little is known of his life, except that its close was spent most peacefully in Granada, his birthplace. Although he had a very disagreeable temper, he was

most generous to the poor. When he had no money to give to beggars, he would go into a shop, sketch a head, and leave the drawing to be sold for their benefit.

His dislike for Jews amounted almost to insanity. Numerous stories are told of his avoidance of them. Once when he found his housekeeper bargaining with one of them, he chased her out, and made her go through several days' quarantine. He had his house purified, and the spot where the Jew had stood was re-paved. He even put off the shoes in which he had chased him. Seven of his best paintings he left to the Museum of Madrid; among these are *St. John writing the Apocalypse*, and the *Dead Christ mourned by an Angel*. He loved the chisel better than the brush, and was excelled by no sculptor of Spain. His masterpiece, *The Blessed Virgin*, is in the sacristy of the Cathedral of Granada.

Here, at the beginning of the seventeenth century, we leave the school of Andalusia, and its parent Seville, where Bartolomé Estêban Murillo was born on the first day of January, 1618, to glance at the Castilian group of artists gathering at Madrid when Philip II. raised that city to the rank of a metropolis.

Two Halves—One Perfect Whole.

BY SARA TRAINER SMITH.

THE LOWER HALF.

THE window of my little room
 Is high and bare and narrow,
 It looks upon a corner grim,
 Where dwells the braggart sparrow;
 It looks into the shadows dark
 Of neighbor windows jagged,
 And sees the couches of the poor,
 Unclean and coarse and ragged;
 Close clustering houses towering high,
 Roofs varied and unsightly,
 Damp wells of gardens where the sun
 Can never shine too brightly.
 The poverty, the pain, the want,
 The sorrow of a city,
 Lie spread before it, bleak and gaunt,

Outcrying for my pity.
 But, oh! my quiet little room,
 That window floods with beauty,
 And sets with jewels of lovely thoughts
 The golden chain of duty.

THE UPPER HALF.

I lift my eyes. The upper sash,
 Two crystal panels, framing
 White fleece of clouds, wide azure sweeps,
 The sunrays' glorious flaming;
 The dawn's broad gold, the noon's pure light,
 The sunset's crimson glowing;
 And, silent in the holy night,
 Star lilies silver blowing.
 Far off, far up, I seem to hear
 The trail of garments whiter
 Than earthly sun and dew can bleach,
 The flash of pinions brighter.
 I seem to hear the sighing soft
 Of angels interceding,
 And on the shadowed streets there falls
 The music of their pleading.
 The earth is fair and love is true,
 My heart grows strong and cheery—
 My window opens heavenward,
 Above the city dreary.

A Brave Life.

BY KATHLEEN O'MEARA.

(CONTINUED.)

A CURIOUS incident is related apropos of one of the presentation copies of "Réponses." Mme. Carvalho was just going to enchant Paris for the first time with her unrivalled performance of "Marguerite" in Faust, and, not wishing to use a prayer-book in the scene in the church, she took the "Réponses," which she happened to be looking through as she was called to start for the theatre. The first representation of the part she was to make so famous was an extraordinary success, and the great artist used to say Mgr. de Ségur's book inspired her and brought her luck, and she never used any other in the church scene during the three hundred successive nights that she played in Faust.

In catering for help for his boys, the

Bishop came in contact with actresses as well as musicians. One of them, who gave her services at his first concert, opened her heart to him, and asked him to pray for her son, whose wild youth was causing her great anxiety. He told her to send the young man to him, and that he would try and induce him to make his confession. "O Monseigneur, I dare not do that!" replied the actress; "for if you get possession of his conscience, he will despise his mother." "How little you know the spirit of Our Saviour!" replied Mgr. de Ségur; "the better Christian he becomes, the more he will love and bless the mother who has given him the gift of faith. Do you suppose I would let him forget the respect he owes you?" She sent the young man to him, and he continued to go to the Rue du Bac for a year; then he ceased to come, and Mgr. de Ségur never heard of him again.

Such desertions were a sharp grief to him, but happily they were rare; his children—"my own children," as he called the lads of the Patronage and the Perseverance—might give up the Sacraments and fight shy of him for a time, but they almost invariably came back to him. Sometimes it was joy that made them return. When they were going to be married, they must go to confession—that was the law when France was Christian,—and who would be so indulgent as their own Father? But it was more frequently sorrow that made them seek the well-known door in the Rue du Bac. When sickness or death entered their gates, they cried out to the Bishop, and he ran in haste to obey the summons. During a long sickness he would go every day to visit them, and sit by their bedsides, do little offices of kindness for them, and, fearless of contagion, would embrace them coming and going. When death was approaching he spared no pains to prepare them for it, watching and praying with them to the last; when all was over he would return to pray by the dead body, and not grudge the time he spent consoling the bereaved family. Very often he paid them the last tribute of charity and friendship by accompanying

them to the cemetery, and praying over the new-made grave.

Special record is made in Mgr. de Ségur's life of the death of one young man who was very dear to him. Athanase Rousselle kept a little shop of articles of piety; he had been known from his earliest childhood to Monseigneur, who had prepared him for his First Communion and made a little saint of him. He grew up a model of virtue and a zealous apostle amongst young men of his class. One day when Monseigneur was at a meeting of the Patronage, a message came to him from the Rousselles, saying that their son was taken suddenly ill. He rose at once and hurried off to the house with his secretary. They found Athanase in bed, pale and faint, but without fever or any other visible ailment. He said, however, that he was dying, and implored Monseigneur to give him the last Sacraments. His parents declared this idea of approaching death was a mere delusion; but the Bishop believed that it was a presentiment, and sent at once to St. Sulpice for a priest. Athanase received Holy Communion and Extreme Unction in a spirit of extraordinary fervor. The next day he died.

Mgr. de Ségur grieved for the young man as if he had been a near and dear relative. He went as chief mourner to the funeral, giving his arm to the heart-broken father, who guided him while he leaned upon him. As the procession passed, every one stood to look at the strange and touching sight of the blind Bishop supporting the old workman; overcome with emotion, every man, by one impulse, took off his hat and stood bareheaded while the two fathers passed by. So great was the impression made by this manifestation of priestly love and humility, that next day the newspapers gave an account of the young tradesman's funeral as if he had been some personage of public interest. Mgr. de Ségur continued his fatherly kindness to Athanase even after his death. The young man had been in the habit of taking an almond cake to his mother every year on her *fête* day; the Bishop heard of this, and said: "I must

not forget to do it for him now." And every year on the Feast of St. Magdalen he used to take her favorite *gâteau d'amandes* to the old lady, or send it if he could not carry it to her himself.

It was these delicate traits of personal tenderness that made his charity so unlike that of ordinary good people. He was not satisfied with doing the charities of his priestly office for the poor: he must love them and make them happy, and give them his whole sympathy. Few things delighted him more than being asked to bless the marriage of one of his poor *protégés*; he would don his richest vestments and all his pontifical insignia—the mitre, the crosier,—proud to have an opportunity of showing respect to the poor, and giving them of his best to add brilliancy to their Christian festival.

The time that he gave to the Patronage and the Perseverance would seem to have been enough to fill a priest's life, but there was room in Mgr. de Ségur's for a still larger service. The Collège Stanislas shared his zeal almost in an equal degree with the above-named institutions. Soon after he arrived in Paris, the Abbé Hugo, nephew of the poet, went to him and asked him to give the annual retreat to the students. He consented gladly, and by the third day of the instructions the boys were so moved by his exhortations that they went to confession to him in a body, and entreated him to come and confess them regularly. The director of the College was only too willing to support this petition, and from that time forth, during five and twenty years, Mgr. de Ségur went every Saturday to the college confessional, and became virtually the students' chaplain. He so inspired their young souls with his own ardent devotion to the Eucharist that very soon weekly confession and Communion became the practice of the greater number. The increase of work which this service brought him was very considerable. When he began it, the College had not a hundred pupils; in a very short time it reckoned three hundred.

After confessing his poor penitents up to

within a few minutes of ten o'clock in the morning, he would hurry off to Stanislas, where he was due at ten, and remain in the confessional till near four, when he came out to breathe and take a bowl of soup. On returning home, he always found the chapel full of poor penitents, who had been waiting a long time, and whom he never had the heart to turn away. Sometimes, about six o'clock, if he felt very exhausted, he would call Méthol, and ask if he thought he might take a short respite and have some food; but almost always Méthol was obliged to answer that the chapel was still very full—the Bishop's confessional was in the sitting-room,—and that there was not a minute to spare if all were to be confessed. The blind man would smile and resume his ministry, and go on until the last penitent had been absolved, which was frequently not till ten o'clock. Méthol used to say that on these evenings his master's lips were often black from the prolonged and incessant speaking. These Saturday confessions were the despair of Urruty, the cook, who sat in the kitchen wailing over the dried-up dinner, which was not fit to be eaten by the time it was served.

Men of the world swelled this long list of Mgr. de Ségur's penitents, and it was a common thing to see ministers of the Empire and officers high in command waiting their turn to pass into the *salon*, and kneel at the feet of the priest whose political creed and sympathies they knew to be so different from their own.

The confessional was undoubtedly Mgr. de Ségur's chief sacerdotal mission, but it was not by any means his only one. He was held in wide repute as a preacher; he preached the Lenten station at the Collège Stanislas every year, and every Sunday he preached to the boys of the Patronage, and all the year round he was in constant demand to preach retreats in various communities. All this made up an amount of work that might have broken down a stronger constitution than his; but, although now and then nature rebelled and forced him to some concession, his indomitable energy

and his burning zeal rose quickly to the rescue, and sent him on his way again.

A ministry that was dearer to him than all others was the forming of souls for the priesthood. It was a grand thing to train a young soul to be a good Christian, but it was a much grander thing to train him to be a good priest; and when Mgr. de Ségur discovered amongst his penitents, rich or poor, the germ of a vocation, he would foster it with the tenderest care. He sometimes had a hard fight for it with the parents when the time came for asking their consent, and then he would put himself between their anger and its object, leaving nothing undone to persuade and propitiate them.

But the opposition a vocation meets with from parents of the upper classes is seldom lasting or very violent. With the poor it is different. It is hard, at the best, for a religious vocation to develop amongst the poor. The air of the workshop poisons it, blights it in the bud. Add to this the strong and often inexorable opposition of parents, who see in a son's call to the priesthood an immediate and prolonged expense, in place of the salary that he would bring in as soon as his term of apprenticeship was out. When this was the sole or primary motive of resistance, Mgr. de Ségur would remove it by taking upon himself the whole burden of the expenses during the eight or ten years of the ecclesiastical education. He then adopted the neophyte as a son, became his director, procured masters for him, and paid the parents a sum sufficient to compensate them for the loss they sustained.

He devoted to this work the entire income he received from his books; but, though it was seldom less than ten thousand francs,* it soon fell short of his requirements. He then went about amongst his rich friends, and frequently found a Christian family glad to share in so sublime an act of charity by taking his *protégé* into their house, or paying for his expenses elsewhere. Sometimes, indeed, he met with rebuffs. He used to

* Two thousand dollars.

relate, with a fine sense of the humorous side of the incident, how one millionaire lady to whom he applied for an alms urgently needed, refused him with profuse regrets, alleging as a reason that her conservatory alone cost her twenty-five thousand francs a year to keep it filled with fresh plants and flowers! When his *protégés* were ready for the seminary, he always found the Bishops willing to help him by lowering the terms.

The following narrative from one of these adopted sons gives us an idea of what Mgr. de Ségur's paternal care of them was: "It was in 1856, during a retreat, that I first met Mgr. de Ségur. I was one of the choristers at St. Thomas d'Aquin. . . . He used to arrive, with the Abbé Klingenhoffen, every evening a little before the exercises of the retreat that he was preaching to the apprentices. After adoring the Blessed Sacrament, he would go into the sacristy. I and another chorister used to be there, and the Abbé would give us a box on the ear or poke some fun at us. We could not run away, so we used to take refuge beside Monseigneur, who would stretch out his hand, by the way to protect us; for, though he saw nothing, he heard the scuffle. I never shall forget the happiness it was to me to be near him. I felt as if a virtue came out of him. One evening he asked me my name, and what I meant to be when I was grown up. I said: 'I mean to be a priest, and the Abbé Rivie gives me a Latin lesson twice a week.' Monseigneur said: 'You won't get on very fast with two lessons a week. Would you not like to have one every day?' I replied that I should like it very much, and he promised me to manage it."

Not only did the Bishop manage it, but he hired a room over his own apartment, where the little chorister and three others who were preparing for the priesthood met every evening for their lesson. He took the liveliest interest in their studies, and instituted a reward of five cents a week for every boy who had good notes from the master. He wished them to serve his Mass in turns, and in order to impress them with the solemnity of the honor, he had a little *soutane*

and a surplice with flowing sleeves made for them. He was very strict about their demeanor at the altar, and though he could see nothing, he questioned them so closely that he was able to detect the smallest imperfection in their manner of serving. He would make them practise the genuflexion before him—"the right knee on a level with the left heel, the head and body erect."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Religion and Medicine.*

IT is very difficult for us to realize all that Jesus Christ and His Church have done for Medicine. Christ has bestowed upon us the honor of a real priesthood, the glory of a divine fraternity, the Christian constitution of our profession; to the Church we owe the preservation of ancient science, the creation of hospitals and schools of medicine, and the most constant and efficacious protection. The whole history of Medicine testifies to this: but, in view of the short time at my disposal, I will refer only to the most notable facts.

From its origin, Christianity created an element previously unknown—the army of charity; and from that time physicians form an integral part of that army, which, beginning with the Apostles, has gone on developing during the course of ages, and which continues to-day, with all its attributes and all its soldiers more vigorous and more resolute than ever. From the first days of the Church there appeared in Rome men and women who devoted themselves to the service of the poor and the sick. Christian physicians, in company with the Lawrences, the Agathas, the Cecilias, the Fabiolas, employed all the resources of their art for charitable ends. Many amongst them shed their blood for their faith. Some day this brilliant history will be placed before us in

* Portion of a lecture delivered by Professor Junibert Gourbeyre at the opening of the course of the Faculty of Medicine at Clermont, France. It has been honored by being called "*un scandale universitaire*" by the infidel journals of France.

a clearer light by means of the monuments which we possess—viz., "The Acts of the Martyrs," the *Diplicos*, and the recent discoveries made in the Catacombs.

With the victories of Christianity and its occupation of the throne of the Cæsars there dawned a glorious era for Medicine, and Christian charity shone forth in all its splendor in the ranks of that tender-hearted and unselfish profession. Charity in those days was a public function directed by the priests and bishops, who became true fathers of the poor. No one was excluded from this ministry: virgins and widows devoted themselves with great enthusiasm to the care of the poor and the sick. Everywhere arose asylums of charity, and beautiful names, such as *Orphanotrophía*, *Xenodochia*, and *Nosocomia*, were then first coined.

But it was not long before the Roman Empire fell beneath the blows of the barbarians; the Church then extended her protecting hand over crumbling society. The Popes and prelates little by little checked the invasion, and finally brought the fierce conquerors under the yoke of Christ. Meanwhile the monks tilled the earth, gathered the wandering peoples into settlements around their monasteries, and preserved, in manuscripts that are still objects of our admiration, the treasures of wisdom and science bequeathed by antiquity. This was the monastic epoch of Medicine; science had taken refuge in the cloisters, and nearly all physicians were monks or priests; in the convent gardens medicinal plants were cultivated; within their walls treatises were written descriptive of the qualities of these plants, as we see from the *Hortulus* of Walapid Strabo and the works of Macer and the Abbess St. Hildegard. This monastic Medicine continued down to the fifteenth century, in which we find the celebrated Treatise on Antimony of Basil Falentin, a remarkable monument of chemistry and therapeutics.

During the Middle Ages the charitable organization of the Church performed miracles of charity. The hospices scattered everywhere were directed by priests, served

by consecrated virgins and by lay persons, male and female, who dedicated themselves to this ministry by religious vows. These hospices gradually produced the great orders of Hospitallers. Those new societies were eminent for the practice of every work of charity, from military service in the protection of pilgrims and the defence of the Holy Places, to the art of Medicine, especially the care of those afflicted with certain contagious maladies, such as leprosy and St. Anthony's Fire. This was the chivalric epoch of Medicine. The physician was seen to put on the armor of the cavalier over his professional dress, and to fight with equal valor against sickness and against the enemies of Christ. If the pure science of Medicine made little progress in this epoch, there were witnessed in compensation deeds of charity bordering on the heroic.

Medical education was inaugurated in the palatine schools of Charlemagne. Later on, the Popes founded throughout Europe universities wherein medicine was taught, together with theology and law. From these magnificent institutions of the Papacy our science dates its advance and development. It is to the successors of St. Peter, then, that we owe the first direct impulse given to our studies,—studies which obtained for us an entrance into the hospitals for the purpose of adding to our knowledge by means of experience: a double benefit, which was the starting point of the conquests since made in the same field.

Beautiful, however, as science may be, there is something still more beautiful, and that is charity. We can not all be men of science, but we can all consecrate ourselves to the service of our fellow-creatures in their sickness and distress. It is science and charity that have made of Medicine a real priesthood.

Amongst all peoples, from their origin to their decay, have been found and are still to be found three classes that are specially looked up to—priests, physicians, and soldiers. The reason of this supremacy is that these three social classes are the bases on

which all political society is founded. Frequently Medicine and priesthood are united in the same person. In Egypt, in olden times, the priests exercised the healing art, and in Greece it was practised in the temples. After the fall of the Roman Empire, when Christianity was already well established, most of the physicians were priests, and several of the Popes were physicians; Albertus Magnus was a physician, as were also Roger Bacon and Raymond Lully. Amongst the French, Guillaume de Beaufet, a physician, was also a canon of the Church, and afterwards Bishop of Paris; Gui de Chauliac, the celebrated surgeon, was chaplain of Pope Clement VI. In the early days of the University of Paris all the professors were priests.

At first sight it may be a matter of surprise that for centuries Medicine was practised by the clergy; but the reason is plain, and is to be found in the close union existing between the two ministries. If at present the physician is not a priest in the full extent of the word, he is so at least in some measure. The office of physician, like that of priest, is of divine institution. *Creavit eum Altissimus*. He is the minister of God, as Galen says, since he bestows health upon the sick in the name of the Dispenser of all health. As the priest gives the Sacraments, the physician gives medicines: the former being for the healing of the soul, as the latter for that of the body.

When Christ founded the Apostleship, He sent His disciples *to extend the kingdom of God, and to heal the sick*; during these eighteen centuries the physician has been striving to extend the kingdom of God by curing the sick. When science points out and condemns the excesses and vices of human actions, what does it do but extend the kingdom of God by fostering morality, which must be of benefit to those that observe its dictates, and to their successors? Medicine is, then, a real apostolate, a genuine priesthood.

Medical science is often consulted by all classes of authorities—by theologians, magistrates, legislators, etc.,—because it can

shed the light of truth on a multitude of questions, thus verifying another professional prophecy: "The science of the physician will be admired by the great: *In conspectu magnorum*."

Hippocrates used to say: "Life is short, and science takes a long time to acquire. *Vita brevis, ars longa*"; and he added: "It is necessary that the physician perform his duty just as well as the patient, as the attendants, and as those that surround the patient." This illustrious doctor knew that the concurrence of all was necessary in waiting on the sick,—a duty so painful, so repugnant, and sometimes so dangerous. To Christianity was reserved the realization of this ideal, which was effected by the creation of hospitals, in which her admirable army of charity was to serve constantly.

But it is not enough to create asylums to which the sick may betake themselves: it is necessary that those that wait upon the sick should have the gift of self-abnegation requisite to perform their duty. The priest, the Sister of Charity, the doctor, and the hospital are the product of Christianity. The hospital, the centre of all human miseries, is at the same time the dwelling-place of science and unselfishness. It is the great book in which the physician studies maladies, where he learns to cure them by practical experience, and where the great help that charity affords science is most strikingly manifested. The hospital is also the battle-field where glory is gained by encountering great danger, as in the case of contagious maladies. Every year there are many cases of diseases contracted in hospitals by charitable persons and physicians zealous in the discharge of their duty.

Can we be surprised at the fact that the majority of physicians have always protested against the idea of delivering the sick in the hospitals to the care of mercenary nurses? For eighteen centuries the physician has been attending on the sick, standing between the priest and the Sister of Charity, and there is his place of honor. It is not strange, then, that he wishes to keep this place which surrounds him with such an

aureole of glory, and gives him two such powerful auxiliaries.

It is time to conclude. We have come forth from the Word who created us; from Christ, who has been our leader and our model; from the Church, which has raised our ministry to the dignity of a priesthood. We belong to a class who are not in the world to be served, but to serve; who labor, not for fortune, but for glory; and who, after the example of the Master, go through the world doing good.

Thanks be to our Lord Jesus Christ, we have been successively confessors, martyrs, monks, priests, and cavaliers. Our profession is compatible with all this. Therefore to-day, in the midst of the reigning scepticism, I conjure physicians not to depart from the doctrines of the Founder of Christianity. What interest can they have in obscuring the brilliant history of Medicine during the past by flinging themselves into the degradation of materialism or the follies of free thought? Beside the detriment to science that would follow from such a course of action, our profession would be converted into a mere trade—a means of gaining a livelihood, like any other occupation.

Two hundred years ago one of the chiefs of our school wrote from the centre of Protestant Germany: "It is necessary that the doctor should be a Christian: *Medicus sit Christianus.*" Gentlemen, I leave you to reflect on these words—the utterance of the celebrated Frederick Hofmann.

A Christian Heroine.

I AM an old soldier, and have seen many a noble example of courage on the battle-field, but the oldest and best-trying veteran does not display more coolness, more heroic simplicity in the fulfilment of duty than that intrepid army of ministering angels, the Sisters of Charity.

On the 18th of August, 1870, I was wounded in the battle of Gravelotte (Lorraine), and was lying in the midst of the dead and the dying. Evening came on; I

was wondering whether I should die on that spot, forsaken like so many poor fellows, and my thoughts reverted to my father and mother, who no doubt were praying for me.

Those who have never left their homes—those who expect to die in the arms of dear relatives—can not realize the anguish, the awful perspective of a lonely death, at night, on a battle-field, without hearing a soothing word, without feeling the pressure of a tender hand. In that supreme hour the only source of consolation is to throw oneself on God's mercy.

Suddenly, a few steps distant, I saw kneeling on the blood-drenched ground a Sister of Charity. Never, I think, did I feel such intense joy or such relief as at the sight of that religious. A few seconds before, I was almost in despair. The White Cornet now sufficed to revive both my courage and my faith. By a supreme effort, which gave me great pain, I succeeded in raising myself, and leaned on my elbow to see better and be seen. I dared not call out, for fear of being espied by some stragglers of the German army, who used to indulge in the barbarous pleasure of finishing off the wounded.

The Sister was kneeling beside a poor soldier, whose wound she dressed while uttering comforting words of hope. I could not catch the words, but from the inflections of the voice I understood their meaning. I was about to call softly to her when the gallop of a horse was heard, and a cavalry man dashed up. He held in his left hand a lance, and in his right the sword of a French officer, which I recognized at once by the gold tassels hanging from the hilt. On approaching the Sister, he threatened her in broken French. The devoted woman rose up, and putting out her hand in a supplicating manner, she pointed to the wounded soldier. "See," she said, "I am tending this unfortunate man."

The ulan drew back his horse, as if he feared being stopped by this woman, and, whirling his sword over his head, with a single blow struck off the heroine's right hand. She gave a low wail, fell to the ground, and made the Sign of the Cross with her

mutilated arm, while the Prussian galloped away with a savage shout.

I fainted. When I recovered my senses, I was in the ambulance, and a Sister bending over me. At first I took her for the one whom I had seen on the battle-field, but no—this one had both her hands. What became of the wounded Sister of Charity?

She dwells among the angels now,
Beside the crystal river;
God's crown is on the martyr brow
Forever and forever.

Catholic Notes.

A magnificent religious ceremonial in honor of the Pope's Jubilee took place at Limerick on August 7. A procession composed of several bishops, hundreds of priests, and twenty thousand men, walked through the city, carrying five hundred banners. The streets through which they passed were decorated for a length of five miles with triumphal arches, and the houses along the route were hung with evergreens and banners. An eloquent address was delivered by the Bishop of Limerick, and listened to by over forty thousand people. It was the greatest demonstration ever known in Ireland.

The death is announced of Edmund Waterton, Esq., an English Catholic gentleman, well known for his chivalrous devotion to the Blessed Virgin. His death was that of a true Knight of Mary. He received all the rites of Holy Church with the deepest piety and recollection, answering all the prayers with perfect self-possession. The last lines he wrote, or attempted to write, with trembling hand, very few minutes before receiving the Sacraments, are a protestation that he desired to die a faithful son of the Church and of the Blessed Virgin. Even in his last agony the lips were to be seen moving frequently in prayer; the enfeebled hand struggled to the last to make the Sign of the Cross, and the crucifix applied to his lips was enough to rouse him out of his lethargy. Fortified with the special blessing of the Holy Father and a last absolution, and surrounded by his family and servants, he expired peacefully in the early morning of the 22d ult. Mr. Waterton was born at Walton Hall, Yorkshire, April 7,

1830. He was educated by the Jesuit Fathers at Stonyhurst College. In early youth he conceived that chivalrous devotion to Our Lady for which he was so remarkable, and which is breathed in the pages of his "Pietas Mariana Brittanica." From the day (December 8, 1843) that he wrote himself down *Servus B. V. M. perpetuus*, to within a few days of his death, he never once missed saying the Little Office of the Immaculate Conception. *R. I. P.*

Archbishop Gross has lately issued a beautiful and touching pastoral letter to the clergy and laity of the Archdiocese of Oregon, containing some appropriate thoughts on the life and death of his illustrious predecessor, Archbishop Seghers, who was so cruelly murdered a few weeks ago "His great talents," says Archbishop Gross, "his profound learning, but, above all, the holiness of his life, enkindled the greatest respect and admiration in the hearts of all who knew him. . . . His great charity for the souls confided to his care, and his boundless zeal for the glory of God made him undertake many and most arduous journeys to the wildest and remotest parts of the Archdiocese. Although not possessing a robust constitution, he exposed himself to the severest privations and labors in these journeys. . . . His death, though sudden, is glorious before God, and there shines around it the aureole of martyrdom."

The Roman correspondent of *The Pilot* declares that "business is not in a flourishing state with some of the Protestant proselyting societies which have established institutions in Rome, the 'hot-bed and centre of Popery,' as they describe it. In spite of the sums spent on soup, cheap Bibles and innumerable tracts distributed to the people, the task of conversion has not been a success. The Methodist church, planted opposite the office of the Cardinal Vicar, is for sale, and a similar fate has overtaken the other 'meetin' house' situated in the Via Urbana, near the Manzoni Theatre."

Apart from the respect and reverence which millions of Christians throughout the world pay to his Holiness Pope Leo XIII. because of his dignity as the visible Head of the Church, the Vicar of Christ upon earth, it is now a generally admitted fact that a supremacy attaches to him which even the infidel recognizes, and

that is his leadership in the world of thought—in the domain of literature and science. A notable instance of his active interest in literary pursuits was given some three years ago in the foundation, at Rome, of the school for the prosecution of higher literary studies. This is known as the Leonine Institute, and has for its object the advancement of clerical students in the analytical study of the best classical writings, ancient and modern. Four chairs have been founded in the college for Grecian, Latin, Italian, and Dantesque literature, and have been well attended.

Recently a *soirée* was held, at which the Holy Father presided, attended by the pontifical court, a large body of cardinals, numerous prelates resident and visiting, and a great many priests. Essays were read on subjects connected with the various branches of literary studies, while special examiners interrogated the students. The Holy Father, at the conclusion of the entertainment, was pleased to express his pleasure at the efforts of the students, and delivered a very interesting and instructive discourse, in which he commended the study of literature as one of the best means whereby truth might be presented to the human mind in its most beautiful aspect. Besides, the furtherance of this branch of study in all Catholic institutes would be a constant rebuke to those that attack the Church on the score that she fosters ignorance.

The number of Catholic Indians in Manitoba is estimated at 15,000. Bishop Grandin, who has been a missionary many years in that bleak country, is assisted in his apostolic labors by thirty-five priests and twenty-two lay-brothers, all members of the Congregation of Oblates of Mary Immaculate. There are also about forty Sisters taking care of orphans and sick, and teaching schools. Heretofore the good Bishop and his devoted priests have suffered incredible hardships, sharing all the miseries of the wandering tribes, travelling in dog-sleighs and with snow-shoes in winter; but now, as the buffalo are being driven off, the Indians will have to settle down, and the missionaries will not suffer so much. In the northern part of the diocese, in the depth of winter, the sun does not come above the horizon for thirty-three days. The days are marked by a strong twilight. The Bishop receives a donation from the Society of the Propagation

of the Faith for his missions, the support of priests, erection of chapels, etc. If the priests can count on twenty-five cents a day for personal expenses, they consider themselves well off

The seventeenth annual Convention of the Catholic Total Abstinence Union of America was held in Philadelphia on the 3d and 4th inst. Over four hundred delegates were present, making it the most numerously attended as it was also the most successful convention of representative workers in the cause of Total Abstinence thus far held. On the evening of the 2d the societies of the Archdiocesan Union of Philadelphia, represented by upwards of ten thousand men in line, made an imposing display in a grand torchlight procession, which was reviewed by Archbishop Ryan and the visiting delegates, and witnessed by thousands of spectators. On the morning of the 3d inst. the Convention opened with Solemn Pontifical Mass, celebrated by the Most Rev. Archbishop Ryan. In the absence of the Rt. Rev. Bishop Ireland, the Rev. James M. Cleary, President of the Union, preached the sermon. Reports made at the business meetings showed that during the year passed there had been a gain of 105 societies and 7,000 members, testifying to the rapidly extending influence for good exercised by those actively interesting themselves in this noble work.

Among the other features of the Convention were the spirited and encouraging addresses of Archbishop Ryan and Bishop Keane, of Richmond, the sending of a filial message to the Sovereign Pontiff asking the Papal Blessing, and the enacting of a series of resolutions clearly setting forth the principles actuating the work of the Union, and presenting methods of reform to be adopted. The labors of the Convention concluded with the election of officers for the ensuing year, which resulted as follows: President—Rev. Thomas J. Conaty, of Worcester, Mass.; Vice-President—Rev. Thomas E. Walsh, C. S. C., President of the University of Notre Dame; Treasurer—Rev. Philip J. Garrigan, Fitchburg, Mass.; Secretary—Philip A. Nolan, Philadelphia. Provincial Vice-Presidents—Cincinnati, William A. Manning; Baltimore, Frank McNorham; Boston, Rev. J. McCoy; Chicago, Hugh J. McGuire; Milwaukee, Rev. M. E. Murphy; New Orleans, D. H. Buckley; New York, W. H.

Downs; Philadelphia, J. A. Collier. The next convention will be held in Boston on the second Wednesday in August, 1888.

The *Catholic Standard* notes that the Rev. Dr. Horstmann, Chancellor of the Archdiocese of Philadelphia, has presented to the Historical Society of that city a Catechism which was given by Archbishop Purcell, of Cincinnati, to the late Archbishop Wood, when the latter went to him asking to be instructed in the Faith. Archbishop Wood often showed it to visitors, assuring them that he studied it word for word, like a little child. He treasured it above everything he possessed.

Obituary.

"It is a holy and wholesome thought to pray for the dead."
—2 MACH., xii., 4c

The following persons, lately deceased, are commended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

The Rev. Edward McSweeney, who yielded his soul to God on the 8th inst., at St. Francis' Hospital, Pittsburg. He had been in ill health for several years, and unable to exercise the ministry.

The Rev. M. O'Reilly, a prominent priest of the Diocese of Fort Wayne, for nearly twenty-five years the esteemed pastor of Valparaiso, Ind., where he erected one of the finest churches in the State of Indiana.

Mother Emilie, of the Sisters of St. Mary, the beloved superior of her Order in the United States, whose devoted life closed in a holy death at Lockport, N. Y., on the 20th of July. She entered the convent at Namur in 1844.

Sister Annunciation, who was called to eternal rest at the Ursuline Convent, Tiffin, O., on the 31st ult.

James J. Birmingham, whose happy death occurred at Hudson, N. Y., on the 24th ult., after a brief illness.

Dr. John Sharbkinzer, of Philadelphia, who expired on the 8th ult., fortified by the Sacraments.

Mr. Michael Clark, who was called from among the living on the 13th ult., at Sherborn, Mass. The deceased was for many years a resident of Brooklyn.

Mr. John Connor, who breathed his last at Crosby, Mich., on the 25th of July, comforted and strengthened by the Sacraments of Holy Church.

Dennis D. Higgins, of Thurlow, Pa., whose happy death took place on the same day.

Mrs. Catharine Cirdey, who met with a sudden death on the 31st ult., at Silex, Mo. She was an exemplary Catholic—one whose whole life was a preparation for the other world.

May they rest in peace!



Gentle Words.

A KINDLY word and a tender tone—
To God alone is their virtue known.
They can lift from the dust the abject head,
They can turn a foe to a friend instead;
The heart close-barred with passion and pride
Will fling at their knock its portal wide,
And the hate that blights and the scorn that
sears

Will melt in the fountain of childlike tears.
What ice-bound griefs have been broken,
What rivers of love have been stirred,
By a word in kindness spoken—
By only a gentle word!

—*The Universe.*

The Old Hair Trunk.

(CONCLUSION.)

V.

Uncle Jeff delivered the mail, whispered to Father John to go tell Mrs. Travers there was nothing for her, knowing the priest could give comfort with the bad news (and this was *very* bad; for she had made a final appeal for an extension of the mortgage, and the silence meant refusal), then he went to join the children. It was getting on towards dusk, and he lit a lamp, and they all stole to the trunk-room.

"There it is, Uncle Jeff," said Lee, removing the shawl. "Ain't it awful?"

And it was a pretty hard-looking gash—worse than when they left it; for it had gone on splitting.

"Hum!" said Uncle Jeff, and he began softly to whistle, "Old Zip Coon."

"Glory! it's a heap bigger than it was, and all the stuffing's coming out!" cried Philip, pointing to what looked like old brown linen rags oozing through the gap.

"Pull it out, Phil," said Uncle Jeff,—

"all of it; then maybe I can get the edges together and stitch them."

"There's something hard and crackley under it," said Phil, as the rags tore away in his hands.

"Maybe it's the brownie," said Edie; "and maybe that's his clothes Philip's tearing. He'll be mad if it is, and he'll pinch us and beat us black and blue. Oh, dear!"

"Nonsense, sweetheart!" said Uncle Jeff; "see, it's only paper." And he pulled at it.

What looked like a square envelope-end appeared, and lines of crabbed writing ran across its width. Uncle Jeff looked closer, changed color, then:

"Hold the lamp, quick, Clarence!"

And from his pocket he took his knife, and—oh, horror!—began cutting right and left, and even tearing off the old hair cover. When the top was well bared, he drew out a long package of stout parchment, folded many times, and bearing a red seal quite as large as a small saucer, much cracked and chipped, but still holding a bunch of narrow green ribbons.

He glanced down the first page, fell on his knees, and, bowing his battle-scarred face, gasped rather than said:

"Merciful Lord, I thank Thee! O Lady of Help, blessed be Thy name!" Then he turned to the youngsters and said: "Run down and send Mrs. Ridout to me; and then, kittens, go into the chapel and say a decade to thank Mother Mary for me. Won't you?"

Soon it was noised about that some marvellous thing had happened, and when it was known that Father John had asked the household to meet in the hall at nine o'clock to hear about it, there wasn't a man, woman or child on the place, black or white, missing when the big eight-day clock began to boom.

"My friends," said Father John, "when Mrs. Travers was a child she was adopted by a wealthy uncle—a bachelor,—who announced that he had made her his heiress, and had her with him constantly until her marriage. But when he died the only will that could be found was one dated the year

she was born, and which gave her just the same portion as the others. On his death-bed, though, he seemed anxious and restless about a little old trunk that had been the constant companion of his wanderings. He spoke several times about it, but not clearly, for he was paralyzed; and then, too, he died suddenly. But he managed to make Mrs. Travers understand she was to keep it, and she has done so, for old times' sake, up to to-day. Everybody thought the will queer, but she would not dispute it, especially as the fortune left was so much smaller than any one expected, and gradually the whole matter dropped out of mind.

"You all know, dear friends, the straits we have been in, the sorrow that hung over my dear old mother's head, and the burden on Jeff and Aline, and how it all came about through the want of money. You also know how a novena has been made to Our Lady to beg Her to incline Her Son's Heart to pity this temporal need of His children. Well, to-day, through an accident—if in God's plans anything can be called an accident,—another will of Uncle John's was discovered; a will that fulfils his promise to my mother, and saves her home, and gives her back prosperity and plenty. She is directed in these lines"—pointing to the endorsement on the end—"to go to Boston and claim her property, so she and the Major will start to-morrow afternoon. Our novena ends to-morrow. Let us receive Holy Communion with devout recognition of the mercy of God to these His children."

The men all shook hands, the women kissed one another and Mrs. Travers, the children rolled and squealed in high feather at the happy termination of their curiosity-seeking; and the darkies pranced and chuckled to think "ole miss' was a-gwine to live like *folks* agin." Then all dispersed to prepare for the morrow.

Mrs. Travers went to Boston, called at the bank, presented her papers, and created a wild excitement by proving to be the claimant of the box that had become a mystery during the forty-five years it had lain in the

vault. Every memorandum was too accurate, every paper too well drawn up, to need more than a casual examination, especially as the will wound up with, "Present this mem. to the bank, and tell them to deliver to you the box marked J. T., and bearing the number 7864 on the inside of the cover." And in a few days Mrs. Travers was in possession of something over a hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

No more trouble at Fair Point now. Peace and plenty reigned, and the whole county rejoiced over the good fortune of the family so loved and honored; and all the county families came "in couples and groups," as the old butler said, to offer congratulations; "an' dey rung dat ar bell tell the co'd hung slack, an' de tongue done flop like a houn's tongue when he chase de fox an' lose'm."

And the first thing they'd ask for would be a sight of the trunk. But, bless you! they didn't recognize it; for it was covered with plush and fringed with bullion, and set upon a tiger skin (like Eastern royalties) at the end of the drawing-room.

What did Mrs. Travers' uncle put the will in the top of the trunk for? Well, he was a bit of what we call "a crank," and this was what his family called "one of Uncle John's little peculiarities."

A Fountain of Consolation.

BY E. V. N.

I.

It was the Vigil of the Feast of St. John the Baptist, in the year 1304. A burning sun had made the golden ears of wheat droop, and ever and anon a sultry south wind raised clouds of fine dust, and seemed to bear on its wings the heat of the torrid zone. Two peasant women, followed by a donkey, were on their way from Arras to the Château of Tramecourt. They were quite overcome with weariness, but seemed to suffer still more from grief; for the burdens of the body are easier to carry than those of the mind and heart. The younger of the

two, a girl of twelve, occasionally brushed aside a tear that in spite of herself would roll over her sunburnt cheek. The elder watched her child with anxious solicitude, and at length remarked:

"I see you are tired out, dear Amy; but we shall soon be at the Fountain, and then we can rest a while."

"Yes, but though I were ever so well rested and refreshed, I could not forget brother Claude, or reconcile myself to the loss of my two pretty hens," and she cast a sympathizing glance at the latter as they lifted their tufted heads above the basket which she carried in her hand.

"We must will what God wills, child dear, and not murmur against Him or our superiors. We owe the lords of the manor of Tramecourt great reverence."

"And a big ground-rent too," rejoined Amy, with a sigh.

"Certainly; we hold our lease from them, and, like the other tenants, we must pay rent—eighty-four bushels of wheat at St. Remy, a fat goose at Christmas, two dozen of eggs at Eastertide, and two good chickens at St. John Baptist. It is fortunate that we have the fowls."

"Dear little pets! To-night the cook will roast them on the spit for the grandees, and poor Claude will have nothing better than a little water-gruel of black flour."

"But we have no cause to complain of our landlords; they did not make us poor."

Whilst the mother and daughter thus conversed, they reached a bend in the road, where stood a number of enormous oaks several centuries old. Under their thick shade the sparkling water that sprang from a hill close by had been collected in a stone basin, which age and moss had bronzed. On one side of the ancient curb a pious hand had carved "*Benedicite, fontes, Domino,*" and the opposite side was adorned with a bas-relief representing a battle. This place was called the Fountain of Presles; no one then alive knew its origin, but the word *Presles* and the bas-relief seemed to commemorate a great battle. Perhaps the Atrebatates had met the legions of Cæsar there!

The oaks had, without doubt, witnessed the ceremonies of Gallic Druids; and who knows but a messenger sent by the Prince of the Apostles had traced the words of Holy Writ on the inviting place of repose?

After resting a while, and bathing their foreheads in the waters of the spring, Amy gathered a large bouquet of fragrant blossoms of eglantine, which grew there in great abundance, saying that she would offer it to the Blessed Mother to obtain Claude's restoration to health; and, plunging a large gourd into the sparkling liquid, she added, "This, too, shall be for Claude—my poor, languishing brother!" Then resuming their walk, they soon found themselves in presence of the imposing pile of Tramecourt Castle. It was a fortress so girt with dikes that the spectator could barely discern its lofty ramparts, its loop-holed towers, and the graceful, aerial spire of the chapel. The drawbridge was lowered, and the courtyard thronged with tenants, who had come like our friends to pay the feudal ground-rent.

At the farther end of the audience hall sat a personage, who was saluted profoundly by all who entered. It was, however, no imperious feudal lord that occupied the lofty dais. The assembly was presided over by Aloysia, Lady of the Manor—a sweet, mild-faced girl of only ten years. She was still in mourning weeds for her deceased father, and her robe of black velvet, bordered with ermine, fell in massive folds on the marble pavement, while the rich, soft veil that floated from her coronet made her delicate person appear even more diminutive. She replied to the salutations of the gentry and the peasants in the most amiable and appropriate terms; and when a request was made to the bailiff at her side, she supported the petition with modest dignity. "Speak to me, my friends," she would say to the peasantry, "with the same freedom as you did to my mother. How often she said, 'What is not found in the cottage must be had at the castle!'"

After a while Amy and her mother approached.

"Who are these?" inquired Lady Aloysia of her attendant.

"These, madame, rent the fee-farm called L'Homme Armé. The woman is a widow and the mother of two children. This is her daughter. They seem sad and weary."

"Call them, please. I must speak to them."

The lady attendant beckoned to Amy, who advanced and tremblingly knelt on the steps of the dais.

"Tell me, child, why are you so sad?"

"Noble Lady—" began the girl, but she could not proceed; the array of maids of honor, pages, etc., grouped around the throne, filled her with awe.

"Do not be frightened, dear," said Lady Aloysia, taking her hand; "speak out?"

"Madame, my brother Claude is ill with fever, and, although I have asked the Blessed Virgin to cure him, he is no better, and he needs broth and other nourishment. We have no meat, and no money to buy any; for the foragers took our cattle, and the winter was so hard that we lost all our hens."

"Then, my child, why did you bring those two chickens?"

"Noble Lady, because they are appointed for our ground-rent, and we were thankful to God that we had them."

Aloysia dropped a tear of pity on Amy's sunburnt hand, and said: "Be consoled, my good girl; henceforth for ground-rent at St. John Baptist you will bring me a gourd of fresh water from the Fountain of Presles, and a bunch of wild roses like these, if you can get them."

"Oh, we can get them easily, kind Lady!" answered Amy; "they grow in abundance at the Fountain."

"And you shall have twenty-four bushels of wheat, and three golden crowns to buy a milch cow. Bailiff, be kind enough to give her a certificate of this, and note it also in the records."

Amy kissed the hand of the noble Aloysia, and the hem of her robe, and then withdrew to rejoice the sorrow-stricken heart of her mother.

II.

Ten years elapsed, and the Eve of St. John Baptist saw Amy once more on the road to Tramecourt. She was now a tall, beautiful woman, and tripped lightly onward with her blossoms of fresh eglantine, and her gourd well filled from the Fountain—her annual tribute to the Lady of the Manor. As usual the courtyard was filled with tenantry taking receipts from the bailiff, but the audience hall was vacant, and Amy looked around in vain for her benefactress.

“Ah! Amy, is that you? Thrice welcome!” cried the bailiff. “My Lady Aloysia is ill with fever, and anxiously waiting your arrival. Here, page, show Amy to your mistress’ bedroom.”

Amy timidly entered the vast apartment, sumptuously adorned with paintings, tapestry, and sculpture, and ventured to the foot of Lady Aloysia’s bed. Though extremely weak, she raised herself on her pillows at the sight of Amy, and exclaimed, joyously, “Oh, here you are with the sweet wild roses! How delicious their perfume! I need not ask if you are well, for your cheeks are as pink as the petals of the eglantine, while mine have become white as wax. I have intermittent fever.”

“I am very sorry, my Lady, to find you ill; but if you are suffering from fever, let me give you a draught of this spring-water. I gave it to Claude every morning when he was sick, and he soon got well.”

“Indeed? Perhaps the water is medicinal,” and she took the sparkling beverage.

“If you find that it helps you,” said Amy, “I shall be only too happy to bring you some every morning, and we will ask Our Blessed Lady’s benediction.”

Aloysia reflected a moment, then said: “Listen, Amy. I will take the water, and if, with the aid of Our Mother in heaven, I am cured, I will build a hospice at the Fountain of Presles, and entrust it to six religious. It shall be under the invocation of the Health of the Sick, and travellers and sick people shall receive there all the attentions of Christian charity. I will be-

stow on it the ground-rent of the farm called L’Homme Armé, and every year you will carry your tribute of wild roses to Our Lady’s shrine. You are witness to my sacred promise.”

“You will certainly be cured, my Lady,” said her admiring friend; “and, if God spares me, I shall gladly bring my eglantine to the chapel dedicated to Our Queen.”

Lady Aloysia’s promise was blessed by God. She was soon restored to perfect health, and gave orders to have a grand hospice erected at the Fountain of Presles, and there devout pilgrims, travellers, and those who were fever-stricken were religiously cared for.

In this home of charity and sacrifice, Amy assumed the livery of Jesus Christ, and in their season never failed to renew the crown of wild roses that graced the statue of Sweet Mary, Health of the Sick.

Later on the Lady Aloysia came and asked an asylum in the convent she had founded. Heart-broken from a succession of crosses, she found herself the widow of a valiant knight who fell at Crécy, and childless; for her three sons were slain at Agincourt. A few drops of joy were reserved to sweeten her chalice of grief, by meeting with Amy, the transformed friend of her youth. Often they conversed of the past, and the holy nun drew from the treasures of her interior life words of hope and consolation for the afflicted Aloysia. Wearied of worldly grandeur, the noble widow often gazed with delight on the lovely crown of wild roses, and their fragrance never failed to revive her drooping heart.

But the brilliant and agitated life of the Lady Aloysia soon came to a close, and her humble friend bedewed with tears of sincere affection the blossoms of fresh eglantine that she scattered over the pall of her kind benefactress.

If it takes a boy twenty-five minutes to cut three sticks of wood to get supper by, how long will it take him next morning to walk three miles to meet a circus coming to town?



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The Fellowship of the Immortals.

BY E. P. R.

THIS is my attic room; the walls and floor
 Are bare of all the luxuries of art,
 Yet here are treasures which I value more,
 And which are always dearer to my heart.
 In rare confusion scattered round, on shelves
 And chairs, and filling all convenient nooks,
 Are the delights of one who fondly delves
 For learning in a glorious host of books.
 True friends are they, whose dear love never
 goes!

And, having them, why should I wish for
 more,
 Since thro' their trusty channels always flows
 The storied wine which thrilled the gods of
 yore?

And, drinking deep, in enviable dreams,
 I walk with them beside their mystic streams.

Honor Rendered to the Blessed Virgin.

DR. JANSSEN REPLIES TO HIS CRITICS.

DR. JANSSEN, the celebrated Ger-
 man historian, has published a
 spirited reply to certain critics who
 took him to task for what they considered
 his extravagant expressions concerning devo-
 tion to Our Blessed Lady. The reply is
 so pointed and so exhaustive that we give
 a translation of the greater portion of it.
 He writes:

No one need be surprised at the great respect shown by the Church to the Blessed Virgin. Any Catholic acquainted with the teachings of his religion knows by experience that we honor Mary only because of all the graces bestowed on Her by the Lord, and he will take no scandal from those words of an enthusiastic preacher which so shock my critics: "If I had a hundred tongues and a hundred mouths, and a voice of brass, I could not yet say aught that is worthy of Thee, O Mary! I console myself with the words of Jerome, who says: 'Though none of us is qualified, yet even the meanest sinner need never desist from the praises of Mary.' It is true that I know not what to set before you, but I will pluck for you the roses and sweet-smelling flowers of the holy Doctors."

"The holy Doctors" here referred to were all the zealous panegyrists of the Holy Virgin. Did not St. Cyril, a thousand years before, preach in a similar style? In the liturgy used in the first centuries of the Church, and attributed to St. James, we find these words: "When with all the saints and just we commemorate our most holy, unspotted, and most glorious Lady, Mary, the ever-intact Virgin and Mother of God, we are thereby recommending ourselves and our whole life to Christ, our God." "Let us celebrate the memory of our most holy, unspotted, most glorious and Blessed Lady, Mary, the Mother of God and the intact Virgin, in order that through Her intercession we may obtain all mercy. Hail Mary,

Thou art full of grace; the Lord is with Thee; blessed art Thou amongst women, and blessed is the Fruit of Thy womb; for Thou hast borne the Saviour of our souls." "It is just that we style Thee blessed—the ever-blessed Mother of God, exalted above all blame; Mother of our God, more magnificent than the Cherubim, more glorious than the Seraphim, who, without detriment to Thy virginity, hast borne God, the Word. In Thee, who art full of grace, all creatures rejoice; the choirs of angels and the race of men venerate Thee, who art a sanctified temple."

In almost the same words St. Chrysostom in his liturgy addresses the Blessed Virgin; he even introduced the Angelical Salutation into the Holy Mass. St. Athanasius also, the great champion of the Catholic faith in the God-Man in opposition to the Arians, prayed and taught the people to pray thus: "We proclaim Thee, O Mary! over and over again and at all times, blessed. To Thee we cry out: Remember us, O Most Holy Virgin! who after being delivered didst still remain a virgin. Hail, full of grace; the Lord is with Thee. All the hierarchies of angels and the inhabitants of the earth proclaim that Thou art blessed amongst women, and that blessed is the Fruit of Thy womb. Pray for us, O Mistress and Lady, Queen and Mother of God!"

No higher praise can be bestowed upon the Blessed Virgin than was spoken by the Angel at the Annunciation in the name and by the authority of God. This form of homage to Mary in the Angelical Salutation, which will be daily uttered with respect and love even to the end of time, is in the eyes of God and of the world a Christian confession of faith.

When the Church invites us to say the *Angelus* three times a day, what does she desire thereby but that we should call to mind the great and fundamental mystery of the Incarnation of Christ with immediate reference to His Mother, who out of all earthly beings was the only witness of this mystery? All the honor shown to Mary flows back to God. As Mary on earth was

the guardian of Her divine Son, as She bore Him in Her womb, clasped Him in Her arms, nourished Him at Her breast, so the praises and honors shown Her by Catholics serve only to confirm and to proclaim aloud the right belief in Him as the God-Man. Every church and chapel dedicated to Her, every confraternity instituted in Her honor, every picture representing Her, has for object to raise our minds to the One who, although happy from eternity with the Father, yet for the sake of sinners "had no horror of the Virgin's womb."

Human nature, which the Saviour actually and truly took from Mary, was united to the Divinity in one Person, the source of salvation and grace. And since it pleased God to bestow upon the world through Mary the Grace of all graces, the Author of grace, we honor and glorify Mary, and we cling to the belief that even yet God sends us gifts and graces through Her who was full of grace, when with humble trust we pray for them. Every prayer addressed to Mary is a prayer for Her influence as intercessor with God, the only Lord and dispenser of all good gifts.

My critics will not find one solitary prayer of the Church that appeals to Mary as the *bestower* of grace. That prayer from the *Hortulus Animæ* which they cite, and which is so repugnant to them, is found also in my prayer-book, and I am not conscious that I turn to any other source but the Saviour Himself when I thus invoke Mary: *Ut per tuam sanctissimam intercessionem et per tua merita omnia mea dirigantur et disponantur opera, secundum tuam tuique Filii voluntatem.**

When the Catholic prays thus he places no confidence thereby in Mary in opposition to the living God: no confidence in "merits" that She did not acquire solely through the grace of God—other "merits" there are none, either for the Holy Virgin or for any other creature. Thus there is found

* That, through Thy most holy intercession and Thy merits, all my works may be directed and disposed according to Thy will and that of Thy Son.

therein no lack of confidence in God, but simply a distrust of the worthiness of one's own prayers. The Catholic knows from Holy Scripture that God prefers to hear the prayers of the just, and that He Himself has said: 'I will do the will of them that do My will.' Therefore, with the sense of his own unworthiness, the suppliant turns to the intercession of the Blessed Virgin and of the saints, who are worthier of being heard than he is, and in their company he appears before the throne of God in the firm conviction that then his prayers will be more readily heard.

I would like to address to every Protestant this question: If it be true that the worship of the Blessed Virgin and of the saints in the Catholic Church is "an injury to the honor of Christ," and we, as is claimed, "detract from the mediatorship of Christ by this worship," whereas amongst Protestants "Christ alone is looked up to," how does it come to pass that in the Catholic Church, and in her alone, the belief in Jesus Christ the Lord, and His divine works of redemption, has remained unmoved and immovable in all times, whilst within the Protestant pale this belief has been lost or abandoned by so many, even professed theologians and preachers?

Fairy Gold.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

EPILOGUE.

A YEAR from the summer day when three girls had stood together on the eve of parting in their convent school-room, the same three were seated together on the shores of the Lago di Como. The garden of the hotel in which they were staying extended to the verge of the lake, and they had found a lovely leafy nook, surrounded by oleander and myrtle, with an unobstructed view over the blue sparkling water and the beautiful shores, framed by mountains.

"A year ago to-day!" said Marion, meditatively, after a pause of some length. "Do

you remember how we wondered when and where we should be together again? And here we are, with an experience behind us which is full of dramatic changes and full of instruction—at least for me."

"Certainly for me also," observed Helen. "Looking back on what I passed through, I realize clearly how foolish we are to regret the loss of things that seem to us desirable, but which God knows to be just the reverse. How miserable I was for a time! Yet that very misery was paving the way for my present happiness."

"Very directly," said Marion; "yet it is something I do not like to think of; for it might all have ended so differently but for the mercy of God—and yours too, Helen. You deserve happiness, because you were so gentle and generous under unhappiness. As for me, I deserve nothing good, yet I have gained a great deal—the gift of faith, relief from self-reproach, and the great pleasure of being here with you and Claire."

Claire looked at the speaker with a smile. "The pleasure of being together is one that we all share," she said; "and also, I think, the sense of great gratitude to God. How much have I, for instance, to be grateful for—I who a year ago went forth into the world with so much reluctance—that the way has been made so clear to my feet, that I have now such a sense of peace, such a conviction of being in the right path!"

The others did not answer. It was hard for them—particularly hard for Marion—to give full sympathy on this point; for the pain of impending separation was hanging over them, and not even their recognition of the peace of which Claire spoke could make them altogether willing to see her pass out of their lives forever. There is the irrevocableness and therefore the pain of death in such partings, intensified by the fact that just in proportion as a character is fitted for the religious life does it possess the virtues to endear it most to those associated with it in the world. In such cases renunciation is not altogether on one side; and although Marion had struggled for the strength to make this renunciation, she

could not yet control herself sufficiently to speak of it. Her own future looked very blank to her, although it had been decided that she should remain with Helen, at least for a time, when Claire left them.

"I will stay with you until after your return to America," she had said to Helen when her plans were discussed; "but then I must find something to do—some occupation with which to fill my life."

Helen shook her head. "I am sure that George will never consent to that," she answered.

"And what has George to do with it?" asked Marion, amused by the calm, positive tone of Helen's speech. "I am really not aware that he has any control over me."

"Control—no," answered Helen; "but he feels that he owes you so much—the recovery of his father's fortune without any expense or division—that he is anxious to find something he can do for you, and he has said again and again how much he wished that you would allow him to make you independent."

"He could not make me independent of the need to fill my life with some work worth the doing," said Marion. "I do not yet perceive what it is to be, but no doubt I shall find out."

"Of course you will find out," said Claire, with her gentle, unquestioning faith. "God never fails to show the way to one who is willing to see it."

The way, however, had not yet been made clear to Marion as the three sat together on this anniversary of their first parting. She felt the difference between herself and her companions very keenly. To them life showed itself as a clear path, which they had only to follow to be certain that they were in the way of duty. All doubts and perplexities were at an end for them, whereas for her they seemed only beginning. What, indeed, was she to do with her life? She could as yet see no answer to that question, and could only trust that in God's time the way would be made clear to her.

The silence after Claire's last speech lasted some time; for there seemed little to

be said, though much to be felt, on the events of the past year. At length Helen observed, looking around toward the hotel, "How long George is in coming! He promised to follow us almost immediately, and I think we must have been here almost an hour."

"Oh! no," said Claire, smiling, "not so long as that. But certainly he has not fulfilled his promise of coming soon."

"And it is a pity," continued Helen; "for just now is the most delightful time to be on the water. I believe I will go and look for him. Will any one else come?"

Claire, who was always in readiness to do anything asked of her, assented and rose. But Marion kept her seat. "I think this is almost as pleasant as being on the water," she said. "But when you have found George, and he has found a boat, and all is in readiness, you may summon me. Meanwhile I am very comfortable where I am."

"We will summon you, then, when we are ready," said Helen. And the two walked away toward the hotel.

Marion, who had still, as of old, a great liking for solitude, settled herself, after the others left, in a corner of the bench on which they had been seated, and looked at the lovely scene before her with eyes which saw its beauty as in a dream. She was living over her life of the past year while she gazed at the distant, glittering Alpine summits; and although she had spoken truly in saying that she was deeply conscious of gratitude for many dangers escaped, and chiefly for the wonderful gift of faith, there nevertheless remained a sharp recollection of failure and pain dominating all her thoughts of the past.

Her face was very grave, therefore, and her brows knitted with an expression of thought or suffering, when a man presently came around a bend of the path, and paused an instant, unobserved, to regard her. He saw, or fancied that he saw, many changes in that face since it had fascinated him first; but they were not changes which detracted from its charm. The beauty was as striking as ever, but the expression had altered

much. There was no longer a curve of disdain on the perfect lips, nor a light of mockery in the brilliant eyes. The countenance had softened even while it had grown more serious, and its intellectual character was more manifest than ever. These things struck Brian Earle during the minute in which he paused. Then, fearing to be observed, he came forward.

His step on the path roused Marion's attention, and, turning her eyes quickly from the distant scene, she was amazed to see before her the man who was just then most clearly in her thoughts.

Startled almost beyond the power of self-control, she said nothing. It was he who advanced and spoke. "Forgive me if I intrude, Miss Lynde—but I was told that I should find you here; and—and I hoped that you would not object to seeing me."

Marion, who had now recovered herself, held out her hand to meet his, saying, quietly, "Why should I object? But it is a great surprise. I had no idea that you were in this part of the world at all."

"My arrival here is very recent," he said, sitting down beside her; "and you may fancy my surprise when, an hour after my arrival, I met George Singleton, and heard the extraordinary news of his marriage to your cousin."

"That must have astonished you very much. We first heard of it after you left Rome."

"It astonished me the more," he said, with some hesitation, "because I had fancied it likely that in the end *you* would marry him."

"I!" she said, coloring quickly and vividly. Then after a moment she added, with a tinge of bitterness in her tone, "Such an idea was natural, perhaps, considering your opinion of me. But it was a great mistake."

"So I have learned," he answered. "But when you speak of my opinion of you, may I ask what you conceive it to be?"

"Is it necessary that we should discuss it?" she asked, with a touch of her old haughtiness. "It is not of importance—to me."

"I am sure of that," he said, with something of humility. "But, believe me, your opinion of it is of importance to me. Therefore I should very much like to know what you believe that I think of you."

Her straight brows grew closer together. She spoke with the air of one who wishes to end a disagreeable subject. "This seems to me very unnecessary, Mr. Earle; but, since you insist, I suppose that you think me altogether mercenary and ready, if the opportunity had been given me, to marry your cousin for his fortune."

"Thank you," he answered when she ceased speaking. "I am much obliged by your frankness. I feared that you did me just such injustice; and yet, Miss Lynde, how *can* you? In the first place, do you suppose that I am unaware that you gave his father's fortune intact to my cousin, and in the second place, have I not heard that you refused it when he offered it to you again, with himself? If I had ever fancied you mercenary, could I continue to so mistake you after hearing these things? But indeed I never did think you mercenary, not even the days when we differed most on the question which finally divided us. I did not think *then* that you desired wealth for itself, or that you would have done anything unworthy to gain it; but I thought you exaggerated its value for the sake of the things it could purchase, and I believed then (what I *know* now) that you did injustice to the nobleness of your own nature in setting before yourself worldly prosperity as your ideal of happiness."

She shook her head a little sadly. "The less said of the nobleness of my nature the better," she answered; "but I soon found that the ideal was a very poor one, and one which could not satisfy me. I am glad your cousin came to claim that fortune, which might else have weighed me down with its responsibility to the end."

"And do you forgive me," he said, leaning toward her and lowering his voice, "for having refused that fortune?"

"Does it matter," she answered, somewhat nervously, "whether I forgive you or

not? It would have ended in the same way. You, too, would have had to give it up when your cousin appeared."

"But, putting that aside, can you not *now* realize a little better my motives, and forgive whatever seemed harsh or dictatorial in my conduct?"

Marion had grown very pale. "I have no right to judge your conduct," she said.

"You had a right then, and you exercised it severely. Perhaps I was too presumptuous, too decided in my opinion and refusal. I have thought so since, and I should like to hear you say that you forgive it."

"I can not imagine," she said, with a marked lack of her usual self-possession, "why you should attach any importance to my forgiveness—granting that I have anything to forgive."

"Can you not? Then I will tell you why I attach importance to it. Because during these months of absence I have learned that my attachment to you is as great as it ever was—as great, do I say? Nay, it is much greater, since I know you better now, and the nobleness in which I formerly believed has been proved. I can hardly venture to hope for so much happiness, but if it is possible that you can think of me again, that you can forgive and trust me, I should try, by God's help, to deserve your trust better."

"Do not speak in that manner," said Marion, with trembling lips. "It is I who should ask forgiveness, if there is to be any question of it at all. But I thought you had forgotten me—it was surely natural enough,—and that when you went away it was because—on account of—Claire."

"You were right," he answered, quietly. "I meant to tell you that. In the reaction of my disappointment about you, I thought of your friend; because I admired her so much, I fancied I was in love with her. But when she put an end to such fancies by telling me gently and kindly of her intention to enter the religious life, I learned my mistake. The thought of her passed away like a dream—like a shadow that has crossed a mirror,—and I found that you, Marion, had been in my heart all the time. I tested my-

self by absence, and I returned with the intention of seeking you wherever you were to be found, and asking you if there is no hope for me—no hope of winning your heart and your trust again."

There was a moment's pause, and then she held out her hand to him. "You have never lost either," she said.

(THE END.)

A Brave Life.

BY KATHLEEN O'MEARA.

(CONTINUED.)

THE Bishop exacted profound silence in presence of the Blessed Sacrament. One day his little acolyte was snuffling after he had served Mass. Monseigneur whispered to Méthol: "Pierre has forgotten his handkerchief; go and give him one of mine." Pierre took care not to snuffle after that. It was difficult, indeed, to forget in the presence of the Bishop what was due to the Divine Presence he was adoring. He knelt upright, motionless as a statue, his hands joined, his sightless eyes fixed in adoration on the tabernacle, as if trying to pierce the twofold darkness that veiled his God from him—every sense suspended in the intensity of his contemplation. But he had his hours of spiritual darkness, like other holy souls. Sometimes his Lord would hide from him and withdraw His consolations, and Mgr. de Ségur took the trial humbly and simply, like a child. If one of the acolytes was in the chapel while he was wrestling with it, he would call him and say: "My child, take the 'Imitation,' and read me a few verses." The little boy would open the book at hazard, and when the Bishop had heard some sentence that gave him help, he would say, "That will do," and he returned to his prayer.

It was a great day for him when he assisted at the ordination of one of his adopted sons. His whole heart was moved, and the joy that he tasted was one of those that may be said to give a foretaste of heaven.

The Protestant and Masonic propaganda was in furious activity when the Church proclaimed the dogma of the Immaculate Conception, and that triumph of faith over rationalism seemed to have goaded the Freemasons to fiercer onset against the Church. Pius IX., stricken with grief at the progress of their diabolical efforts, expressed to several French prelates a desire to see some vigorous association of prayer and faith formed to oppose them. The prelates on returning to France went at once to Mgr. de Ségur, and begged him to convene at his house a meeting of priests and religious to discuss this suggestion of the Holy Father. The idea was taken up warmly by the assembly of holy and zealous men, who met in the blind Bishop's drawing-room. Without further delay the society was placed under the patronage of St. Francis of Sales, and, in spite of his protests and his already too heavily burdened shoulders, Mgr. de Ségur was named president.

The post involved a great responsibility and an enormous increase of work. He shrank from neither, and God blessed his generosity, and made the society prosper far beyond the hopes of any of its founders. He travelled through the provinces, and preached a veritable crusade for it; he went from one bishop to another, begging their patronage and firing their zeal for it; he went to every monastery and community in each diocese that he entered; he wrote books, he gave lectures, he got up missions—he put his whole soul and all his might to the work, and he was rewarded by marvellous results. Wherever the society was founded, conversions quickly followed, and a change for the better was noticeable in the parish. It would be impossible to give even a remote idea of the amount of good it did—the churches it built or restored, the missions it founded, the libraries, the charitable confraternities for succoring souls and bodies, the *œuvres* of every kind that it created. At the time of Mgr. de Ségur's death it was flourishing in every diocese in France, and had spread its branches through Spain, Italy, Belgium, and Canada;

it counted fifteen hundred thousand members, and distributed annually in alms thirty-two thousand pounds sterling. These figures will enable us to form some vague estimate of what the society accomplished.

In 1865 the Bishop went to Annecy for the second centenary of the canonization of St. Francis of Sales. He was asked to preach the panegyric of the Saint, and did so with great eloquence and fervor, improving the opportunity by invoking his blessing on the society, which he commended earnestly to the zeal of the immense congregation. So irresistible was the charm of his eloquence, that a worthy priest from a distant parish, overcome with emotion, ran up the platform to where the Bishop stood, and threw his arms round him and hugged him with delight.

Another incident of a different nature testifies to the effect of the same sermon. A poor woman had brought her blind child to venerate the relics of St. Francis, and, feeling her confidence suddenly inflamed by the burning words of the preacher, she said to the child: "Now, kneel down, and ask God, through the intercession of St. Francis, to give you your sight."—"I can't, mother," replied the little one; "the Bishop has just been saying that we ought to wish for nothing but the will of God. I will ask St. Francis that the will of God may be done to me."

Tradition has kept the memory of their great apostle so living amongst the people of Annecy that they all speak of him as if he had been a contemporary—as if they had seen him. They found many points of personal resemblance between him and Mgr. de Ségur. The nuns of the Visitation declared that he bore a striking resemblance to their saintly Father in height and figure, and begged him to try on a *soutane* of the Saint's, which Mgr. de Ségur, grateful for the privilege, hastened to do. To the delight of the community, it fitted almost as if it had been made for him. There was something very touching in the marks of respect that everywhere followed the blind prelate. When he walked through

the streets of Annecy, leaning on his secretary or Méthol, every hat was raised, and people stood uncovered till he passed, his head erect, his sightless eyes gazing at vacancy, but his countenance serene and bright, as if he were pleased with the courtesies of which he was unconscious.

This visit to Annecy was fruitful in many spiritual results. The society took root there, and flourished as if St. Francis himself were directing it; and during the four and twenty years that Mgr. de Ségur presided over it, he had few greater consolations than that which he derived from the fruits it put forth in the diocese of its saintly patron.

But even this apostolate, large as it was, did not fully satisfy the Bishop's burning zeal. Like St. Vincent de Paul, who cast his eyes round the courts and slums of Paris, and groaned over the bodily sufferings of the neglected poor, and knew no rest until he brought relief to them, so did Mgr. de Ségur groan over the spiritual destitution of the great city, so far more populous under the second Empire than under Louis XIV., and cry out to God for strength and means to come to its assistance. "It has often been said," he wrote, "that we need not go to China to find infidels. And nothing is truer. . . . All round us in this vast and brilliant Paris, which the princes of Europe never tire admiring, there exists a wide belt of *faubourgs* containing from six to seven hundred thousand inhabitants, who are, most of them, Christians only in name. To evangelize these abandoned masses one would want a thousand missionary priests, a hundred schools, and two hundred churches. Are we to await the interference of the State before trying to help these forsaken populations? Are we to leave the few priests who are laboring under their heavy and ungrateful task, to break down in despair?"

Mgr. de Ségur determined that he, at least, would not do so. He conceived the idea of evolving a great effort of zeal from the Society of St. Francis of Sales. He broached the subject to several influential

parish priests in Paris, and met with a cordial response. A number of hard-worked vicars volunteered to give up their evenings to the work of evangelizing the *faubourgs*. Forty members were quickly recruited, and the Conference of St. Francis of Sales was founded. This was on the 29th of June, 1858. The first mission was preached in preparation for the Feast of the Assumption. It was a grand success. The workmen crowded round the pulpit, where for fifteen days the fundamental mysteries of faith were preached to them in plain, apostolic language, and numerous conversions were made.

The next mission was in the Faubourg Mont Parnasse. The success here was extraordinary. Sinners who had not been to the Sacraments for twenty, thirty, forty years, crowded round the confessional; children were baptized, enemies were reconciled, marriages were validated, and a vast general Communion crowned the blessed labors of the missionaries. It was the same harvest everywhere. Mgr. de Ségur opened every mission himself, and devoted himself unsparingly to help while it lasted.

The Conference was soon in demand everywhere. La Villette was about the most abandoned and demoralized population in Paris. Thousands of the inhabitants lived and died without ever hearing or using the name of God except as a profane or blasphemous expletive; they had sunk into the lowest stage of animalism, ignorance, and vice. The curé heard of the wonders that were being wrought by the Conference of St. Francis, and came to Mgr. de Ségur, and entreated him to have a mission in his parish. The undertaking offered little encouragement. What could a few priests do in a fortnight, a month even, amongst thirty-five thousand people, all hostile, stubborn and impious? The Bishop could not refuse, however; he commended the undertaking to God and St. Francis, and, for better luck, determined to open the mission on the 1st of May. The first day very few came to the sermons, but the second day there was a fair attendance, and on the third the church

was crowded. The young men hurried in in their blouses, straight from their work; the confessionals were besieged every evening, and conversions, almost miraculous in their suddenness and sincerity, followed every sermon. At the Mass which closed the mission one thousand persons went to Communion.

Mgr. de Ségur was fond of relating a comical incident which occurred at the end of this Villette mission. A woman who had been for long years estranged from religion came and made a general confession after one of the evening instructions. On receiving absolution, she was so full of joy that she could hardly contain herself. "I never felt so happy in my life!" she exclaimed to the priest who had reconciled her to God. "Ah, Monsieur, if you could nab (*pincer*) my husband now, what a mercy it would be! He is not a bad fellow, but he won't hear a word about religion; and yet he has come every evening to the sermon. If you could only get hold of him!" She went on to say that he stood behind a certain pillar, and described him as a tall, broad-shouldered man, with a heavy black beard, and ended with the remark: "But if you catch him, don't let on that I pointed him out; he would kill me if he knew it!"

The next evening a stalwart working man, with a heavy black beard, came to the Abbé's confessional. When he had made his confession and received absolution, "Monsieur," he said, "I am a married man, and my wife is anything but a pious woman. I wish you could get hold of her. I will try and bring her here to-morrow on some pretext or another; but I beg of you not to let her suspect I have been to confession, for she would laugh at me." He found the desired pretext, and brought his wife next day to the sacristy, and great was the surprise of both to find that they had been plotting against each other.

In closing this fruitful mission, Mgr. de Ségur exercised for the first time the prerogative he had just received from Rome of giving the Papal Benediction, with a plenary indulgence attached to it. He spared no pains to give grandeur and solemnity to the

ceremony; thirty priests in surplices, holding lighted tapers, stood round the altar, while the blind prelate, with that majesty that was peculiar to him, and which borrowed a sort of sublime prestige from his infirmity, called down the blessing of the Most High on the assembled multitude. Never did a more reverent congregation bow down to receive it; a great number of men prostrated themselves while he gave it, and raised their faces bathed in tears.

The departure of the Bishop from the church of the mission was always an impressive and touching scene. The people, in their eagerness to get a parting glimpse of the holy man, rushed round his cab, so that he had difficulty in getting away. The driver was a worthy fellow, who always bespoke the honor of conveying "the blind saint," and hired some one to look after his horse in order that he might go in and assist at the sermon, and get the Bishop's blessing.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Treasures of the Missal and Ritual.

BY THE REV. A. A. LAMBING, LL. D.

III.

TURNING to the parts of which the Missal is composed. After the insertion of the Papal bulls already referred to, the first place is devoted to the arrangement of all that relates to the calendar of the movable and immovable feasts. It may be said briefly that this arrangement of the Masses for seasons and saints depends on the feasts of Christmas and Easter. The former fixes all from the first Sunday of Advent to the octave of Epiphany; the latter, all from Septuagesima to Trinity Sunday; and the two together thus regulate the number of Sundays that must intervene between Epiphany and Septuagesima, and between Trinity Sunday and the first Sunday of Advent, in order to have fifty-two in the year. If Easter is late, there will be more of the former; if early, there will be

more of the latter. The calendar of the feasts of saints, etc., is also placed here.

Next come the rubrics, which are laws or rules for the guidance of the priest in the celebration of the Adorable Sacrifice. The word *rubric* is derived from the Latin term *rubor* (red), and its application in this place is taken from the manner in which it was used in the writing of the Roman laws and decisions, in which the titles, maxims, and principal decisions were written in red. In the beginning the rubrics of the Mass were not found in the Missal at all, much less in the place and order they now occupy; but were contained in other works known as Directories, Rituals, Ceremonials, and Ordos. They were finally incorporated into the Missal by Burchard, elsewhere referred to. The revision of the Missal by Pope St. Pius V. fixed them in the place they must ever hold.

After the rubrics come a preparation and a thanksgiving for Mass, which are not, however, strictly obligatory on the celebrant. Then begins what may be called the Missal proper, or that part of the book which contains the Masses of the feasts and saints. It opens with the Mass for the first Sunday of Advent, containing, as do all the other Masses, those portions only of the Mass which are peculiar to the several days or feasts to which they are assigned, omitting those portions which are found in what is called the Ordinary of the Mass, which will be considered presently. The Masses for each Sunday and for some of the feasts which cluster immediately around Christmas, as well as for all the days of Lent, make up this division, which closes with Holy Saturday. Then comes the Ordinary of the Mass, which comprises all that part, except the secret prayers, from the Gospel to the Post-Communion exclusive. It is composed of the prefaces, eleven in number, which are given first in solemn chant, then in ferial or simple chant, and finally without music, with rubrics directing during which seasons or on which feasts each is to be said.

Next, there is the Canon of the Mass, so named from the Greek word *κάνων*, which

means a rule; because this part of the Mass, as it were, follows a rule, and admits of no changes, except of two or three words in a few of the more solemn feasts. To illustrate the firmness with which the Church resists all encroachments on the Canon, it may be stated that, some seventeen years ago, when the Holy Father, at the request of a very large number of the hierarchy of the Christian world, declared St. Joseph Patron of the Universal Church, he at the same time refused the request of the same prelates to have the name of the chaste spouse of the Holy Mother of God inserted in the Canon after the Consecration, where the names of a dozen other saints are found.

At the close of the Canon the Feast of Easter begins the Masses, and it is followed by the Masses for all the Sundays till the last before Advent, with some other Masses in their proper places, as those within the octaves of Easter and Pentecost, and a few more. This closes what are called the Masses of seasons; the rest of the Missal is taken up almost entirely with the Masses of saints, of mysteries in the life and Passion of Our Lord and of His Holy Mother, votive Masses, and Masses for the Dead. The portion devoted to the Masses of saints is composed of two parts: the proper of saints, and the common of saints. The former embraces all that is proper to each individual saint—as the collect; or the collect, secret prayer, and Post-Communion;* or, with these, the Epistle and Gospel; while the latter contains Masses for each class of saints—as martyrs, confessors, virgins, etc.,—of which there are more than one for each class, and separate Masses for martyrs during Paschal time.

The next section of the Missal is occupied by the votive Masses; and these are followed by a number of prayers, one or

* It is worthy of remark that almost all the Post-Communion prayers are so worded as to show that at the time they were composed it was the custom for all present at the Holy Sacrifice to communicate—a standing rebuke to the laxity of our unhappy times. The same idea is expressed in the Canon of the Mass, immediately after the Consecration.

more of which may be introduced into certain Masses at the option of the celebrant, or the request of the person for whose intention the Holy Sacrifice is offered. Then come four different Masses for the Dead—that for All-Souls' Day, and for a deceased Pope or Bishop; that for the day of death or interment; that for the anniversary; and that for any day upon which a Mass for the Dead is permitted by the rubrics. To these Masses are appended twelve prayers for different individuals or classes of the faithful departed, one or more of which may be introduced into the Mass according to certain rules, at the discretion of the celebrant, or according to the intention of the person requesting the celebration of the Mass. But the number of prayers must always be an odd one. An odd number, being indivisible, has a mystic signification; *one* represents unity in the several forms in which it appears in religion, as the unity of God, the unity of the Church, etc.; *three* represents the three Persons of the Adorable Trinity, Christ praying thrice in the Garden of Gethsemane, His rising from the dead on the third day, the angels thrice repeating *Sanctus*; *five* represents the Five Wounds of Our Saviour; and *seven*, the Seven Gifts of the Holy Ghost and the seven petitions of the Lord's Prayer. These remarks apply equally to the number of prayers used in the blessings of the ritual.*

Certain formula for blessing water, articles of food, and a few other things, occupy the next place; but inasmuch as they pertain rather to the ritual, they will not be treated here. After these we have the six votive Masses permitted by his present Holiness to be celebrated on the several days of the week upon which no saint's feast occurs, or only feasts of minor rite. The rest of the Missal is taken up with Masses of saints that have been canonized, for the most part, since the time of St. Pius V., and others that are peculiar to certain religious orders or localities.

Such, in brief, is the Missal. I can not

believe that what has been said, though apparently very commonplace, will be altogether useless. There are few priests who have not reason to regret the limited knowledge of many of their people on points like these; and hence simple and plain instructions must ever be regarded as the most useful, although they will never be the most popular or attractive.

IV.

But the purpose of this article is twofold: to give a general idea of the construction of the Missal, and to call attention to the votive Masses and to the prayers that are permitted to be inserted in other Masses on some of the feasts of minor rite. But the question naturally rises: What is a votive Mass, and why so named? The word is derived from the Latin *votum*, and, as found in the liturgy, means a Mass which does not correspond with the office of the day or feast, and which is so named because it is celebrated by the free choice of the priest. The following are the votive Masses found in the Missal: That of the Most Holy Trinity, with a special collect when it is offered as a Mass of thanksgiving; of the Angels; of the Holy Apostles Peter and Paul; of the Holy Ghost; of the Most Holy Sacrament; of the Cross; of the Passion of our Lord Jesus Christ; of the Blessed Virgin Mary, which varies for the different seasons of the year; for the election of a Supreme Pontiff; for the election or consecration of a Bishop; for the destruction of schism; for every necessity; for the remission of sins; for the grace of a good death; against pagans; in time of war; for peace; as a protection against mortality, or for the time of pestilence; for the sick, with a special prayer when it is said for those who are believed to be near their last hour; for those on a journey; and, finally, the Nuptial Mass, of which I wrote at length in these pages some time ago.

But besides these votive Masses there are six others permitted, as was said above, by Pope Leo XIII.—namely: of the Angels; of the Apostles; of St. Joseph; of the Most Blessed Sacrament; of the Passion; and of

* De Herdt., Vol. I., No. 82; O'Brien, p. 213.

the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin Mary; some of which differ a little from those of the same title given above. Still further, in addition to these, any Mass of a saint may be said as a votive Mass, for a sufficient reason, upon the observance of certain rules, which differ little from those governing the other votive Masses.

Still another mine of spiritual riches of the Missal are the prayers of which mention has already been made, one of which must, and more than one of which may, be inserted in the Mass on some Sundays and other days at the option of the celebrant, or to comply with the request of the person for whose intention the Holy Sacrifice is offered. These prayers are thirty-five in number, each of which, of course, includes the collect, the secret prayer, and the Post-Communion. The following are some of them: To ask the prayers of the saints; another of the same kind; for every grade of persons in the Church; for the Pope; for prelates and the congregations committed to their care; against the persecution of the Church; for every necessity; for every tribulation; in time of famine; in time of an earthquake; for rain; for fair weather; against pests among animals; for the priest himself; for the gift of tears; for the remission of sins; for those who are in temptations and trials; to repel evil thoughts; for the gift of patience; for the gift of charity; for friends; for enemies; for the welfare of the living; and for the living and the dead. To these must also be added the prayers found in the Mass of any saint or mystery, which may also be taken, upon certain conditions, that apply, however, to but few of them.

From all this it must be apparent to the thoughtful reader that not only have we an inestimable treasure in the Holy Sacrifice itself, but also that the value of this treasure is greatly enhanced by the special Mass which he can have celebrated, which, besides its value as a sacrifice, has a worth of its own from its being adapted to the particular intention for which its celebration is requested,—there being Masses for so many

different intentions, as we have seen, besides one for every necessity, no matter what it may chance to be. And granting that for a sufficient reason the special Mass is not permitted to be said, the addition of one of the prayers just named, when it is allowed, enhances the value of the Mass immensely, as being a particular petition made to God through His divine Son and in the name of the Church, as an integral part of her most solemn act of worship. Hear St. Liguori on this important point. After giving the opinion of a theologian, with which he concurs, that the prayer of a lay person when offered up in a church at the time when a Mass is being celebrated is on that account the more readily and certainly heard by Almighty God, he adds: "How much more the prayer of the priest himself?" And, speaking of the Divine Office, which, though more efficacious than any other form of prayer, is yet far less so than the Mass, he says: "Many private prayers do not equal in value only one prayer of the Divine Office, as being offered to God in the name of the whole Church, and in His own appointed words."*

In the Old Law there were many sacrifices suited to the manifold wants of the people; the Sacrifice of the New Law has not only taken the place of all those of the Jewish Dispensation in the sense of being the supreme act of worship of God, but also in the sense of being the supreme act of petition for graces for men.

A serious reflection on the treasure we possess in the Adorable Sacrifice, as briefly set forth in this article will, it is believed, convince the reader of the immense advantage he may derive from asking for the graces, both general and special, which he stands in need of, by means of this Holy Sacrifice. The graces, as St. Liguori remarks, which are not obtained during the Mass are with great difficulty obtained at any other time. Here it is not man but the God-Man who petitions His Eternal Father for His people through the ministry of His priests.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

* "Sacerdos Sanctificatus," pp. 36, 128

Catholic Painters of Spain.—Schools of Castile.

BY OCTAVIA HENSEL.

MADRID, as the royal residence, attracted all the dispersed elements of the Castilian school of painters; thither they flocked from Toledo, Badajos, Saragossa, and Valladolid, and formed what was called the school of Madrid, or Castile.

The artists most celebrated in this school, which the genius of Velasquez crowned with everlasting fame, may be named, as in the Andalusian school, from the middle of the 15th century—the period of Alonzo Berruguete,* painter, sculptor, and architect. He was born at Valladolid, but at the age of twenty-five he went to Florence, and studied under Michael Angelo. He assisted this master in his great work ordered by the Holy Father Pope Julian II., at the Vatican; and upon his return to Spain, in 1520, was appointed painter to the court of Charles V., as he had been to that of Philip I. His chief works are altar-screens for churches.

Luis de Morales, called "El Divino," is a painter about whom little is known. He was summoned to Madrid by Philip II. We are told that he appeared before the King in such superb court dress that it annoyed his Majesty, who declared he could do nothing for an artist who spent a fortune on his clothing. "That is just what I have done," said Morales when told of the King's displeasure; "I tried to make myself worthy to appear before him." Philip forgave his indiscretion when this reply was repeated, and commissioned him to paint some altar pictures; but he soon returned to Badajos, whence he came. On a visit to that city, many years after, the King again met the painter.

"You are very old, Morales," said his Majesty.

"Yes, sire, and very poor."

Philip commanded that two hundred ducats of the crown rents should be given

him—"for your dinner, Morales," he said. "And what for my supper?" was the quick reply of the artist.

Amused with the repartee, the King ordered that another hundred should be given.

Morales painted on wood and copper. His pictures are very small and simple, but very exquisite in religious sentiment. The Blessed Mother supporting the Dead Christ is one of his best.

Alonzo Sanchez Coello, who died about 1590, or the beginning of the 17th century, was both courtier and painter to Philip II., son of the Emperor Charles V. He was greatly beloved by this King, who always addressed him, "Beloved son." At Madrid he lived in apartments adjoining the palace; to these Philip had a private key, and often surprised the painter in his studio or at table. The Holy Fathers Gregory III. and Sixtus V., the Princes of Farnese, with the Dukes of Florence and Savoy, were Coello's warm friends and patrons. King Philip called him his Portuguese Titian, and made him court painter and gentleman in waiting.* He must not be confounded with Claudio Coello, the best of the old Spanish masters, who lived a century later.

Alonzo was the first great portrait painter in Spain. He has left the best portrait extant of St. Ignatius Loyola, and his most famous pictures are found over the altars of the chapels of the Escorial. He knew how to represent the repose and refinement which belong to gentle blood and delicate nurture. He was generous to the poor, and endowed a hospital at Valladolid. His pupil Felipe de Liñan excelled in portraiture, and from the beauty of his coloring has been called *el pequeñ Tiziano* (the little Titian).

Juan Fernandez Navarrete (1526-1579), called on account of being deaf and dumb, "El Mudo," studied under Fra Vincenta, a Brother in the Convent of La Estrella. While still very young he was taken to Italy, and after visiting Rome, Naples, and Florence, he settled at Venice and studied under Titian. His principal works are at the

* 1480-1561.

* *Pentor de camera, y el privado del rey.*

Escorial. In his picture of the Nativity* he has overcome a singular difficulty. He has introduced three distinct lights into this picture—one, the radiance that proceeds from the Holy Child; one which descends from the sacred nimbus and permeates the whole picture; the third, from a torch held by St. Joseph. It is a singularly beautiful conception, quite worthy a Catholic artist. He has been called the Spanish Titian, from the beauty of his coloring and rich flesh tints.

Domenico Theotocopuli, known in Spain as "Al Greco," a Greek by parentage, was the founder of the art school of Toledo. After studying under Titian in Venice, he settled at Toledo in 1577. Painter, sculptor, and architect, he was a better instructor than artist. His first style of coloring was purely Venetian; he then adopted *grisaille*, or a pale grayish coloring, making his figures appear like ghosts or shadows. Luis Tristan was his best pupil. His works are found in the church of Yepes, near Toledo. He surpassed his master both in design and execution.

In the middle of the 16th century three families of Italian artists came from Tuscany to Madrid. They were the Carduccio, Cajesi, and Ricci. Bartolommeo Carduccio (1560-1608) studied under Zuccaro, and came with him to Spain towards the close of the 16th century. With Pellegrino Tibaldi, Carduccio painted the ceiling of the library in the Escorial, and various of the palace frescos, also the Church of S. Felipe el Real at Madrid.

Vincenzo Carduccio was a pupil of his brother Bartolommeo, and an artist of great promise. He died while painting a *St. Jerome*. Among other literary works he has left a valuable text-book—"Dialogues on Painting." The Carthusian Convent of el Paular intrusted him with the entire decoration of its great cloister. The contract is still extant. Vincenzo was to paint the life of St. Bruno, the founder of the Order.

* The picture is often called *The Beautiful Shepherds*.

It was agreed in this contract between the prior and the painter that the artist should, in the space of four years, paint fifty-five pictures entirely by himself, the price of them to be fixed by competent judges. This singular contract, dated August 26, 1626, was faithfully executed. These pictures are now in the Museo Nacional in Madrid.

Of the Cajesi family, Patricio was invited to Madrid by Philip II., and employed by him in the palaces of that city. With his son and pupil, Eugenio Caxés, he was engaged to decorate the Queen's Gallery in the Prado. These frescos and paintings perished in the fire which destroyed that palace.

Fra Juan Rizzi, born of the Ricci family at Madrid, in 1595, entered the Order of St. Benedict in 1626, at Montserrat. He went to the College of St. Vincent at Salamanca to pursue his studies, but, being too poor to pay the hundred ducats entrance fee, was refused admission. He immediately set to work with palette and brush; in twenty-four hours he completed a picture which gained him the price of admission to the College, and during his studies there supported himself by his art. His best work was for the brotherhood at Burgos. His picture *St. Scholastica Reading* is the portrait of a young girl whose dowry as a nun he paid with the price of his labors. His fame was so great that all the communities of his Order wished him to reside with them. He was made Abbot of Medina del Campo, and the Holy Father soon after appointed him to a bishopric, but he died before being consecrated.

His brother Francisco was appointed painter to the Cathedral of Toledo, as well as to the court of Philip II and his son Charles II. In 1684 Charles employed him on a design for a new altar to be dedicated to the relic at the Escorial, known as Santa Forma. This relic is a Sacred Particle, which was dashed from the altar of the Cathedral of Gorcum by heretics and trodden under foot. Three rents were made in it, from which the blood issued. One heretic was converted at sight of the miracle, and, with the Bishop of Gorcum, carried the

relic to Mechlin. It was afterwards taken to Vienna, then to Prague. In 1592 it was sent to Philip II. Since then it is shown on festival days, stained with blood. Francisco died before completing this altar, which was finished a few years after his death by Claudio Coello.

The Ricci brothers died within ten years of each other—Juan in 1675, Francisco in 1685,—and following them, at the beginning of the 17th century, came Diego Rodriguez de Silva y Velasquez, baptized at the Cathedral of Seville June 6, 1599.

In him the school of Madrid, or Castile, found its greatest master. As Murillo to the school of Andalusia, so was Velasquez to the school of Castile, a crowning excellence and glory. Exponents of a nation's art, they stand alone and, although contemporaneous apart. Alike in genius, different in spirit; for Velasquez is called the painter of earth; Murillo, of heaven.

Sonnets.

Written on hearing that a Catholic Church is to be built at Ambleside, and dedicated to Our Lady under the title of "Maria Amabilis."

I.

A ROMAN host descended from the height
Of Kirkstone Pass, rock-walled and roofed
with cloud.

Slowly they trod: sudden they cried aloud.
The mists had risen,—what met their raptured
sight?

A golden vale sun-saturate, on the right,
Nor vexed by storm, nor veiled by flying shroud
Slept 'mid green hills: a rainbow o'er it bowed;
Upon the left a blue lake laughed in light.
For years embosomed in that gracious valley
Then first those warriors found a stainless
bliss;

They wreathed its flowers; in skiff or ban-
nered galley
They clove its lake; its lawns, its woods they
ranged;

Parting, a name they gave it: scarcely changed,
That name survives—"Situs Amabilis."*

* "Situs Amabilis" has become contracted into "Ambleside."

II.

A grateful name, loving and sweet! yet sweeter
Among Our Lady's titles one there is,
One loving more—"Maria Amabilis."

By it Her destined fane ere long shall greet
Her;

By it shall souls sore tried for help entreat Her,
When fiercer tempests round them wave and
hiss

Than those that shake black tarn or precipice:
For mountain-girdled church what name were
meeter?

Ascend, pure walls! Centuries to come shall
hear

From hill to hill again *Her* church-bells ring-
ing,

Her "Ave Stella" cheer the dawn-touched
water;

Old men grow young once more, when, totter-
ing near,

They catch the chime of English children
singing

Her anthem, "Salve, Redemptoris Mater!"

AUBREY DE VERE, *London Tablet.*

Cardinal Aloisi-Masella.

BY S. M. M.

IN the private consistory held on the 14th
of last March, His Holiness Pope Leo
XIII. raised to the sacred purple the holy
and eminent prelate, Thomas Maria Cajetan
Aloisi-Masella, who forms the subject
of the present sketch. He was born in the
town of Pontecorvo, in the ancient King-
dom of Naples, on the 30th of September,
1826, so that his Eminence is now in his
sixty-first year. Sprung from an old patri-
cian family, one of his ancestors, Bento
Masella, was a member of the deputation
sent by Pontecorvo in 1463 to offer Pius II.
seigneurial rights over that city. Towards
the end of the 15th century the noble family
of Aloisi was merged in that of Masella, re-
taining, as is customary in many Italian fam-
ilies, the united patronymic of both houses.

Cardinal Masella owes his early instruc-
tion to the Barnabite Fathers in Naples.
When sufficiently advanced, he entered the

Roman Pontifical Seminary, where he finished the course of theology and philosophy with brilliant success, taking doctor's degrees in both faculties. In 1849 he was ordained priest, and said his first Mass on the 3d of June while the French were bombarding Rome. The Cardinal was once asked if he had not felt afraid on that occasion, when the crashing of the bombs and the noise of falling houses formed the martial accompaniments to the Holy Sacrifice. "No" he said, simply; "I did not think of myself, but I was much distracted by the thought of the danger to which the Holy Father was exposed, as he was officiating in a church not far off." These few words show the Cardinal's character. The Church, the Holy Father, the interests of both, with total forgetfulness of self, have been the objects of his devotion through life.

The year following his ordination, although scarcely twenty-four years old, the young priest was appointed secretary to the Papal Nunciature of Naples, where the late Cardinal Ferrieri was then Nuncio, and this appointment is convincing testimony of the high estimation in which the future Cardinal was held. After some years he was promoted to the auditorship of the same nunciature, where he remained until 1859, when he was sent to Munich as Auditor to the Nunciature of Bavaria. He acted as *chargé d'affaires* during the interval that elapsed between the departure of the Nuncio, Mgr. Ghigi, and the arrival of his successor, Mgr. Gonelli, in Munich. In 1864 he was promoted to the auditorship of the Paris Nunciature, which he left in time to escape the horrors of the Commune, being recalled to Rome in 1867. It was then that Pope Pius IX. made him Domestic Prelate, Consultor of the Sacred Congregation, and Referendary of the Signature of Justice.

When Mgr. Franchi was sent by the Holy See as Envoy Extraordinary to the Sublime Porte, in 1871, Mgr. Aloisi-Masella accompanied him as counsellor of the legation. On his return to Rome he was named sec-

retary to the Sacred Congregation of the Propaganda in the department for the affairs of the Oriental rites, Canon of the Lateran Basilica, and Apostolic Pronotary participant. In May, 1877, his Holiness chose him for Nuncio in Bavaria, and nominated him Archbishop of Neocæsarea *in partibus infidelium*. He was consecrated bishop on the 3d of June of that year—the day on which Pope Pius IX., of blessed memory, celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of his episcopal consecration.

In the same month the distinguished prelate departed for Munich, where he rendered eminent services to the Church, and, as is well known, was highly esteemed by Prince Bismarck, with whom he held several conferences at Kissingen. That the negotiations then entered on did not lead to more satisfactory results, was owing to no lack of ability or good-will on either side, but to events which supervened, over which neither party had control; however, if attended with no immediate success, they certainly forged the first links in the bond of amity now so happily concluded between Germany and the Holy See.

In 1879 his Holiness Pope Leo XIII. transferred Mgr. Aloisi-Masella to the Nunciature of Portugal, which ranks as first class. He arrived in Lisbon in July of that year, and during the four years he discharged the onerous duties of his post, the distinguished prelate won the esteem and affection of all the faithful children of the Church. His firmness in defending the interests of religion drew on him so much contradiction and annoyance from the Government of the day, that, weary of the useless struggle, and saddened by the premature death of his Auditor and faithful friend, Mgr. Spagnoletti (who was snatched away by a brief illness in June, 1883), Mgr. Aloisi-Masella sent in his resignation to Rome. The Holy Father was most unwilling to accept it, and even offered to appoint the Auditor *chargé d'affaires*, and leave the post of nuncio to be nominally held by Mgr. Aloisi-Masella. This arrangement Mgr. Aloisi-Masella was too generous to accept,

although it was warranted by preceding examples. His Holiness yielded at last to his reiterated request, and in August, 1883, he left Lisbon, and retired to his ancestral home in Pontecorvo, where he resided until last February, when he was summoned by the Sovereign Pontiff to Rome to receive the purple.

The impression left by the career of Mgr. Aloisi-Masella in Portugal was shown on his departure from that country. The railway station was crowded by the most distinguished Catholics in the land, vying with one another to show the honor and respect due to the intrepid defender of their faith. A Portuguese lady of high rank remarked on one occasion to the present writer: "The great charm of Mgr. Masella's character consists in the union of force and sweetness which distinguishes him, and the fact that you at once feel, on being in his society for even five minutes, that you are speaking to a perfect Christian gentleman."

On the 17th of March, when his Holiness Pope Leo XIII. imposed the *mozzetta* and *berretta* on Cardinals Aloisi-Masella and Giordani, the former, in his own name and that of his colleagues, returned thanks in an address, from which we take a few extracts:

"MOST HOLY FATHER:—The homage of filial affection and profound gratitude which I have the honor to offer to your Holiness, although expressed by the lips of the least worthy, is the utterance of the hearts of all those whom your Holiness has now graciously raised to the most eminent dignity in the whole ecclesiastical hierarchy. Yes, Most Holy Father, while we are moved by the high honor bestowed upon us, we are filled with sincere gratitude to your Holiness for thereby manifesting the esteem in which you hold the illustrious Italian episcopate, and those prelates who, chosen as your legates to foreign nations, represent your sovereign dominion and the divine mission confided to you of preserving and uniting in the infallible centre of Truth all the peoples of the earth.

"Called as we now are so near your sacred person, and penetrated with the gravity of the duties thereby imposed on us, we profess ourselves ready, with the aid of divine grace, to fulfil them with perfect and affectionate submission of will and intellect. Unlimited and immovable is our devotedness to Holy Church, and to him who,

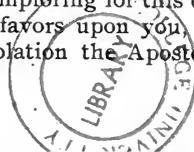
called to govern it by its divine Founder, and exposed to so many hostile aggressions, succeeds, despite all, in rendering its beneficent authority desired and acceptable. . . . May the Apostolic Blessing, which we humbly implore, be to us a pledge of the heavenly lights and graces which shall confirm and render efficacious these resolves and the sentiments of gratitude with which we are animated!"

The Holy Father's speech is so full of feeling and wisdom that we give it in full:

"We shall reply in a few words, beloved son, to the noble and affectionate discourse you have addressed to Us in your own name and in that of your colleagues, whom with you We raised to the purple in the last consistory.

"The creation of new Cardinals is undoubtedly one of the most solemn and important acts belonging to the Apostolic See. The Cardinals of the Holy Church, being raised to the highest and most excellent degree of the ecclesiastical hierarchy, compose the authoritative and august assembly to which is confided the gravest affairs of the Catholic Church. In different ways—each for himself, like the various members of one body,—they are called on to fill that most noble and important task, and should therefore employ for the common good, some the light of their intellect and doctrine; others, the fruit of their long experience in the management of public and private affairs, whether ecclesiastical or civil; all, as faithful helpers and able counsellors, aiding the Sovereign Pontiff in the government of the Universal Church.

"Profoundly grieved by the recent loss of several illustrious members of the Sacred College, and feeling deeply the necessity of repairing it as soon as possible, We turned our eyes on you, and on others lately placed like you in Our senate. We are confident that you will all correspond, with devout souls and a zeal proportionate to your increased dignity, to Our desires and to the promises you have made. This confidence is fully justified by the knowledge We possess of the excellent qualities which distinguish you, and the eminent services you have rendered to the Church. They are secure guarantees, beloved sons, for the execution of the firm and generous resolutions you have just expressed, and therefore with great pleasure We bestow on you the *berretta*, one of the insignia of the dignity of cardinal. This token by its red color, as well as the hat which to-morrow We shall confer on you, will always remind you, beloved sons, of the beautiful words of the Ritual: '*Quod usque ad sanguinis effusionem . . . pro exaltatione sanctæ Fidei . . . te intrepidum exhibere debeas.*' Imploring for this end the plenitude of heavenly favors upon you, We add for your greater consolation the Apostolic



Blessing, which We impart to you, beloved sons, to your colleagues, and to all here present, with all Our heart."

In conclusion we can only express the hope that the eminent and reverend prelate who has formed the subject of this sketch may long be spared to that Holy Church of which he is so bright an ornament—of whose rights he is so able and zealous an advocate

Catholic Notes.

Everyone has heard of the famous clock of Strasburg Cathedral, and the procession of figures representing scenes in Sacred History which appears on the dial-plate at the striking of the hour of noon. Some years ago a duplicate in miniature of this wonderful work of art was made, with much patience and labor, by a peasant who lived near the city. This clock, in which every detail is reproduced with the greatest skill and exactness, has been purchased on behalf of the diocese for presentation to the Holy Father. It will have place in the coming Vatican Exhibition, and can not fail to be an object of great admiration to visitors.

The Church of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart at Notre Dame was *en fête* on Tuesday of last week, the occasion being a pilgrimage from St. Augustine's Church, Kalamazoo, Mich. The pilgrims, who numbered between four and five hundred, were under the leadership of the Rev. Francis O'Brien, the beloved rector of St. Augustine's; his devoted assistant, the Rev. Father Ryan; the Rev. Father Kelly, the worthy assistant pastor of Battle Creek; and the Rev. John Ryan, of Paw Paw. Arriving at St. Mary's Station, the pilgrims marched in procession to Notre Dame, reciting the Beads. While the clergy were vesting for High Mass the Litany of Loreto was recited at the Grotto of Our Lady of Lourdes, the mammoth bell pealing forth joyous notes of welcome. Solemn High Mass was celebrated by the Rev. Father Ryan, with the Rev. Fathers John Ryan and Kelly as deacon and subdeacon. The music was well rendered by St. Augustine's choir. At the Gospel Very Rev. Father Corby, C. S. C., who lately conducted a very successful *triduum* at Kalamazoo, welcomed the pilgrims to Notre Dame in a few

cordial words; then followed a sermon, which was preached by the Rev. Father Cook, a well-known missionary of the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer. Dinner, which was a *fête champêtre*, was followed by visits to places of pious interest, the University buildings, St. Mary's Academy, etc. At four o'clock the bells again summoned the pilgrims to the church for the closing service—the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. The day was replete with edification to those who saw the devout worshippers, eager to avail themselves of the spiritual treasures which the zeal of the Rev. Father O'Brien had placed within their grasp.

An article which appeared in a recent issue of the *London Guardian* gives us a good idea of the impression made on the mind of a Protestant tourist by the present condition of Catholicity in Holland. The traveller, having been accustomed to associate Protestantism and the Netherlands very strongly together, was surprised at the activity of the Church and the strong position she holds in the country, where a visitor fresh from reading Motley would expect to find nothing but signs of the Reformation. The large number of priests and religious that the tourist saw on the streets showed him that a considerable portion of the inhabitants still hold to the ante-Reformation faith, or have given up the cold and cheerless Calvinism that is the form of Protestantism which holds sway in Holland. Anything more chilling than the Protestant churches and the manner of worship in them, says the writer, can hardly be imagined. Protestant congregations are few in numbers, and the demeanor during the service utterly listless; while the Catholic churches on Sundays and festivals "are literally crammed with devout congregations. Catholicism is evidently not merely the religion of a small minority, but shares with the State Evangelical Church the character of being the prevailing religion of the country."

It has been suggested that it would be an excellent undertaking for art-workers and lovers of art to design, embroider, or subscribe for various banners of Our Lady and of the Fifteen Mysteries of the Rosary, to be sent to the Vatican Exhibition, and afterwards disposed of at the pleasure of the Holy Father among churches dedicated to the Blessed Virgin. We heartily commend this idea to those of our readers who have a taste for art, or are

acquainted with persons who have. Such a project, if carried out, would provide a fitting tribute of respect to his Holiness and devotion to Our Blessed Lady. Further information on this subject can be obtained from Commendatore Filippo Tolli, Via Borgo Nuovo, 81, Rome.

A new Mass in memory of Joan of Arc, by the great composer Gounod was performed last month in the Cathedral of Rheims, in the presence of the Papal Nuncio and a great gathering of bishops and musical celebrities. All who heard the Mass expressed great admiration of it. It is in the Palestrina style, and is said to contain scarcely any instrumentation, with the exception of a regal trumpet accompaniment in the prelude, and some exquisite harp-playing in the *Benedictus*.

We learn from the *Pilot* that the Government of Columbia, South America, has passed a bill in the National Legislative Council "authorizing the Government to offer its homage to his Holiness Leo XIII. on the occasion of his Sacerdotal Jubilee. For this end it has destined the sum of 10,000 *pesos* in gold, from the public treasury." This is a testimony to the fact that the religion of which Leo XIII. is the supreme Head constitutes a social bond and element. It also emphasizes the position acquired by his Holiness in the opinion of statesmen and of the public. Since the day when Spain and Portugal disputed the limits which should enclose their authority in the New World, the influence of the Pontiff was never so great as it has been since the accession of Leo XIII.

It is a deplorable fact that large numbers of *employés* of railroad companies do not attend Mass on Sundays and holydays, on account of the slavery to which their avocation subjects them. The worst of the matter is that such as begin this neglect in good faith soon come to consider it a matter of course, and end by becoming lukewarm and indifferent, and sometimes yielding themselves up to a disorderly life. We are glad to note that the Southeastern Company of Russia, amongst others, has taken steps to enable the *employés* to obey the precept of hearing Mass. For this purpose "chapel-cars" have been built, which are to be attached to the trains on Sundays and holydays of obligation, so that the workmen can hear Mass. To the credit of the men be it said that it was

they who initiated and secured this concession from the railroad authorities. In Switzerland the railroad and mail agents, in 1872, obtained a free Sunday—or, when it could not be Sunday, a weekday—every three weeks. In Norway, owing to a similar pressure brought to bear on the companies, an appropriation was made of 100,000 francs annually to pay a corps of substitutes on one Sunday out of three. Finally, the Belgian Minister of Public Works has set himself to study the question of keeping holy the Lord's Day, and has found the means of putting it in the power of the 46,000 workmen to sanctify that day. He recently declared officially that some hundreds of freight-trains had been suspended on Sundays without any inconvenience, and that there were no complaints, although the number of letters distributed on festival days was considerably diminished.

The Feast of St. Victor, Martyr, of Marseilles, which occurred on the 24th ult., was celebrated in several parts of France with great solemnity and crowded congregations. The right foot of the Saint is preserved in the Church of St. Nicolas-du-Chardonnet, and was exposed for veneration all that day. Its history is this: The Saint, having been commanded by the Emperor Maximilian to offer incense to Jupiter, and forced to stand before the statue of the false god, raised his foot and overturned the altar, whereupon the Emperor immediately ordered the offending foot to be cut off. The relic is in perfect preservation, every joint and ligament intact, and covered with the dried flesh, which has the appearance of parchment. *Savants* have examined the relic, and have been unable to detect any sign or peculiarity which contradicts the tradition attributing it to St. Victor, at the close of the third century. The foot was given to the Duc de Berry, brother of Charles V., by Pope Urban V., who had been Abbot of St. Victor at Marseilles. In the early part of the fifteenth century it passed into the hands of the Victorins of Paris, who have ever since faithfully celebrated the memory of the reception of the gift by a proper office and solemn festival. During the Revolution the precious relic was hid away securely in the vaults of the abbey, and when the storm was over it was brought to light, and placed in the Church of St. Nicolas, where it has remained ever since.—*Paris Correspondence, London Tablet.*

New Publications.

A TRIBUTE TO NOTRE DAME. By Truman A. de Weese. New York: The Photogravure Co. Price, \$1.

This most artistic *brochure* comes to us not only as an apostrophe to Nature and Art, but in recognition of what is more to the world than either—the nobility of an institution “which has for its ultimate aim the formation of character,” and a system of “education that would make men.” “Hearts must be educated as well as the mind.” Indeed the author’s own words are so full of the spirit which suggested his “Tribute,” so “leading through nature up to nature’s God,” that it is hard to find words of praise delicate enough to commend ideas of education so true, and homage so loyal to the venerable founder, President, and Faculty of Notre Dame. And not to the University alone is the “Tribute” offered, but also to St. Mary’s Academy, that lovely home where “lilies of queens’ gardens” are taught all that ennobles and graces true womanhood.

A very delightful book it is, with its vellum-like paper, clear type, and exquisite pictures, full of those atmospheric effects which only tinted photogravure, resembling etching, can give. From the admirable likeness of the venerable Father Sorin, the pictured pages lead through lovely woodlands, pathways beneath shadowy archways, along the lake, broad drives, and charming bits of architectural beauty, to sketches of the principal buildings of University and Academy.

But apart from its gems of art, every Christian heart will delight in its suggestions of educational worth, agreeing with its closing sentences:

“What noble institutions these, that have for their *ultimatum* the making of character! Tenderly and with pathetic appeal do they come into the heart of every lover of purity and nobility, clad in the crimson splendor of all their past history, and the purple glory of a future radiant with glowing hopes.”

By suggestive word and exquisite tinted photogravure, the “Tribute” is a most worthy offering to those “conservators of all that is beautiful and useful in youth,” the educational institutions of Notre Dame.

O. H.

TALES FOR EVENTIDE. A Collection of Stories for Young Folks. 248 pp. 18mo. Office of THE “AVE MARIA.” Price 60 cents.

Quick on the advent of “Once upon a Time,” recently issued by THE “AVE MARIA” press, comes another charming collection—“Tales for Eventide,”—all of which have been published in the “Youth’s Department” of the magazine. Catholic parents need no longer complain of a lack of suitable reading for their children while such delightful volumes as “Tales for Eventide” are compiled for their amusement. Equal in literary merit to the most attractive stories in *Wide Awake* or *St Nicholas*, their moral tone is far superior, from a Catholic standpoint. They are characterized by a religious sentiment so obvious as to be instructive, and at the same time so full of pathetic incident, bright thought and expression, that children can find nothing but unalloyed pleasure in the reading. We hope soon to see another issue of these charming tales and sketches from the same source.

M. E. M.

Obituary.

“It is a holy and wholesome thought to pray for the dead.”

—2 MACH., xii., 40

The following persons, lately deceased, are commended to the charitable prayers of our readers.

Mother Baptiste Lynch, for twenty-three years the beloved Superioress of the Ursulines in the Diocese of Charleston, who was called to her reward on the 28th ult. She founded the first convent in South Carolina. Mother Baptiste was a sister of the late Bishop Lynch, of Charleston.

Sister Mary of St. Ebba and Sister Mary of St. Gerald, of the Sisters of the Holy Cross, both of whom passed away on the 17th inst., fortified by the last Sacraments.

Miss Margaret Meade, who departed this life at Washington, D. C., on the 10th inst., in her 80th year. She was well known for her great charities—her life was spent in doing good. She died comforted and strengthened by the Sacraments of Holy Church. She was a sister of the late Gen. George Meade, U. S. A.

William Condon, of Hoosic Falls, N. Y.; Mr. James Sharp, Brooklyn, Iowa; and Mrs. Bridget Gaul, Albany, N. Y.

May their souls, and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace!



The Little Florentine Scribe.*

He was a graceful Florentine lad of twelve, with black hair and a white face—the eldest son of a railway employee, who, having a large family and but small pay, lived in straitened circumstances. His father loved him and was tolerably kind and indulgent to him,—indulgent in everything except in that which referred to school. On this point he required a great deal, and showed himself severe, because his son was obliged to attain such a rank as would enable him soon to obtain a place and help his family; and in order to accomplish anything quickly, it was necessary that he should work a great deal in a very short time. And although the lad studied, his father was always exhorting him to study more.

His father was advanced in years, and too much toil had aged him before his time. Nevertheless, in order to provide for the necessities of his family, in addition to the toil which his occupation imposed upon him, he obtained special work here and there as a copyist, and passed a good part of the night at his writing-table. Lately he had undertaken, in behalf of a house which published journals and books in parts, to write upon the parcels the names and addresses of their subscribers, and he earned three lire (sixty cents) for every five hundred of these paper wrappers, written in large and regular characters. But this work wearied him, and he often complained of it to his family at dinner.

"My eyes are giving out," he remarked; "this night-work is killing me." One day his son said to him: "Let me work instead of you, papa? You know that I can write like you, and fairly well." But the father

answered: "No, my son: you must study. Your school is a much more important thing than my wrappers; I feel remorse at robbing you of a single hour. I thank you, but I will not have it; do not mention it to me again."

The son knew that it was useless to insist on such a matter with his father, and he did not persist; but this is what he did. He knew that exactly at midnight his father stopped writing, and quitted his workroom to go to his bedroom; he had heard him several times: as soon as the twelve strokes of the clock had sounded, he had heard the noise of a chair drawn back, and the slow step of his father. One night he waited until the latter was in bed, then dressed himself very softly, and felt his way to the little workroom, lighted the petroleum lamp again, seated himself at a writing-table, where lay a pile of white wrappers and the list of addresses, and began to write, imitating exactly his father's handwriting. And he wrote with a will, gladly, a little in fear, and the wrappers piled up, and from time to time he dropped the pen to rub his hands, and then began again with increased alacrity, listening and smiling. He wrote a hundred and sixty—one lira! Then he stopped, placed the pen where he had found it, extinguished the light, and went back to bed on tiptoe.

At noon that day his father came home to dinner in better spirits than usual. He had perceived nothing. He did his copying mechanically, measuring it by the hour, and thinking of something else, and only counted the wrappers he had written on the following day. He seated himself at the table in a fine humor, and slapping his son on the shoulder, he said to him: "Eh, Giulio! Your father is even a better workman than you thought. In two hours I did a good third more work than usual last night. My hand is still nimble, and my eyes still do their duty." And Giulio, silent but content, said to himself: "Poor daddy! besides the money, I am giving him some satisfaction in the thought that he has grown young again. Well, courage!"

* "Cuore." By Edmondo de Amicis.

Encouraged by these good results, when night came and twelve o'clock struck, the boy rose once more, and set to work. And this he did for several nights. Meantime his father noticed nothing; only once, at supper, he uttered this exclamation, "It is strange how much oil has been used in this house lately!" This was a shock to Giulio; but the conversation ceased there, and the nocturnal labor proceeded.

However, by dint of thus breaking his sleep every night, Giulio did not get sufficient rest; he rose in the morning fatigued, and when he was doing his school-work in the evening he had difficulty in keeping his eyes open. One evening, for the first time in his life, he fell asleep over his copy-book.

"Courage! courage!" cried his father, clapping his hands. "To work!"

He shook himself and set to work again. But the next evening and on the days following the same thing occurred, and worse. He dozed over his books, he rose later than usual, he studied his lessons in a languid way, he seemed disgusted with study. His father began to observe him, then to reflect seriously, and at last to reprove him. He should never have done it!

"Giulio," he said to him one morning, "you put me quite beside myself; you are no longer as you used to be. I don't like it. Take care; all the hopes of your family rest on you. I am dissatisfied; do you understand?" At this reproof, the first severe one, in truth, which he had ever received, the boy grew troubled. "Yes," he said to himself, "it is true; it can not go on so; this deceit must come to an end."

But at dinner, on the evening of that very same day, his father said, with much cheerfulness: "Do you know that this month I have earned thirty-two lire more at addressing those wrappers than last month!" And so saying he drew from under the table a package of sweets, which he had bought that he might celebrate with his children this extraordinary profit, and they all hailed it with clapping of hands. Then Giulio took courage again, and said in his heart: "No,

poor papa, I will not cease to deceive you; I will make greater efforts to work during the day, but I shall continue to work at night for you and for the rest." And his father added, "Thirty-two lire more! I am satisfied. But that boy there"—pointing to Giulio—"is the one who displeases me." And the little fellow received the reprimand in silence, forcing back two tears which tried to flow; but at the same time he felt a great pleasure in his heart.

And he continued to work by main force, but fatigue added to fatigue rendered it ever more difficult for him to resist. Thus things went on for two months. The father continued to reproach his son, and to gaze at him with eyes which grew constantly more wrathful. One day he went to make inquiries of the teacher, and the latter observed: "Yes, he gets on, because he is intelligent; but he no longer has the good-will which he had at first. He is drowsy, he yawns, his mind is distracted. He writes short compositions, scribbled down in all haste, in bad chirography. Oh, he could do a great deal better if he wanted to!"

That evening the father took the son aside, and spoke to him words which were graver than any the boy had ever heard. "Giulio, you see how I toil, how I am wearing out my life for the family. You do not second my efforts. You have no heart for me nor for your brothers nor for your mother!"

"Ah, no! don't say that, father!" cried the son, bursting into tears, and opening his mouth to confess all. But his father interrupted him, saying,

"You are aware of the condition of the family; you know that good-will and sacrifices on the part of all are necessary. I myself, as you see, have had to double my work. I counted on a gift of a hundred lire from the railway company this month, and this morning I have learned that I shall receive nothing."

At this information Giulio repressed the confession which was on the point of escaping from his soul, and repeated resolutely to himself: "No, papa, I shall tell you

nothing; I shall guard my secret for the sake of being able to work for you; I will recompense you in another way for the sorrow which I occasion you; I will study enough at school to win promotion. The important point is to help you to earn our living, and to relieve you of the fatigue which is killing you."

And so he went on, and two months more passed, of labor by night and weakness by day; of desperate efforts on the part of the son, and of bitter reproaches on the part of the father. But the worst of it was that the latter grew gradually colder towards the boy, addressed him only rarely, as though he had been a recreant son of whom there was nothing any longer to be expected, and almost avoided meeting his glance. And Giulio perceived this and suffered from it; and when his father's back was turned, he threw him a furtive kiss, stretching forth his face with a sentiment of sad and dutiful tenderness; and between sorrow and fatigue he grew thin and pale, and he was constrained to still further neglect his studies.

But he understood well that there must be an end to it some day, and every evening he said to himself, "I will not get up to-night"; but when the clock struck twelve, at the moment when he should have vigorously reaffirmed his resolution, he felt remorse: it seemed to him that by remaining in bed he should be failing in a duty, and robbing his father and the family of a lira. And he rose, thinking that some night his father would wake up and discover him, or that he would discover the deception by accident, by counting the wrappers twice; and then all would come to a natural end, without any act of his will, which he did not feel the courage to exert. And thus he went on.

But one evening at supper his father spoke a word which was decisive, so far as he was concerned. His mother looked at him, and as it seemed to her that he was more ill and weak than usual, she said: "Giulio, you are ill." And then, turning to his father, with anxiety: "Giulio is ill. See

how pale he is! Giulio, my dear, how do you feel?"

His father gave a hasty glance, and said: "It is his bad conscience that produces his ill health. He was not thus when he was a studious scholar and a loving son."

"But he is ill!" exclaimed the mother.

"I don't care about him any longer," replied the father.

This remark was like a stab in the heart of the poor boy. Ah! he cared nothing any more!—his father, who once trembled at the mere sound of a cough from him! He no longer loved him; there was no longer any doubt; he was dead in his father's heart. "Ah! no, my father," said the boy to himself, his heart oppressed with anguish; "now all is over indeed; I can not live without your affection; I must have it all back. I will tell you all; I will deceive you no longer. I will study as of old, come what may, if you will only love me once more, my poor father! Oh, this time I am quite sure of my resolution!"

Nevertheless, he rose that night again, by force of habit; and when he was once up he wanted to go and see once more, for the last time, in the quiet of the night, that little chamber where he toiled so much in secret with his heart full of satisfaction and tenderness. And when he beheld again that little table with the lamp lighted, and those wrappers on which he was never more to write those names of towns and persons, which he had come to know by heart, he was seized with a great sadness, and with an impetuous movement he grasped the pen to recommence his accustomed toil. But in reaching out his hand he struck a book, and it fell. The blood rushed to his heart. What if his father had waked! Certainly he would not have discovered him in the commission of a bad deed: he had himself decided to tell him all. And yet—the sound of that step approaching in the darkness; the discovery at that hour, in that silence; his mother, who would be awakened and alarmed; and the thought, which had occurred to him for the first time, that his father might feel humiliated in his

presence on thus discovering all,—all this terrified him greatly.

He bent his ear, with suspended breath. He heard no sound. He laid his ear to the lock of the door behind him—heard nothing. The whole house was asleep. His father had not been disturbed. He recovered his composure, and set himself again to his writing, and wrapper was piled on wrapper. He heard the regular tread of the policeman below in the deserted street; then the rumble of a carriage, which gradually died away; then, after an interval, the rattle of a file of carts, which passed slowly by; then a profound silence, broken from time to time by the barking of a dog. And he wrote on and on—and meanwhile his father was behind him. He had risen on hearing the fall of the book, and had remained waiting for a long time. The rattle of the carts had drowned the noise of his footsteps and the creaking of the door-casing; and he was there, with his white head bent over Giulio's little black head, and he had seen the pen flying over the wrappers, and in an instant he had divined all, remembered all, understood all, and a despairing penitence, but at the same time an immense tenderness, had taken possession of his mind and had held him nailed to the spot, suffocating behind his child. Suddenly Giulio uttered a piercing shriek: two arms had pressed his head convulsively.

"Oh, papa, papa! forgive me, forgive me!" he cried, recognizing his parent by his weeping.

"Do *you* forgive me!" replied his father, sobbing and covering his brow with kisses. "I understand all, I know all. It is I—it is I who ask your pardon, my blessed boy! Come, come with me!" And he pushed or rather carried him to the bedside of his mother, who was awake, and, throwing him into her arms, he said:

"Kiss this little angel of a son, who has not slept for three months, but has been toiling for me, while I was saddening his heart, and he was earning our bread!" The mother pressed him to her breast and held him there, without the power to speak; at

last she said: "Go to sleep at once, my baby; go to sleep and rest.—Carry him to bed."

The father took him from her arms, carried him to his room, and laid him in his bed, still breathing hard and caressing him, and arranged his pillows and coverlets.

"Thanks, papa," the child kept repeating; "thanks; but go to bed yourself now; I am content; go to bed, papa."

But his father wanted to see him fall asleep; so he sat down beside the bed, took his hand, and said to him: "Sleep, sleep, my little son!" And Giulio, being weak, fell asleep at last, and slumbered many hours, enjoying for the first time in many months a tranquil sleep, enlivened by pleasant dreams; and as he opened his eyes, when the sun had already been shining for a tolerably long time, he first felt and then saw, close to his breast, and resting upon the edge of the little bed, the white head of his father, who had passed the night thus, and who was still asleep, with his brow against his son's heart.

The Garden of the Soul.

King Charles the Fat was very fond of visiting the Monastery of St. Gall, where lived Notker, the composer of "In the midst of Life we are in Death." Once he sent a messenger to Notker to ask for some advice on the conduct of his soul. Notker was in the garden, watering and weeding, when the messenger addressed him. "Tell the King," he said, "to do as I am doing now." Charles, when he heard this, exclaimed, "Yes, that is the sum of all. Away with the weeds of vice, and water the herbs of grace."

A DRESS-MAKER neglected to send home some work on Saturday. Early on Sunday morning she told her little niece to take it to the lady's house. "Put the bundle under your shawl," she said, "and nobody will notice it." "But, aunty," said the child, "isn't it Sunday under my shawl?"



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Golden Rods.

BY WILLIAM D. KELLY.

GOLDEN rods in every meadow growing,
 And making bright the beauty of the field,
 Where the rich colors of your petals glowing
 Compel all other tints to them to yield;
 Autumnal flowers, that seemingly embosom
 The golden harvest and the ripened fruit,
 True types are ye of that far fairer blossom
 Borne by the rod which rose from Jesse's root.

For, when that budded, all the sombre shadows
 Which long had veiled the Syrian land in
 gloom,

Lifted and fled, and all the hills and meadows
 Beauteous became because of its bright
 bloom:

The skies assumed a loveliness more tender,
 The earth took on a myriad new charms,
 When, in the majesty of all its splendor,
 The rod of Jesse flowered in Mary's arms.

The Litany of Loreto as Sung by American Blossoms.

BY ARTHUR J. STACE.

THE flowers of America are unknown
 even to Americans themselves. Foreign
 plants fill our gardens. Our
 lawns are besprent with European clover
 and dandelion. Our very roadsides are mal-
 odorous with weeds from the Old World—
 May-weed, toad-flax, and hound's-tongue.

Indigenous flowers have fled before the
 plough and harrow, and hid themselves in
 the fastnesses of forest and swamp; while
 the felling of timber and the process of
 drainage yearly threaten to drive them from
 these final resorts. As the red man gives
 place to the white, and the untamed bison
 to the plodding ox, so these sweet blossoms
 seem destined to pass away unnoticed, un-
 known to literature and song, recorded only
 by the careful botanist, in whose scientific
 mind they arouse no more interest than the
 yeast-plant or the ague germ. He takes
 little heed of the charms of color and odor
 which their Creator gave them to appeal to
 the human heart. He would rather cut them
 in pieces to examine with his microscope,
 and by analyzing their beauty, destroy it.

Yet, before they have passed away en-
 tirely, let their voices be heard in praise of
 Her to whom the intrepid discoverer dedi-
 cated this New World. In every land the
 choicest blossoms have been woven into
 garlands to do Her honor. But the flowers
 of Europe, Asia, and Africa had been pre-
 viously polluted in the worship of false
 divinities. Classic literature still connects
 their names with heathen legends, dragging
 their beauty in the mire of foul or frivolous
 imagination. But if the heathen Indians
 ever so degraded our American blossoms,
 the infamy has never been perpetuated in
 literature. They come to us unconnected
 with any defiling thought, meet offerings to
 lay at the feet of the Blessed Mother. Thus,
 then, shall they sing their litany:

Sancta Maria, ora pro nobis. The thoughts awakened in our hearts by the sweet name of Mary may be aptly symbolized by one of the best known of American flowers, in New England called the May-flower, in Maryland the trailing arbutus, while the botanist knows it as *Epigæa repens*. (We shall give the botanical names of all the plants we mention, not in the spirit of pedantry, but as the only sure means of identification; for what are given as their "common" names in books of reference, are by no means common in the sense of popular or well known.) This little flower loves the seclusion of the forest, blooming beneath the withered leaves of the previous autumn. Its fragrance, however, betrays its presence, and then the delicacy of its white and rosy coloring is discovered and admired. But, with all this delicacy, it is not afraid to brave the rigors of the early season, being among the first of flowers to break the fetters of the frost-giants. How emblematical of the qualities of the Blessed Virgin, how sweet the song of praise this humble blossom sings to Her name, telling of the perfume of Her virtues, the purity and amiability of Her soul, and the intrepidity with which She met Her surpassing sorrows, it is needless for us to point out to the faithful Christian.

Sancta Dei Genitrix, ora pro nobis. Amid the falsification of religious feeling consequent on the building of Babel and the confusion of tongues, one tradition, one element of truth, one blessed hope, survived. It was the expectation of a Redeemer to come—of a God Man who should restore the long-lost Eden to a fallen race. And as they saw a bud rise from the depths to the surface of the waters, to meet the Divine Spirit brooding over them, they fancied that the unfolding of the snowy petals might disclose the long-sought Messiah. On the banks of the Nile and the Ganges alike, the lotus was the emblem of Divine Maternity. In America we have our own fragrant white water-lily (*Nymphæa odorata*), flushed with virginal blushes, and exhaling a perfume of which the scentless water-lilies of the Old World know not the secret. Let it be to us

a fitting symbol of the Holy Mother of God.

Sancta Virgo Virginum, ora pro nobis. As April advances with fitful promises of spring, the remembrance of recent snows seems to be retained even by the flowers that bloom in defiance of their possible return. A large proportion of them are white. Those of *Cornus florida* look like actual snow-flakes resting on the leafless branches. The amelanchier flings its snow less restfully to the mercy of the breeze; the anemones gather it up in drifts upon the bank. But among all these snowy blossoms, as Mary among the virgins, is one of surpassing beauty. The children who roam the woods generally call it the "white lily," although this name is not given to it in any of the books to which we have referred. Its botanical name is *Trillium grandiflorum*. A lady writer, to whose well-known work "Rural Hours" we shall have frequent occasion to recur (for she has done for indigenous plants what her yet more celebrated father has done for the aboriginal races—enshrined them in undying literature), calls them "moo-e-flowers,"—a charming name, suggestive of woodland glades and forest haunts, but probably only popular in her own county or State. It is one of those few species which bear their petals in threes, suggesting the intimate relationship of the Holy Virgin to the Three Divine Persons.

Mater Christi, ora pro nobis. When spring flowers are gone, and summer flowers have not as yet appeared, there is a brief period when all is greenery—forest and field alike clothed in the fresh, tender verdure of the budding year. At such times, as you pass through the grove you are saluted by a powerful yet delicate fragrance, whose source you are at first unable to discover. At length, by patient research, you trace it to the blossoms of the wild vine (*Vitis cordifolia*), our native American grape, from which the early missionaries, the martyred Brebœuf, Lallemand, Jogues, prepared the wine for the Eucharistic Sacrifice. The blossoms are of the same vivid green as the surrounding leaves, and hence are not at once recognized as flowers. Their fragrance

is unsurpassed, and that of the Old-World species has found its place in literature, even in the sacred pages of Holy Writ. And as the fruit of the vine is the constant symbol of Christ—the symbol of His own choice,—so the perfumed blossom of the same should remind us of His Holy Mother, and be of Her, in this character, the most expressive emblem. The heart-shaped leaves of this most fragrant species, its place of growth by the borders of running brooks, and the fact that its fruit, called the *frost grape*, does not ripen until earthly cheer has passed from the landscape,—all suggests new parallels of thought to the devout Christian.

Mater Divinæ Gratiæ, ora pro nobis. As you roam through sunny glades on a bright June morning, you see shining blossoms where nothing but grass was to be seen the day before. So brilliant and so sudden is their appearance that they seem to be actual emanations from the orb of day, as our Catechisms tell us of grace being a participation in the Divine Nature. Pluck them while you may, for in an hour or so their place will be found no more. In this, too, they resemble grace; for if the blessed opportunity is neglected, it may never return. And on the stem, below the conspicuous flowers, you will find other inconspicuous ones, *apetalous* as the botanists call them, but yet as fruitful as the former. This may teach us that the graces that sustain the hidden virtues of a cloistered life are as precious as those that elevate their recipient upon the pedestal of acknowledged sanctity. The flower is the rock-rose (*Helianthemum Canadense*), and may call to our minds when we see it the remembrance of Her who is named Mother of Grace Divine.

Mater purissima, ora pro nobis. Those who admire the elegance of the calla lily, so common in cultivation, may not be aware that we have an indigenous calla, not less brilliant in its whiteness. It is rare—far less often seen than its cultivated congener. In all my rural rambles I have met it but once. It blooms in pure but shallow waters, raising its spathe above their rippling flow. *Calla*

palustris may well suggest to us the *Mater purissima*.

Mater castissima, ora pro nobis. The idea of whiteness is so thoroughly associated in our minds with that of the lily, that it must be a surprise to the botanical student to find that not one American species of the genus *Lilium* bears a white flower, and, indeed, only three foreign species do so. The popular name "lily," however, is frequently applied to plants belonging to other genera, and particularly to the well-known *Convallaria majalis*, or lily of the valley. Well known, because indigenous to Europe as well as to America; yet let no one mistake it for merely a naturalized foreigner, like so many weeds that thrust upon us their unwelcome company. The lily of the valley is found in the trackless dells of the Alleghanies in Virginia and southward, and was at home there before the white man's foot had pressed the sod. None to whom the perfume and beauty of this favorite flower are familiar can doubt the propriety of our choice of it as the songstress of the invocation, *Mater castissima, ora pro nobis*.

Mater inviolata, ora pro nobis. Enter the forest after a recent storm, while the leaves are still dripping, and some perhaps torn from the branches by the violence of the gale; and beneath the trees you shall find a delicate fern showing no sign of having been subjected to the wrath of the tempest—not even a drop of rain staining its feathery fronds, while its elastic stem stands erect among the drooping and down-beaten foliage of less favored denizens of the forest. This is the maiden-hair fern (*Adiantum pedatum*), like the flower last mentioned, a native alike of America and Europe, and therefore well known in literature and art. Its peculiar property of repelling rain is intimated by its generic name "*adiantum*," and makes it appropriately the symbol of the Mother Inviolata.

Mater intemerata, ora pro nobis. After the summer has passed its prime, if you seek the woodland shade amid the heated droughts of July and August, a singular growth will be apt to attract your attention.

A cursory glance might pass it by as a fungus, for no trace of verdure appears on stem or leaf. All is white, but not the dead white of a fungus. It has a translucence which makes it seem carved in alabaster, and you notice that it bears a solitary blossom, bell-shaped and pendulous. A reference to your treatise on botany soon identifies it as *Monotropa uniflora*. Yet seek not to pluck it. The lightest touch of fairy fingers will leave an ink-stain on its delicate surface, and carried in your hand it soon becomes a blackened, unsightly object, from which all beauty has disappeared. But while growing beneath its natural shelter, pure and undefiled, it is to us an emblem of the *Mater intemerata*.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A Brave Life.

BY KATHLEEN O'MEARA.

(CONTINUED.)

A LIFE crowded with such an amount of active work would seem to leave no room for the apostolate of the pen, and yet Mgr. de Ségur contrived to carry on incessantly and ably this latter ministry. He first began it, it will be remembered, during the enforced leisure of a long illness; but it did not cease with this leisure; on the contrary, it grew with his restored health, and had gone on steadily increasing ever since. His published works amount to some sixty volumes, large and small. It seems incredible that in so busy a life he should have accomplished so much literary work; but, as his brother explains, this fact was in a measure due to his blindness. Whilst the Bishop was in the confessional or the pulpit, or occupied in some function, his secretary was searching out materials for him—quotations from the Fathers, from the Councils; texts and facts elucidating or illustrating his doctrine, corroborating whatever thesis he had in hand; so that when he sat down to the work of composition, he found everything ready prepared, in perfect order; and thus he was enabled

to produce his book in less time than it had taken to prepare it.

His style was very attractive—terse, glowing, full of charms; his doctrine was solid. His "Treatise on Holy Communion"—an ardent appeal to souls in favor of frequent Communion—so delighted Pius IX. that he distributed it with his own hand to the preachers who assembled to receive his instructions for the Lenten station. "This book," said the Vicar of Christ, "should be given to every child at his First Communion; every parish priest ought to have it; it contains the rules for Communion as the Council of Trent understands them, and as I wish to see them applied." Such a testimony includes all that can or need be said of the value of Mgr. de Ségur's service of the pen.

His love for the Eucharist made him anxious to promote frequent Communion, and he was perpetually adjuring both religious and seculars to practise and encourage others to practise it. He had a hard battle to fight in this direction; for although the heresy of Jansenism was dead, its ghost was not laid, and the notion that Holy Communion was to be taken rather as a reward for Christian holiness than a means of attaining to it was still practically prevalent. Mgr. de Ségur did a great work against this fatal delusion, and was rewarded by seeing daily Communion adopted by a great number of souls both in the world and the cloister.

Next to the Eucharist, the object of his devotion and zeal was Our Blessed Lady. He encountered little opposition in preaching this doctrine, which France has held dear and sacred amidst all her aberrations; she has denied God in moments of national frenzy, but she has never publicly insulted His Mother, or refused the Immaculate Virgin the honor and love due to Her sublime prerogatives. I remember hearing a venerable old Frenchman relate how, in one of those moments of popular fury, when the nation turns on God as on a personal enemy (in 1850, I think it was), a woman cried out to a demagogue who was going to attack Our Lady, "Hold off, citizen! Take the *bon*

Dieu from us if you like, but leave us the Blessed Virgin!" The outrageous sentiment was in reality, perhaps, less blasphemous than it sounds; for the woman felt instinctively that while the Mother was held in honor, the Son could not long be rejected or denied. This tender feeling towards Our Lady, which is so universal amongst the French, was one reason why all Mgr. de Ségur's books about Her were so extremely popular.

The Bishop had grown practically accustomed to his infirmity, and was in full fire of his work in Paris, having adjusted his ministry to his altered conditions, when suddenly the question arose of having an operation performed on his eyes. His parents had brought their courage to the point of submission to God's will, but they had never renounced all hope of a cure. The first oculists had pronounced the case absolutely hopeless, the optic nerve being dead; but M. and Mme de Ségur hoped on against hope. They consulted the famous surgeon Nélaton, and to their joy he said that, far from being incurable, it was a simple case of cataract, and that he would undertake the operation, and pledge himself to its success. Mgr. de Ségur heard this opinion with dismay; he was perfectly certain it was an erroneous one, and that his blindness was as far beyond the reach of human cure as death; but he could not convince his mother of this, so he lent himself to her desire, and consented to go through the misery of the experiment, and the tedious treatment involved in the preparation for it.

When the day came, Nélaton arrived an hour before the appointed time, in order to avoid any one's being present during the operation. Méthol alone was there, and held the glass to receive the cataract—a little crystalline particle which the surgeon, after making the incision, shot out from the pupil. Nélaton uttered an exclamation of triumph when he saw it. Mgr. de Ségur smiled, made a large Sign of the Cross, as he had done at the beginning, and said, quietly, "God's will be done!" He then let himself be put to bed, and obeyed the

surgeon's orders with the docility of a child, lying motionless for hours, while a linen cloth wetted with iced water was continually applied to his eye.

For the first two days Nélaton was jubilant, but on the third he was less confident. Every morning after dressing the eye he asked, "Do you perceive any glimmer of light through the bandage?" To which the patient replied, "Not the faintest!" At last one day Nélaton told Méthol to draw back the curtains, and, placing his hat over the eye, he removed the bandage suddenly, then the hat, and said, "What do you see now?" "Nothing, doctor; absolutely nothing. May God's holy will be blest!" was the serene reply. Nélaton took up his hat, and left the room without a word, and never appeared again. Mgr. de Ségur, thankful to be done with the tiresome experiment, got up and dressed himself, and went into the chapel to recite the *Te Deum*. This done, he went out to call on his parents, and console them for the disappointment of hopes that he had never shared.

But the blow, though a heavy one, did not even yet kill hope in Mme. de Ségur. Where man had failed, God could succeed. Science could do nothing, but the supernatural could do all things; she resolved to ask for a miracle. Mgr. de Ségur shrank from this experiment even more than from the former one, but he could refuse his mother nothing. She entreated him to go and see the Holy Man of Tours, and get him to rub the blind eyes with the oil which burned before the image of the Holy Face, and which had performed, it was said, many wonderful cures.

The saintly prelate went to Tours. The very morning he arrived a religious of the Sacred Heart had been instantaneously cured of a loss of voice which had lasted for a long time. The Bishop knelt down before the sacred image, and held up his eyes to be anointed. As the oil touched them, they were quickened; he saw the image of the Saviour's face, seamed and stained, with the blood trickling down from the thorns. A cry rose from his lips at the

apparition; then the light went out. The darkness closed before him, and was never lifted again. The return of sight had not been more than a flash of lightning, but it sent a thrill through him that he never forgot. It may only have been a spiritual vision, a vivid glance of the soul that pierced the senses; but Mgr. de Ségur believed he had seen the image with his bodily eyes, and those around him were convinced that he had; but he never again alluded to it, and went away more than ever certain that his blindness was not to be taken from him.

But this momentary grant of his ardent petition had raised his mother's hopes, and she implored him to return again, and let his eyes be once more anointed with the holy oil. Gently acquiescent as usual, he returned, and knelt again under the lamp burning before the image; but nothing could move him to utter any prayer but his chosen one: "Let the will of God be done!" The holy man of Tours did his best to make him ask for a cure. With delightfully simple faith he urged the example of the sick people in the Gospel, saying, "It is not easy to obtain a bodily cure from God unless we ask it in the words of the blind man in the Gospel: '*Domine, ut videam!*—'Lord, grant that I may see!'" But nothing could induce the blind priest to depart from his formula: *Fiat voluntas tua!* The second attempt was answered by a great infusion of inward light and joy; but this was not accompanied, as before, by that momentary flash of bodily sight which had permitted him to see the face of his Lord.

His mother, nothing daunted, entreated him to go to Ars, and ask the miracle through the prayers of the saintly Curé. Mgr. de Ségur went to Ars, but he told the servant of God that he had the greatest repugnance to the idea of asking for a cure. The Curé did not take this view; resignation and love of the cross were admirable, he said; but sight was a great benefit, and it was both reasonable and legitimate in a Christian to ask for it. He advised the Bishop to petition for it, and promised to join him in the prayer; but when his visitor

took leave of him, he remarked [to some persons who were present: "There goes a blind man who sees farther than any of us!"] That day he said to a friend whom he met on the road: "To-day I have seen a saint."

But his prayers did not obtain the miracle. Mgr. de Ségur remained stone-blind. Satisfied that he had done all that he could to content and obey his parents, he hugged his blessed infirmity to him as a miser hugs his treasure. It was a treasure given him by God, and it was a relief to him when he found that it was not to be taken from him. It helped him wonderfully in the service of souls, and he did more with it for the glory of God than he could have done with his eyesight. The spectacle of his serenity, his charming gayety under a trial which men dread above every other, made a deep impression on those who beheld it, and sometimes produced an effect on souls that was almost miraculous. Sinners who had remained obdurate to the holiest influences were often smitten with compunction by the pleadings of the blind priest, who would fix his sightless eyes upon them, and hold out his arms to draw them to his heart. His blindness, too, was a help in this—that it made confession easier to some who shrank from exposing their polluted souls to a confessor who could see them.

One day he was preaching on confession to a large assembly of young men, mostly students, and exhorting them to come to the cleansing Sacrament. Suddenly, holding out his arms with a gesture of passionate entreaty, "If there be any of you who feel a little shy," he exclaimed, "who shrink from showing yourselves to the priest, well, come to me. I am blind—stone-blind; I can't see you; that will make it easier." Few could resist such an invitation. They thronged to his knees, and he received them like a father; if there came a moment's hesitation, if he felt they were struggling to bring out some avowal, he would put out his arms and draw them to him, and, with their head upon his breast, the most painful confession became easy.

His blindness was, in fact, a divine vo-

cation, and as such it had its own special privileges and graces, which enabled him to use it as a weapon and an instrument; it widened his opportunities instead of narrowing them, and diversified his means of action. If he had retained his sight, he would have been set over a diocese, and his action would have been localized there; whereas his blindness left him free to exercise it everywhere. His power as a director of souls was greatly increased by the prestige of his terrible infirmity. People heard of it, and came to him from all parts of the world. An American gentleman, who had read Mgr. de Ségur's books, and been deeply moved by them, thought he would like to carry his soul to the priest who wrote them, so he took the steamer and came straight off to Paris; on alighting from the train, he drove to the Rue du Bac, asked to see the Bishop, was an hour in the confessional, started by the next train for England, and went back to America by the next boat from Liverpool. That man was in earnest about his confession, certainly.

Incidents that seemed to show the usefulness of his blindness were a great pleasure to Mgr. de Ségur; he was sensitive about his infirmity, as if it were a friend, or some sacred thing, as in truth it was. A penitent, grieving over a dear mother's fading sight, said to him one day: "It is a constant grief to me to see you blind, Monseigneur; you who would make such a good use of your eyes." The Bishop exclaimed, in a tone of intense distress, "Don't say that, my son; don't say that! If you but knew it, my blindness is my greatest joy, and the greatest blessing of my life." It certainly did gather wonderful blessings around him.

A young man of two and twenty was studying law in Paris; he got into debt, and was tempted to try his luck at cards in hopes of making enough to meet his liabilities; he lost heavily, and was pursued by his creditors. After several days spent in hiding from them, he fell into despair, and resolved to commit suicide. Drowning seemed the easiest method, so when it was getting dark he left his hiding place and

walked to the river. He was on the bridge, in the very act of flinging himself off when he was arrested by the approach of two men; they stood talking for some minutes, and this interval of suspension probably checked his impulse. He suddenly called to mind that he had heard of a blind Bishop close by, who was extraordinarily kind to young men; he crossed the bridge into the Rue du Bac, got Mgr. de Ségur's address at the first shop where he inquired, and walked on to his house. It was now pitch-dark, about half-past six in mid-winter. The prelate had been hearing confessions all day, and was so worn out that he had given orders to let no one else in. Méthol, accordingly, told the stranger that his master could not be seen. The poor fellow seemed terribly disappointed, but turned away in silence. The look of despair in his face struck Méthol; he went after him, pressed him with questions, and with difficulty extracted his sad story, and the confession that he was now driven to drown himself, since his last hope had failed. Méthol entreated him to come back, and tell everything to Monseigneur, who, he assured him, would find a way of helping him.

The young man at last yielded, and went up stairs again. The Bishop, of course, received him with the tenderest compassion. He promised to hide him in the Abbé Diringer's room, and meantime Méthol was sent off to dispatch a telegram to the family, and wait for the answer. It brought a full corroboration of the truth of the young man's story. The Bishop sent for his creditors, got their receipts for nearly a thousand dollars, and set their debtor perfectly free. The poor fellow was so overcome by this extraordinary generosity that he was filled with compunction for his sinful life, and, falling on his knees, entreated the Bishop to hear his confession, and reconcile him with God. He went away like one renewed to life, and returned to the Rue du Bac many times to make his confession, and thank the friend who had saved him from ruin of soul and body.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Message that Came to Martin
Avdayitch.

TRANSLATED FROM THE RUSSIAN OF LEO TOLSTÖI,
BY JULIA MINDELEFF AND E. L. DORSEY.

THE town cobbler was named Martin Avdayitch. He lived in a basement, in a little room with one window. The window gave on the street, and from it one could watch the people passing by, although one could see only their legs. But Martin Avdayitch could recognize people by their boots. He had lived a long time in the same place, and his acquaintances were many. It was rare indeed to find any pair of boots in the neighborhood that had not been once or twice in his hands. Some of them he had half-soled, on some he had put patches, some he had bound, and on others he had put new uppers, and he often saw his work through the window.

He had plenty to do; for his work was good: he used the best materials, did not charge high prices, and he kept his word. If he could finish a piece of mending at the time named, he would take the order; if not, he would make no promises. All knew Avdayitch, and he was never out of a job. He had always been a good man, but toward old age he began to think more of his soul, and to draw near to God.

He had lost his wife while still a journeyman, and she left him a boy three years old. The other children had died before their mother, and at first Martin thought of sending his little son to his sister who lived in the country, but afterwards he said: "It will be hard for my Kapitoshka to live among strangers. I will keep him with me." And he left his master, and went into lodgings with his little son.

But God did not give him luck with children. The boy had hardly begun to grow and to help his father, who was beginning to take pleasure and comfort in him, when he fell sick, took to his bed, burned for a week with fever, and died.

Martin buried him, and fell into such

despair that he began to murmur against God. A deadly weariness seized him, and often he prayed for death, reproaching God because He had not taken him—the old man—and left the child. He stopped going to church. But one day a pilgrim from Troïtza, who had been visiting the holy shrines and places for seven years, entered into conversation with him, and as they talked, Avdayitch told him his woes.

"Life is no more a pleasure," he said. "I only wish to die—it is the one thing I ask of God." For he was a hopeless, futureless man.

"You do not speak well, Martin," said the old pilgrim. "We can not judge God's actions. It is His will that rules, not ours. God saw fit to take your child and to let you live, and so it is best. But you despair, because you seek your own pleasure."

"What else, then, should we live for?" asked Martin.

"For God. He gives you life, so you must live for Him. When you begin to do that you will not grieve about anything. Everything will seem easy to you."

Martin was silent for a little while. Then he said: "And how do you live for God?"

"How? Christ has shown us how. Can you read? Buy yourself a New Testament, and read it. There you will find out how to live for God. Everything is told there."

And these words fell into the heart of Avdayitch, and he went the same day and bought himself a New Testament in large print, and began to read. He had intended to read only on holidays; but when he began he felt so uplifted and refreshed that he read every day, becoming so absorbed sometimes that all the oil would burn out of his lamp, and even then he could not tear himself away from his book. And he read that way every night; and the more he read, the more clearly he understood what God wanted of him, and what it meant to live for God, and his heart grew lighter and lighter.

Before this, when he went to bed he used to toss about and moan and sigh, thinking always of his Kapitoshka. But now he

would say only: "Glory to Thee, O Lord! Thy will be done!" And the whole life of Avdayitch was changed. Formerly on a holiday he used to go into this or that *tractir* to drink tea, and sometimes *vodka*. He would take a glass here and there with a friend, and, although not drunk, on leaving the *tractir* he would be very merry and loquacious, almost boisterous. He would address and talk to strangers; and it was nonsense he talked.

All this went by, and his life was as quiet as it was cheerful. In the morning he would go to his bench, work out his day; take down his lamp from its hook, put it on the table, reach for his book from the shelf, lay it open, and begin to read. And the more he read, the more he wondered, and the more light and joyous grew his heart.

It happened one night he read very late. He read the Gospel of St. Luke. It was the sixth chapter, and he read these verses:

"And to him that striketh thee on the one cheek, offer also the other. And him that taketh away from thee thy cloak, hinder not to take thy coat also.

"Give to every one that asketh thee; and of him that taketh away thy goods, ask them not again.

"And as you would that men should do to you, do you also to them in like manner."

And he read, farther on, the verses where Our Lord says:

"And why call you Me Lord, Lord, and do not the things which I say?

"Whosoever cometh to Me, and heareth My words, and doeth them, I will show you to whom he is like.

"He is like to a man building a house, who digged deep, and laid the foundation upon a rock. And when a flood came, the stream beat vehemently upon that house, and it could not shake it; for it was founded on a rock.

"But he that heareth and doeth not is like to a man building his house upon the earth, without a foundation; against which the stream beat vehemently, and immediately it fell; and the ruin of that house was great."

Avdayitch read these words, and received their message. He took off his spectacles, laid them on the book, leaned his arm on the table, and lost himself in thought. He began to measure his life and weigh it by the words he had read. And he thought: "Does my house stand on the rock or on the earth? If on the rock—good! When one sits alone and thinks of God, it seems easy to do all He commands; but when distractions creep in, one begins to sin again. Still one must keep trying—I will (it is very good), so help me God!"

He wanted to go to bed, but could not leave the book. And he began the seventh chapter. He read about the centurion; about the widow's son; the answer given the disciples of John the Baptist; and then he came to where the rich Pharisee invited the Lord to his house, and the woman washed His feet with her tears, and anointed them, and how He justified her. And he came to the forty-fourth verse, and began to read:

"And, turning to the woman, He said to Simon: Dost thou see this woman? I entered into thy house; thou gavest Me no water for My feet; but she hath washed My feet with tears, and wiped them with her hair.

"Thou gavest Me no kiss; but she, since she came in, hath not ceased to kiss My feet.

"My head with oil thou didst not anoint, but she with ointment hath anointed My feet."

Avdayitch thought: "Water for the feet I have not given; kisses I have not given; the head I have not anointed." And he took up his spectacles again, but laid them down, and again began to think. "It seems that Pharisee was just like me. I also seem to remember only myself—how to drink tea and be comfortable in heat and cold,—with no thought of a guest at any time. I remember about myself, but not my guest; and this guest is—who? The Lord of Heaven. If He were to come I would do just that way." And he leaned on both arms, and fell asleep.

"Martin!" was suddenly breathed in his ear.

He roused up. "Who is there?" He turned around, looked at the door—no one. Then he dozed again.

Suddenly he heard distinctly: "Martin, O Martin! Look on the street to-morrow. I'll come."

Wide awake, Martin rose from his chair and began to rub his eyes. He did not know whether the voice was a dream or a reality, but it rang in his ears. Then he turned down the lamp, and went to bed.

In the morning Avdayitch got up before daybreak, said his prayers, heated the oven, put on the *stschi** and *kasha*,† fired the *samovar*, put on his apron, and sat down before the window to work. As he pieced the leather and handled the bristles he thought of what happened the night before, and he was in two minds about it. Sometimes he thought he only fancied it, and then again he thought he had really heard the voice. "Such things *have* happened," he said to himself.

He sat by the window, and his work did not progress as he looked out of it. When anybody passed in boots strange to him, he bent forward so as to see not only the boots, but the face also.

A porter passed, in new felt boots; the water-carrier went by; then an old soldier of the reign of Nicolas. Avdayitch knew him by his laced shoes. He carried a shovel, and his name was Stepanitch; he lived with a neighboring merchant, who employed him through kindness, and his duty was to help the porter.

He began to clear away the snow opposite Avdayitch's window. The latter looked at him, then recommenced his work. "I am getting foolish in my old age," he laughed to himself. "Stepanitch is cleaning away the snow, and I think Christ is coming to visit me! I am getting very childish."

He made a dozen stitches, but something forced him again to look from the window. He saw that Stepanitch had leaned his shovel against the wall, and was either

warming or resting himself. "The man is old and broken. He doesn't seem strong enough to shovel the snow," thought Avdayitch. "Shall I give him some tea? The *samovar* is ready."

He stuck his awl in his bench, got up, put the *samovar* on the table, poured the water over the tea, and knocked on the glass. Stepanitch turned around and came up to the window. Avdayitch beckoned to him, and went to open the door.

"Come in and warm yourself," said he. "You must be cold."

"Christ save you! The bones do ache," answered Stepanitch, coming in and flicking the snow from his coat. He began also carefully wiping his feet so as to leave no tracks, but he was reeling with the cold.

"Don't trouble yourself to wipe your feet. I'll do that. That's my business," said Avdayitch. Then he filled two glasses, passed one to his guest, poured his own tea into his saucer, and began to blow it.

Stepanitch drained his glass, turned it upside-down, put the remainder of the sugar on the top of it, and began to thank Martin. But it was evident he wanted more.

"Take another glass," said Avdayitch, filling his own at the same time he filled his guest's. Then as he drank he kept his eyes incessantly on the window.

"Are you expecting any one?" asked Stepanitch.

"I am almost ashamed to say who I expect—that is, not exactly *expect*; but a word has fallen into my heart, and whether it was a dream or not I can not tell. You see, my brother, I was reading that Gospel about Christ, our Father—how He walked on earth, how He suffered. You may have heard of it?"

"I have heard something of the sort," answered Stepanitch. "But we are a *dárk*" (*i. e.*, unlearned) "people; we do not know the letters."

"Well, I was reading about this thing—how He walked on earth. I read how He came to a Pharisee, and the Pharisee did not receive Him properly. Well, then, as I read, I thought to myself: 'Why did he not re-

* Cabbage-soup.

† A sort of gruel.

ceive Christ with honor?' And then I thought: 'But if it should happen to me or any one else, *we* would not know how to receive Him.' While I was thinking this way I fell asleep. I was asleep, my little brother, but I heard somebody call me. I raised my head, and a voice said, as if it whispered: 'Wait! I'll come to-morrow.' And this twice. Well, as you may believe, this sticks in my head, and I am scolding myself for it, but—I am waiting for Him, the Lord."

Stepanitch shook his head, but did not speak. He finished his glass and turned it on its side. But Avdayitch lifted it and filled it again

"Drink to your own health. I am too busy thinking." Then: "When He, the Lord, was walking the earth He did not despise anybody, but He went more among the poor and among the working people—He selected His disciples from our sort. 'He,' He said, 'who exalteth himself shall be humbled, but he who humbleth himself shall be exalted.' 'You call Me Lord,' He said, 'and I wash your feet. The one who wants to be first, let him be the servant of all. For,' He said, 'blessed are the poor, the humble, the peacemakers, the merciful.'"

Stepanitch forgot his tea. He was old and tender-hearted, and as he sat and listened the tears ran over his cheeks.

"Here," said Avdayitch, "have some more tea?"

But he pushed his glass away, made the Sign of the Cross, thanked him, and rose.

"Thank you, Martin Avdayitch. You have treated me well. You have fed my body and my soul."

"Do me the favor to come again. I'll be glad of your company," said Avdayitch.

And Stepanitch went away.

(CONCLUSION IN OUR NEXT NUMBER.)

How mistaken and short-sighted we are in judgments that we pass every day—drawing conclusions from erroneous premises, and pronouncing opinions upon actions the motives of which we can not gauge!—*Christian Reid.*

The Treasures of the Missal and Ritual.

BY THE REV. A. A. LAMBING, LL. D.

V.—THE RITUAL.

The prayers of the Church possess an elevation of sentiment, a beauty of allusion, a force of expression, and a depth of feeling which no modern form of supplication ever exhibits.—*Cardinal Wiseman.*

"The beautiful, natural, and soothing actions of the Church."—*Cardinal Newman.*

The august character of a pontiff or priest is a source of sanctification: the mere contact of their consecrated hand produces a salutary effect, as often as they act in virtue of the priesthood of Christ, which dwells in them.—*Dom Guéranger.*

IT was the same with the Ritual as with the Missal; its contents were not in the beginning found in their present form, or even in one book. The early Rituals (for they were in reality such) went by a variety of names, according to the place where they were used and the nature of their contents; and they embraced a more or less complete collection of the rites and ceremonies to be observed in the administration of the Sacraments, funeral services, blessings, etc. At length, however, the name *Ritual* came to be regarded as the most appropriate term, and as such superseded all others—at least in the Western or Latin Church—and it will doubtless never yield to any other.

But to whom, it may be asked, do we owe the Ritual in its present form? A *Sacerdotale* (another name for a Ritual) "was edited by Castellanus and printed at Rome in 1537. Previously the different dioceses were free to follow their own Rituals, but in 1614 an edition with the title *Rituale* was drawn up under Paul V., who in the bull *Apostolica Sedi* exhorted all prelates, secular and regular, to conform to it exactly."* But the fact that all persons of whatever rank are only *exhorted* (*hortamur in Domino*, are the words of the bull) to use this one to the exclusion of all others would seem to indicate that the use of the Ritual is not of so

* Catholic Dictionary, p. 721.

strict obligation as that of the Missal. But this is a point which, though warmly discussed, and not yet definitely settled, would not be of special interest to the readers of THE "AVE MARIA."

But who was it that reduced the Ritual to its present form? It may be remarked in passing that the Ritual, like the Missal, was revised in accordance with the recommendation of the Council of Trent, for the sake of securing uniformity in the administration of the Sacraments and the performance of the other sacred functions of religion. The Ritual was finally reduced to its present form by a commission of Cardinals appointed for that purpose by Pope Paul V., and assisted by many other learned divines; but, as we learn from the bull of the Pope prefixed to the Ritual, and dated June 17, 1614, it was mainly the work of Julius Antonius, Cardinal Priest of St. Severinus,—a man, as the same bull declares, of remarkable piety, zeal and learning. From the time it came from his hand it has undergone little change, although it was revised by Pope Benedict XIV., who prefixed to the revision a bull (*Quoniam autem*) dated March 25, 1752. Numerous additions, for the most part in the form of appendixes, have since been made to it, consisting of various blessings, etc. Before discussing the blessings of the Ritual, it will be advisable to give the reader an idea of the contents of the work, and its divisions.

In examining the Ritual, we find that after certain decrees of the Sovereign Pontiffs there is a short chapter devoted to general remarks on the administration of the Sacraments. It may be well to note in this place that, besides the general rubrics which are found prefixed to certain divisions and chapters of the Ritual, there are other special ones interposed throughout the work for the guidance of the priest in the performance of his sacred functions. If the reader bears this in mind as we proceed, it will obviate the necessity of frequent repetitions.

The Sacrament of Baptism is, then, first treated of, with all the ceremonies for its

administration to infants and adults by a priest or a bishop. Then comes the manner of administering the Sacrament of Penance, with the form of absolving from censures, in case a person has contracted any. A chapter follows on the manner of giving Holy Communion to those in health and to the sick, with remarks on the Paschal Communion. After this comes that of Extreme Unction, with the Seven Penitential Psalms and the Litany of the Saints, which those in attendance are recommended to recite during the administration of the Sacrament. To these are added a chapter on the visitation and care of the sick, with prayers and selections from the Holy Gospels to be read on such occasions, as far as time and circumstances may permit or render advisable; also the method of assisting the dying, giving the last blessing, and recommending the departing soul to God.

Nothing could better show the solicitude of the Church for the eternal welfare of her children, or better entitle her to the tender name of Mother, than the care she has for them in the hour of their direst need. It is much to be regretted that Catholics do not familiarize themselves better with these succors which the Church has prepared for them in the hour of death. The careful reading of these prayers, besides preparing a person to recite them better when necessary, would also form a very fitting exercise for a monthly retreat.

But the Church, ever in harmony with the Sacred Scriptures, teaches us not only that the soul is immortal, but also that the body shall rise again, and be endowed with an endless existence; that, having been instrumental in the good or the evil done by the soul in this life, it is also entitled to share in its eternal destiny. Would to God that this truth were better remembered, and then fewer would sin against their body as well as against their soul! Not only so, but having been in life the temple of the Holy Ghost; having been the channel through which the soul was enabled to receive the Sacraments, especially the Most Holy Sacrament of the Eucharist; and having been

anointed with the holy oils in the Sacraments of Baptism, Confirmation, and Extreme Unction, the body is justly regarded as deserving of honor. Hence, when the soul has fled, it is brought into the church: the Holy Sacrifice is offered up in its presence, it is sprinkled with holy water, the perfume of incense ascends around it, and it is finally laid to rest in consecrated ground. For the performance of this sad and solemn rite the Ritual has a fitting service, consisting of psalms set to suitable chant, prayers, versicles and responses, with the Office of the Dead also set to music.

But the Church looks upon death as the punishment of sin, and, remembering that nothing defiled can enter heaven, treats her deceased members as those upon whose souls sins of a lesser kind may have been found by the all searching eye of God at the hour of death. For this reason her funeral services are supplicatory. She does not canonize the dead, as it were or perform a pagan apotheosis upon them regardless of the sort of lives they may have led in this world, as is too often the case outside the Church. On the contrary, she banishes, or desires to banish—for there are still some Catholics who would fain cling to pagan customs—all signs of paganism from their obsequies, and only covers their remains in the burial casket with a plain black pall, without any flowers on it; for death is a punishment, and any one who is possessed of a lively faith can not absolutely rejoice in the death of one who has passed the age of reason—no matter what may have been the purity of his life—as if he were already in the fruition of the beatific vision. No one knows either in life or in death whether he is deserving of love or hatred, although we must not mourn the departed Christian as persons without hope.

But the Church has a separate ceremony for the interment of those little innocents who die before they have attained the age of reason. In their case the Ritual recommends that, besides the white vestments of the priest, a crown of flowers or of odoriferous herbs be placed on the coffin, as a sign of

the purity of both the body and the soul of the deceased. And, with the chant of psalms of joy, and the recitation of prayers suggestive of the virginal purity of the deceased, and radiant with hope, the remains are consigned to their final rest. But to return.

Matrimony, with the blessing of a woman after childbirth, closes that part of the Ritual which relates to the administration of the Sacraments. And here it may be well to remark parenthetically that for the convenience of priests on the mission, who have to go on frequent and sometimes distant sick calls, the portions of the Ritual necessary for such occasions are printed separately in a smaller book, that may be easily carried in the pocket. These are also commonly, though improperly, called Rituals.

VI.

The remainder of the Ritual is devoted principally to the blessings of various objects, from a church to a medal; but before treating of these it will be advisable to complete our survey of its contents and divisions; we shall, then, return to the blessings, and discuss them more in detail.

A number of blessings, some of which are reserved to a bishop, or a priest having special faculties from him, come next; and these are followed by the ceremonies, prayers, psalms, hymns, etc., for the processions of Candlemas Day, Palm Sunday; St. Mark's Day, or the Greater Litany (April 25); Corpus Christi; the processions praying for rain, for fair weather, for the dispelling of tempests; in time of want or of famine, in time of mortality or pestilence; prayers to be added to the Litany of the Saints in time of war; for every necessity; with prayers to be added when it is made in thanksgiving for favors received; and finally a procession for the translation of sacred relics. Then comes in order an exorcism—which is quite long, and consists of prayers, psalms, elections from the Gospel and exorcisms—for expelling the spirit evil from those who are possessed or obsessed by him. Next are given the various formulas for making entries of marriages, baptisms, confirmations,

etc., in the several books required to be kept in the archives of every church. With these closes the Ritual proper; but there are two appendixes and a supplement, which aggregate three-fourths its own size.

The first of these opens with a short form for blessing baptismal water, for the use of missionaries who give stations in places to which they can not conveniently carry water from the font in the church; which is followed by the ceremony by which a priest, with the necessary faculties—very rarely given by the Holy See,—may administer Confirmation where there is no bishop; instruction for a priest who is permitted to celebrate Mass twice the same day; and the Litanies of the Saints, of the Blessed Virgin, and of the Holy Name of Jesus. Then begin the blessings for various articles, some of which may be performed by a simple priest, others by a priest having special faculties, some by a bishop only, others by the members of certain religious orders or congregations, while not a few are peculiar to certain dioceses. But of these more anon.

The second appendix follows, comprising an additional number of blessings. The Ritual closes with a brief supplement, which does not, however, properly speaking, form a part of it, but is given for the convenience of priests in this country, and will, therefore, be passed over without comment.

Such is the Roman Ritual, according to the latest revision. We shall now take up the principal blessings, and to these the reader's attention is earnestly invited, as they constitute a rich treasure for those who will draw from it in a spirit of lively faith.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

If men wantonly expose the precious gift of faith to the attacks and to the subtlety of unbelievers, or to the pestilence and infection of infidel books, or to the poisonous literature which at this day is written against Christianity in every tongue, and above all against Christianity full and perfect, which is the Catholic Faith, they have no one to thank but themselves.—*Cardinal Manning.*

Ad Viatorem.

INNOCENS et perbeatus,
More florum decidi.
Quid sepultum fles, viator?
Flente sum beator.

A CHRISTIAN PARAPHRASE.

Weep not for me,
Weary wayfarer in a world of strife.
Brief was my span of life;
Like some frail flower I drooped within an hour
In all my fresh young innocency blest.
Weep not for me.
For thine own woe let thy tears flow:
Thy days are shrouded in a murk of gloom.
Here, in my silent tomb,
'Neath the green sod,
I sleep and am at rest,
In the clear light of God.

EDWARD HEALY THOMPSON, IN *The Month.*

The Pope of the Crusades.

ON the 21st of July the picturesque valley of Châtillon, in Champagne, was rapidly being filled with multitudes of people, who arrived in a continuous stream through the two passages that led to it. What object had these twenty thousand men and women in view? They had come to render homage and veneration to one of the most illustrious Pontiffs that ever occupied the Chair of St. Peter: they had come to witness the unveiling of a statue of Pope Urban II., beatified by our Holy Father Leo XIII. in 1882.

In the centre of the valley rises an eminence on which are the ruins of the old castle of the Dukes of Châtillon, the birth-place of Urban II., whose family name was Odon de Châtillon; this spot was chosen as an appropriate site for the erection of a colossal statue of the Pope of the Crusades. The idea of this monument first occurred to his Eminence Cardinal Langénieux, Archbishop of Reims, to whose persevering energy we owe its realization. Ten years ago

the proprietor of the hill of Châtillon made it over to the Cardinal, with the ruins of the monastery of Binson, which had belonged to Urban II. The generous donor, in accordance with the custom of our Catholic forefathers, added a vineyard for the benefit of the monks, its new occupants; he imposed one obligation on them—viz, that within ten years a triumphal statue of Urban II. should be raised on the above named site.

A committee was formed for this purpose, and his Holiness Leo XIII. was the first subscriber to the fund. Rich and poor contributed to this monument, which may justly rank among the artistic wonders of the world. Its gigantic proportions (it is nearly eighty feet in height) are so harmonious that, besides being imposing at a distance, it loses none of its beauty when one comes up to it. The Pontiff is represented standing; in his left hand he holds a crucifix; his right hand points heavenward, while he seems to exclaim to the multitudes as of old: *Dieu le veut!*—"God wills it." The figure is majestic, and the expression of the face, indicating as it does indomitable energy combined with the tenderest piety, captivates the eye and elevates the soul. The statue and pedestal, which are of Breton granite, were executed by Le Goff, of Brittany, who spent three years over this masterpiece. His disinterestedness equalled his talent, for he accepted no remuneration. Thus the expenses were comparatively small.

The ceremony of inauguration took place in the afternoon. Twenty-two bishops, in full pontificals, headed by his Eminence Cardinal Langénieux, came one by one to the reserved seats awaiting them on the temporary platform. The Cardinal had on his right Mgr. Rotelli, the Papal Nuncio, and on his left Mgr. Richard, Archbishop of Paris. The Bishop of Angers, Mgr. Freppel, that master of sacred eloquence, ascended the pulpit, and pronounced one of those incomparable discourses in which solidity of doctrine is combined with the utmost beauty of thought and elegance of language. His first sentences were interrupted

by outbursts of applause, which he tried in vain to repress. Our readers must content themselves with a brief summary of this admirable discourse.

The learned Bishop began by demonstrating the active zeal of Pope Urban II. for the reign of Jesus Christ, the independence of the Church, and the liberty of the Gospel. In the eleventh century, when this prelate succeeded Gregory VII. of glorious memory, Mahometanism was threatening to subvert the Christian world, and, by taking advantage of the dissensions among European nations, it was gradually but surely ensnaring them. Already the coasts of Africa and a large part of Spain were in possession of the enemies of the Cross, while the south of France and Italy suffered much from their incursions. Urban at once measured the peril, and found the remedy; but where was he to recruit an army for his bold design? God inspired him with the idea of returning to his native land, where Peter the Hermit had already fired souls with a holy zeal by his accounts of the sufferings of the Christians in Palestine.

The Pope went through France, preaching with such irresistible ardor that in the council he assembled at Clermont (Auvergne) on the 18th of November 1095, after a thrilling appeal—in which he described the condition of Jerusalem in the hands of the infidels, the desecration of the tomb of Our Lord, the imprisonment of the Christians, and the near prospect of an overwhelming invasion of the whole of Europe,—the people, seized with holy enthusiasm, responded to the "*Dieu le veut!*" of the Vicar of Jesus Christ by that heroic movement known as the Crusades. All rivalry and difference of race was forgotten, all petty divisions were put aside; faith accomplished a miracle of unity, which was ten times renewed during two succeeding centuries. This magnificent era begun by one saint was closed by another—St. Louis, King of France.

Urban was not less vigilant on behalf of the liberty of the Church; the disciple of

St. Bruno victoriously opposed the pretensions of the German Emperor. Moreover, at an epoch of incessant wars, he prevailed upon the princes to keep that admirable compact so touchingly called the Truce of God, by which fighting was interdicted from Wednesday evening to Monday morning of each week, on great feasts, and throughout the whole of Advent and Lent. This truce afforded protection to laborers and artisans, enabling them to till their land, and gather in the harvest; in a word, giving rest and peace to impoverished populations.

With his wonted intrepidity, Urban unsparingly condemned the wicked conduct of kings and princes, however powerful. Philip I., King of France, had repudiated Bertha, his legitimate queen, after a union of twenty years, to marry Bertrada, wife of Foulques, Duke of Anjou; he took no heed of Urban's remonstrances, and was excommunicated. After a resistance of ten years, he was at last overcome by the unflinching firmness of the Pope, and was induced to send away Bertrada, and take back his lawful wife Bertha. This is only one of several instances in which Urban vindicated the sanctity and indissolubility of the marriage tie.

These brief notes can give but a very incomplete idea of Mgr Freppel's wonderful panegyric, which was well worthy of his subject. At its conclusion, when the speaker strenuously urged a spiritual crusade for the cause of Religion, ending by "*Dieu le veut!*" the thousands of listeners rose to a man, and for some minutes the air was filled with acclamations and cheers. Then Mgr. Rotelli proceeded to bless the monument, and the ceremony terminated with the united blessing of the twenty-three bishops. Every head in that vast assembly was uncovered, every knee was bent, while the prelates invoked on the multitude the blessing of Almighty God.

THERE is a God: therefore there is unerring justice; then whatever happens is ordained for the best; consequently the sufferings of man on earth are for the good of man.—*Silvio Pellico.*

A Wayward Client of Mary.

GASTON DE RAOUSSET-BOULBON was a boy who gave his teachers, the Jesuit Fathers at Fribourg, a great deal of trouble, and occasioned them no little anxiety. His character was proud and passionate, but he had a warm and generous heart, and was distinguished by a tender and lively devotion to Our Blessed Lady, amongst whose special clients he desired to be enrolled. However, the rules of the confraternity were very strict, and he could not obtain the number of good-conduct marks requisite for admission into it. His was a nature tending to extremes; his devotion to Father Labonde knew no bounds, and the latter took great interest in the boy, and spared no pains to help him to overcome his fiery temper and curb his outbreaks of passion.

For a time all went well, and Gaston was at length, to his great joy, received as an associate, but, alas! only to fall back ere long into his old ways. He never succeeded in becoming a member of the confraternity, and the departure of his beloved guide from Fribourg was to him an irreparable calamity. He even went so far, in the violence of his grief, as to make most unbecoming remarks, reflecting upon the Father who was now placed over him, so that the rector had to insist upon a public apology.

After leaving college, the Count de Raousset led for several years a life the reverse of edifying, until at last, having run through two or three fortunes, he found himself compelled to emigrate to California. In the midst of all his extravagance and evil ways he never lost his devotion to Our Lady, nor did he allow a single day to pass without reciting the *Memorare*. Upon his arrival in California his energy and intelligence soon gave him the ascendancy over the motley crowd of adventurers by whom he found himself surrounded, and who had, like himself, been drawn thither in the hope of retrieving a ruined fortune. Difficulties having arisen between the Europeans and the Mexican Government, troops were sent

against them, and they, being obliged to take up arms in self-defence, elected Gaston as commander. After a series of skirmishes, the Mexicans prevailed, and De Raousset, who had fought like a lion, was taken prisoner, and sentenced to death.

On the eve of his execution he was, according to the custom of the country, locked up in a chapel for several hours; there, while he knelt before Her image, the Refuge of Sinners bent down Her eyes of mercy upon him, and obtained for Her erring child sincere repentance. With tears of grateful affection he thought of Father Labonde and his parting counsels; he delayed not to reconcile himself with God, and spent part of his last night on earth in writing a letter to the religious who had been his early instructors, thanking them for having implanted in his heart that faith which alone shows the prodigal how to return to his Father's house.

Count de Raousset met his end with unflinching courage, expiating his sins by a violent death; he fell with a smile upon his lips, cheered by the thought of the tender Mother who would welcome him in a better world.

Catholic Notes.

"We need a new Mariolatry, and voices again to cry to a sensual age, Hail, Mary! for it will mean, when reason uses it, Hail, Modesty! Hail, Purity! Hail, watchful Motherhood! Hail, patient, heroic endurance! In this worship we are sadly deficient, who interest ourselves in the annals of other courts than those of the temple." So speaks a Protestant writer in one of last month's periodicals. It is a plea—unintentional it may be—for the efficacy of devotion to the ever-blessed Mother of God, who has overcome all heresies, and leads the human soul in the path of truth.

In Monsignor Consitt's interesting *Life of St. Cuthbert*, which we have noticed in a previous issue, an account is given of the strange facts connected with the body of that great Bishop, who was one of the chief apostles of the north of England. Immediately after his

death, the body of the servant of God was conveyed to Lindisfarne Cathedral, where it was deposited on the right side of the altar, and remained undisturbed for eleven years. At the expiration of this period the monks of Lindisfarne opened the tomb, wishing to place the relics of the Saint in a shrine raised above the floor of the church. To their amazement and joy they found the whole body entire, and the vestments in which he had been clothed fresh and unsullied. The body was preserved at Lindisfarne till the year 875, when to secure it from the rude hands of the Danish invaders, it was borne off, accompanied by a numerous body of men, with their wives and children. This noble guard of honor, in order to preserve the body of their patron Saint from profanation and sacrilege, wandered to and fro, so that "there is hardly a spot in the north of England or south of Scotland which they did not visit," until the body was finally laid in state in a magnificent shrine prepared for it in Durham Cathedral, where it reposed, still uncorrupted, for seven hundred years, until the desecration of the shrine by the "Reformers" in 1540.

Seventeen hundred miles by canoe! Such was the apostolic journey lately made by Mgr. Lorrain, Bishop of Cythera, Canada. He had been on a pastoral visit to the Indian missions on the Upper Ottawa and Rupert's Land. The trip occupied over two months, and was mostly by water, in bark canoes. Forty baptisms, six hundred Communions, and four hundred and fifty confirmations were some of the fruits of this toilsome journey.

The mitre which the Emperor of Germany has sent to the Pope as a Jubilee gift is of pure gold, exquisite in workmanship, and brilliant with precious stones. The offering is accompanied by an autograph letter, in which the Emperor writes in respectful and sympathetic terms of the Pontiff's policy of peace and reconciliation,—a policy in which the Emperor himself participates. In acknowledging this gift of his Majesty, the Holy Father expressed the joy he feels in seeing religious peace re-established in Germany and Prussia, and announced his hope that the Emperor will continue to protect Catholic interests.

In a recent able sermon on "Scripture Interpretation," the Rev. R. F. Clarke gives a

beautiful explanation of an expression in the second chapter of the Gospel of St. John, upon which Protestants have laid great stress, as presenting an argument against devotion to the Blessed Virgin. Father Clarke says:

"The nature of Thought-Interpretation may be illustrated by the example of Our Lord saying to His Mother at the marriage feast of Cana: 'Woman, what have I to do with Thee?' as it stands in the Protestant version. Now, 'Woman, what have I to do with Thee?' is as insolent and undutiful as, in reply to the modest intimation 'They have no wine,' it would have been uncalled for and inexcusable; and, of course, it is a controversial mistranslation. The word *gunai*, translated woman has not the disrespectful and impudent meaning it would possess in English but approaches rather to lady, and is even paralleled with *despoina*, mistress, or even queen. What is to Me and to Thee?' (which is word for word the rendering of the phrase mistranslated 'What have I to do with Thee?') is a familiar formula, equivalent to 'Leave this to me,' and needing to be interpreted by the circumstances of the case and the relation between the parties. It occurs twice elsewhere in Holy Scripture, and in both instances with implications of friendship and regard; the first instance being where David asks his faithful friends in calamity to leave him to deal with Shimei in his own way; and the second, that in which the King of Egypt protests that he intends no hostility to the King of Juda (II Kings, xvi., 10; II. Chronicles, xxxv., 21). 'What have I to do with you, ye sons of Zeruah?' is an almost ludicrous falsification of the relations existing between the sons of Zeruah and poor fugitive David, whom they were helping in his calamity. 'What have I to do with thee O King of Juda?' is not a less improper expression of a thought which, as we see from the context, may be paraphrased: 'Do not oppose my expedition; for I am really on your side, having been commissioned by the God whom you serve to attack Assyria.'

"In the second chapter of St. John's Gospel, the 'What is to Me and to Thee?' or 'Leave this to Me,' was not a *refusal* but an *acquiescence*; for when the Blessed Virgin had heard it, She knew that Her suggestion was to be attended to since otherwise She would not thereupon have said to the servants, 'Whatsoever He saith to you, do ye.' Our Lord's reply to Her is to be taken in its entirety, and the 'My hour is not yet come,' means 'The appropriate moment has not yet arrived'—the failure of the wine was as yet unnoticed. The reply signifies, 'Do not let this trouble you; I will see to it; but the right moment has not yet come.' That this was the real meaning we know from the result—that the defect was supplied. She knew it before the result, from the nature of Her previous relations with Her Son, and from the assentient

tone, it may be, in which the answer was conveyed, or from a stress on the word *yet*: 'My time has not yet come, but it will come presently.' Such expressions are like 'If you please'; or 'Thank you' (which sometimes signifies assent and sometimes refusal); or 'Never mind that'; or a host of others, whose meaning depends on tone of voice, emphasis, the footing on which the persons are with one another, and other circumstances. The words themselves tell us little, but we must read down to the thought by means of the circumstances and the unfriendly or affectionate footing of those concerned."

The Spanish Government, in view of the great importance to science of the fine meteorological observatory founded by the Jesuit Fathers at Manilla, which renders such service to the mercantile marine in those waters, has declared it a national establishment, and granted it a handsome sum for its expenses, salaries, and instruments.

His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons sent the following reply to an invitation of the Secretary of the Constitutional Centennial Commission to be present at the celebration in Philadelphia this month. It not only shows that love of country and respect for the Constitution are consistent with the high office held by the writer, but that prejudice on this score is fast being dispelled from the minds of our separated brethren. The invitation is significant of a reversion of public sentiment as complete as it is gratifying:

"I beg to acknowledge the receipt of your favor of the 8th inst., informing me that I am invited to offer the closing prayer and to invoke a benediction on the 17th day of September next. I gratefully accept the invitation, and shall cheerfully comply with the request of the committee by performing the sacred duty assigned to me. In common with my fellow-citizens, I heartily rejoice in the forthcoming commemorative celebration. The Constitution of the United States is worthy of being written in letters of gold. It is a charter by which the liberties of sixty millions of people are secured, and by which, under Providence, the temporal happiness of countless millions yet unborn will be perpetuated."

In the fore-front of the ranks of the numerous self-sacrificing bodies who are engaged in the work of Christian education are the Brothers of the Christian Schools, an Order founded by the Venerable De La Salle, who renounced a brilliant ecclesiastical career to give himself up to poverty and the instruction of youth.

The Brothers are to be found all over Christendom, actively engaged in the cause of education and religion. The lately published statistics of the Order are remarkable; from them it appears that they possess twelve hundred establishments, managed by over eleven thousand Brothers, and attended by three hundred and thirty thousand pupils. By far the greatest number of their houses are in France, where they have nearly nine thousand members. They are to be found in almost every civilized country, with the exception of Germany,—Germany alone, as the *Germania* remarks with bitterness, is deprived of the benefit of these admirable educators of youth.

The Sodality of Mary Immaculate in Shanghai, comprising more than eighty young men of the first families of the city, with Father Aloysius Sica, S. J., as director, have sent to the Holy Father an address written in Chinese characters on yellow satin, surrounded by gold and silk ornamental work. The address, the work of a prominent man of letters, is accompanied by a Latin translation, and enclosed in an envelope of white satin. This again is enclosed in a little ebony box, embossed with ornaments, which represent symbolically the glories of the Roman Pontiff. Surrounding the box is a scroll separated into two parts, in one of which are represented in relief fruits and flowers, and in the other Chinese musical instruments, such as the cithern, the viol, and the tambour. The lock is silver, and so ingeniously constructed that without a knowledge of its mechanism it is impossible to open it. When the gift was presented to the Holy Father by the Rev. F. di Maria, S. J., Prefect of Studies in the Gregorian University, the Pope expressed great admiration of it as a specimen of Chinese art, and sent the Apostolic Blessing to the pious donors and their zealous director.—*Weekly Register*.

The Most Rev. Archbishop Lynch, of Toronto, in a letter addressed to Archdeacon Cavanagh, gives an account of a remarkable cure, which he attributes to the intercession of Our Lady of Knock. The subject of the marvel is one of the Christian Brothers—"an excellent young man, one of our best teachers, very pious and devoted to his work." It seems he had become subject to epileptic fits, which, besides causing him great pain, deranged the

community; for his place in the schools had frequently to be filled by one of the others. "He came to me some time ago," writes the Archbishop, "and with great faith asked me to cure him. I gave him a piece of the plaster of Knock to be put in water, some of which he should take three times a day, with pious invocations of the Holy Mother of God and other prayers. Since the first time he took the water he has not had a fit. The other day he came to me quite a changed man, of fine, healthy appearance, and full of gratitude to the Mother of God for his cure."

New Publications.

OUR DIVINE SAVIOUR AND OTHER DISCOURSES. By the Rt. Rev J. C. Hedley, O. S. B., Bishop of Newport and Menevia. London: Burns & Oates. New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co. 1887.

To those who have read any of Bishop Hedley's sermons the title of this work is a sufficient guarantee of its excellence. We have never been able to understand how it was that those remarkable lectures on the "Spirit of Faith" by this distinguished prelate, which were published some fifteen years ago, never attracted the attention they deserved. We are much pleased to see them now republished in the volume before us, along with thirteen other sermons, all equally excellent; and we hope that in this form they will obtain a more extended circulation. The style of Bishop Hedley's discourses is remarkably beautiful, and grace of diction and felicity of style are combined in them with practical usefulness in a very unusual degree. They are full of fresh, vigorous thought, and are marked by an honesty which does not hesitate to acknowledge difficulties, and by an earnestness which must command respect if it does not win conviction. In order that our readers may be able to judge of the merits of this book, and be induced to peruse it for themselves, we reproduce the following passage from the discourse entitled "Faith the Gift of Jesus Christ":

"If there is such a wonderful gift and endowment of the soul as Faith, it is no wonder that, in spite of wilfulness and in spite of prejudice, there is such a thing as ardent belief in God's revelation. I have said that Faith is a gift which is bestowed upon the heart in order to enable it, as by

some new faculty, to live and move in an invisible and supernatural world—or, in other words, to realize God the Creator. The difficulties which prevent the heart from accepting or looking for this invisible, supernatural world are chiefly, as I have also said, hesitation as to the proofs of revelation, prejudice or preoccupation, and wilfulness. Now, no religious system or theory could deal with these difficulties which did not, like the Catholic Church, start with the supposition that Providence has destined for man a special gift or endowment to help him over them. Take the first. Hesitation as to the proofs of revelation arises either from inability to see the force of the proofs, or, more commonly, from inability to get rid of some staggering objection. The *proofs* of revelation are not so strong and overwhelming as the proofs of many far less important matters. They are sufficient to prove its existence; especially they are sufficient to prove the existence of a teaching Church. But since they lie in a sphere which the mind of the ordinary man and woman of the world's millions is not familiar with, and since they have to be held with an earnest grasp as motives and master-thoughts, the human mind must be helped to take them in and helped to hold them. There is many a truth which men do not acknowledge merely because it is crushed out of sight by the rush of other truths; and there is many a conviction which lies asleep and is hardly a conviction. And revelation might be, and would be, no better than such a truth and such a conviction to the multitudes, were it not for the special gift of Faith."

LIFE OF MONSEIGNEUR J E MERODE. By Mgr. Besson. Translated into English by Lady Herbert. London: W. H. Allen & Co. 1887.

This is a most interesting account of the life of one who, by his varied career as soldier, priest, diplomatist, and Archbishop, has many claims on our attention and admiration. A descendant of one of the oldest and noblest families on the Continent, and counting among his ancestors many of the Crusaders, he passed his youth as a soldier in African warfare. Feeling the impulse of a divine vocation to the priesthood he laid down the sword only to find himself, shortly after his ordination, face to face with deadlier enemies than any he had encountered on the field of battle. It was this young soldier-priest who, at the risk of his life, affixed to the door of every basilica in Rome the bull of excommunication which Pius IX. launched against those impious wretches who had driven him into exile. His subsequent experience as a military chaplain is full of interest, and many a good anecdote

enriches the pages devoted to this portion of his life; but it is afterwards, when he was called by the great Pontiff to the Papal court,—when we see the close intimacy to which he was admitted by Pius IX., and the high regard and affection which the latter entertained for him,—when we follow his successful career as diplomatist and statesman,—then it is that we feel most deeply the charm of a great and attractive personality. We must thank Lady Herbert for giving us, in English, such a readable account of one who played so prominent a part on the stage of events during fifty years of the present century. We are obliged, however, somewhat reluctantly, to temper our expression of thanks with regret that the translation can scarcely, from a literary point of view, be said to be well executed. It bears marks of both haste and carelessness, which we hope will be removed in a subsequent edition.

Obituary.

"It is a holy and wholesome thought to pray for the dead."

— 2 MACH., xii., 46

The following persons, lately deceased, are commended to the charitable prayers of our readers: The Rev. Patrick J. Colovin, an eminent priest of the Archdiocese of Milwaukee, whose death, after a long illness, occurred on the 22d ult., at Dayton, Wis.

Mr. Charles McMahon, a promising young novice of the Congregation of the Holy Cross, who died piously at his home in St. Louis, on the 3d ult.

Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Maguire, old friends of THE "AVE MARIA" in San Francisco, whose lives of exemplary fervor were crowned with precious deaths—one on the 23d of June, the other on the 15th of July.

Francis J. Augarde, Esq., who breathed his last in London on the 6th of July, aged eighty-six years.

Mr. William Canfield, who departed this life on the 28th of June, at Somerville, Mass., sincerely mourned by all who knew him.

Miss Janet Clink, a devout Child of Mary, who was called to her eternal rest on the 6th ult., at Natick, Mass.

Mr. James S. Cuttle, of Fall River, Mass., who passed away on the 15th of July, fortified by the last Sacraments

Miss Catherine Maher, whose happy death took place on the 9th ult., at Louisville, Ky.

May their souls, and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace!



The Bad Half-Dollar.

BY E. V. N.

I.

Betty Lindsay was a sweet, pleasant-faced girl, with red laughing lips, rosy cheeks, bright blue eyes, and curls that tumbled about her roguish face as if they were as thoughtless and as mischievous as herself. No wonder her father was proud of her, and her mother petted her. In fact, although Mr. Lindsay was a grave lawyer, and Mrs. Lindsay a very sensible woman, they were so fond of their daughter, and so anxious to make her happy, that they indulged her in every fancy, and readily forgave all her shortcomings.

One chilly morning in autumn Mrs. Lindsay was seated on a lounge by the window, sewing; and Betty was standing on a high chair to get a better view of what was passing on the avenue.

"O mamma, mamma!" cried Betty, "look yonder, quick!"

"What is it?" inquired Mrs. Lindsay, rising. "Ah, I see—that poor woman singing 'Home, Sweet Home!' and her two forlorn little ones."

"No, mamma: I mean that little girl," and Betty pointed down the street. "What a lovely blue! I never saw such a pretty colored dress. And she has buff gloves—kid or silk, I can not see which."

"Well, dear, is that anything wonderful?" said Mrs. Lindsay. "You have a blue dress—in fact, two blue dresses."

"Yes, mamma, but that silk is peacock blue; it is going to be all the rage. Will you buy me one like that, and buff silk gloves?"

"Yes, dearest, if you wish. But look at that poor boy selling matches."

Betty looked around, and saw a little fellow, with ragged clothes and a thin white face, that showed very clearly he was suffering from cold and hunger.

"I often see that match-boy pass," said Betty, but thinking the while how many silver buttons would be necessary for a new blue dress.

"I wonder, darling, that you do not show sympathy when you see another child so miserable."

"Well, I hope he'll be able to sell all his matches, mamma," answered the little girl; "but *he* has nothing to do with me, has he?"

Her mother turned away, rang the bell, and bade the porter buy some matches, and give the lad some bread and hot coffee. "I am sorry I let the poor woman pass," said Mrs. Lindsay; "for I fear there is not much 'Sweet Home' for her and her little children."

"Will you go out shopping to-morrow, dear mamma?" asked Betty, kissing and caressing her mother in her most bewitching way.

"I dare say I shall, for winter is coming on."

"May I tell Harry to get the carriage ready?"

"No, daughter," said Mrs. Lindsay, looking uneasy and thoughtful. "It will do us good to walk; and I will take you to see some poor people, so that you may not be ungrateful to God, who has given you more than you need, and nearly all you wish for."

The following day, faithful to her promise, Mrs. Lindsay took her selfish child to witness the distress of some poor people, and between their calls she endeavored to draw her attention to their necessities, and inspire her with compassion. The spoiled girl, however, had been so long used to having her own way with the servants and her parents, that it seemed it would require some severe lesson to induce her to show any consideration for the sufferings of her neighbor.

The blue silk dress, with trimmings of

white down and pretty silver buttons, was purchased, hat and shoes were ordered to match, and the buff silk gloves with a Japanese fan added to please the conceited little miss.

When Mrs. Lindsay drew out her purse, Betty caught sight of a bright silver half-dollar—one that Mrs. Lindsay did not use in paying for her purchases.

"Give me that bright piece, mamma," said the pet, looking up with her winning smile, and slipping her thumb and finger into the purse.

"That one?" said her mother. "Oh! it is a bad coin—a counterfeit. I do not know how I came by it, but I am told that it is bad."

"Bad?" repeated Betty. "How can that be? It is better looking than the other pieces. Let me keep it, mamma; oh! do, please?"

"Certainly you may keep it, but it will not buy anything. Why not take this one?"—offering her another that was not so bright.

"I like this one best," persisted Betty, with a frown at the other coin; "and if I want to buy anything, the people *must* take it."

"Well, since you insist on having the bad coin, remember it will be on your hands. I will not change it," said Mrs. Lindsay, smiling. The amiable lady did not wish to show her feelings in the store, but she thought it was high time to give Miss Betty a lesson.

Now, when Betty had pocket-money she wanted to spend it right away, so as she walked home with her mamma she would run to the store windows to see if there was anything she might like to purchase. They passed a toy-shop, where she saw a beautiful doll's hat, marked "Only fifty cents." Just the thing for her doll. However, when she presented her coin, the salesman declined to take it; but, not wishing to mortify her, he said: "I think, miss, we will not part with the hat to-day," and he laid the article back.

Next they came to a confectioner's shop,

and the little girl saw a large, richly-colored bird—one of those whose heads obligingly screw off and on at pleasure. In she ran. The price was twenty-five cents, and she laid her half-dollar piece on the counter. The clerk rang it on the wood. "Another piece of money, if you please, miss; this is a bad coin," he said.

"Then you can have it all for twenty-five cents," answered Betty, with the utmost simplicity. The clerk laughed heartily, and explained that it was really good for nothing; so the little pet put it in her pocket, and went out to her mamma, and begged her to give her a good half-dollar.

"My dear, remember you would not take my advice; I am going to keep to what I said," and Mrs. Lindsay stroked Betty's bright curls as they walked on. However, Betty said to herself: "Papa will change it for me." But to her surprise her father began to joke when she showed him the coin, said his little daughter wanted to cheat her kind papa, and offered her a bright nickel and other small change; so the bad half-dollar lay a long while in Betty's pocket-book; for she could not think of any way to use it.

II.

A few weeks later gray clouds hid the blue peaks of the distant Catskills; the birds had hushed their songs and the pavements were covered with brown leaves. The fire in Mr. Lindsay's parlor burned brightly, and with books and social gatherings the inmates of the granite mansion contrived to defy King Winter. Mrs. Lindsay was an active member of the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin, and spent much of her time in making garments for the poor of her own parish, and for those whose necessities had been laid before the Children of Mary by their zealous president. Often she called on her little daughter to help her sew plain seams in warm garments, so as to initiate her gradually into the service of the humble poor.

One day Mrs. Lindsay said: "Come, Betty, and I will show you what I am getting made." So they went to the kitchen,

and the girl's eyes opened wide at the sight of a big cake, just ready to go into the oven. "Do you remember the little match-boy—that poor neglected child to whom I called your attention one morning not very long ago?"

"No, mamma," said Betty, and she picked a big raisin out of the cake.

"Well, I remember him, and I have had a suit of clothes and a whole basket of winter clothing prepared for him; and this cake, with a bright half-dollar in it, will be hidden in the centre of the basket. When the little fellow passes to-night, Ann will run out and give it to him."

Not a word from Betty. "A big cake and a good half-dollar for a beggar boy," she mused; "not a slice of it for me!" And she picked out some more raisins. Then her mamma left the kitchen, and cook began to brush the oven, for she had a large batch of bread and some other things to bake. While she was thus occupied Betty put her fingers into the dough; cook was displeased, and told her to go up stairs, adding, "There is a cake prepared for your little cousins, who are expected this evening, and a large order has been sent to the 'Fancy Bakery' besides. You will have a lovely entertainment, miss. So please do not spoil the poor boy's loaf." Then Betty ran up stairs to see what pretty dress she would wear at her little party.

The following night was cold and rainy. The twilight was gathering fast into darkness, which the lighted lamps on the avenue hardly dispelled. The pavements were wet and sloppy, and only a solitary person here and there, hurrying on, relieved the dreary appearance of the street.

Hugh Costello was wending his way homeward, silent and sad. He had sold only a few bunches of matches, and therefore had only four dimes to give to his widowed mother. Almost in despair at this reflection, he was startled by some one running after him, who, tapping him on the shoulder, gave him a large basket containing a package, with the words, "Pray for the giver." He looked up, and saw a woman closely

wrapped in a water-proof, and breathless from running. "My mistress sent it to you; you need not fear to take it," she said in words interrupted by her efforts to recover her power of speech. "Good-night, my lad, and pray for us."

Hugh's weary eyes brightened as tears of joy and thankfulness started to them; but the girl ran back home; for she had been sent to overtake him, and had not had time to think of an umbrella. On he went with a light step; he even began to whistle, notwithstanding the rain, he was so delighted with his new burthen, and felt sure that it contained something nice for his mother and sick sister. He wondered, too, what lady had made him such a present, and despite his glee he felt very sorry that he had been unable to return her even the smallest message of gratitude.

At length he reached his home—a miserable shanty; no one could mistake the utter poverty of those who lived there. His mother rented two small rooms, but she had abandoned the front one, which she generally used as a sitting-room, to live in the back one, or kitchen, so that they might have the heat of the only fire they could afford in the apartment in which her other child lay ill.

Mrs Costello was ironing when Hugh ran in, exclaiming joyfully, "Mother, look—look at this big package! All for me—for us, I mean. A lady sent her servant to give it to me." And he showed the bundle to his amazed mother. Satisfied with Hugh's answers to her prudent questions, she opened it, and found the suit of clothes, shoes, hat, and the warm underclothes that Mrs. Lindsay had so charitably made with her own hands. And the beautiful cake, nicely wrapped in a napkin, was placed in the centre.

"No wonder it was heavy!" exclaimed Hugh.

"Speak softly, my boy," said his mother. "Amanda is very weak to-day, and the least noise disturbs her."

"Well, the cake will cheer her up; that will be for you and her. I wish, mother,

that you could wear the flannels instead of me." And then he glided on tiptoe to his sister's bed, and found her asleep. "Mother, can't we do anything for her?" he whispered.

The woman shook her head, and heaved a deep sigh. "If I could get her some wine—some California wine—I think it would strengthen her. It is not dear, Mrs. Ellis tells me. How much did you get to-day, my son?"

Hugh showed her the four dimes. She would not let him see her disappointment at the small sum, but sent him out at once to procure some articles for their scanty supper.

When Hugh returned, Amanda was still asleep. His mother, at the other end of the room, began to get the supper ready, and the boy, placing the lighted lamp on the table near him, sat down beside the bed. After a while the sick girl awoke.

"How's poor sis?" asked Hugh, softly. Many a good heart beats beneath worn-out clothes and tatters, and his gentle tone showed that he possessed one.

"Dear brother—dear Hugh!" was the child's only answer, as she clasped his coarse hands between hers, so thin and white.

He looked into her face. What a change had taken place since morning! She appeared more wasted than ever, and she breathed heavily, with now and then a stifled moan. "What a pity," he thought, "that she should be so ill when I have a cake to surprise her!"

At length she drew him down close to her and said: "I feel so faint and strange! My side aches so—oh, how it aches! Hugh, don't let mother know, but I think"—she gasped a little; she could scarcely speak,—"don't cry, brother. I think—sometimes—I'll die soon."

"Oh, hush! Wait till you see what I've brought you, sissy."

He went across the room, brushed away his tears with his coat-sleeve, and coming back laid the frosted cake on her bed.

Little Amanda raised herself on her elbow, looked at Hugh and then at his gift,

as if she could not believe in such good fortune. Poor Hugh was even happier than she; for he had feared that he should never see the dear pale face look glad again. But their pleasure was short-lived; for when the cake was cut Amanda could only taste it, and then she lay back wearily. She was too ill to enjoy anything, and, turning away, fell into a troubled sleep.

(CONCLUSION IN OUR NEXT NUMBER.)

The Manner of Assisting at Mass in Ancient Times.

As a general rule the churches of early days had no seats for the people to sit on, as that position was deemed ill in keeping with the gravity becoming the house of God. As the services, however, were much longer than at present, those who, through feebleness of health or other causes, could not stand, were allowed the use of staves to lean upon, and in some rare cases even of cushions to sit upon—a practice which is yet quite common in the churches of Spain, and in many of those of the rest of Europe. It was the rule to stand always on Sunday, in memory of Our Lord's glorious Resurrection, and to kneel the rest of the week. As kneeling is a sign of humiliation, it was the rule to observe it during the penitential seasons and on all occasions of mourning. According to St. Jerome, St. Basil the Great, Tertullian, and others, these rules were derived from the Apostles themselves. Whenever any important prayer or lesson was to be read, and the people had been kneeling beforehand, the deacon invited them now to stand, by the words, "*Erecti stemus honeste*"; that is, "Let us become erect and stand in a becoming manner." During the penitential season the congregation was invited to kneel by saying, "*Flectamus genua*," and to stand up afterwards by "*Levate*." The same custom may yet be observed in Lent and on some other occasions.—*History of the Mass*.

PHILIP, King of Macedon, was commended as a jolly, good fellow, who could drink freely. Demosthenes answered that this was a good quality in a sponge, but not in a king.



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On the Name of Mary.

THE Blessed Trinity bestowed upon Thee, O Mary! a name superior to all other names after that of Thy divine Son; so that on pronouncing it all the powers of heaven, earth, and the abyss should bend the knee.* The Blessed Henry Suso says that the name of Mary re-animates his confidence and love to such a degree that his heart seemed ready to jump up out of his mouth between the joy and the tears with which he pronounced it: "O most sweet name! O Mary! what must Thou be Thyself when Thy mere name is so amiable and so sweet!" And St. Bernard exclaims: "O great, O clement, O most praiseworthy Mary! We can not utter Thy name without being inflamed with love of Thee! We can not think of it without delight and consolation, because we love Thee."

The Gospel does not inform us whether the name of Mary was given by Heaven, as were the names of Jesus and of St. John the Baptist. But St. Antoninus says: "The day on which the Blessed Virgin was born, Her parents gave Her the name of Mary, as had been revealed to them by an angel." St. Jerome, St. Epiphanius, and others say that the name of Mary came down from heaven, and was given by the command of God. St. Bonaventure observes: "Most appro-

priately was this holy, sweet, and honorable name given Her as to a Virgin so replete with holiness, sweetness, and dignity. The name of Mary has four meanings—namely, Sea of Bitterness, Star of the Sea, Illuminated or Illuminatrix, and finally Lady. She is a Sea of Bitterness, in a spiritual sense, to the demons; the Star of the Sea to men, by the office which She holds in their regard; a constant Illuminatrix of the angelical spirits; and the universal Lady or Mistress of all creatures."

Benedict XIV. says with reason that the name of Mary always deserved the highest respect. On this account it was for many ages forbidden even for women of royal blood to bear it. Thus it appears from history that at the baptism of a Moorish princess who was to marry King Alphonsus VI., of Castile, this King would not allow her to take the name of Mary, although she desired to do so. In the marriage-contract of Marie Louise of Nevers and Ladislaus, King of Poland, it was stipulated that the princess should drop her first name, and call herself simply Louise. Casimir I., another King of Poland, made a similar condition when he married Mary of Russia.

The holy Fathers and Doctors mentioned above, as well as many others whom we might quote, are unanimous in proclaiming the cordial devotion cherished at all times by the Church towards the sweet name of Mary. Spain, which claims to have been visited by Our Lady in mortal flesh, takes the lead amongst all nations in devotion to

* Richard of St. Laurence, *De Laud. Virg.*, lib. i, cap. ii.

this august name. The following passage from the learned and venerable Spanish author, Father Nieremberg, written at the beginning of the seventeenth century, is well worth reproducing:

“Finally, devotion to Mary has spread over the whole world, to all States, throughout all nations, as Our Lady Herself prophesied, saying that God had regarded the humility of His handmaid, and therefore all generations would call Her blessed; that is to say, all nations and all times. We certainly behold this prophecy fulfilled in Spain. In it alone there are, by careful computation, more than eighty thousand temples dedicated to the Blessed Virgin, and there is hardly a hill-top in the country that is not crowned by some chapel or hermitage under Her invocation. The ancient devotion of the Spaniards to Our Lady is plainly seen in the precautions they took when Spain came under the power of the Mahometans, not to let the images of Mary fall into the hands of these miscreants; for, as they do not allow the worship of images, although they speak highly of Mary, those devout Christians did not wish to expose the images of this great Mother of Mercy to any risk of profanation, but carried them away or hid them; and since then many have been discovered, and great miracles have been wrought by their means.”*

We may adduce in proof of the devotion of the Spaniards to this holy and consoling name, the great and wonderful achievement of Hernán Pérez del Pulgar, commonly called the Triumph of the *Ave Maria*; the innumerable confraternities that sprang up all over Spain under the pious impulse of the Blessed Simon de Rojas in honor of the *Ave Maria*; and, finally and above all, the antiquity of the Feast of the Sweet Name of Mary, which was first celebrated in Spain. Its origin dates back so far that it is lost in the mist of ages. Benedict XIV. makes mention of a pontifical diploma issued in 1513, directed to the Cathedral of Cuenca, in which this festival is explained and ap-

proved. But the document speaks of it as already established, and merely confirms it.

“From Spain,” says the same Pontiff, “the Festival of the Name of Mary passed to other countries, and was celebrated on September 22, conformably to the opinion of those that held that amongst the Jews it was not usual to give a name to the newborn child till fifteen days after birth. But at present this feast is celebrated on the Sunday within the Octave of the Nativity, and the lessons of the second nocturn are taken from a sermon of St. Bernard. The venerable servant of God, Innocent XI., by a decree issued in 1683, commanded that the Office of the Name of Mary should be recited throughout the whole Church.”

The motive that impelled Innocent XI. is set forth as follows by the Abbé Gaume:

“The venerable servant of God, Pope Innocent XI., by his decree of 1683, declared obligatory on the whole Church this festival, which was heretofore particular to Spain; in which command, such an agreeable one to observe, we can see a new testimony of the gratitude of the Church towards the Most Holy Virgin. The Queen of Virgins always seemed to be a personal enemy of Mahometanism—a gross religion of the senses, the progress of which in the sixteenth century was arrested by Her in the waters of Lepanto. However, Mahometanism again threatened Christendom in 1683. The grand vizier, at the head of a formidable army, laid siege to Vienna, one of the bulwarks of the Church. John Sobieski, at the head of his Poles hastened to the assistance of the besieged city. On the morning of battle he and all the army placed themselves under the protection of the Blessed Virgin; all the troops fell on their knees whilst Sobieski heard Mass in the convent of the Camaldolese, praying with his arms extended in the form of a cross. ‘There it was that the grand vizier was defeated,’ remarked a Christian warrior, with profound truth. On leaving the church, Sobieski commanded that the signal of battle should be sounded; the Turks were panic-stricken and abandoned everything, even to the

* *Tratado de la Aficion y Amor á Maria* (Treatise on the Affection and Love of Mary).

great standard of Mahomet, which the conqueror sent to the Sovereign Pontiff as a trophy to Mary."

We may add that Sobieski, having received Communion, rose full of confidence, and exclaimed aloud: "Now we can march under the protection of the Blessed Virgin, with full confidence that She will not refuse us Her assistance."

The siege of Vienna was certainly not the only occasion on which Mary fought against the Turks in defence of the Christians. If it would not carry us too far from our purpose, we might speak of the conquest of Jerusalem by Godfrey de Bouillon, of the victory of John Huniades in Hungary, of that of King Ladislaus at Buda, of that of Eugène of Savoy also in Hungary, of the siege and deliverance of Corfu, and numberless others. And, turning to the sublime epic of the Reconquest of Spain from the power of the Moors, we would begin with Don Pelayo at Covadonga, and, continuing with St. Ferdinand at Seville and Don Jaime the Conqueror at El Puig and in Valencia, we would terminate with the Catholic kings in Granada.

The Universal Church, then, celebrates the Festival of the Sweet Name of Mary, according to the decree of Innocent XI. It is a double major, and its object is to extol the greatness and sweetness of this holy name, to give thanks to Mary for Her constant protection, and to implore the continuance of Her patronage. Let us enter fully into the spirit of the Church, often pronounce the name of Mary, be grateful for Her maternal love, and call upon Her in all our necessities.

It is related that a holy woman of Cologne told Bishop Marsilius that when she uttered the name of Mary she felt a taste in her mouth sweeter than honey. And Marsilius, adopting the habit of often using this holy name, experienced the same sweetness. "But," to quote the words of St. Alphonsus, "I do not speak here of that sensible sweetness, because it is not granted to all; but of that salutary sweetness of consolation, of love, of joy, of confidence, of strength,

which this name of Mary ordinarily brings to those who pronounce it with devotion."

Let the sweet and saving name of Mary, therefore, be always on our lips and in our hearts during life, and let it be our last word at the hour of death.

Our Lady's Nativity.

BY EDMUND OF THE HEART OF MARY, C.P.

Orietur Stella ex Jacob. (Num., xxiv, 17.)

☆ STAR of the Morning, how still was Thy shining

When its young splendor arose on the sea!
Only the Angels, the secret divining,
Hailed the long-promised, the chosen, in Thee.

Sad were the fallen, and vainly dissembled
Fears of the Woman in Eden foretold:
Darkly they guessed, as believing they trembled,
Who was the gem for the casket* of gold.

Oft as Thy parents bent musingly o'er Thee,
Watching Thy slumbers, and blessing their God;
Little they dreamt of the glory before Thee,
Little thought *Thee* Jesse's mystical Rod.†

Though the deep heart of the nations forsaken
Beat with a sense of deliverance nigh;
True to a hope, through the ages unshaken,
Looked for the "dayspring" to break "from on high";

Thee they perceived not, the pledge of Redemption—
Hidden like thought, though no longer afar;
Not, though the light of a peerless exemption
Beamed in Thy rising, Immaculate Star!

All in the twilight so modestly shining,
Dawned Thy young beauty, sweet Star of the Sea!
Only the Angels, the secret divining,
Hailed the elected, "the Virgin,"‡ in Thee.

* Thou art the casket where the jewel lay.—*Geo. Herbert.*

† Is., xi, 1. ‡ Is., vii, 14. § Παρθένος—lxx.

A Brave Life.

BY KATHLEEN O'MEARA.

(CONTINUED.)

MGR. DE SEGUR'S generosity was so extraordinary, so seemingly out of all proportion with his fortune, that it was often said his money was miraculously increased. Everything he used seemed endowed with a superhuman faculty for never wearing out. His last *soutane* held on him for ten years, and he brought from Rome a cloak which he wore to the end of his life; it grew perfectly threadbare, but he never allowed himself any other protection against the bitterest cold of winter.

Amongst the good works that interested Mgr. de Ségur outside his own immediate duties, there was one particularly dear to him—the Devotion of the Lamps. The object of this *œuvre* was to reform a painful scandal which had crept into the Church with Gallicanism—namely, the disuse of a lamp in the sanctuary before the Blessed Sacrament. A liturgical law made by the Council of Trent commanded that a light should be kept perpetually burning before the tabernacle; and St. Alphonsus Liguori declares that “if, by guilty negligence of the pastor or the person charged with the care of the lamp, it ceased to burn before the Adorable Sacrament a whole day or a few nights, it is a case of mortal sin.” Yet, in spite of these severe ordinances, the use of the lamp in the sanctuary had been abandoned in a great number of churches throughout France. A fervent French lady, now gone to her reward, Mademoiselle de Mauroy, undertook the task of reforming this scandal, and founded the confraternity known as the Work of the Lamps. Mgr. de Ségur joined her in the enterprise, and, thanks to their united zeal, a great result was obtained; he preached for the work, and wrote for it, and urged it on the clergy and the faithful in season and out of season.

The patronage of Pius IX. gave a great impetus to these efforts. The Holy Father

received once a gift of a thousand dollars to be applied to the work he loved best. “Then,” said the Pope, “it shall go to the *Œuvre des Lampes!*” And he sent it off to Mademoiselle de Mauroy. This devoted lover of Jesus in the Eucharist had the consolation of lighting four thousand lamps in as many churches throughout France before the death of her friend, Mgr. de Ségur, left her to carry on her labor of love alone.

The ardent devotion he felt for the Blessed Sacrament made Mgr. de Ségur keenly alive to the least irreverence towards It. He once had to undergo a grievous suffering in this direction. It happened on the eve of the Immaculate Conception. He was in the confessional, when a horrible avowal was made to him. One of his own penitents, one of his own dear sons of the Patronage, confessed to having in a moment of diabolical temptation profaned the Blessed Sacrament. He had no sooner committed the hideous sacrilege than he was smitten with agonies of remorse, and flew to the Bishop, and confessed his crime in floods of tears. The confessor was shaken to his soul's centre, but he did not let an exclamation escape him; he did not betray by a word the effect of the confession upon him, and quietly directed the penitent to say for his penance an *Ave Maria*. The young man, alarmed by his calmness, and surprised at the leniency of the penance, said: “Only one *Ave Maria*, Father?” “Only one,” replied the confessor; “I will take upon myself the expiation of your sacrilege. Go, and sin no more.”

With the consent of the penitent, he sent for his guilty accomplices in the crime, brought them to repentance, and sent them away absolved, and impressed as they had never before been with the heinousness of sin. He then promised five thousand Masses in reparation of the sacrilege. It was a heavy burden to take upon his already strained resources, but he felt that nothing short of the Adorable Sacrifice of the Body and Blood of Christ could adequately atone for the awful outrage that had been committed on the Blessed Sacrament. Added to this, he imposed upon himself the obligation of

spending every day for the rest of his life an hour in adoration before the tabernacle in his own chapel, rising for this purpose in the middle of the night, or in the morning before Méthol came to him. In order not to be obliged to disturb his servant, he begged from the monks of la Trappe the alms of one of their large cowls, that he could slip on without any assistance. The good Father Abbot offered him his own, and it was in this garment of penance that for the remaining fifteen years of his life he performed his penitential watch before the Blessed Sacrament. Not content with these acts of reparation, he offered himself up as a victim to undergo any chastisement that God chose to send him. Nearly a year went by without any answer to this heroic act of consecration, but as the anniversary of the crime approached, it came.

Owing to an indiscretion on the part of some one in Rome, a conversation between the Holy Father and Mgr. de Ségur, in which the latter deplored the leaven of Gallicanism that lingered in the Diocese of Paris, was repeated to Mgr. Darboy, and in terms exaggerated almost to the point of misrepresentation. The Archbishop of Paris, wounded in his most sensitive point, and listening only to his angry feelings, forthwith suspended Mgr. de Ségur. The prelate was hearing confessions at the Collège Stanislas when the archiepiscopal document came to the Rue du Bac. The Abbé Diringer hurried off with it, and waited till the penitent who was making his confession had finished, and then, going into the sacristy with one of the professors of the house, he said: "Monseigneur, I have to announce to you that you are suspended by the Archbishop." Mgr. de Ségur exclaimed, "What!" Then, falling on his knees before the great crucifix on the wall, he remained in silent prayer, his whole attitude expressing such profound humility and grief that the two spectators were moved to tears. After this prayer he rose, and went in to the director of the College, told him what had happened, and begged him to tell the pupils that he could no longer confess them.

On his way home he called at the Patronage, and informed the Brothers of his disgrace. Everyone received the news with consternation and incredulity. On reaching home, he collected his little household in the chapel, and begged them to join him in a prayer appropriate for the occasion. To their surprise he added: "We will say the *Magnificat*. We must thank Our Lady for the grand opportunity of sanctification She has procured for us all." And in a clear, ringing voice, he intoned the hymn of praise. Next morning penitents arrived as usual, and there were tears on both sides when the confessor had to send them away.

If the Bishop had chosen to stand on his rights, he might have refused to submit to the humiliating order; his high ecclesiastical dignities and prerogatives gave him the right to appeal direct to Rome; but his humility and respect for authority led him to prefer the personal injustice to the breach of charity his resistance must have caused. His friends, many of them persons of eminence in the ranks of the clergy, were far more excited about the matter than he was. They went to the Archbishop, and implored him to withdraw the sentence, and accept Mgr. de Ségur's apologies and explanation. These wise counsels, together with the incomparable meekness and humility of the Bishop, prevailed; and the Archbishop, who had been misled by distorted statements, withdrew the cruel decree.

This was the first suffering that was sent to him in expiation of the sacrilege he had generously taken upon himself to atone for. Striking as it did his sacerdotal honor, he felt it keenly; but he did not rebel against it for a moment. He accepted it as part of the debt he had to pay, and he told a person who had his confidence that every year, as regularly as the Feast of the Immaculate Conception came round, God sent him some sharp trial to remind him of his contract, and help him to fulfil it.

It was a source of surprise to many who knew the austere, detached, interior life that Mgr. de Ségur led, that he had not entered a religious community. He did at one

moment entertain the idea of retiring into solitude with a few Tertiaries, and devoting himself wholly to spiritual exercises and the teaching of the poor; but the plan was disapproved of in Rome, so he abandoned it. True, his blindness was a cloister more complete than any that monastic walls could have made for him, and he carried it about with him everywhere, secure against all intruders, and thus dwelt in a solitude where none but God could penetrate.

He had close and affectionate intercourse with many religious communities. Devotion to St. Francis of Assisi was one of the features of his piety. It dated from his early boyhood, long before his entrance to the seminary; he imbibed at that period the spirit of poverty that characterized the seraphic Saint, and in later years became a member of the Third Order. He wore the Cord of St. Francis, and always had over it a garment of coarse brown wool, a kind of hair-shirt. He preached the devotion of the Cord, and wrote a number of pamphlets calculated to popularize it.

He shared in a large degree that kindred devotion to St. Dominic and his magnificent Order, which is the inherited tradition of the sons of St. Francis. Père Jandel, whom he tenderly loved, gave him a dispensation which permitted him to be at the same time a Tertiary of St. Dominic and of St. Francis. He was also the intimate friend of the Brothers of St. John of God. One of them, Brother Francis of Sales, was for many years his only doctor. He used to send his poor sick to Brother Francis to be healed, and also frequently young men who could not see a physician, and would not seek gratuitous advice at the hospital.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE effect of example is one of the most terrible things in life. No one can possibly tell how far it extends. One man's life or one man's thought—influencing in turn a multitude of others—may go down through ages, gathering its tremendous harvest of good or evil.

The Treasures of the Missal and Ritual.

BY THE REV. A. A. LAMBING, LL. D.

(CONCLUSION.)

VII.

THE blessing of objects proves three things: First, the fall of man, and the passing of the world into the power of him who is the prince of this world; secondly, the solicitude of the Church that all we use should not only have the influence of the evil spirit expelled from it, but also that it should be "sanctified by the word of God and prayer"; and thirdly, it proves the faith of Catholics in times past, because many if not all these blessings would not have been instituted if they had not been asked for by the piety of the faithful. It may be further remarked that the prayers recited in the several blessings, as a rule, indicate or express both the desire that the article blessed may be conducive to the spiritual and temporal welfare of those for whom it is intended, and also the special grace for which the blessing petitions. The number of blessings in the Ritual is much greater than the majority of Catholics imagine, being at least one hundred and twenty-five. These are so many sacramentals or vehicles of grace which the Church makes use of to impart not only spiritual but also temporal blessings to her children.

The general rules for the blessing of articles are, that the priest performing the sacred function should be vested in surplice and violet stole, commonly—though another color is sometimes required; that he should stand with head uncovered, attended by an acolyte carrying the holy-water pot with the sprinkler; and that he should begin with the following versicles, to which the acolyte responds, which, with the prayers, etc., are recited, of course, in Latin: "Our help is in the name of the Lord. Who made heaven and earth. O Lord! hear my prayer. And let my cry come unto Thee. The Lord be with you. And with thy spirit." Then follow the prayer or prayers;

for in many cases there are three or more, but seldom two; for the Church prefers odd numbers, as was said before with regard to the collects of the Mass. Sometimes also an additional number of versicles and responses is found; or again, one or more psalms or hymns are taken into the blessing; or there is an exorcism. At the end the object is usually sprinkled with holy water and in the more solemn blessings—as those of candles, ashes, palms, etc.—incense is used.

So great is the variety of blessings that it is not easy to classify them, but some attempt will be made to group those together that seem most nearly related to one another. And first, of blessings of persons. There is a blessing for those who make a pilgrimage to holy places, and another for them on their return; a form of absolving and blessing persons and fields by a special indult from the Holy See. But these are special, and are rarely given in our day, at least in this country. Those that follow are in more general use. Of these is the blessing of St. Blasius, which is accustomed to be given on the feast of that Saint (Feb. 3), to children as a preventative against diseases of the throat. Next comes the blessing of sick adults, which is followed by that for pregnant women, for the grace of a happy delivery,—a blessing that should be more frequently besought, when we remember the natural difficulties of parturition, the transmission of original sin, and the unscrupulous methods resorted to by too many physicians, and permitted by irreligious or indifferently instructed mothers, and which, called by its right name, is nothing more nor less, in many instances, than murder of the defenceless. Why should not mothers resort to the Creator to save His creature, rather than to improper methods, perhaps to destroy its frail life, and doom it to eternal separation from God?

Then we have a blessing for infants, that they may live to grow up in innocence and holiness, uncontaminated by sin; another blessing for a child, that it may obtain the mercy of God, and increase, like the Divine

Child, in wisdom, age and grace with God and men, and attain to a good old age; and still another for children assembled in the church for that purpose, in which the virtues suitable for their age and state of life are besought of God. After these there is a blessing for sick children who have come to the use of reason, that they may be restored to health, to the Church, and to their parents. Finally, there is a blessing for boys and girls on the feast of the Union of the Holy Infancy, asking especially for spiritual strength, and the grace to guard themselves against temptation.

Next come the blessings of religious articles. I shall not treat here of holy water, because an article on that subject appeared not many months ago in the columns of THE "AVE MARIA"; nor of candles, ashes, and palms, because instructions on these are frequently heard in the church on the days set apart for the blessing of these sacramentals; nor will mention be made of the dedication of churches, the laying of cornerstones, and the consecration of cemeteries, for the same reason. The blessing, too, of sacerdotal vestments, the sacred vessels of the altar, etc., will be passed over, as not being of special interest to the general reader; the purpose of this article being rather to treat of such blessings as come within reach of the mass of the people. Others might afford curious information; these extend useful aid. Among these may be mentioned the blessing of a new cross; of the statues of Our Lord and His Blessed Mother and the saints, in the countless styles in which they are designed; the blessing of a church-organ; of a processional banner; of the metal for a new bell; and of a girdle in honor of the Blessed Virgin, for health of body, purity of soul, and the divine protection. Then there is another blessing for a crucifix or picture of the Crucifixion; the simple blessing of a church-bell by a priest having proper faculties; and lastly the blessing of crosses, crucifixes, rosaries, chaplets, statues, etc., and imparting to them the Papal indulgences.

Another class of objects to which the

blessings of the Church are imparted are the several kinds of buildings. And first there is the blessing of houses on Holy Saturday, in the performing of which the priest, clothed in surplice and white stole, and attended, as usual, by an acolyte, passes from house to house, asking that as the blood of the Paschal Lamb, which was a figure of our true Lamb, protected the Israelites in their houses in Egypt from the destroying angel, so God would deign to send His angels to guard the inmates of these houses from all harm. Besides this there is another blessing for a dwelling, which may be imparted at any time by the priest; another for a new house; another for a place, which may also be applied to a house; and a blessing for a bed-chamber. Would it not be well for Christians, who spend so much of their time in their houses, particularly in their bed-chambers, where perhaps they were born, and where they expect to die, if they had these fortified with the blessings of religion? It is the pious custom of many, and it should be that of all; and it is with a view of increasing their knowledge, and thus stimulating their piety and their confidence in the divine protection, so liberally imparted by the Church, the dispenser of the graces of the Redemption, that these pages are written.

Still another blessing for houses is given, which is assigned to the Feast of the Epiphany, in which reference is made to the mysteries which that feast commemorates. The Church, the patron of education and useful knowledge, has also a blessing for a new school, in which the spiritual and temporal favors desirable for pupils are besought of the God of wisdom and truth. Lastly, we have the blessing of the first stone of any edifice, no matter what it be, begging of God that what is now undertaken for His honor and glory may be brought to a successful termination.

The blessings of articles of food shall next engage our attention. There is, as we have seen, a number of blessings in the Missal for eatables and a few other things; but they are reproduced in the Ritual, and

properly come up for treatment here. Of living things, there is a blessing for the Paschal Lamb, beseeching God that He would deign to bless it through the Resurrection of Our Lord Jesus Christ, for the welfare of those who desire to partake of it. Also a blessing for fowls, with a reference to the action of Noe in sacrificing of the animals and fowls saved in the ark from the ravages of the deluge, and to Moses at the command of God drawing the line between clean and unclean creatures in the Old Dispensation. The benediction asks that those who partake of these creatures may be replenished with the divine blessing, and may merit to be nourished to eternal life.

Of other articles of food, there is a blessing for fruits and vines; for eggs; for bread; another for bread; for new fruit; for any eatable; for simple oil; for wine on the Feast of St. John the Evangelist. This blessing usually takes place at the end of Mass, while the priest is still vested, with the exception of the maniple, which he lays aside. It is imparted in honor of the Apostle, who is said to have drunk poisoned wine without injury; and the special favor asked is that all those who partake of it on that day may be protected from the evil effects of poison, and from all else injurious to their health, and may be preserved from sin. To these must be added a blessing for bread and cakes; for cheese and butter; for lard; and finally one for beer, introduced, no doubt, by some pious Bavarian.

There are many other blessings which can not be brought under distinct heads; but taking, first, those which relate to living creatures, we have one for bees, containing a reference to the use of their wax in the service of the altar, begging that they may be preserved from everything hurtful to them, and that the fruit of their labors may redound to the glory of the Three Divine Persons and of the Blessed Virgin Mary. A blessing for herds of cattle and oxen; for horses and other animals; for animals attacked by a plague; and another somewhat similar to it for herds and oxen afflicted with any disease. Then there is a

deprecatory blessing against mice, locusts, grubs, and all noxious vermin.

While the worldly-minded may smile at these things, talk about the bull against the comet, and may be joined, tacitly at least, by some nominal Catholics—for it is hard to live in the world without being contaminated by it,—the devout child of the Church will not fail to remember that every good and every perfect gift comes down from above, from the Father of Lights; that the earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof; and that all things are under the direction of an all-ruling Providence, by whose command or permission everything takes place, in the irrational and inanimate creation as well as in the angelic spheres.

Among other blessings of inanimate things, we have those of a new ship; of gold, frankincense and myrrh on the Epiphany; of chalk on the same feast, for writing the names of the three Magi on the doors of houses; of seeds and sowed fields; of a railroad and the cars for it; of a new bridge; of a fountain or spring of water; of a well; of fire; of a limekiln; of a smelting furnace; of seed grain; of a granary and harvested grain; of a bakery; of linen or bandages for the sick; of every kind of medicine; of salt and vegetables for animals; of a stable for horses, oxen, and other draught animals; of a telegraph; another blessing for a railroad and cars; and, lastly, there is one for anything for which no special blessing is given.

Besides these and others not mentioned—for all could not be mentioned—there is a large number reserved to bishops and the members of religious orders or congregations, which can not be imparted by any other priest, unless he receives special faculties for that purpose. These faculties are commonly given, or may be easily obtained with regard to certain articles; as, for example, to invest with the Brown Scapular, to erect the Way of the Cross canonically, to bless the Beads of St. Dominic, the Benedictine Medal, the Cord of St. Francis, etc.

Not a few of the above blessings might readily and naturally have been made the subject of interesting comments or mar-

ginal notes; but it was thought better not to interrupt the course of the treatise too much, and only to give what was deemed necessary to a proper understanding of the subject. Some of these blessings may be taken up separately at some future time, and be treated of at greater length than could be done in this article, which is but a general outline, as it were, of these important treasures of our holy religion.

Such, then, kind reader, are some, though not all, of the treasures which the Missal and the Ritual of the Church place at your disposal; examine them carefully, and try to avail yourself of them as far as your necessities may require or your piety prompt; remembering that no matter how largely we draw from the treasure of divine grace, it can never be exhausted. "Hitherto," says Christ, "you have asked nothing in My name; ask and you shall receive, that your joy may be full."

"After the Day, the Night."

BY SARA TRAINER SMITH.

AFTER the day, the night." Oh, tender thought of God!
 After the parching dust, the cool and dewy sod;
 After the blinding glare, the soothing shadows dim;
 After the weary strife, the quiet rest with Him.
 For as we come and go throughout the thronging day,
 His very garment's hem the crowd still plucks away;
 But with the night He comes and bars the latchless door,
 That those who love and wait may sit with Him once more;—
 Sit at His very feet, beneath His loving hand,
 And tell in broken words, with pauses tears demand,
 The sorrows of the day—the hopes, the fears, the pain,
 The very heart of hearts, the very darkest stain.

And through the darkness towards us His
list'ning face is bent,
We lean the closer to Him, our saddened souls
content;
With Him we wait the dawning, the hot, fierce
hours of light,
And, smiling, see beyond them "after the day,
the night."

The Message that Came to Martin
Avdayitch.

TRANSLATED FROM THE RUSSIAN OF LEO TOLSTÖI,
BY JULIA MINDELEFF AND E. L. DORSEY.

(CONCLUSION.)

MARTIN poured out the last of the tea, drank it, put away the dishes, and sat at his work by the window. He stitched and watched, still expecting Christ, still thinking of Him and His works, and in his mind ran the different sayings of the Saviour.

Two soldiers went by—one in Government, the other in his own shoes; the master of a neighboring house, in clean overshoes; then a baker with a basket; but they all passed on, until a woman came along and stopped near the window. Avdayitch saw she was a stranger, poorly clad, and carrying a baby in her arms. She stood near the wall, with her back to the wind, and tried to wrap the baby up in her rags, but they were insufficient. And Avdayitch heard the child crying; for, though she tried, she could not soothe it. He got up, opened the door, went up the steps and called: "*Oomneetsa!*" (good woman); "*oh, oomneetsa!*"

She heard him and turned around.

"Why do you stand in the cold with the little one? Come into the house; you can attend to it better. Come in here."

The woman looked surprised, but she saw he was old, wore a workman's apron, had glasses on his nose, and was asking her in, so she followed him.

He led her near the oven. "Sit here," he said; "warm yourself, and suckle your baby."

"I can not," answered the woman; "my

breasts are dry. I have eaten nothing since morning."

Avdayitch shook his head, went to the table, got the bread, a bowl, lifted off the oven door, poured something into the bowl, and took out the pot of *kasha*; but this was not quite done, so he put the *stshi* on, and said: "Sit down and eat something, poor soul, and I'll mind the baby. I have had children myself."

She sat, crossed herself, and began to eat, while Avdayitch sat on the side of the bed to amuse the child. He tried to chirrup and whistle, but could not do it very well, for he had no teeth. Then he began to make passes at it with his forefinger, but the child, who had been fretting, began to roar; then Avdayitch changed the motion, sweeping narrowing circles that ended by the great forefinger being thrust at its open mouth. But he did not put it in; for it was black with cobbler's wax. The baby became interested in this, stopped shrieking, and presently began to crow and laugh. Martin was delighted.

The woman as she ate told him who she was and where she was going. Her story was common enough in Russia. She was a soldier's wife. Eight months before, her husband was conscripted, and driven away, since which time she had heard nothing of him. She went into service, and was in a good home as cook when her child was born. The family would not keep her with the baby, and this was the third month she had been wandering about without a place. She had consumed everything she had. She had tried for a place as wet nurse, but trouble had made her thin, and no one would hire her.

"I have been to a merchant's wife today," she added. "I know a woman living there. She promised to hire me, I thought right away, but she says it is next week I am to come. It is very far; I am exhausted, and *his* poor little heart is worn out. I am thankful my landlady pities us. She let's us stay for Christ's sake."

Avdayitch sighed and asked: "Have you no warm clothes?"

"Where would they come from? Yesterday I pawned my last kerchief for twenty-five *kopecks*."

The woman then came to the bed, and lifted the child; and Avdayitch went to a corner, where he fumbled about until he found an old coat.

"Here," he said, "take it. It is a poor thing, but it will do to wrap up in—it is warm."

The woman looked at the old man, took the coat, and began to cry.

Avdayitch turned away, went on his hands and knees, brought out a little chest; and, as he felt about in it, he sat down opposite the woman, who said:

"May Christ reward you, grandfather! He must have sent me to your window. He must have made you look out and pity me, the sad one."

Avdayitch smiled. "He did. It is not for nothing I look out of that window." And he told the soldier's wife his dream of the voice that had promised him the Lord should come to him that day.

"Everything is possible," answered the woman as she rose, put the coat on her baby, and began to bow and thank Avdayitch again.

"Take this for Christ's sake," he said. And he gave her from the chest twenty-five *kopecks* to redeem her kerchief.

The woman made the Sign of the Cross, Avdayitch did the same, and she went out, Martin walking with her to the door. Then he ate some *stsch*, cleared off the table, and began once more to work. But he remembered the window. Whenever it darkened, he looked up eagerly.

Friends passed by, strangers passed by, but nothing happened. By and by an old apple woman halted near the window. She carried a tray that had been full, but now held only a few apples—she had had a good day. She had over her shoulder a bag of chips. She had probably gathered them where some house was building. The bag was heavy, and she was trying to shift it to the other shoulder. To do this she had to

ground; she laid the tray on a coping stone, and began to shake down the chips in the bag; and while she was shaking the chips, a gamin sprang from God knows where, seized an apple, and started to run. He was a ragged gamin, with a shock of hair starting out between his dingy cap and its torn visor. But the old woman saw him, turned, and caught him by the arm. He struggled violently; his cap fell off in the scuffle; then she seized him by the hair, scolding vigorously, while he shrieked and screamed.

Avdayitch had not time to stick his awl in the bench this time: he dropped it on the floor, and scrambled up the steps so fast his glasses fell from his nose. He ran into the street. The woman had the boy by the cowlick and was pulling royally. She still scolded, and wanted to haul him off to the magistrate; the boy struggling meanwhile, and denying his fault. "I didn't take it," said he; "what are you beating *me* for?"

Avdayitch separated them, and took the boy by the hand. "Let him go, *babooshka*" (grandmother). "Forgive him for Christ's sake."

"I'll forgive him in a way he won't forget till the new brooms come.* I'll take the rascal to the station-house."

Then Martin began to coax the woman. "Forgive him, *babooshka*; he will not do it again. Let him go for Christ's sake."

She let go her hold, and the boy tried to run; but Avdayitch held him.

"Ask pardon of *babooshka*," he said. "And don't do this again. I saw you take the apple."

The gamin began to cry, and begged for forgiveness.

"That's right," continued Martin; "and here's an apple for you." And he took one from the tray and gave it to the boy. "I'll pay you," he said to the old woman.

"You spoil these scamps," she answered. "The way *he* ought to be rewarded is one that would keep him from sitting down for a week."

"O granny, granny! this is the way we

* They are made every spring for the market.

think, but God thinks differently. If he is to be thrashed for an apple, what shall we get for our sins?"

The woman was silent. And Avdayitch told her the parable of the master who forgave his servant his debt, and how the servant cast *his* debtor into prison.

The old woman listened to the end, and the boy listened too.

"God has commanded us to forgive, or we shall not be forgiven. Forgive all—every one, but especially those that know little and have but little sense."

The old woman shook her head and sighed: "That is true. But the children are so bad now!"

"That is the reason we old folks should teach them."

"That is what I say," answered the old woman. "I had seven of them myself, but only one daughter is left."

And she began to tell how and where she was living with her daughter, and how many grandchildren she had. "You see," she said, "my strength is almost gone, but I pity the little ones, and they are such pretty babies! Little Aksutka will not go to anybody from me. It's 'dear granny, sweet granny, sweetheart!'" And the old woman's anger melted away as she thought of her darling. "Of course he acted like a child," she said of the gamin. "Never mind him."

She was going to put the bag on her shoulder, and move on, but the boy sprang forward. "Let me carry it, *babooshka*. It is on my way."

The old woman shook her head, and put the bag on his strong young back. Then they went down the street side by side. And the old woman forgot to ask Avdayitch for the money for the apple.

Avdayitch stood and watched them, listening how they talked together as they went. Then he returned to his shop, picked up his glasses—they were not broken as he had feared,—and went inside, took up his awl, and sat to work. He worked a little while, but the bristle began to miss the hole as often as to find it; the lamp-lighter

went by, and the street-lamps began to twinkle.

"Why, it is time to light 'up!" he thought. So he trimmed his lamp, fired it, hung it up, and began to work again.

He finished one boot, turned it up and examined it carefully. The work was good. Then he put his tools together, swept up the pieces and litter, put away the bristles and waxed ends, brads and awls, took the lamp, set it on the table, and took down the Testament from the shelf. He wanted to open it at a place he had marked with a bit of soft kid the previous evening, but it opened in another place. And as soon as he saw it he remembered his dream. And as he recalled it he thought he heard something move at his back. It was like the shuffling of feet. He looked around and saw a shadow in a corner of the room, as if several persons were standing there, but he could not tell who they were. Then a voice whispered in his ear:

"Martin, O Martin! you did not know Me then? This is I." And a figure like Stepanitch came forward, smiled upon him, and disappeared like a cloud-wreath.

"This is I," continued the voice. And before him stood the woman with her child; the woman smiled, and the baby laughed. Then they too vanished.

"And this is I," it said again. And the old woman and the gamin smiled upon him radiantly, and also disappeared.

And the heart of Avdayitch grew joyful. He signed himself with the Holy Sign, put on his spectacles, and began to read where the book had opened. And he saw at the top of the page:

"For I was hungry, and you gave Me to eat; I was thirsty, and you gave Me to drink; I was a stranger, and you took Me in."

And at the bottom of the page he read:

"Amen I say to you, as long as you did it to one of these My least brethren, you did it to Me."

And Avdayitch understood then that his dream had not deceived him—that really on that day the Little Father Christ had come to him, and that he had entertained Him.

The Litany of Loreto as Sung by American Blossoms.

BY ARTHUR J. STACE.

(CONTINUED.)

MATER AMABILIS, *ora pro nobis*. The tenderness and solicitude with which those flowers called by botanists *papilionaceous* enfold and cherish the germs committed to their care has often been the subject of remark. We have so many native plants of this kind that it is difficult to select among them. One whose beauty has introduced it into our gardens, where American plants seldom penetrate, may be to us the symbol of the Amiable Mother,—the wistaria (*Wistaria frutescens*), with its rich purple clusters of bloom.

Mater admirabilis, ora pro nobis. Admirable among the forest-trees of American woods, its erect trunk often rising to the height of one hundred and forty feet, its glossy leaves literally sparkling in the sunshine, and, above all, showing a wealth of bloom such as trees are not expected to exhibit, is the tulip-tree (*Liriodendron tulipifera*), familiar to us under the name of "whitewood" and the misnomer of "poplar." And, although a celebrated English lover of nature, John Ruskin, has recorded his disapproval of it, which it seems to share with almost everything else that is American, yet to us, who can look upon it with unprejudiced eyes, it shall be a fitting type of the Admirable Mother.

Mater Creatoris, ora pro nobis. The act of creation is continuous, not instantaneous. Every moment of our existence we need the exercise of power divine to keep us from falling back into the nothingness from which we were drawn. So that creative power is best symbolized by the means by which life is sustained, our daily bread standing for all the rest. The cereals which God has given to man for his sustenance are all beautiful as well as useful; the waving grace of a field of wheat in full ear as the breeze of heaven passes over it, the

paler gold of the panicked oat, and the ruddy wealth of bearded barley, all attract our admiration. But which can compare in majesty and fruitfulness to that which was given especially to be bread for the New World, and to which we have restricted the originally generic term "corn" (*Zea Mays*)—tasselled and in silk attire, in orderly and serried ranks, like the "army set in array"? Shall it not, then, sing to us the praises of the Mother of the Creative Word?

Mater Redemptoris, ora pro nobis. The passion-flower of our gardens and conservatories, with its cross and nails, its garments of purple and white, its pillar and stripes, and its pearly, balsamic tears dripping from its leaves, is familiar to many of us. Few, however, know that our own woods, south of the Ohio, produce a native passion-flower (*Passiflora incarnata*), whose specific name is derived from the fact that the innumerable filaments, which represent the stripes of the scourging, are flesh-colored, not yellow, as in the cultivated species. We should never look upon it without a thought of Her who stood beneath the Cross, and by Her compassion co-operated in the work of man's redemption.

Virgo prudentissima, ora pro nobis. This invocation recalls the parable of the prudent virgins with their shining lamps, and directs our attention to those floral lamps, the various species of the genus *Phlox*. The brightest and most fragrant of these, *Phlox suaveolens*, must be to us the lamp of the most prudent Virgin.

Virgo veneranda, ora pro nobis. Unnoticed even by the few writers who have recently begun to make American plants a study, unadvertised by those gardeners who have awakened to the growing demand for native flowers, is a way-side herb whose attributes elevate it far beyond mere prettiness. Its canescent foliage should give it a place among the "leaf-plants" now so fashionable in our gardens; and above the beautiful leaves arises a floral spike of deep, dark hyacinthine blue, besprent with golden stamens. It is a summer flower, and summer flowers attract less attention than those

of spring or autumn. No other explanation can I find for the neglect of a plant that to me seems the symbol of the *Virgo veneranda*. Its botanical name is *Amorpha canescens*; and by some it is called the "lead-plant," which is hardly to be considered its popular name.

Virgo prædicanda, ora pro nobis. The laurel has always been the symbol of renown. Among our American laurels, species of the genera *Kalmia*, *Rhododendron*, and others, there is an *embarras de richesse*; we hesitate which among them to choose as celebrant of the praises of the most renowned Virgin. The mountain laurel of the Pennsylvanian Alleghanies (*Kalmia latifolia*) commends itself by its bright green foliage and profuse blossoms, rose-color and white. Be it, then, our chosen vocalist to chant Her praises on its native hills.

Virgo potens, ora pro nobis. Rising like a scepter of virginal power above the prairie flowers, its lithe and graceful stem gemmed with a wealth of gold-flecked crimson bloom, on the long days of the summer solstice we may find that lovely orchid *Calopogon pulchellus*, sometimes known as the "grass-pink." It shall elevate our hearts to the *Virgo potens*.

Virgo clemens, ora pro nobis. Few of our native plants are fairer and richer than the American centaury (*Sabbatia angularis*), with its profusion of rose-colored blossoms lavishly poured forth as from the inexhaustible fountains of Divine mercy, every blossom bearing a star of hope in its centre. Prize it when found; for it changes its places of growth, and next year you may not find it again. And let it be for you a remembrance of the most merciful Virgin.

Virgo fidelis, ora pro nobis. Around the death-bed of the year, amid fading autumnal glories, stand the faithful asters, their starlike blossoms telling of a higher life to come, and their balsamic odors breathing peace upon the last hours of the departing season. Wonderful in the multitudinous variety of species and coloring—rich purple, bright gold, ærial gray, deep wine-color, spotless white, and clear blue,—they seem

designed to add the hues which autumnal foliage fails to supply, and to be the complement of its splendors. In a thicket of dwarf sassafras and sumach, the former turned to scarlet and gold, the latter to crimson and purple, I have seen the azure stars of *Aster lævis* shining like sapphires on a velvet robe. What more beautiful emblem of the *Virgo fidelis* can we choose?

Speculum justitiæ, ora pro nobis. The emblems of justice—the sword to punish offenders, and the crown to reward merit—stand forth mirrored in our native flower-de-luce (*Iris versicolor*), its ensiform leaves raised in threatening guise, while its beautiful blossom—the flower-de-luce itself—is the chosen ornament of royal coronals.

Sedes sapientiæ, ora pro nobis. The gift of wisdom is the epitome of all virtues. Far from seeking display, it yet can not be hidden, the vicissitudes of human life continually demanding its exercise. But it must be sought after, like the most brilliant flower American woods produce. I knew a young lady, an American born and a great lover of flowers, whose privilege and delight it was to adorn the altars of her parish church with the choice productions of her garden, and yet she had never seen the cardinal-flower (*Lobelia cardinalis*). It grew within a mile of her home, but in an alder swamp, whose approaches defied the feminine foot, and whose tangled twigs threatened destruction to feminine attire. One might travel from New York to San Francisco and back without seeing it, even though it were the season of its flowering; but once seen it is not to be forgotten. Wherever it grows it always has a name, which is more than can be said of any other wild flower. Some of these names are neither poetic nor choice, but all express the intense impression made upon the optic nerve. For this flower seems to shine by its own light, so bright is its red among the surrounding verdure. Red—not scarlet, not rose-color, not crimson, not flame-color, not any secondary hue or tint, but pure, elementary red. It seeks not to display its charms: it grows not by the way-side, unless you speak

of those woodland ways that penetrate the inmost recesses of the forest. There, in seclusion, in the haunts of the contemplative, like that wisdom of which it is the symbol, it is to be found, with its chosen colleagues—the creamy, recurved spike of the *saururus*, the lush foliage and fantastic, freckled blossom of the wild balsam; and the blue lobelia, its congenial relative. It is known to the herbalist, the physician, the hermit; unknown in the turmoil of worldly strife. It is rapidly disappearing before so-called civilization. Spots in this neighborhood where it used to be plentiful, know it now no more. But whenever its unparalleled radiance flashes across our woodland path let us raise our hearts to Her whose bosom the Incarnate Wisdom chose for His most excellent throne.

Causa nostræ lætitiæ, ora pro nobis. There is a diversity of opinion as to which is the first of American spring flowers. The spathes of the *Symplocarpus fetidus* force their way through the ice of March, but neither in form, color nor odor do they correspond to the popular idea of a flower. The bloom of willows, hazel, and the various poplars, which we have seen in February, would be called flowers only by the scientific. *Viola tricolor*, the little plant from which the florist produces the rich and varied pansy, may be found blooming in every winter month, when the season is mild, but it is a foreigner. The same may be said of the humbler "shepherd's-purse." A native plant bears the name of "harbinger of spring," but its inconspicuous pepper-and-salt blossoms would not be noticed at any other season. The little hepatica (*Anemone triloba*) has always seemed to me the true harbinger of our American spring, its glad-some buds delighting the beholder not only by their beauty and delicate fragrance, but by the promise of better times to come. The author of "Rural Hours," already referred to, calls them "squirrel-cups," and says of them: "Very pretty they are in this stage of their short life; they have a timid, modest look, hanging leafless from their downy stalks, as if half afraid, half ashamed of be-

ing alone in the wide woods." The name "squirrel-cup" I have never heard elsewhere; but it is preferable to "liver leaf"—the name found in our treatises on botany, and, I think, nowhere else. "Hepatica," no longer the botanical name, is probably the most popular one. But, by whatever name they are called, these joy-bringing flowers should sing to us the praises of One who has been the cause of never-ending joy.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Told by a Missionary.

BY L. W. REILLY.

THE great Oblate missionary, Father Robert Cooke, seasons his sermons with stories taken from his personal experience as a pastor of souls, and some of the anecdotes he tells are more startling than the sensational dreams of fiction. Among the reminiscences of his career in England, he relates these three incidents:

I.

At Appleton, near Warrington, Father Cooke once preached a two weeks' mission. On the last day of the fortnight, the resident pastor said to him:

"A report is beginning to circulate that a certain aged woman of the congregation will die about one o'clock to-morrow afternoon."

"Indeed! Are your people prophets?"

"No, but the belief is common that God is keeping this woman alive in answer to prayer. She has an only son. For twenty years he has not been to his duties. His mother has been seeking his conversion all this while, with tears and prayers and penance. Her prayer is that she may not die until she hears from his own lips that he has been to Communion. Several times in every twelvemonth during the fourteen years I have been here, I have administered the last Sacraments to her, she being on these occasions apparently at the point of death; but every time she has rallied unexpectedly, and against the doctor's pre-

dictions she has recovered. She is full of faith that God will grant her prayer. Now, it has become known to many, though not to her, that the young man has gone to confession to you, and it is supposed that he will go to Communion to-morrow. If he receives at the last Mass, he will get home about one o'clock, and folks are saying that when he tells his mother what he has done, she will die of joy."

The general expectation proved prophetic. When the widow's son reached his dwelling on his return from church, he kissed his mother and said:

"Mother, I have received Holy Communion to-day."

"You have, my son? Then God be thanked! Now I have nothing more to live for. My prayer is heard."

Joyfully she embraced the repentant prodigal, and while his arms were still about her she peacefully expired.

II.

A stocking-weaver at Whitwick had a daughter who was an epileptic. One day, as she was passing through the town, she fell in a fit. A Trappist monk, of the Mount St. Bernard community near by, who witnessed her distressful condition, placed a medal of the Immaculate Conception on her neck, and invoked the intercession of the Blessed Virgin. Instantly the girl was cured. She arose in health, and never had a recurrence of the malady. She became a convert, and lived and died happily.

Her marvellous recovery drew her father's attention to the Catholic religion. He sought instruction, and, as he was a person of intelligence, he soon learned all the doctrines of the faith. But he neglected to ask for baptism. When warned of the peril of trifling with grace, he promised to prepare himself for the Sacrament. Still he delayed. The reason why he put off his reception into the Church was that he feared the loss of a small weekly pension granted to him by a benefactor of his, who was a bitter anti-Catholic, and whom he was reluctant to offend. Time passed. Finally he fell sick. When he was confined to his bed, he sent

for Father Cooke, who hastened to his side, heard his confession, gave him conditional baptism, and then went back to Grace Dieu Church for the Blessed Sacrament and the holy oils. When he returned to the weaver's house, he found that the benefactor had called in his absence, and had persuaded the invalid that he was in no danger of death, and that he ought not to become a Catholic. The latter, therefore, coolly informed the priest that he did not desire to receive the Viaticum.

"Why not?"

"Because I have been thinking that if I have a soul, I have a body also; and that I should not neglect my body for the sake of my soul."

The priest, horrified at this unchristian reply, entreated the man not to defer his conversion, not to abuse the Sacraments he had already received not to shut the door on the Lord who had come to abide with him, not to jeopard his eternal salvation for money.

Expostulation, however, was futile: the sick man would not listen to any reproof; and the missionary, unwilling to vex him, bore back the Holy Host to the tabernacle in the church, and besought the Saviour not to lay up against the sinner the insult of His rejection.

Not long after this the miserable man grew worse. The end was approaching. He was visibly giving up his hold on life, but still showed no sign of seeking a reconciliation with his Creator. He was morose, he was gloomy, he was irritable. He had trifled with the gift of faith too long, and, while his mind may still have been convinced, his heart had grown hard. His soul was going out in darkness. When he was very low, a Catholic lady who visited the sick called on him, and, seeing his feeble state sent for the priest. With an uncontrollable foreboding, Father Cooke entered the chamber of death. Approaching the sick man, he greeted him, and asked him how he was. No answer. Then with gentle words he began to implore him to make his peace with God. Suddenly the sinner raised his arm and

aimed a blow at the priest. The stroke fell short, and a look of disappointment and hate passed over the wan features. Father Cooke said:

"Since you do not care to hear me, I will cease to speak to you; but I shall speak to God for you—I will pray for you."

"I want no prayers said for me," was the reply.

Raising himself, and clutching the bed-clothes, the wretched man tore them into shreds, exclaiming, "If I had you near me, I would tear you thus, limb from limb." Falling back on the pillow, he muttered: "Oh! it is a horrible thing to die!" He turned his face to the wall, and made no further sign. His last words were: "I am going into hell!"

III.

In one of the manufacturing towns where Father Cooke gave missions, a Protestant lady, after hearing some of the instructions, requested to be admitted into the Church. On the morning of her baptism, she said:

"One cloud only darkens the splendor of this day. My husband is an atheist. In his early boyhood he lost his parents, who were Catholics; and, later on, he spent a few months in a Catholic college. But he was brought up by Protestant relatives, and when he was grown to manhood he fell among infidel surroundings. The result is that to-day he sneers at religion as a superstition, and scoffs at the name of God."

"Go to the Blessed Virgin," said the priest, "and beg Her to obtain from Jesus the grace to touch your husband's heart."

Accordingly the neophyte remained in church for hours, kneeling at the shrine of the Mother of God, invoking Her aid to procure the conversion of the atheist.

The same evening the convert persuaded her husband to make the acquaintance of the missionary. He was amused at the idea of an agnostic meeting a priest. Yet he assured his wife that if he went with her, he should not hesitate to disclose his opinions. When he was introduced to Father Cooke, the latter saw in him a young, gentlemanly, and intelligent man.

"You have been doing a useless piece of work," he said, "by making a Catholic of my wife. But I shall not trouble her. As for me, I look upon all religions as good enough in their way as checks on the ignorant, but as unworthy of serious consideration by men of educated mind."

The priest judged prudent not to antagonize him in any way just then, and replied, simply:

"I will pray for you."

"Yes," he retorted, abruptly, "you will pray to God, as if there *were* a God!"

Of this impertinence the priest took no apparent notice, but changed the subject, and led the conversation to current topics.

The next morning the wife returned to the missionary, disheartened. Her husband had never been so bitter in his criticisms of Christianity as the night before. He had distressed her beyond measure. She feared that prayers for him would end only in lost graces. He had affirmed that never would he yield his reason to the claims of revelation.

"Am I to abandon hope of his conversion?" she inquired.

"By no means. Have confidence; be persistent. Constant dripping wears away stones—repeated knockings at the gate of Heaven will have to be answered. Go on praying to the Blessed Virgin to take your husband under Her protection. And ask him, for me, to call on me again."

Once more the poor woman knelt for hours before the statue of Mother Mary, imploring the Queen of Heaven to beg Her divine Son to bestow upon the atheist the grace of faith.

That same evening the young man returned to the missionary's presence to apologize for his rudeness the night before, saying,

"I come to beg pardon for the abruptness of my remarks yesterday evening. While I do not abate one jot of my convictions, I wish you would forget the manner in which they were expressed."

The priest graciously accepted this apology. Then, turning his visitor's thoughts backward, he said:

"You were at a Catholic college, I'm told, when you were very young. You must have heard of the Blessed Virgin there?"

"Oh! yes. And I remember that when we boys wanted any special favor from what you call God, we were wont to ask Her to obtain it for us, and what we used to pray for usually came to pass; but that was all chance."

"No, it was not chance. It was the real granting by Almighty God of favors asked through His Blessed Mother."

When the atheist had called, the priest was about to invest another visitor with the Scapular of the Immaculate Conception, and held one in his hands while he spoke. It caught his eye. An inspiration came to him at the same moment. Unwilling to enter upon an idle argument, and recalling the earnest prayers to the Blessed Virgin said by the wife, he requested the young man, as a favor to him, to wear the Scapular.

"Though it would appear to be a denial of my principles to do so, yet, as you ask it as a favor, I will not object."

Accordingly Father Cooke put the strings around the atheist's neck, and he himself helped to put the ends in place. No sooner was it on than a great change came over him. His face lost its haughty look; his manner became subdued; an air of thoughtful melancholy overspread his countenance, as memory was busy with his childhood, his dead parents, his early days at school. The past made him sad, the present had little comfort, the future was dark. No wonder he was silent.

Noticing this striking change of demeanor, the missionary said:

"My friend, you had better give up the struggle. Kneel down here now, like a man, and begin your confession."

Without demurring or hesitating, the penitent knelt down at the chair of the priest, and with childlike simplicity suffered himself to be instructed and aided to confess his transgressions. He went home a changed man. The next day he came back with a light heart and a radiant countenance.

"I have come of my own accord, Fa-

ther, to make a good confession of my whole life."

His doubt had disappeared. Faith in its fulness illumined his mind. His conversion was a work of pure grace. No controversy had convinced him of his errors or turned him from his sins. The metamorphosis was the result of the operation of the Holy Ghost. His belief at once embraced all the doctrines of the Church. His remorse for his offences was peaceful, active, permanent. He thenceforward led a truly Christian and openly edifying life. He gave all his spare time to charity. His devotion to the Blessed Virgin was beautiful—the affectionate service of a grateful son to a loving Mother. To Her he ascribed his conversion, saying repeatedly, "To Her I owe all."

Catholic Notes.

The total abstinence question continues to attract greater attention every day, and facts are being adduced to show that the total abstainer is not the niggardly skinflint that he has been sometimes represented to be. The *Pilot* notes that the Archdiocese of Philadelphia, which contains nearly one-third of the 50,000 Catholic abstainers of the United States, made the largest contributions of any diocese to the relief of the Charleston sufferers and to the negro and Indian missions; while the total abstinence societies of the same city gave, not long ago, the substantial sum of \$8,000, as their own special offering, to the cause of Irish national independence. "After all," concludes the *Pilot*, "total abstinence is not necessarily a parsimonious virtue." This conclusion is further supported by an incident related in a recent bulletin of the Indiana Union. A priest in this State gave notice that he wished to have a meeting of the men of his congregation to assist him in a work which he proposed to undertake. Out of three hundred parishioners only seventeen attended; thirteen of these were members of the total abstinence society.

King Ludwig, of Bavaria, has been a munificent benefactor of Catholic communities and churches in the United States. In the year

1835 he gave a thousand florins for the founding of a church in Evansville, Indiana. A few years later he contributed double this amount for the Pittsburg Cathedral, and a like sum for the one in Chicago. The Sisters of Notre Dame received from him no less than fifteen thousand florins for the building of their mother-house in Baltimore. The Redemptorists, Ursulines, Benedictines, and many other religious orders have also been the recipients of his pious bounty. King Ludwig was not satisfied with helping to establish religious institutions: he also assisted them afterwards when they stood in need of aid. In particular the splendid Benedictine Abbey of St. Vincent received several princely donations from him. The King took such an interest in the prosperity of this abbey, that he kept up a continual correspondence with the venerable Abbot Wimmer, and often sent him letters written by his own hand.

The Abbé Cailhat, an eloquent French preacher, addressing the pilgrims of Lourdes on a recent occasion, employed these inspiring words:

“You desire to be saints? Let the world be to you a temple and a Calvary,—the temple to pray in, the Calvary on which to suffer. Prayer and suffering are the two indispensable elements of holiness. Prayer is an obligation of individuals, families, and nations; sufferings are a means of reparation, and we must accept them. There is the secret of holiness as we discover it in the school of Mary, whom during Her life we see principally in the Temple and on Calvary; and who appeared at Lourdes, Her hands joined in prayer, and Her feet resting on the stone of sacrifice.”

The *London Tablet* contains an interesting account of the bestowal of the Cross of the Legion of Honor on a Sister of Charity at the hospital of Troyes in France—one of the few hospitals in that country that are not yet given over to the tender mercies of hired nurses. Over five hundred people witnessed the touching ceremony, among them the officers of the garrison and the mayor of the city. Sœur Philomène, whose advanced years and delicate health prevented her from leaving the arm-chair in which she had been conveyed to the scene, received the cross from the hands of Col. de St. Fargeau. Dr. Vauthier, in the name of the physicians of the establishment, expressed his gratification at seeing the appre-

ciation that was felt for Sœur Philomène's devotedness. The venerable religious is seventy-four years of age, and has spent thirty-four in the service of the sick at Troyes. A heroine even among heroines, her fearless devotion during the Franco-Prussian war, and through every epidemic of contagious disease, is beyond all praise.

The venerable Father Joset, S. J., of the old Cœur d'Alene mission, is a well-known figure throughout Idaho. Along with Fathers Blanchet, de Smet, and others, he was among the first white men to penetrate the Indian country of the Northwest. He crossed the plains in 1844, and ever since that time has been living among the Indian tribes of the Rocky Mountains. Till the Northern Pacific Railroad broke way through the country, this venerable priest had never seen the electric telegraph, and had a very limited acquaintance with railroads. Street-cars, type-writers, and other modern inventions of the kind, he never beheld till this year, when he paid a brief visit to Portland, Oregon. Seventy-eight years old, he has spent nearly half a century of his life entirely away from civilization. The hardships he has endured would have killed a less robust man; but while his bent form and furrowed face bear many a trace of them, he is still more vigorous and hearty than most of those who have “lain in the roses and fed on the lilies of life.” May this heroic pioneer be spared to prolong his apostolic labors for many years to come!

In connection with an announcement of the death of the late Father Connaughton, of the Society of African Missions, the *New York Sun* states that this devoted priest is the last of twelve members of his Congregation who within the past two years have fallen victims to the climate of Equatorial Africa. M. Flegel, a Protestant, thus describes an interesting feature of the work these devoted missionaries are doing:

“It is well known that some of the Niger River tribes offer human sacrifices to their gods. They believe that they can heap upon the poor victim—who is almost invariably a child—all the sins of the people, and that this load of sin is completely washed away in human blood. Great crowds assemble to witness the sacrifice. The multitude fill the air with frenzied imprecations, and wave their arms wildly toward the trembling little victim.

After all is over, the people go home light of heart, believing that their sins have been expiated.

"The victims are usually obtained by purchase from some of the most degraded Niger tribes, who bring their sickly and weaker children to certain markets, and there sell them with full knowledge that the children are to be murdered. These Catholic missionaries have been doing their utmost to break up this horrid custom. While trying to induce the tribes to give up their sacrifices, they have also kept a close watch on the markets, and have saved scores of the children from a fearful fate. They have induced many of the parents to take them back home. When they have failed in this they have bought the wretched merchandise themselves, have nursed the children back to health, taught them how to work, and instructed them in the Christian faith."

The Church continues to make great strides in Scandinavia, the last stronghold of Lutheranism. Numerous conversions occur in Sweden, especially at Stockholm. Mgr. Fallize, the new Prefect-Apostolic of Norway, has been on a visit to Christiania, where he was received by the Government authorities. Before 1845, priests were forbidden the country under pain of death. Twenty years ago there were only 130 Catholics; now there are over 800, with twenty priests; while Sisters of Charity have the management of two hospitals and eight schools. This is a good showing, in consideration of the sparseness of the population, and the great distances which separate one town from another.

"The duty of the hour," observes the New York *Freeman's Journal*, "with which no lesser duty ought to interfere, is to lead the children to the feet of Him who commanded that they, above all others, should be brought to Him. Who, with a clear conscience, can disobey that command? The Church, speaking with her Spouse's words, asks for the little children. Her schools are open. On the decision of this hour depends the future of the child in this world and the next. Woe to the parent who stands between the light of Faith and the children God has put in his keeping!"

The friends—and their name is legion throughout New England—of the Rev. Patrick Strain, for many years the beloved rector of St. Mary's Church, Lynn, Mass., are rejoicing over his promotion to the dignity of Monsignor and Domestic Prelate to his Holiness Leo

XIII. Honors never mean more or less than when they are bestowed upon men like the venerable Father Strain: more, because they are rarely so well deserved; less, because personal worth is already so evident. For nearly forty years this excellent priest has exercised the sacred ministry in Massachusetts, respected and beloved wherever he was known. His zeal for Christian education, his devotion to the poor, his energy and self-sacrifice shown in the erection of new churches, schools, etc., are beyond praise. Gentle, humble, unworldly—a model of every sacerdotal virtue, Father Strain will grace in an eminent degree the honors conferred upon him.

Obituary.

"It is a holy and wholesome thought to pray for the dead."

— 2 MACH., xii., 40

The following persons, lately deceased, are commended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

The Rev. Father Schultz, S. J., of St. Louis University, who met with a sudden death on the 25th ult. He was a man of God, and his long and useful life was a practical exemplification of his teachings.

Mother Teresa, of St. Joseph's Convent, Toronto, Canada, whose saintly life was crowned with a precious death on the 23d ult. She had passed thirty-six years in religion, and filled several important offices in her Order.

Sister Mary Alacoque, of the Sisters of St. Joseph, who yielded her pure soul to God on the 26th of August.

Sister Mary Petronilla, who was called to eternal rest on the 11th ult., at St. Ann's Academy, Osage Mission, Kansas. She had been a religious nearly fifty years, forty of which were devoted to the instruction of Indian children. She was one of the first religious women to labor in Kansas.

Mr. John J. Wiseman, of San Francisco, Cal., who departed this life on the 22d of July, fortified by the last Sacraments.

Mrs. Mary E. Glass, whose death occurred at Pasadena, Cal., on the 3d ult. She was a fervent Catholic—one whose life was an example wherever she was known.

Mrs. Elizabeth Cremer, who died last month at Peoria, Ill.; Mrs. Ellen McCormick, recently deceased in Ireland; Miss Mary McEvoy, Mrs. Murphy, and Mrs. Garrison, victims of the terrible railroad accident at Chatsworth, Ill.; Catherine T. Collins and Penelope A. Delaney, of Brooklyn.

May their souls, and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace!



The Prisoned Angel.

A BLOCK of marble caught the glance
 Of Buonarroti's eyes,
 Which brightened in their solemn depths
 Like meteor-lighted skies.
 Listening, there stood beside him one
 Who smiled the while he heard—
 "I'll hew an angel from the stone!"
 Such was the sculptor's word.
 Soon mallet deft and chisel keen
 The stubborn block assailed;
 And blow by blow, and pang by pang,
 The prisoner stood unveiled.
 A brow was lifted, high and pure;
 The waking eyes outshone;
 And as the master sharply wrought,
 A smile broke through the stone.
 Beneath the chisel's edge the hair
 Escaped in floating rings,
 And plume by plume was slowly freed
 The sweep of half-furled wings.
 The stately bust and graceful limbs
 Their marble fetters shed,
 And where the shapeless block had been
 An angel stood instead.

O blows that smite, O wounds that pierce
 This shrinking heart of mine!
 What are ye but the Master's tools,
 Forming a work divine?
 O hope that crumbles at my feet!
 O joy that mocks and flies!
 What are ye but the clogs that bind
 My spirit from the skies?
 Sculptor of souls! I lift to Thee
 Encumbered heart and hands;
 Spare not the chisel—set me free,
 However dear the bands.
 How blest if all these seeming ills
 Which draw my thoughts to Thee,
 Should only prove that Thou wilt make
 An angel out of me!

THERE was a certain knight who owed much money, and yet could sleep soundly. The emperor, hearing of it, sent to buy his bed; for he thought there must be something in it more than ordinary to procure sleep.

The Bad Half-Dollar.

BY E. V. N.

(CONCLUSION.)

III.

As the evening wore on, Amanda grew worse. All her efforts could not conceal from her mother how ill she felt. "If we could only get a little wine," said Hugh, "it would help her. She can not enjoy the cake, but you must taste it, mother; for I am sure you are weak and hungry." As he lifted the cake from the bed, a bright half-dollar fell among the crumbs.

"Mother," cried Hugh, rapturously, "a half-dollar in the cake! It fell out just as if a fairy had put it there."

"Thank God! Make haste now, Hugh," said the widow, "and buy a pint-bottle of California wine. That will revive her."

Even the thought of it seemed to refresh the little sufferer, as she whispered, "You won't be long away, Hugh?"

"No, darling," he said, putting on his cap; "you shall have it in five minutes." And the little fellow ran out into the pouring rain, and entered a shop, in which a crowd of noisy customers had gathered. The bottle of Catawba was handed to him, and he gave the half-dollar to the clerk, who rang it on the counter.

"Come, come!" he shouted, in a voice that startled the boy enough to make him look as frightened as if he were guilty; "trying to pass bad money, eh?"

"It—it ain't bad, sir, that I know of," pleaded Hugh, trembling from head to foot.

"So you are growing up to be a thief, young fellow?" persisted the man. "Now, where did you get this coin? Tell the truth, or you'll get free lodgings for the night in a place you won't like. You're not the first here with bad money." Then, turning to the customers, he went on: "It's a common thing nowadays for counterfeiters to send these young street tramps to dispose of false coins. This is a bran new one.—Did this

come from Brooklyn, youngster? Who sent you here?"

"My mother, sir, and the wine is for my sick sister."

"But who *gave* you the coin?—you know well enough what I mean."

"I got it in a cake a strange lady gave me on my way home to-night from selling matches."

"Oh, you did, eh?" said a rough-looking man close by, and there was a roar of laughter; for the customers were passing jokes at Hugh's expense, and following up the tirade of the grocer's clerk.

"That's the honest truth, sir; it is indeed," said poor Hugh.

But his words were vain. The clerk said an example must be made of him, and inquired if there was a policeman outside. In vain our little match-boy begged to be allowed to go: the men said it was better for him to get a few days' imprisonment now than to be sent to Sing Sing for life when he was a man. Then came a heavy step behind the unhappy boy: a policeman laid a strong hand on him, and a little later poor Hugh was in his "free lodgings for the night"—a dark, flag-paved room, the door of which was secured with heavy bolts. The boy wept bitterly and wrung his hands, not because of his own trouble and disgrace, but he was thinking of his mother and Amanda. When would they hear of this? Would they starve if he were sent to prison to-morrow? Perhaps when he got out, his little sister would be dead, and his mother in despair. He sat down on a bench, and gave vent to his feelings until he thought his heart was breaking.

Meanwhile Hugh's mother was growing anxious and uneasy. She went often to the door and looked out, but could not see him coming. The lamp was burning low, and each time she returned to the room Amanda seemed fainter. Almost beside herself, the poor mother knelt down by her child's bed, and the small, wasted arms of the girl stole round her neck.

"Mother, is Hugh coming?" whispered Amanda, sadly and weakly.

"Yes, my darling; he will be here very soon, and the wine will revive you."

There was a silence; the child lay there suffering and faint; the poor widow's heart sank lower and lower. She could not imagine what was keeping Hugh, and thought he must have met with some accident. The old Dutch clock went on ticking, swinging its long pendulum on the shadowy wall. The sick child withdrew her arms, but begged her mother not to leave her. "I'm so faint, mother—so very faint! I'm glad that I saw Father Denny this morning." The sorrowing widow knelt again, and felt the cold lips pressed against her cheek. "Is Hugh coming—not that I care for the wine, but I am afraid I sha'n't see him again," whispered the little sufferer.

"I trust, my sweet one, that he will soon be here."

A few moments more, and the large glassy eyes opened again, and turned for a moment towards the door; then they closed, and with a deep sigh she clasped her little hands and lay quite still. Mrs. Costello took out her Beads and recited them fervently, and at length, overcome with watching and her day's hard work, she too fell into a light slumber.

Ah! Betty Lindsay, at that same hour romping about the parlors with merry little cousins, enjoying a luxurious lunch, if you had known all this, could you have laughed so much and so merrily? Could you have enjoyed the lady-fingers, the fruit-cake, the bananas and luscious oranges?

IV.

In the evening of the next day Mrs. Lindsay was awaiting her husband's return to dinner. Her sister, Miss Fowler, was spending a few days at the mansion, and the drawing-room was brilliant with gaslight and fragrant with choice flowers.

"Betty is nearly old enough to make her First Communion," observed Miss Fowler, "I presume she already goes to confession; does she not, Maude?"

"Well, I must say that I had not thought about confession yet, although she is just seven," responded Mrs. Lindsay.

Suddenly the door-bell rang, and Betty rushed into her father's arms. As she was his only child, he never thought of going to dinner without her, unless there were invited guests. While at table the incidents of the day were talked over, and Mr. Lindsay remarked:

"There was a very sad case going on in Judge Donohue's court this morning. I had some business with the judge, and, as the court was sitting, I was obliged to wait some time before seeing him. The delinquent was a boy named Hugh Costello—the very picture of poverty,—who was charged with trying to pass bad money. Poor little fellow, he was in such distress! He is a vender of matches, and the whole affair turned on a bad half-dollar."

"A bad half-dollar?" echoed Mrs. Lindsay. "Poor boy! Those counterfeit coins are very common nowadays. This reminds me, I gave one to Betty not long ago," she continued, growing more serious; "but there is no harm in having it, after all."

"Not in *having* it, my dear; but this boy was trying to pass it for wine. He is remanded—sent to prison for a few days—until further inquiries are made. But really, Maude, you would have pitied him; he is such a fine, intelligent boy, and only about ten or eleven. Some of those poor, neglected children in the streets of New York would make excellent men if they were in good hands.—Betty, my love, what's the matter? That lemon pie is a little too sour for you? Here, put sugar on it."

"Why, Betty, I fancy cook made this custard for you," said her mother. "She knows it is your favorite. Why did you not take it instead of lemon pie?"

However, Betty kept putting sugar on the lemon pie, and seemed deaf to her mother's suggestion. Finally Miss Fowler remarked: "Something ails the child; see, she is crying." And big tears rolled down the pretty pink cheeks, and she could not utter a word.

"My little daughter," said Mr. Lindsay, in his kindest tone, "you must not take the story of that poor boy so much to heart. If

he is guilty, he deserves to be punished; but if he is not guilty, he will be released.—I forgot the strangest part," he added, turning to the two ladies. "The boy's story was far-fetched and most improbable. He said that a servant-girl ran after him in the avenue, and gave him a basket containing some clothes, with a large cake, in the middle of which was a half-dollar; and on discovering the money he went out directly to buy some California wine for his dying sister.—Good gracious, what is Betty sobbing for? Cheer up, Betty! cheer up!" And he pulled one of her curls as she stood near him.

"The match-boy's story is perfectly true, as regards the basket, the parcel, and the cake," said Mrs. Lindsay; "for I sent them out to him after he passed the other day—yesterday I believe it was,—but as to the bad coin, it's very mysterious. I put a *good* half-dollar into the cake—I am sure of that. Can you do anything for the lad, dear? It would be dreadful if in trying to befriend him I should have brought him into such trouble. We must examine into this affair."

"Yes," said the lawyer, "it is a touching case; and I would begin at once to see what I can do if I only knew what ails Betty. Really, I didn't know my little daughter had such a tender heart," and he pulled another ringlet. "What's the matter, pet?"

Then Betty threw herself into his arms, and sobbed out: "Oh! papa, it was I that put my bad half-dollar into mamma's cake, and took the good one out. I thought it was only a little—little—sin."

Mr. Lindsay repelled her caress. He was astonished beyond measure, while Betty's mother was deeply afflicted. Miss Fowler showed no great surprise; it was her observation of her niece's little foibles that had led her to speak of Betty's First Communion just before dinner. As for the girl herself, we will do her the justice to declare that she had never before been so unhappy—so wretched.

Mr. Lindsay left the table and walked to the window, to conceal his emotion. Betty ran to her mother, who questioned her

about her conduct and her motives, while Miss Fowler walked over to her brother-in-law and inquired if it was possible to get the boy out of prison.

"Certainly it is," was the answer; "and it is fortunate that I took note of his home." And he drew forth his memorandum-book, and gave Miss Fowler the direction. "I will go to the station-house," he continued; "and you and Maude had better order the carriage, and call on Hugh's mother."

All this was hastily resolved upon and speedily put in execution. Mr. Lindsay hurried off, and Mrs. Lindsay bade the waiter send for the carriage.

"We must take Betty with us," she said, "that she may see what pain and misery have been occasioned by her mean act."

Port wine, biscuits, and the basket of fruit that graced the dinner-table were put into the carriage, and away the ladies drove to comfort and console Hugh's mother. They learned that the neighbors had called in two Sisters of Bon Secours to help the poor widow, and to care for Amanda, who was now much better. Hugh was soon at liberty, and joyous was the meeting with his mother and sister.

That night was the saddest that Betty had ever experienced. She lay awake, thinking of the match-boy and his pale, sick sister; and, if the truth were known, perhaps she shed more tears than Hugh himself.

Amanda improved rapidly. Good medical care and proper nourishment soon restored her to perfect health.

"Now," said Mr. Lindsay to his daughter, one day when the excitement of the events above recorded had entirely subsided, "you must think of some way to make personal amends for the suffering you brought on that poor boy."

"Can't you take him into your office, papa?" she asked, imploringly.

"Well, I am afraid he would hardly be able to copy a document. What do you think?—can he write?"

"Perhaps not, but he could be taught. If you could manage to send him to school!"

"That is a better idea. Your mother and

myself will call on Father Denny, and consult with him."

It was finally decided that Mr. Lindsay would pay Mrs. Costello's rent, and his amiable wife and her sister would allow the poor woman a monthly pension, and give her laundry work. Then Hugh could attend the Brothers' school, and Amanda could go in the mornings to take lessons in reading, writing, and sewing from the good Sisters of Our Lady.

Miss Fowler did not forget to remind Mrs. Lindsay again that as Betty was seven years old it was time for her to approach the holy tribunal, and kindly offered to instruct her niece on the Sacrament of Penance. Betty was very docile, and during the next few months she made an excellent preparation for her First Communion.

Betty often paid a visit to little Amanda, whose life she had once endangered by her selfishness, and whom she afterwards aided by deeds of self denial and charity. Often, too, she asked her kind mother, instead of buying her a new dress or a pretty bonnet, to let her have the money, to devote it to the needs of that poor but honest family.

A few years have produced two great changes. In Mr. Lindsay's law office there is a boy ably filling the place assigned him, and promising to become a clever, noble-minded man. This is Hugh, the former, squalid match-vender.

In Mr. Lindsay's mansion there is a tall, handsome girl, still called by her nursery name Betty, and winning the hearts of all around her by her amiable manners, her filial conduct towards her parents, and her devotedness to the sick and poor.

WHEN John Wesley was on his voyage with General Oglethorpe to Georgia, the General threatened revenge upon an offending servant, saying, "I never forgive." "Then I hope, sir," said Mr. Wesley, "you never sin." The General felt the force of the rebuke, and modified his action towards the servant.



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At the Foot of the Cross.

BY MARY E. MANNIX.

NEATH the Cross His Mother, standing,
Hears Him murmur, "All is done!"
Sees the veil of night descending,
Hiding all the glorious sun.

Then the earthquake shock—the rending
Of the Temple's sacred veil;
While from yawning graves arisen,
Wander spectres gaunt and pale.

And the weeping friends who loved Him
Loud proclaim their sorrow now:
Thou, with silent tear-drops falling—
Mother! not a wail hast Thou.

St. Leo IX. and Pius IX.—Civitella and Castel Fidardo.

BY THE REV. REUBEN PARSONS, D. D.

I.

IN the year 1048, while the Emperor Henry III. was residing at Frisingen, deputies came to him from Rome, informing him of the death of Pope Damasus II., and asking him to give the Church a new Pontiff. Henry did not hesitate to arrogate this to himself, but nevertheless he convoked the bishops and other grandees of the Empire to consult concerning an election. The assembly was

held at Worms, and its unanimous choice was Bruno, Bishop of Toul, a cousin of the Emperor Conrad, and an Alsatian. Undoubtedly Henry would have named a German, had he not feared to irritate the Romans.

The writers of the time differ as to the conduct of Bruno when he was notified of his nomination. According to Otho of Frisingen (B. vi, c. 33), Bruno proceeded to Cluny, clothed in the pontifical purple, and the Prior Hildebrand—afterwards Gregory VII.—"immediately rebuked him, saying that it was illicit for any one to receive the pontificate from lay hands." And Platina says that Bruno afterwards reproached himself "because he had obeyed the Emperor rather than God." But Wibert, who was Bruno's archdeacon at Toul, tells us that his lord declared to the assembly at Worms: "I shall proceed to Rome, and if the Roman clergy and people freely choose me as Pontiff, I will comply with your wish"; and the same is attested by St. Bruno, Bishop of Segni, author of another "Life of St. Leo IX." At any rate, Bruno, accompanied by Hildebrand, whom the future Pontiff had providentially withdrawn from the solitude of Cluny, presented himself to the Romans in plain attire and barefooted, saying, "The choice of the clergy and people, as well as the authority of the canons, is superior to any other nomination; if you do not elect me, I am ready to return to my own country." Then, observes Otho of Frisingen, "by the advice of Hildebrand,

all the ancient usages were followed; Bruno was elected Pope, and was enthroned Feb. 12, 1049. In his first synod, the new Pontiff made Hildebrand Cardinal Deacon.

The attention of the new Pope was soon drawn to the miserable state of affairs in Southern Italy, where an enemy, scarcely less barbarous and ferocious than the Mohammedan hordes who were infesting the Greek Empire, had introduced a reign of rapine, sacrilege, and murder. The first establishments of the Normans in Italy had been very feeble, but by degrees they had extended their domination over Italian barons, Greek lieutenants, and Saracen intruders. At the time of which we write, Robert Guiscard had proclaimed himself Duke of the Puglia and of Calabria; and, having turned his terrible arms against the Campagna—attracted more by lust of wealth than by desire of conquest,—he had spread devastation over a hitherto fertile and opulent province, and had usurped the papal duchy of Benevento.

Moved with pity for the oppressed populations, who, to avoid the flames which destroyed their less fortified towns, had sought refuge in the mountain fastnesses, and fearful also lest Rome itself should fall a prey to a modern Alaric, Pope Leo remembered that he was a king as well as a Pontiff, and that his sceptre was meant to protect as well as to rule his people. He called upon his own subjects and the other Italians for volunteers. The inhabitants of Ancona, of the Puglia and of the Campagna sent their quotas to his standard; but Leo well understood that their devotion would avail little against the disciplined forces of the Norman. Therefore he requested the Byzantine Emperor, whose own interests were involved, to send him some veteran troops. In his letter to this sovereign, his Holiness says: "As we are told in Wisdom, no one can change him whom God rejects, and the fool is not corrected by words. So it is with the malice of this people: every day they grow worse. Therefore, not only wishing to use my temporal resources for the liberation of the flock of Christ, but also desir-

ing to devote myself to that work, I have thought that nothing will more manifest the wickedness of these men, or more quickly repress their obstinacy, than the use of human weapons. For I learn from the Apostle that princes do not hold the sword without reason, and that they are the ministers of the anger of God, punishers of those who work evil."*

The Greek Emperor answered with fair words, but no aid arrived. Then Leo journeyed into the wilds of Pannonia, where Henry III. was at the head of an army, and he besought that Emperor's assistance. He obtained only five hundred veterans, but with this small reinforcement he led his army—otherwise composed of pontifical infantry and Lombard pikemen—into the Capitanata, in June, 1053. On the approach of Leo, the Normans sent him an embassy, offering to become tributary to the Holy See; but the Pontiff would accept of no conditions short of their entire evacuation of Italy. † Then occurred the battle of Civitella, called by some Dragonara. The pontifical army was nearly destroyed, and the Pope, who had watched the combat at a little distance, was captured by the victors.

Then was witnessed an extraordinary event—conquerors kneeling at the feet of the conquered. As the Pontiff, preceded by the cross, came forward to meet his captors, they prostrated themselves before him, imploring his mercy. ‡ Then they conducted their prisoner to Benevento, where for the space of nine months he was honorably entertained by Count Hunfrid. Profoundly afflicted at the loss of his faithful soldiers, many of whom were his own relatives and friends, Leo did not retire to his couch during the whole time of his captivity, but took his necessary sleep on the stone pavement

* Migne's "Patrology," vol. 143, p. 449.

† According to Gaufridus Malaterra (History, B. i, 10), and Hermann Contractus ("Chronicle"), the Pontiff would have accepted the offer of the Normans; but the German auxiliaries arrogantly relied on their superior size, and thought it would terrify the enemy.

‡ Sismondi: vol. i, p. 359; Wibert: "Life of St. Leo IX."

of his chamber; he fasted beyond measure, and completely despoiled himself for the sake of the poor.

The Normans were soon glad to withdraw from their anomalous position, especially as they were surrounded by enemies—Italians, Greeks, Germans, and Saracens. Reflecting on the great advantages they would derive from the favor of the Roman Pontiffs, they not only offered peace and liberty to their venerable prisoner, but implored him to receive them as vassals of the Holy See, swearing to defend it against all enemies, in return for the papal investiture of their conquests in the Two Sicilies. St. Leo IX. readily accepted the offer, and on March 12, 1054, he departed from Benevento, and arrived in due time at Rome, where he died April 19 of the same year.

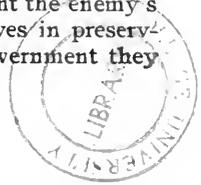
The conduct of St. Leo IX. in the matter of the Norman usurpation of his territories has been severely criticised; even St. Peter Damian reproved him for appealing to the temporal sword. However, history tells us of no Popè who voluntarily surrendered any portion of the patrimony of St. Peter because of a scruple to adopt material force in its defence. If Julius II. was the only Pontiff who himself led his troops to battle, many others have, from time to time, called renowned warriors to the service of the Holy See; and these *Gonfalonieri*, or Captains of the Church, as they were styled, held their commissions as the most honorable that their profession could afford them. In 1084 Robert Guiscard, once the foe of St. Leo IX., was called by St. Gregory IX. to defend Rome against Henry IV., of Germany. In 1370 Louis I., of Hungary, aided Urban V. against the Florentines. Martin V. created the great Sforza *Gonfaloniere* of the Church. Frederick Malatesta fought for Pius II., Paul II., and Sixtus IV.; Robert Malatesta served the last named Pope, and when mortally wounded received the Sacraments from the pontifical hands. Under St. Pius V. fought Marcantonio Colonna, the hero of Lepanto, and in our own day the Catholic world glorifies the memory of Léon Juchault de Lamoricière.

None of these leaders, and not one of the Popes who employed them, felt any of the scruples affected by the enemies of the Holy See. No such scruples were entertained by those Pontiffs who, during four centuries, were the soul of the resistance made by the civilized world to the inroads of barbarous Islamism; and precisely because those Pontiffs did use the temporal sword in defence of religion and of the right, the crescent does not shine to-day over every capital in Europe. From St. Leo IX. to Pius IX., each Pope who has drawn the sword in defence of his temporal dominion has done only what the world admires in all other kings. It is curious, therefore, that we should so often hear men counselling the Popes to answer the invaders of their territories with a benediction.

II.

There is much similarity between the campaign of St. Leo IX. against the Normans, and the unfortunate yet glorious one which the papal troops undertook in 1860. In both cases the enemy was composed of baptized persons, professing no heresy, but apparently glorying in the creed of Rome. However, in the case of St. Leo IX., the Pontiff himself marched against the invader; whereas in the campaign of Castel Fidardo the little papal army, organized to deal only with the hordes of Garibaldi concentrated on the Neapolitan frontier, and expecting no attack from the regular troops of Sardinia,* were suddenly and treacher-

* The battle of Castel Fidardo was fought September 18. It was only on the 10th that Lamoricière was informed by Capt. Farini, aide-de-camp of Gen. Fanti, the Sardinian war-minister and commander-in-chief, that, in certain described cases, the troops of King Victor Emmanuel would cross the frontier. In answer, the hero of Constantina replied: "What you propose to me is a shame and a dishonor—viz., to evacuate without combat the provinces which it is my duty to defend. It would have been more candid on the part of the King of Piedmont and his generals had they at once declared war on us. But, despite the numerical preponderance of the Sardinian army, we shall not forget that, on certain occasions, officers and soldiers must not count the enemy's numbers, nor spare their own lives in preserving the outraged honor of the government they



ously assailed on their own territory. "Impious men!" said Pope Pius IX., "of whom the Almighty now makes use in order to punish the sins of all, but to disperse them and punish them in the day of His fury,—trampling on the law of God, cursing the voice of the Holy One of Israel, and ceasing not to wage most cruel war on the Church and this Apostolic See. Possessed by the spirit of Satan, they have excited the peoples of Italy to rebellion; they have unjustly expelled legitimate princes, and have disturbed all things human and divine; during the past year they have invaded our States, sacrilegiously occupying some of our provinces, and now they try to invade and usurp the rest."*

These aggressors, said the same Pontiff, "for a long time have waged war against the Catholic Church, her ministers, and her property; and, caring nothing for ecclesiastical laws or censures, they have dared to imprison illustrious cardinals and bishops and most worthy members of both the secular and regular clergy; to expel religious communities from their cloisters, to appropriate the goods of the Church, and to subvert the civil principality of this Holy See. . . . They open public schools for the teaching of every false doctrine; with abominable writings and theatrical representations, they offend and banish all modesty, chastity, honesty, and virtue; they despise the holy mysteries and the Sacraments, the precepts, institutions, ministers, rites, and

* Letter to the chaplain-in-chief of the papal army, Sep. 10, 1860.

serve." And as late as September 13 the Duke de Gramont, French Ambassador at the Vatican, telegraphed the following to the French Vice-Consul at Ancona: "The Emperor has written from Marseilles to the King of Sardinia, that if the Piedmontese troops enter the pontifical territory, he will be forced to oppose them. Orders have already been given to embark troops at Toulon, and these reinforcements will soon arrive. The Imperial Government will not tolerate the culpable aggression of the Sardinian Government; as Vice-Consul of France, you will regulate your course by this information." (See Lamoricière's "Report" to the Papal Minister of War.)

ceremonies of our holy religion; and try to banish all justice from the earth, and to destroy the very foundations of religion and of civil society."*

The use of military force, therefore, was a duty incumbent upon Pius IX., just as it had been upon his predecessor, the Ninth Leo. But we must here remark that in the days of St. Leo IX. no one thought of reproving, still less of insulting, the soldiers of the Pope. No Norman knight threw the stigma of "mercenary" in the faces of the defenders of the patrimony of St. Peter; such mendacious discourtesy was reserved for a Cialdini and a Fanti to display to a Lamoricière, a Pimodan, a Charette, and the hundreds of scions of the noblest blood of Brittany and Belgium, who abandoned wealth and comfort for the defence of the freedom of the Chair of Peter.

They who were killed at Civitella, fighting under the standard of the Keys, were hailed as martyrs alike by Pontificals and penitent Normans; and when the holy Leo IX. was seized with his last illness, he said to his weeping attendants: "The time of my departure approaches. Last night I saw in a vision the heavenly land; and among other things, I saw crowned as martyrs those who fell in the Puglia fighting for the Church. With one voice they all said to me: 'Come and dwell with us; for it was through thee that we attained this glory.'"[†]

It was not given to Lamoricière to crown with his death for Holy Church one of the most glorious military records which even the history of France can furnish. But he became the generous envy of every Christian soldier, and as a prisoner of war for the Roman Pontiff he was greater than when amid his triumphs at Medeah, Mascara, and Constantina. "I found myself," he wrote in his "Report" to Mgr. de Mérode, "before a question of duty and honor; and if, in my resolutions, I had at all considered the gravity of the danger probably awaiting us, my old companions in arms of the French army would have disowned me."

* Allocution, Sep. 28, 1860. † Bollandists, April 11.

Nora's Recompense.*

CHAPTER I.

"GRANDMAMMA, shall we be travelling again the whole summer? And where?"

"I do not yet know, dear. What do you say to Switzerland?"

"Switzerland? Oh, I am so tired of it!"

This scrap of conversation was held in a first-class railway carriage, and the last words, uttered with a weary sigh, provoked an amused smile from a lady and her husband who were in the same compartment, and looked with undisguised astonishment at the young speaker.

"Yes," she continued, without appearing to remark the attention she excited; "I am tired of Switzerland. Germany and Italy have also lost all charm for me. I should so like a settled home, grandmamma! Can we never remain a year in any one place?"

Her companion shrugged her shoulders and answered: "Most young girls, Nora, would be only too happy to lead your life."

Nora made no reply, but looked out of the window, and contemplated abstractedly the fleeting landscape. She was very young—scarcely nineteen,—with delicate though slightly irregular features, a profusion of bright hair, and a clear, rosy complexion; but the principal charm of her face lay in her frank yet profound glance, in which youth, gayety, and goodness of heart were clearly portrayed. If one felt tempted to accuse her of the indifference to beauty and poetry which her words seemed to betray, that look protested against such an opinion; for it expressed intelligence, sensibility, and the most enchanting simplicity.

The lady whom she termed grandmamma was so well preserved as to appear still young. Her agreeable features, smooth brow, elegant manners, and careful toilet led to the inference that she was one of those superficial natures over which sor-

row passes lightly, leaving traces quickly effaced. Suffering under any form is their deadliest enemy, and they combat and conquer it by every means in their power, even by voluntary and cherished forgetfulness.

The smiling green fields were followed by an arid plain, then again the country became fertile. Few young girls of nineteen would have been unmoved at the view of this changing scenery, or looked with indifferent eyes on the distant snow-clad mountains, the majestic river in its singular curvings, and the dark, shadowy woods. But Nora remained cold and tranquil; for all these things were well known to her. From her earliest childhood she had led a nomadic life, and at the age in which others consider travelling the greatest pleasure, she longed for repose and the sweet monotony of a quiet, retired home.

But her grandmother was in her element. Widowed young, and bereft of all her numerous family save one delicate child, she sought forgetfulness and distraction in travel. She had no near relatives now, with the exception of a sister of her deceased husband, with whom she had never agreed; but her granddaughter satisfied her heart, and travel was most congenial to her English nature. She and Nora were united by the most tender affection, and the fond though somewhat frivolous grandmother would have been astounded had any one hinted that she could not live forever, and that she ought to care for her grandchild's future.

The day was drawing near its close when the train stopped at a town near the Italian frontier much frequented for its baths. The travellers dispersed, and Mme. de Brélyon with her granddaughter took rooms at one of the best hotels. Nora knew from experience what would take place during their stay. Some travelling acquaintances would be met with, excursions in the neighborhood, water parties, evening concerts in the Casino attended in their company; so that scarcely any time could be devoted to the studies over which the grandmother, with her wonted eccentricity, presided. Then Mme. de Brélyon would declare their stay

* FOR THE "AVE MARIA," from the German of Maryan, by B. S.

in the hotel too expensive, write mysterious letters to procure money, and finally take her departure, for the purpose, she would say, of economizing in some remote place.

All happened as Nora had foreseen, but the week after their arrival an incident occurred which made a lively impression on the girl's mind. They were sitting one evening on the Promenade, enjoying the beautiful view of the Mediterranean, when Mme. de Brélyon with an exclamation of surprise started up, and rapidly approached a distinguished-looking man of about sixty, who was walking up and down a neighboring alley and smoking a cigar. Nora remained sitting quietly, being accustomed to similar encounters; for her grandmother often met with friends of her youth, whom she greeted gladly, and left after a few days just as gaily. But in the present instance, after a short conversation, she returned to her granddaughter with the stranger, and said:

"Nora, I think this is the first member of our family you have ever met. You have often heard me speak of my cousin Bouvier, my poor brother's best friend?"

"I now doubly regret the wandering life which has so long deprived me of the acquaintance of such a charming cousin," added Mr. Bouvier, smiling and offering his hand.

One must have felt Nora's longing for family ties to understand the pleasure with which she laid her small, gloved fingers in those of her newly found relative.

"Are you alone here?" asked Mme. de Brélyon, as she sat down, and invited her cousin to take a place beside her.

"Oh! no. My wife, son, and daughter are with me. We are not to make a long stay, but shall be delighted to profit by your presence; and my little Bertha will, I am sure, be charmed with the young relative so unexpectedly met with."

A lively conversation ensued between the two old friends. Mme. de Brélyon had lived for many years after her marriage in intimate friendship with her husband's relatives. A thousand reminiscences of those days were naturally recalled, to which Nora

listened with vivid interest. The old lady spoke also of her griefs—the early death of the only son who had survived of a numerous family, and the arrival of her grandchild in her deep mourning. The girl's eyes filled with tears as she recalled the sorrow of her childhood, her grandmother's grief and her tender love. But the vivacious disposition of the latter soon drew her to gayer themes, and in a few moments she was absorbed in a thousand projects for excursions to be made in the neighborhood.

On the same day Nora was introduced to Mrs. and Miss Bouvier, and her delight was unbounded. The former lady was still young and pretty, with agreeable manners and all the vivacity of a true Parisian. Bertha was about Nora's age; she fell in love with her at once, and overwhelmed her with caresses. Louis, a handsome young man of twenty-five, did not attempt to conceal his admiration for his new cousin, and was always ready to escort the ladies; and so in the following weeks the young people were inseparable. To Nora they were most happy days; for she had never before possessed a friend of her own age, and Bertha had promised to keep up a constant correspondence with her when they parted. Nora and Louis sang duets together, and their voices blended harmoniously,—one a magnificent tenor, and the other a remarkably sweet soprano. Future meetings in Paris were arranged for, and when the Bouvier family at last departed, Nora cried so bitterly that her grandmother determined to start at once for the Swiss village, where she meant, for economical reasons, to spend the summer.

CHAPTER II.

Once more they were in the train, and night was approaching.

"I like our relatives very much," said Nora for the hundredth time. "Grand-mamma, won't you spend the winter near them? And, as they are so kind and affectionate, so glad to meet you again, could you not resolve to settle down near them? It is so pleasant to live among friends!"

Mme. de Brélyon did not answer immedi-

ately, but after a moment she took Nora's hand, and said, in a tremulous voice: "Am I, then, no longer sufficient for you?"

The young girl pressed her lips warmly on her grandmother's hand. "No longer sufficient for me!" she repeated. "Is not my tenderest affection yours? Are you not my stay and protection? Have we not always lived for each other? It is for your sake even more than for my own, dearest grandmamma, that I long for a settled home. We should be so happy all alone together!"

"I can not live like other women," answered Mme. de Brélyon, with a melancholy shake of the head. "I should pine for change and variety. And yet I sometimes ask myself if I am acting wisely towards you. It might have been better for your future interests if I had surrounded you with friends, with permanent connections, and habituated you to a regular mode of life. But I have always hated to be so fettered, although for your sake I could resign myself. However, you are still too young to marry; when you are twenty-two we shall settle down in Paris, and arrange your future. You are not rich, but with your pretty face, and the dowry I shall give you, it will not be difficult to provide you with a husband."

Thus ended the conversation which had begun so gravely, and with a tender kiss Mme. de Brélyon added, "Now, good-night, dear; it is time to sleep, as we are both able to sleep in the train."

"Good-night, darling grandmamma!" answered Nora, warmly responding to her caress. "I think we shall be alone, and that is very pleasant."

She spread a warm rug over Mme. de Brélyon, settled her comfortably in one corner, and then established herself in the other; but she could not sleep. Her eyes wandered over the landscape, whose outlines became every instant more indistinct; by degrees the mountains disappeared, the woods grew darker, and finally the only signs of life were the lights in the houses which they passed. At last Nora's eyes grew heavy; she heard for some time longer the loud breathing of her grandmother, then all

grew still, and she sank into a quiet sleep.

The night is long, and who can divine what the folds of her mantle hide? The dawn appeared in due course; a light vapor rose from the rivers and trembled in the air; the grass bent under the sparkling dewdrops, and a ray of the rising sun fell on Nora's closed eyelids. She opened them lazily, and closed them again immediately; but the sunshine grew brighter, and soon awoke her fully. Noiselessly (for her grandmother was still asleep) she lowered the sash and looked out on the rose-tinted country. On the distant slope of a hill lay a peaceful village, with its church; and the young girl, fixing her eyes on the steeple, said her morning prayers. How often had she done so! Her heart longed more than ever for the peaceful repose of that village church; for she loved to begin the day at the foot of the altar. Amid all her wanderings, the poor grandmother had succeeded in instilling a tender piety into Nora's heart, and she never saw the spire of a church in the distance without breathing a loving greeting to the God whom she knew to dwell there.

The sun rose higher; Nora looked at her guide-book, and found they had nearly reached the term of their voyage for that day. Mme. de Brélyon still slept, and, unwilling to disturb her, the girl collected their wraps and packages as silently as possible. At last the station came in sight; now she must awake the dear sleeper. How cold she is, and how pale! The morning air must have given her a chill.

"Grandmamma, awake! We are at the station."

She bent down and kissed the sleeper's forehead, but started back in affright at the icy cold which met her warm young lips. Seizing her in her arms, she listened anxiously for a breath; but the head fell back inanimate, and no sound came from the pale lips. Then she screamed for help, but no one heard her cry. The locomotive sped on its iron road, bearing its freight of living and dead till it reached its goal.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Litany of Loreto as Sung by American Blossoms.

BY ARTHUR J. STACE.

(CONTINUED.)

VAS SPIRITUALE *ora pro nobis.* A more spiritual form of beauty can hardly be found in flowers than that which greets us in the upturned cups of *Houstonia cerulea*, sometimes known as "bluets." The shape of this little plant is fragile to the verge of unsubstantiality; the colors are all aërial—heavenly blue, evanescent purple, translucent white, and that delicate tint of yellow we see in the twilight above the place of sunset; all speaking to us of Her to whom the above invocation is framed.

Vas honorabile, ora pro nobis. Glorious among the lilies are the golden vases of *Lilium Philadelphicum*, filling themselves with sunshine, to diffuse it again around them with accompanying joy and gratitude. It blooms when the days are longest—before the parching heat of July has withered up the green herbage, whose cool verdure contrasts so well with its lamp of flame. A fitting emblem of the heavenly *Vas honorabile*.

Vas insigne devotionis, ora pro nobis. The blue-fringed gentian (*Gentiana crinita*), gazing, as the poet Bryant sings of it,

"... Through its fringes to the sky;
Blue, blue, as if that sky let fall
A flower from its cerulean wall,"

must be our symbol of the *Vas insigne devotionis*. So well-known a flower needs no attempt of ours to commend its beauties. It is the last of the flowers, and it remains faithful to its post until the first snow hides it from our view. Its constancy suggests devotion to duty, its azure hue is that of fidelity and hope, its singular form and ornaments are the embodiment of delicate loveliness.

Rosa mystica, ora pro nobis. There are many American roses, the most beautiful of all, perhaps, being *Rosa lucida*; although this is one that "exalteth not herself," her stem scarcely lifting her above the herbage,

which is replenished with the fragrance of the rose. "*Quia respexit humilitatem ancillæ suæ,*" are words which naturally rise to our lips as this loveliest of blossoms casts herself at the feet of God in adoration.

Turris Davidica, ora pro nobis. The Tower of David, adorned by the shining armor of valiant men, may be imaged by the turn-cap lily (*Lilium superbum*), with its towering height and damaskeened, shield-like blossoms. Those who are acquainted only with the orange and black turn-cap lily common in gardens, would do well to examine the fine gradation of color in this wild flower, and they will be surprised and delighted with its superiority to its cultivated congener. Here you have a ground-tint of richest flame-color, passing from pale yellow gradually into the brightest scarlet; and the markings are not black, but deep purple, varying in number and intensity with their position on the petals. The whole plant, too, is lithe and willowy in comparison with the thick-stemmed garden lilies. Seek it in meadow-lands in June and July; its height will render it visible from a distance; and remember the invocation we have annexed to it.

Turris eburnea, ora pro nobis. The yucca (*Yucca filamentosa*) of our gardens, unchanged by cultivation, is a native of the sands of Virginia. It is too well known to need description, but we will ask our readers to observe that its tower of bloom is neither snow-white nor milk-white, but distinctively ivory-white; and hence to note the propriety of the place here assigned to it.

Domus aurea, ora pro nobis. Of golden flowers there is no lack. The true sunflowers number at least eighteen native species; the golden-rods are still more numerous. The rosin-plants, with their pleasant terebinthine odors, are a prominent feature on the prairies of the West,—one species serving as a guide to the wanderer, its leaf-blades standing with edges north and south, whence it derives its name of compass-plant. Acres upon acres of wild coreopsis actualize for us the storied "Field of the Cloth-of-Gold." All these are autumn flowers, but

the cone-flower (*Rudbeckia fulgida*) stays with us from midsummer until the early snows, sometimes even surviving them. Its purple dome rising from the midst of golden rays makes it a beautiful image of the House of Gold.

Fœderis arca, ora pro nobis. The Ark of the Covenant was made of incorruptible wood. The durability of the wood of our own American cedar (*Juniperus Virginiana*) is well known. Its limit has not been reached within the three hundred years that it has been familiar to us, so that we may fairly consider it as incorruptible, like the wood of the Scriptural tree. Its fragrance, suggestive of frankincense, is peculiarly grateful; and its bright rosy color is not the least among its charms. In the West it reaches a lofty height, worthy of the majestic name of cedar,—rising heavenward as if it would there sing the praises of Her who is the Ark of the New Covenant.

Janua cœli, ora pro nobis. When the patriarch, fleeing before the wrath of an angry brother, laid his desolate head on the desert rocks to obtain what rest he might, he was comforted by a heavenly vision—the celestial gates standing open to him and his offspring, and the angels of God ascending and descending by a ladder of light that reached from earth to heaven. The humble plant to which popular fancy has attached the name of “Jacob’s-ladder” (*Polemonium cœruleum*), with sky-blue blossoms and long, ladder-like, pinnated leaves, must serve (inadequately indeed, but how should a mere emblem be other than inadequate?) to remind us of the glories of the patriarch’s vision, and of Her to whose intercession we look for entrance into the kingdom of Her Son.

Stella matutina, ora pro nobis. Flowers are the stars of earth, as stars are the flowers of the sky. Our earthly stars often assume the shape of the heavenly ones. Our Michaelmas daisies derive their name of “aster” from this. The genera of the large order, *Caryophyllaceæ*, particularly *Cerastium* and *Stellaria*, all have an inclination to the starlike form. The star-grass (*Hypoxis*

erecta) glitters among the meadow herbage in summer; and *Smilacina stellata*, one of the kindred of the lily of the valley, adds the charm of a delicate perfume to the beauty of its form. But a more appropriate star for our purpose than any of these is the May-star (*Trientalis Americana*), concerning which we will quote a tasteful remark of the lady to whose work on “Rural Hours” we have referred more than once:

“The May-star is remarkable for its elegance—a delicate starlike blossom of the purest white standing like a gem in a setting of leaves, fine in texture and neatly cut. Some persons call this ‘chickweed wintergreen,’ a name which is an insult to the plant and to the common-sense of the community. Why, it is one of the daintiest wood flowers, with nothing in the world to do with chicks or weeds or winter. It is not the least of an evergreen, its leaves withering in autumn, as a matter of course; and there is not a chicken in the country that knows it by sight or taste. Discriminating people, when they find its elegant silvery flower growing in the woods beside the violet, call it May-star; and so should everybody who sees it.”

It is needless to add that we cheerfully accept this well-considered decision. And we dedicate the delicate blossom to Her whose beams irradiate every month in the year, but particularly that sweet month when this little flower blooms in Her honor.

Salus infirmorum, ora pro nobis. The stately tree known as balm of Gilead (*Populus balsamifera*), diffusing its grateful balsamic fragrance far and wide, and bursting its wintry bonds with the earliest gleams of spring sunshine, must be for us the type of Her who is called the Health of the Weak.

Refugium peccatorum, ora pro nobis. The trembling sinner flies to Mary’s feet; and, although the blessed feet themselves are beyond the limits of earthly vision, we may be reminded of them by the elegant covering which popular imagination has assigned to them under the name of Our Lady’s slipper (*Cypripedium spectabile*). This lovely rose-colored species is quite rare. I have never met it but once. The yellow species, with its honeyed perfume, is common still in our woods in May. The white is rarer, but was once abundant in the marsh between

our lakes at Notre Dame. The livid veins that are visible through its whiteness render it rather curious than beautiful, and justify my selection of the rose-colored species as the true *calceamen* of Our Lady and Refuge in the time of sorest need.

Consolatrix afflictorum, ora pro nobis. In the well-known lines of Moore we have a picture of the dangers and horrors of an American morass, often extending over thousands of acres:

"His path was rugged and sore,
Through tangled juniper, beds of reeds,
Through many a fen, where the serpent feeds
And man never trod before.
And when on the earth he sank to sleep,
If slumber his eyelids knew,
He lay where the deadly vine doth weep
Its venomous tear, and nightly steep
The flesh with blistering dew.
And near him the she-wolf stirred the brake,
And the copper-snake breathed in his ear."

But amid all these forms of terror grows the lovely and fragrant swamp-rose (*Rosa Carolina*), filling the air with its perfume, neutralizing the poison of *rhus* and *vera-trium*, and cheering the wanderer on his way—a sweet symbol of Her who is the true *Consolatrix afflictorum*.

Auxilium Christianorum, ora pro nobis. As helps to a Christian life, we naturally think of the devotions instituted in honor of the Blessed Virgin, such as the Scapular, Rosary, and many others. About the middle of July, when the Church celebrates the Festival of Our Lady of Mount Carmel, you may observe among the shrubbery a climbing plant whose flowers assume a most unusual tint in the floral kingdom—a deep chocolate brown the color of the Scapular. It is *Apios tuberosa*. Dig it up, and you will find the beads of the Rosary, or a string of tubers very much resembling them. They are edible, and give the plant its common name of "ground-nut." These characteristics, and the ascending stems, turning apparent obstacles into aids to growth, may chant for us the praise of Her to whom all good Christians look for assistance in their efforts to reach their heavenly home.

(CONCLUSION IN OUR NEXT NUMBER.)

The Golden Jubilee of Our Holy Father
Pope Leo XIII.

BY M. A.

☞ GOLDEN is the light that gleams
When noonday sun is high,
And golden are the parting beams
That flush the western sky;
And golden the phosphoric rays
Illumining the sea,
And golden is the light that plays
Around thy Jubilee.

And gold is hidden in the mines
Of many a sought-for land,
And grains of golden lustré shine
In Eastern river sand;
And crowns of gold and gems combined
Imperial rulers wear,
But the gold of thy great heart and mind
Is far more rich and fair.

I love thee, Father, well, although
I ne'er have seen thy face;
Its look I scarcely care to know,
Or on my mind to trace;—
Not for thy peerless dignity,
Thy wisdom or thy fame;
But I behold Our Lord in thee,
So thou my love dost claim.

Nothing am I, but millions more
Have placed their hearts on thee,
And turned in vision to the shore
Of beauteous Italy,
Where thou dost dwell, an uncrowned king,
Thy royal banner furled;
Yet, soaring as on eagle's wing,
Thou still dost rule the world.

And so we come, with heart and voice,
Thy Jubilee to greet;
With thee exultingly rejoice,
In spirit kiss thy feet.
O if on earth such light is given,
Thy heart and soul to fill,
What wilt thou be when raised to heaven?
Lumen in celo—still!

KINDNESS has converted more sinners
than either zeal, eloquence, or learning.—
Faber.

A Brave Life.

BY KATHLEEN O'MEARA.

(CONTINUED.)

ONE incident of his relations with the Brothers of St. John of God is too characteristic both of them and Mgr. de Ségur to be omitted. A young lad named Pierre Sazy was apprenticed to a gilder. He lived with a Protestant aunt, who did all in her power to make him renounce the faith, but in vain; and, finding threats and endearments alike useless, she turned him out of her house into the streets. The boy was lodged and fed by his employer during the week, but from Saturday to Monday he was houseless. For six successive weeks he spent this interval wandering about the streets, sitting down when he found a bench or a bit of wall, sleeping under any doorway that stood hospitably open. It was in the depth of winter, and he nearly died of the cold. A Sister of Charity met him, and sent him to Mgr. de Ségur. He was received with open arms, and made welcome to a home every Saturday.

The Sunday was henceforth a day in Paradise to the lonely lad. But the food and warmth came too late: his health had been fatally undermined by the nights spent sleeping under the stars. Consumption had set in, and he was soon in a dying state. The Bishop sent him to Brother Francis, who said there was nothing to be done, except take him in and minister to him till the end came. This they did with most loving kindness. Pierre was as happy as a child; he went to Communion every day, and, after edifying the community by his angelic piety, he died the death of a saint. Mgr. de Ségur was with him to the last, and assisted at his funeral, and placed a white cross on his grave. He wanted to pay the Brothers for the expense they had gone to in this long act of charity; but they refused to accept the smallest remuneration, declaring that Pierre had paid them abundantly by his prayers and his affection.

Sanctity and love of his fellow-creatures for God's sake had not chilled or narrowed Mgr. de Ségur's natural affections, as worldlings are apt to accuse holiness of doing. He loved his family with a rare and deep tenderness. Next to his mother, his sister Sabine held the largest place in his large heart. Sabine was a saint-like soul; she entered the Order of the Visitation some years after her brother had entered the priesthood, and, after ten years of a most exemplary life, she died a saintly death. He was heart-broken at her loss. She had been a sister of his soul as well as a dear sister in the natural order, and they had helped each other to reach nearer to God, and to mount higher and higher in detachment and virtue. For a time his grief was inconsolable.

In the course of his various missions, Mgr. de Ségur had come upon such appalling evidences of the power and dangers of Freemasonry that he was induced to study the question with a view to combating it. The more he learned about it, the more his horror grew, and his determination to attack it and wage vigorous war against it. He wrote a book exposing its principles and mode of action, and pointing to the abyss of crime, actual and potential, that yawns round its diabolical practice. The book was very powerful from its authenticity and passionate sincerity. It made a sensation, provoking a general sentiment of horror against the Freemasons, and a corresponding rage of anger on their part. Anonymous letters full of threats and invectives poured in on the author. He paid no attention to them; but his faithful Méthol was a little alarmed by these stabs in the dark, and kept a nervous look-out for his master's safety.

One morning, as the Bishop was going up to the altar to say Mass, a strange man entered the chapel. His sinister expression, the dark-blue glasses that concealed his eyes—something altogether odd about his appearance, excited Méthol's suspicions, and he watched him closely during Mass. The stranger remained on after it was finished, apparently waiting to go into the

sitting-room, where the Bishop heard confessions. When his turn came, and he passed in, Méthol, moved by some presentiment, stepped behind the curtain, and stood with a weapon in his hand, ready to spring forward at the first notice of danger. The man, instead of kneeling down, stood before Mgr. de Ségur, and demanded, bluntly, "Is it possible to be a Catholic and a Freemason?"

The Bishop stood up and said: "You are a Freemason! What brings you here?"

"I have come to give you a warning. At a recent meeting of the Lodges, your death was decreed in punishment for what you have written about our society."

Mgr. de Ségur with a sudden movement threw out his arms, and drew the man to him, and held him clasped to his heart. "So this is your Freemasonry!" he cried; "this is what you call a benevolent institution! When it is charged, with proofs in hand, of revolutionary designs, it answers by threats of assassination! Does not this in itself show you what it is?"

"Perhaps," replied the stranger, disengaging himself from the prelate's embrace; "but I have not time to discuss that; I have come here out of gratitude for a service you once rendered to a member of my family. You are warned that sentence of death has been pronounced against you. Take your precautions. But tell no one about what I have done; it would bring persecutions on me—perhaps even death."

"My poor friend!" said the Bishop; "why do you not break off from this accursed sect?"

"Because I can not. You are warned. I know not when the decree is to be put into execution, but it will be before the opening of the council." And with this he disappeared.

Mgr. de Ségur immediately dictated a letter to the Pope and one to his mother, and gave them to the Abbé Diringer, with injunctions to deliver them after his death, should this strange warning be carried out. Then he went on with his daily work, as if he had heard nothing. Méthol mounted guard over him night and day, but the

Bishop took no precautions whatever. If the threat were serious, he argued, no precautions would avail. He could not close his door, which was always open to anybody who chose to walk in and ask to see him alone; he was stone-blind, and could not attempt to protect himself; it would be the easiest thing in the world to murder him.

His household, however, could not take the matter so coolly, and for a time they were in a perpetual state of alarm, trembling when a strange face appeared at the door; but after a while they grew calm, and were satisfied to follow Monseigneur's example, and commit the care of his life to God. Nevertheless, it was not till the year closed, after the opening of the council, that they breathed in security. Nothing ever happened to alarm them or the Bishop. The Freemasons, probably, feared the obloquy the murder would bring upon the society; or for some other reason they left him unmolested.

A great trial and a great grace came to Mgr. de Ségur soon after this strange incident. His mother, his best beloved friend on earth, was seized one morning with a fit of apoplexy, and found on the floor of her room seemingly dead. The prelate was sent for in haste. His first thought was for her soul. Consciousness was restored, and he at once confessed and absolved her, and administered Extreme Unction, the medical men having assured him that death was imminent. He then with the utmost tenderness broke the news to her. She answered, quietly: "I knew it. I felt that it was death that had seized me. May God's holy will be done!" It was now the turn of the son to ask a miracle for the mother. He who had lent himself so reluctantly to seek any supernatural agency to obtain his own cure, was ready enough to appeal to Mary on behalf of his mother. An old friend, hearing that Mme. de Ségur was dying, brought in some Water of Lourdes, and the Bishop at once seized upon it with hope and faith. He tells us, in a touching biographical sketch entitled "*Ma Mère,*" what followed.

"I put a few drops on the compresses that were kept applied to her head in order to combat the apoplexy, and which so far had had no effect whatever. A few minutes later, my mother fell into a calm sleep. She awoke at five o'clock rather better, and again, a few hours later, fell asleep, and had a good night. The next day she was out of danger. She had maintained in the face of death a serenity that filled us with admiration. Our Lady of Lourdes had preserved our good mother to us, and, in accordance with a vow that I had made at the moment of danger, I went to offer up my thanks at Lourdes."

He made the pilgrimage of thanksgiving in company with Father Hermann, a Jewish artist, who had been miraculously converted. Father Hermann was an enthusiastic devotee of Our Lady of Lourdes, and had made up his mind that She was to perform the miracle of opening the eyes of his blind friend, as She had opened the eyes of his own soul. A little miracle more or less to Mary—what did it matter? So, while the prelate said Mass in the Basilica above the Grotto, the priest's prayers went up to the Immaculate One for a cure. But She heard the cry without answering it. Poor Father Hermann was terribly disappointed; he did not, however, blame Our Lady of Lourdes: he blamed Mgr. de Ségur; it was all his fault—it was his indifference that hindered the miracle; he would not ask for it, but kept on obstinately repeating his *Fiat voluntas tua!* Probably Father Hermann was right. It is certain that Mgr. de Ségur owed no grudge to Our Lady of Lourdes for not granting his cure. He remained ever after Her devoted worshipper, and never tired of proclaiming the wonders She wrought at the miraculous fountain.

The Franco-German war of 1870 brought out the prelate's patriotism, and proved to France, if she had needed the proof, that she has no more loyal and self-sacrificing citizen than a good priest. His first care was, naturally, for the souls of his countrymen who were going out to the battlefield. The opportunities of spiritual succor

provided for the army were few, and the total absence of any organized relief for the sick and wounded was known to all those who took the trouble of inquiring about it, and did not rest content with the braggadocio which blinded the nation and led to so much disaster. Mgr. de Ségur formed a committee to collect funds for setting up ambulances, and appealed to the priests to volunteer for the service as chaplains. Money and chaplains poured in quickly; a noble service was improvised, and God alone can measure the blessed work that it did for souls and bodies. Father Ambrose, a Capuchin monk, who was attached to one ambulance, certified to having heard one thousand confessions, administered three hundred soldiers, and visited some three thousand wounded men. This solitary experience gives a vague idea of the amount of good that must have been achieved by the whole body of chaplains that the army owed to Mgr. de Ségur's zeal.

As soon as the war was over, a great trial overtook him—the greatest sorrow of his life. His mother was dying. She had been suffering for many years from disease of the heart, and was subject to violent crises of suffocation, that seemed to put life each time in immediate danger. One morning the Bishop was sent for to come and assist her. The crisis this time was to end fatally. He stood by her side, ministering to her with the tenderest love, and doing all that was possible to comfort her and alleviate her sufferings. Those who were present at the scene—the noble, austere-looking priest standing by the couch of the dying mother, his face illumined with the smile of faith, while the tears streamed from his eyes—were reminded of St. Augustin at the deathbed of St. Monica.

The venerable mother peacefully expired in her son's arms at daybreak. When he had closed her eyes, he went home, and vested and said Mass for the departed soul. He was filled with spiritual joy in the certainty of her salvation, in thanksgiving for her holy death; but his soul was pierced with sorrow, and his heart was broken; he

shed such abundant tears while celebrating that his vestments were wet through, as if they had been steeped in water. No man, perhaps, ever united more completely the perfect son with the perfect priest than Gaston de Ségur had done.

(CONCLUSION IN OUR NEXT NUMBER.)

Murillo and his Pupils.—The School of Andalusia.

BY OCTAVIA HENSEL.

“THERE is no such thing as crushing out genius,” might well become an axiom; for so often have children born of poor parents, reared in poverty, neglected and ignorant in youth, surpassed in character and life-work those more favored by fortune and other earthly blessings.

The boy Bartolomé Estéban Murillo,* baptized in the Cathedral of Seville twenty years after the baptismal cross had been signed from that same font on the brow of the wealthier child Velasquez, may well be numbered among those who have risen to fame in spite of poverty and adverse surroundings. His only friend was a distant relative—the painter Juan del Castillo,†—an artist little known by his own works, but possessing power to guide others to the fame he could never attain for himself. Death, however, deprived the boy of this friend, and then he went to Cadiz, where alone, in poverty and obscurity, he supported himself by painting hastily-executed pictures for the weekly fair, or for exportation to America.

At the age of twenty-four he returned to Seville, where Pedro de Moya was sojourning on his way to Granada from London, whence he had brought several copies of Vandyke, with whom he had studied. Seeing these, we are told, “Murillo was in ecstasies,” and with a few *reals* gained by

* Elvira Murillo, his grandmother's name, was given him.

† His parents had intended him for Holy Orders, but, discovering his talent for painting, placed him under Castillo.

hard labor he started on foot for Madrid. Velasquez was then in the zenith of his glory. Generously and kindly he received the young man, procured him useful work in the palaces and at the Escorial, while admitting him to his own studio, and aiding him by advice and lessons.

After two years of patient study at Madrid, Murillo returned to Seville, where his first work was for the Convent of S. Francisco. Twenty years later, in 1660, he established the Academy of Seville, but retired from its presidency the following year, and devoted himself to painting religious pictures for the churches and convents of his native city. In April, 1682, while painting an altar-piece for the Church of St. Catharine at Cadiz, he fell from a scaffolding, and received internal injuries which caused his death. His best paintings still remain in Seville, although many of them, by the fortunes of war, or as royal gifts to kings and princes, have been carried away to other countries of Europe.

The picture that Murillo preferred to all his works—one representing St. Thomas of Villaneuva distributing alms—is now in the provincial museum of Seville, where it is placed near the most exquisite and best known of all his pictures, to Catholics at least—the *Perla de las Concepciones*.*

It has been said that Murillo had three distinct styles of painting: the cold, the warm, and the aerial,—“*frio, caldo, y vaporoso*.” Of the first style, the picture of the Holy Family with the little dog, the *Martyrdom of St. Andrew*, and the smallest of the *Annunciations*, are the most beautiful.†

The warm style, which Murillo himself preferred, contains many exquisite legends of the saints, an *Immaculata*, and a *Nativity*, which remind one of the grouping in Correggio's *Nozze*. These last are in the Hermitage of St. Petersburg. The Munich

* Called the Pearl of the Immaculate Conception; but it is not more beautiful than his *Immaculata*, now at the Louvre in Paris, which is often called *La Perla*.

† His beggar-boys, peasants, and modern-life subjects belong to the cold (*frio*) style.

gallery has several of his best *Beggar-Boys*, and a painting of St. Francis de Paula healing a paralytic at the door of a church.

The Louvre contains the celebrated *Beggar-Boy with the Pitcher*, and one of the loveliest pictures of the third style (angelic, ærial)—the *Immaculate Conception*,—a picture which seems an ecstasy of prayer. Words can not describe it; one can but kneel in spirit before the Mother Immaculate. Indeed, all his pictures awaken tender emotions and religious sympathies. Murillo excelled in the management of draperies, light, clouds, flowers, and transparent waters.

Murillo was buried in the Church of Santa Cruz, beneath a picture—the *Descent from the Cross*—before which he had prayed daily. His influence upon the Andalusian school kept it most truly devoted to religious art; but the followers of his immediate pupils, possessing but little personal genius, dwarfed their talent by imitating, and ended by merely copying the great master.

Ignacio Iriarte (1620–1685),* the celebrated painter, was indebted to Murillo for the best of the figures represented in his pictures. This kindly fellowship, so beneficial to both, was at last broken up by a foolish quarrel as to who should paint first and who last on the *Life of David*, ordered by the Marquis of Villamanrique. Murillo changed the subject to the *Life of Jacob*, and painted the entire work himself.

Francisco de Herrera (1622–1685), called *el Mozo* to distinguish him from *el Viejo*, who had run away from his home on account of his father's violent temper,* went to Rome, and turned his attention to the painting of historic pictures. Flowers and still-life subjects were his specialties, and the painting of fish gave him the name of *lo Spagnuolo degli Pesci* † by the Italians.

The most faithful yet comparatively self-

* Iriarte has been called the Spanish Claude Lorraine, but his subjects are more like Salvator Rosa—wilderness, glens, and mountain streams.

* He is said to have been extremely jealous of other artists, and his temper was quite as violent as his father's.

† "The Spaniard of the Fish."

taught Sebastian Gomez, oftener called the Mulatto of Murillo, was one of the master's best copyists. After years of study, he completed a sketch of the head of the Blessed Virgin begun by Murillo. So pleased was the artist with this attempt, that he encouraged him to adopt the profession of painter. His pictures, defective in drawing and composition, are, nevertheless, most successful imitations of Murillo in their coloring.

Juan de Valdes Leal (1630–1691), one of the founders of the school of Seville,—sculptor, painter, and architect,—studied under Antonio del Castillo, and, after the death of Murillo, stood at the head of the Andalusian school. His works are chiefly historical subjects, and altar-pieces in the churches of Seville and Cordova.

Pedro Nunez de Villa Vencencio, a young nobleman who studied under Murillo, and in whose arms the master died, took up the study of art, as Beltraffio did under Da Vinci, for amusement. He painted children of the poorer class, beggars, and street children, almost as well as Murillo himself.

Palomio y Velasco, although his paintings are found in the Alcazar, the Escorial, and at Salamanca and Granada, is far more famous as a historian of the artists of Spain than a painter. He has been called the Spanish Vasari, but, in spite of his pleasing style, he is not trustworthy.

Alonzo Miguel de Tobar (1678–1758) and Francisco Meneses Osorio, worthy of little praise as artists, succeeded so admirably in copying Murillo's works that it is almost impossible to tell them from the original. Osorio, who lived about the year 1700, partially completed the picture of St. Catharine which Murillo left unfinished; and Tobar made a copy of Murillo's *Holy Family* for the Church of S. Maria la Blanca of Seville, which was at one time declared an original. The finest work of his own is an enthroned *Madonna* in the Cathedral of Seville.

With Tobar and Osorio the school of Andalusia declined, as all art must decline when originality and spontaneity fail. Imitation does not require genius; and when genius dies, the soul of art is dead.

The "Angelus" at Montmartre.

BY A SPANISH PILGRIM.

FOR some centuries past devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus had been practised in the parish of St. Pierre de Montmartre, and this first seed of devotion has produced fruits of the greatest importance.

How could one have foreseen the designs of Providence, which were to convert the Mountain of the Martyrs into an immense dispensary of the infinite mercies of the Sacred Heart? The foundation of the Society of Jesus at that spot was a sweet presage of such a blessing; but neither the loving Margaret Mary Alacoque nor Hoyos, that devoted son of the great Loyola, could have imagined or desired a more sumptuous and grand offering to present to the magnet of their love, than that realized in the erection of the magnificent basilica dedicated to the Sacred Heart, which France is raising as a majestic crown on the summit of those hills from which shall flow over Paris, lying at their feet, rich and abounding rivers of grace.

By the light of the setting sun, standing on the bold scaffolding erected to finish the cupola, which is to surmount the four lesser ones at the four corners of the edifice, bright visions pass before the mind as we look down upon the city, now for the most part devoted to material progress. Instead of the devastating fire belched forth upon the metropolis by seven hundred cannon mouths, directed against her by the Communists—a just retribution for her fickleness and all her abominations,—we see reflected from the painted windows a thousand life-breathing colors, which proclaim the mercies of Christ, and announce, like the dawn, the plenitude of the mystic rays which the incomparable cupola, formed of crystal and the finest gold, is to emit.

At the height to which we were led by the amiable and well-known Catalonian priest resident here, it is beautiful, charming, to listen to the brazen tongues of Notre

Dame, St. Sulpice, la Madeleine, and a hundred other fanes, inviting the phalanx of fervent Catholics to call upon Her who is "terrible as an army set in array," and to remind the followers of Dives that man "liveth not by bread alone."

Beautiful, enchanting is the panorama; sweet are the thoughts that crowd upon the mind; we never can forget the impression made upon us as we recited the *Angelus* kneeling amidst the immense frame-work, with its array of ingenious machinery for the adjusting of those enormous blocks of stone destined to form the arch of the temple.

We had gone over all the divisions of the grand sanctuary, had read the inscriptions of the thousands of little marble slabs on its walls, commemorative of the piety and gratitude of those whose names they bore; had seen the precious columns, the gifts of individuals and of corporations; had admired the architectural mysteries of the *apsides* of the immense crypt, which we had seen on the morning of the Feast of the Sacred Heart, in company with three thousand persons, who repeated: "O Sacred Heart, Thou shalt reign!" Our love of country had been gratified on seeing that altars were raised to St. Teresa, St. Dominic, St. Ignatius Loyola, St. Isidore, and St. John of the Cross; our enthusiasm for the fine arts had been satisfied on seeing that Catholic poets, musicians, painters, sculptors, and orators had given their testimonies of adhesion to Christ Our Lord, to be perpetuated in columns of granite; and the dew of the heart had flowed from our eyes on viewing the beautiful image of the Redeemer, represented in the act of taking all mankind to His bosom.

We had seen, felt, and admired all these things; and, to be more thoroughly impressed by the material magnitude of this grand edifice, we had measured the thickness of its walls (two metres), the size of one of its side chapels (one hundred metres by fifty); we knew that the foundations were thirty-six metres in depth, and we had been informed as to the incalculable sums spent

in the construction: since, without counting the polishing and placing of the stones, the sand cost fifteen francs a cart-load, the gravel twenty, and the stone thirty francs. Of all this and still more—all calculated to increase our enthusiasm—we had received an account, and yet we were far from having experienced anything like the emotion which was to be excited in the celebrated Chapel of the Agonizing.

The aged Oblate Father who acted as our guide had gone on relating to us, in that select language and with that clearness of thought so peculiarly his own, the marvelous events that had occurred beneath those shapely arcades; but when he reached this spot, consecrated to the most austere sorrow, he leaned back against one of its eight mighty columns, his eyes shone with unusual brilliancy, and a tear rolled furtively down his venerable face. In a broken voice he informed us that here had been performed a stupendous miracle, which was well calculated to form the climax of so many impressions, and which I will attempt to relate in his own words:

"I had accompanied a well-known writer of Paris through the basilica, and had called his attention to all those marvels on which you have looked; and on reaching this chapel, the bell of St. Pierre rang out the *Angelus*. Although I knew that my companion was a thorough infidel, I said to him: 'You will not object, I hope, if, according to my custom, I stop to recite the *Angelus*?' And, taking off my cap, I knelt down before this image of our Crucified Lord.

"When I arose I saw my companion with his face buried in his hands, and leaning against this pillar. I was struck with astonishment, but did not venture to disturb him for a few moments, thinking that perhaps some sad memory had come upon him on remembering that the chapel was called 'The Agonizing.' However, as he still continued in that attitude, I approached him after a while, and noticed that he was weeping. Touching him lightly on the shoulder, I said: 'Come along, and leave sad thoughts behind you.' To my surprise he turned

and threw himself on his knees, weeping bitterly as he exclaimed: 'No, Father,—no: it is not sad and gloomy thoughts that oppress me: it is remorse. It is thirty years since I have said the *Angelus*—that prayer which my mother taught me to address to the Blessed Virgin. I have lost the faith, and know not how to return to it.' 'Courage, courage, my friend,' I answered, taking him gently by the hand. 'Let us repeat the *Angelus* together, and the Blessed Mother will do the rest.'

"We recited the *Angelus*, and the unbeliever did not rise from his knees until he had made a general confession, during which two pairs of eyes shed an abundance of tears—tears of joy they were, at least on one side.'

With what confidence may not one pray on this spot for the preservation of the faith of his country, for the conversion of sinners, for graces for his family, his friends, and himself!

Catholic Notes.

Preliminary negotiations have been entered into at Rome with a view to introduce the cause of the beatification of Mother St. Euphrasie Pelletier, the foundress of the Sisters of the Good Shepherd. This saintly religious died April 24, 1868, at Angers (France), where she had established her community in 1832. During her administration more than one hundred new houses of the order were established, twenty-five of which belong to the United States. The wonderful and rapid extension of this community betokened the immense influence for good which Mother Pelletier exercised in the Church, and the continuance of the grand work to which the community devotes itself shows that her noble spirit still pervades the minds and hearts of her spiritual children. It is fitting, indeed, that a soul which was privileged to shine as a light to lead so many hearts to the Throne of Mercy should be known and venerated by all members of the Church upon earth, and all will hope for the successful issue of the cause now begun.

There is a movement on foot to present to the Holy Father, on the auspicious occasion

of his coming Jubilee, a petition requesting him to extend to the Catholic clergy of all nations the privilege—at present enjoyed only in Portugal, we believe,—of saying three Masses for the repose of the souls of the faithful departed every year on All-Souls' Day. Petitions to this effect have been, and are now being, circulated, signed already by nearly a thousand bishops and other ecclesiastical dignitaries. The *Catholic Review* suggests very appropriately that the laity as well as the clergy should be enlisted in this good work, and that all should unite their prayers and suffrages for the success of so important a measure. We hope to see an expression of feeling to this effect on the part of the laity; and we are sure it will be a universal one, once they reflect on the inestimable benefits to be derived from such a custom for the souls both of the living and dead.

It is our painful duty to record the death, after a long illness, of the Very Rev. Father Jacker, who for upwards of thirty years has zealously served the Indian missions of Lake Superior. He was also for many years Vicar-General of the Diocese of Marquette. Father Jacker was born at Ellwangen in the Kingdom of Würtemberg. His studies were made at Tübingen and at the University of Munich. He came to the United States in 1852, and was ordained not long after by the saintly Bishop Baraga. Many churches in different parts of Michigan attest his great energy; every place he visited he left a memory of zeal and self-sacrifice. During his stay at Mackinaw he discovered the grave of the eminent Jesuit missionary, Marquette. A man of great learning and of studious habits, Father Jacker found time to write a number of valuable essays on historical and archeological subjects. No one knew more than he of the early history of the Indians of Northern Michigan. He was respected everywhere, and beloved by all who knew him intimately. The career of Father Jacker will long be remembered as that of a saintly missionary, and his name will be associated with those of the illustrious Baraga and Marquette.

At a meeting of the trustees of the new American Catholic University held at Baltimore on the 7th inst., under the presidency of his Eminence Cardinal Gibbons, the city of

Washington was definitely selected as the site of the proposed institution. So far there is about \$700,000 subscribed, including the sum of \$300,000 given by the Misses Caldwell. The estimated cost of the University will be \$8,000,000. The architect presented his plans, which were examined and adopted, and ground will be broken next month. The theological department will be the first to be opened, and, it is said, will be under the direction of the Sulpician Fathers.

Mgr. Livinhac, Vicar-Apostolic of Lake Nyanza, Central Africa, writing of the constancy with which native Christians meet martyrdom, says:

"The practice of our holy religion is now forbidden under pain of death, and it is impossible for our neophytes to visit us, except by stealth at night. Nevertheless, during the month I stayed at St. Mary of Rubaga many of them exposed their lives by coming to see me. Often I had to rise four or five times a night to receive my dear visitors. I can not say how I have been touched by the marvellous effects grace has produced in the Christians of a day. They behold the cruel death that awaits them with a calm courage that only faith can give."

Although Catholic emancipation in Denmark dates only from 1848, there are now 4,000 Catholics in the country, served by some thirty priests. The Jesuit Fathers have a college at Copenhagen, and there are numerous schools in charge of religious.

Brother Cyrillus, instructor in the Royal Institute for Deaf Mutes, Brussels, has been created a Chevalier of the Order of Leopold. The good Brother, who is esteemed as one of the foremost living authorities in the wonderful art of teaching the dumb to speak, is also a linguist of extensive acquirements, and is frequently called on to act as interpreter in the law-courts.—*Le Couteulx Leader*.

The Congregation of the Passion mourns the demise of the Rev. Father Albinus Magno, one of the pioneers of his community in the United States. Father Albinus was born in Naples, and became a Passionist while still a very young man. After his ordination he was engaged for several years in mission work in his native land. In 1853 he came to this country with the late Bishop O'Connor, of Pitts-

burg. He was a most efficient and zealous missionary, and when too old to travel was always ready to minister to those who came to him. His spirit of faith was remarkable, and many cures are said to have been effected by his prayers. He will not soon be forgotten by the thousands in different parts of the country whom he instructed unto justice by word and example. Full of years and merits, he has gone to his reward exceeding great. May he rest in peace!

The Benedictine Order in the United States has just suffered a very heavy loss by the destruction, by fire, of St. Meinrad's Abbey, Spencer Co., Ind. This institution was one of the most flourishing religious communities in the West. It was founded in 1857 by three Fathers from Einsiedeln, Switzerland. The present Bishop of Dakota, the Right Rev. Dr. Marty, was the first abbot. The abbey, which is presided over by the Right Rev. Fintan Mundwiler, contained a large library, a collection of rare coins, and a valuable museum. The college had just been repaired and renovated for the opening of the new session. The total loss is estimated at \$1,000,000. Fortunately, some buildings, commodious enough to accommodate the students until the abbey is rebuilt, escaped destruction.

The highest church in Europe, according to the *Bundner Tagblatt*, is the pilgrimage Chapel of S. Maria de Ziteit, above Salux, in the canton of Graubünden. It lies 2,434 metres above the sea level—nearly 8,000 feet high, near the limits of perpetual snow. It is open only from St. John the Baptist's Day to the Feast of St. Michael.—*London Tablet*.

The unexpected death of the Rev. Father Stack, S. J., recently appointed President of Boston College and rector of the Church of the Immaculate Conception, produced a profound impression, not only among his brethren but in the large congregation and community with which he was connected. Father Stack was no common man. Although his talents were of a high order, he was simple and unpretending as a child. He was a priest of great holiness of life, had a warm and sympathetic heart, and endeared himself, by his disinterested kindness and urbanity, to all with whom he came in contact. The estimation in which

he was held was manifested by the presence of a crowded congregation in the large Jesuit church on the occasion of his funeral. His loss will be deeply felt, and his memory will long be cherished by a grateful and loving people. *R. I. P.*

From an interesting article on Chili, by W. E. Curtis, in the current number of *Harper's Magazine*, the *Pilot* quotes the following noteworthy paragraph. The article is illustrated with a portrait of General Patrick Lynch, and a view of the equestrian statue, in Santiago, of Bernard O'Higgins, the liberator of Chili:

"Many of the leading men of Chili are, and have been, of Irish descent. Bernard O'Higgins was the liberator—the George Washington—of the Republic, and Patrick Lynch was the foremost soldier of the late war. The O'Learys and McGarrys and other Chiliano-Irish families are prominent in politics and war and trade. There is a sympathetic bond between the shamrock and the condor, and nowhere in South America does the Irish emigrant so prosperously thrive."

Obituary.

"It is a holy and wholesome thought to pray for the dead."

—2 MACH., xii., 40.

The following persons, lately deceased, are commended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

Mr. and Mrs. William Gannon, of Vicksburg, Miss., who died, the latter on the 20th ult., the former some weeks previous. Both had the happiness of receiving the last Sacraments, and passed away in peace.

Mr. Henry P. Machen, an old and warm friend of THE "AVE MARIA" in Toledo, whose fervent Christian life was crowned with a precious death on the Feast of Our Lady's Nativity.

Mrs. Ann Garret, a devout child of Mary, who departed this life last month at Georgetown, D. C. She bore a long and painful illness with saintlike patience and resignation to the divine will.

Mr. A. B. Mukautz, of Manistee, Mich., whose holy death occurred last month. He was formerly of Kankakee, Ill., where his faithful practice of religion in face of most disheartening obstacles is remembered with great edification by all Catholics.

Mr. John H. Campbell, of Boston; Mrs. J. J. Tobin, San Francisco; Patrick A. Grace, Syracuse, N. Y.; Mrs. Elizabeth Coffey, Baltimore Co., Md.; Mrs. Mary Turney and John Turney, Jackson, Mich.

May their souls, and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace!



Missionary Life in Madura.

[The following summary of a familiar discourse delivered by a Jesuit missionary to the pupils of the Sacré Cœur at Jette St. Pierre, one of the suburbs of Brussels, will be sure to interest our young readers.]

My white *soutane* and red beretta may suggest thoughts of the carnival season; but this costume suits admirably in Madura, where the climate is so hot that a black garment is insupportable. The long veil which covers my head is the distinctive mark in that region of the priest, or *sami*; it may be also worn as a scarf or as a *bandoleur*. Madura being in the south of Hindostan, and only a few degrees above the equator, the heat is overpowering. The ground becomes parched, and opens in broad and deep fissures; and in a distance such as separates me from your lovely statue of the Blessed Virgin—say fifty feet—a hundred chinks as broad as my hand may be easily counted. These can be avoided only by following the path that has been traced out by some pedestrian, and people walk always in single file. In the open country of India there are, properly speaking, no roads; the first individual that repairs to the town after the rainy season, makes a track, which is used by all succeeding travellers for the rest of the year.

During ten months of the year it seldom rains more than once; and even in the rainy season, which lasts about six weeks, it rains only fourteen or fifteen times. The ponds fill very rapidly, and their overflowing is as much to be feared as a lack of rain to fill them; for either event will result in a dearth of water; since if the ponds burst, the water needed to drain gradually over the rice-fields is wasted; and if that grain can not be irrigated, a famine is the consequence. During

the last ten years this disaster has occurred three or four times. You will easily understand, my young friends, that it is a country full of privations to a European, and, in fact, one must have a missionary vocation to accept them.

The only water to be had is that caught in the ponds of which I have spoken, during torrential showers. After the rainy season, women come to wash their family linen; and men, after anointing themselves with oil, plunge into the ponds, and rub their bodies with a native plant, the juice of which unites with the oil and forms a kind of soap. It is of this water, in which also whole droves of oxen take their *siesta*, that we are obliged to drink. In India even the wealthiest women go to draw water from the ponds. With a highly polished vase of brass or copper, richly carved, which is placed on the left hip, they sally forth, preceded by a dozen or more handmaids. Whilst they bathe their long tresses, and fill their urns, they chat together, and, after collecting the news of the neighborhood, retire to their respective homes to talk over the events of the day.

To purify the water, the Indians give a seed of a certain plant to a very little child, who passes it around the sides of the decanter; and when the water enters the vase, it is instantly covered with a veil, or film, that floats to the bottom, carrying any impurity with it. But the yellow tinge of the water and the odor imparted by the seed do not render it at all attractive, even after it has been carefully poured into another vessel. Several times I tried to form a filter with layers of clay and charcoal; but just as I flattered myself with the prospect of a supply of clear water, I was summoned by some Indian to hurry away and administer the Sacraments to the dying. Once on the road, it may perhaps be weeks before one can return.

We number about one hundred missionaries. Each one has to preside over a parish of twenty or thirty villages, some of which contain only thirty Christians, others four hundred or more. In the course of the year

the missionary is obliged to visit them all. The journeys to accomplish this are by no means agreeable. The equipage consists of a two-wheeled cart, veiled, and drawn by oxen. When seated or suspended in this rude vehicle, one is forced to conform to every jolt backward, forward, or sideways, that the oxen give; and as these shocks are not very uniform even on a European highway, what must they be over such a rough and trackless country? Then the oxen move so slowly! I read my Office, say the Rosary, recite a *De Profundis* for a departed friend; then I remember that my sister, a religious of the Sacred Heart, has requested a litany for each of the band that made their profession with her, so I go on with my devotions—and still the village is not yet in sight. But you may ask: “Why not walk?” Because a foot-passenger here would not be deemed respectable, and my poor Indians would be greatly pained if their *sami* were despised by the pagans. Therefore, we submit to the weary drives in ox-carts.

On one of my excursions, just as night was approaching, my driver informed me that he had lost his way.—There is scarcely any evening or morning twilight in this country; in the morning, one observes a thin line of white light, and fifteen minutes later the sun shines out in full splendor; and the night comes on almost as suddenly.—However, you must not imagine that I was frightened. No: I had committed myself and my journey to the protection of the Holy Angels, with full confidence in the powerful protection of their leader, St. Michael. So I stretched myself on the ground, and tried to go to sleep. About midnight I was aroused by a procession of the Christians to whose village I was bound. Seeing I had not arrived at the appointed time, they feared I had met with some accident, and had come to seek me. Bearing lighted torches, they had gone through the country, making the most detestable racket with a portable bell, which they call *tam-tam*. (It consists of a plate of copper, and is struck with a wooden mallet.)

I was conducted by them to a little cabin, so low that I could not wear my beretta; and, that I might get some repose, they had prepared a wooden plank about three feet wide and six feet long, standing on four small pillars. This is the sort of couch that we have been advised to use, when possible, in order to avoid the bite of serpents that glide over the ground in search of rats, with which this region abounds, and on which these repulsive creatures feed. From fifteen to eighteen thousand persons die annually in India from the bite of serpents. The Indians revere the serpent, and think it wicked to kill one: hence the great number of them. The first floor of the house is usually left open, and snakes crawl in to hunt for rats. If when the snake touches a person any movement is made, the reptile believes it is attacked, and instantly gives him a poisonous bite. Happily, certain remedies have been discovered which, when properly applied, heal the wound, and the poor Indians often come to the colleges of the mission to ask for antidotes. By a permanent blessing of Divine Providence, not one of our Fathers has been bitten by a serpent.

However, we have not escaped that dreadful pestilence, Asiatic cholera. The action of the burning sun and the bad quality of the drinking-water render us very liable to this disease, which comes on suddenly, and apparently without any provoking cause. Thus I was rejoicing on one occasion at the unexpected visit of another Father, and especially at the privilege of going to confession, when I was attacked; but with his kind and intelligent care I soon recovered.

In India the ground is the sole bed in use for children, adults, the aged, and the sick. True, they lie on a mat; but the couch is anything but soft. The new-born babe is put in a hammock of linen, which is suspended from the ceiling. Its mother gives the bed a push, and the baby is thus rocked, leaving its parent free to work; but as soon as the little creature is four months old, it lies on the ground like the rest of the family. This

position has one advantage—one can not fall out of bed.

The art of cooking is not held in high esteem in the East Indies. Rice is almost the sole article of food; and this dish is not prepared with cream, sugar, raisins, etc.: the rice is simply boiled in water, and served with a kind of black sauce. Twice a day one of my scholars prepares my rice. He is very much pleased when he can persuade me to use a spoonful of the sauce, which is made up of red and black pepper, salt, garlic, onions, allspice—in fact, anything to burn the tongue.

But all these privations are as nothing when compared to the solitude of the missionary. My parish is about half as large as a department of France, and I am all alone. If we could only keep the Blessed Sacrament in our chapel, it would be a great consolation. I have been delighted with the appearance of your sanctuary, but what would all its beauty amount to if the Holy Eucharist were not reserved in its lovely tabernacle? On arriving in India, I told my people they must go to work and build a chapel. "With what, *sami*?" they wonderingly asked. "Why, with whatever you can get, but we *must* have a chapel," I answered.

The poor people selected a site, and with their spades traced two parallel lines; they poured some water in the middle of the enclosed space, dug up the ground, and then poured water anew. The men kneaded the mud with their feet, and the women carried it to the limits marked out with the spades, and thus were formed two walls about as high as my shoulder. When the walls became sun-dried, they laid branches of trees crosswise to form a roof, and used the leaves of the cocoanut tree for tiles. Then they closed both ends with mud, leaving just space enough for me to crawl in. Now, this mud wall soon became full of crevices, into which lizards, scorpions, and centipedes withdrew,—creatures whose retreat no one cares to disturb. There are no windows in it, and the air is so noisome that on two occasions I fainted on entering the hovel.

We could not think of keeping the Sacred Host in such a place, and the beautiful statues that have been sent to us by kind friends in France are all destroyed by the white ant.

When the pagans perceive our poverty, they say: "Oh! we have nothing to fear from the God they adore: He is powerless." They have magnificent temples in stone, one of which contains 25,000 idols, each richly adorned. Recently the merchant caste covered one of their deities with layers of solid gold; while our chapel is so poor that the Blessed Sacrament has only two tapers, which, for want of candlesticks, are fastened to the altar by drop of melted wax. The first thing I do on arriving at one of the villages is to order the chapel to be cleaned, and while I am saying Mass two men stand on either side, fanning me with large leaves. Of course, this is not according to the Roman Ritual, but the air is so mephitic in the apartment, that I should not be able to conclude the Holy Sacrifice without this refreshment.

Every morning the catechist rings the tamtam for prayer, and the whole family hasten to the chapel. The mother lays her babe on the floor (there are no benches or chairs used there), and the younger children group themselves beside her; while the father and the elder children kneel round the altar, which is surmounted with a statue of the Sacred Heart. I think it would shame many European Catholics, who declare they can not find time for prayer, to see these poor Indians, who will not leave the chapel until they have heard Mass and recited the Beads. How joyously they go to their daily toil after thus invoking the blessing of Heaven!

At half-past six in the evening the catechist beats the tamtam for the class in Christian Doctrine. All the children run in from the street and take their places—the boys on one side, the girls on the other. And such a babbling as follows! At first my ears were stunned, but when I went round among the classes, and heard the monitors and monitresses teaching the Cat-

echism and sacred hymns, my heart exulted that God was thus glorified. The monitors call the roll, and the absentees as well as those who talk unnecessarily during class time are marked, and receive several strokes with a rod. The parents, who are excessively tender towards their children, and would not suffer them to receive the slightest reprimand under other circumstances, remain calm and silent while their little ones do public penance for a fault committed in public.

Perhaps, dear young friends, you will think that, like the owl in La Fontaine's fable that described her own nestlings, I am very partial in my views. Well, I am the spiritual father of those poor Indians, and I confess I love them tenderly, and should like you to share my sympathy with them. Many of my parishioners live and die in baptismal innocence, and I think they owe their piety to the devotion to the Sacred Heart, which you are taught in this convent home; hence I urge you, in conclusion, to practise it faithfully; it offers the most efficacious means of persevering in God's grace and dying in His love.

The Cardinal's Lodger.

Once upon a time—about two hundred and fifty years ago—a little boy stood, one morning, at the door of a palace in Florence, and looked about him. Why he was standing there I do not know: perhaps he was watching for the butcher or the milkman; for he was a kitchen-boy in the household of a Cardinal. He was twelve years old, and his name was Thomas. Suddenly he felt a tap on his shoulder, which made him turn round, and he exclaimed:

"What! Is that you, Peter? What has brought you to Florence, and how are they all in Cortona?"

"They're all well," answered Peter, who was also a boy of about twelve. "But I've left there for good. I'm tired of taking care of sheep—stupid things! I want to be a painter. I've come to Florence to learn the art. They say there's a school here where they teach people."

"But have you got any money?" asked the other.

"Not a cent."

"Then you had much better take service in the kitchen with me. You will be sure of not starving to death, at least," said Thomas, dryly.

"Do you get enough to eat?" asked Peter, reflectively.

"Plenty—more than enough."

"I don't want to enter service: I'm bound to be a painter," said Peter. "But I'll tell you what we'll do. As you have more than you need to eat, suppose you take me to board—on trust at first, and when I'm well off I'll settle the bill?"

"Agreed," answered Thomas, after a moment's thought. "I can manage it. Come upstairs to the garret where I sleep, and I will bring you some dinner by and by."

So the two boys went up to the little room among the chimney-pots, where Thomas slept. It was very small, and all the furniture in it was an old straw bed and two rickety chairs.

The food was good and plentiful; for when Thomas went down in the kitchen and foraged among the broken meats, he found the half of a fine mutton pie, which the cook had overlooked.

Peter, who was very hungry, ate the pie with keen relish. "So far, so good," said he; "but, Thomas, I can't be a painter without paper and pencils and brushes and colors. Haven't you any money?"

"No," replied Thomas, despairingly; "and I don't know how to get any, for I shall receive no wages for three years."

"Then I can't be a painter, after all!" said Peter, mournfully.

"I'll tell you what," suggested Thomas. "I'll get some charcoal down in the kitchen, and you can draw pictures on the wall."

So Peter set to work, and drew so many figures of men and women and birds and trees and beasts and flowers, that before long the walls were entirely covered.

At last one day Thomas was given a piece of money. You may be sure there was joy in the boarding-house up among the chimney-pots; for now Peter could have pencil and paper and india-rubber, and a few other things that artists need. Then he changed his way of life a little: he went out early every morning and wandered about Florence, and everything he

could find to draw—whether the pictures in the churches, or the fronts of the old palaces, or the statues in the public squares, or the outlines of the hills beyond the Arno,—delighted him.

Then when it became too dark to work any longer, Peter would go home to his boarding-house, and find his dinner all nicely tucked away under the old straw bed, where Landlord Thomas had put it, not so much to hide it as to keep it warm.

None of the servants knew that Thomas kept a boarder; or if they did, they good-naturedly shut their eyes. The cook used to remark sometimes that Thomas ate a good deal for a lad of his size, and it was surprising he didn't grow more.

One day the Cardinal took it into his head to alter and repair his palace. He went all over the house in company with an architect, and looked in places he had never set his foot before. At last he reached the garret, and, as luck would have it, stumbled into Thomas' boarding-house.

"Why, how is this?" exclaimed the Cardinal, astonished at seeing the little room so beautifully decorated in charcoal. "Have we an artist among us? Tell me who occupies this room?"

"The little kitchen-boy, Thomas, your Eminence."

"A kitchen-boy! But so great a genius must not be neglected. Call the boy."

Thomas came up in fear and trembling. He looked at the charcoal drawings on the wall, then in the prelate's face, and his heart sank within him.

"Thomas, you are no longer a kitchen-boy," said the Cardinal, kindly.

Poor Thomas thought he was dismissed from service, and then what would become of Peter?

"Don't send me away," he cried, imploringly, falling on his knees. "I have nowhere to go, and Peter will starve, and he wants to be a painter so much!"

"Who is Peter?" asked the Cardinal.

"He is a boy from Cortona, who boards with me, and he drew these pictures on the wall; it will break his heart if he can not be a painter."

"Where is he now?" demanded the Cardinal.

"He is out, wandering about the streets, to

find something to draw. He goes out every day, and comes back at night."

"When he returns to-night, Thomas, bring him to me," said the Cardinal.

But, strange to say, that night Peter did not come back to his boarding-house. One week, two weeks went by, and still nothing was heard of him. At the end of that time the Cardinal caused a search for him to be instituted, and at last they found him in a convent. It seems he had fallen deeply in love with one of Raphael's pictures which was exhibited there. He had asked permission of the monks to copy it; and they, charmed with his youth and great talent, had readily consented, and had lodged and fed him all the time.

Thanks to the interest the Cardinal took in him, Peter was admitted to the best school of painting in Florence. As for Thomas, he was given a post near the Cardinal's person, and had masters to instruct him in all the learning of the day.

Fifty years later two old men lived together in one of the most beautiful houses in Florence. One of them was called Peter of Cortona, and people said of him: "He is the greatest painter of our time." The other was called Thomas, and was famed for his deeds of charity.—*London Universe.*

The Bond of Union.

A man unfamiliar with the blacksmith's art spent several hours in vainly trying to join two bars of iron by hammering them upon an anvil. At last he did what he should have done at first: he placed them in the fire until they were glowing with white heat. Then a few blows soon united them, and that so firmly that they could not be parted. And so it is with a family. Let its members be without love for one another, and they will be only so many isolated units, cold and careless of one another's happiness and welfare. But let the fire of love lay hold upon them, and they will soon discover that they are of one mind and one heart.

AN Indian having heard from a white man that too much religion is as bad as none, replied: "I don't know about having too much religion, but I think it is better the pot should boil over a little than not boil at all."



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To Our Lady of Mercy.

FAIL, Queen of Mercy! like the gentle rain,
 Thy favors drop upon our thirsting souls;
 Twice blessed in Thy love, which when we gain,
 We gain the love of Him whom Love controls.
 We claim the King, and claim Thee, too, I ween,
 Sweet Mercy's Queen!

O fair, dear Queen, Thou balm for all our needs!
 Who would not crave Thy love, so pure and deep?
 Who would not follow where Thy soft eye leads?
 Whose frozen heart could fail to melt and weep?
 Thou moonlight-glow of God! Thou ray serene!
 Sweet Mercy's Queen!

We stand outside the court. Thy tender touch
 Is like the golden sceptre of the king;
 It lifts us up. 'Tis Mercy claiming much
 From Him who stands where throbbing choirs
 sing, Sweet Mercy's Queen!

September 24. MERCEDES.

Our Lady of Oostacker.—Lourdes in Flanders.

THE village of Oostacker, a suburb of Ghent, has suddenly found itself famous; for in this chosen spot Our Lady has deigned to manifest Her power with Her divine Son by miraculous cures of almost every disease which afflicts suffering humanity.

Thanks to the teachings of St. Amand, the zealous apostle of the country, and of his worthy successors, the monks of St. Bavon, in no part of the world is there a

more tender devotion to the Mother of God than among the simple, devout people of Catholic Flanders, and nowhere was the solemn declaration of Her Immaculate Conception received with holier transports of joy than in this little village of Oostacker, now so favored by the Queen of Heaven.

Here are situated the estate and *château* of the Marquise de Courtebonne,—the estate bearing the Flemish name of Sloodendriesch (a place planted with many trees), mentioned for the first time in a charter of King Lothair, dated May 5, 967.

We need not follow the fortunes of the noble family De Courtebonne during the troublous times that succeeded the so-called Reformation. Suffice it to say they bore themselves as befitted true sons of the Crusaders and loyal children of Holy Church. The first member of the family whom we will mention in this sketch is François Baron de Plotho, chamberlain to their imperial Majesties, who married, November 6, 1751, a lady of illustrious lineage—Mademoiselle Reine de Beer.

Two sons were born to them. The elder, François, laid the foundation of all that we find of interest, from a religious point of view, in the Oostacker of to-day. In early manhood he resolved to devote himself to the service of God in the Order of La Trappe. But in this severe life his already delicate health soon began to fail, and he was obliged, in obedience to his superiors, to return to a world to which he had fondly hoped he had bidden adieu forever. The

death of his parents soon followed, and, possessed of a magnificent castle, he generously resolved to convert it into an asylum for the persecuted priests and religious who were being driven from their peaceful homes and monasteries by the French Revolution. His brethren of La Trappe, expelled from France, came to ask hospitality of François, and they received from the pious young nobleman a brother's welcome.

The work of transforming the *château* into a monastery suited to the accommodation of the honored exiles was soon begun; but, alas! the storms of religious persecution burst over Catholic Flanders also, and the generous project had to be abandoned. Nevertheless, the princely home of François was ever open to persecuted priests and religious, and he dispensed to them a hospitality in keeping with his exalted rank.

He constructed a rude hermitage for himself, and led a life worthy of the anchorites of old—meditating on the truths of religion, and practising the greatest austerities. He was called to his reward December 31, 1811. And now, after little more than half a century, a Grotto, from which issues a spring of wonder-working power, may be seen on the ground consecrated by the life and death of the holy penitent. His sister Theodora, who married the Marquis de Courtebonne, inherited the estate. The widow of their only child, Alphonse Jean Joseph, Marquis de Courtebonne, is now the owner of this hallowed spot.

In 1870 the Marquise, after the fashion of the day, constructed an aquarium and artificial Grotto on the site of the hermitage. The curé of Oostacker, Rev. Father Morrels, was visiting it one day in company with the pious *châtelaine*, and said to her: "Madame la Marquise, why do you not put a statue of Our Lady of Lourdes in that niche?" The suggestion pleased the lady, and a fac-simile of the statue in the great world-sanctuary of Lourdes was at once ordered from Paris and placed in position.

The Grotto and statue were solemnly blessed on the Feast of St. Peter, 1875, on which occasion the first pilgrimage in honor

of Our Lady of Lourdes, outside of France, was made at Oostacker, about two thousand persons joining in the procession, including the leading members of the communal administration and other local dignitaries.

The holy impressions of the pilgrimage induced the servants of Mary to ask permission to come every Sunday and pray at the Grotto. This permission was readily granted, the zealous Marquise answering, simply, "I have given Our Lady of Lourdes full possession of my park." Thenceforth the crowd of pilgrims rapidly increased. Soon the sick were carried there, and many were the miraculous cures effected through the intercession of Our Blessed Mother.

But a place of pilgrimage can not be without an altar where the Bread of Life is distributed, and the sacred tribunal of penance where the Divine Consoler whispers words of peace and reconciliation to the sinner. The Marquise de Courtebonne did not wait for the formal command of Our Lady to build a church in Her honor; she saw the need, and a beautiful temple under the invocation of Our Lady of Lourdes was soon completed. It is of ample dimensions, built in the Gothic style of the 13th century, with the two symbolic towers, so appropriate for a church dedicated to the Mother of God—Tower of David, Tower of Ivory. Is She not indeed, in the language of St. Andrew of Crete, "a most firm tower of hidden hope,"—*turris firmissima abscondita spei?*

The church is served by the Fathers of the Society of Jesus, that valiant army of soldiers of the Cross, the vanguard in the conflict which is ever being waged between the forces of good and evil,—whose battle-cry is "*Ad majorem Dei gloriam*," whose peaceful victories are achieved in every land the sun shines upon. The good Fathers have no sinecure at Oostacker: the pilgrims are now counted by tens of thousands in a single day, and not unfrequently the confessionals are thronged from dawn until midnight.

From a list of more than a hundred miracles (we use the word in all submission to

the decrees of Pope Urban VIII.) wrought at this holy shrine, our limited space will permit us to cite only three. The first cure, which was fully authenticated, was that of Mathilde Verkimpe, a little girl ten years of age, residing at Loochrity. She had become lame from an injury received on the Feast of All Saints, 1875, and was unable to take a step except with the aid of crutches. For three months the best physicians in Ghent were consulted, but their remedies were of no avail, and the poor mother was at last driven to the sad conclusion that her little daughter would be a cripple for life. Hearing, however, of the wonderful cures at the Grotto of Oostacker, she resolved to have recourse to the loving Mother, whose intercession, in the words of St. Bernard, has never been invoked in vain. She went to the Grotto, procured a small quantity of the miraculous water, and bathed the child's foot with it every day of the novena which she made to Our Lady of Lourdes. The devotions were performed with great confidence and fervor, and on the ninth day, after the mother's Holy Communion, little Mathilde suddenly cried out: "Mamma, mamma, I'm cured! See, I can walk!—I can jump! O dear mamma! we must go to Oostacker to-morrow to thank the Blessed Virgin." The next day, February 12, 1876, the happy child went with her mother to the Grotto to pour out her simple words of thanksgiving at the feet of Our Lady of Lourdes.

Another very interesting cure was that of M. Louis Ryelandt Casier, a member of one of the most distinguished families of Bruges. This gentleman was seized with a violent illness in December, 1875. He received the last Sacraments, and his afflicted relatives surrounded his couch, awaiting his death. Three pilgrimages in his behalf were made to Oostacker by friends, and to these were added the fervent prayers of the members of the many charitable institutions in Bruges, of which he had been the constant benefactor. On the 12th of May, 1876, six hundred young men of the Sodality of St. John Baptist went on foot to the Grotto to

implore Our Lady of Lourdes not to let the month dedicated to Her close without obtaining M. Ryelandt Casier's complete restoration to health. The prayers of these laborers (for such they were) touched the heart of the loving Virgin. But we will let the patient tell the story himself, in a letter to his brother-in-law, M. Victor Casier:

"The prayers of your pious young men have been heard. While they were prostrate at the feet of Our Lady of Lourdes at Oostacker, I returned to the world.—I mean by 'the world' all outside of my sick room. I rose from my bed, and dressed myself unaided,—a thing I have not been able to do since the 22d of December, 1875. One must be as ill as I have been to appreciate restoration to health. To-morrow I will offer my Holy Communion for all those who in their great charity have prayed for me, and especially for all those who have made pilgrimages in my behalf. How grateful I ought to be to God, to the Blessed Virgin, and also to my friends, who by their fervent and persevering prayers have opened for me the treasures of divine mercy!"*

One of the most remarkable of all the cures wrought at the Grotto of Oostacker was that of Pierre de Rudder, of Jabbeke, West Flanders,—a laborer in the service of the Viscount Albéric du Bus de Gisignies. On the 16th of February, 1867, Pierre was engaged in felling timber on the estate, when suddenly a tree fell on another near it; Pierre's right leg was caught between the two, and horribly crushed. In this pitiable condition he was carried home, and the leading surgeon of Oudenbourg, Dr. Affenaer, summoned. He set the limb and bandaged it, but it did not heal. At the end of five weeks a large gangrenous sore appeared on the foot, and the doctor declared that the poor sufferer was beyond medical aid, and that death must shortly supervene. Two other surgeons—Dr. Jacques and Dr. Verriest, of Bruges—gave the same opinion. Contrary to the expectations of

* This instantaneous and miraculous cure was attested by several of the leading physicians of Bruges.

his physicians, however, Pierre lived on for many years in this sad condition. His leg was frightful to behold; the lower part was nearly detached from the rest, and could be turned round so that the heel was in a line with the knee. There was a gap of several inches between the two parts of the tibia, which protruded through the skin, causing a suppurating wound.

Pierre had always had a great devotion to the Blessed Virgin, and during these years of enforced idleness his Beads were always in his hands, and he never gave up the hope that Our Lady, whom he loved so much, would cure him. Such was his condition when he determined to do what seemed, humanly speaking, impossible—to make a pilgrimage to the Grotto of Oostacker. He prepared himself for this great undertaking by a novena to Our Lady of Lourdes. The last day of the novena dawned—it was the 7th of April, 1875—and Pierre, accompanied by his wife, dragged himself painfully on crutches to the railway station at Jabbeke. Sympathizing neighbors lifted him into the train, and he was soon on the way to Ghent.

The journey caused him indescribable torture, and on arriving at the sanctuary he was completely exhausted. After resting a short time, however, he courageously took his crutches, and with great difficulty made the customary tour of the shrine three times, praying meanwhile most fervently; the other pilgrims, touched by his sad condition, forgot their own sorrows and prayed with him. He then sank down on one of the front benches, and, with his eyes fixed on the beautiful statue of the Blessed Virgin, he conjured that sweet Mother to obtain his restoration to health, that he might be able to work again for the support of his wife and children. Suddenly he rose, dropped his crutches (without which for eight years and ten months he had not been able to take a step), walked to the statue of Our Lady, and threw himself on his knees, then raising his eyes to Heaven he exclaimed: "O Mother of God, I am cured!" He rose, walked to the spot where he had left his

crutches, and, returning, laid them as an *ex-voto* at Our Lady's feet.

The cure was found to be complete. The two extremities of the broken bone were joined anew; the wounds (twelve in all) on the foot and leg were healed, and there was no trace of the fracture, save a little blue line on the skin.

A great crowd assembled at the station at Jabbeke to receive Pierre on his return from Oostacker,—those of weak faith quite sure that they would again behold him in the same afflicted condition in which they had seen him depart; the more confident hoping against hope. What, then, was the astonishment and joy of all to see their townsman, full of strength and health, alight from the train, and, before going to his own home, take his way to the church, to thank the Giver of every good gift for a perfect cure of all his infirmities!

This was no case of imagination. Skilful physicians do not "imagine" that a bone is broken, and that the parts are covered with sores. It was a genuine miracle, a veritable creation, and acknowledged to be such by the leading physicians of Ghent and Bruges.

Dr. Affenaer examined Pierre's leg carefully, and, with tears streaming down his cheeks, exclaimed: "Pierre, you are perfectly cured! Your leg is like that of a newborn child. All human means were powerless in your case; but what man can not do, God's Mother can do. An infidel must become a believer in the face of such prodigies."

And so, alike at Oostacker and Lourdes, the Queen of Heaven continues to shower Her favors on those who, with hearts full of faith and bowed down with contrition, seek Her shrine. *Salus infirmorum, ora pro nobis nunc et in hora mortis nostræ. Amen.*

AN excited mind ceases to reason; carried away by a resistless torrent of wild ideas, it forms for itself a sort of mad logic, full of anger and malignity; it is in a state at once as absolutely unphilosophical as it is unchristian.—*My Prisons.*

A Brave Life.

BY KATHLEEN O'MEARA.

(CONCLUSION.)

THIS breaking of the strongest link that bound Mgr. de Ségur to life changed all his habits, and undoubtedly hastened his death by removing the one interest that divided his life, and which had hitherto in some degree put a check, perhaps unawares, to his inordinate zeal. There was no one now to plead with authority on behalf of his health when he fagged himself and over-rated his strength. Soon after his mother's death he was asked to become president of an admirable foundation, called "Central Office of the Union of all Catholic Works." It was adding an immense burden to his already manifold one; but he accepted it, and staggered on valiantly under the incalculable amount of extra work that it brought upon him. The mental anxiety that this new responsibility caused him undoubtedly had much to do with the cerebral congestion which attacked him three years afterwards. He was obliged to give up everything, and take a complete rest. The rest he chose was a journey to Rome, where he arrived in time to console the last moments of his life-long friend, Mgr. Bastide.

The one other surviving friend of his youth that he found in Rome was Pius IX. Nothing could exceed the tender affection of the welcome he met with from the saintly Pontiff. When this dearly loved son entered the presence-chamber, and was about to kneel down at his feet, the Holy Father prevented him quickly, and, clasping him to his heart, held him in a long embrace. Méthol, who had the happiness of leading his master into the room, declared "there never was anything so beautiful or touching as to see those two good saints locked in each other's arms." Every day during his stay in Rome Monseigneur went to visit the Pope during his hour of recreation in the gardens of the Vatican, or the library where he received his privileged familiar friends.

It was a very happy time for the saintly prelate, and it was with a bitter pang that he departed from Rome. When he took leave of the Holy Father, both were deeply moved; each felt that it was a supreme adieu, and that they would never again meet on earth.

When, three years later, Mgr. de Ségur once more set out towards Rome, it was to pray beside the dead body of the great Pontiff whom he had loved and venerated so profoundly. This death opened afresh the fountains of grief which had never wholly closed since the demise of his mother. He waited to pay his homage to the successor of Pius IX.; he was received by him with great kindness, and confirmed in all the prerogatives he held from the late Pope.

This was his last visit to Rome. From this date he was like one ready waiting to start on a journey, visibly detached from all things. And yet life still held much that was dear to him; it was full of delightful interests; he had brothers and sisters to whom he was strongly attached, and their children had a warm place in his heart. He had a great number of friends of his youth, many of them priests whose vocations he had fostered. He was surrounded by more love than falls to the ordinary lot of human beings; multitudes of young men, especially amongst the working classes, called him Father, and were devoted to him as sons; mothers blessed him as the protecting angel of their offspring; his friends amongst the poor were legion; and in his own class, men distinguished for merit in every department were proud to claim his friendship.

The great infirmity which had impoverished his life externally, had enriched it in many ways, acting as a magnet that drew sympathy and respect to him. As regarded his spiritual life, he believed to the last that it had been the greatest blessing God could have bestowed upon him. It cut him off from a host of dangers and temptations. He had a kind of mediæval spirit of mortification, and used to declare that his blindness had effectually delivered him from all possibility of temptation to gluttony, the sense of taste having decayed gradually

from the time he lost his sight, until he could no longer distinguish between one flavor and another. He fasted rigorously three times a week, according to the rule of the Third Order of St. Francis, and never permitted himself the least dispensation until, after his first attack of cerebral congestion, the doctors formally insisted upon it. His personal habits were austere as those of a monk. He slept on a sort of wooden box, already described, and in the depth of winter had only one thin blanket for covering.

Patience was, perhaps, the most striking of his virtues; it certainly was the one in which practice might most easily have made him perfect. His blindness exposed him continually to offend against it; he was constantly knocking against things that hurt him, and taking up the wrong things; out walking, his guide would often forget to warn him in time to prevent his taking a false step, or coming against some one; but never was he known to utter an impatient word, to make an impatient gesture; his first movement was always to confound himself, to apologize for his awkwardness, and for the trouble he gave. Méthol, on his oath, declared that in all the six and twenty years he had passed with the Bishop, he had never once seen him impatient.

But the years were hurrying on, and the time was not far off when the faithful servant, who had followed his Master in meekness, humility, and patience, was to be called to receive his crown.

One morning, early in July, in the year 1879, he was on his way to preside a meeting of the Society of St. Francis of Sales, when his tongue became suddenly heavy and his speech embarrassed. He went on to the meeting, but his friends immediately perceived what had happened, and were alarmed; they insisted on his returning home. He yielded to their desire, and went away. The doctor was sent for, and said the case was very serious as a warning, but that there was no proximate danger; he ordered change of air and complete rest. The Bishop, docile as ever to constituted authority, left Paris without delay for his sister's *château*

of Kermadio, in Brittany, bent, as he jocosely said, on leading the life of a Catholic oyster for some months. He knew what this warning meant, and set his face towards eternity from the moment he received it. He wrote to his chief friends informing them that he was "called for," and requesting their help to speed him on the approaching journey. He says to a dear fellow worker, a Sister of Charity: "I have got a hint from St. Peter, the kind porter of Paradise, to pack up my trunk and get ready my things. As a good Sister of Charity, you will, I know, lend me a hand at the packing; women, above all Sisters, understand these matters better than we men do. I, therefore, commend this matter to you and to the holy souls around you."

The Bishop stayed at Kermadio till the beginning of October, when he returned to Paris. He was greatly improved in health, but his speech was still very thick and embarrassed. This was a great trial, for it made it impossible for him to preach. He wrote to the superior of the Seminary of Montmorillon, where he had been for long years in the habit of giving the annual retreat, to say that he could not keep his engagement there. "Our dear Lord," he said, "won't have me this year to help in your retreat; *quia manus Domini tetigit me*. I scarcely felt the loved hand when it touched me; but my poor tongue perceived it, and has been running much less glibly than those of the majority of the students at Montmorillon; or, at least, than those of that noisy minority, whose unruly members would be all the better for a *slight* touch of this same paralysis."

With the exception of preaching, he was able to resume his ministry just as before his accident—confessing at home, at Stanislas, and the Patronage with his accustomed diligence, but refraining from night work by order of his physician.

So the winter passed, and the spring came in. Good Friday fell on the 15th of April. It was his sixty-first birthday. He rose at his usual hour, said Mass, and was going to his confessional, when he was

seized with a great giddiness, and called out; they ran in and laid him on the sofa. He felt at once that this was the final warning, and immediately made the sacrifice of his life. It was not, however, to be accepted as promptly as he and others expected. He rallied sufficiently to receive visitors, and his room was thronged with friends coming for a last farewell and blessing. His spiritual children were crowding at his door all the day long, and he was able to see them all, and converse with them, and leave to each a precious legacy of devout counsels.

The nuncio, Monseigneur, now Cardinal Czacki, came to see him, and brought him a special blessing from the Holy Father. They conversed in Italian, and the nuncio said to the dying prelate: "You have had the rare privilege of being known and loved by two great Popes."

So he lingered on till the first days of June: his faculties unimpaired, his serenity unclouded, his heart as tender to those around him as it had been in his youth. During the night which was to be his last on earth a strange thing happened. Doctor Ingigliardi, who was his spiritual son and very dear to him, was watching by the Bishop's bedside, bathing his temples, moistening his lips, ministering to him with infinite tenderness; for the agony had begun, and the body was in sore distress. Suddenly a fierce temptation seized upon the young medical man. "Suppose," he thought, "there should be, after all, no future state, no immortality, no heaven to reward the life of sacrifice that is ebbing away in pain and strife? Suppose that when the vital principle leaves the poor struggling body, there is nothing beyond but annihilation?" The doubt clutched him like a living force; it was horrible, intolerable; his whole being inwardly cried out against and prayed to be delivered from it; but it held him as with a physical grasp. At last, with his eyes fixed on his dying friend, he said internally: "Oh! if there be a hereafter, if there be a heaven, and that you go there, will you not come back and give me some sign, that I may believe?" Scarcely had this thought

passed through his mind, when Mgr. de Ségur, awaking from the lethargy of death that was already upon him, turned his head towards the young man, and with a great effort said, distinctly: "*Believe, my son; believe, my child; believe!*" Then, sinking back into the lethargy, he went on with his agony, and never spoke again. Only the soul to whom the mysterious words were addressed understood the meaning of them; but to that soul they remained, and must ever remain, a divine message of strength and consolation.

Soon after daybreak Gaston de Ségur breathed his last. The blind man's eyes were opened, and he looked upon his God. They clothed him in his brown Franciscan habit, with his mitre, and a white chasuble in sign of his devotion to the Blessed Sacrament and to the Blessed Virgin, and so laid him on the little iron bed, to which during his last illness they had moved him from his wooden box; the bed was too short, and his bare Franciscan feet came through the rails, as if offering themselves to the salutations of the faithful, who crowded to venerate "the blind saint" the moment his death was known. The concourse was so great that the street was blocked; numbers of cab-drivers left their horses to the care of the crowd, and came in, many of them waiting an hour for their turn, and knelt down and kissed the naked feet.

Meantime Masses were being said as late as possible in the little chapel close by—that blessed sanctuary where for five and twenty years Gaston de Ségur had so faithfully adored his God in the Eucharist and ministered at the altar.

The funeral service was performed in the parish Church of St. Thomas d'Aquin. It was a grand spectacle. The church itself was filled in every part to overflowing, and the great square without was crowded with a devout and sorrowing multitude, waiting to pass in, and sprinkle holy water on the coffin. When all was over, they took him to Plumeret, close by the Cathedral of St. Anne d'Auray, and laid him to rest beside his beloved mother.

To a Young Lady born within the Octave
of the Assumption.

BY EDMUND OF THE HEART OF MARY, C.P.

OUR Lady's bright triumphal feast
To me grows dearer year by year,
For some new charm 'tis sure to gain:
As now, to grace its memories' chain,
One blossom more—with sunny tear
Bejewell'd from a faith-lit East—

Your birthday. To be born at all
Within the month we consecrate
To Mary's Heart, is boon, I ween,
More than the heirdom of a queen:
That Heart the heavenly palace Gate
For those who love its gentle thrall.

But you, within this octave born,
Are highlier favor'd, happy girl!
Our Lady keeps you in Her Heart
Nearer its centre—more apart.
To me, you rest there like a pearl
In depths all rosy with the morn

Of love that grows to perfect day.

Yet think not mine an idle lute,
To flattery tuned. Less yours the wrong
Than Hers were then this tribute song.
Better the chords forever mute
Than sounding one untruthful lay.

Be sure your place in Mary's Heart
Will cost you dearly. You must learn
The precious lore of sacrifice.
And 'tis, in sooth, a heavy price
For one who craves, at every turn,
Her own sweet will—if such the art

You follow for a life of peace?
If wiser, then but ponder well
The sorrows of that sinless breast—
Which yet knew naught to mar its rest:
Ask why and whence the dolorous spell
That ruled Her—but with joy's increase—

Since first the angel's *Ave* woke
Her maiden tremor, till the hour
When, exile o'er, She stoop'd to death?
And why, at last, that yielded breath?
Where sin had never reign'd, what power
Had vanquish'd death to deal his stroke?

One answer waits: So will'd it God.
And She, His handmaid evermore,
Nor counting aught but love for loss,
Drank Her Son's chalice, shared His cross;
And, while each step Her heart-strings tore,
In blood-stained footprints firmly trod!

So will'd it God. And, winning thus
The crown of perfect sacrifice,
She took Her seat on Jesus' throne
By right of conquest like His own;
Nor claim'd Her place in Paradise
By dower of grace unshared with *us*.

Then school thee well, child, where thou art:
No choicer school, no kinder home.
Howe'er our skies may change their
weather,
May thou and I abide together
Where now, for many a year to come,
I wish thee joy—in Mary's Heart!

The Litany of Loreto as Sung by Amer-
ican Blossoms.

BY ARTHUR J. STACE.

(CONCLUSION.)

REGINA ANGELORUM, *ora pro nobis*.
Among the numerous species of golden-rod which light up our woods through August and September is one which is more properly called "golden-wreath" (*Solidago cæsia*), its smooth bluish stems being studded with blossoms, and curving into the form of those shining circlets which the angels of heaven continually cast at the feet of their Queen. When we meet it in our woodland rambles, let us offer up the glorious invocation of which it should naturally remind us.

Regina patriarcharum, ora pro nobis.
The long silky hair of patriarchal whiteness which follows the fall of the blossoms of the purple willow-herb (*Epilobium angustifolium*) adds a new charm to an elegant plant already beautified by all the advantages of shape and color, and fits it as the emblem of the Queen of Patriarchs.

Regina prophetarum, ora pro nobis.

When the octave of the Assumption is over, an autumnal feeling seems to manifest itself indefinitely in the air—in the shortening of days, in the renewed freshness of herbage. It is not that any perceptible change has taken place in the woods. They are still green. Here and there, perhaps, a sumach or a pepperidge shows a crimson leaf, but we ascribe these effects to blight. Yet open-mouthed stand the gerardias, prophets of the coming desolation, telling that the end is at hand, that the days are soon to be weighed in the balance and found wanting. Pale yellow among the trees whose doom they are pronouncing, oak-leaved, willow-leaved, and with leaves cut and toothed in many a curious shape, still of uniform countenance and warning aspect, they meet us at every turn of the forest path. Queen among them all is the beautiful purple gerardia (*Gerardia purpurea*), haunting the borders of the marshes and prairies, the home of the wild fowl. A delicate, graceful plant, it still utters its boding note of the approach of winter. Let the sight of it be to us a caution to avoid that casting out into the uttermost darkness—the winter never to be followed by a returning spring.

Regina apostolorum, ora pro nobis. Botany, as we have it to-day, arose in the period when everything was referred to classic models, when the names of heathen gods were preferred to those of Christian saints. So that when a stately primulaceous plant was discovered with an umbel of twelve lovely, starlike blossoms for its crown, the botanist thought only of the twelve gods that the old Romans called *Dii majorum gentium*, and named it *Dodecatheon Meadia*. But the faithful Christian would have thought of Her who is crowned with twelve stars as Queen of the Apostles. The flower is one of the finest our land produces, and has received many popular names—American cowslip (although the name “cowslip” is commonly usurped by *Caltha palustris*), shooting-star, pride of Ohio. It is not peculiar, by any means, to the last named State, being found beyond the Mississippi, and as far West as California. It is one of the few

American flowers that one finds in American flower-gardens, its unrivalled beauty having forced an entrance. Let it henceforth receive a new and holy significance for us.

Regina martyrum, ora pro nobis. In early spring, as you wander by the river-side among the leafless trees, you see arising from the dark, damp earth an erect and leafless scape, bearing on its summit a flower whose large milk-white petals and delicate, elusive perfume arrest your attention. You pluck it, and with the slight jar the petals have fallen to the ground, leaving nothing in your hand but the slender stem, and that is dripping, apparently, with blood. See, your hand is stained with it. This is the bloodroot (*Sanguinaria Canadensis*), one of the most beautiful of the flowers of spring, but not to be subjected to the frivolous uses of a bouquet. Its crown of yellow stamens, its fair and smiling face, and the blood that it is ever ready to shed, seem to warrant us in annexing it to this invocation.

Regina confessorum, ora pro nobis. Hermit-like, in the darkest woodland fastnesses lives the mitre-wort (*Mitella diphylla*), concerning which the lady from whose “Rural Hours” we have already quoted speaks thus: “The slender mitella, or fringe-cup, or false sanicle—one does not like a false name for a flower,—hargs its tiny white cups at intervals on a tall, slender, two-leaved stalk.” The seclusion in which it loves to dwell, the humility of its demeanor, the purity of its color are all emblematic of the virtues of confessors; while its ornament, the mitre, has adorned the most distinguished among them.

Regina virginum, ora pro nobis. That lovely and rare orchid, the Arethusa (*Arethusa bulbosa*), is distinguished for the delicacy of its blushing hues, the sweetness of its fragrance, resembling that of the European violet; the solitude of its flower, only one being found upon the stem; and its disposition to hide rather than display its charms. It well repays the diligent search that must be made to find it, and those who are fortunate enough to do so will remem-

ber the invocation to the Queen of Virgins.

Regina sanctorum omnium, ora pro nobis. Lake, stream, marsh, and forest have their blossoms, but the home of flowers is the prairie. As the white man found it, unfenced, untilled, limitless as far as the eye could reach, it was an ocean of floral display. By the wayside, as you pass through cultivated fields in the prairie States, some of these abundant gifts of beauty still remain, though restricted within narrow bounds where they once revelled in perfect freedom. Above them still towers the Queen of the Prairie (*Rosa setigera*), sometimes called the prairie rose, the Missouri rose, etc., with bright crimson blossoms in greater abundance than are produced by any other species of the genus *Rosa*. Justly is it regarded as the queen of flowers, as Mary is Queen of All Saints.

Regina sine labe originali concepta, ora pro nobis. A native only of the States south of the Ohio, the surpassing splendor of the magnolia (*Magnolia macrophylla*) has made it well known, not only throughout the United States but wherever there are florists and conservatories—that is to say, throughout the civilized world. It were unnecessary therefore, to speak of its queenly form, its ample and rich foliage, or its unrivalled flowers. Could we find a more choice symbol of the Immaculate Queen?

Regina sacratissimi Rosarii, ora pro nobis. This final invocation (added to the litany by his present Holiness Pope Leo XIII., whom may God preserve, and equal his reign, at least, to that of his illustrious predecessor!) we will assign to a graceful native of southern mountain ranges, not unknown to our gardeners—the rose acacia (*Robinia hispida*), whose pendulous racemes, lovely both in color and form, hang like rosaries from the girdles of devout religious. And as we conclude our litany, the writer would himself beg remembrance in the prayers of those to whom these sweet flowers have spoken words of devotion.

And what a multitude of blossoms are still left to swell the chorus! Such a wealth of bloom from which to choose has been a

source of embarrassment. There are all the violets, for instance, unassigned. Eighteen American species of *Viola*, with no particular reason why one should be chosen rather than another. Their near relations, the cross-bearers—the various species of *Dentaria*, *Cardamine*, and *Arabis*—also claim our notice. They take the lead in the procession of flowers, as cross-bearers should; but a cross-bearer is not called upon to be a cantor. The campanulas, too, must be left to ring the bells. Then there are the bland and inoffensive mallows, the dainty little spring-beauty, the bright-winged polygala, the regal catalpa, the dove-like columbine, and the Veronica, speaking words of cheer to the wayfarer. Could no special place be found for them?

Harder is the case of those to whom a carelessness which seems like actual spite has given ugly names. Why should the lovely *Cercis Canadensis*, which fills with bright and tender hues the bare shrubbery of April, have been dubbed the Judas-tree? Why should the long, narrow, spreading leaves of *Tradescantia Virginica* have attracted more attention than the cluster of bright blue flowers and gained for it the name of spiderwort? And there is a fairy-like shrub which in early summer covers itself with a veil of feathery mist, whose useful qualities have consigned it to the domain of comedy under the title of "New Jersey tea." The painted-cup, the crown of the "Manitou of Flowers," and shaking "its gleam of war-paint on his dusky cheek," has a savagery in appearance as well as in name. I may follow in the throng, as the Indians flocked to the preaching of the Canadian missionaries. Then there are a crowd of floral oddities to bring up the rear of the procession—the *Mimulus*, the *Tecoma*, the *Bignonia*, the *Delphinium*, the *Dicentra* which some call "squirrel-corn"; and its relative, the *Corydalis*. The murderous *Sarracenia* must be excluded.

As to what I have said respecting American flowers being unknown to literature, I mean no slight to such writers as Susan Fenimore Cooper, from whose "Rural

Hours" I have taken the liberty to quote so often. Would that her delightful rambles had been more extended, and that more of our native blossoms had fallen in the way of one so well able to direct attention to their claims. Dr. Holmes, also, and John Burroughs, in prose, and Bayard Taylor, Sidney Lanier, and Bryant, in poetry, with many among the recent magazine writers, have done much to foster the love of wild flowers,—an affection of which we may say that it grows not old. As we advance in years, the return of spring and the passage of the floral procession before our gaze is a source of ever-increasing delight. The above mentioned writers are beginning a good work in addressing themselves to the cultivation of a taste which elevates the soul while it recreates the body; which restores health to the sick, delight to the world-weary, and youth to the aged. Its natural tendency is to elicit acts of adoration and praise towards the Creator, and if these pages have in any way tended to aid the sentiments of religion thus called forth by the contemplation of what is lovely and pure in the works of Nature, the aims of the writer will have been felicitously attained.

Nora's Recompense.

CHAPTER III.

OF what followed, Nora had only a confused remembrance. When the train stopped, a guard hastened to the carriage from which cries for help were heard, and found a young girl clasping in her arms and vainly trying to revive—a corpse. A crowd quickly collected; the body was carried into the waiting-room, and a doctor summoned. But a very cursory examination sufficed, and, turning to Nora with a pitying glance, he asked if she had any friends in the city. She shook her head without removing her eyes from the dear face, which seemed to be calmly sleeping. The police officer and the station-master vainly tried to induce her to leave the spot, as the corpse had to be taken away; but

she only murmured, "I will not leave her," and followed the bier in silence, without knowing or asking where they were taking her.

They passed over the threshold of a large building encircled by a high wall. A Sister of Charity, in her gray habit, came to meet them, and, after a hasty dialogue with the officer, quickly approached the young girl, and seized her hands in mute sympathy. On being asked again if she had any relatives, she gave the address of the only one she knew—Mr. Bouvier. But the Bouviers were perhaps still travelling, and it might be some time before she could hear from them. Thereupon the authorities thought it well to examine Mme. de Brélyon's papers. They consisted mostly of business letters, that indicated clearly enough a wasted patrimony, and referred to a lost lawsuit. A £40 note was found in her pocket-book, and some gold pieces were in her purse. The magistrate wrote to Mr. Bouvier, and undertook all the funeral arrangements, while Nora remained alone with the dead.

Moments never to be forgotten were these. What a sudden revolution in that happy young life! Could she realize it? The physician had spoken of aneurism, but Mme. de Brélyon had enjoyed excellent health, and never complained of illness. Yesterday she had been so gay and affectionate, and now! The life-chords had been suddenly severed, and the mortal remains of the gay, elegant, much flattered woman of the world lay on a poor hospital bed, awaiting their interment in stranger earth.

The young girl found some comfort in the tender sympathy of the devoted religious, who prayed and watched with her by turns; and with more courage than could have been expected, she followed the beloved corpse to its last resting-place—alas! so lonely and unadorned,—but then her strength gave way, and she fainted. A violent fever followed, but youth and a good constitution finally triumphed, and in a few days Nora was able to rise and breathe the balmy air of spring-time in the quiet convent garden.

With the return of health came the cares of life. What was she to do? She had no relative living that she knew of, and was utterly ignorant of her grandmother's affairs; but however others might censure the old lady's conduct in isolating the girl as she had done, and leaving her so totally unprovided for, no thought of reproach crossed Nora's mind. She knew she had been tenderly loved, and she did not stop to ask herself if that love had been wise and provident.

As she sat one day in the garden wrapped up in a warm shawl, and brooding over a past which could never return, the Sister who attended her drew near, and asked her affectionately if she was strong enough to receive a visitor. Nora looked up.

"A visitor?—for me? Who can it be?"

"It is one of your relatives, my dear child,—the one who was written to on your arrival here—a fatherly old gentleman."

A relative! The word sounded so consoling to the desolate girl that tears of joy stood in her eyes as she entered the parlor, where Mr. Bouvier awaited her. How kind and sympathizing he was as, clasping her to his breast, he assured her of his sincere affection! "He is a relative!" she thought; "the same blood flows in our veins, and he will advise and protect me."

She related in a trembling voice her grandmother's sudden death, and then he spoke with emotion of the handsome English woman, whom he had first met in the bloom of her twentieth year. It was sweet to the young girl to hear her grandmother spoken of as "Nora," and when Mr. Bouvier asked her if she would be ready next day to accompany him home, a ray of sunshine seemed to break through the clouds of sorrow which enveloped her.

Next morning she paid a farewell visit to her grandmother's lonely tomb. The surrounding graves were covered with soft green grass, and a weeping-willow stretched its pensile branches over Nora as she prayed and wept. When she rose at last from her knees, she saw a suspicious moisture in Mr. Bouvier's eyes, and that tear of sympathy won her whole trust.

CHAPTER IV.

It was late at night when they reached Paris. The carriage which bore them to their destination passed through far grander and more brilliantly lighted streets than Nora had ever seen; and finally stopped in a large square, in whose centre arose a stately building in the Greek style, whose magnificent pillared arcade awoke many dim remembrances in her mind.

"This is the Madeleine," explained Mr. Bouvier, as he helped her to alight.

Through the entire journey he had shown her the greatest kindness, and assured her of the pleasure that he felt in bringing her to his house. Perhaps a more experienced person than Nora would have noticed how vague these protestations were, and that her future was never alluded to. He did not tell the orphan he would be to her a father; he merely offered her temporary refuge in his own house, leaving circumstances to decide the rest. But the poor girl thought her future life was now secure in his family, and was happy in the kindness shown her, without reflecting that it might change. Her tears flowed abundantly when she was welcomed by Mrs. Bouvier at the door of a small but elegantly furnished drawing-room, while Bertha embraced her with cordial sympathy.

"Poor child!" said the lady, drawing her over to a sofa. "How you must suffer! What a frightful position to be in! And it was only on our return that we received your letter. What a sad surprise!"

"Your grandmother seemed so young still! How pretty she was, with her silky curls and lace cap!" exclaimed Bertha.

Nora tried to suppress her sobs. Mrs. Bouvier, partly from curiosity and partly from sympathy, wished to hear all details of the sad event; but the wound bled afresh in the girl's heart as she narrated them. The slight mourning of her cousins surprised her; Mrs. Bouvier's costume glittered with jet, while Bertha merely wore a gray dress with black trimmings. However, they had scarcely known Mme. de Brélyon, and were not near relatives.

A servant entered noiselessly and placed a tea-tray on a side table. Bertha stood up, made the tea quickly, and brought Nora a cup. "Try one of these cakes," said Mrs. Bouvier, offering her a plate; "you have dined hastily on your journey, and they will tempt you." The young guest thanked her, but was too much excited to swallow a morsel.

Father and daughter chatted gaily meanwhile, and Bertha related all that had passed during her father's absence with a vivacity by no means checked by Nora's presence. The latter was completely worn out; when at last they noticed it, she was led to a tiny but prettily furnished room, and left to seek the repose she so much needed. Dismissing the maid, she offered a short prayer, and soon fell into a profound, refreshing sleep.

The sun was high in the heavens when she awoke next morning; her watch pointed to eight o'clock, but there was no movement in the house as yet. Nora was accustomed to rise early, for the morning hours had been the only ones on which she could count in her wandering life. So she rose at once, and opened the trunks which had been brought to her room. It was a sorrowful task, but she accomplished it courageously. What remembrances they awoke! what reminders of the long journeys with her beloved dead! The young girl knew well how to arrange things, for she had had plenty of practice in packing and unpacking; but over many more familiar objects, once touched by the delicate hands of her grandmother, her tears flowed abundantly.

Now it was the last book she had read, again some work she had begun; then a ribbon she had worn, or some trinket. She had not courage to open the boxes which contained laces, jewels, and similar articles; it seemed to her a bitter parody on their owner, now cold in death. Just as she had provided herself with indispensable requirements, a gentle knock was heard at the door, and the waiting-maid came in with a tray bearing chocolate and toast.

"Already up, Miss!" she exclaimed in surprise. "You should have rung for me.

Shall I let Miss Bertha know? She is up, but did not like to come in until she heard you stirring."

"Oh, she may come whenever she likes."

While Nora breakfasted and awaited her cousin, she looked round the little room, and, notwithstanding her grief, a feeling of rest and comfort stole into her heart. Accustomed as she had been to hotels and lodging-houses, the neat little room was singularly attractive. What pleased her far more than the snowy curtains, polished furniture, and flower-strewn carpet, was the handsome statuette on the mantelpiece, and two copper-plate engravings over her writing-table, on which stood a portable bookstand containing half a dozen volumes. The only thing wanting was a crucifix or religious picture.

The door flew open, and Bertha entered; she was not nearly so handsome as Nora, but her little rosy face looked fresh and charming above her pink flannel morning-dress. She embraced her cousin tenderly, and, pointing to the trunks, said: "My poor darling! how have you had so much courage? They must all be taken away as soon as possible. You have been crying too. How I wish I could comfort you and make you forget your grief!"

"I should not wish to forget it, but your sympathy, my dear cousin, makes it easier to bear. Indeed, I should be very ungrateful if I did not feel cheered by such tender devotion."

"We must go out shopping," exclaimed Bertha; "you want ever so many things! And our dressmaker must see about your mourning; for your present dress, dear, is quite out of fashion. Although one cares very little about fashion on such occasions, one must follow the common practice, and do as everybody does. Have the Sisters provided you with a gauze veil? English crape alone is worn now, so we must change that. You are too young for a shawl—but mamma will come with us, and see about your purchases. What a pretty way you wear your hair, and what beautiful hair it is! I shall have such pleasure in introducing you to

my friends. Several of them are still travelling, but will return for the races. Then we shall go to Normandy, which I hate; it bores mamma and me to death, and we are always afraid that papa's love for a country life may lead him some day to settle down there altogether. We have, however, provided for such an emergency. Papa does not know what to do with himself since he resigned his office, but he must become a *littérateur*; that will occupy him."

Nora tried to smile at this outpour, but her heart was too full for words just then.

"I am sure you would be bored in the country," Bertha went on; "you have travelled so much. How enviable such a life is! With the exception of a trip to Switzerland, I have never been out of France."

"If you had led a life like mine," said Nora, "you would long for repose. I shall be delighted if your parents will be so kind as to take me into the country with them."

"Then be happy, Nora. In your company the time won't seem so long to me. Perhaps, too, it may induce my brother to favor us with his presence more frequently. It was very annoying that he was not here yesterday, but you will see him at breakfast. You can't imagine how much he likes you."

It required all Bertha's caressing sympathy to make this small talk supportable to her cousin, who longed for quiet and solitude. But, grateful for the kindness shown her, she tried to interest herself in Bertha's friends and pursuits.

At eleven o'clock Mrs. Bouvier came to see Nora, and warned her daughter that breakfast was ready. Bertha withdrew to change her dress, and Nora was left for a few minutes to herself. Mr. Bouvier and his son welcomed her to breakfast; the latter was most attentive, but his mother sought by a thousand artifices to engross Nora's attention.

"Were you always alone with Mme. de Brélyon?" she asked. "I wonder a lady like her would travel without a maid."

"She found one more an encumbrance than anything else, as she always said."

"Had she no settled dwelling in London or Paris?"

"She hired a house in London, but we have not been in England for the last five years."

"Did you make long stays in the large cities on your route? Had you any visitors?"

"Oh! certainly. We met friends everywhere, and always had letters of recommendation to the different embassies."

"You probably stopped at hotels?"

"Yes."

"But that must have been a very expensive way of living, for Mme. de Brélyon dressed richly also. However, I believe she had a fine property when her husband died."

"She rarely spoke of her property. Her agent possessed her entire confidence, and furnished her with money as she needed it."

Nora suffered indescribably under this cross-examination, while Mrs. Bouvier and her husband exchanged significant glances.

"You must give me all your grandmother's papers," observed the latter. "It is time to see about your affairs. But I must not do so alone; for you have much nearer relatives, whom you have perhaps visited—"

"Never," interrupted the young girl, astonished. "I often heard them spoken of, but the English family of my grandmother is almost extinct, and the few surviving members held no intercourse with her."

"I allude to your grandfather's sister. Do you not know the address of Mrs. Auvrard, your grand-aunt?"

Nora shook her head. "I don't even know if she is still alive."

"That must be inquired into, for a family council is necessary."

Nora did not even understand what he meant, but Bertha, who was standing near her, bent down and kissed her, saying in low tones: "Don't be afraid: your old aunt will gladly leave you to us."

Breakfast over, Mrs. Bouvier considered it indispensable to look after Nora's toilet without delay, and declared she would be ready at three o'clock to go out with her. In the meantime Louis and Bertha

took possession of their new cousin, and proceeded to show her the house. She was enchanted with the tasteful elegance with which it was furnished. Although the abode consisted of a single story, it was so cleverly arranged that not an inch of space was lost. The furniture did not dazzle with gilding; the carpets were simple, but all were in perfect harmony of form and color, and numberless works of art relieved and embellished the studied but costly simplicity of this truly Parisian home. Nora had often dreamed of such; a lover and connoisseur of art, she examined the cabinet-pictures, the chased silver vases, the delicate china figures, with such discerning admiration, that Louis, who prided himself on his reputation as a virtuoso, was fairly astonished.

Later on Nora perceived the economy with which the house was governed, so as to present a brilliant exterior with a very small income. Mrs. Bouvier was therefore determined on rich marriages for her children; and the stay in the country, which Bertha disliked so much, was really actuated by economical motives.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Velasquez and His Pupils.—The School of Castile.

BY OCTAVIA HENSEL.

THE great master, Diego Rodriguez de Silva y Velasquez,* who studied under Herrera (*el Viejo*), and Francisco Pacheco, attained but little renown until his twenty-third year, when his marriage with Doña Juana Pacheco (his master's daughter) and his removal to Madrid, in 1622, brought him into royal notice. Philip IV., whose portrait he had painted, was so delighted with the young artist and his work, that he ordered all former portraits of himself destroyed, and named Velasquez *el pintor de cámara*, admitting him among his courtiers as *privados del Rey*.†

In 1625 Velasquez set out for Venice, to study under Titian, Tintoretto, and Paolo Veronese; and later went to Rome, where he copied portions of Michael Angelo's *Last Judgment*, and Raphael's *School of Athens*. He visited his countryman Ribera at Naples, and in 1631 returned to Madrid, his talents thoroughly cultivated, his genius matured. He was gladly welcomed at the court, and assigned high rank as first painter to the King. Sixteen years later he again went to Italy to purchase works of art for the palace. He visited Correggio at Parma, and the art galleries of Florence and Bologna. After his return to Madrid he continued painting and teaching until his death.

He has left pictures in all styles except in subjects of religious art, and many historical paintings, portraits, animals, flowers, fruits, and landscapes. Among the latter is one representing a visit of St. Anthony to St. Paul the Hermit, which approaches as near a religious subject as he ever came.

In portrait painting he shares equal glory with Titian, Van Dyck, and Rembrandt. His equestrian portraits are especially renowned for admirable drawing of the human form, correct perspective, and marvellous foreshortening; the figures are riding, to all appearance in motion, not sitting on a horse to be painted. The best are his pictures of Philip IV., Queen Elizabeth of France, Marian of Austria, and the young Infanta Margaret with the Infante Don Balthasar galloping on spirited ponies.

The best among the *genre* or interior pictures is one of the tapestry weavers—*Las Hilanderas*. It represents a high room, dimly lighted, at the hottest hour of the day; while some workmen ply their looms, others are showing lady visitors their work. The effects of light, half-light, and perspective, are extremely beautiful. His picture of the maids of honor—*Las Meninas*—was so pleasing to the King, that he exclaimed, "There is but one thing wanting"; and, seizing a brush, he painted the Cross of Santiago on the breast of the artist, and commanded the order bestowed upon his

* Born at Seville, 1599.

† Painter and courtier to the King.

favorite. Of the historical pictures, the *Surrender of Breda*, is probably the best. It is sometimes called *The Lances*, from the spearmen grouped around Spinola, the Spanish general.

In St. Petersburg, Munich, and Dresden many specimens of his portraits are to be found, but his best pictures are all in Madrid. A number of them have been given to royal princes, or carried to other lands by victorious troops. England has secured several of his character studies. These, with his rustic groups, and sketches from the national life of the day, are his most pleasing efforts. The character and individuality he gives his subjects often remind one of Hogarth's inimitable satires.

His death was probably occasioned by over-exertion at the betrothal of Louis XIV., of France, with the Infanta Maria Teresa. The King had given Velasquez full control over the arrangement of the pageant—the courts of France and Spain meeting on the Isle of Pheasant. After the ceremony Velasquez returned to Madrid, where he expired August 3, 1660. His best epitaph has been pronounced by Stirling, who says: "He was the friend of Rubens, the most generous, and of Ribera, the most zealous of the brethren of his craft. He was the friend of Cano and Murillo, who, next to himself, were the greatest painters of Spain. The favorite of Philip IV., in fact his minister for artistic affairs, he filled this position with an integrity and disinterestedness very uncommon in counsellors of State; and to befriend an artist less fortunate than himself was one of the last acts of his amiable and glorious life."

Juan Pareja (1610-1670), his mulatto slave and valet, whose business it was to grind the colors, clean brushes, and put the paint on the palette, determined to become a painter, so delighted was he with his master's work. He watched Velasquez closely, heard all his lectures and instructions to his pupils; then during the night, with pencil and brush, he practised what he had seen and heard. At the age of forty-five he placed a picture he had painted among

a collection that Philip IV. was to visit. The King saw it, and selected it from the others; and, learning the name of the artist and his estate in life, gave him liberty.

Velasquez's most skilful pupil, however, was Juan Bautista Martinez del Mazo,* but only as a copyist and imitator was he renowned. Many of the copies he made of Titian and Veronese were sent to Italy, where they were admitted as originals. He succeeded especially in copying the works of his master.

Claudio Coello (1635-1687) was called the last of the old Spanish masters. His father was a sculptor in bronze, and intended his son for the same profession, but painting seemed his talent. He studied under Titian in Italy and Rubens in Antwerp. His masterpiece, *Collocation of the Host*, is in the Escorial. His paintings are his best works; his frescos are too hastily done. After Rizi's death he painted the Santa Forma altarpiece, and in 1683 was called to Saragossa by the Archbishop, to paint the collegiate church of the Augustinians. On his return to Madrid, he was raised to the rank of court painter to the King, keeper of the Royal Galleries, and painter to the Cathedral of Toledo.

Juan de Alfaro y Gamez † studied first under Antonio del Castillo, a nephew of Juan del Castillo of the Andalusian school. Castillo was of little account as a painter, but was a teacher of good reputation at Cordova. Velasquez, with whom he studied at Madrid, greatly improved his general style and coloring.

Gamez was absurdly vain. We are told that he affixed to every picture he painted, whether he copied from prints or other sketches, "*Alfaro pinxit.*" ‡ Castillo, his old master, in order to rebuke him, obtained leave to paint one of the scenes from the life of St. Francis which Gamez was employed to paint for the cloister of the convent. When he finished it he wrote, "*Non*

* He painted a few hunting scenes, and married the daughter of Velasquez, then settled down to copy his father-in-law's pictures.

† 1640-1680.

‡ Alfaro painted this.

pinxit Alfaro,"* which sarcasm soon became a proverb. His best picture, the *Guardian Angel*, is in the chapel of the Imperial College at Madrid.

After the death of Coello, the kings of Spain had none but foreign painters, until the middle of the 18th century, when Francisco Goya y Lucientes, a self-taught artist, inaccurate, weird, full of boldness and originality, arose to revive art in Spain. He was called Goya, and is said to resemble Velasquez in successful painting of portraits. But his etchings are his best works. They have been collected in a volume called "Works of Goya." They are allegories of persons and events of his own time, full of satire and wit, reminding us of Rembrandt in the style of their etching, the modern Kaulbach in their satire, and Hogarth in their humor.

The bane of Spanish artists was their talent for copying and powers of imitation. After the death of Goya, in 1825, there was a dearth of Spanish painters. Not until 1867, at the Universal Exhibition in Paris, do we find painters of any note in Spain.

Mariano Fortuny y Carbó studied in Germany under a pupil of the Catholic master, Franz Overbeck. He returned to Madrid to study the works of Velasquez and Goya, but he never imitated or copied them. His pictures are noted for their originality. His landscapes are beautiful—blue skies and air full of sunshine, with vivid dots of color on peasant or flowery *parterre*. He painted at Rome, and lastly in Paris, where he died in 1874, in the very flower of his age and fame.

Contemporary with him, although four years his junior, was Eduardo Zamacois, born in 1842, and dying thirty years later. He studied painting under the present great French artist, Meissonier, and resembled him in the coloring and style of his "interiors." Two of his paintings are often found in photographs; one, the *Education of a Prince*, has been etched. *Buffon in the 16th Century* was exhibited at the Paris Salon in 1867, and received the medal of the society.

With Zamacois, as with all modern Spanish artists, warmth, light, coloring, charac-

terized by force of originality, are the ruling features. They paint Spanish life as they see it, Spanish skies as they are at their bluest, and the vivid colors worn by veiled *señora* or uniformed *matador*. There is something startling in the vividness of their effects, but it takes one out of the dreamland of ideality into the joyous, glad life of Spain: the sun on its convent wall; the pomegranates beside its palaces, the olive and myrtle on its monasteries, with here and there a Moorish palace.

German Catholics in the United States.

Ypsilanti Sentinel.

THE secular press was looking to see some important eruption that would shake the foundation of the Catholic Church in this country, or at least split it into Irish and German factions, at the late Chicago convention. To the chagrin of all the ultra-Protestants, nothing of the kind has happened. The apparent result of the meeting was a free expression of views in regard to the condition of German Catholics in this country, and a declaration of unshaken allegiance to the Church. The general effect of the meeting is salutary. . . .

Meantime we doubt not the decision of Rome will be accepted without demur, which is to the effect that while the Church will see that Germans in the United States shall enjoy religious instructions and privileges in their native language, even though they may have acquired the English tongue sufficiently for the purposes of daily life, and after years of residence, the Church will not divide dioceses or parishes on national lines, nor will it contribute to the preservation of foreign ideas, language or customs. Neither, however, will it oppose them, or seek to hasten the assimilation of the foreign element with the native population.

This position is sensible. It certainly would be bad policy to attempt to perpetuate national distinctions, and their obliteration proceeds fast enough from natural causes, without assistance. We hear no complaint about the decadence of their language and customs from any nationality except the Germans, and we are rather inclined to sympathize with than blame them; for in a certain manner

* Alfaro did not paint this.

they have a real though inevitable grievance. On arriving in this country, their children enter the public schools, from the day they get a fixed abode. From that time they hear their native tongue at home only, and within a few months their language among themselves, their schoolmates, and other children, is English. The little German they speak with their parents is all they learn, and this they soon regard with dislike. The parents do not and can not learn English as the children do, and there is a "gulf fixed" between the two. Not even German schools and churches are enabled materially to check this tendency.

If German parents could overcome their natural feelings they might see that this rapid "Americanization"—if we may so call it—of their children is really not an evil, but a great benefit. If they were mere sojourners here it would be different; but this country is to be their residence, and that of their posterity. Let them, then, lose their foreign peculiarity of birth,—not necessarily abandoning any principle of morality or good custom of Fatherland: but rather, like grafts from another tree, become identified with and flourishing on the native stock, but perhaps bearing better fruit.

Catholic Notes.

We have been pleased to notice that our Catholic citizens were not behindhand in celebrating the centenary of the Constitution of the United States. Philadelphians were, of course, foremost. The American Catholic Historical Society of that city held a meeting on September 15 with this object in view. The programme included an oration by the Hon. Michael Glennan, of Virginia; an ode, "Our Nation's Glory," composed for the occasion by the well-known Catholic poetess, Miss Eleanor C. Donnelly; and a historical paper entitled "Thomas Fitzsimons, Pennsylvania's Catholic signer of the Constitution of the United States": this was the production of Mr. Martin J. Griffin, who is so well known for the interest he has displayed in matters pertaining to Catholic history and antiquities. The Very Rev. Father Horstmann, chancellor of the diocese, presided at the meeting, which was an unqualified success, and proves that a good Catholic need not be a bad citizen. Father Horstmann, in his address, reviewed

the progress of Catholicity in America since the adoption of the Constitution. At that time there was no bishop in America, now there are 12 archbishops and 61 bishops, and a Catholic population of 8,000,000, against 50,000 a century ago. In the United States there are now 88 Catholic colleges, 593 academies, and 2,697 schools. At the beginning of the century there was not of these in the land.

In the evening of the same day the Catholic Club tendered a reception to his Eminence Cardinal Gibbons. Among those present were President Cleveland, Secretary of State Bayard, and other distinguished public men. As the press reports stated when the Head of the Nation and the Prince of the Church in America grasped each other's hand there was general and prolonged applause among the assembly.

The press of France pays a most glowing tribute to the memory of General de Sonis, whose death, deeply lamented by the whole nation, occurred at Paris a few weeks ago. General de Sonis was esteemed by all as a brave soldier, a skilful leader, and a devoted Christian. He particularly distinguished himself in the Franco-German war, when he commanded at the battle of Patay, and fell severely wounded at the head of the Papal Zouaves, whom he led against the enemy with the cry of "*Vive la France! Vive Pie IX.!*" The brilliant cavalry officer led a most sincerely Christian life. He recited daily the Little Office of the Blessed Virgin; he never through his own fault missed hearing Mass every day, causing himself to be carried to the church by his servants when the effects of his wounds prevented his entering a carriage. He was most abstemious in his habits: a small cup of coffee in the morning and a slender repast in the evening were his only meals. In the battle of Patay he led his command under the flag of the Sacred Heart, after which he was always known as the "General of the Sacred Heart." When wounded he was left for hours on the battle-field, upon which darkness had descended, and would probably have succumbed to his sufferings but for the kind offices of a Bavarian soldier. But during those horrible hours before help arrived he placed all his hope in the intercession of Our Lady of Lourdes. Out of gratitude to Her he always spent in prayer the anniversary of that night

on the battle-field of Patay, at Rennes, when he there commanded a division, he passed it in prayer before the Blessed Sacrament. The obsequies of the Christian hero were performed at St. Honoré, without military honors, according to his own wish. General Lhotte, representing the Minister of War, pronounced a few words of adieu on the tomb of his valiant brother-in-arms; he said that he had in private life the virtues of a perfect Christian; in his public life he deserved to be a model for all soldiers.

The annual meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, which was held in Manchester during the first week of September, was attended by many Catholics distinguished for scientific attainments. Among the Vice-Presidents of the Association is the Rt. Rev. Bishop Vaughan, of Salford; and the Rev. Dr. Casartelli, of St. Bede's College, is one of the local secretaries. The Very Rev. Gerald Molloy, D. D., of the Catholic University, Dublin, author of that excellent work "Geology and Revelation," was kept away by ill health. Among the foreign guests were Captain Coquilhart, of Congo celebrity; the eminent geologist, Abbé Renard, of Brussels; Dr. J. B. Carnoy, Professor of Biology at the University of Louvain; Dr. G. Gibson, Professor of Embryology at the same University; and the distinguished young engineers of Louvain, MM. Henri and Louis Sivet.

What the *Home Journal* regards as "one of the most curious sights, either mediæval or modern, that England has witnessed," was to be seen recently in Northumberland, when the twelfth centenary of St. Cuthbert was celebrated by a pilgrimage to Holy Island, near Berwick, where are the ruins of the abbey which the Saint inhabited as Bishop of Lindisfarne. The place can be approached only at low tide by wading three miles on the sands. Ten thousand pilgrims, men, women and children, did this through three hours—all bare-footed, and reciting the Rosary or singing hymns as they marched. An altar was fitted up in the open air on the ruins of the abbey. Over one hundred priests about it and a thousand kneeling worshippers made an impressive spectacle. Owing to the difficulty of access, the procession did not arrive till one o'clock, when Mass was celebrated. Among

the "waders" were all the old Catholic gentry of Northumberland of both sexes, many of whose ancestors were out in 1715 and 1745 for the Stuarts, and whose names are the most historic in England; and side by side with these were Irish laborers from Newcastle.

The annual report of the Association of the Holy Childhood for 1886 shows a very favorable condition of this admirable work. The collections in France amounted to 1,201,670 francs, being 14,000 francs more than last year. In Africa, 2,040 francs were collected; in Asia, 9,605; in America, 208,082; in Europe, 3,221,102; making in all a total of 3,441,718 francs. The director of the Association in publishing this report reminds its supporters that the work is the very foundation of Christianity in the future, at least in pagan lands; for the faith of the man depends mainly on the faith of the child, and to plant the principles of religion in the hearts of millions of children all over the world is to secure the reign of Christ in their generation.

The history of Catholic education in Belgium is repeating itself in France. From 1876 till 1885 inclusive, the infidel Government of the latter country established (at an expense of \$3,383,885) 6,514 schools from which religious instruction was excluded, and laicized 5,660 of the existing Catholic schools. Within the same period the French Catholics have, at their own cost by free-will offerings, established 5,041 schools, which are filled to overflowing, while the godless schools of the Government are but scantily attended. Concerning the relative merits of the education imparted under each system, it is a significant fact that the Government have steadfastly refused the challenge of the Catholic schools to a competitive contest.—*The Pilot*.

Outside the walls of Jerusalem a new town has sprung up, a building club having been established a few years ago, under the operation of which one hundred and thirty houses were erected in four years by the Jews; while along the Jaffa road many country villas have been erected of late by European residents. The latest development of the erection of new houses without Jerusalem is to be found in the enterprise which has led to much building being done on the slopes of the Mount of

Olives, the summit of which is crowned with the Church of the Ascension.

A Quaker was once advising a drunkard to leave off his habit of drinking intoxicating liquors. "Can you tell me how to do it?" asked the slave of the appetite. "Yes, friend," answered the Quaker; "it is just as easy as to open thy hand." "Convince me of that, and I will promise, upon my honor, to do as you tell me," said the drunkard. "Well, my friend, when thou findest any vessel of intoxicating liquor in thy hand, open the hand that contains it before it reaches thy mouth, and thou wilt never be drunk again." The toper was so well pleased with this plain advice that he followed it.—*Indo-European Correspondence.*

Obituary.

"It is a holy and wholesome thought to pray for the dead."

— 2 MACH., xii., 4

The following persons, lately deceased, are commended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

The Rev. Richard Shortis, C. S. C., whose happy death, in the seventy-third year of his age, occurred at Notre Dame on the Feast of the Exaltation of the Holy Cross. He was for many years a most efficient member of the faculty of the University, and at one time its Vice-President. Father Shortis also labored in Galveston, New Orleans, and Montreal, and left in each place a memory of singular devotedness. Since 1875 he has acted as chaplain of St. Mary's Academy, near Notre Dame, where he was respected and beloved as a kind and conscientious teacher, a genial and sincere friend, and a devoted priest. Father Shortis was a native of Carrick-on-Suir, Ireland.

Sister Mary of St. Amelia, of the Sisters of the Good Shepherd, whose holy life was crowned with a precious death on the 31st ult.

Sister Mary of St. Cecilia, of the Sisters of Holy Cross, who went to receive the reward of a career of singular devotedness, extending over many years, on the 10th inst.

Mr. Peter McNally, for many years attached to the post-office in Brooklyn, who departed this life August 27. He was a fervent member of St. James' parish in that city, and was highly respected by a large circle of friends among all classes of citizens.

Mr. John J. Anderson, of Boston; Mrs. Anne Cashbaugh, Zanesville, Ohio; Miss Margaret Mary O'Neil, Stockton, Cal.; Mrs. Hanora Donovan and James Hopkins, Cambridge, Mass.; Mrs. Veronica McFadden, San Francisco; and Terrence Shields, Brooklyn.

May they rest in peace!



The Owl that drove Want from the Widow's Door.

FOR THE "AVE MARIA" FROM THE RUSSIAN OF A. VON ULRICH, BY JULIA MENDELEFF AND E. L. DORSEY.

There was a time when he was young, and famous for his strength and the swiftness of his flight; when his eyes were so fierce and keen that in the blackest night he could see the smallest birds napping on the bushes in the deep grass, and before the poor little things could awake or stir would have them trembling in his sharp claws. The light of day he could not bear at all, and it was only when the darkness fell that he would come out of his hollow tree, and, cleaving the air softly and noiselessly with his downy wings, fall like a thief in the night on his prey.

But now it was different. The poor old owl had grown infirm, and had long ago ceased to nest in the tree. He lived under the roof of a half-ruined *isba*. Under the thatch a beam had rotted, and in the soft rubbish and decay he fixed his abode. There he dwelt, and thought of his past successes, and hunted for mice; but these seemed poor food indeed after the bird-diet of other days. He rarely went out, but if the weather was clear and fine he would sometimes leave his retreat in the twilight, and occasionally—very occasionally—he would catch a bird.

The old owl, however, was not the only tenant of the *isba*; for under the same roof, in the narrow but tidy enclosure, lived Vassutka with his mother. He was just seven years old,—a handsome, sturdy boy, with light curling hair, and dark eyes, which merrily and bravely peeped from behind his eyelashes. He was good, but so very lively that his mother often said, sighing:

"God knows who he's like! His father was a quiet, industrious man—my Prohor!

—but this fellow's a scamp. The other day I mended his shirt and dressed him neatly and properly, and now here's another hole ready for me again. It's a perfect misery!"

But it was a joy too, and she looked with pride at her healthy, handsome boy, and in her soul she greatly admired his vigor and his cleverness.

The summer was drawing to its close, and it was evening. Quiet had fallen on the *isba*; for Vassutka was sitting waiting for his supper.

It was a four-sided room, the little *isba*; the *petch** stood on the left of the door; around two walls ran the *lavka*;† at its angle stood the table, and above it were the *icons* of Our Lady of Kurzan, St. Vasili (Vassutka's patron saint), and St. Marfa (his mother's); before them were the lamps which were lit every Saturday evening to burn through Sunday in honor of the holy ones they commemorated. The ceiling was very low, and there was no need to fear high winds; for the house had only one story.

Vassutka sat under the *icons*, with a spoon in his hand, watching his mother as she put a bowl of *kasha*‡ on the table, filled it to the top with milk, made the Sign of the Cross, and sat down beside him. Then he began his supper. The *kasha* seemed to be particularly to his taste, and the spoon travelled fast between his mouth and the bowl. But suddenly he stopped and asked:

"Is it true, mamma, grandfather was rich?"

"Who told you that?"

"They were talking about it in the village the other day, and Fedka said grandfather sold wax and honey, and had plenty of money."

"I don't know," she said, thoughtfully. "I was an orphan, and grandfather took me when I was a wee thing. He fed me, reared me, and married me off, but I never saw any money about the house. It is true he often said: 'Don't worry, Marfusha, because your *sarafan* is poor. You will have

enough to last you all your life, and something for the children too.' Who knows, perhaps there was something? But when the cholera came, grandfather was the first to die. They had hardly time to bring him the Sacraments before he gave up his soul, and he never said a word. In his *sanduc** there under the *lavka* we found two roubles and two kopecks, and that's all I have ever seen."

Poor Marfa! She sighed deeply, and her thoughts went sadly back to her dead Prohor, whom she had buried three years before; for since that time no matter how hard she worked she could not drive want from her door. While the summer lasted it was not so bad, but here was the autumn at hand; the long rains would soon set in; the roof was leaking, and she had no money to have it mended; and then there would come the white wolf, Winter, with his biting frosts and storms, and where could she get fuel? Her *shuba*† was in tatters, the *touloupe*‡ in rags, and Vassutka had outgrown his sheepskin too.

And as she remembered all this she grew sadder yet, and did not notice her tears were falling fast. But Vassutka saw them, became very uncomfortable, put down his spoon, and slipped out.

The evening was bright and still, and in the west the glory of the setting sun still lingered. Vassutka stood a little while on the step, and thought mournfully of a brood of ducks that had disappeared mysteriously by ones and twos not long before; then he spoke to the goat, his *cormeletza*,§ then went to the fence, climbed up and sat astride of it.

Before him lay a large meadow, and in the distance beyond the river was a belt of beech and willow trees. In the air was a hush of repose, as if Nature rested after the hot, passionate day. The boy was looking

* Something like a sailor's sea-chest, and holding all the personal belongings.

† A short garment lined with fur.

‡ A cloak of sheepskin, worn hide out and wool in.

§ Milk-mother, or foster-mother.

* A brick oven built up several feet high, and with a place on the top for the family to sleep.

† A wide wooden bench. ‡ A stiff gruel.

aimlessly into the distance. Around him night-moths were flying and grasshoppers singing. Suddenly he felt something brush by, and immediately afterward saw a large bird settle a few paces away.

"The owl!" thought he, and began to study him attentively; for he had never seen him so close before.

The owl cocked his head on one side, and returned the compliment; then he rose in the air, wheeled about two or three times, poised for a moment, then swooped. Something fluttered and cried in the grass, and when the owl flew up again, Vassutka saw in its claws what he thought was a bird.

"Oh, the villain!" he cried, looking after him. But imagine his surprise when he saw him disappear with his prey under the roof of his own *isba*.

The boy jumped from the fence and ran in. It was dark, but he felt his way to the flint and steel, and began to strike a light.

"What for?" asked his mother.

"The owl," answered Vassutka, breathlessly,—"the owl under our very roof! I'll find him, the villain!"

"Don't, Vassutka!" said his mother. "Who would ever think of going under a thatch with a light? Stop! You can catch him better in the daytime."

"That's true," said the boy, unwillingly laying aside the flint and steel. Then he told her his adventure.

"And I know he is the fellow that stole all our ducklings. Oh, mamma! how he pounced on that little bird,—how pitifully it cried! Oh, my heart felt *squeezed!*"

And he talked and talked about it, discussing it from every point. Even when he went to bed he could not get to sleep for a long time; before his eyes still appeared the bird, and in his ears still rang the cry of the poor little victim.

The sun had risen when he awoke, and his mother had already gone out. Vassutka jumped up, hurried into his clothes, said his prayers, and scrambled into the loft. He searched in all the dark corners for the owl. At last he touched something soft.

"Here he is!" he said, and stretched out

both hands to seize him. But the frightened bird struggled from him, and fluttered through a hole in the thatch. Wishing to follow him, the boy climbed on a beam and began to enlarge the hole; but the wood was rotten, and gave way under him; something crashed with a sound like pottery, and an odd, rattling noise was heard.

After milking the goat, Marfa was returning to the *isba* with the pail in her hand. Suddenly she heard Vassutka calling. He was bending out of the hole in the thatch, and he said:

"Oh, mamma, look here! What's this? It looks like money."

And a handful of gold pieces fell at her feet.

"What is the matter?—where did you get these?" asked the frightened woman.

"Right here. Here is lots of it!"

Marfa hastily set down the bucket on the step and ran up to the loft. There, under the dust of years, amidst bits of decayed wood and broken pottery, lay a heap of gold coins, and next to them was an earthen pot with its mouth tied up with rags. Marfa opened it. *It* was nearly full of silver pieces!

But while with trembling fingers she gathered the gold, Vassutka had succeeded in climbing on the roof, and catching the owl, which, blinded by the light, blundered into his hands.

"Here he is!" he shouted, joyfully, scrambling down. "Here he is, the rascal! I nearly lost him."

"Let him go, Vassutka," said his mother, piously crossing herself. "Let the bird go; for the Lord Himself seems to have sent him to show us where grandfather's treasure was hid—to drive want from a poor widow's door."

GUILT, though it may attain temporal splendor, can never attain real happiness. The evil consequences of our crimes long survive their commission, and, like the ghosts of the murdered, forever haunt the steps of the malefactor.

The Story of a Shipwreck.*

One morning in the month of December, several years ago, there sailed from the port of Liverpool a huge steamer, which had on board two hundred persons, including a crew of sixty. The captain and nearly all the sailors were English. Among the passengers were several Italians: three gentlemen and a company of musicians. The steamer was bound for the island of Malta. The weather was threatening.

Among the third-class passengers forward was an Italian lad of a dozen years, small for his age, but robust, — a bold, handsome, austere face, of Sicilian type. He was alone near the foremast, seated on a coil of cordage, beside a well-worn valise, which contained his effects, and upon which he kept a hand. His face was brown, and his black and wavy hair descended to his shoulders. He was meanly clad, and had a tattered mantle thrown over his shoulders, and an old leather pouch on a cross-belt. He gazed thoughtfully about him at the passengers, the ship, the sailors who were running past, and at the restless sea.

A little after their departure, one of the steamer's crew, an Italian with grey hair, made his appearance on the bow, holding by the hand a little girl; and coming to a halt in front of the young Sicilian, he said to him: "Here's a travelling companion for you, Mario." And the girl seated herself on the pile of cordage beside the boy.

They surveyed each other. "Where are you going?" asked the Sicilian.

"To Malta, on the way of Naples," was her reply. "I am going to see my father and mother, who are expecting me. My name is Giulietta Faggiani."

The boy said nothing. After the lapse of a few minutes he drew some bread from his pouch, and some dried fruit; the girl had some biscuits. They began to eat.

"Look sharp there!" shouted the Italian sailor, as he passed rapidly; "a lively time is at hand!"

The wind continued to increase, the steamer pitched heavily; but the two children, who did not suffer from sea-sickness, paid no heed to it. The little girl smiled. She was about

the same age as her companion, but was considerably taller, brown of complexion, slender, somewhat sickly, and dressed more than modestly. Her hair was short and curling; she wore a red kerchief over her head, and two hoops of silver in her ears.

As they ate they talked about themselves and their affairs. The boy had no longer either father or mother. The father, an artisan, had died a few days previously in Liverpool, leaving him alone; and the Italian Consul had sent him back to his country—Palermo,—where he had some distant relatives. The little girl had been taken to London the year before, by a widowed aunt, who was very fond of her, and to whom her parents—poor people—had given her for a time, trusting in a promise of an inheritance; but the aunt had died a few months later, run over by an omnibus, without leaving a *centesimo*; and then she too had had recourse to the Consul, who had shipped her to Italy. Both had been recommended to the care of the Italian sailor.

"So," concluded the little maid, "my father and mother thought that I would return rich, and instead I am returning poor. But they will love me all the same. And so will my brothers. I have four, all small. I am the oldest at home. I dress them. They will be so delighted to see me!"

Mario was silent.

At night, as they parted to go to bed, the girl said to Mario: "Sleep well."

"No one will sleep well, my poor children!" exclaimed the Italian sailor, as he ran past in answer to a call from the captain.

"Good-night," responded Mario. And they descended to their berths.

The sailor's prediction proved correct. Before they could get to sleep, a frightful tempest had broken loose. It was like the onslaught of great, furious horses, which in the course of a few minutes split one mast, and carried away, like leaves, three boats which were suspended to the falls, and four cows on the bow. On board the steamer there arose a confusion a terror, an uproar,—a tempest of shrieks, wails, and prayers, sufficient to make the hair stand on end. The tempest continued to increase in fury all night. At daybreak it was still raging. The formidable waves, dashing the craft transversely, broke over the deck, and smashed, split, and hurled everything into the sea. The platform which screened the engine

* Edmondo de Amicis. Adapted.

was destroyed, and the water dashed in with a terrible roar; the fires were extinguished; the engineers fled; huge and impetuous streams forced their way everywhere. A voice of thunder shouted:

"To the pumps!" It was the captain's voice. The sailors rushed to the pumps. But a sudden burst of the sea, striking the vessel on the stern, demolished bulwarks and hatchways, and sent a flood within.

All the passengers, more dead than alive, had taken refuge in the grand saloon. At last the captain made his appearance.

"Captain! captain!" they all shrieked in concert. "Is there any hope? Save us!"

He waited until they were silent, then said, coolly: "Let us be resigned."

At one moment the captain attempted to launch a life-boat; five sailors entered it; the boat sank; the waves turned it over, and two of the sailors were drowned, among them the Italian; the others contrived with difficulty to catch hold of the ropes, and draw themselves up again. After this the sailors lost all courage. Two hours later the vessel was sunk in the water to the height of the port-holes.

A terrible spectacle was presented meanwhile on the deck. Mothers pressed their children to their breasts in despair; friends exchanged embraces and bade one another farewell; some went down into the cabins, that they might die without seeing the sea. The two children, Giulietta and Mario, clung to a mast, and gazed at the water with staring eyes, as though senseless. The sea had subsided a little, but the vessel continued to sink slowly. Only a few minutes remained to them.

"Launch the long-boat!" shouted the captain.

A boat, the last that remained, was thrown into the water, and fourteen sailors and three passengers descended into it. The captain remained on board.

"Come down with us!" they shouted to him from below.

"I must die at my post," he answered.

"We shall meet a vessel," the sailors cried; "we shall be saved! Come!"

"I shall remain."

"There is room for one more!" shouted the sailors, turning to the other passengers. "A woman!"

A woman advanced, aided by the captain; but on seeing the distance at which the boat

lay, she did not feel sufficient courage to leap down, and fell back upon the deck. The other women had nearly all fainted.

"A boy!" shouted the sailors.

At that shout the Sicilian lad and his companion, who had remained up to that moment petrified as by a supernatural stupor, were suddenly aroused by a violent instinct to save their lives. They detached themselves simultaneously from the mast, and rushed to the side of the vessel.

"The smallest!" shouted the sailors. "The boat is overloaded! The smallest!"

On hearing these words, the girl dropped her arms, as though struck by lightning, and stood motionless, staring at Mario with lustreless eyes. He looked at her for a moment; the gleam of a divine thought flashed across his face.

"The smallest!" repeated the sailors, with imperious impatience. "We are going!"

And then Mario, with a voice which no longer seemed his own, cried: "I give you my place, Giulietta. You have a father and mother. I am alone. Go down!"

"Throw her into the sea!" shouted the sailors.

Mario seized Giulietta by the body, and threw her into the sea. The girl uttered a cry and made a splash; a sailor took her by the arm, and dragged her into the boat. The boy remained at the vessel's side, with his head held high, his hair streaming in the wind—motionless, tranquil, sublime.

The boat moved off just in time to escape the whirlpool which the vessel produced as it sank, and which threatened to overturn it. Then the girl, who had remained senseless until that moment, raised her eyes to the boy, and burst into a storm of tears.

"Good-bye, Mario!" she cried amid her sobs, with her arms outstretched towards him. "Good-bye! Good-bye! Good-bye!"

"Good-bye!" replied the boy, raising his hand on high.

The boat went swiftly across the troubled sea, beneath the dark sky. No one on board the vessel shouted any longer. The water was already lapping the edge of the deck.

Suddenly the boy fell on his knees, with his hands folded and his eyes raised to heaven.

The girl covered her face. When she raised her head again, she cast a glance over the sea: the vessel was no longer there.



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Cor Cordium.

BY CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

O HEART of hearts! what bitter fate!
A flame of love Thy crest adorns;
Yet piercèd with the lance of hate,
And girt about with thorns,

They nailed Thee to the cruel Cross,
O Heart of hearts! and left Thee there,
To languish and to mourn the loss
Of love beyond compare.

A world of love, incarnate, fed
With rivers of the Precious Blood,
O Heart of hearts! that broke and shed
An ever-cleansing flood.

How may we know with soul unmoved
The peace Thy perfect love imparts—
The perfect peace that we have proved
Through Thee, O Heart of hearts?

The Holy Rosary the Queen of Devotions.

BY THE REV. A. A. LAMBING, LL. D.

I AM at a loss to know whether the readers of THE "AVE MARIA" will regard my return to the subject of the Holy Rosary at this distant day as an instance of tenacity of purpose, and call it a virtue; or look upon it as an evidence of tardiness or neglect, and call it by perhaps a more appropriate name. It mat-

ters little. The plan I proposed to myself more than four years ago, and carried out in part, was to treat of the Rosary under three heads: First, the devotion considered in itself—or its origin, essential parts, indulgences, etc.; secondly, the Rosary as an exercise of the virtues; and thirdly, the Rosary as a compendium of devotions. The first two parts were treated of at that time; it is now the purpose to take up the third part. Although it is so far out of time as to have no immediate connection with what has gone before, it is hoped it may still be read with profit, and may serve to revive devotion to Our Lady and Her Rosary in the hearts of some, and add intensity to the devotion already existing in the hearts of others.

It is proposed to show in a series of brief remarks that the Rosary, when recited with the pious reflections which its several mysteries are so well calculated to awaken, is not only a most beautiful devotion in itself, but is also a compendium of many, if not all, the devotions that manifest themselves in the spiritual life of the faithful servants of Mary. Here it is especially that the surpassing excellence of the Rosary appears; for one of the principal recommendations of a devotion is its suitability to all times, to all classes, and to individuals under all circumstances, and with all their endless number and variety of dispositions. In this the Holy Rosary excels all others. It ranges through the entire field of devotions, and embraces all of them in a more or less

perfectly developed state; it is an epitome of the history of redemption, and is therefore the centre of devotion in all times; it treats of the Joyful, the Sorrowful, and the Glorious Mysteries, and hence suits all circumstances and dispositions of individuals; in a word, it is the queen of devotions.

I.

The origin of devotions in the Church forms a subject of interesting and instructive study. Sometimes a devotion is the result of a direct revelation from Heaven; again, in a public calamity the children of God seek relief in some new exercise of piety; at another time it is the pious practice of some isolated Christian or community that gradually spreads; or, finally, it is the voice of Our Lord Himself or of the Blessed Virgin speaking to some favored child—as Blessed Margaret Mary, Simon Stock, or Dominic,—pointing out the means by which truth is to be made to triumph over error. If the finger of God is there, the celestial origin of the devotion is soon attested by the streams of divine grace that flow plenteously from its practice; the approbation of the Church is sought; the devotion is approved, recommended, encouraged, and enriched with indulgences; and the result is that it spreads throughout the Christian commonwealth. But just as the articles of our holy faith which have been defined from time to time are contained in the original deposit, so too are these devotions in a latent condition in the Church, awaiting the time appointed for their introduction among the children of God. Having undertaken to show that the Holy Rosary is a compendium of devotions, it is fitting that we should begin with the fundamental mysteries of our holy religion.

St. Bonaventure in his "Life of Christ" represents the three Persons of the Blessed Trinity holding a council with regard to the redemption of man, when, before his creation, his unhappy fall was present to the divine mind. And when, in the fulness of time, the same divine Persons would accomplish the merciful work of redemption, each one is duly represented in His relation to

the favored Woman who is chosen to be the mother of the Redeemer. Mary is the daughter of the Father, the mother of the Son, and the spouse of the Holy Ghost. The salutation of the angel refers explicitly to each of the three Persons. He is sent as the messenger of the Father to declare His choice of Mary as the mother of the long-expected Messiah, and he announces the Incarnation as a work to be effected by the operation of the Holy Ghost. "The Holy Ghost shall come upon Thee, and the power of the Most High shall overshadow Thee; and therefore the holy One that shall be born of Thee shall be called the Son of God." The mystery of the Blessed Trinity was again proclaimed at the beginning of the public life of our divine Redeemer: when, at His baptism in the Jordan, the Father spoke from the cloud, and the Holy Spirit was present in the form of a dove. So, too, at the end of His life upon earth He promised to ask His Father to send the Comforter upon the Apostles.

How admirably is not all this set forth in the mysteries of the Rosary! At its very threshold it proposes this fundamental truth for our consideration; and it renews the lesson as we proceed, speaking now of one Person, now of another, while the scope of the Rosary—the redemption of man—is everywhere represented as the work of all Three. Having sent an Archangel to Mary to begin the great work, They finally unite in crowning Her Queen of Heaven, to end it; just as we begin the recitation of the Rosary by invoking the three divine Persons in making the Sign of the Cross, and end it in the same manner. The Holy Rosary may, then, be termed an exercise of devotion to the ever-blessed Trinity. It is impossible to recite it devoutly without enkindling a more tender devotion to, and a firmer faith in, this fundamental mystery.

II.—THE ETERNAL FATHER.

The great mystery of which the Rosary treats is pre-eminently the work of the Father; for, though the Son was the principal actor in the sorrowful drama, He was guided

by the commands which the Father had given Him, as He declares in more places than one, in such words as these: "I always do the will of Him that sent Me, that I may perfect His work." The characters, too, that figure most prominently in the Rosary are all intimately connected with the Father. Jesus Christ is His only-begotten Son, "the brightness of His glory and the figure of His substance," who could truly say, "I and the Father are one." Mary, the Mother of Christ, whose crown the Rosary is, was the favored daughter of the Father, upon whom He bestowed His choicest graces. St. Joseph, the foster-father of the Redeemer, to whom He gave a greater share of His power and wisdom than He has ever given to any other, or ever will give, has been appropriately called by the Fathers, the shadow of the Eternal Father upon earth. But this point is so clear that it is unnecessary to enlarge further upon it.

The manner in which the work of the redemption was accomplished was wholly in accordance with the will of the Father. Jesus Christ came upon earth, lived in poverty, wrought miracles, taught, suffered and died, rose from the grave, and ascended into heaven, in accordance with the decrees of the Father. Hence He frequently restrained the impetuosity of His disciples, who were impatient at His delays, with the remark, "My hour is not yet come." Hence, too, the Father on more occasions than one bore witness to Him by a voice from heaven, declaring Him His well-beloved Son, and requiring all to hear Him. Hence Jesus Christ cried out upon the Cross: "Father, into Thy hands I commend My spirit." Hence, too, at His Ascension He said: "I go to Him that sent Me."

All the personages who figure in the Rosary were the special instruments of the Father, and in the end, upon the fulfilment of the part which He had assigned them, each returned to Him, and received a reward. Christ humbled Himself even to the death of the cross; but in return the Father exalted Him, and gave Him a name that is above all other names, at the sound of which

all knees bend in heaven, on earth, and in the abyss; and further constituted Him the Judge of the living and the dead. The sacred humanity, too, in which He suffered has been raised by the Father to a place at His right hand in glory. The Blessed Virgin, the chosen daughter of the Father, was faithful to the duties of the exalted position to which He raised Her, and in return He assumed Her, body and soul, into His kingdom, and crowned Her Queen of angels and men, where He alone is King. St. Joseph, that faithful servant whom the Lord placed over all His possessions, merited on earth to be entrusted with the care of the Child and His Mother, and now in heaven his throne is above all save that only of his holy Spouse. And so of the rest.

If we examine the Rosary in detail we shall perceive the divine attributes of the Father shine forth in every mystery: His love, His mercy, His goodness, His justice, His wisdom, and so of the others. It opens by addressing Him by the endearing name of "Father," which is repeated at intervals; and it closes with leaving Jesus and Mary in glory with Him. This devotion, as the choice of his present Holiness Leo XIII. would seem to show, is especially suited to the unhappy times in which our lot is cast, when we are forced to witness all but universal unbelief outside the Church, and lamentable coldness within her pale; when the majesty of God is so wantonly outraged, His authority so boldly defied, His sacred law so ruthlessly trampled upon, and His very existence so openly called in question; and all this in the pursuit of that happiness which can be found only in Him, and in the search after those riches which only they possess and enjoy who possess Him and enjoy Him. Truly, then, may the Holy Rosary be called a devotion to the Eternal Father, and the most excellent of all.

III.—THE HOLY GHOST.

The Holy Ghost, like the Father and the Son, is frequently mentioned and more frequently referred to in the Holy Rosary, and His divine operations are everywhere per-

ceptible. And these manifestations are such as both to increase our knowledge and enkindle our love toward the third Person of the Blessed Trinity. The great work of the Incarnation was pre-eminently a work of the Holy Ghost. "The Holy Ghost," said the Archangel to Mary, "shall come upon Thee, and the power of the Most High shall overshadow Thee." If we pause to consider more in detail the numerous manifestations of the Holy Spirit in the course of the Rosary, we shall learn more of His ineffable operations.

In the first mystery He effects the greatest of all mysteries, the Incarnation; in the second He enlightens St. Elizabeth to recognize in her humble and youthful cousin the Mother of the Redeemer of the world, and moves her to exclaim in accents of admiration: "And whence is this to me that the Mother of my Lord should come to me?" At the same time He moves His holy Spouse to utter that most sublime of canticles, the *Magnificat*, in which She declares that all generations shall call Her blessed, because He that is mighty has done great things to Her. He fills the holy, but for a time incredulous, Zachary with the spirit of prophecy to utter his beautiful canticle, the *Benedictus*, which, like the *Magnificat*, the Church daily repeats in her Office. He leads the old man Simeon into the Temple, there to witness the fulfilment of the promise made to him, that he should live to see the Saviour of the world made flesh and dwelling among men. He again appears at the baptism of Christ, and afterward leads Him into the desert to undergo His forty days' fast before entering upon His public ministry. He descends upon the Apostles at Pentecost to prepare them for the wonderful work before them; and finally He assumes His chaste Spouse into heaven, and places Her on a throne high above all other creatures whether angelic or human.

The Holy Ghost is the Spirit of supernatural wisdom and eternal truth. Real wisdom can never be at variance with truth, nor can there be any true wisdom but that

which is based upon infallible truth. How well does not the Holy Rosary inculcate devotion to true wisdom when it unites the worship of the Spirit of Wisdom with veneration for the Seat of Wisdom! Blessed are they who are taught of God! Let us, then, who are the true children of God, because the children of Mary, seek wisdom by means of the Holy Rosary; and in all doubts and perplexities go with loving confidence to Her whom the Church styles the Seat of Wisdom. Happy for us if the Seat of Wisdom is our advocate with the Spirit of Wisdom! Truly, then, may it be said that the Rosary inspires and nourishes devotion to the third Person of the Adorable Trinity.

IV.—JESUS CHRIST AS GOD.

It is not to be wondered at that so much of our devotion should centre upon the person of our divine Saviour. It is not that we thereby detract from what is due to the other Persons of the Blessed Trinity, as some non-Catholics have been heard to say; but rather because our Saviour appeared so long among men in a visible, tangible form—teaching, working miracles, dying, rising from the dead, and ascending into heaven,—that much is known of Him, and may be expressed in human language that could not be known nor expressed of the Father and the Holy Ghost, who are pure spirits. All His manifestations were of such a character as to evince an infinite love for man, and no heart can fail to remember them with gratitude. Then, too, He established a Church, in which His sacred life, sufferings, and death are frequently commented on, His Sacraments received, and the Adorable Sacrifice of the Mass—of His own sacred Body and Blood—offered up and assisted at; all of which keep the thought of Him so vividly before our minds that we can not even for a short time lose sight of Him.

The manner in which the Holy Rosary excites devotion to the second Person of the Blessed Trinity can not be treated of under one head, but will require several. His divinity, His humanity, the holy childhood,

the hidden life, Jesus suffering, Jesus dead, Jesus risen, Jesus glorified, Jesus in the Most Blessed Sacrament, the Most Precious Blood, the Sacred Heart, the Holy Face,—each will require treatment separately, will form a fitting subject for remarks, and will be found most intimately connected with the Holy Rosary.

Let us begin with Jesus Christ as God, because His numberless claims upon our adoration, praise, and gratitude are, one and all, based on the fundamental truth of His divinity. It is more necessary to insist on the divinity of Jesus Christ in our day, even among Catholics, than most of us are disposed to imagine. True, indeed, when we see Him raise the dead to life, or perform some other of the many supernatural wonders which require almighty power, we recognize the presence of God; but these are, if we may be allowed the expression, the exceptions in His life upon earth. It is not in this form that He is usually presented to us. The weeping Infant in the manger, the fugitives with the divine Child hastening into exile, the Boy carpenter at Nazareth, the Teacher sitting fatigued at the well in Samaria; and, much more, the agonizing Victim in the garden, the Prisoner in the judgment-hall, the Accused before His judges, the Object of mockery at the pillar, the new Isaac carrying the wood for sacrifice to the top of the mountain of God, and thrice falling beneath its weight; hanging bleeding upon it, or taken down in death from its cold embrace, and consigned to the damp dungeon of the sepulchre,—these impress the idea of His sacred humanity so deeply upon us that it sometimes requires an effort of our weak minds to remember that He is God equal to the Father.

The Rosary, in presenting Him to us as the Redeemer of the world, shows Him rather in the weakness of the humanity than in the might of the divinity. Yet to the eye of faith the Rosary is an expression of devotion to the divinity of Our Lord, and a most powerful means of cultivating it; for, though the whole devotion is but a dramatic view of the life of Christ as man, that drama

drew all its significance from the union of the human with the divine nature. And though the mysteries of the Rosary do not present us with many striking manifestations of the divinity, such as we read of in the Gospels—for it is rather a record of His humiliation and suffering,—there are not wanting glimpses of the divinity, such as the prostration of His enemies when they came to apprehend Him, His glorious Resurrection and admirable Ascension. And if such evidences appeared through the veil of the humanity as to make even a pagan centurion exclaim, "Indeed this was the Son of God!" at the time when more than any other the divinity was eclipsed, and but a moment after Christ had exclaimed, "My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?" surely it should not seem difficult for the children of God to find in every mystery a proof of the presence of a divine Person.

V.—JESUS CHRIST AS MAN.

The Incarnation of the Son of God is the central point of the world's history. Whatever occurred before it pointed to it, and drew its significance from it; whatever has transpired since flows from it. God, who in times past spoke by the prophets, in the fulness of time sent His own divine Son, who was to be for all future ages the way, the truth, and the life; so that those who believed in Him might not perish, but might have life everlasting. The Man-God is the Teacher, the Model, the Redeemer, and the Victim for the children of God in all times. Devotion to Him must, therefore, be the one great devotion of Christians.

How admirably this devotion is inculcated in the Holy Rosary few words are needed to explain. In every mystery, from the first to the last, the Rosary is but a presentation of Jesus Christ as man under a variety of aspects, each revealing more and more clearly the unfathomable depth of His love for man, and His equally insatiable thirst for the glory of His Father. Like the spouse in the canticle, as one of the Fathers remarks, He comes leaping over the mountains, skipping over the hills; from the

bosom of His Father He comes to the bosom of Mary, to be manifested in the stable of Bethlehem, from Bethlehem to the Temple, from the Temple to Egypt, from Egypt to Nazareth, to Jerusalem, to the retirement of the hidden life, to the cities and towns of Judea and Galilee, to the Garden of Gethsemane, to the hall of Pilate, to Calvary, to the Mount of Olives, and again to the right hand on high. Everywhere the sacred humanity shields the divinity, but at the same time permits that virtue to shine forth which won all hearts. Never did heaven appear so near to earth as when the human and divine natures were present united in Christ—the essential Being of heaven united with the noblest Creature of earth, the Son of the Father with the Son of Mary. But it will be necessary to pause to reflect at greater length on a few of the scenes which are presented in the mysteries of the Holy Rosary.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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Ampère the Elder.

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BY T. F. GALWEY.
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IT is a widespread belief that the religion of the French people is weakened by skepticism, and that their literature is defiled by an unworthy familiarity with vice. It can scarcely be denied that the one form of modern infidelity best calculated to win popular acceptance was first successfully disseminated from Paris. Deism may be defined as a doctrine which acknowledges an all-wise, personal God, but denies any revelation of Himself to His creatures other than that which is contained in the operations of His universe. It was Voltaire and Jean Jacques Rousseau who gave the first great impetus to deism, and these two writers occupy a most important place in the history of French literature. Yet of these two the one whose writings did the more mischief was not a Frenchman, but a Swiss of Calvinistic parentage and training, who, in the course of his evil career, enacted the

farce of becoming a Catholic for a brief moment. Rousseau was a type of those aliens in race or religion, or both, who have done so much to darken the brilliancy of French letters by immorality and skepticism.

Modern deism had its origin in England among Protestants, and was the direct result of the contradictory teachings of the Protestant sects Locke, Hobbes, Shaftesbury, and Bolingbroke formulated the ideas for which Voltaire and his successors in France furnished both an attractive literary attire and the ornament of pungent Gallic wit. So has it been with the later phases of doubt or denial. Unbiased investigation shows that they have had their origin among Protestants, and in thoroughly Protestant communities; and if they have gained a foothold in France, or rather in Paris, it is principally because for centuries Paris has been a great centre of intellectual activity, one might almost say the intellectual exchange of the whole world.

To Paris every intellectual inventor has taken or sent his invention in order to bring it into vogue. The Gauls have always been accomplished talkers and writers; English and German thinkers have, therefore, usually regarded themselves as fortunate when they have been able to get their ideas before the Gauls to be embellished in discussion. The French language, like the French mind, is at once clear and systematic. Clearness is lacking in the German, and system in the English, but it is easy to see what perfection, so far as error is perfectible, German and English heresies could acquire by passing through the French mind, and taking vocal form through the French speech. This is the history of the infidel propaganda of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and, to a certain extent, of the nineteenth. The French people, Catholic as most of them have been and are, have sins enough of their own to answer for without being compelled in addition to bear the weight of others' wrong-doing.

Besides, not counting the colonies of foreigners settled at Paris, largely Protestant

as these colonies are, there has always, since the time of the so-called Reformation, been a numerous body of native Protestants in France. It would be a curious inquiry, how much of the infidelity of the last two hundred years is due directly to Huguenot influence? The Huguenot tradition has from the first been one of alliance with the enemies of France, and of bitter antipathy to the Catholic religion. It is a fact that most of the descendants of those Huguenots who did not finally become Catholics are infidels to-day. What proportion do they form of the present zealous enemies of Christianity in France? To these should be added the Jewish element, chiefly residing in the large cities, which, numerous as it is, exercises, on account of its wonderful business sagacity, and at the same time its inherent love and aptitude for art of a certain order, an influence in journalism, politics, and literature quite out of proportion to its numbers,—an influence decidedly hostile to the Christian religion. Some of the vilest of the productions which bear the stamp of the French language issue from Calvinistic Geneva and from non-Catholic sources in Belgium.

It being conceded, then, that Paris is not France, and that although infidelity has long been rife at Paris, it has been to a great extent the expression of opinion of but a small minority there, so far as the natives are concerned, it can not, nevertheless, be denied that at one time infidelity made its way in France among those who were neither of Huguenot or foreign origin, nor of flagrantly vicious life. A great deal of what was called "polite society" in Paris and the other cities of France during the eighteenth century amused itself by playing the skeptic. There was in Paris no great centre of Catholic intellectual activity. What might have been the case if the University of Paris had been governed by the French episcopate, it is unnecessary to inquire. The University, weak for a long while, came at last to an end. For the lack, perhaps, of such a centre as the University should have been, the "clubs" grew in numbers and impor-

tance, and the *salons* of fashionable women gradually assumed some of the functions of the University, and began to discuss and mould opinions in philosophy and religion.

This latter fact, perhaps, accounts to a considerable extent for the light and frivolous tone in which men of brains at that time treated the most serious subjects. Scholars frequented the *salon* of Madame So-and-So to hear what might be the last theory put forth as to the relations of God to man. No very virile Christianity could well flourish amid the enervating perfumes of the *salon*, where, under the soft light of wax candles, ladies with powdered hair, and with patches on their cheeks and chins, skimmed across the waxed floors from one grave man to another, and set the theme on which they were to think. Religion as well as philosophy became under such circumstances systems of *bons mots*. In everything but doubt or denial, fashionable and intellectual Paris ceased to be serious. Then came the bloody era of the Revolution, and on top of that the despotism of Napoleon's rule.

The polite infidelity of the Parisian intellect experienced a shock when it saw some of its principles, or rather denials of principles, so rudely applied by the *sans culottes*. Many of the brighter minds then began to doubt of the wisdom of this universal doubt. One of the great men of France wrote at that time (1805) to a friend: "No one knows better than you how fully I once believed in the revelation of the Roman Catholic religion, but since coming to Paris I have fallen into an unbearable state of mind. How I regret the change from the time when I lived in those thoughts, though they may have been chimerical!" He who thus expressed regret at the loss of faith was the man to whom, along with Galileo and Newton, the exact sciences are most in debt—Ampère the Elder.

André Marie Ampère was born in Lyons, January 20, 1775. His father, Jean Jacques Ampère, was a merchant of wealth, highly esteemed by his fellow-citizens for his business integrity, and he was also distinguished

for his refined tastes and varied acquirements. André's mother, who before her marriage with M. Ampère had been a Mademoiselle Antoinette Sarcey de Sutières, was an accomplished woman, of an amiable disposition, and was fond of doing good among the suffering poor. Shortly after André's birth, M. Ampère retired from business, and removed to a little property which he had purchased at Poleymieux-les-Mont-d'Or, in the suburbs of Lyons. There André passed his boyhood, and there he first displayed that genius which was to make him the pride and the glory of scientific France. The faculty which he first developed was that of arithmetical calculation. Before he had learned to make the Arabic numerals, he used to work out long arithmetical problems by means of a few pebbles, or white beans. Once, while the little fellow was confined to his bed by some childish ailment, his mother, desiring to keep his mind at rest, took away the pebbles which he had arrayed on the bed beside him; but she had no sooner left the room than he broke a biscuit into pieces, and by means of them went on with his calculations.

Young Ampère as soon as he was able to read took up the Encyclopædia, and went through it deliberately from the first page to the last, without skipping an article or a sentence. He was all his life fond of poetry, and while still a mere lad had read all the French poets of eminence, besides having familiarized himself through translations with Dante, Shakespeare, Tasso, and the Greek and Latin poets. But in his youth his greatest predilection was for mathematics. Having read or heard of certain authors who had treated of its more abstruse branches, he one day inquired for their works at a bookstore in Lyons. The bookseller smiled and answered: "But, my boy, the books you ask for are in Latin!" André reflected a moment, then went home, and after a few weeks' solitary study had fortified himself with sufficient Latin to read these treatises without difficulty. It was then that he for the first time felt the usefulness of a universal language for science, and determined

to create one himself. One evening afterwards, when a collegian at Lyons, he recited before an assembly of his friends a poem which he had composed in this language of his own, and the verses are said to have rolled out rich and harmonious.

The Revolution meantime was disturbing France. M. Ampère, therefore, in order to obtain greater security for his little household, gave up his mountain seat, and moved his family—consisting of Madame Ampère and two children, André and Josephine—to Lyons, where he was quickly made a justice of the peace. When the Jacobins, under Collot d'Herbois and Fouché, entered Lyons, a general massacre of the inhabitants took place, and M. Ampère, on the charge of being an aristocrat, was sent with other honorable citizens to the guillotine. It was a terrible blow to Madame Ampère and her children.

In some respects André Marie Ampère may be likened to the great Italian poet and novelist Manzoni. The two were brought up in childhood to call themselves Catholics. The families of both were Catholics, of virtuous life and excellent reputation. Both families, however, from the circumstances of the time and of their social circles, were somewhat penetrated with that false philosophical spirit, the tincture of deism transplanted from Protestant England, diluted with the pagan humanitarianism of Epicurus and Marcus Aurelius. The fact that André, not yet twelve years of age, was permitted and even encouraged by his father to devour the French *Encyclopédie*—a work edited and almost exclusively written by the "philosophers"—is highly significant.

So that if both Ampère and Manzoni when in the prime of their manhood and genius were models of simple Christian faith and piety, the explanation is, not that their minds when young had been "cramped within superstitious moulds," but that their great intellects, undimmed by vice and loving the truth for itself, enabled them to work out for themselves the problem of human existence. Had these men been less intellectual than they were, or corrupted by

vicious habits, the probability is that they would have lived and died indifferent to religion, like so many of their contemporaries. They became sincere in spite of the circumstances of their youth.

One of Ampère's earliest published essays (1802) was in a line of study to which Pascal had been among the first to give definite scientific form: the calculation of probabilities. It was the geometer Legendre who spoke of this science as "common-sense reduced to calculation." Ampère's treatise was named *Considérations sur la Théorie Mathématique du Jeu* (Considerations on the Mathematical Theory of Gaming), and it attracted the attention of the learned, resulting in his appointment to a place in the faculty at Lyons. In 1805 he was assigned to a mathematical chair in the Ecole Polytechnique at Paris. Before going to Paris he had married an excellent young lady of Lyons, and the fruit of this marriage was one son—Jean Jacques Antoine, better known as Ampère the Younger, who in his day became distinguished as an eminent critic and historian of classical literature.

While Ampère, now settled at Paris, was discovering the principles of electrodynamics, establishing the identity of electricity and magnetism, and achieving great things in physics generally, he was deep in the study of metaphysics also. The scholastic system was sadly out of fashion. It was identified by the greater number of thinkers then with the "Dark Ages" and the "ignorant monks." The philosophers of the period had a supreme contempt for scholasticism, of which they knew next to nothing, except through hearsay or a prejudiced tradition. It was a system, they supposed, which concerned itself with problems such as the determination of how many angels could balance themselves at the same time on the point of a needle; evidently a very absurd system.

Ampère went through the whole range of eighteenth century philosophy, from the materialists of England and France to the idealists of Germany. His vast intellect was able to exhaust all these contrary or con-

tradictory systems, and to summarize in clear propositions their doctrines on the most obscure or recondite points. The catalogue of treatises, essays, and pamphlets which issued from his pen during his thirty-one years at Paris would fill a large page, most of the subjects which he chose by preference being those which were the source of perplexity to the learned world. In the midst of all this he found delight in the Latin poets. The immense variety of his learning made his a universal mind, but a mind that was as profound as it was broad. Still, he had ceased to be a Catholic in belief not long after his arrival in Paris, and had, of course, abandoned the use of the Sacraments.

In 1814 Ampère was elected a member of the Institute. It was then that his old friend Bredin wrote of him: "At last he has attained to the highest honors that a scientist can win; and among all those men whose colleague he now is, not one has so large or so mighty a brain as his. The greatest difficulties of science are mere sport for him; heights which others try to climb only with painful efforts are reached by him naturally, and apparently at his ease. He is not affected by the desire of succeeding, as he loves science purely and for itself alone." That was the truth, and not a pretty saying; Ampère loved science for itself and it was now, when approaching the summit of his fame, that he found the emptiness of a philosophy that refuses to look towards God.

Having ascertained this, he set himself to study out the difficult problem of religion in the same serious scientific way that he had entered upon the study of other difficult problems. He read all that was written on the subject, and he thought over what he had read, and he worked out the problem in detail, section by section. He had never denied the being of God, and an intelligent God; he was too wise for that. He worked out the problem he had before him, and arrived at a Divine Providence, a revelation, and an authoritative deposit for that revelation. He went through the Holy Scriptures

and through the Fathers of the Church, he examined the claims of the sects, and finally he found the visible Church of God, one, holy, Catholic and apostolic. In 1817 this great and therefore simple man wrote to Bredin: "My dear friend, this morning I have received the great grace of absolution. . . . To-day it is in the Catholic Church only that I can find the faith, as well as the gradual accomplishment of the promises which God has made, and made to her only."

The University of France was the work of Napoleon. The ancient University of Paris, which in the days when it was Catholic in spirit had numbered as many as thirty thousand students, had gone into decay, and finally had collapsed like many other institutions, valuable or otherwise, of France. The old University was a true university in its organization—a free assemblage of lovers of learning, with its faculties of theology, letters, and law. The University of France is merely a bureau of the Government—a sort of Government superintendence of the various educational houses of France—a development of that centralizing tendency which has destroyed the independence of the provinces, and has blighted the career of all the other cities in order to build up Paris and to strengthen a civil-service tyranny of red-tape:

Napoleon was bent on making his University a success, and therefore took all suitable measures to put it in charge of scholars whose own fame would be reflected upon it. Among these there was none for whom he had a greater admiration than for Ampère, though Ampère, patriotic Frenchman as he was, always regarded Napoleon's methods of government as disastrous to France. Napoleon's fall, however, produced no effect on Ampère's life. In 1824, after an interval of metaphysical and literary labors, he accepted the professorship of experimental physics in the Collège de France, and later was appointed Inspector-General of the University. He was at this time a member of almost every learned society of note, both on the Continent and in England.

Amid all his engagements, Ampère nevertheless found time for prayer and meditation. He received into his household as a boarder a young man from the provinces who was making his university studies, and with whose family he was united in very warm friendship. This was Frédéric Ozanam, himself destined to make a mark in French literature, and to be always remembered as the founder of the Conferences of St. Vincent de Paul. At this time young Ozanam was beset with religious doubts; many of the students whom he daily met at the lectures were inclined to be skeptical, and not a few of the professors were open infidels. One afternoon Ozanam went into the Church of St. Etienne du Mont, and sat down to think over the perplexities of his soul. He descried a man past middle life kneeling in an obscure corner near an altar, peacefully fingering a rosary. The man's back was turned, but soon, crossing himself and rising to his feet, he walked down the aisle and out into the street. Ozanam never forgot the impression he then received. His doubts almost instantly disappeared. It was Ampère, the giant of scholars!

In 1836 Ampère set out for Marseilles on a tour of inspection of the various colleges on the way. He caught cold in the journey, and when he arrived at Marseilles he was prostrated under an attack of lung fever, from which he died June 9, 1836, after having most devoutly received the last rites of the Church. It was another great scientist, Arago, who related as of his own knowledge that when a priest, M. Deschamps, chaplain of the College of Marseilles, offered to comfort Ampère on his sick bed by reading to him the "Imitation of Christ," Ampère gently made answer: "I know it by heart!"

WE call that person who has lost his father, an orphan; and a widower, that man who has lost his wife. And that man who has known the immense unhappiness of losing his friend, by what name do we call him? Here every human language holds its peace in impotence.—*Abbé Roux.*

Mignonette.*

BY FLORA L. STANFIELD.

I.

IT was a little weed; from curious eyes
It hid its modest face, and blushed for shame
When all the lovely flowers which mortals
prize

With red and gold and azure were aflame.
"I'm but a weed," the tiny vagrant said,
And hung its drooping head.

II.

One day the Rose with supercilious air
Called all the flowers together; then it said
That on the morrow, if the day was fair,
The Blessed Virgin would that garden tread.
"And as She walks, it surely will be meet
To see us at Her feet."

III.

So on the morrow, as the Blessed Maid
Walked in the garden where the posies grew,
They sprang about Her way, each one afraid
Lest it might fail to render homage due.
They scorned the little weed with cruel pride,
And crowded it aside.

IV.

"O," sighed the weed, "what can I do to show
The love I bear Our Lady? For not one
Of all the flowers which in this garden grow,
And share the blessings of the summer sun,
Would do for Her a more heroic deed
Than I, though but a weed."

V.

It thought a moment, trembling on its stalk,
Then, lifting up its voice, it meekly said:
"When down this path the Blessed Maid shall
walk,
'Tis upon me Her holy feet shall tread.
It must be sweet in such a service high
For little weeds to die."

VI.

And as the Blessed Lady pressed Her feet
Upon the weed which blossomed in Her way,
Each humble stalk gave forth a fragrance
sweet,
Which lingers in its petals to this day.
The little weed is living with us yet,—
Men call it Mignonette.

* There is a legend that the mignonette had no perfume until the Blessed Virgin trod upon it while walking in the meadows one day.

Nora's Recompense.

CHAPTER V.

IT was a lovely June afternoon; the races were over, and the Bouviers were preparing for their excursion to Normandy. The whole house was upset: the curtains were off the windows, the furniture muffled in holland wraps, and only the little *salon* and Mr. Bouvier's study were undisturbed. The master of the house had gone out in search of a gardener skilled in agriculture, a subject of which he had been talking a good deal; his wife and daughter were at the dressmaker's, preparing their wardrobe for the country; and Nora was alone. This very rarely happened; for Bertha clung to her passionately, and, although her mourning prevented her appearing at large parties, her relatives always made her accompany them to conferences, to the Corso, and the different May exhibitions. Mrs. Bouvier would not miss one of the latter, so Nora had to assist at the different picture and flower shows, as well as those of birds and dogs, which excited her cousin's interest. Bertha did not care much for them, but *le bon ton* required she should see all that was to be seen.

The young girl was weary of all this sight-seeing; the wound in her heart was still too fresh to permit of her enjoying such pleasures; but, young and timid, she did not venture to intrude her sorrow on those who evidently thought it was passed and gone. Her grandmother was never alluded to save when Mr. Bouvier related some anecdote of her youthful days, and all the family seemed to consider it necessary by constant distractions to draw Nora out of herself and make her forget her loss. Only one hour of the day was left to her undisturbed—that of the morning Mass in the Madeleine, where she daily prayed and wept for her dearly loved grandmother.

One thought preoccupied her sadly: Was she to find a permanent home in this family? But she did not venture to question Mr. Bouvier; she knew he was arranging

her affairs, and that he often held private consultations with his wife about them, although he had never spoken to her, nor explained the circumstances in which she was left. She was treated like a welcome guest; her hostess showed her uniform kindness, but was as silent as her husband in regard to the future. This uncertainty tormented the young girl, and twenty times she had been on the point of asking Mr. Bouvier to place her on an independent footing—to allow her to pay her board while remaining in his family,—but her courage always failed.

On this afternoon Nora was enjoying her solitude, and her thoughts reverted to the preceding year, when she had been in Rome with her grandmother. Mme. de Brélyon had accepted an invitation from the Princess B—, and the fairy-like scene came vividly before the young girl's eyes: the magnificent palace, the splendid mosaics and frescos, and the garden glittering with thousands of colored lamps. Mme. de Brélyon had worn ornaments which Nora well remembered, and a grey silk dress trimmed with gossamer Honiton lace, which admirably suited her delicate complexion. Never had she looked younger or more attractive to the partial eyes of her grandchild, who was far less moved by the admiration she herself excited in her simple white dress. One short year had passed, and all was so changed! Nora's tears fell fast, but a ring of the door-bell made her dry them hastily.

Bertha came in with Louis, and, clapping her hands with delight, exclaimed: "I am the happiest of mortals! Fancy, we have improvised such a pleasant little party for this evening! We met accidentally a cousin of mamma's with such a charming son! They are coming this evening, and, as we could not think of boring them with a tiresome family meeting, we have invited a few intimate friends who, fortunately, are still in town. I like everything improvised suddenly. Now I must practise, for we are sure to have music; and you must listen to Louis, with whom you sang such lovely duets at our first meeting. Is it not delightful?"

Nora was very pale. "You will excuse my absence, will you not?" she said. "My mourning is too recent for me to appear."

"Too recent!—two whole months gone! My dear, if you were not so strict you might wear silk by this time. Life is so short we must not yield too long to grief."

"Oh, Bertha! if you had lost a grandmother—"

"I did lose one about two years ago, and I fretted very little for her loss. She was the most disagreeable old woman—always talking of past times and preaching to me and Louis!"

"Mine was amiable and indulgent," said Nora, her eyes filling with tears.

Bertha kissed her. "I know it, darling! Don't be vexed with me, nor think me unfeeling; but you must be reasonable, and spend the evening with us."

"I think, Nora," interposed Louis, "that my mother will be greatly disappointed if you do not come down. I shall not venture to speak of my own feelings, lest I should seem to urge you to what grieves you for my own pleasure."

The girl made no answer; Louis sat down opposite her, and after a few moments' silence began to speak of other things. She soon grew interested in his description of the new paintings accepted by the Academy of Fine Arts, and he was again astonished at her correct artistic taste and appreciation. Half an hour later Mrs. Bouvier found them both in animated conversation. Louis did not conceal the admiration he felt for his cousin, and Nora's brilliant color lent her a new charm.

Mrs. Bouvier answered their warm greetings by a cool nod. "To-day we dine half an hour earlier," she said, unbuttoning and slowly drawing off her long gloves. "Bertha, did you give my message to John?"

"Yes, mamma."

"You know we shall have a few friends this evening?" said Mrs. Bouvier to Nora.

"So Bertha tells me," replied the latter, in a slightly tremulous voice; "but you will allow me, dear aunt, to remain in my room."

"Why will you not come down?"

"Think of my mourning!"

"Of course, but for so small a party it does not matter."

"I should only sadden it; I should fancy I saw my dear grandmother as she appeared just a year ago to-night in Rome."

"My dear," said Mrs. Bouvier, rather sarcastically, "one that has a good memory can find a remembrance for every day in the year. You are not the only one who has suffered. You are, unfortunately, too sensitive, and should not encourage this feeling. Besides, your absence would be an implied censure on my conduct. I have neglected my friends lately out of consideration for your grief; but when I deem it fitting that you should be present at a small party, you may feel certain that there is nothing unbecoming in your doing so."

With these words she left the room; her husband, who had not interfered, trifled with an album in some confusion. Nora looked at him anxiously, and said:

"I am afraid I have annoyed Mrs. Bouvier."

"My dear child, it would naturally be unpleasant to my wife if you should refuse to appear this evening; it would look as if you blamed—"

"Nora," interrupted Bertha, opening the piano, "mamma is very tyrannical, for all her soft ways, and you must submit to whatever she wishes. We all do, not excepting papa; it is the only way to live in peace here."

"Bertha!" exclaimed her father, impatiently.

"Oh, I can say what I like before Nora! I don't love mamma the less doatingly."

"In my time," replied her father, shaking his head, "children doated less on their parents, perhaps, but they certainly respected them more."

"Don't mind Bertha's prattle, papa," interposed Louis, smiling; "she is a completely spoiled child. But, if I may venture an opinion, I think my cousin ought to appear this evening. I confess it is a biased opinion; for my whole pleasure for the

evening will be spoiled if she refuses."

"And mine also," said Bertha. "Come, Nora, it is agreed. Now listen to my piece, and tell me how you like it."

What could poor Nora do? When dinner was over she went to her room, and, passionately kissing a little miniature of her grandmother, she murmured: "Darling grandma, you know how my heart bleeds, and that I would remain alone to think of you!"

Bertha came in quickly. "Look, Nora," she cried, "I have kept on the dress I wore all the afternoon. That will show you that we want you to appear at no formal party. A party, and the furniture all covered in holland! Our fifteen or twenty guests will have room enough in the small *salon* and papa's study. Is my hair nice? Now that Louis is not here, I can tell you this is a serious affair—I overheard a secret.—If my handsome cousin should suit me, all parties would be very well pleased. I sha'n't offer any obstacle, for he is charming—a little cynical perhaps, but that is not altogether unbecoming in a man. Nora, you look lovely! I never saw any one with such magnificent hair! But I quite forgot—here is something to set off your dress."

She opened a casket and took out a gold bracelet, necklace and brooch, set with coral.

"Thank you a thousand times, but I am in too deep mourning for these ornaments."

"Oh, nonsense! Because there is gold and a little red! Try them on; don't be childish now, but obey me."

Nora resisted.

"Then you will get me a scolding," said Bertha impatiently. "Mamma told me to bring you some jet ornaments to set off your dark dress, and I chose this coral; it will become you admirably. Don't oblige me to call mamma; she is out of sorts. That is right; bend your head a little more please, so that I can clasp the necklace. Now look in the glass. Nothing could suit your fair hair better than the gold and red on the black ground of your dress. When I look at you I really regret I am so dark, black is so becoming to you."

Nora's eyes were still moist when Bertha led her into the *salon*, but she looked so lovely, and her fair complexion contrasted so advantageously with Bertha's olive paleness, that Mrs. Bouvier bit her lips with vexation. Three or four persons had already arrived, with whom she was conversing; but, rising, she approached Nora, and said, with scarcely disguised annoyance: "Did Bertha give you my coral ornaments? You are rather too elegant for a young girl, nor are they suitable for deep mourning."

"So I thought also," answered Nora candidly, making a movement to unclasp the bracelet.

"No," said Bertha, stamping her foot with the petulance of a spoiled child; "you are charmingly pretty as you are."

"It is too late to remove them now," interposed her mother, dryly; "they have already been noticed."

At this moment the door opened and "Prince Marvellous" (as Bertha styled her handsome cousin) came in with his mother. While Mrs. Bouvier overwhelmed her relatives with civilities, she narrowly watched the young man. To her extreme annoyance he was looking at Nora with such admiration that Bertha had to recall his attention as she extended her hand to him.

"Nora is very beautiful," whispered Louis into his mother's ear. "I never saw any one more charming."

The guests had all arrived; they were, as Bertha had said, few in number, but the improvised *soirée* was a complete success. Nora was introduced to her cousin's young friends, while their hostess whispered her story to the matrons. If the young girl could have heard all the praise bestowed on Mrs. Bouvier's benevolence towards her, she might have been enlightened on the motives which urged that lady to insist on her appearance. Many women are coquettes even in good deeds, and make them serve their vanity. But she had not calculated on the effect of Nora's striking beauty, of which her very sadness and her mourning garb enhanced the charm.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Recent Favors of Our Lady of Lourdes.

THE National Pilgrimage of France to Lourdes has been signalized this year by forty-two miraculous cures, all duly authenticated by medical experts. Most of them took place in the *piscina* and before the Grotto, but some were effected only on returning from Lourdes. We append a notice of a few of the most remarkable.

Fifteen thousand pilgrims congregated at the far-famed shrine formed one of the most imposing sights that can be conceived, from a religious point of view. A thousand sick were amongst them, and all united in earnest supplication to the *Salus Infirmorum*. The pilgrimage left Paris on the 17th of August, passing through Poitiers as usual, and there, on the tomb of the holy Queen Radegonde, the first cure was operated.

Antoinette Miossec, thirty-three years of age, was afflicted with chronic ulcerated gastralgia, certified by Doctor Mallard,* of the Hôpital Beaujeu, where she had received treatment. For the last seven years she has suffered from a violent stitch in the side; every repast, however slight, was followed by suffocation and sickness. On arriving at Poitiers she was still fasting, and received Holy Communion in the Church of St. Radegonde. She returned there in the afternoon, was laid on the tomb of the Saint, and remained two hours in prayer; she found herself suddenly cured, and felt hungry. Her stomach, hitherto unable to bear any kind of food, now retained a substantial meal, the eating of which was unaccompanied by any of the previous distressing symptoms. The stitch in her side was also gone, and her strength had returned. A novena to Our Lady of Lourdes, closed by a fervent Communion on the day

* The sick pilgrims bring with them from their respective physicians a certificate describing their ailments. before and after their cure, this document must be presented to the medical body of Lourdes, which is composed of eight resident physicians, and others who come to investigate.

of her departure, had prepared the invalid for this signal favor. After her cure she proceeded to Lourdes on a pilgrimage of thanksgiving.

On the morning of the 19th, when the pilgrims were at Lourdes, Julia Gabriel, a young girl from St. Dizier (Haute-Marne), was at the point of death from constant vomiting of blood; her state was so critical that her parish priest, who accompanied her, gave her absolution three times between Poitiers and Lourdes. On leaving the train, she was borne to the *piscina* by two *brancardiers*, one of whom was the hero of Ste. Marie-aux-Chênes (1870), the valiant General de Geslin. He had come to Lourdes to implore the recovery of one of his daughters, who was seriously ill; it occurred to him that he might join the *brancardiers*, and he did so with the greatest simplicity. Seeing the extreme weakness of Julia Gabriel, he said to the Sister who accompanied her: "*Ma Sœur*, she will die in your arms; it is too imprudent."

"Humanly speaking, it is, General," replied the religious; "but to you I need not urge confidence."

Immersed in the *piscina*, the patient felt a violent pain in the spine, and crying, "I am cured!" came out of the water and dressed herself without assistance. The Sister reappeared bathed in tears.

"I had warned you: she is dead!" exclaimed the General.

"No," said the Sister; "she is cured."

Escorted by her *brancardiers* and the kind Sister, Julia Gabriel then presented herself to the medical jury, who declared themselves satisfied that the cure was complete. General de Geslin, quite overcome, cried like a child in relating the miracle.

George Tilliard (132 Faubourg St. Denis, Paris) was born in November, 1877. He was blind of the right eye from his birth, and had lost the use of the left three years before, after an attack of meningitis. He could not distinguish between day and night, and had to be led by the hand. Brought before the doctors at Lourdes for medical examination, he stood on a chair and related

his cure with childish *naïveté* and an exuberance of joy which charmed all present. The very instant the water touched his eyes, he was able to distinguish the statue of Our Lady in the Grotto, and exclaimed:

"Oh, the pretty blue ribbon!"

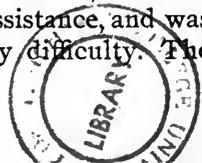
"Had you prayed to the Blessed Virgin?" some one inquired.

"Oh, yes!" he answered; "I asked Her to make me well, that I might become a priest."

It was touching to listen to his expressions of delight and wonder at everything he beheld. On his return to Paris, he was presented to Doctor Massols, who had attended him before the pilgrimage to Lourdes; though an unbeliever, the doctor seemed deeply moved, and asked the child to pray for him.

Mme. Issartel, of St. Mandé, a suburb of Paris, was afflicted with a tumor in the brain for five years, and had been treated by the eminent Doctors Hardy Charcot, and others, all of whom pronounced her case beyond medical skill. She was cured at Lourdes, without being able to tell the exact moment of the miraculous occurrence. Her attending physician, Dr. Nègre, on seeing her cured, examined her state thoroughly, then wrote out a certificate, minutely describing the various phases and symptoms of her complicated malady; he concluded by saying that all these had entirely disappeared, and that she was perfectly well. This explicit certificate must satisfy the most incredulous.

Maria Chevalier (55 Rue de Lourmel, Paris) was suffering from an attack of rheumatism which affected all her limbs, especially the left knee; her hands were distorted, and her neck had grown stiff. This painful state had lasted five years, but became much worse within the last few months; she was even confined to her bed for some time. On her departure for Lourdes she could not walk without the help of two persons, and was borne to the the *piscina* on a litter. At the third immersion, she rose, dressed herself without assistance, and was able to walk without any difficulty. The



"knotty" rheumatism with which she was afflicted is said to be the most rebellious to medical influence.

Charles Barras (Rue des Récollets, Paris), a little boy three years old, was suffering from decomposition of the bones; a deep ulcer had formed in his side, with profuse suppuration. He was plunged in the *piscina*, and came out completely whole; no vestige remained of the sore, which was so dried up that the doctors, on passing their hands over the skin, could no longer perceive it.

Zulma Ranson (Ribeaucourt, Somme), twenty-six years old, was afflicted with a tumor in the stomach, which had attained the size of a large orange. She frequently fell into swoons from intense pain, and a month ago was paralyzed in the left side for a whole day; from time to time she also lost her speech. She made the journey to Lourdes with great difficulty, and arrived there in a deplorable condition, lying on a mattress; a small quantity of milk was the only nourishment she could retain. Some time after her arrival she was praying in the Grotto with the greatest fervor, when suddenly she felt a violent pain in the region of the tumor; it subsided shortly after, and she was able to remain in prayer with outstretched arms for two hours. The careful examination of the doctors could not discover the least trace of the tumor, which had been characterized as of the most dangerous kind. The former invalid now declares herself as well and as strong as if she had never been ill.

M. Guillaume Becker (Rue Nationale, Paris), had a scrofulous affection resembling king's-evil—tumefied glands in the throat and chest. Last year, at Notre-Dame des Victoires, one of the glands suddenly disappeared. Confident that Our Lady would complete his recovery, he set out for Lourdes. While in the *piscina* he experienced some relief, but the glands still remained. He continued to pray earnestly during the journey homeward. On reaching Paris, he felt a strange, crackling sensation, which made him turn his head, and the tumor vanished, without any flowing either exterior or in-

terior. Next day he attended the reunion of the pilgrims, and was recognized by many who had seen him at Lourdes in his former pitiable condition.

Two inmates of the Hôtel-Dieu, Paris, were radically cured. One of them, Henri Mack, had one foot quite distorted. The celebrated surgeons of the hospital having declared his case hopeless, the young man, full of faith, determined to have recourse to the Blessed Virgin. Without disclosing his plans, he left the hospital, with all the attestations of the surgeons, and set out on crutches for Our Lady's shrine. He joined the pilgrims of Paris, and was at Lourdes on the 19th of August. He bathed in the *piscina*, and the bystanders saw the infirm foot become straight, distended by supernatural power. Coming out of the water, M. Mack laid his foot on the ground, and, astounded by a cure he could scarcely realize, exclaimed, "See, I can stand!" and walked about. The poor fellow was radiant with heavenly joy; he intends to show himself to the surgeons of the Hôtel-Dieu.

Certain scoffers have given as a pretext for unbelief the fact that *men* are not cured at Lourdes. It is true that there are not so many men as women who go there to pray for a supernatural recovery; it is worthy of note, therefore, that this year from fifteen to twenty men were cured.

A Shrine in the Rue du Bac.

ALL who have visited Paris know the Rue du Bac—that long, narrow street beginning at the Seine and terminating at the Rue de Sèvres. It is the busiest street in the aristocratic Faubourg St. Germain, but even here seclusion can be found; for, according to the old French fashion, residences *entre cour et jardin* are common, and have been favorite abodes of many illustrious writers; of this century, we might name among a goodly number Chateaubriand, Montalembert, and Louis Veuillot.

The house bearing the number 39 is one of unpretending appearance; a stone stair-

case conducts you to the second story; you enter a narrow antechamber leading to a modestly furnished dining-room, the chief ornament of which is a large bust of Pope Pius IX. Off the dining-room is the *salon*—a small, square room, containing a writing-table of plain wood and two book-cases.

This house was for many years the home of Mgr. de Ségur, and it is venerated as the abode of a saint. Everything is placed exactly as if he were still living. His arm-chair is before the writing-table, on which is a statuette of the Immaculate Conception; it was here that so many treatises were composed, and so many letters, the outpourings of his heart, were written.

The mantelpiece, surmounted by a beautiful picture of St. Francis de Sales, bears a colored statue of Notre-Dame de Miséricorde. On the left side is a small painting in an exquisite frame, with the Papal arms; it is the head of St. Peter painted by Mgr. de Ségur, and offered to his Holiness Pius IX. The work is singularly beautiful. St. Peter's face is upturned with an ardent expression of faith, as he seems to utter the thrice-repeated affirmation, "Lord, Thou knowest that I love Thee!" An inscription indicates that the painting remained in the Pope's private study for twenty-four years; at his death it was returned to the artist, in memory of his august friend. Opposite the chimney-piece is a large, old-fashioned green sofa, and above it hangs another painting by Mgr. de Ségur—the Child Jesus sleeping. The Divine Infant is lying in the crib, His arms folded on His breast; the dimpled hand clasping a little cross is exquisite; the face—generally a failure in representations of Our Lord—is a masterpiece of coloring and expression. It was during Gaston de Ségur's sojourn in Rome as *attaché d'ambassade*, before his sacerdotal vocation, that he executed these two remarkable works, which give evidence of rare artistic talent. If his subsequent blindness robbed the world of a great artist, it gave the Church a devoted prelate.

Let us pass on to his bedroom—his cell we might rather call it. A door to the right

of the drawing-room opens into a small chamber scarcely two yards wide; the bed, that of an ascetic, consists of a chest of drawers, on which a mattress is laid; over it hang photographs of the Curé d'Ars and Leo XIII.; on each side of it are portraits, by Gaillard, of Pius IX. and the Comte de Chambord. At the head of the bed is a crucifix with three statues—the Immaculate Conception, St. Francis of Assisi, and St. Francis de Sales; on the opposite walls may be seen a picture of Our Lady of Perpetual Succor and another of St. Philip Neri, also a statue of Notre-Dame des Victoires. An old arm-chair near the window belonged to the venerable mother of the saintly prelate, who used it constantly during the last years of her life.

To the left of the drawing-room is the oratory, the jewel of this modest dwelling. It is a small room, carpeted in crimson; the walls are hung in the same color, and the curtains and canopy over the altar are of crimson velvet. This is the only spot in the house that is furnished with anything like luxury, although great simplicity prevails even here. The Blessed Sacrament is always kept in the oratory. A *prie-dieu* in the centre indicates the spot where Mgr. de Ségur was accustomed to kneel. He would often rise at night and remain there, rapt in adoration, until daybreak. Facing the altar, a large black cross of wood bears a few memorial wreaths of evergreen, with the word "Regrets."

The Abbé Diringer, who was the devoted secretary of Mgr. de Ségur, still occupies the apartment, which has become the centre of the Association of St. Francis de Sales; it is also a much frequented place of pilgrimage, and the piety of the pilgrims, it is needless to say, is in keeping with the sanctity of the shrine.

—♦♦♦—
 "WHAT power is there in a grave and kindly examination! Let us not bring flame where light will suffice."

MAN is only weak
 Through his mistrust and want of hope.

—Wordsworth.

Catholic Notes.

As our readers are aware, the month of October has been consecrated by our Holy Father Leo XIII. to that most salutary of all devotions in honor of the Mother of God, the Holy Rosary. It must be the source of great encouragement and confidence to the faithful soul who follows the exercise of this month to realize that with him are united millions of fellow-Christians throughout the world, in every spot where the light of the Gospel has reached. Our Blessed Lord has said: "Where two or three are gathered together in My name, there am I in the midst of them." What efficacy, then, must be attached to the aspirations of such a multitude of devout souls, who, in unnumbered tongues, are sending up to Heaven the same prayers and for the same objects! How strikingly, too, must not this fact impress even the non-Catholic, who reflects upon it, with the thought of the universality of the Catholic Church,—that she alone numbers her children in every land under the sun, and can embrace the whole world in a unity of faith, sacrifice, and prayer!

On Thursday, the 15th ult., the famous shrine of St. Anne de Beaupré, on the northern shore of the St. Lawrence, was the scene of an imposing and very remarkable demonstration, when Cardinal Taschereau, in accordance with an authorization from the Sovereign Pontiff, solemnly crowned the new statue of St. Anne. Probably no fewer than 10,000 people attended the ceremony. Besides Cardinal Taschereau, there were present the Archbishop of Ottawa and great numbers of the Rt. Rev. and Rev. clergy. The large church was crowded to its utmost capacity, and yet hundreds of the pious pilgrims were unable to gain admission. Sermons were preached, in English, by Archbishop Duhamel of Ottawa, and in French by Bishop Racine of Sherbrooke. At the conclusion of the Mass the ceremony of the coronation of the statue was performed, on a raised platform erected for the purpose outside the entrance. The golden crowns were presented to his Eminence, who, in the observance of due precedence, took first the smaller one and laid it upon the head of the Virgin Child, immediately thereafter laying the larger crown upon the head of St.

Anne. As soon as the act of coronation was performed, guns were fired, bells were rung, and the bands played their most joyous music. Then followed a solemn *Te Deum*, in which the vast assemblage joined.

An interesting tribute to the work of the Church in Korea—and one which has a special value, coming as it does from a bitter opponent—is to be found in a letter to the *Daily Herald*, of Yokohama, from a Protestant missionary resident in Korea. "I fear," he writes, "that if the Protestants do not do their duty we shall have a Romish instead of a heathen people to convert. They [the Catholics] have, as you well know, a large following in Korea of the natives, and, from those that we have seen, they have some noble converts. For the purpose of raising up a native ministry, they have from fifteen to twenty Koreans studying for Holy Orders in the theological seminary at Nagasaki." It is the old story, as told so many times in Marshall's "Christian Missions": Protestants, with millions of money at their command, and everything, humanly speaking, in their favor, are driven to acknowledge that they can accomplish practically nothing in the matter of conversions; while a few Catholic missionaries, without material resources or comfortable means of living, are making rapid steps to the conversion of entire nations.

The numerous pilgrimages—national, provincial, and local—to the shrine of Lourdes, which mark the great festivals of the year in France, give a most convincing proof of the fact that the nation is still Catholic, despite the devices of the iniquitous faction which, through the reprehensible political indolence of the majority of the people, has been enabled to usurp the functions and places of power. The spectacle so frequently presented of multitudes kneeling before the statue of Our Lady in the Grotto, thronging the church which crowns the height, and congregating thickly around the miraculous spring, is one which, though unnoticed by our cablegraphers, recalls the pilgrimages of the ages of faith, and often suggests even to those alien in race and religion, who chance to be present, the reflection that the country of St. Louis is still capable of crusades such as the royal Saint conducted to the Holy Land, and that France in her present condition is an example of the

momentary triumph of irreligion, soon to be dispelled by the advancing triumph of the Church, whose eldest daughter she has been so fitly named.

"Lie boldly, something will stick," is said to have been one of Voltaire's favorite maxims. Vigorously has it been carried out in practice not only by Voltaire, but by a host of traducers of Catholicity before his day and after it. Historians have been, perhaps, the most unblushing in their disregard of truth when they have to speak of Catholics and the Catholic Church and clergy. Attention is drawn by a Fellow of the London Society of Antiquaries in a letter that appears in the *Tablet* to an audacious statement in Hallam's "History of the Middle Ages," to the effect that "not one priest in a thousand in Spain, about the age of Charlemagne, could address a common letter of salutation to another." Fortunately the historian gives a reference to his authority, which enables us to correct this impudent perversion of truth. The passage from Mabilion which Hallam cites in support of his statement, simply says that the priests of the time referred to gave so much attention to Arabic and Chaldean literature that they neglected the Latin tongue, which was then the only language of correspondence. Mr. Hallam in this instance did not lie with sufficient boldness: he should have omitted the reference.

It is said that the Passion-Play at Oberammergau will not be performed again till 1890.

A most noticeable gift for the Golden Jubilee of Leo XIII. will be the immense organ designed by M. Caville Coll for St. Peter's. The model has been examined by a committee of the Académie des Beaux Arts, who declare that the problem of filling St. Peter's with an adequate musical instrument has been solved; and by architects, who consider that the nave will not be marred by the erection of an organ. So that there seems little doubt of the acceptance of this colossal work, which will rank in music as the Bartholdi statue in sculpture.

Prince Bismarck has been writing good advice in an English "Mees'" album, says the *Paris Temps*. The young lady petitioned the Prince for his autograph, declaring pathetically that a few lines of his handwriting would

make her happy for life. So the great chancellor wrote on the front page of the book: "Beware, my child, of building castles in the air; they are buildings which we erect so easily, yet they are the most difficult to demolish."

Blair's College, Edinburgh, possesses a full-length portrait of Mary Queen of Scots, which is recognized as authentic. It was formerly the property of one of Mary's attendants at the execution, and was bequeathed by her in 1620 to the Seminary or Scots College at Douai, her brother being at the time one of the professors there. At the breaking out of the revolution in France (the Reign of Terror), the inmates were obliged to fly, and the portrait was taken out of the frame, rolled up and hidden in a chimney of the refectory, the fireplace being afterwards built up. In 1814 it was removed from its hiding-place and transferred to the English Benedictine College in Paris, and was brought to Scotland in 1830 by the late Bishop Patison, and deposited in Blair's College. The painting is eight feet by five.

The *New York Sun*, in a very interesting article on the visit of the Queen Regent of Spain and her son to San Sebastian, an obscure watering-place near the French frontier, gives an anecdote which is so striking an illustration of the Queen's amiable and charitable disposition that we reproduce it in full:

"A well-known poet of Spain, deservedly famous for his work, was at the same time a man of most advanced radical opinions, and waged such bitter and open war against the regency that he was at last arrested, tried, and exiled. He was but scantily endowed with the world's goods, and the wife and children he left behind soon fell into absolute poverty. The poet petitioned the Queen for pardon in their behalf, and was at once permitted by her to return to Spain and to his family. He obtained an audience, and went in person to tender his thanks to the sovereign, and offer the expressions of his gratitude and homage. He was graciously treated, less as the enemy that was than the future friend. Suddenly the Queen said: 'You are not rich, señor; literary men seldom are; and you have a large family, have you not?'

"'I have six children, your Majesty.'

"'Six?' repeated the Queen; 'then there are three for you and three for me.'

"From that day the poet's three daughters were cared for and educated at the Queen's expense, who considers them as her special and personal charge."

New Publications.

LIFE OF REV. MOTHER ST. JOHN FONT-BONNE, Foundress and First Superior-General of the Congregation of the Sisters of St. Joseph in Lyons. Translated from the French of the Abbé Rivaux, Honorary Canon, Author of "Cours d'Histoire Ecclésiastique." New York, Cincinnati, and St. Louis: Benziger Brothers.

This book is more than its title implies; for, besides the life of the saintly foundress, we have a succinct history of the Sisters of St. Joseph from their re-establishment in 1807 to the present day. In the United States and Canada more than 2,500 devoted religious of this community instruct 70,000 children, and also have charge of 50 charitable institutions. And all this is due, under God, to the zeal, courage, and devotion of Mother St. John. The life of this valiant woman is full of interest and edification. The book possesses a special value from the fact that Mother St. John had such a thoughtful and tender devotion to St. Joseph, and we earnestly hope that an increased veneration for the great patron of the Universal Church will be one of many happy results of its publication. We cordially recommend it to the members of all religious orders, and to the devout laity.

MASS IN HONOR OF THE HOLY FACE OF OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST. By the Rev. Lawrence Moeslein, C. P. New York: Wm. A. Pond & Co.

Father Moeslein has given in this work a brilliant, well-voiced Mass, full of melody, and not too difficult for the amateur choirs of our churches. The "Kyrie" opens with an *adagio* for the bass voice, full of pathos, simple and grand in harmony, leading into a duet for soprano and alto—"Christe eleison"—full of prayerful tenderness. The "Gloria" is worthy its *motivo*, and moves onward in well-voiced harmony with *solis* and *duettino* to a "Quoniam" opening in *fugue* form, which ends with a brilliant chorus. One great charm of the music is the fact that it is thoroughly descriptive of the themes it presents. Thus in the "Cum Sancto Spiritu," the opening duet for tenor and bass moves in unisons for four measures to the beseechingly brilliant chorus. The "Credo," with exception of the soprano, is written in unison for the first four measures. The gem of this charming "Credo" is the "Et Incarnatus est," a duet between the

soprano and alto, echoed by a bass solo, and terminated by eight measures of harmonious *chorale*, which lead into a "Crucifixus" full of majestic unisons. A melodious "Sanctus" for soprano and bass with chorus, a "Benedictus" for tenor solo, and the ever-prayerful and plaintive "Agnus Dei" for soprano solo and chorus, are all well calculated to make this work most popular with professional choirs for its correct harmonies, and with amateurs for its simple and graceful melodies.

The accompaniment throughout is admirably adapted to hold the voices together, and not so difficult but that the least experienced organist may venture to attempt it *prima vista*. We trust that Father Moeslein's work may find place in choirs and classes for the study of sacred music.

Obituary.

"It is a holy and wholesome thought to pray for the dead."

— 2 MACH., xii., 46.

The following persons, lately deceased, are commended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

Sister M. Lucy, of St. Joseph's Convent, Toronto, whose precious death occurred on the 4th of September.

Sister Aloysia, a novice of the Order of St. Dominic, whom God called from this life on the 13th ult., at Jacksonville, Ill.

Mr. Charles F. Twemler, who calmly breathed his last at St. Louis on the 7th ult., after receiving the consolations of our holy religion.

Mrs. Winifred Sweeny, one of the first subscribers of THE "AVE MARIA," whose happy death, at the venerable age of eighty-five, took place at Emsworth, Pa., on the 9th of September.

Mrs. Catherine Fennell, of Davenport, Iowa, who rendered her soul to God on the 3d ult. She bore a long and painful illness with edifying patience, and died a saint-like death.

Mr. Henry Beckman, one of the oldest residents of Cleveland, who passed away on the 20th ult. He was a fervent member of St. Peter's parish, and a generous supporter of every good work.

Mrs. Joseph McGillick, who departed this life at her home in New York on the 12th of September, fortified by the last Sacraments.

Patrick Donnelly, of New York; Mrs. Ellen Murphy and Miss Jennie Murphy, Baltimore; Patrick McCullough, New York; and Mrs. Margaret Martin, Parnell, Iowa.

May their souls, and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace!



A Pilgrimage to the Shrines of Our
Lady in Austria.

BY OCTAVIA HENSEL.

"MARY! the dearest name of all,
The holiest and the best;
The first low word that Jesus lisped,
Laid on His Mother's breast."

Isle Margaret, or "Garden of Delights" as it was called in the days when Turkish rule held sway in Buda on the Danube, and the convent home of Pearl Margaret lay in ruins there; but Isle Margaret we call the lovely garden spot to-day, when Catholic Faith rules the Austrian land, and the Danube flows silently beside these woodlands, where broken arch and architrave lie deep in ferns and moss.

Stephen of the house of Arpad—"St. Istvan," Hungaria's first Christian king—was crowned at Buda in the year 1000, and for two hundred and forty years his descendants reigned in peace and prosperity. Bela IV., the eighteenth monarch of the house of Arpad, "a loving, fatherly, Christian king," granted his daughter Margit permission to build a Carmelite cloister on this beautiful island in the heart of the Danube, which now bears her name.

Little is known of her life save its perfect retirement from the world, first as a Carmelite nun in the narrowest cell of the convent which she built, then as Mother Superior of that same order, and finally her tomb in the exquisite chapel, the ruins of which still attract the attention of artists and architects of every clime. But the Turks came and threw down the gleaming marble walls, or carried them away to the northern portion of the island, to build their baths and beautify their gardens of delight. They allowed forest-trees to grow up on the deso-

late spot; and now, under woodland arches, the mosses, ferns, vines, and wild flowers tenderly clasp the broken shafts or marble base of column and doorway, hidden in the earth and underbrush of the southern part of the island.

A shaded pathway from the ivied chapel wall leads through a grove of hemlock and larch and birch trees, to the water's edge, and on either side can be seen the ruins of the old convent. Only a few stones and marble blocks remain, with here and there a bit of carving, but mouldy and moss-covered beyond power of recognition as belonging to window or portal.

Two young girls, accompanied by the chaplain and their governess, had wandered far among these shadows, and paused to rest under the green birches, through which the sunshine was glinting.

"Tell us a story, Father; or read us one," said Hilda. "Surely that little book which you always bring for us in our walks has yet another 'Shrine of Our Lady' we should learn to love."

"Yes, it has many; but are you quite sure you remember those I have already described?"

"Yes indeed," said Roberta, "we know them all, and we start upon our pilgrimage next week."

The good priest smiled. "And so you really intend to visit all these shrines of Mary in our Austrian land?"

"Most assuredly, Father," replied Roberta; "papa and mamma have both consented, providing we can persuade Madame Veronique to take us."

"I am only too glad of the opportunity to go myself," said their governess. "I can not imagine a happier method of passing the days of our September vacation than in visiting the shrines of Our Blessed Lady."

The priest opened the volume he held. "Then let me assign you the order of your pilgrimage," said he. "First you will go northward to Vienna, there to the Cathedral of St. Stephen for the shrine of Our Lady of the Himmelspforte, with the humbler but more crowded shrine of the Dienstboten

Maria;* then from the Cathedral to the Mariahilfe district, to the Mariahilfe Madonna. But now I will tell you a story of these shrines which I know to be absolutely true."

"All three of them, Father?" questioned Hilda, eagerly.

"The Himmelspforte and the Mariahilfe shrines more particularly," he replied; "but there are many beautiful stories of the simple Dienstboten Maria picture beside the chapel of the high altar. It is there that the poorer classes of Vienna pause as they hurry through the great transept, kneel, and, having offered their hurried petition or thanksgiving, go on to their work with lighter hearts, comforted by the prayer of faith. But listen to this story:

"On the outskirts of Vienna, near the Ottakring district, there lived a poor seamstress and her family. The father was too ill to work, and the three children too young to gain very much in so poor a neighborhood. Times had been hard; the mother had found no work for several days, their earnings were spent, and the last morsel of food gone the day before.

"'Ach! Mariahilfe!—could I but crawl to Her shrine!' exclaimed the suffering father.

"'I will go,' said the mother; and, lifting her youngest child in her arms, and leading her baby boy by the hand, she started for the shrine of Our Lady, a mile distant. The oldest child remained beside the father, and together they recited the Litany of the Blessed Virgin and the Rosary for the pilgrims to Mariahilfe.

"At that same hour, in the Cathedral of St. Stephen, away in the centre of Vienna, a lady was kneeling before the iron grating† of the chapel which contained 'Our Lady of the Himmelspforte.' Death had taken from her all that she most loved on earth; she

was alone and very sorrowful. Thoughts of her loneliness and sadness were well-nigh crushing the life from her heart. 'What can I do?—where can I find relief?' was the burden of her cry.

"'God's poor,' seemed to whisper a voice from the chapel's gloom. Rapidly as thought came before her the face of the woman who had applied for sewing on the previous day, and to whom she had forgotten to send the promised work. 'God's poor' and then the name *Maria die Nähterin** were murmured as if from the lips of the statue.

"'Yes, Mother,' responded the lonely one, and instantly rising went from the Cathedral. Food, tea, and requisite articles of sewing were soon purchased, a messenger hastily summoned, and the address of the poor seamstress near the Ottakring given him.

"Two hours later the weary mother and her little children reached their home. Hardly had the poor woman entered the door when she fell on her knees. '*Maria hat geholfen, ach! liebe Himmelskönigin!*' † There on the table was a good breakfast, and a steaming cup of tea was held towards her by her husband, who, strengthened by the viands, had been able to rise from the bed and take his accustomed seat beside the window.

"Two days later the seamstress carried home the work, and told the lady how she had been miraculously succored by the Mariahilfe Madonna.

"'Yes, our Mother at the door of heaven hears our sighs and half-murmured petitions,' whispered the benefactress to herself, and then aloud: 'Our Lady of the Himmelspforte told me your need; let us go to St. Stephen's and thank Her for aiding us both.'

"Thither they went,—one to the shrine of Our Lady of the Himmelspforte, the other to the simpler shrine of the Dienstboten Maria."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

* The errand-boys' or servants' *Maria*.

† These iron doors are closed after the seven-o'clock Mass, which is said in this chapel, and not opened until the following day, except for tourists who may wish to examine the miraculous statue of Our Lady.

* *Maria* the seamstress.

† *Mary* has aided—ah, loved Heaven's Queen!

Napoleon and His Page.

Though far from devout, Napoleon I. had retained as a remnant of his Christian education a certain respect for religion and for those who professed it. When at the summit of his power, after Europe had bowed to his despotic rule, he was present one evening at the Comédie Française in Paris. His eyes wandered from the stage to the spectators, whose countenances he studied; then turning to his young page, to whom he was very partial (for he bore a name and title of the old *noblesse*—Rohan-Chabot, Prince de Léon), the Emperor noticed that the youth seemed to pay no attention to the play, and kept his hands concealed under a fur rug folded on his knees. Curious as to the cause of such singular behavior in a boy so young, Napoleon suddenly thrust his hand in the fur, and discovered between the fingers of his page—a rosary!

At that period the rosary was far from being in favor at the court; the young duke blushed, and expected a severe reprimand.

"Ah, Auguste! I have caught you!" exclaimed the Emperor. "Well, I am pleased, and I like you all the better for it. You are above the silly scenes of the stage. One day you will be a man." And, returning the beads to their owner, he added: "Continue; I will not interrupt you again."

The tittering courtiers dared not make merry over the adventure, after the words of their master.

The page became a man indeed: he died Cardinal Archbishop of Besançon, where he left a cherished memory of piety and good works. The Cardinal de Rohan was the valued friend of the most distinguished Catholics of the early part of the nineteenth century; we will name only two—Mgr. Dupanloup, the eminent Bishop of Orleans; and Montalembert, the eloquent author of the "Monks of the West."

REGARD no vice so small that you may brook it, no virtue so small that you may overlook it.—*Oriental.*

The Raven's Exploit.

From Golden Days.

"Pierre's late to-night," said a stout, sunburnt woman, who was standing at the door of a log hut on a small, rocky islet in the middle of the Rhone. "I do hope nothing has happened to him; he's so terribly venturesome since he got a boat of his own!"

"Pooh, pooh!" answered her husband; "he'll come back all right, never fear. It's only natural that our boy should be a ferryman like his father, and so he must learn to manage a boat. See, yonder he comes, rowing like any boatman!"

"But whatever has he brought with him?" exclaimed Mrs. Lenoir, in amazement.

What, indeed? At first sight, the sturdy little twelve-year-old, who came skimming toward them across the broad, shining stream, appeared to be wearing a huge, black overcoat, torn almost in two. But a second glance showed the strange object to be a raven nearly as big as himself, which hung loosely over his shoulders, as if either dead or badly hurt.

"See what I've got, mother!" he cried, gleefully. "I found it in the wood yonder, with its wing broken. At first it snapped at me, and wouldn't let me touch it; but it's quiet enough now. Isn't it a big one?"

"Oh, you dreadful boy!" said his mother. "What do you think we're going to do with a great, ugly thing like that about the house? And who is going to feed it, pray?"

"Why, mother, you know you always say that this house of ours on the island is just like an ark; and Noe had a raven in *his* ark, that he used to send flying about, and why shouldn't *we*? Besides, we can teach him to carry messages for us, like that one Father Gregoire told us about the other day."

"Well, there's something in that," said Jean Lenoir, laughing; "and as for feeding, a raven can pick up his own living any day; and, besides, we have always plenty of odds and ends of fish. Bring him in, my boy, and we'll see what can be done with him."

The broken wing soon healed, and in a few months Pierre's raven (named Christopher, in honor of the ferryman's patron saint) had become famous through the whole countryside. Many a bright silver franc did Pierre

pick up at the village fairs by making the bird go through the tricks which he had taught it; and when once it had learned to carry messages, the people along the river gave it so many that the postman used often to threaten it jokingly with a summons before the magistrates for taking away his business.

Even Pierre's mother got reconciled to the "great, ugly thing" at last; more especially as the good priest of the parish, Father Gregoire, was very fond of it, and never came to see them without bringing something good in his pocket for "our friend Christopher."

Sometimes, indeed, as soon as the kind clergyman's black cassock and broad hat were seen on the opposite bank, little Pierre would point and call out, "Food, Christopher!" And the raven, shooting like an arrow across the river, would perch on the priest's shoulder, and thrust its great, black bill into his pocket in search of the food which it was always sure to find there.

So matters went till one night in the early spring, when Jean Lenoir, coming home tired after a hard day's work, paused for a moment, as he got out of his boat, to notice a strange, leaden dimness that overhung the hills along the eastern sky.

"It must be raining hard up in the mountains," he said to himself, and then thought no more about it. But at daybreak next morning he was awakened from a dream of being at sea in a storm, which seemed strangely real even after he was broad awake. Doors were banging, windows rattling, timbers creaking and groaning, mingled with a roaring and dashing, as if Niagara had been let loose. Hardly knowing what he did, he sprang to the door and threw it open, and instantly started back as if he had been shot.

The water was within a foot of the door-sill! Worse still, it was plainly rising higher every moment. The Rhone, swollen by the heavy rains and the sudden melting of the mountain snows, had burst its banks and come down in full flood, driven by such a gale as had not blown in those parts since the great storm ten years before. All sorts of things went whirling past upon the yellow foam—drowned sheep, hurdles, beams, boxes, and uprooted trees, upon one of which crouched a poor little shivering dog, wailing piteously for the help that no one could give.

Jean's first thought was for his boat, but

both it and the shed in which it was moored were gone as if they had never been. Sick at heart, he clambered up into the loft after his wife and son, just as the water came flooding in over the door-sill.

Meanwhile an anxious crowd had gathered on the opposite bank, eager to help the imperiled family on the island. But how was this to be done? No boat could live in that boiling flood, and it seemed hopeless to think of getting a rope across. The strongest man could not fling a stone so far. A kite would be instantly torn to shreds by the wind, and they had no means of sending across either an arrow or a bullet.

Poor Father Gregoire ran about from man to man, imploring them to do something, and meeting everywhere the same despairing shake of the head. And still the water rose higher and higher and higher.

Suddenly Pierre put his mouth close to his father's ear, and screamed with all his might through the deafening uproar: "Father—Christopher!"

Catching his son's idea in a moment, the ferryman rummaged out a roll of twine, one end of which Pierre fastened around the leg of his pet, which was, indeed, about to become in terrible earnest what they had often called it in jest, "the raven sent forth from the ark."

"Food, Christopher!" shouted the boy, pointing to the opposite shore; and instantly the raven outspread its broad, banner-like wings, and swooped forth into the storm, while a stifled cry broke from the gazing crowd as they watched its flight.

Twice all seemed lost, as poor Christopher was almost beaten down into the raging waters beneath; but the brave bird persevered, and, catching a momentary lull in the fury of the storm, struggled across the space, and fell exhausted on the bank. A stout farmer sprang forward to seize the string tied to the bird's leg, and instantly half a dozen eager hands were at work on the cord attached to it. Communication was thus established with the island, and in less than half an hour the three Crusoes in the ferryman's hut were drawn safely ashore, just as the whole house fell crashing into the swollen river.

After this the raven became a greater favorite than ever, and from that day every one called him "Christophe le Courier" (Christopher the Messenger).

THE
AVE MARIA
 MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE HONOR OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN
 THENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED

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Submission.

BY MARGARET H. LAWLESS.

THERE is a cup that each of us must drink,
 Although we fain would have it pass us by,
 That our red lips may pale not on its brink,
 Its dregs upon our tongues be not drained dry.
 Flesh, heart, and soul in quivering anguish shrink;
 "Oh, any cup but this!" we kneel and cry,
 At sight of bitter bubbles on its brink,
 And wreathing steam that dulls and fills the eye.
 And yet we know life's triumph can be won
 By these words only, "Lord, Thy will be done!"
 Like some poor suppliant who kneels and begs,
 We weep, pray, shudder, drain it to the dregs.
 And when God's will is done within us thus,
 His angels come and minister to us.

The Client of Our Lady of Rimini.

A MEMORY OF BELLEVUE HOSPITAL, NEW YORK.

IT was ten o'clock in the forenoon
 of a Sunday morning in early summer. In the open streets the air was heavy and still, and I felt the atmosphere oppressive as I wended my way along the deserted pavements to Bellevue Hospital. Inside the building, fresh and clean though everything was, this feeling of oppression was well-nigh unbearable. For my own part, I can never go through a hospital without experiencing something of the kind. There must be a secret sympathy of the nerve centres with the varied forms of suf-

fering, that depresses the spirits and relaxes the bodily fibres. In this magnificent palace of pain, one of the best-kept and best-appointed in the world, I was as sensible of this feeling as ever I had been in the meanest structure devoted to the same purpose; much more than I had ever been at the close of a long day spent among remote country cabins, or in the city's reeking alleys and tenements.

Notwithstanding this sensation, I felt not the slightest aversion for the duty I was engaged in; on the contrary, in strong contrast with the aforesaid feeling of lassitude, there came from time to time a keen sense of spiritual comfort—a tenderness of soul that was very sad, but at the same time very soothing. I was half-conscious, however, of a morose humor—a smouldering rebellion of spirit against the woes of human life displayed in open spectacle before me. Every murmur of pain, every silent throes of agony, seemed to appeal rather for redress to some tribunal of justice than for aid to the bosom of mercy. It was the man in me bemoaning man's miseries. Oh, the woe of it all! oh, the pity of it! Unmoved by these mute murmurings, something within the heart of the priest kept whispering, "Oh, the beauty, the goodness, the wisdom of it all!" and I went on steadily with the Master's work. Thus swayed by conflicting emotions, I paced the wards, leaving no pain unassuaged that my tongue or hand could reach.

I have dwelt on this state of my mind at the time because I believe it contributed

very much to render vivid at the moment, and indelible for all future time, the impression of the fact I am about to relate. How many more striking and extraordinary things drop out, day after day, from the records of a priest's memory!

During some portion of the day preceding the morning of my visit, one of the priests at St. Stephen's (28th Street) had administered the last Sacraments to the dying, and heard the confessions of convalescents and patients not dangerously ill. I had supplemented his work by hearing also a number of penitents before beginning Mass. There were very many, therefore, waiting to receive Holy Communion. I could not tell the precise number, or their positions in the various wards. One of the nurses, however, usually conducted the priest to the different bedsides.

Every Sunday morning the weekly turn of duty in Bellevue began for each of the priests at St. Stephen's Mass was celebrated in the anatomical lecture hall at eight o'clock. This room was an amphitheatre circled round by seats ascending tier above tier. On weekdays it was used by the hospital students, and on Sundays by our congregation—that is, all who were able to attend Mass. In its centre, where the dissecting table stood throughout the week, was raised the altar of the living Body of Christ on this day of worship. All the requisites for celebrating the Holy Sacrifice were preserved in an iron safe set into a recess of this room. Mass was always followed by a short sermon, and there was Benediction and another short instruction in the evening. Immediately after Mass the round of the wards began—Communion of the sick in bed, and administration of Baptism or Extreme Unction, as required. This was the Sunday routine.

I had attended all the communicants, and was slowly returning to the chapel from a distant ward. There was but one sacred Particle left in the pyx I held. I looked attentively from side to side toward the rows of beds as I proceeded, knowing by experience that I might yet be called on to

administer the Viaticum to some soul in need. This often happened, through a sudden breathing of divine grace, or some agency more sure and efficacious than human effort or foresight.

In one of the wards, remote from the altar, I caught sight of a pale, haggard man, dressed in a suit of rough but decent pilot-cloth. A woolen scarf of bright red was thrown loosely round his neck. He was seated on the side of his bed, his head bent, and his hands clasped round one knee. I see him distinctly now, though many years have passed away. In health he must have appeared swarthy and weather-beaten; now his face wore that sallow, greenish hue such complexions assume in mortal illness. His thick black hair hung long to his shoulders. His eyes—oh, the piteous pleading, the vision of loved things far away that gleamed from their dark depths! He seemed about forty years of age. I had scarce time to mutter to myself, "A foreigner," when he addressed me in a strange tongue. I was as yet too far from him to catch the feeble accents, but there was no mistaking the eagerness of the tones and the look that accompanied them. I approached him, and the following words, uttered in the smooth Romagna dialect, struck my familiar ear: "*Padre, me vorrè confessà?*" (Father, will you hear my confession?)

I seated myself beside him, not permitting him, in his weak state, to kneel as he tried to do. As I spoke to him in his native tongue, the light of his own sunny land seemed to sparkle in his eyes. He was a sailor, he told me; from stately Rimini, a city renowned in pagan and Christian story, and beloved of the Madonna and of Her divine Son. I spoke to him of the "Madonna of the moving eyes," the famous Virgin of Rimini. This picture had been a special object of devotion to the students of my day in Rome. I had had a copy of it painted by a poor young artist, whom, on account of a cast in one of his eyes, we used to call "Guercino," after his great predecessor in art. He was so poor that I engaged him on the work out of charity.

Neither I nor any one else, as far as I know, had any opinion of his skill. The picture he produced, for four *scudi*, was a perfect masterpiece. A Spanish nobleman, trained in the school of Murillo, assured me since that it was worthy of a place in his private gallery. I rejoiced now that my early taste had furnished me with a subject that brought gladness to the eyes and eloquence to the lips of this poor stranger, dying unknown in a foreign land, far away from those tender eyes that had often spoken hope and cheer to his soul in happy Rimini.

"Oh, yes, Father!" he exclaimed, "I often saw the dear Madonna, and Her eyes that opened and closed; often—fifty times. *Benedetto Iddio!*" (Blessed be God!) Then followed an outpouring of sweet prayer to the Patroness of his city: "*Ah, cara Madre!*" (Ah, dear Mother!) "No, Thou wouldst not permit me to die without aid and comfort."

The tears rained down his pallid cheeks—tears of unutterable thankfulness and assured happiness. I was in no condition to arrest, if I would, this torrent of feeling. It flowed along, and carried me away with it. I too was in Rimini. Soon, however, in a broken voice, he made his confession, and never before did I feel such happy conviction of a soul restored to peace and destined for heaven as at the moment I pronounced over him the words of absolution. He felt a like assurance himself, and with childlike trust spoke of his salvation as a thing accomplished.

When I rose to depart I observed a sudden change in his expression—a glance of surprise and disappointment. "*Ed il Signore, non me Lo da?*"* he exclaimed. I then gently explained to him that I had but one particle of the Sacred Host left, and

that in all probability, before concluding my morning's work, I should have to administer it as Viaticum to some patient actually dying; that there was no immediate danger, and he was not likely to succumb to his fatal malady (consumption) for many days, at least. I would see him again, I said, and give him "the Lord," the desired of his soul. I impressed on him that charity toward others required of him this act of patience and resignation.

I doubt if he understood or even heard my pleading; he was seized with a sublime selfishness, that rendered him callous to everything except the yearnings of his own spirit. There could exist for him no right that was stronger, no need more pressing, than the passion of Eucharistic desire that consumed him. Before he could utter his feelings, the fierce craving of his eyes riveted my glance on him. They said, if ever eyes spoke: "I have found Him whom my soul loveth, and I will not let Him go." Then, in a tone of command rather than entreaty, he spoke the words I have never since forgotten: "*Che me Lo dia a me!*" (Give Him to me.) I had no power, even had I the will, to resist this appeal. Reverently he received the Sacred Host, and I left him absorbed in prayer, and unconscious of me and all the world.

A few days afterwards I was again in Bellevue Hospital. It may seem strange to the lay reader, but the priest will readily comprehend how, notwithstanding the impression made upon me by the scene faintly outlined above, I had for the time forgotten, or rather laid aside in some recess of memory, the very existence of the Italian sailor. In the mind of a priest actively engaged in missionary work, there is no place or time for reflection on duties duly completed: his attention is absorbed by what he has yet to accomplish. Moreover, the present visit to the hospital was occasioned by a doctor's note marked *urgent*, and I was entirely preoccupied by anxiety to attend the particular case it referred to. I had passed rapidly through several wards, and just reached one whose wide, double doors were thrown open

* "Will you not give me the Lord?" The Italians, and Spaniards also, state the whole theology of the Real Presence by simply calling the consecrated Host *il Signore, el Señor*—"the Lord." How much sweeter, more sublime, faithful; and Catholic this sounds than our cold expression "Communion," or even "Holy Communion," or the "Blessed Sacrament"!

before me, entirely concealing the beds stationed immediately within on each side.

I had nearly reached the middle of the ward when a cry, repeated sharply and painfully, reached my ears. It came from one of the beds concealed from my view as I entered. Suddenly turning, I could see those beds from my present position, and in one, next the wall and farthest from the door, I beheld my poor Italian sailor from Rimini. At once I recognized him, though this was not the ward nor the bed where I had formerly discovered him. He was dying—not merely near to death, but in its actual throes. Yet a glad smile, the last gleam of the setting of his sunny soul, brightened all his features as I drew near and leaned over him. In answer to my questioning, he replied in gasps, but with great distinctness, and with an expression of the beautiful upturned eyes caught from his own Madonna di Rimini: "*Padre—si—contento; pregho—per—Lei.*" (Father—yes—happy; I—pray—for—you.)

One more radiant glance from the blissful eyes toward me—a farewell look full of friendly purpose,—and he closed them to this world, while I pronounced over him, in briefest form, the blessing of the plenary indulgence *in articulo mortis*.

I hurried away to my other duty, with a heart too full even for self-communing. There was within me an overpowering sense of human sorrow. How could I help loving this sweet, candid nature that had mingled so deeply and lovingly with mine, though only for a brief moment! Amid so many dearer thoughts that must have crowded upon his dying moments in a strange land,—thoughts of Rimini by Adrian's bright blue sea, in whose waters he had bathed his boyish limbs, and upon whose bold billows he had schooled himself for a life of adventure, and, alas! for an exile's death,—thoughts of loved ones there, who would watch his bark's returning, full of that sweet warmth of hope and love that God reserves for the poor and simple of heart alone, and that glows in them with greater fervor the nearer they dwell to the sunlight

of nature and of faith,—amid memories like these he found moments to devote to grateful prayer for the poor instrument of God's latest bounty to his soul.

Ah, I did well, beloved brother, to 'give Him to thee.' Thou didst not have me long wait for the first fair portion of my reward. I will demand of thee yet my full guerdon. When my hour of greatest stress shall have come,

"Bend on me then those tender eyes,
As stars look on the sea."

Meanwhile I echo back to thee thine own resistless prayer: "*Che me Lo dia a me!*"

R. H.

The Holy Rosary the Queen of Devotions.

BY THE REV. A. A. LAMBING, LL. D.

VI.—THE HOLY CHILD JESUS.

FATHER FABER is reported to have said that he wrote his other works to please his friends, but that he wrote "Bethlehem" to please himself; and we need not wonder that so profound yet simple a mind as his should have been specially attracted to the Manger of Bethlehem. If it be true that infancy possesses its attractions, much more must the infancy of Jesus have possessed them. That it awakened the tenderest sympathy of the poor, illiterate Shepherds, and infused new wisdom into the sages of the East, is but little: it has been the subject of the deepest and most pleasing meditations of the devout of all subsequent times,—a book the depths of whose riches no mind has been found capable of fathoming.

What a mystery is infancy! What capabilities lie hidden in the tiny, helpless form! It may conceal the piety of a Teresa, the innocence of a Rose of Lima, the zeal of a Francis Xavier, the intellect of an Augustine, the sorrows of a Mary Queen of Scots, the daring of a Columbus, the ambition of a Napoleon, or the patriotism of a Washington. Who can tell? When the mother of a Moses or a Peter Damian exposed her

infant to apparent death, what imagination would have been so wild as to predict his future career? But what were these to the Babe of Bethlehem—to the Word made Flesh and dwelling among us—to Him in whom all the fulness of the Godhead dwelt corporally, even to eyes unenlightened by faith; while to the eye of faith a new world of infinite extent and countless wonders was revealed,—a world of which the mysteries of the Rosary are the merest abstract!

Yet how touchingly does not the Rosary portray the scenes in which the Child and His Mother were the principal actors! The Archangel appearing in the humble house at Nazareth as the messenger of the Most High, declaring that the greatest of all mysteries was now about to take place; the long and painful journey to Bethlehem in fulfilment of a prophecy; the birth of the divine Child in the manger, in untold poverty and suffering; the visit of the Shepherds and the Wise Men; the Circumcision, with its first shedding of the Most Precious Blood; the presentation in the Temple, with the prophecy of holy Simeon; the flight into Egypt, with its years of exile, and the return; the losing and finding in the Temple, that ushered in the eighteen years of the hidden life,—how beautifully are they not summarized in the crowning devotion of Our Lady! What sublime subjects of meditation, yet how briefly and admirably put! It is impossible to recite the Joyful Mysteries of the Rosary with proper dispositions without experiencing an increased devotion to the Sacred Infancy of Jesus Christ.

VII —THE HIDDEN LIFE OF JESUS.

Among the countless mysteries which the life of Christ presents to us, few are more profound than the one of which we have now to speak. That He should have come upon earth for man's redemption, and should have remained in seclusion for eighteen years, is not according to the dictates of human wisdom. Nor can these years be said to afford us an example for the regulation of our conduct, since nothing whatever

is recorded of them, except that He went down with Mary and Joseph to Nazareth, and was subject to them; and we are left as much to our own guidance as if He had not spent those years at all. Pious writers have offered various explanations of this seclusion, and given many reasons why our divine Lord should have thus remained so long at the home of His Mother; but, while all have an air of plausibility and are edifying, they afford little assistance toward a solution of the mystery. Perhaps as satisfactory an explanation as any would be to say that, since Christ as God was infinitely perfect, He wished to attain perfection as man before entering upon the great work for which the Father had sent Him; and it was at the age at which man attains his prime that He consummated the dread sacrifice of Calvary.

But whatever theories may be advanced, we must yet confess our inability to fathom the divine counsels, and silently ponder the words of the prophet, who, speaking in the person of Almighty God, says: "As the heavens are exalted above the earth, so are My ways exalted above your ways, and My thoughts above your thoughts." We could regard these years of seclusion in the cottage of Nazareth, with its vine-clad walls, its garden of flowers and fig and palm trees, and its little carpenter-shop, as years of supreme happiness for the Holy Family, were it not for the mission for which Christ came upon earth, and the deep shadow which the prophecy of holy Simeon had cast upon them. Notwithstanding this, the feeling that comes over us as the last of the Joyful Mysteries leaves us on the threshold of the hidden life is akin to that with which a person, wearied with life in the city, retires for a time into the cool, refreshing air of the forest, to spend a few days in its fragrant groves, by the side of rippling streamlets, or listening to the warblings of its varied songsters, the while enjoying the company of those dearest to him on earth. But storms sweep over the forests, and the Sorrowful Mysteries of the Rosary, which tell us, in the words of Christ, "My hour is come,"

rudely awaken us from our pleasing reflections on the hidden life.

While the Joyful Mysteries form a fitting introduction to the life at Nazareth, though not without a foreboding in the three days' loss, the Sorrowful Mysteries give the key to its true character, and show that not for a moment was Jesus any other than the Man of Sorrows, nor Mary any other than the Mother of Sorrows. Devotion to the hidden life of Jesus is, therefore, most intimately connected with the Holy Rosary.

VIII.—THE PUBLIC LIFE OF JESUS

The public life of our divine Redeemer, which forms the second part of the interval that elapsed between the scenes of the Joyful and the Sorrowful Mysteries of the Rosary, is summed up by the sacred writer in the words, "He went about doing good." Yet how much is contained in this brief sentence! It embraces nearly the whole Gospel narrative, which is itself an abstract of the public teaching and ministry of our divine Lord. St. John, speaking under inspiration, says: "But there are also many other things which Jesus did; which, if they were written every one, the world itself, I think, would not be able to contain the books that should be written."

How replete with subjects for profound meditation is not the public life of Jesus Christ! That sweetness that drew the crowds, even the little children, after Him into the desert, and kept them there, despite their hunger, for days; that sublimity of doctrine which forced even His enemies to declare that He spoke as one having authority, and that never did man speak as He; that poverty and detachment which enabled Him to say that, though the birds of the air had their nests, and the foxes their holes, the Son of Man had not where to lay His head; that compassion for suffering humanity which drew tears from His divine eyes; that compassion for sinners which lent a character to more than one of His parables, caused Him to weep over the doomed city, and absolve a Peter or a Magdalene,—who on reading of them can for-

bear exclaiming, "Surely He hath borne our sorrows and carried our infirmities"! But when we contemplate Him stilling the surging waters of the sea of Galilee, multiplying the loaves and fishes, changing water into wine, healing the sick, restoring sight to the blind, and strength to the palsied limbs, or raising the dead to life; or, much more, giving His sacred Body and Blood to His Apostles at the Last Supper, and conferring upon them the power to work the same stupendous miracle, or to reconcile sinners to their offended God, who can help exclaiming, "Indeed this was the Son of God"!

Although this portion of the life of our Saviour is not so intimately connected with the Rosary as the others both before and after it, still we can not reflect upon His sojourn on earth without having the scenes of His public life forcibly recalled to our minds; and hence it may with propriety be said that the Rosary embraces devotion to the public life of Jesus Christ.

IX.—JESUS SUFFERING.

The entire second part of the Holy Rosary is of itself the best of all devotions to Jesus suffering. Each mystery, like the darkness of Calvary during the three hours' agony, grows deeper and deeper. As the first mystery presents Him for our contemplation, we seem to hear Him say, "My soul is sorrowful even unto death: stay you here and watch with Me." Soon His agony increases, and He is heard crying out, as the human nature shrinks from the dreadful sufferings in store for it, "O My Father! if it be possible, let this chalice pass from Me." But love triumphs over fear, the divine will over the human, and He says: "Arise, let us go; behold the hour is come." The second and third mysteries advance us more deeply into the awful drama, while the fourth presents the second Isaac ascending the mountain, bearing the wood for the sacrifice; but who, unlike the first, knows full well whence the Victim is to come. And the sorrowful though obedient Abraham is represented by the Queen of

Martyrs, who shrinks not from the dread spectacle, but willingly offers Her Son to death, and Her Heart to the sword of sorrow foretold by holy Simeon. The fifth mystery completes at once the sufferings of Christ, the martyrdom of Mary, and this division of the Rosary, which is a compendium of the history of the Passion.

So self-evident is this point—so familiar are Catholics with it, owing to the many ways in which the Church presents it to them in her devotions,—that it is unnecessary to enlarge further upon it. It is rather a subject for the mind to reflect upon, for the heart to cherish, than for language to discuss.

X.—JESUS DEAD.

What an indescribable feeling thrills the heart of the Christian as he comes, in the course of his meditations on the sacred Passion, to the words, "Jesus is dead"! Such thoughts can not be expressed in words. It is indeed the consummation. Not only does it fill to overflowing the measure of the sufferings of Jesus and the sorrows of Mary: it fulfils all the Scriptures, both prophetic and symbolic, of the Old Testament; it imparts an infinite value to all that Christ has done in teaching man and establishing His Church; it abrogates the Jewish law, blots out the handwriting that was against us, restores to the Father the honor of which He had been deprived, drives the spirits of evil in dismay to their infernal dungeons, and, in a word, renews the face of heaven and earth.

The dead Jesus, as presented for our consideration in the Rosary and in the crucifix, is the most profound of all treatises, yet the most simple. No intellect is so acute as to fathom its depths, no mind so uncultured as not to be enchanted with its eloquence; children have shed tears at the sight of it, while the gigantic intellect of an Augustine or a Thomas Aquinas has drawn from its inexhaustible wisdom. We must say that the Rosary presents us here with the key to all mysteries—the explanation of all the problems of history; and St. Paul was drinking at the very fountain of wisdom

when he desired to know nothing but Jesus Christ, and Him crucified.

XI.—JESUS IN THE SEPULCHRE.

The period that elapsed between the death of Jesus Christ and His resurrection would seem to form a break in the religious history of the world. With the consummation of the sacrifice of Himself upon the cross all the sacrifices of the Old Law were forever abrogated, while the New Law still lacked the confirmation of His resurrection. The Apostle says: "If Christ be not risen from the dead, then is our preaching vain, and your faith is also vain." As at the time of the Incarnation the salvation of the world depended for the moment on the reply of Mary to the angelic messenger, so during these forty hours the faith of the Church was kept alive in Her immaculate Heart. While Her divine Son could no longer suffer in body, and while His soul had gone to preach to those who were detained in prison, to announce to them the glad tidings of their redemption and release, what feelings filled the Heart of Mary! Sorrow for the death of Christ, joy for the redemption of man, happiness at the thought that God's honor was now at length repaired, peace at the conclusion of the great sacrifice, confidence in the promise of His resurrection, hope in the fruits of His sacred Passion. Truly, when we reflect on the position of Mary during that Friday night and Saturday, must we exclaim with the prophet: "To whom shall I compare Thee, O Virgin Daughter of Zion?"

After the rapid change of scenes in the great drama of man's redemption, the Rosary leaves us in the end calmly to meditate on Jesus in the holy sepulchre, and renew within our souls a more tender devotion to this sacred mystery.

XII.—JESUS RISEN.

No greater contrast could be imagined than that which is presented in the last of the Sorrowful and the first of the Glorious Mysteries. In the one we see Our Lord reduced to the ignominy of death; in the other we witness His almighty power shin-

ing forth with unwonted splendor. Centuries before, the royal prophet had declared, in the person of Christ addressing His Father: "Thou wilt not leave My soul in hell, nor wilt Thou suffer Thy holy One to see corruption." It was necessary for the fulfilment of this prophecy that Christ should rise from the dead; but it was also necessary for many other reasons. He had proved by His miracles that He was divine, but the scenes of the Passion had so presented the weaknesses of His humanity as to shake the faith of even His most devoted followers. Another striking proof, and more convincing than the former, was required to re-establish it in their minds, and to put it beyond the reach of dispute for all future times, as this was to be the fundamental truth, the very groundwork, of our holy religion. Hence it was that Christ whenever He spoke of His coming Passion and death added that He would rise again on the third day. Hence, too, the Apostles in their sermons and epistles always insist so strongly on the doctrine of the Resurrection, as fixing the seal upon His teaching.

The resurrection of Christ from the dead is the type of our resurrection on the last day, when our bodies, like His, shall be endowed with immortality. And the Rosary in presenting this mystery for our consideration affords us a twofold consolation: that of knowing that "Christ being risen from the dead, dieth now no more"; and the assurance that we, too, shall rise at the end of time. The frequent remembrance of both the one and the other is very salutary; for while the one is the ground of our faith, the other is the ground of our hope. The Christian who by the pious recitation of this mystery of the Rosary is led to reflect upon the resurrection of his own body, in imitation of the resurrection of the sacred Body of his divine Master, will not dishonor that body by sin, and render it unfit for the place that Christ has gone to prepare for it.

XIII.—JESUS GLORIFIED.

When our divine Saviour met the two disciples on their way to Emaus on Easter

evening, and, though unknown to them, spoke such burning words as set their hearts aglow, He said, among other things: "Ought not Christ to have suffered these things, and so enter into His glory?" If the resurrection of Christ was necessary, no less so was His ascension into heaven. His sacred humanity had triumphed over death and hell; it had finished the work for which He had assumed it; and now, as a faithful servant, it should receive its reward,—a reward which it was not in the power of earth to give. The instruction of the Apostles having been completed, and sufficient proofs of His resurrection having been furnished, He declared to the chosen few: "I go to Him that sent Me."

We can form at least a faint idea of the glory of the ascension of Christ. The company of all the blessed who had finished their career before that time—the patriarchs, the prophets, the priests, the kings, the pious men, women, and children of all times, from the just Abel to the courageous Baptist,—what a triumphant throng! These were met on their way by the hosts of heaven, chanting hymns of joy and exultation such as heaven itself had never before heard. And the welcome which the Eternal Father extended to His well-beloved Son, who was obedient unto the death of the cross—human language feels its utter inability to describe and the mind to conceive.

Can we wonder that a special devotion sprang up at an early day in the Church to Jesus glorified? It could not have been otherwise. The ascension was the finishing stroke of the great work of the redemption. This mystery is by its very nature pre-eminently one of hope and consolation; but it is much more so on account of the express declaration of Christ, who told His Apostles: "I go to prepare a place for you. . . I will come again; and take you to Myself; that where I am, you also may be." And again, in the prayer which He addressed to His Father on the eve of His Passion, He says: "Father, I will that where I am, they also whom Thou hast given Me may be with Me; that they may

see My glory, which Thou hast given Me."

How well the last mystery of the Rosary that treats expressly of our divine Saviour is calculated to increase this devotion, it is not difficult to understand; for while it recalls the devotion to the mind, it accompanies the renewal of the impression with the grace necessary to deepen and strengthen it.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Her First Communion.

BY ANGELIQUE DE LANDE.

HERE came to the Table that Jesus has spread

One by His free mercy forgiven,
And humbly she asked for a morsel of bread,
Some crumbs of the Manna of Heaven.
She knew how unworthy her soul must appear,
All scarred by the malice of sin;
For the fetters of heresy many a year
Had bound her without and within.

Did the Saviour repel her with loathing and scorn,

And bid her unfed to depart?
No, no: at the threshold He met her that morn,
And welcomed her home to His Heart.
He prepared her a bath from that Heart's crimson flood,
He clothed her in garments of white,
He bade her sit down to His Banquet of Love,
To feast with the children of light.

All doubt and misgiving forever at rest,
She drank of His chalice of grace,
She knelt at His feet, leaned her head on His breast,

Then stole one swift glance at His face.
O favorite of Jesus! what seest thou there?
Why leap the glad tears to thine eyes?
And thy face has the look of a saint at his prayer;
Hast thou caught a faint glimpse of the skies?

"Nay, question me not! To such rapture as this
My tongue can no utterance give;
Marvel not at my tears—they welled up at the kiss
Of that God in whose presence I live."

Long years have elapsed since that glad Easter morn

When the stone was rolled back from the tomb,
And the soul of the convert, in Christ newly born,

Arose and came forth from its gloom.
Not the treasures of earth, nor the world's varied charms,
Nor fame, nor distinction, nor art,
Can loosen the clasp of His sheltering arms,
Or lure her away from His Heart.

Communion! 'tis rest and refreshment and peace,

To the hungry the sweetest of bread;
To the exile 'tis home, to the prisoner release,
It quickens the soul that was dead.

"My Body and Blood!"—'tis the Master's own word;
Is the saying too hard to receive?
Oh, turn not away from the call you have heard,
But trust in His word and believe!

Nora's Recompense.

CHAPTER VI.

MR. RIVARD, the young cousin on whom Bertha had built such brilliant hopes, did not leave Nora's side. He found her in every way attractive; she had seen and observed much, she spoke several languages, and her conversation was far superior to the general chit-chat of the Parisian *salons*. At last Bertha also noticed Mr. Rivard's marked attention to Nora; Louis had long before been aware of it, and observed his cousin with lowering brow. Mrs. Bouvier regretted inexpressibly having forced Nora to join the party.

Music and cards were introduced; the little circle was very animated, and the lady of the house was perhaps the only one to notice her husband's absence. About ten o'clock she beckoned her son, who unwillingly left the corner where Nora sat.

"Do you know where your father is?" she asked.

"He was called away half an hour ago, and is in his study with a stranger."

"That is too bad. Such intruders should

be sent away when one has company. Listen for a moment. Louis, you are making yourself ridiculous by your exclusive attentions to Nora "

Louis bit his lips, and was about to answer sharply, when some one drew near and asked him to sing.

"It is such a pity!" said Bertha; "Mrs. Lynberg promised to come, and she and Louis could have sung the Diamond Duet."

"The trio from *der Freischütz* will also be missed," sighed a young girl. "I knew my part so well! From the time Bertha invited me I did not cease practising. That is always the way. I'll never learn anything again!"

"If any one could take Mrs. Lynberg's place!" suggested the hostess, who loved to hear her son sing.

"Nora sings charmingly," said Louis; "and her knowledge of music is such that I am sure she could take the missing voice perfectly, if I had courage to ask her."

"Miss de Brélyon sings!" exclaimed Mr. Rivard. "Oh, I beg of you, then, do not deprive us of the pleasure of hearing you!" he said, addressing her.

Nora blushed. "I really can not sing," she replied; "my mourning is too recent."

"Just what I expected," remarked Mrs. Bouvier, in a vexed tone. "We must do without the trio, after all your trouble, Anna."

"And Louis sings it so well!" answered Anna's mother.

"If you know the music, Nora" resumed Mrs. Bouvier, in a somewhat imperative tone, "it is by no means amiable of you to refuse to sing. We are all intimate friends, and only wish to pass the time pleasantly."

All eyes were turned to poor Nora. She felt her cousin's conduct cruel to force her thus to sing so soon after her bereavement; but, defenceless and unprotected, what could she do?

"I request your compliance," insisted Mrs. Bouvier, emphatically.

The girl rose, and, struggling against the emotion which threatened almost to suffocate her, she began the song in a voice

which faltered at first, but soon swelled full and powerful through the room. All listened in profound silence, for every note seemed to resound in the hearts of the hearers. She had studied music in Italy and Germany, and cultivated carefully a voice of rare sweetness and power, which her inward emotion rendered at that moment doubly expressive.

Mrs. Bouvier could scarcely control her feelings of vexation, yet it was all her own doing; she had forced this young girl to display her striking gifts, which cast her own daughter so utterly into the shade. Even Bertha's self-sufficiency could not blind her to the fact that her betrothed (as she really deemed him in her own mind) had no eyes save for Nora.

At last the trio ended; to Nora it was a veritable relief. As she returned to her place, leaning on Mr. Rivard, and listening indifferently to his enthusiastic praises, she saw at the end of the room an unknown face, whose cold, sharp, penetrating eyes followed her persistently with an expression of contemptuous dislike. Almost at the same moment Mr. Bouvier approached his wife, accompanied by a gentleman who was unknown to all present. He was unusually tall, with sharply-cut features, deep grey eyes, and hair streaked with silver, which made him look prematurely old, and contrasted oddly with his light brown moustache and olive complexion. While far from handsome, there was something in his face which commanded attention. One glance at his cold, determined features and penetrating eyes would suffice to show the most superficial observer that his was no ordinary character, however unsympathetic to the generality of men.

Although all eyes were fixed on him, he traversed the room with perfect self-possession, and bowed to the lady of the house as Mr. Bouvier said: "My dear, allow me to present to you Mr. Auvrard, who so kindly aided me to arrange our deceased friend's affairs. He will only make a short stay in Paris, and with difficulty I persuaded him to spend the evening with us."

"I am happy to make your acquaintance, Mr. Auvrard," said the lady, in her most gracious manner. "I hope I shall often have the pleasure of seeing you."

"Unfortunately, I leave Paris very early to-morrow," replied the stranger; "so I fear I shall not be able to call again."

"Then I must introduce you to Miss de Brélyon," rejoined the other, looking round in search of the young girl.

Mr. Auvrard's eyes followed her glance.

Nora's preceding emotion had given her an unwonted flush, which might have been ascribed to pleasure or gratified vanity; for all present had crowded round her, and were warmly praising her exquisite singing.

"Does she know her position?" asked Mr. Auvrard of his host after a moment's silence.

"I have known it myself only a few days, and I hesitated to speak to her on business matters."

"It seems, at all events, not to be giving her much trouble; such carelessness at her age is really wonderful. But why should it astonish me? Carelessness appears hereditary in her family."

He offered his arm to Mrs. Bouvier and led her across the room, to where Louis and Mr. Rivard were eagerly talking to Nora.

"Your cousin Mr. Auvrard wishes to be introduced to you, Nora," observed Mrs. Bouvier, with a coldness that struck the young girl with dismay. "Mr. Auvrard, Miss de Brélyon." Then turning to Mr. Rivard, "Come," she said, with her most attractive smile, "and look at the palm I have reared myself. I know what a lover of plants you are. Your hot-houses in Marville are famous. Louis, sing the gondola song that was so much admired at General Larchez's."

Having thus skilfully disposed of the two young men, whose attentions to Nora so tormented her, she went off satisfied, and Mr. Auvrard took the vacant seat beside the young girl. She had given him a warm welcoming glance at the word cousin, but he was in no way touched by it.

"Mrs. Bouvier makes a mistake," he remarked, icily, "in granting me the honor of a relationship to which I really have no claim. Mrs. Auvrard, your grand-aunt, is my father's second wife, and the only tie between us is that of custom and affection."

Nora did not know what to answer. She was quite ignorant of all circumstances relating to her grand-aunt.

"I had not the least hope of meeting you this evening," he continued, with ironical politeness. "In the first place I did not know Mr. Bouvier had guests; and when I was persuaded to join them, I did not expect to find you present."

"I am here against my will," said Nora, cut to the heart by the implied censure. "I vainly assured my cousin that my mourning was too recent for appearing in company."

"Oh! nowadays there are a thousand ways of relieving the sorrowful hue of the costume," replied the man, with a mocking glance at the coral ornaments.

Nora felt deeply hurt by a sarcasm which touched on rudeness at their very first interview. She disdained to defend herself, and he went on, with a bow:

"You have an unusually fine voice, and I understand that you seize every opportunity of displaying it."

She did not answer, but her eyes filled with tears. What had she done to this man that he should treat her so rudely and judge her so harshly?

"Does Mrs. Auvrard live far from Paris?" she asked after a moment of embarrassing silence.

"She has been living in Brittany since her marriage. Have you never heard of her? Has Mme. de Brélyon so far indulged her hatred as never to pronounce her sister-in-law's name?"

"I do not know what my grandmother's motives were," answered Nora, with forced composure; "but every allusion to her family seemed painful, so that I never touched on the subject."

"My mother, as I always call Mrs. Auvrard, has every reason to consider herself

offended and ill-treated; but, notwithstanding, she does not hesitate to accept the charge of you, and she wishes to make your acquaintance. I start early to-morrow for home, but I shall first have an interview with Mr. Bouvier. If you will kindly rise somewhat earlier than you are probably accustomed to do, I shall have the honor of submitting to you my mother's propositions."

"I am in the habit of rising early, and shall be ready to listen to whatever you have to say." Then, rising with gentle dignity, she added: "Allow me now to look for my cousin Bertha, from whom I have been separated nearly the whole evening."

He bowed without making any effort to detain her, and she went over to Bertha; but the latter never noticed her, and when she offered to assist in serving the tea, she vouchsafed her no answer.

Mr. Auvrard's imposing stature surpassed that of all the gentlemen present, and whenever Nora looked towards him she met the same cold, inflexible glance. Bertha's sudden reserve hurt her deeply, and never perhaps had she felt more isolated than in that gay company, of which she ever after retained a painful remembrance.

CHAPTER VII.

That night Nora slept little. As soon as the guests left, the family separated. Mr. Bouvier was confused and anxious, his wife dry and sullen, while Bertha did not respond to Nora's affectionate "good-night."

"What have I done to her?" the latter vainly asked herself. "What has changed her so suddenly. Before this unfortunate evening she seemed sincerely fond of me, and to please her I wore the ornaments and sang. What more could I do? And in the eyes of that stranger who was so harsh to me I made myself appear giddy and ungrateful."

Towards morning she slept a little; her watch pointed to six when she awoke. Although she felt completely worn out, she got up at once, and went to Mass. When she returned all were still asleep, and she had leisure to reflect on the late behavior of her

relatives. Something must have occurred to change all their dispositions towards her so thoroughly, and her self-respect demanded that she should no longer remain in a false position. She therefore resolved to ask Mr. Bouvier if the law had appointed a guardian for her, and what provision had been made for her future. Her stay in his house was no longer possible. She reflected seriously on her future plans, and determined on having them arranged at once.

Towards nine o'clock she heard a noise in Bertha's room, which was opposite hers. Eager to clear up the misunderstanding which seemed to have arisen, she knocked and entered.

"Have you slept well?" she inquired gently, advancing to embrace her.

"Slept!" said Bertha, furiously; "how could I sleep after the way you acted?"

"I? What have I done? I have suffered enough already vainly trying to discover how I offended you and your mother."

Bertha turned her pale, excited face to her. "Mamma is perfectly right!" she exclaimed. "We could not believe it until last evening, but you are a thorough flirt. Mr. Rivard did not leave your side the whole evening, and yet you knew—for I was foolish enough to tell you—that my mother wanted him to be engaged to me."

Nora turned pale as death. "O Bertha," she cried, "what a dreadful accusation you bring against me! Vainly did I try to stay near you last evening: you fled from me. My heart was far too sad to seek to occupy any one's attention."

"Really! Do you think mamma did not see it also? But I can say no more; I can only cry as I have done the whole night, and bear with your behavior, since you are our guest."

Nora put her arms round her and drew her to a seat. "You are completely deceived, Bertha," she said, gently. "I have so little desire of taking your lover from you, that I have resolved on thanking your kind parents for their hospitality, which I can no longer accept."

Bertha looked in her face quite aston-

ished. It bore so unmistakable an impress of real suffering that she was touched, and said, in a softer tone: "You want to leave us, but where will you go?"

"I should be very glad if I could find temporary refuge in a convent."

"In a convent!" repeated Bertha, with a shudder; "that would be too severe a punishment. Only promise me not to marry Mr. Rivard. Besides, it would be a great injustice to poor Louis."

Nora looked so amazed that, in spite of her vexation, Bertha burst out laughing. "Why do you look at me in such wonder? Surely you know that Louis is deeply in love with you? Mamma was quite pleased at first, but since yesterday she has changed her mind—oh, don't cry, Nora! It is not your fault. Only promise to leave me my intended."

"How could you trust my promise if you judge me capable of thwarting your parents' plans after all their kindness to me? You see, I *must* go away; what you have just said confirms my resolution. Don't think a convent has any terrors for me; I shall not become a nun, although I admire and envy those who have the happiness to be called to the religious state. But those quiet cloisters often give a temporary home to us children of the world, and offer to the weary heart the peace and quietness for which I so long."

Bertha was touched by Nora's tears; she threw her arms round her, begged her to forgive her, and with a thousand sobs and kisses declared she was quite ashamed of herself.

"Then you no longer think me wicked and ungrateful?" asked Nora.

"No, no! It is I who am bad and ungrateful; forgive me."

"With all my heart."

And they kissed each other fondly.

At this moment the maid entered with a message from Mr. Bouvier to Nora; he wished to see her in his study.

"What can he have to say to you? I will go with you," said Bertha, resolutely.

"He is not alone, Miss," observed the

maid; "the strange gentleman who came yesterday evening is with him."

"What!" cried Bertha; "your cousin! O Nora! he wants to marry you, but don't accept him. He is horrid; he looked like an ogre to me last night."

"He is not my cousin: he is only my grand-aunt's stepson; and he is not thinking of marrying me, that you may depend on."

So saying Nora went, with a beating heart, to Mr. Bouvier's study.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Favors of Our Queen.

THE RETURN OF A RECREANT.

COUNT X—, a young nobleman descended from a long line of Catholic ancestry, for two years had renounced the most glorious of his titles, that of "son of the Church." In vain did his sorrowing relatives urge him to consider his ways: he continued to deride the clergy, to read and distribute anti-Catholic literature, and positively refused to enter any edifice consecrated to divine worship.

However, fraternal affection led him to visit from time to time a favorite sister, a religious of the Sacred Heart, at the Trinité-du-Mont, Rome. Often did this devoted sister lay the case of her wayward brother before the shrine of *Mater Admirabilis* in the corridor of the monastery. How many tears have been dried before that marvelous picture! how many griefs have been consoled! how many heart-wounds healed! Why should she not believe that her fervent petition would be granted at the shrine of the Mother of Holy Hope?

The Count on one occasion wrote to his sister that he would shortly visit her, and she renewed her novena before the miraculous statue. Whenever the young "liberal Catholic" (as he styled himself) called at the Trinité-du-Mont, he would ring the door-bell at a little reception room in the apartments allotted to an *externat*, so as

not to infringe on his resolution of never setting foot in the parlor of a convent.

He arrived before the appointed day, and the portress invited him to enter the Chapel of *Mater Admirabilis*, while she went to summon Mme. X——, who was engaged in a distant wing of the academy.

"Thank you, Sister, I prefer remaining here; I never enter churches," said the visitor.

"Ah! pardon me," returned the portress, somewhat embarrassed; "but there is a celebrated picture there that attracts the attention of everybody, even Protestants, and I thought you might like to see it."

"Indeed? Well, I do like fine paintings; show me where it is, please."

So the Sister led him to the door of the chapel, and indicated a kneeling bench, which he declined, remaining standing, his arms folded, gazing intently at the Lily of the Temple. Nearly five minutes elapsed before Mme. X—— reached the chapel, where to her astonishment she beheld her brother prostrate before the tabernacle, and weeping bitterly. She dropped on her knees, praised God and His Holy Mother, then withdrew unobserved, and, controlling her emotions, sent for her brother to the little parlor outside the convent cloister.

The Count's face showed traces of harrowing sensations, but he made no remark concerning his visit to the shrine; and his sister, fearing to intrude on the operations of grace, avoided any very pointed remarks on religion or its obligations, and so they parted. But on the following morning, when Mme. X—— went to hear Mass at the shrine, and complete her nine days' devotion, imagine her glad surprise to see the strayed sheep approaching the feet of the Good Shepherd in Holy Communion!

After a protracted and tearful thanksgiving, the convert begged to see his sister. Their interview was truly touching. He informed her that some irresistible impulse had forced him to advance his proposed visit to Rome; that for some time past he had interiorly admitted that he was acting wrongly, but had not sufficient courage to

take the formidable step required, until he stood before the picture of *Mater Admirabilis*. When he left the parlor that day, he had gone to the first church he could find, entered the confessional, made a general confession, and departed firmly resolved, at whatever cost, to lead henceforth the life of an exemplary Christian.

With feelings of deepest gratitude, and requesting continued prayers, he withdrew from his interview with his pious Sister in the convent parlor, with the seal of the peace of God stamped upon his brow.

Our Lady's Exile.

Katherine Tynan, "Merry England."

¶ TWELVE years, and down on earth the time was long;
She was dreaming all alone in Her leaf-framed bower,
What time the limes and almonds were in flower;
Outside the casement was a white bird's song
Ringing and clinging; there was scent of spice
From some far-opening door in Paradise.

About Her were magnolias, white and red,
And palms like emerald flame went leaping up
From the poor setting of an earthen cup;
Lilies grew pale, and roses crimsoned:
At dawn a little angel like a child
Brought them to Her, and kissed Her gown,
and smiled.

Such heavenly visitants were often here,
For this one brought Her flowers, and that one fruit;
And here one sitting tinkled on his lute,
Singing the songs the Lord Christ loves to hear;
And there one floated in the gathering gloom,
Like a flushed lily or a rose in bloom.

Across the sun His birds, the cherubim,
Went flying home like distant flakes of light,
And a late lark was scaling heaven's blue height,
Seeking to trace the self-same path to Him;
Then the sun setting caught Her robe's white fold,
And lit Her mournful eyes with sudden gold.

“How long?” She sighed. If but the door
would swing,

And Michael enter, in his silvery mail,
And the plumed helmet, where the ringed stars
pale

And glow about his curled hair glittering,
And lean to Her, and place the torch a-lit
In Her tired hands that oft-times longed for it!

No sign! The red hearts of the roses burned
Love-lit; a fiery moon was in the sky,
And the night wind was trembling like a sigh;
Faint and far-off the ringdoves yearned and
mourned,

And from the olives came a voice forlorn—
That bird who leans her heart upon a thorn.

An Ancient Shrine of Mary.

THE most venerable of the shrines of
Our Lady in France is that of Roc-
Amadour, near Quercy. Tradition says that
it was erected by Zacheus, the converted
publican mentioned in the Gospel, who,
after the death of the Blessed Virgin, took
up his abode in that mountainous region.
The name is supposed to be derived from
the title *Amator Rupis* (Lover of the Rock),
which the inhabitants gave to the pious
hermit. However that may be, it is certain
that there is much associated with this
shrine which appeals to the faith and piety
of the Christian soul.

The statue that adorns the sacred place is
unquestionably one of the oldest statues of
the Blessed Virgin in existence; six sanctu-
aries surround the spot; there is a miracu-
lous bell, which oftentimes has rung of itself
on the occurrence of some extraordinary
manifestation of the powerful protection of
the Queen of Heaven. There is also a large
stairway of some six hundred steps, which
millions of pilgrims for more than eighteen
hundred years have ascended on their knees.
All this, combined with the wonderful rec-
ords of various pilgrimages, and the wild,
weird beauty of the locality, can not fail to
impress the mind and heart of all who visit
or read of Roc-Amadour.

The revolutions with which France has

been afflicted left their blighting influence
upon this shrine, and during the last of
these outbreaks it was almost completely
destroyed. A little more than twenty years
ago, Monseigneur Grimardias, now the be-
loved Bishop of Cahors, set about its res-
toration, and has gradually succeeded in
removing all traces of the ruin wrought by
heretical and revolutionary hordes. Each
year witnesses immense concourses of pil-
grims, and the scenes of faith and devo-
tion which characterized the Middle Ages
are frequently renewed. On the 18th of
last August a most impressive and edifying
spectacle was presented, when, in the pres-
ence of a great multitude, the “Cross of the
Penitential Pilgrimage to Jerusalem” was
erected on the summit of the rock,—at once
a perpetual testimony of the life and death
of the Saviour of the world, and a public
homage to the Immaculate Mother of the
Son of God.

The Battle of the Faith in Ireland.

THE late Cardinal Cullen, in a pastoral
letter issued shortly after his appoint-
ment to the archiepiscopal see of Dublin,
wrote as follows:

“And, as during the trials and visitations of the
present day we can not cease to exhort you with-
out intermission on the subject of fraternal char-
ity, it may not be unnecessary to remind you that
we shall render one of the most grateful tributes
to our Blessed Lady by imitating Her example
in the practice of this virtue. When She fled from
the persecution of Herod, sheltering the divine
Infant in Her breast, She foreshadowed the office
of Christian charity under a persecution more
cruel than that which tore the children from their
mothers’ arms, and consigned them to the sword
of the executioner. The young, the innocent, and
the helpless appeal to us, to save them not from
martyrdom but from that second and everlasting
death which consigns soul and body to the abyss
of hopeless ruin. The agents of proselytism still
endeavor to tear from the bosom of the Church
those little ones whom she loves so dearly, and
her voice is heard, like that of Rachel bewailing
their unhappy fate in accents of the bitterest an-
guish.

“Woe to the unnatural parents who consent to
sell back again to Satan, for the wretched cross of

the world, the souls that have been purchased by the Precious Blood of Christ! No mind can conceive, no tongue can express, the enormity of their guilt, or the rigors of the judgment with which it shall be visited. For your parts, dearly beloved, be vigilant, zealous, and persevering in counteracting this demoralizing system of proselytism by all the lawful means in your power, particularly by assisting according to your circumstances the efforts of those who are employed in the meritorious work of establishing schools for religious education, and giving missions amongst the poor. Experience teaches us that those who have been well instructed in the principles of our holy religion, and who have been taught its practices by its zealous and devoted ministers, never become the prey of the proselytizer; whilst those who have been brought up in ignorance, without any knowledge of the mysteries of our faith, without approaching the holy Sacraments—those who have spent their days in immorality and vice.—easily lose their faith, and, abandoned to their iniquities, fall into the abyss of heresy and infidelity.

“The appearance of godliness assumed by the false prophets engaged in this insidious but most cruel species of persecution might deceive some, did not our divine Redeemer forewarn us that they would be known by their fruits, and did not the glaring contradiction they exhibit in their conduct prove that they are the seducers denounced in the Gospel, whose mission is from the father of lies. The advocates of all that is intolerant and persecuting amongst us, they appear in foreign countries as the ardent apostles of liberty; whilst endeavoring to forge new chains for their Catholic countrymen at home, they proclaim themselves in distant lands as the friends of the captive, anxious to burst his fetters, and to throw open his prison doors. Denouncing our constitutional efforts to obtain redress of grievances as seditious and disloyal, they seem linked in purpose and companionship with all the troubled and disaffected spirits of the Continent, sapping the security of Government, and scattering on all sides the fires of revolution. Pretending that they appeal to the impartial decision of reason alone on the subject of religion, they go around with the mammon of iniquity amidst the victims of physical and moral destitution; and the famine-stricken, the infant, the orphan, the deaf-mute, the helpless and unfortunate of every grade—in a word, all those who are incapable of forming an opinion for themselves, are the favorite objects of their zeal.”

There is not one word which was written by the great Archbishop thirty-five years ago which is not, unfortunately, as true to-day as when it was first published. A gigantic system of bribery prevails, and the faith

of the poor of Ireland is assailed by a thousand temptations. The widow mourning by the couch of her dead spouse, before the corpse of him she loved is yet cold in the grasp of death, hears the voice of the tempter whispering in her ears delusive hopes of comfort for her children. The heart-broken husband whose young wife rests beneath the green sod at Glasnevin, and whose deft hands can find no work—whose darlings are growing wan by dint of hunger,—meets the messenger of evil at his lowly door as he hastens forth to seek bread for his little ones. The starving street Arab, the homeless little girl,—those whose parents are not over kind, as well as those others whose fathers and mothers already stand beneath the shadow of the eternal throne, are literally hunted down by the agents of a gigantic system of proselytism.

It is hard to believe that such a condition of things could exist in a Christian country in the year of Our Lord eighteen hundred and eighty seven, but facts are facts. Human souls are made barter of, and consciences bought and sold, to bring glory to the myriad agencies which a fierce and unscrupulous bigotry supports, in a vain effort to sap the ancient faith of the Irish people. Such a deplorable evil needed to be combated, and never yet was the Church of God assailed, even in the persons of its most humble members, that faithful soldiers were not found ready to sustain the banner of the Cross.

A Home has been founded at Drumcondra, near Dublin, under the patronage and benediction of the Most Rev. Archbishop Walsh, and managed by a committee of ladies, headed by the gifted Lady Mayoress of Dublin, Mrs. T. D. Sullivan, wife of one of Ireland's most patriotic as well as most poetic politicians, the Right Hon. T. D. Sullivan, M. P. A pious and devoted lady, Mrs. Waters, has undertaken the constant supervision of the establishment, and bestows upon the little inmates the motherly care which they sorely need. The spiritual interests of the children are protected by the superintendence of the Rev. Father

Michael Waters, S. J., to whom the foundation of the institution is largely due, and to whose wisdom and devotion its present success is chiefly ascribable.

It is needless to say, however, that such a work as this can not be perfected without funds, and money is sorely needed for the support of the Sacred Heart Home, Drumcondra, Dublin. Contributions may be sent to the Lady Mayoress, Mansion-House, Dublin; to the Rev. Father Waters, S. J., St. Xavier's, Dublin; or to the Home.

A holier work never appealed to Catholic sympathy, and we are sure that there is not a father or mother in all this fair land who would refuse to aid in the preservation of the faith of the children of Ireland. We feel confident that our Catholic and Irish brethren of the press will help also; for the lowly and the helpless never yet called on true knights in vain; and the crusaders of the present day, although their weapons are but pens, fight in cause as holy as that which stirred the heart of Christendom in days of yore.

Catholic Notes.

A letter received recently informs us of an instance of a remarkable conversion obtained by means of that most salutary of all devotions in honor of the Mother of God, the Holy Rosary. The father of the writer for upwards of twenty-three years had never approached the Sacraments, or given the least thought to religion; though during that long time a favorite daughter prayed fervently to the Blessed Virgin, reciting daily the *Salve Regina* to obtain his conversion. At last she had him enrolled in the Archconfraternity of the Holy Rosary, and commended him to the protection of our Blessed Mother. A few months afterwards he was taken seriously ill, and the daughter sent for a priest. To her surprise her father consented to make a general confession, and received Holy Communion. He asked for a pair of beads, and during the four months of his illness recited them with great fervor and piety. In his last moments he was fortified by the Sacraments of the Church, and died in the best of dispositions, just as his children, sur-

rounding his bedside, concluded the recitation of the Rosary.

This example is but one of many that might be recorded of the power and patronage of the Queen of the Most Holy Rosary, and which must serve to increase the faith, confidence, and love of the Christian soul, especially during this month consecrated to Her honor.

The Holy Father has fixed upon the 6th of January, 1888—the Feast of the Epiphany,—as the day for the solemn canonizations which will signalize the Papal Jubilee. The ceremonies will take place in the hall over the vestibule of the Vatican Basilica. This immense apartment will be decorated for the occasion, and so transformed that in future it will be used in place of the Sistine Chapel for all papal ceremonies. The saints who will receive the supreme honor are: Three members of the Society of Jesus—Blessed Peter Claver, Blessed John Berchmans, and Blessed Rodriguez,—and the seven noble Florentines who founded the Order of the Servites of Mary. This first great ceremony will be followed, on successive Sundays, by the ceremonies of the beatification of other servants of God. The number includes five whose cause of beatification is complete: Louis-Marie Grignon de Montfort; Egidius-Marie de Saint Joseph, of the Institute of St. Peter of Alcantara; Clement-Mary Hofbauer; Felix of Nicosia, Capuchin lay-brother; and Ivez de Beniganim, Augustinian. Among the holy men and women whose cause is under examination may be mentioned: The Blessed Margaret Mary; Ven. P. Claude de la Columbière, S. J.; Ven. J. B. Vianney, better known as the Curé of Ars; Ven. John Eudes; Ven. Madeleine-Sophie Barat; and Mgr. François de Montmorency.

The last issue of the *United States Catholic Historical Magazine* contains an interesting article on the Franciscan priests who founded two missions—that of the Immaculate Conception, and that of SS. Peter and Paul—on the River Colorado, and suffered martyrdom there in the year 1781. Much interest has been aroused over the question of the exact locality where these martyrs labored and died, and doubts have been expressed whether our country could claim them or must allow

Mexico to hold the honor. Happily, however, the spot whereon their martyrdom took place has been identified by a zealous Franciscan, who places it on the Gila River, in the southwestern portion of Arizona. These martyrs are well worthy of remembrance. Called upon to take up the labors of the Jesuits which had been interrupted by the suppression of the missions of that Order, they endured untold hardships for twelve successive years, until in 1781 they were cruelly murdered by hostile Indians. The names of the four martyrs, which should be in eternal honor, are Fathers Barreneche, Garces, Diaz, and Moreno.

Another well-known name must be added to the list of converts to Catholicity from the dramatic profession. Sir Charles Young, whose most successful piece—"Jim the Penman"—had a very prosperous run in this country a few months ago, had the happiness of being received into the Church shortly before his death, which took place last month. He was an excellent actor; his reputation as a dramatic author, and knowledge of matters connected with the profession, were so well recognized that he was appointed by Lord Beaconsfield a member of the Commission on Copyright. By his death the stage has lost an accomplished actor and play-writer, society a favorite, and the Church a recent but fervent convert.

The *Colorado Catholic* states that the Bureau of Catholic Missions among the Indians has now under its control thirty-five boarding and twenty day schools, with an attendance of 2,190 boarders and 870 day scholars. The schools receive a subvention of \$231,880 from the Government, which has also furnished food and clothing for 400 boarding pupils at a cost of \$30,000.

Things are going from bad to worse in France, it would seem. Three years ago the municipal council of Paris had the books used in schools examined, in order that all passages wherein the name of God occurs, or any allusion is made to Christian doctrines, might be eliminated. Recent alterations in the course of studies gave occasion for further revision. The work has been done so thoroughly this time that the most impious ought to be satisfied. In the text-book of La Fontaine's fables, a verse running as follows, "The little fish will

grow to full size if God but grant it life," is thus amended, "if one but grant it life."

The books distributed as prizes this year at the lay schools of Saint Ouen, a suburb of Paris, were so shockingly immoral that indignant protests were made by the parents of the children, and the books were torn into shreds. Happily the attendance at the godless schools of the Government decreases year by year, while Catholic schools are filled to overflowing.

In striking contrast with the froth and fume of recent utterances of French generals, who are striving after notoriety at the expense and to the danger of their country, was the speech of General Sheridan, the commander-in-chief of the armies of the United States, at the Centennial banquet in Philadelphia. Sheridan is a soldier who has probably seen as much, as bloody, and as costly fighting as any living general. It is encouraging to find such a man putting his faith in arbitration rather than the sword for the settlement of international disputes. When generals of Sheridan's stamp and position side with the Holy Father, the great promoter of arbitration as a substitute for war, a wearied world may be nearer the dawn of universal peace than it supposes itself to be. All the generals of the United States, North and South, are pretty much of Sheridan's way of thinking in this grave matter. Grant was strongly so.—*Catholic Review*.

It is with feelings of deep regret that we chronicle the death of the Most Rev. Francis Xavier Leray, Archbishop of New Orleans, who breathed his last at Château Giron in France on the 23d ult. Born in Brittany, he came to America at the age of eighteen, and, after completing his theological studies at St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore, went to Natchez, and was there ordained priest. Shortly afterwards he was sent to Jackson, Miss., and during an epidemic of yellow fever, in 1853 and 1855, he performed active missionary work at Vicksburg, Jackson, and Brandon. He continued to labor in this region till 1877, when he was consecrated Bishop of Natchitoches. From that see he was called in 1879 to New Orleans, where he was appointed coadjutor to the late Archbishop Perché, on whose death, in 1883, he succeeded to the archbishopric. The zeal and energy which he displayed in

his high office are too well known to require any eulogy. His death, though deeply regretted, was not a matter of surprise, as he had been ailing for some time previously. May he rest in peace!

The aversion which the young Queen of Spain entertains for the cruel and barbarous amusement of bull-fights is well known, and redounds greatly to her honor, although it has exposed her to much derision and contempt on the part of her people. The Spaniards were very intolerant of a protestation which they either could not or would not understand, and derisively nicknamed this highbred lady "the Austrian." But since she has assumed the regency, her excellent qualities of mind and heart, her gentleness and charity, her unselfish devotion to her son, have won over people's minds, and her absence from the national pastime no longer provokes criticism.

We are tired of hearing the question asked, "Is life worth living?" and still more tired of the answers that are given to it. More sentimental rubbish has been written on this subject during the last fifteen years than on any other. Such being the case, it is truly refreshing and encouraging to find in a society paper like the *Home Journal*, of New York, the following remarks, which lay down a principle unhappily too often lost sight of:

"Were the little, ordinary matters of everyday life more attended to, and its amenities more cultivated, there would be less questioning and grumbling. We are too selfish, think too little of our neighbors and thereby do incalculable injury to ourselves. Life is ours, whether we appreciate the gift or not; and the soundest wisdom for philosopher or clod-hopping lout is to make the best of it. Let us try and be happy, and make others happy. Charity begins at home, so let us first make home happy, and happiness will soon overflow into other channels as well. The task, after all, is not a very difficult one; for happiness is necessarily made up of little things. If we only determine to be as cheerful as our natures will let us be, ready to help others, put up with petty annoyances without raising a whirlwind of passion, or an icy current of sour resentment, we shall accomplish wonders in a very short time."

The column of Catholic news which appears in two daily issues of the *Boston Herald* not only shows a commendable spirit of enterprise on the part of that journal, but is proof

of the importance which the editors of newspapers nowadays attach to what concerns the Church and her children. This department of the *Herald* is ably edited, and we feel sure it is of interest to all classes of readers. The respect shown to the Church, her worship, her doctrine, her ministers, and notably to her chief ruler, by some of the leading secular journals of the United States,—the evident care to avoid giving offence by repeating calumnies or misstating Catholic principles, are happy signs of the times.

The famous gem known as the Southern Cross, discovered at Roeburn, in Western Australia, consists of nine pearls adhering together in the form of a Latin cross—seven in the shaft and two in the arms, one on each side of the shaft, nearly opposite the second pearl from the top. The pearls are slightly compressed, like peas in a pod, and no trace of any artificial junction can be observed. They are of fine quality, though slightly misshapen at parts. The value of the gem is very high.

Obituary.

"It is a holy and wholesome thought to pray for the dead."

— 2 MACH., xii., 46.

The following persons, lately deceased, are commended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

The Rev. Francis J. Rowan, O. S. A., late assistant pastor of St. Mary's Church, Lawrence, Mass., whose death occurred last month, in Brooklyn.

Brother Francis de Sales, of the Brothers of the Christian Schools, whose holy life was crowned with a happy death on the 12th ult.

Sister Mary Aquila and Sister Vincent, of the Sisters of Charity, Mobile, Ala., who was lately called to their reward.

Otway Cosgrave, of Cincinnati, whose death, in the seventy-fifth year of his age, took place on the 10th ult.

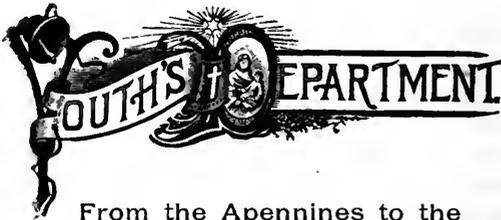
James Stiles, who died at Pittsford, N. Y., on the 6th of September, after receiving the last Sacraments. He was a convert to the Church.

Denis Carey, of Malden Mass., who passed away on the 20th ult., after a long illness.

Mrs. E. A. Offutt, widely known and highly esteemed in Norfolk and Washington, who recently departed this life in the latter city.

Stephen Hanson, of Holbrook, Iowa; William Amsberry, Crawfordsville, Ind.; Neal Dougherty, Francis M. Bray, and Dennis Higgins, Chester, Pa.

May their souls, and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace!



From the Apennines to the Andes.*

Many years ago a Genoese lad of thirteen, the son of a working-man, went from Genoa to America all alone, to seek his mother. She had gone two years before to Buenos Ayres, the capital of the Argentine Republic, to take service in a wealthy family, in the hope of earning in a short time enough to place once more in easy circumstances her family, who had fallen, through various misfortunes, into poverty and debt. There are courageous women—not a few—who take this long voyage with this object in view, and who, thanks to the large wages which people in service receive there, return home at the end of a few years with several thousand lire. The poor mother had wept tears of blood at parting from her children—the one aged eighteen, the other eleven,—but she had set out courageously, and full of hope.

The voyage was prosperous. She had no sooner arrived at Buenos Ayres than she found, through a Genoese shopkeeper—a cousin of her husband, who had been established there for a long time,—a good Argentine family, who gave her high wages and treated her well. And for a short time she kept up a regular correspondence with her loved ones at home. As it had been settled between them, her husband addressed his letters to his cousin, who gave them to the woman; and the latter handed her replies to him, and he dispatched them to Genoa, adding a few lines of his own. As she was earning eighty lire a month, and spending nothing on herself, she sent home a handsome sum every three months, with which her husband, who was a man of honor, gradually paid off their most urgent debts. And

in the meantime he worked away, and was satisfied with the state of his affairs, since he also cherished the hope that his wife would shortly return; for the house seemed empty without her, and the younger son in particular, who was extremely attached to his mother, was very much depressed, and could not resign himself to having her so long away.

A year had elapsed since they parted; after a brief letter, in which the mother said that her health was not very good, they heard nothing more. They wrote twice to the cousin, without receiving a reply. They wrote to the Argentine family where the woman was at service; but, owing to an inaccuracy in the address, it is possible that the letter never reached its destination. Fearing some misfortune had befallen her, they wrote to the Italian Consulate at Buenos Ayres to have inquiries made, and after a lapse of three months they received a response from the consul that, in spite of advertisements in the newspapers, no one had presented herself nor sent any word. And it could not have happened otherwise, for this reason if for no other: that, with the idea of sparing the good name of her family, which she fancied she was discrediting by becoming a servant; the good woman had not given her real name to the Argentine family.

Several months more passed by; no news. The father and sons were in consternation; the younger one was oppressed by a deep melancholy. The father's first thought had been to set out for America in search of his wife. But his work?—who would support his sons? And neither could the elder boy go; for he had just then begun to earn something, and he was necessary to the family. And in this anxiety they lived, repeating each day the same sad speeches, or gazing at one another in silence; when, one evening, Marco, the younger, declared with decision, "I am going to America to look for my mother."

His father shook his head sadly and made no reply. It was an affectionate thought, but an impossible thing. To make a journey

* "Cuore." By Edmondo de Amicis.

to America, which lasted a month, alone, at the age of thirteen! But the boy impatiently insisted. He persisted that day, the day after, every day, with great calmness, reasoning with the good sense of a man. "Others have gone thither," he said, "and smaller boys than I, too. Once on board the ship, I shall get there like everybody else. Once arrived there, I have only to hunt up our cousin's shop. There are plenty of Italians there, who will show me the street. After finding our cousin, my mother is found; and if I do not find him, I will go to the consul—I will search out that Argentine family."

And thus, little by little, he almost succeeded in persuading his father. The fond parent esteemed him; he knew that he had good judgment and courage; that he was inured to privations and to sacrifices; and that all these good qualities had acquired double force in his heart in consequence of the sacred project of finding his mother, whom he adored. In addition to this, the captain of a steamer—the friend of an acquaintance of his,—having heard the plan mentioned, undertook to procure a free third-class passage for the Argentine Republic. And so, after a little hesitation, the father gave his consent; the voyage was decided on. They filled a valise with clothes for him, put a few crowns in his pocket, and gave him the address of the cousin, and one fine evening in April they saw him on board.

"Marco, my son," said his father, as he gave him his last kiss, with tears in his eyes, on the steps of the steamer, which was on the point of starting, "take courage. Thou hast set out on a holy undertaking, and God will aid thee."

Poor Marco! His heart was strong and prepared for the hardest trials of the voyage; but when he beheld his beautiful Genoa disappear on the horizon, and found himself on the open sea, on that huge steamer thronged with emigrating peasants, alone, unacquainted with any one, with that little bag which held his entire fortune, a sudden discouragement assailed him. For two days

he remained crouching like a dog on the bows, hardly eating, and oppressed with a great desire to weep. Every description of sad thoughts passed through his mind, and the saddest, the most terrible, was the one which was the most persistent in its return—the thought that his mother was dead. In his broken and painful slumbers he constantly beheld a strange face, which surveyed him with an air of compassion, and whispered in his ear, "Your mother is dead!" And then he awoke, stifling a shriek.

Nevertheless, after passing the Straits of Gibraltar, at the first sight of the Atlantic Ocean he recovered his spirits a little, and his hope. But it was only a brief respite. That vast but always smooth sea, the increasing heat, the misery of all those poor people who surrounded him, the consciousness of his own solitude, overwhelmed him once more. The empty and monotonous days which succeeded one another became confounded in his memory, as is the case with sick people. It seemed to him that he had been at sea almost a year. And every morning, on waking, he felt surprised afresh at finding himself there alone, on that vast watery expanse, on his way to America.

There were days of bad weather, during which the boy remained constantly in his berth, where everything was rolling and crashing, in the midst of a terrible chorus of lamentations and imprecations, and he thought that his last hour had come. There were other days—when the sea was calm and yellowish—of insupportable heat, of infinite tediousness; interminable and wretched hours, during which the enervated passengers, stretched motionless on the planks, seemed all dead.

And for long hours he stood leaning on the bulwarks, gazing at that boundless sea in amazement, thinking vaguely of his mother, until his eyes closed, and his head was drooping with sleep; and then again he beheld that unknown face which gazed upon him with an air of compassion, and repeated in his ear, "Your mother is dead!"

And at the sound of that voice he awoke with a start.

The voyage lasted twenty-seven days, but the last days were the best. The weather was fine, and the air cool. He had made the acquaintance of a good old man, a Lombard, who was going to America to find his son, an agriculturist in the vicinity of the town of Rosario; he had told him his whole story, and the old man kept repeating every little while, as he affectionately tapped him on the nape of the neck with his hand, "Courage, my lad; you will find your mother well and happy."

This companionship comforted him; his sad presentiments were turned into joyous ones. Seated on the bow, beside the aged peasant, who was smoking his pipe, beneath the beautiful, starry heaven, in the midst of a group of singing peasants, he pictured to himself a hundred times his arrival at Buenos Ayres: he saw himself in a certain street; he found the shop; he flew to his cousin. "How is my mother? Come, let us go at once! let us go at once!" They hurry on together; they ascend a staircase; a door opens. And here his mute soliloquy came to an end; his imagination was swallowed up in a feeling of inexpressible tenderness, which made him secretly pull forth a little medal that he wore on his neck, and murmur a short prayer as he kissed it.

On the twenty-seventh day after their departure they arrived. It was a beautiful May morning when the steamer cast anchor in the immense river of the Plata, near the shore along which stretches the city of Buenos Ayres. Marco was beside himself with joy and impatience. His mother was only a few miles from him! A few hours more and he would see her! He was in America, in the New World! The whole of that long voyage now seemed to him to have passed in an instant. And he was so happy that he hardly experienced any surprise or distress when he felt in his pockets, and found only one of the two little heaps into which he had divided his small treasure, in order to be the more sure of not losing the whole of it. He had been robbed:

he had only a few lire left; but what did that matter to him, when he was near his mother?

With his bag in his hand, he descended, in company with many other Italians, to the tug-boat, which carried him within a short distance of the shore, clambered down from the tug into a boat which bore the name of *Andrea Doria*; was landed on the wharf; said good-bye to his old Lombard friend, and began to walk with rapid strides towards the city.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A Pilgrimage to the Shrines of Our Lady in Austria.

OUR LADY OF THE HIMMELSPORTE.

....And Mary answered: "From thy bitter past,
Welcome, my child! O welcome home at last!
I filled thy place. Thy flight is known to none;
For all thy daily duties I have done."*

Up the Danube, through fading twilight and moonlight, under the purple shadows of mournful Visigrad until the moon rose over the convent towers of Gran, and the huge Cathedral seemed sketched in inky blackness over the broad river before us, onward we sailed to Vienna, to the miracle-shrines we had learned to love in the legendary story of the imperial land.

At midnight, after passing the great Cathedral town, where the crown of Hungarian kings is kept since the court removed from Presburg† to Budapest, we retired; but only to sleep for a few hours; for we were awakened at dawning by the bells of Klosterneuburg, under which we sailed as we rounded the Nussberg hills and entered the Danube Canal along the city wharf, the "Franz Josef Quai."

* Adelaide Procter, in her "Legend of Provenge," tells in verse the story of this Himmelsporte Madonna.

† It was expected the King of Hungary would be crowned at Gran. Liszt wrote his celebrated coronation Mass—the *Graner Messe*—for the coronation ceremony of the present King, Franz Josef; but his Majesty was crowned at Budapest.

Refreshed by a few hours of rest and the comforts of the great Hotel Imperiale, the young girls and their chaperon were quite ready to begin their "pilgrimage" by nine o'clock.

"We will go more quickly by driving," said Hilda.

"Who ever heard of driving about in a carriage when making a pilgrimage!" cried Roberta. "No: we must walk to St. Stephen's, to Our Mother of the Himmelspforte."

The old convent of that name,* which stood where the street now opens from the Ring-Strasse, has long since disappeared; and its famed gateway, above which was the statue of Our Lady holding the Infant Christ, has also been removed to make way for the treasury built by Prince Eugene of Savoy. The statue was placed in Our Lady's Chapel near the Riesen Thor † of the great Cathedral,—a dark, dimly lighted corner, whose exquisite windows are rich in hues of crimson, orange, emerald and purple; hues which modern glass has never imitated. The jewelled effect is superb, but only in clearest sunlight, or when lighted for especial service, can the chapel and its quaint statue be distinctly seen.

We entered at the western portal, called the Singer Thor, from the meistersinger, Nicolas Fuchs, whose tomb is near the portal. The Chapel of St. Barbara is on our right as we enter, but we glance only at its new Gothic altar—a memorial for the preservation of the Emperor Franz Josef from assassination,—and pause before the Frauenchor, in the centre of which stands the great wooden coffin of Duke Rudolf and his wife, exquisitely carved in geometrical traceries and historical figures. Then we pass on, and kneel before the Hauptchor, or principal choir, with its high altar of

black marble and richly carved stalls of the fifteenth century. On the right of the high altar is an altar to St. Charles Borromeo, and on the left, one to St. John of Nepomuk. But our pilgrimage holds us before the picture of Our Blessed Lady called the Dienstboten Maria, which stands on the pedestal of the choir arch to the left.

It is a very simple, old-fashioned picture of Our Mother of Sorrows; but before it, on the stone pavement, a crowd of peasants—men, women, and children—are kneeling, their market-baskets or packages laid beside them. Now and then a child or an old woman will put a bouquet of kitchen-garden flowers on the frame of the picture, or give a few coins to the attendant to light a tiny taper before this shrine; but the crowds are formed of passing errand-boys, women, laborers, or servants, going hurriedly to work, and taking only time to kneel and say a "Hail Mary," or invoke our dear Mother in some sore distress. The better-dressed among them merely kneel at this shrine, and pass around the Cathedral to Our Lady's Chapel, to present their petitions to the Himmelspforte Maria enshrined there. But this Dienstboten Maria by the wayside,*—this simple shrine where the poor and the suffering from all life's humbler estates kneel and find aid and spiritual refreshment,—seems more truly Catholic than the more exclusive shrine at the other end of the great church.

We leave the crowd at last, and, passing the next choir corresponding to the Frauenchor on the left of the altar, enter St. Catharine's Chapel. Passing onward down the northern transept, we pause before many altars until we come to the Tirnâ Chapel, † with its superb bronze monument to Prince Eugene. The circular stairway leading to

* The convent, founded in 1230, was removed in 1782. The gateway "Madonna des Himmelspforte" was placed in Our Lady's Chapel at St. Stephen's—the oldest portion of the Cathedral, dating from the reign of its founders, Duke Albert I. and Rudolf IV. (1300).

† The "Festival Entrance."

* This portion of the Cathedral is but a *durchgang*, or thoroughfare passage to the opposite side of the Stevensplatz; at least long custom has made it so.

† In this chapel is to be seen also the celebrated bearded Christ, a crucifix life-size. The beard on our Blessed Lord's face is quite long, hanging over the breast.

the great organ-loft and music gallery between the Heidenthürme, below which is the Riesen Thor entrance, stands next to the Tirna Chapel. We pass this and the vestibule of the Riesen Thor, and come to the baptistery, beyond which, in the southwest corner, is Our Lady's Chapel, containing the Himmelsporte statue of the Blessed Mother.

It was long past noon, so the iron gates were closed; but through their grating we could distinctly see the quaint old image, its flesh tints of deep chocolate-color; but whether this hue is the effect of time and atmospheric changes, or whether, in accordance with Eastern tradition, the faces of Our Lady and Child were tinted deep olive-color, tradition does not tell us.

Whether dark or light, the tints of the old legendary statue mattered little to the young girls kneeling there, offering their prayers that the petitions of those in need might ever be granted. "The unknown sympathies of this life are too apt to be forgotten," said Hilda; "but they exist, nevertheless."

The noonday sun came through rays of crimson and blue, brilliantly purple as it fell upon the heads of the young girls kneeling at the portal. Was it emblematic of the purple of their power, or did it foreshadow the purple of future suffering?

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A Memorable First Communion.

During the French Revolution a noble lady was imprisoned in a gloomy dungeon at Paris. Her little daughter, twelve years old, remained under the care of a faithful old servant. The child's father was absent with the army of Condé, and her mother had been taken away from home too suddenly even to bid her good-bye.

The little girl's one thought was to get admission to her mother's prison. At last she made the acquaintance of the jailer's wife, and the kind woman dressed her in her own child's clothes, and put her in her mother's cell. After that, for three months, she used to

visit her mother, and have just such delightful talks with her as you would have with your mother under similar circumstances.

But one day the mother took the child in her arms, and with sobs and tears told her that they must soon part—she was called to trial, and she would certainly be condemned. When the violence of their first grief was over, the mother told the child to go to a certain priest, and ask him to let her make her First Communion during her mother's life.

The same evening the little one went to the priest, and he readily granted her request—heard her simple confession, and bade her return the next morning. When she went back in the morning, he had just offered Mass for her mother's intention, and reserved two Hosts.

"My child," he said, "I am going to trust you with a sacred mission. In early Christian times children used to carry the Blessed Sacrament to the martyrs; I am going to let you carry It to your mother, and you shall make your First Communion at the same time."

The child went in solemn joy to her mother, bearing Christ the Consoler. The jailer's wife left the two alone, knowing that it must be their last meeting. They fell on their knees, and, placing the Sacred Host on the table, adored in silence for a long time. The mother then bade her little daughter say some prayers which she had taught her in infancy, and taking one of the Hosts in her hand, she received It as Viaticum, and then gave the child her First Communion.

The next day the little girl went to the prison to see her mother, but the jailer's wife said the orders were positive, and she could not be admitted until the following week. She went to the priest, but he pointed up to heaven, and said, "Your mother is in heaven, my dear child; and there you must look to meet her."

The little girl grew up to womanhood, and to old age; and in telling this wonderful story to her friends she used to say: "It happened sixty years ago, but I have never forgotten the scene of my First Communion, or ceased to join my prayers to those of my dear mother."

—*The Little Crusader.*

IF the riches of both Indies, if the crowns of all the kingdoms of Europe were laid at my feet, in exchange of my love of reading, I would spurn them all.—*Fenelon.*



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More Blessed.

BY H. D. E.

“Yea, rather, blessed are they who hear the word of God, and keep it.”
—ST. LUKE, xi, 28.

BLESSED was She on whose retirement broke
That angel form—the Star portending morn;
And blessed She upon whose bosom woke
And wept the Eternal Child, the Virgin-born,
Who like a robe the Heaven of heavens had worn.
But oh! more blessed, Lord, by Thy dear name,
Is he who hears Thy word, and keeps the same!

How I became a Child of Mary.

THE insignificant babble of the world is as quickly forgotten in pleasure as in sorrow, but a few words spoken out of the fulness of a charitable heart seldom fall unheeded. “Make a beginning for God and Our Lady,” was once said to me in my careless, so-called happy days. I noted them well even then, but it was not until my path in life was as thickly strewn with troubles as a forest track with autumn leaves that I felt the rousing force of the words. My conversion was indeed this hoped-for beginning, made, it is true, amidst many blinding mists; for I was proud and obstinate, and learned but slowly that the way to God is short and simple, not like the perplexing mazes which lie round human respect and human consolation.

As I was an orphan, entirely dependent

on rich relatives, who withdrew almost all help when I became a Catholic, I was necessarily obliged to seek some means of existence, and so it came about that I was advised to leave England and live in France. Painting was my only talent, and fortunately I was informed of a demand for a teacher of drawing and painting in a village near Alteville, in the north of France. The position had been vacant since the recent death of the widow of a painter, herself an artist of unusual merit, who for many years had given lessons to the children of the numerous families that passed the summer months in the pretty villas which dotted the leafy valley of Hucquevillers.

A kind friend had ascertained all this for me, and had given me a letter of introduction to the *curé*; it remained for me, then, only to remember my watchword, and set out. It was a great venture, but I longed to be away from my old friends and connections, who had kept aloof from me since my conversion. I looked eagerly to the change, hoping to catholicize myself, and perhaps attain my ambition of becoming a Child of Mary. So at last I found myself settled at Hucquevillers, with an empty purse, but with an immediate prospect of six pupils, and a heart full of hope and thankfulness.

It was rather difficult for me to accept the somewhat cold reception I met with from the good folks in the village. They were unable to grasp the idea of an English convert; all the English *they* had known had been Protestants with full purses, which

opened freely during the summer season, when they paid extremely well for country accommodation, and subscribed generously to all local funds. They were by no means prepared to accept, at once, the audacious young Englishwoman, who called herself a Catholic, as the successor of their beloved old friend Madame Kelna.

Therefore I had to creep very quietly and steadily on my daily round of duty; and as for becoming a Child of Mary, certainly I must wait as patiently for that as for the passing away of the prejudice against a convert. I was impetuous too, and not a little disappointed at the want of sympathy amongst the old-fashioned country-folk; but some of my pupils more than made up for it, and one or two of them tried to gratify my desire of becoming a Child of Mary by using their influence with the associations to which they belonged. But the answer was uniformly the same—all excusing themselves with exquisite politeness, saying, as I was an adult and a convert, they did not wish to venture on any innovations.

About two years and a half had thus gone by, when my efforts received a delightful impetus in the month of May. The wife of our *maire* wished to present to the church of Hucquevillers, as an *ex voto*, the best copy she could procure of the celebrated picture of *Our Lady of Roses*, the great treasure of the museum of Alteville. The authorities of the museum had given the *maire* full permission for the copy, provided he would answer for the good faith of the artist, as there had been some surreptitious work done a few years previously. My joy and thankfulness were great when I was asked to undertake the task, with the promise of a liberal remuneration. I accepted the offer, although I was frightened at my temerity; for, having seen the picture, I knew that I must strain every nerve in order to render a faithful reproduction. But if I succeeded, I hoped that I might merit some reward from our dear Lady, and surely I should be looked upon in a more favorable light by the people of Hucquevillers.

A residence in Alteville was now a

necessity, and that in itself was a great pleasure; but I had to make arrangements to spend two days a week at Hucquevillers with my pupils, who rejoiced at the honor bestowed on their instructress. So I started on another "beginning," laden with prayers and good wishes. A quiet lodging was found, and I was soon installed in perfect comfort at the museum. Nothing could exceed the kindness of the committee; the picture was removed from the room devoted to it, and placed in one of the larger galleries, that I might have the necessary light.

Notre-Dame des Roses was the work of a Spanish artist of the sixteenth century, but it glowed with rich coloring as if fresh from the easel; the angelic repose of a glorified Madonna contrasted artistically with the brilliant hues of a garland of roses, borne by angels, whose faces were turned to the Madonna with loving intensity.

I suffered sometimes from the tittering and whispering of visitors to the museum, and my sensitive nerves often flinched under the fire of criticisms more remarkable for candor than judgment. One day I was fairly overcome by the ceaseless noise, and resolved to put up my paints, and go for a walk round the ramparts of the town, to refresh my eyes under the shade of the trees, when a venerable-looking priest, with a serene face framed by flowing white hair, came towards me, accompanied by some friends. He expressed his surprise on seeing *Notre-Dame des Roses* in so unusual a place, and sought an explanation, which I readily gave. He looked at my work with the eye of a connoisseur, which his remarks proved him to be.

I was inexpressibly cheered by all the good Father said, and my vexation vanished. He made so many shrewd observations about my manner of working, that I was emboldened to ask him if he lived in Alteville, desiring to see him again. "Indeed I do, and have lived here all my life," he replied. "Will you come to the museum again, Father," I said, "and give me a few more hints, and the encouragement I need so much in this my most ambitious

work?" "Are you a Protestant," he asked; "most of your countrywomen are." I answered that I was a convert, and told him my position. His words were most kind and consoling; he promised to come and see me again in a few days, telling me he was the Curé of St. André. From that day I seemed to work with renewed energy, and hailed with joy the visits of my newly-found friend, who came very often, watching my progress, giving useful hints, and pointing out beauties in the picture which he fancied I had not sufficiently dwelt on, as it were, in my thoughts.

One day the priest arrived, accompanied by a lady so extremely like him that it was hardly necessary for me to be presented to his sister, Mlle. Dubois, who, he said, was deeply interested in all he had taken the liberty to tell about me. "Which, you see, was not enough," observed Mlle. Dubois; "so I came to judge for myself." Her expressions of admiration were very encouraging. She told me frankly that she had a little project, in the furthering of which she thought I might, if I would, aid her; and for this she begged I would favor her with a visit the very next afternoon, as it was the day of her weekly reception. "My brother also will be proud to show you his collection of Italian photographs." I accepted the invitation, without a thought of the insufficiency of my toilet,—a grim fact of which I was sternly reminded by my old landlady. But when the time came for me to start, in a neat black dress and irreproachable boots and gloves, I passed unscathed the uncompromising scrutiny of Mlle. Lormer's eyes and spectacles.

Arrived at the house, the door was opened by an old maid-servant, with a snowy lace cap and apron, who conducted me across a courtyard, where large oleanders bloomed in green tubs, to a small ante-room—how well I remember it, and the pretty statue of Our Lady, with the word *Dulcedo* in gold letters on its pedestal! There was a hum of voices from an inner room, and Mlle. Dubois was soon presenting me to a circle of ladies, all more or less like herself in appearance.

"I have ventured, Mlle. Hamilton," she said, "to ask you to come here to-day, as I was anxious to put before you an idea which I have already imparted to my friends; we form a small society attached to the Association of the Children of Mary for the working classes, in the school of the Sisters of Charity. We have just had a little chapel erected for the Home, and the altar requires some embellishment. Will you kindly undertake to make another copy of *Notre-Dame des Roses*, if you do not find it irksome to repeat your work? The authorities of the museum have given full permission for this, provided you are to be employed." What my answer was can readily be imagined. All questions as to price were reserved for a more fitting opportunity, and Mlle. Dubois now sent me, with the old attendant, to see her brother's study, exacting a promise that I would return soon for a cup of real English tea.

I was taken down a long, glass-covered passage, and ushered into the presence of him who now seemed like an old friend. I was filled with gratitude, for I knew I owed all to his kindness; and a thought came to my mind that now perhaps I had a golden opportunity of asking if it were possible for me ever to hope to become a Child of Mary, and with all my old impetuosity I felt the words rushing quickly to my lips. As briefly as possible I told the story of my aspiration and my disappointments, and of the sudden impulse which had seized me to speak to him. He listened with the most perfect patience and goodness, made a few notes on a sheet of paper, and asked a few more particulars as to my position, age, and manner of living. "I heartily approve of your desire," he said, "and will do all I can to help you to realize it; and we may hope for help from Her who leaves none unaided. But of this we will speak later."

I had still another project to confide to him. "We will see," he answered. "Possess your soul in patience now, and come and see my pictures and engravings." My head, already a little confused, became dazed

with all the lovely things he showed me: views of the Coliseum, the Basilica of St. Paul—the beauties of each view being minutely pointed out by him; the wondrous symmetry of St. Peter's with its colossal dimensions, which no man realizes until he stands near it; the delicate tracery of Milan Cathedral, which looked, he said, as if carved in ivory, with its mellow tone, its ornamented roof, and every niche filled with a priceless statue. After a while the old servant courteously reminded me of my appointment. The *curé* in saying good-bye promised to visit me at the museum in a short time, and bring me all necessary information.

In about a week I received a letter from the honorary secretary of the Home, begging me to begin as soon as I could the copy of the picture, as the time was short. The question of price was to remain for the present in abeyance. My picture for Hucqueviliers being now ready, was sent off at once, and I received a warm letter of approval from the mayor, and full payment for the work. This was very cheering to me, and my heart felt lighter and my hand stronger than ever when I began my second copy. Its progress was daily watched with the deepest interest by the ladies of the society. The *curé*, too, renewed his suggestions, warning me not to let my English coldness creep onto my palette, pleading hard for the warm glow of the roses, and the deep rich tint of ultra-marine in the mantle of Our Lady.

At last the second copy was finished, and I was invited to be present at the solemn benediction, when three new members would be received into the Association, and the picture unveiled. The congregation was composed of the Sisters, the school-children, the associates, and the Ladies' Society and their friends. I was under the protection of Mlle. Dubois, and on the other side of her were seated the three aspirants. After Compline she bent towards me, saying, "Dear child, follow these three young girls; like them you are an aspirant, and are to be received to-day into the As-

sociation. They are proud to possess you; and, although they are only simple working-girls, I am sure you will be happy to be one of them." I followed joyfully, and was soon kneeling at the altar, and repeating my answers, dictated by the *curé*. At last I felt the ribbon drop over my shoulders, and I returned to my seat a Child of Mary, receiving a warm pressure of the hand from Mlle. Dubois.

The *curé* now made a little discourse, which was simple and eloquent. He went over a few points of the history of the Home, and, reminding his hearers of the great privileges of the Association, he said: "We have had many touching instances of the protection extended by Our Lady to Her children—here a miraculous cure, there a danger averted, everywhere exceptional blessings, especially those extraordinary favors received during their last hours, and above all the inestimable grace of a happy death."

The good priest finished his address by these words, which I may be pardoned for repeating: "One of our new associates, my dear children, desired so heartily to enjoy the title of Child of Mary, that to obtain it she did not hesitate to make numerous advances and demands, which were often renewed, and as often rejected. At last she came to Alteville, almost friendless; for she was abandoned by her family after her conversion. She is possessed of rare artistic skill, which now enables her to earn her daily bread. Our dear Lady has permitted her to embellish this little chapel, and the Association is asked to accept her beautiful picture as a thank-offering. Of this matter it is not my province to speak further than to say that I know a refusal would be painful to her, who, brought up in ignorance, and in the negation of all the rights of the Blessed Virgin to her love and respect, wishes to repair the past, although irresponsible for it.

"Now that she is a child of the Church, she desires to offer the homage of her profound faith to the glorious Mother of our Saviour. She seems to say to Her, almost

in the words of St. Augustine after his conversion: 'O my beloved Mother! it is late to begin to love Thee, but I dedicate myself to Thy service for the future; I will love Thee with all the tenderness and force of which my heart is capable. I will devote myself to making Thee known and loved; I will show myself untiring in Thy service and in promoting Thy glory.' Obtain for her, then, beloved Mother, the courage and strength necessary to persevere in her resolutions, and to remain faithful to them and to Thee,—a happiness, dear children, which I desire for you all."

At the end of the ceremony the picture was unveiled, and it seemed to look on me with an encouraging glance. The good Sisters, the children, and my fellow-associates surrounded me when we left the chapel, fairly overpowering me with kind words and congratulations: thus replacing family and friends, and more than compensating for the bitter trials of the past.

If my story should meet the eye of any who are, as I was, rebuffed by some and deserted by others, let them have confidence, and look to our dear Lady—"*Respice ad Mariam.*"*

Nora's Recompense.

CHAPTER VIII.

MR. BOUVIER'S study was a large, rather gloomy room, furnished with a writing-table and several bookcases; statues and oil-paintings enlivened its sombre aspect, and comfortable arm-chairs stood on a soft Smyrna carpet. The preceding evening it had been opened to the guests, and a card-table, with some scattered packs and half-burnt candles, still remained in the corner.

Mr. Auvrard was seated with his back to the window and facing the door. On Nora's entrance he rose and bowed stiffly, while Mr. Bouvier went to meet her, seized both her hands, and, with great cordiality but evident embarrassment, inquired how she

found herself. Then he led her to a chair, and looked at Mr. Auvrard as if he wished to leave to him the necessary communication; but the latter took no notice.

"You wished to speak to me," Nora began at last, turning to Mr. Bouvier, with inward anxiety; "and I, on my part, am anxious to know the state of my affairs. You have been most kind, and I can never forget how you opened your house to me in my loneliness; but I must no longer trespass on your hospitality—"

She stopped, almost suffocated with emotion; only the day before she had hoped to accompany them to Normandy, and to become a member of the family!

"Child," interrupted Mr. Bouvier, passing his handkerchief across his brow, "you are not trespassing on our hospitality; for we are really fond of you. Since your arrival I have been busy with your affairs; but, as they took an unfavorable turn, I hesitated to speak to you as long as I could avoid it. Now, my dear cousin, I must make known to you that your grandmother, although the best creature in the world, allowed her debts to accumulate, without suspecting that they had already reached an enormous sum. Her estate is mortgaged far beyond its value, and we fear, when her debts are paid, only a very small portion of her property will remain."

Nora did not comprehend the full meaning of these words; for a person who has never known the want of money seldom realizes its importance. Her grandmother had sometimes complained of financial difficulties, but then she wrote a few business letters, and her serenity returned. Therefore the young girl was by no means as moved as Mr. Bouvier had feared she might be.

"Will enough remain," she asked, "to satisfy my personal needs, which are very small?"

"I hope so, at least; but your grandfather left no property; your parents were dependent on Mme. de Brélyon, and the latter had full control over her estate."

These words startled Nora a little; however, she said, bravely: "Well, I will work."

* St. Bernard.

"Work!" said Mr. Auvrard, coldly, with a contemptuous shrug. "What can you do?"

"I can give lessons."

"Have you a diploma?"

"No."

"Then you can not give lessons; for an experienced teacher would always have the preference, and they are to be had in abundance."

"But I can give music-lessons."

"To live alone and go about from house to house at your age, is out of the question."

"Those to whom the law confides your guardianship," interposed Mr. Bouvier, softly, "could not consent to your adopting so hard a life at your age."

"Those to whom the law confides my guardianship," repeated Nora, slowly,— "who are they?"

"My mother has been appointed your guardian, and she possesses too strict a sense of duty to neglect the obligations she contracts by accepting it," said Mr. Auvrard.

His mother—the mother of that cold, hard, sarcastic man! A relative of whom her grandmother had never spoken, and who perhaps cherished a secret rancor to that beloved one!

Nora turned to Mr. Bouvier and said, anxiously: "I do not—I can not be a burden to any one. Surely some occupation can be found by which I can earn a livelihood. I can take care of little children, or act as lady's companion; perhaps I may have sufficient money to hire a little room in some convent, where I can live retired, and mourn for the only human being that loved me."

She looked so touching, with her youthful face bathed in tears, that Mr. Bouvier was moved to the liveliest sympathy. "Oh, how willingly would I keep you, child!" he exclaimed; "but I am only a distant relative, and your grand-aunt insists on the guardianship."

"My mother never shirks a duty," interposed Mr. Auvrard. "As soon as she heard of your bereavement, she at once resolved to take charge of you, and I encouraged her in that resolve. Personally you

can have no dislike to her, and whatever prejudices Mme. de Brélyon inspired you with—"

"My grandmother was too noble-minded to inspire me with prejudices against any one," interrupted Nora, eagerly; "but, as you have just said, your mother accepts me only from a sense of duty."

"She will also love you if you show yourself worthy of her affection," he replied, turning away his eyes, probably to avoid her entreating, sorrowful glance.

Nora remained silent for a moment in painful perplexity. "Do you think she will let me work?" she then said.

"Scarcely," he answered, without looking at her. "I should never consent to it. No one shall say that a young relative dependent on my mother had to work for a living."

Nora turned to Mr. Bouvier in despair. "Must one obey a guardian?" she asked.

He nodded silently. She closed her eyes for a moment, as if exhausted; then fixed them on Mr. Auvrard and, in a voice which it required all her strength of will to keep firm, she said: "Be it so. What are my aunt's commands?"

He rose and walked up and down the room hastily.

"Your affairs," observed Mr. Bouvier, "are not all in order yet; you must remain with us for the present; later on you can go to your aunt's."

"No," said Mr. Auvrard, "that can not be. There is no doubt that my mother is her guardian; it is better, therefore, for Miss de Brélyon to accustom herself at once to her new life. My mother lives in an old-fashioned town; being old and delicate, she leads a very retired life, which must seem gloomy to one who has mixed in gay, youthful circles. In three days' time a good opportunity will offer for the journey, and Miss de Brélyon will kindly be ready."

"Yes, it is better so," answered Nora, courageously.

Mr. Auvrard drew out his watch. "I must go," he remarked; "I have only just time to write to my mother."

Mr Bouvier asked him to use his desk, where he would find all the necessary writing implements, and told Nora to go to Bertha, to console the latter for their approaching separation. She went towards the door, but, turning back, said simply to Mr. Auvrard: "Ought I not write a few lines to your mother?"

"If you like," he replied, offering her his place at the desk. Declining the chair, she bent down to the heavy oak table, and wrote a few hasty lines. Mr. Auvrard begged her ceremoniously to close her letter, then she bowed to both gentlemen and retired to her own little room, where at last she could give vent to her tears.

Mr. Auvrard's communication ran thus:

"DEAR MOTHER:—My business will delay me two days longer in Mans, so I hasten to give you an account of my visit to Mr. Bouvier. I called on him yesterday afternoon, but did not find him at home. Towards evening I returned, and, although he had guests, I succeeded in obtaining a long interview. He seemed so anxious to get rid of the business, that we easily came to an understanding, after which he introduced me to Mrs. Bouvier and Miss de Brélyon. Bouvier's mother was English, and he resembles her in his distinguished appearance. His wife is a thorough Parisian in the full sense of the word; she laughs and chatters on every subject. The son is a handsome youth, who does nothing, or almost nothing; while the daughter seems capricious and insignificant. Miss de Brélyon is very beautiful and greatly courted. I was by no means pleased to see her at a party so soon after her grandmother's death. I promised to tell you the impression she made on me, and must acknowledge I think her giddy and selfish. When I entered the room she was singing as if she had never known sorrow.

"This morning I met Mr. Bouvier again; he was perfectly candid with me. He praises his young cousin, but his wife will not keep her, for their handsome son Louis is paying her too much attention; and although, when Miss de Brélyon was thought to be rich,

his mother was willing enough to accept her for a daughter, she now wishes to get rid of her at any cost, and insists on having her taken out of the young man's way as soon as possible. I therefore called on Miss Kernoel, who willingly consented to bring Miss de Brélyon with her when she returns home at the end of this week.

"Now let me tell you how much I admire your generosity and abnegation. We do not talk much, dear mother, and I seldom express to you my sentiments in your regard; but how few women at your age, and worn out by cares, would take on them the charge of an unknown relative, and the double burden of increased expense and responsibility! You know this young girl will disturb your quiet manner of life; she has had no other teacher than that silly old woman; and the wandering life she has led, in which pleasure was the only object, has certainly ill prepared her for the active, serious life of the country. You will also have to combat deeply-rooted frivolity, bad habits, and, if I mistake not, an independent, untractable character. All this you have probably foreseen and accepted, and it is worthy of you; for everything great and noble is what I am accustomed to in you.

"But our intimate intercourse will also suffer by this stranger's intrusion. When I go to Penvan now, I can scarcely reckon on the old confidential chats with you, nor that quietness which others of my age avoid, but which I prize so highly. What must you think of me! Am I not selfish to dwell only on my own annoyances, and am I not perhaps unjust to a young girl, who may be gentle and amiable, however defective her education has been? Frivolity and vanity are the two feminine defects most repugnant to my disposition. You, dear mother, were always superior to the weaknesses of your sex, and your practical common-sense, firm will, and clear understanding form for me an ideal to which very few women attain.

"Good-bye, dear mother, for a few days. With love and esteem, your son,

"MARK AUVRARD."

Nora's note to her aunt was as follows:

"Excuse me for writing you a few lines, now that I learn for the first time my sad position and your generous offers. I am strong, and hope you will allow me to earn my own living. I beg of you to love me a little, for I am most unhappy. I shall be so grateful, and conform to all your wishes. With sincere gratitude, your sorrowful niece,

"NORA."

CHAPTER IX.

Most hearts would have been touched by Nora's simple letter, but the visible agitation and perplexity, and the disjointed, un studied style, which would have appealed to other women's sympathies, were more adapted to displease the woman whose cold blue eyes scanned with utter indifference the orphan's short letter.

Stiff and formal, she sat in her large straw chair by the window, whose dazzling white curtains were drawn aside carefully, so that every passer-by could see Mrs. Auvrard in her accustomed place. Before her, on a low stool, stood a basket with house linen; on the window-sill lay a long, narrow account-book and her knitting. The room was large and old-fashioned, but the ceiling was far too low to be in proportion with its size. Dark red paper with tasteless gray scrolls contrasted unfavorably with the oak wainscot which half covered the walls. On a console-table, in the style of Louis XV., stood a dozen or so of cups that were rather old-fashioned than precious. Between the windows was a massive carved cabinet, and along the walls were ranged cane and stuffed chairs in long, formal rows. There was no carpet on the floor, save a narrow strip before the large mantelpiece, and the only objects that gave any appearance of life were some old family portraits, whose powdered wigs and lace collars stood out in bold relief from the dark background. Amongst them was the likeness of a young man of later date, which at the first glance seemed to be that of Mr. Auvrard, but a closer inspection revealed a certain difference. Mark Auvrard had sharp features and a hard, determined look, while the face in the por-

trait wore an irresolute, careless expression.

Mrs. Auvrard's age was not easily divined, but she was certainly past sixty. Her tall, thin, still erect figure was clothed in black, nunlike garments, while a small muslin cap covered her head, and left visible a narrow band of gray hair. Though she had never been handsome, still hers was an uncommon face; the aquiline nose and dark, thick brows gave her a commanding expression, which was increased by the cold, clear glance of her eyes. She held an exceptional position in the modest little town of Penvan. Since her marriage (thirty years previous) she had constantly dwelt there, and in the beginning mixed freely in society; but soon various trials came upon her. Her husband, weary of inaction, and perhaps stimulated by a certain contemptuous bearing in his wife, embarked in industrial speculations, and in a short time spent all his own fortune. Mrs. Auvrard forced him to stop, put his affairs in order, and thenceforth her influence predominated completely.

If she suffered cruelly at the thought of being united to so weak though good-natured a man, he felt her imperious domination scarcely less bitterly. She might be generous, but she was totally devoid of tenderness, and judged that she was a model wife because she paid her husband's debts, kept her house in order, and was a careful mother to his little son. She never suspected that her haughty, arrogant manner or indifference could make her husband suffer. He died young, without any wish to live longer, in the firm conviction that he left his son in good hands. The thought that his wife loved the boy, and would train him up to be an estimable member of society, filled him with such thankfulness that he departed in peace, leaving her his grateful blessing. She mourned him sincerely, but her grief would not have withdrawn her from all society had not the almost ruined state of her affairs made it imperative: she was very proud, and could not bear the thought of coming down in the world.

Another subject of annoyance to her was her brother's marriage with a foreigner,

after which, although laying the blame most unjustly on her sister-in-law, she broke off all communication with him. Her slender income forced her to remain in the little country town which had seen her wealthy and honored; but she withdrew from all social intercourse, and to the younger generation she appeared a mysterious and rather ridiculous old woman. The task of her life was her stepson's education; her passionate love for him was strange in one of her reserved nature, and quite out of keeping with her character; but it was founded on a singular accordance of ideas and inclinations. From his childhood the boy displayed unusual talent; his will was inflexible, but he sympathized completely with his stepmother; their very faults, which were so much alike, far from repelling, seemed to mutually attract each other. She never gave words to her affection, but he perfectly understood it, and, as he early perceived he owed her everything, he devoted himself to her with a disinterestedness which repaid her for all her sacrifices.

Mark had always been an odd child, caring more for justice than attention, more for order than for freedom. From their earliest meeting he had adopted the opinions of his stepmother; she formed his ideal of a woman, and he never rebelled against the subjection in which she held him. While developing his practical qualities, she had kept his imagination completely dormant, and he never longed for different life than the monotonous, dreary one to which she had formed him. When he finished his college career, by her advice he studied for the bar, and devoted himself wholly to his profession, although he prided himself on being destitute of ambition. The truth was, he had grown into a complete misanthrope, thinking nothing could equal his mother's well-ordered, retired household. He settled down near Penvan, and soon had a large practice. All his leisure time was spent with his stepmother, and their usual occupation consisted in censuring the faults of mankind in general, and young girls in particular.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

To My Guardian Angel.

BY R. A. C.

SHALL I not kneel to bless
Thy love's untold excess,
Angel of many cares?—to whom is given
Direction long and sweet
Over my errant feet,
By the all-bounteous mind of watchful Heaven.

Oh! thou hast loved me well,
More than this heart can tell,
Standing beside me in the evil hour;
And many a thought of thine
Hast thou infused in mine,
Till I grew quickened in the blended power.

Still let thy potent arm
Shield me from guilt and harm;
Show, too, the siren, sin, in devious way:—
Strengthless I am indeed,
Yet let the bruised reed
Repose its frailty on its guardian-stay.

The Holy Rosary the Queen of Devotions.

BY THE REV. A. A. LAMBING, LL. D.

XIV.—JESUS IN THE MOST BLESSED SACRAMENT.

IF there be one devotion more than another that is ever present to the minds of Christians, as a body and as individuals, it is that to the Adorable Sacrament of the Altar. It is the all-absorbing devotion of the Church—the sun that makes every congregation so many little firmaments in which it diffuses its rays, enlightening, fructifying, strengthening and consoling the children of God. Jesus Christ in this Sacrament is employed as He was during His sojourn upon earth—in going around doing good. Enter a church where the Blessed Sacrament is not retained, and it will require an effort to realize that it is the house of God; open the portals of one where His sacramental presence dwells, and the soul is an-

imated with the sentiment of holy David, and cries out in transports of joy: "I rejoiced at those things that were said to me; we shall go into the house of the Lord." Though his devotion to this sacred Treasure be ever so strong and tender, the Christian will find it difficult to realize how entirely he leans upon the arm of his Beloved in this holy Sacrament. But let him be so placed by circumstances that he can not receive It, and immediately he begins to feel his loss; let death threaten him without It, and he is inconsolable.

The Holy Rosary, by keeping the thought of Jesus in the various scenes of His divine life before the mind, necessarily strengthens devotion to the Most Blessed Sacrament, and makes it more tender. It is the same Jesus in both, but He is here in a greater degree of humiliation; as represented in the Rosary, He was man's servant: here He is man's food. He is surrounded by a few friends, sometimes, alas! as half-hearted as those of old in Judea; with enemies numerous, bold and clamorous; and, for love of man, suffering in passive silence as well the coldness and indifference of the one, as the insults and blasphemies of the other. Who would not pity the good Jesus in the Most Holy Sacrament, and sometimes come with beads in hand into His lonely presence to do Him honor!

It is related of a certain missionary whose duties required him to preach often, that he resolved never to conclude a sermon without speaking something in praise of the Holy Mother of God. After continuing in this resolution for some time, one of his hearers asked him why it was that he never preached without speaking of the Holy Sacrament of the Altar. He had never adverted to the fact, and he expressed his surprise at something so unintentional; from which Father Faber, who relates the incident, deduces an argument, as well he may, in favor of the intimate connection between devotion to the Blessed Eucharist and the Holy Mother of God. Nor is the reason of this difficult to find. Mary gave us Jesus—the same Jesus who again gives Himself to

us in the Treasure of our altars; and as He came to us by Mary, so do we go most directly to Him by Mary. While we follow Him through life and into heaven by devoutly meditating on the mysteries of the Rosary, we can not but remember that He is still with us here on earth in the Most Holy Sacrament of the Altar.

XV.—THE MOST PRECIOUS BLOOD.

Devotion to the Most Precious Blood was one of the first to spring up in the infant Church; not only because the Blood of Christ was the price of man's redemption, but also because the first Christians were converts from Judaism, in whose sacrifices blood played so important a part that without the shedding of it there was no remission of sins. Blood flowed upon the altar of sacrifice in the Temple every day of the year; yet it was from the shedding of the Blood of Christ that all this was to derive its efficacy. The Precious Blood had, therefore, a retrospective as well as a prospective efficacy—confirming the sacrifices of the past, and constituting that of the future. Hence it is that we find so many references, like the following, in the writings of the Apostles: "If the blood of goats and of oxen, and the ashes of a heifer being sprinkled, sanctify such as are defiled, to the cleansing of the flesh, how much more shall the Blood of Christ, who by the Holy Ghost offered Himself unspotted unto God, cleanse our conscience from dead works, to serve the living God?" "You were not redeemed with corruptible things, as gold or silver, from your vain conversation of the tradition of your fathers; but with the Precious Blood of Christ, as of a lamb unspotted and undefiled."

Nothing could be better calculated to awaken and nourish devotion to the Price of our salvation than the recitation of the Rosary. Every mystery, from the holy infancy to the burial, recalls it. In the case of some other devotions, it requires an effort to see the bearing of the Rosary upon them; not so in the case of the Most Precious Blood: every bead is purpled with it; at

every one we are forced to cry out with St. John: "Jesus Christ hath loved us, and washed us from our sins in His Blood."

XVI.—THE SACRED HEART OF JESUS.

Few devotions have had so sacred an origin as that of the Sacred Heart. Jesus Christ Himself, as is well known, revealed it to Blessed Margaret Mary, and accompanied the revelation with certain remarkable promises in favor of those who should practise it. To this is due the fact that perhaps no devotion has spread so rapidly, and taken so firm a hold among Christians. But though the devotion in its present form is of comparatively recent origin, under another form it is as old as the Church. The heart has always been regarded as the seat of the affections, and hence we are accustomed to speak of persons as kind-hearted, tender-hearted, etc. So it was, and with infinitely greater reason, that people spoke of our divine Saviour in His day.

The sweet expression of His infant countenance, which enchanted all who gazed upon the Babe of Bethlehem, was but the love of His Sacred Heart manifesting itself outwardly. To the same source must be attributed the charms that caused Him as a boy to increase in wisdom and age and grace with God and men. The virtue emanating from the same wellspring formed a feast of mingled love and sorrow for Mary's eyes during the years of seclusion at Nazareth; attracted the throngs that followed Him during His public ministry; attended Him in His sacred Passion; caused the Apostles to gaze after Him in the Ascension; and has been the magnet of souls ever since. The Heart of Jesus is, as it were, the lamp which lit up His sacred humanity during His sojourn upon earth, and that still lights it up at the right hand of the Father on high.

The Holy Rosary in presenting, one after another, points of meditation on the life of Christ upon earth, merely shows us the adorable qualities of the Sacred Heart manifesting themselves by outward actions; and it consequently embraces devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus in its every mystery.

XVII.—THE HOLY FACE.

Those who study the history of the many devotions that have received the approbation of the Church will discover a progressive development, which brings forward at the most fitting time not only the devotion which is best calculated to encourage the pious to greater fervor and awaken the lukewarm from tepidity, but also to arm every Christian against the particular dangers and temptations of the day. In other words, as the spirit of evil varies his mode of attack, so the Spirit of God enlightens His Church and her children to vary their mode of defence.

Among the most recent of these means of defence is devotion to the Holy Face of Our Lord. It is not, however, the holy Face in its glory in heaven, but rather that Face of which Isaias speaks in the person of Christ, when he says: "I have not turned away my face from them that rebuked me, and spit upon me"; and of which holy Job, as a figure of the Man of Sorrows, said: "They abhor me, and flee far from me, and are not afraid to spit in my face." And what devotion more fitting to enkindle our hearts with the love of God than that which presents for our contemplation the Face of the suffering and dying Jesus? As the heart is the seat of the affections, so the countenance is their best external expression. And the miracle of Veronica's napkin has both preserved to us the expression of the Face of Jesus in His direst suffering, and has taught us how pleasing to Him is devotion to it.

Devotion to the Holy Face is a pathetic appeal of the agonizing Saviour to His faithful children to meditate on His sacred Passion,—an appeal which is best enforced by the Sorrowful Mysteries of the Rosary, which introduce Him to us in the garden with His holy Face bedewed with the bloody sweat, and leaves Him in the sepulchre, His Face pallid in death.

Thus we see that the Holy Rosary is a compendium of all the principal devotions to the three Persons of the Adorable Trinity.

XVIII.—MARY.

It appears entirely superfluous to say that the Holy Rosary embraces devotion to the Mother of God: it is the life of Mary illustrated—the wreath with which Her children daily crown Her; it is Mary living in the Church, as Her divine Son lives there in the Blessed Eucharist. No matter with what feelings we recite the Rosary—whether with fervor or lukewarmness, with sensible devotion or with aridity; in joy or in sorrow, in innocence or in repentance, in childhood or in old age,—like a kaleidoscope, it is constantly presenting an ever-varying but ever exquisitely beautiful picture of Her whom all generations shall call blessed. Whatever grace or favor is desired, Mary is seen there as the most willing and the most fitting person to bestow it.

Our Immaculate Mother in this Her favorite devotion holds the key of heaven, to open it to Her children; the key of hell, to close it; the key of purgatory, to liberate Her suffering clients; the key to the Heart of Jesus, to unlock its treasures; the key to the hearts of the good, to infuse additional graces into them, and close them against sin; the key to the sinner's heart, to open it to the grace of repentance. Only one key She has not, and that is the key to Her own sacred Heart, which She has given to Her children in this devotion, that they may open it at pleasure, and, it might almost be said, against Her will—if we could imagine Her unwilling to grant any favor that would be for the spiritual benefit of Her clients. How beautifully, then, does not the Rosary illustrate those words of Sacred Scripture, "And the name of the Virgin was Mary"!

XIX.—MARY THE VIRGIN.

God in times past spoke to our fathers by the prophets, to encourage them and keep alive within them the remembrance of the promises He had made concerning the coming Redeemer, revealing to them from time to time such circumstances as would enable them to see the coming and the mission of the Messiah, as it were, through a glass and dimly. But the Woman who by becoming

His mother was to crush the head of the infernal serpent, and also the Seed of the Woman, were especially kept before their minds by numerous types and figures, so much so that obscured revelations concerning them were to be found even among pagan nations. But it was given to Isaias to declare the virginity of the Mother of the Saviour of the world. Rapt into future times, he exclaimed: "Behold, a Virgin shall conceive and bear a Son, and His name shall be called Emmanuel."

Whether we take this text in the common rendering, which has it "a virgin," or in that of Kenrick, Allioli, and a few others, who would translate "the virgin," it matters little for our present purpose; for Mary was both *a* virgin and *the* virgin foretold by the prophet. Both the Scripture and reason, based upon the dignity of Her who was to be the Mother of Jesus Christ, declare that She should be a virgin; and St. Luke informs us that "the Angel Gabriel was sent by God to a city of Galilee called Nazareth, to a Virgin." And the response of Mary to the heavenly messenger proves this prerogative, and also that She esteemed it so highly that She would not forego it even to become the mother of the Son of God. How important this point is may be learned from the custom of the Church, which throughout her entire liturgy always, as a rule, joins the phrase "ever virgin" with the name of Mary wherever it is mentioned.

The frequent repetition of the words of the Archangel in the Holy Rosary shows it to be one of the best means of cultivating and strengthening devotion to the great mystery of Mary's virginity before, at, and after the birth of Her divine Son; and enables us to honor Her most fittingly as such.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THERE are in this world beings who are not of this world. The public judges them to be haughty, eccentric insane. Ah! if the public could see them feel, think, suffer! Then it would account them as more of men than other men.—*Abbé Roux.*

Reminiscences of the Abbé Liszt.*

I am not like any one whom I have known—in fact, I can almost say I am unlike all the rest of mankind; not that I am better than they are, only I am different from them.—*J. J. Rousseau.*

TO attempt a history of the musical career of Liszt would be, on the one hand, to weary the reader with tiresome repetitions, and on the other to face the disagreeable task of correcting the innumerable mistakes and misconceptions of which the Abbé Liszt has been the subject. Rather, therefore, will I give a sketch of the man himself—the lion of salons, the spoilt darling of fine ladies, and above all the *enfant terrible*—as I knew him during the time of my intimate acquaintance with him in Rome, at the period of his somewhat romantic but sincere desire to take Holy Orders. During these six years I lived with him in the threefold capacity of private secretary, master in Italian and Latin, and pupil in music.

When Liszt was living at Santa Francesca Romana, at the foot of Mount Palatine (the summit of which was my own birth-place and my abode for twenty years), I was fortunate enough to spend some part of every day with him, and in the evenings, when he had not engagements elsewhere, I used to instruct and be instructed by him. I taught him Latin, so that he might say the Breviary. Before long, however, this occupation was the means of teaching me a useful lesson—one which was perhaps more profitable to me than the musical knowledge I acquired. I found that, as far as my pupil was concerned, I was merely wasting my time and my pains. Never could I have thought it possible that a man who had so remarkable a talent for arranging notes, could be so totally wanting in the power needed for connecting ideas.

The Abbé was *très-spirituel*, but he was utterly incapable of serious reflection, or indeed of applying his mind to the same subject for ten minutes at a time; and this

is why the great master never could learn the elements of rhetoric, or Latin enough to say the Breviary. He undoubtedly possessed more genius than discretion; and as for common-sense, there was not a single grain of it in his entire composition. Over and over again, after he had fairly taken my breath away by something he said or did, I used to say to myself that I knew that everyone is apt to commit some folly once or twice in his life, as one must be exposed to take a contagious complaint, but what would it be if one were continually in danger of infection! Yet I have frequently known the talented Abbé to make blunders which an ordinary artisan would have had the sense to avoid,—one of those very artisans whose ears and perceptions Liszt regarded as so obtuse, since they failed to appreciate the beauty of his music, or that of the celebrated Wagner.

Liszt was guilty of a great many follies, and they have been the more commented on because they were, latterly at least, committed, so to speak, in the shadow of the sanctuary. In none of these follies, however, had he an eye to his own interest: he was never found trying to curry favor in the antechambers of the great, nor did he ever echo the utterances of those liberal clerics who are perpetually talking about liberty, fraternity, and equality.

The misfortunes of Liszt may be fitly epitomized in the familiar proverb, *Chassez le naturel, il revient au galop*. One fine day the marvellous pianist was seized by the unlucky fancy of trying to dress up in the cassock of a cleric; but he returned to his former self the next day, and continued to thrive and flourish, notwithstanding that he showed himself always, up to within a few days of his death, a most eccentric and abnormal creature. No great change in a man's inner nature can be brought about by the use of rose-water, and Liszt can never be excused for the light and trifling spirit with which he entered upon the most solemn and sacred of all careers. What a pity that he did not allow himself a few days for deliberation before taking so important

* Adapted from *The Month*.

a step! But reflection and deliberation were not at all in his line, so all at once he became an abbé, anxious to pose before the world no longer as a great pianist, but as a person of high ecclesiastical dignity and importance; in fact, one of those on whom a cardinal's hat might very suitably be conferred.*

The day after this transformation, accomplished at railroad speed, our illustrious friend took upon himself to publish it not only to Rome but to all Europe, by sending out thousands of visiting-cards in every direction, bearing the inscription, "*L'Abbé Liszt, au Vatican.*" One of these cards found its way to the famous statue on the bridge over the Tiber, and the next day Roman wit turned poor Liszt into ridicule by a picture of a bevy of young ladies, devoted to music and inspired with an intense admiration for the great musician, who hurry with dishevelled locks to leave their cards in incredulous astonishment on the new aspirant to ecclesiastical dignity.

From the first, even as a pianist, Liszt had not found much favor with Pope Pius IX., because of the unconventional and erratic style of the music he executed, and which he had the presumption to try to introduce in the Sistine Chapel, in the place of those grand Masses and *Misereres* by Palestrina, Stradella, Bainsi and others, to which it owes its world wide reputation. On that grand countenance, with its crown of disorderly locks, Pius IX. would fain have discovered such signs of the divine *afflatus* as were discernible on the serene features of a Mozart and a Beethoven; alas! our hero, as he more than once told me, reminded him of no one but poor Camillo Querno amusing Leo X.; and in happy imitation of that Pontiff, who gave Querno the *sobriquet* of "arch-poet," Pius IX. surnamed Liszt the "arch-pianist."

The last time I saw Pius IX. was in 1871, on my return from the siege of Paris, during the days of the Commune; I was the

* It must be remembered that Liszt, whilst bearing the title of abbé, never received more than Minor Orders, and therefore was not bound by any permanent obligation to a clerical career.

bearer of a letter from Deguerry (the Curé of the Madeleine), wherein he gave in his full submission and adhesion to the Papal Infallibility. After taking the letter from my hands, the Pope asked me a great number of questions about Paris—how I had liked the horses and animals out of the zoölogical gardens, which had been slaughtered for our table before we were reduced to eating cats and dogs and rats, winding up his long and interesting conversation with the inquiry, "And did you see your friend the Abbé Liszt again? How did you manage to exist in the camp without bread and without the "arch-pianist?"

Not long after our Abbé had donned the cassock in the Vatican, the expediency of taking up his quarters elsewhere was suggested to him, and he accordingly removed to the Dominican monastery on Monte Mario; for he still desired to live under the shadow of the sanctuary. But the good monks, accustomed to seclusion and study, soon discovered that they must decline the honor of entertaining this gifted guest, since his presence amongst them entirely destroyed the quiet of their monastery. The incessant coming and going of visitors of every rank and class—priests and laymen, politicians and princesses,—introducing the atmosphere of the busy world within the precincts of the tranquil cloister, threatened to dispel the peace of mind, as it disturbed the devotions, of the good monks. Consequently Liszt received an intimation, couched in the most polite terms, from the Dominicans that they could no longer keep him under their roof. He then came, as I have already said, to live at Santa Francesca Romana, where he remained for several years, and where a separate suite of rooms, which had long been unused, was placed at his disposal.

Liszt never could understand the strange complications in which our poor humanity is involved in society; he was essentially a child of nature, and in the world of nature his instincts never misled him. Many a time have I heard him give utterance to opinions and feelings marked by the great-

est prudence and the soundest good sense; but this natural tact utterly failed him in contact with the artificial surroundings of society. In this respect he resembled a butterfly. Nature has bestowed upon that fair but frail insect the instinct to avoid the poisonous flower in whose fatal sweetness it would find the death which it presently courts by fluttering round a lighted lamp. And why is this? Because artificial light was not invented until long after the eternal laws of nature were established.

How often have I felt in the society of Liszt a pleasure which I have never experienced except when talking with children! In our long walks on Mount Palatine, he used to lean caressingly on my arm, and the gentle pressure seemed to render my steps more light, just as the child whose little arms are clasped round your neck is not felt to be a burden, but rather helps to carry your thoughts to Heaven, far away from care and sorrow, from the disappointments and failures that bestrew our path in life. The simplicity of Liszt had the same effect on me. Assuredly the heart that beat in Liszt's breast answered ill to the definition given by Bichat: *Le cœur est un muscle creux*. It was his insatiable longing for the ideal that made the realities of life so repugnant to him, and led him to acquire the habit of looking at everything through a crystal lens, or as reflected in a magic mirror.

My mother, who was living with me at Santa Francesca, was very fond of Liszt, because she believed him to have entered upon his ecclesiastical career through the broad portals of a vocation, instead of by the backdoor of a whimsical caprice. Liszt used very often to come and see her, and they frequently heard Mass together in St. Sebastian's Chapel, on the spot where the Saint was pierced with arrows by order of Diocletian. After Mass the *mäestro* would do us the honor of breakfasting with us, then he sometimes played duets with me, but we all preferred that he should play a solo. He would never play any but classical music, and had a horror of Offenbach. One

day when he came to our house I happened to be playing Offenbach's "*Orphée aux enfers*." He paused an instant outside the door, then entered, exclaiming, "*Bravo, bravissimo!*" Bowing low both to the music and the musician, "Whatever are you playing?" he demanded. I felt like a school-boy caught *in flagrante delicto*, and immediately handed him the notes I had on the music-stand before me. Then this king of pianists began attentively to examine a style of music which was unknown to him even by name, and he kept his eyes on it for a considerable time, uttering meanwhile various exclamations of astonishment. He next turned the sheets upside-down and began to read the music backwards. Accustomed as I was to see him do far stranger things during one of his absent fits, I gently endeavored to hint that he was making a mistake. "No, no," he replied, "I am not making a mistake; I am annoyed to find that I can not understand this music when I read it in the ordinary manner, and so I am trying to read it upside-down, in the hope of comprehending it at last." He then closed the book, and placed it, not where it was before, but on the floor in a corner of the room, giving me at the same time an expressive glance of intense disapproval.

He often brought some of his numerous friends to my house, in order to show them the ruins of the Palace of the Cæsars. One morning he made his appearance, accompanied by an English Protestant minister. I really can not say to what sect he belonged, for Protestant sects may be counted by the hundred; but he certainly gloried in the term "Protestant," which he considered the equivalent of "enlightened"; and he consequently adopted a tone of superiority when addressing Catholics, whom he regarded as his inferiors. Liszt invited him to hear Mass with us. Afterwards, when seated at the breakfast-table, he assumed his favorite tone of superiority. "Is it possible," he inquired, addressing Liszt, "that you, a man of such intelligence, a genius in fact, can actually believe in the Mass? And you, madam" (turning to my mother),

"can you believe that Our Lord is really present in the Host—that God Himself comes down to earth?" Repressing a natural movement of indignation, my mother answered: "How can I doubt, sir, that God comes down to earth at the word of the priest, since I know how often He vouchsafes to make His dwelling even in my heart?" This answer silenced the "enlightened" individual; I felt proud of my mother, and Liszt, ever ready to pay homage to virtue, gave proof of his admiration by respectfully raising her hand to his lips.

Liszt was never known to lose his self-possession even in the presence of the greatest potentates. When the late Emperor of Russia invited him to play before the court of St. Petersburg, the former, entered into conversation with a courtier during the performance. Liszt broke off abruptly, and folded his arms across his chest. The Emperor noticing this defiant gesture, asked him with evident annoyance why he had left off playing so suddenly. "Because all must be silent, sire, when the Emperor speaks," was the great pianist's reply.

(CONCLUSION IN OUR NEXT NUMBER.)

Ingratitude towards the Blessed Virgin.

THE reputation M. Henri Rochefort has acquired as an irreligious writer of the Parisian press is too well known to make it necessary to recall the blasphemous outrages he has daily committed, for the last twenty years, in the columns of *La Lanterne* and *L'Intransigeant*. His talent, which is undeniable, is unhappily expended in the cause of unbelief; but a circumstance, which occurred not very long ago, reveals his character in a still more disadvantageous light—that of an ingrate.

Shortly after the exhibition in Vienna of the scandalous picture of Veraschagine, M. Rochefort wrote an article attacking the virginity of Our Blessed Lady. His infamous aspersions created general disgust, and a distinguished publicist, Paul de Cassagnac,

whose pen is always at the service of religion and of every noble cause, incensed at what he called a base act of cowardice, took occasion to relate the following anecdote:

A duel between the two journalists had been decided upon for some political difference. On the 1st of January, 1868, the two adversaries stood knee-deep in the snow, at a distance of twenty paces. Rochefort fired first, and missed aim. Paul de Cassagnac then pointed his pistol, and Rochefort fell; he had been struck near the hip. The seconds hurried round him, thinking he was killed, or at least seriously wounded. To their great surprise he was uninjured, and had only received a violent shock. On searching in his clothes for the bullet, the surgeon found it had been stopped by something. They ripped a seam, and discovered a medal of the Blessed Virgin which a pious hand had concealed there as a safeguard.

This instance of miraculous protection, which he so little deserved, ought to have made Rochefort reflect and change his sinful course. But it failed to do so, and he has so completely lost the memory of it that he now insults his Benefactress. His opponent, on the other hand, was deeply impressed by the occurrence, and on the eve of his marriage, six years or more ago, he publicly announced that henceforth he would give up duelling, as a practice condemned by the Church.

The Propagation of the Faith.

FEW good works are more commendable in themselves, or have been more earnestly recommended to the faithful by the Vicars of Christ, than the Propagation of the Faith. Attention has often been called to it both by ecclesiastics and the Catholic press, but we regret to say that the Association is still not known as it should be in this country, or surely it would be more generously supported. American Catholics ought to be among its most zealous members. The alms of the Association were liberally contributed for the support of our early mis-

sions, and the poorer dioceses of the United States still share in its bounty.

The institution was founded at Lyons in 1823, and for more than half a century has been the mainstay of Catholic missions in pagan lands. It obtained the approbation, praise, and encouragement of Pius VII. on the 15th of March of the same year, and subsequently the highest recommendation from Leo XII., Pius VIII., Gregory XVI., and Pius IX.; it has also been blessed and encouraged by Leo XIII. Its object is the extension of the Church, the enlightenment of those "that sit in darkness and in the shadow of death"; the deliverance of barbarians and infidels, who were redeemed by the Precious Blood of Jesus Christ, from the condition of beasts that perish; the restoration to the true faith of heretics who "have erred from the faith, and have entangled themselves in many sorrows"; and the instruction and spiritual refreshment of millions of Catholics who, for want of priests, receive no religious instruction, and are deprived of the helps of the Sacraments. Furthermore, the Work of the Propagation of the Faith tends to the fulfilment of Our Lord's prediction, that before His second coming "the Gospel of the Kingdom shall be preached in the whole world."

The co operation of the members of the Association consists in daily prayers and in the contribution of only one cent a week towards the support of apostolic laborers in pagan lands. The prayers prescribed are the "Our Father" and the "Hail Mary," with the invocation, "St. Francis Xavier, pray for us." Could the requirements for membership be more simple or easy of fulfilment? The Association is organized in bands of ten, one member of each band collecting the alms, and passing them to the head of ten bands, or to their parish priest or bishop, for transmission to the General Director of the Work at Lyons.

In order to encourage the faithful to join this noble Association, the Sovereign Pontiffs have granted a Plenary Indulgence, on the usual conditions of confession and Communion, with fervent prayer for the

extension of the Church and for the intentions of the Pope, on the Feasts of the Finding of the Holy Cross and of St. Francis Xavier, the patron of the Association, as well as on one day of each month at choice; with the condition also of visiting the parochial church, and there praying as above. Moreover, there is an indulgence of one hundred days for each devout recitation of the prescribed prayers, or a donation made to the Foreign Missions.

Who would neglect to participate in so great a good, to support so noble a work? The zeal of sectaries in disseminating their errors in heathen lands ought to make many Catholics blush for shame. 'Doth the charity of God abide in us?' We hope that all our readers will become generous supporters of the Work of the Propagation of the Faith and pray fervently for its spread in the United States.

Catholic Notes.

It was hardly to be expected that the prominence so fittingly given to his Eminence Cardinal Gibbons at the late centennial commemoration of the adoption of the Constitution should pass without exciting the rancor of the Protestant press. However true it may be that among the non-Catholics of our country there generally prevails a spirit of respect and deference towards the Catholic in the exercise of his religion, yet bigotry is far from being removed, and it would seem, with few exceptions, to be concentrated in Protestant periodicals. Accordingly we find the *Presbyterian Journal*, of Philadelphia, bitterly denouncing the invitation to Cardinal Gibbons as an attempt to "sell out and humiliate a Protestant city and a Protestant nation." This utterance is rebuked by a Protestant journal not wholly blinded by bigotry, which observes that "our Government is not a Protestant government, nor is our Constitution a Protestant constitution, any more than they are Catholic. Catholics are as much citizens as Protestants, and the acceptance of Cardinal Gibbons ought not be made the occasion of hostile criticism."

An interesting tribute from a distinguished poet to a great priest is contained in the ré-

ply of Whittier to an invitation given him to attend the celebration, at Salem, Mass., of the birth of Father Matthew. Mr. Whittier wrote:

"I regret that it is not possible for me to be present at the dedication of the monument to Father Matthew, of blessed memory. The whole world, Catholic and Protestant, can do honor to such a man. Would that his mantle might fall on other apostles of temperance, and the world be delivered from one of the greatest curses that ever afflicted it!"

A recent issue of the *Catholic News* contains an account of an oil-painting of Our Lady of Good Counsel, which was presented, under somewhat remarkable circumstances, to the Rev. J. B. Boulet, of Tulalip, W. T., who is in charge of the Catholic Indian missions of Puget Sound and the vicinity. It appears that Father Boulet, having been attacked last summer with a malady which was supposed to be incurable, was advised by the donors of the painting to promise that, in the event of his being cured, he would dedicate one of his newly-built Indian chapels to Our Lady of Good Counsel: the friends undertaking to supply an appropriate picture wherewith to adorn the chapel. The promise was made; the good missionary was cured, and now a splendid painting of Our Lady of Good Counsel may be seen in the chapel of Her name, which was built about a year ago by the combined efforts of the Indians of the locality and their charitable Eastern friends.

The question what our Catholic masses read is one which does not attract sufficient attention, and the importance of which is not fully realized. The writer of a very sensible letter to the *Catholic Review* points out that many devout and exemplary Catholics, through want of direction and assistance, read themselves or suffer their children to read books for which the term "pernicious" is not too strong an epithet. Books like Ouida's novels—books which may do a great deal of harm almost insensibly to the readers—are to be found on the tables of many Catholics, who are entirely ignorant of their real character. We altogether endorse the suggestion made by the writer in the *Catholic Review*, that the best remedy for this state of things is for every parish to have a first-class library with a judicious selection

of books, especially of story-books and unexceptionable novels.

Not long ago an able scientist was met by a priest in a train near Manchester, England. He was a man learned in his department, clear in its exposition most interesting in conversation, but avowing himself an agnostic. When they parted the priest shook hands with him, and said: "It would give me great satisfaction if I could think you would pray at least the prayer of the dying soldier on the battle-field—'O God! if there be a God, save my soul, if I have a soul.'" The answer was this: "How can you expect me to address such a prayer, when I know not whether there is a being to whom to address it?" Now, have we not every reason to fear that in this case there was a real turning away from the truth offered? He had no care to pray, because, perhaps, he had no care to ascertain whether there was a divine object of prayer. Was this pursuing the path of a real philosopher? Take the contrary case. A missionary priest penetrated into a distant region of North America, where, probably, the foot of the white man had never trodden before. He met a savage in the extreme of old age, and asked: "Do you ever pray to the Great Spirit?" The answer was: "For long years I have prayed every day that if there be a Great Spirit above me, He would vouchsafe to teach me Himself." "Your prayer is answered," said the priest, who began thereupon to instruct the savage in the faith. His words were received as a thirsty man drinks in water. The savage made his act of faith, was baptized, and died an hour afterwards. Contrast these two—the willing and the unwilling, the accepting and the rejecting, the yearning and the self-satisfied,—and say which is the truest philosopher.

What the Indian can do if he is only given a show was well exemplified by the account given in the *Spokane Review* of the meeting of Seltice, the Cœur d'Alene chief, with President Cleveland. The President was informed of the advance in civilization among the Cœur d'Alene tribe, and his attention was drawn to the fact that they have never cost the Government one cent of expense for their support. In testimony of his recognition of these facts, the President presented the chief with a large silver medal. It is scarcely necessary to say,

adds the *Spokane Review*, that the instructors of the Cœur d'Alenes are the Jesuit Fathers.

His Eminence Cardinal Manning, in a letter recently addressed to the Bishop of Ross, pays the following memorable tribute to the character of the Irish people:

"... I am always saying that the Irish are the most profoundly Christian people in the world. No other is so peaceable, so forgiving, or, when they can be, so grateful; and these are high and rare Christian graces. The reaction in England towards Ireland is on every side, and the confidence shown by Ireland towards the English people is hastening on the day of justice. I am in my eightieth year, but I hope to live to see it."

Speaking of Sir Charles Young, of whose conversion and death we made mention in a recent issue, the *Atlas* remarks that he was a man of deeply religious views long before he took the step of joining the Church, some six months before his death. He was for many years secretary of the famous High Church Organization known as the English Church Union, several of whose officials and prominent members had "gone over" before him; his favorite study was controversial theology, of which he owned a remarkably fine library.

The election of a priest to the position of principal of one of the public schools in Pittsburg has caused no little sensation in that city, as it is the first time on record that a Catholic priest has been called upon to fill such an office. Father McTighe's reason for seeking the post is an excellent one—viz., that in the ward to which the school belongs there are over four hundred Catholic children, and not above thirty or forty of any other denomination. The priest claims, and rightly, that as Catholic people pay most of the school taxes in the ward, they should have some of the benefits.

In a well-written article in the *New York Independent*, from the pen of a Protestant minister there are some striking facts pointed out with respect to the religious reaction which is now taking place in Mexico, and it is conclusively shown that this reaction is in favor of the religion which the writer calls "Roman Catholicism." New churches are being constructed and old ones repaired; Catholic schools are being established on an extensive

scale, and there is a great increase in the pilgrimages to sacred shrines. Last and most important of all, there is being manifested everywhere an increasing devotion to the Blessed Virgin under the title of Our Lady of Guadalupe; nearly a million dollars have been raised with which to provide a worthy crown for Her image. Surely She who uproots all heresies will not fail to bless these marks of honor.

Obituary.

"It is a holy and wholesome thought to pray for the dead."

— 2 MACH., xii., 46.

The following persons, lately deceased, are commended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

The Rev. J. P. Madden, D.D., who departed this life at St. Meinrad's Abbey, Ind., on the 2d inst. Dr. Madden was widely known in Canada, where he labored for many years as a missionary; and in the United States as an able professor of philosophy and theology.

The Rev. Bonaventure Meier, who died on the 26th ult., at St. Mary's Hospital, Evansville, Ind., after a lingering and painful illness.

Sister Mary Joseph (Miss Eliza Phelan), who was called to the reward of her devoted life some months ago at St. Joseph's Academy, Philadelphia. She had been a religious nearly thirty years.

Miss Annie F. Browne, a zealous friend of THE "AVE MARIA" in Elizabeth, N. J., whose happy death occurred on the 30th of August.

Mr. Patrick Kane, who breathed his last at Charlotte, Iowa, on the 24th ult. He bore a long and painful illness with admirable patience, edifying all who visited him.

James A. Lynch, of Pittsburg, who passed away on the 14th of September, fortified by the last Sacraments.

John R., eldest son of Mrs. C. E. Agnew, of Marengo, Iowa, who rendered his soul to God on the 23d ult., during a visit to New York.

Mr. William H. Doyle, a most devoted servant of the Blessed Virgin, whose precious death took place in Shanghai. For many years he was accustomed to receive Holy Communion every week, and never failed to recite the Rosary daily. Mr. Doyle was one of the first subscribers to THE "AVE MARIA" in China, and remained one of its warmest friends.

Neil Dougherty and John Bonnes, of Chester, Pa.; Mrs. Joseph Creighton, Omaha; Mrs. Isabella O'Reilly, San Francisco; Patrick Cosgrove, Elwyn, Pa.; Mrs. Mary Lucey and Miss Ellen Lucey, Malden, Mass.; Margaret O'Connor, Albany, N. Y.; and Patrick Murray, Melleray, Iowa.

May they rest in peace!



Angel Friends.

OUR guardian angels! patient, kind,
 And full of tender love and true,—
 A wiser and more earnest love
 Than human being ever knew;
 To whom God giveth heavenly light
 To guide our faltering steps aright.

In darkest night, in loneliest path,
 In wildest storm we need not fear;
 For God hath given His angels charge,
 Where'er we are, to hover near;
 And faintest word of humblest prayer
 They hear, and unto heaven bear.

Our angel friends! on wide, swift wings
 God sends them to us from above,
 Each bearing to our wistful hearts
 New revelations of His love;
 For all their love of us is still
 But glad obedience to His will.

From the Apennines to the Andes.

(CONTINUED.)

On arriving at the entrance of the first street, Marco stopped a man, and begged him to show him what direction he should take in order to reach the street *del los Artes*. The passer-by chanced to be an Italian working-man. He surveyed the lad with curiosity, and inquired if he knew how to read. Marco nodded, "Yes." "Well, then," said the other, pointing to the street from which he had just emerged, "keep straight on through there, reading the names of all the streets on the corners; you will end by finding the one you want." The boy thanked him, and turned into the street which opened before him.

It was a straight though very narrow street, bordered by low white houses, and crowded with people, with carriages, with

carts which made a deafening noise; here and there floated enormous banners of various hues, with announcements of the departure of steamers for strange cities inscribed upon them in large letters. At every little distance along the street, on the right and left, Marco perceived two other streets which ran straight on as far as he could see, also bordered by low white houses, filled with people and vehicles, and bounded at their extremity by the level line of the measureless plains of America, like the horizon at sea.

The city seemed without limit to him; he fancied that he might wander for weeks, seeing other streets like these on one hand and on the other, and that all America must be covered with them. He looked attentively at the names of the streets—strange names which cost him an effort to read. At every fresh street he felt his heart beat at the thought that it might be the one he was in search of. He stared at all the women he met, thinking of his mother. And, accelerating his pace, he walked on and on.

Arriving at the cross-street, he read and stood as though rooted to the sidewalk. It was the street *del los Artes*. He turned into it, and saw the number 117; his cousin's shop was No. 175. He quickened his pace, and almost ran; at No. 171 he had to pause to regain his breath. And he said to himself: "O my mother! my mother! Is it really true that I shall see you in another moment?" He ran on, and arrived at a little haberdasher's shop. This was it. He stepped up close to it, and saw a woman with gray hair and spectacles.

"What do you want, boy?" she asked in Spanish.

"Is this the shop of Francesco Merelli?" said the little wanderer, making an effort to speak.

"Francesco Merelli is dead," replied the woman, this time in Italian.

The boy felt as though he had received a blow.

"When did he die?" he asked.

"Quite a while ago—months ago. His

affairs were in a bad state, and he ran away. They say he went to Bahia Blanca—very far from here,—and died just after arriving there. The shop is mine now.”

The boy turned pale. Then he said, quickly: “Merelli knew my mother,—my mother who was at service with Signor Mequinez. He alone could tell me where she is. I have come to America to find my mother. Merelli used to send her our letters. I must find my mother.”

“Poor child!” sighed the woman; “I don’t know. I can ask the boy in the courtyard. He knew the young man who did Merelli’s errands, and may be able to tell us something.”

She went to the end of the shop and called the lad, who came instantly. “Tell me,” she said, “do you remember whether Merelli’s young man went occasionally to carry letters to a woman in service in the country?”

“Yes, signora, sometimes he did,—at the end of the street *del los Artes*,” replied the lad.

“Ah, thanks, signora!” cried Marco. “Tell me the number, please, if you know it. Send some one with me; come with me” (turning to the boy); “I have still a few soldi.”

And he said this with so much warmth that, without waiting for the woman’s consent, the boy replied, “Come,” and at once set out at a rapid pace.

They proceeded almost at a run, without uttering a word, to the end of the extremely long street, made their way into the entrance of a little white house, and halted in front of a handsome iron gate, through which they could see a small yard, filled with vases of flowers. Marco pulled the bell-rope, and a young lady made her appearance.

“Does the Mequinez family live here?” demanded the lad, anxiously.

“They did live here some time ago,” replied the young lady, pronouncing her Italian in Spanish fashion; “but now we—the Zeballos—are in possession of the place.”

“And whither have the others gone?” asked Marco, his heart palpitating.

“They have gone to Cordova.”

“Cordova!” cried the boy. “Where is Cordova? And the person whom they had in their service—the woman—my mother? Their servant was my mother. Have they taken my mother away, too?”

The young lady looked at him and said: “I do not know. Perhaps my father can tell you. Wait a moment, please.”

She ran away, and soon returned with her father—a tall gentleman, with gray beard. He looked intently for a minute at this sympathetic type of a little Genoese sailor, with his golden hair and his aquiline nose, and asked him in broken Italian if his mother was a Genoese. Marco replied that she was.

“Well, the Genoese maid went with them; that I know for certain.”

The boy gave a sigh, then said with resignation: “I will go to Cordova.”

“Ah, poor child!” exclaimed the gentleman, “Cordova is hundreds of miles from here.”

Marco turned as white as a corpse, and clung with one hand to the railings.

“Let us see,” said the gentleman, moved to pity, and opening the door; “come inside a moment, and I’ll see if anything can be done for you.”

He sat down, gave the boy a seat beside him, and made him tell his story. He listened very attentively, meditated a while, then asked: “Have you any money?”

“I still have some—a little,” answered Marco.

The gentleman went to a desk, wrote a letter, sealed it, and handed it to the boy, saying, “Listen, my child. Take this letter to Boca—a little city, half Genoese, that lies two hours’ journey from here. Any one will be able to show you the road. When you arrive there, inquire for the gentleman to whom this letter is addressed, and give it to him. He will send you off to the town of Rosario to-morrow, and will recommend you to a person there, who will find a way of enabling you to pursue your journey to

Cordova, where you will find the Mequinez family and your mother. Take this also," and he placed in his hand a few lire. "Go, and keep up your courage; you will find fellow-countrymen of yours in every direction, and you will not be deserted. *Adios!*"

The boy said, "Thanks," without finding any other word to express himself, and, having taken leave of his little guide, he set out slowly in the direction of Boca.

Everything that happened to him from that moment until the evening of the same day lingered ever afterwards in his memory in a confused and uncertain form, like the wild vagaries of a person in a fever, so weary was he, and so despondent. And at dusk on the following day, after having slept over night in a poor little chamber in a house in Boca, beside a harbor porter; after having passed nearly the whole of that day seated on a pile of beams, and, as in delirium, in sight of thousands of ships, he found himself on the poop of a large sailing-vessel bound for the town of Rosario, which was managed by three robust Genoese. Their voices and the dialect which they spoke brought comfort to Marco's heart once more.

They set out, and the voyage lasted three days and four nights, and was a continual amazement to the little traveller. Three days and four nights on the wonderful River Paraná, in comparison with which the Po is but a rivulet! They advanced slowly, threading their way among islands once the haunts of serpents and tigers, covered with orange-trees and willows; now they passed through narrow canals, from which it seemed as though they could never issue forth; then they sailed out on expanses of water having the aspect of great, tranquil lakes; again among islands, and through the channels of an archipelago. A profound silence reigned. For long stretches the shores and vast, solitary waters produced the impression of an unknown stream, upon which this poor little sail was the first in all the world to venture. The farther they advanced, the more this monstrous river dismayed Marco. He imagined that his

mother was at its source, and that their navigation must last for years.

Twice a day he ate a little bread and salt meat with the boatmen, who, perceiving that he was sad, never addressed a word to him. At night he slept on deck, and woke every little while with a start, astounded by the limpid light of the moon, which silvered the immense expanse of water and the distant shores; and then his heart sank within him. "Cordova! Cordova!" he repeated, as if it were the name of one of those mysterious cities of which he had heard in fables. But then he thought, "My mother passed this spot; she saw these islands, these shores"; and then these places upon which the glance of his dear mother had fallen no longer seemed strange and solitary to him. At night one of the boatmen sang. The voice reminded him of his mother's songs, when she had lulled him to sleep as a little child. On the last night, when he heard that song, he sobbed. The boatman exclaimed: "Courage, courage, my son! What! a Genoese crying because he is far from home!"

At these words the boy braced himself up; he had heard the voice of the Genoese blood, and he raised his head aloft with pride, dashing his fist down on the rudder. "Well, yes," he said to himself; "and if I should be obliged to travel for years and years to come, all over the world, and to traverse hundreds of miles on foot, I will go on until I find my mother, were I to arrive in a dying condition, and fall dead at her feet! If only I can see her once again! Courage!" And in this frame of mind he arrived at daybreak, on a cool and rosy morning, in front of the city of Rosario, situated on a high bank of the Paraná, where the beflagged yards of a hundred vessels of every land were mirrored in the wavelets.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

If you would not be forgotten as soon as you are dead, either write things worth reading, or do things worth writing.—*Franklin.*

A Pilgrimage to the Shrines of Our Lady in Austria.

THE MARIAHILFE MADONNA.

“Mother of Sorrows, many a heart
Half broken by despair
Has laid its burden by the Cross,
And found a Mother there.”

It was the 20th of August, the Feast of St. Bernard, and after the eight o'clock Mass at St. Stephen's we turned our faces towards the shrine of Mariahilfe.

From the Stefansplatz through the Kaertner-Strasse, across the Opern-Ring to the Babenberger-Gasse, the way is direct into the Mariahilfe* portion of the imperial city; and, although it is a long walk to the church, the young pilgrims entered upon it joyously. The Mariahilfe-Strasse, which leads to Upper Austria, Salzburg, and Southern Germany, is entered from the Babenberger-Strasse. It is narrow and steep at first, but soon grows wider, and is one of the finest thoroughfares in Vienna. Passing the parish church of St. Joseph, we still go onward to the infantry barracks, the Stifsgasse church, noted for its exquisitely slender spire, and other churches and barracks or military educational establishments, which succeed one another in almost uniform precision; and pause at last on the left, at the old parish church of Mariahilfe, built in 1713, by Prince Esterhazy.

The monument to Joseph Haydn† stands on the square in front of the church; for it was in this portion of the city he lived while writing several of his most celebrated works.

“The memory of good old Papa Haydn, as he was called, is well worth a pilgrimage,” said Roberta, gazing up to the pure, calm face of the master. “I am glad he is represented standing, and looking upward

* A suburb of Vienna, called “Mary's Help.”

† Unveiled May 31, 1887. Haydngasse, a street in Mariahilfe, is named from the great master, who resided here while writing the “Creation” and “The Seasons.”

for that inspiration which surely came from Heaven.”

“And right here, before the door of the church,” observed Hilda,—“the parish church where he heard his own Masses sung! Ah, if only an echo of them, as he heard them, could reach us now!”

It was time for the noonday Mass, but all was silent as we entered the quaint, odd edifice, built in that peculiarly uneven style called *baroque*, exquisitely frescoed, and with towers of singular grace and architectural beauty. The miracle-working picture of Our Lady, to which the daily pilgrimages are made, hangs above the high altar. It is a sweet, motherly face, with folded hands and downcast eyes. No one knows from whence or how it came there; it has no particular story; it has always been loved and revered by the poor, and from them arise the numerous accounts of its miraculous cures in illness, its aid in necessity, its comfort in affliction.

As at St. Stephen's, the space before the picture was crowded with kneeling worshippers. They were all poor people—wives of laborers returning home with empty dinner-cans, or seamstresses with their bundles of work. A few old men and women, crippled with rheumatism or helpless from paralysis, sat praying there in the calm stillness of the old church, dim even at midday with depths of shadow from arch and architrave and heavily mullioned windows, where the stained glass was covered with the dust of years. The prayer of faith from believing hearts brings its own reply, and the lovely face of the Blessed Mother beyond the golden crucifix, dimly outlined above the Presence lamp, was to these faithful ones a visible sign of the sure promises of God. The picture is the chief attraction of the Mariahilfe shrine, and pious suppliants are ever kneeling before it, from early dawn until the evening *Angelus* sounds from the belfry tower, and the chimes ring out at Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, when the doors are closed at nightfall.

We reached the church in time for the

noon Mass.* Young maidens with their governesses, children and their nurses, officers from the neighboring barracks, and a few tourists, made up the congregation.

Kneeling at the chancel railing, Hilda noticed a poor woman close by, vainly attempting to rise from the pavement. Her feet and hands were crippled with rheumatism and age, and the effort she made to manage her crutch, and a small tin pail fastened to her right arm, was pitiful. Instantly the young girl was beside her.

"Let me help you, *mütterchen*," † said the kind young voice, and, with an arm thrown around her, Hilda lifted the poor creature to her feet. "Now shall I lead you to the doorway, or do you remain here?"

"*Ach, liebes kind, Maria hat geholfen!*" ‡ murmured the woman, and, making the Sign of the Cross on the fair forehead of the girl, begged to be led to the almoner's door, where the daily dole of soup and bread is given.

Slowly down the aisle, leaning on Hilda's arm, the cripple went, and together they sought the almoner's door.

"Give me your pail, little mother," said the girl; "and while you sit here at the base of the *Haydn Denkmal* § I will bring you soup and bread."

The grayheaded almoner looked astonished at the fair-haired, elegantly attired Hilda as she held out the pail for her portion of soup; but she pointed to the cripple, as she took a thick slice of bread in her daintily gloved hand, and turned to depart.

"Blessed are the merciful!" whispered the old priest, gazing after her as he slowly filled the bowls of other petitioners; then as Roberta, who had followed Hilda, slipped a gold piece into his hand, saying, "For God's poor," he laid down his ladle, and raising his hand made the Sign of the Cross after her quickly retreating figure, saying

in a voice full of pathos and thanksgiving, "Ah, fair child, take from these destitute gathered here the richest of guerdons—the blessing of God's poor!"

Hand in hand the young pilgrims went down the crowded thoroughfare, and never spoke until they reached the hotel.

"Our pilgrimage has already brought us a rich blessing," said Hilda.

"The beatitude and blessing of earth and Heaven," answered Roberta; "and yet we really did nothing but a little natural kindness and a slight giving of alms."

"It is the little kindnesses and thoughtful generousities of life, my children, which show the true Christian," said Madame Veronique, who had seen the two girls doing their errands of love. "It is never necessary to go out of the way to do some great deed of charity: daily life is full of just such opportunities, if only you have eyes to see and hearts to heed the call without thought or hope of reward."

"Yes, small things are best," remarked Hilda. "I'm sure the life of our Blessed Mother was made up of daily duties and neighborly kindnesses."

"And silence," added Roberta. "She kept all things, and pondered them in Her heart. Oh, if we could only have the wisdom to be like Her—to be always guided by the Holy Spirit of God, to show forth the gifts of the Spirit in thought and act!"

"Then let us make these our pilgrimages special acts of devotion to the Holy Spirit!" exclaimed Hilda. "God has been so good to us that we have few necessities of life to pray for at Our Lady's shrine: let us ask for the sevenfold gifts of the Spirit, to guide and control our earthly lives."

Roberta bowed her head in acquiescence, and Madame Veronique whispered:

"Spirit of Peace, give them Thy peace."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

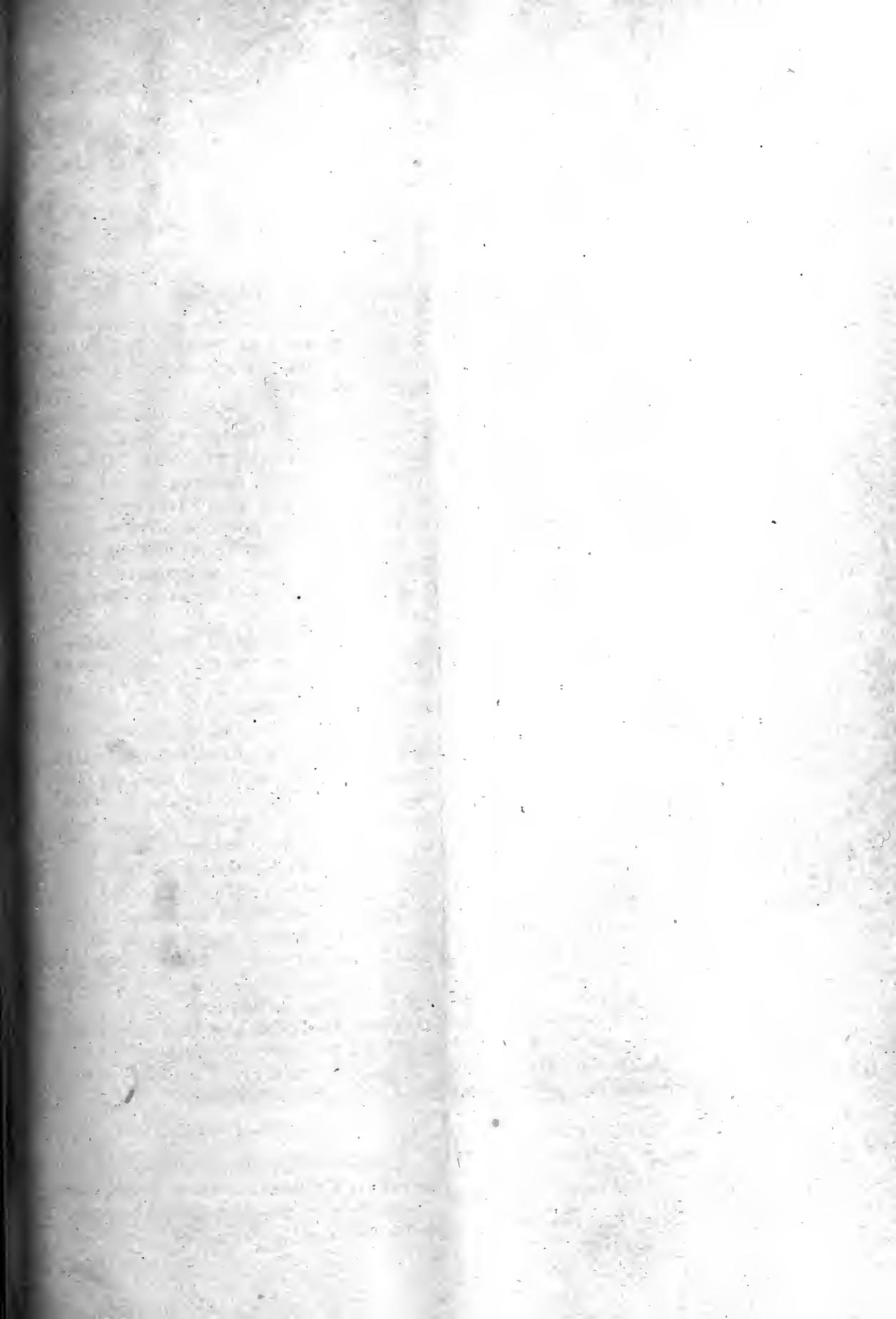
* In the principal churches of Vienna Mass is said every hour from five in the morning until noon.

† Little mother, a term of kindly endearment.

‡ Ah, loved child, Mary has helped me!

§ Haydn's monument.

FROM his early youth, St. Philip Neri let no day pass without honoring the Blessed Virgin by some pious practice, or some exercise of charity or self-denial.







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Holy and Blessed Three.

BY C. W. S.

HOLY! holy! holy!
 Holy and blessed Three!
 Jesus and Mary and Joseph,
 Help and compassion me.

Holy! holy! holy!
 Gentle as lamb could be:
 Saviour, Messiah, Redeemer—
 Light of the world was He.

Holy! holy! holy!
 Mother most pure was She:
 Refuge of Sinners, whose ransom
 Setteth the bondman free.

Holy! holy! holy!
 Spouse of the Virgin; we
 Pray thee to lighten and lessen
 Sorrows we can not flee.

Jesus, Mary, Joseph,—
 Holy and blessed Three!
 Help and compassion a sinner—
 Help and compassion me.

The Mirror of Justice.

ALTHOUGH ever conquered and put to shame, from the time of Lucifer's appearance as a serpent in Eden until now, hell does not cease the attempt to destroy the Church, at one time trying by force and violence to engulf her in an avalanche of persecutions; at another time

unchaining against her the hell-dogs of schism to destroy her unity; then trying to involve her in a whirlpool of heresy; again corrupting the atmosphere of morality by the epidemic of immorality, to infect her blood and destroy her life.

It is by means of this triple warfare of brute force against the Good, of schism and heresy against the True, of degradation and corruption against the Beautiful, that the powers of hell, in combination with the world and the flesh, have not ceased and will not cease to combat the Church, whether openly, like Nero, or secretly by cunning and hypocrisy, like Julian; but always with the same result—of shameful defeat for them, and of glorious victory for the Spouse of Christ. For it is written: "The gates of hell shall not prevail."

Under God, it is to Mary, Help of Christians, that the Church is indebted for her constant victories over her enemies, as the Church herself confesses and proclaims: *Gaude Maria Virgo, cunctas hæreses sola interemisti in universo mundo*,—"Rejoice, O Virgin Mary! Thou alone hast destroyed all heresies in the whole world." When our Blessed Lady lived upon the earth She was directly the Mirror of Justice only in one particular place—wherever She happened to be actually present; for instance, in Nazareth, Jerusalem, Ephesus, etc. But after She was taken up into heaven, in proportion as the Church continues to expand in space and time, the reflection of the *Speculum Marianum* from the zenith of Her

heavenly glory follows step by step, or rather precedes and smooths the way, removing obstacles, so that, as *Catholic*, the Church may expand, without limit of time or place, to all generations and to all places.

The beneficial influence of the *Speculum Marianum* near the Sun of Justice in heaven is and will be continuous on the Church militant and suffering, although there are particular times when this reflection is extraordinary—its light more dazzling and its heat more intense. These times and places, distinguished by a greater abundance of spiritual and even temporal graces, constitute as it were so many centres of light, heat, and growth. Fixing the eyes of our soul on the *Speculum Marianum* principally there where extraordinary light and fervor are reflected, our mind receives more light of grace, our heart more fervor of charity, our will more determination and energy in well-doing; our spirit penetrates more deeply into the limitless ocean of the Divinity, and understands better the nature, attributes, and perfections of God.

Those times and places are either ordinary or extraordinary. The ordinary ones are the feasts occurring throughout the year in honor of the Blessed Virgin, and the numerous churches and chapels dedicated to Her. The extraordinary ones are certain epochs and particular localities in which Mary intervenes extraordinarily, sometimes even visibly, in aid of the Church, of certain nations, and occasionally even of individuals placed in critical circumstances and needing special assistance.

Such extraordinary interventions of Mary are historical facts in the annals of the Church and of nations, and are biographical facts in the lives of some particular clients of Our Lady. Occurring from the beginning of the Church to our own times, they are so numerous as to defy calculation; and if any one were to undertake the task of enumerating these interventions of Mary, he would soon be forced to say of them what St. John said of the works of Christ: that if all were related, the whole world would not be able to hold the records.

The ordinary interventions are like a dew constantly falling for the benefit of the Church and her members in their ordinary necessities. The extraordinary ones are the rain that falls seasonably, at certain times and places, when it is specially needed. The ecclesiastical calendar being quite limited, the Church records in it separately only the most remarkable, and the others *in globo*. Of those recorded singly some are commemorated throughout the entire Catholic world, others in some particular places. Thus, for example, the solemnity of the Rosary is a festival for the whole world, in which all Catholics commemorate the extraordinary intervention of Mary in the truly wonderful victory gained by Charles VI. in Hungary over an immensely superior Turkish force, which was prepared to enter Vienna, and, after having pillaged and destroyed that city, to fall upon Southern Europe like an irresistible avalanche, and to raise the Crescent above the Cross.

Their design being defeated in the north of Europe, the Turks then sought, by a naval battle in the Gulf of Lepanto, to recover what they had lost; but here, by the intervention of the Queen of Heaven—to whom the Christian world, with St. Pius V. in the lead, appealed through the Rosary,—they met with a complete and shameful repulse. To commemorate the extraordinary intervention of Our Lady on this occasion, the holy Pope added to the Litany of Loreto the invocation, *Auxilium Christianorum, ora pro nobis*,—"Help of Christians, pray for us."

In proportion as the Church goes on spreading over the five parts of the globe there are built temples, sanctuaries, and chapels in honor of Mary. Amongst all the sanctuaries in which is concentrated, as in so many *foci* of light and heat, the reflection of the *Speculum Marianum*, there is one—the Holy House of Nazareth—that never had and never will have an equal, by reason of its nature, origin, and endurance, both in the past and in the future. Its nature is that of an ordinary dwelling-house. Its origin as a building is anterior to Mary, who was born in it; as a sanctuary and

domestic oratory it dates from the conception of the Virgin, who from the moment of Her existence began to reflect the Sun of Justice as its mirror. The first to experience the mysterious influence were St. Anna and St. Joachim, and when She was born, all those participated in it that approached the holy Child.

This domestic sanctuary retained its private character during the life of our Blessed Lady on the earth, but after Her death it began to attract the attention and veneration of the first believers, and to become celebrated and pre-eminent throughout the Catholic world. Before Italy, Dalmatia possessed it for a short time, whither it was carried by angels, who finally transported it to Loreto. As the Son chose Italy for the seat of His Vicar, and in Italy Rome, so the Mother chose that country for the seat of Her house, and She chose Loreto in particular, elevating this sanctuary so far above all Her others in the world that it can have no competitor. It is natural and reasonable to have a predilection towards the paternal house where one was born and lived; it is therefore natural and reasonable that Mary should give a preference to the Sanctuary of Loreto, which was Her home at Nazareth, wherein She was born, wherein She conceived Her divine Son, and in which she lived with Him for nearly thirty years.

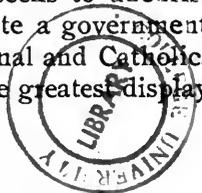
Many other Christian nations as well as the Italians have been favored by extraordinary interventions of the Mother of God. Hence arose so many sanctuaries to Our Lady, durable witnesses of Her maternal protection,—light-houses to attract pilgrims in search of spiritual and temporal graces. The Blessed Virgin has been pleased to honor France, the eldest daughter of the Church, by special apparitions, three of which are distinguished in this century. The first to a Daughter of Charity, who received the miraculous medal as a vehicle of graces to all that carry it about them devoutly. The second to a little boy of La Salette, who was instructed to tell the people to be converted with their whole hearts to God in order to appease His

justice. The third, many times repeated, to a little shepherdess of Lourdes, Bernadette Soubirous, at the Grotto of Massabielle, on February 11, 1858.

Amongst the preceding apparitions of Mary to the French, this last mentioned, at Lourdes, has a special character of its own. The extraordinary nature of these repeated apparitions of our Blessed Lady in the Grotto of Lourdes being evident, the causes that moved Her to appear thus must also have been extraordinary. These causes were manifold: the anger of God was excited, and His justice was provoked to pour out terrible chastisements on France in punishment of her anti-Catholic and antichristian Government. The immense Catholic majority of the French people, if they really willed it, and used their electoral vote conscientiously, would not have left the doors of Congress open to a majority of Masonic deputies, to form a government both anti-national and anti-Catholic, such as has been misgoverning France for years, tyrannizing over the people, and persecuting the Church.

Now, this could not fail to provoke the divine chastisements, which will infallibly fall on the nation unless it turns back and learns wisdom. For if divine justice can delay the punishment of an impenitent individual till the next life, He can not do so in regard to nations, which have no future existence: they take their rise on earth; here they live, and here they come to an end. This is why Mary, as a compassionate Mother, wishing to save France from the terrible chastisements that are hovering over her, appeared first at La Salette and afterwards at Lourdes, calling on the people to do penance and be converted. Now, this requires a persevering discharge of all their duties, private and public, towards God, towards themselves, towards their neighbors and their country,—everyone using his best efforts to free his country from the Masonic incubus which seeks to unchristianize it, and to substitute a government that shall be really national and Catholic.

Freemasonry makes the greatest display



of its infernal power in those States in which it has obtained the reins of government. Knowing by a sort of instinct that now is its hour and that of the powers of darkness, it tries to rob the Pope of his jurisdiction, confining him in the Vatican, with the intention of doing away with the Papacy itself. With this view it took up its residence in Rome, and day by day it goes on tightening more and more the intricate Gordian knot. In its presumption it defies Heaven and earth to untie this knot, confident that as long as it remains tied, Masonry will be able to continue misgoverning Italy, oppressing the people, and persecuting the Church.

Let us petition the Help of Christians to quickly cut the Gordian knot. It is to this end that our Holy Father has commanded the Catholic world to consecrate the month of October to Mary by the public daily recital of the Most Holy Rosary. It is to this end that he has required all the priests of the Christian world to say three "Hail Marys," with the *Salve* and corresponding prayers, after Mass. Let us unite ourselves to our Holy Father in offering to the maternal Heart of Mary the gentle violence of fervent prayers, that She may intervene to restore the Supreme Pontiff to that liberty and independence so necessary for him in the government of the Church. To this end let us often invoke Her under the title of Lourdes, saying to Her, "Our Lady of Lourdes, come quickly to liberate Thy Son's Vicar, so that he may be able to govern the Church freely and independently."

The thought of Lourdes reminds us of two questions: Will the intervention of Mary there continue to have its extraordinary character? Yes, as a historical fact, but not as a fact of constant daily recurrence; because the characteristic of the extraordinary is that it be temporary and brief, corresponding to some extraordinary public or private necessity, which having passed, the extraordinary ceases.

Will the apparitions of the Blessed Virgin cease with that of Lourdes as extraordinary interventions in extraordinary public

needs? They will, if from this time till the end of the world neither the Church nor any portion of the Church is placed in extraordinarily critical circumstances, from which there is no human way of escape. But the Bible tells us that till the end of the world there shall be heresies and scandals, through which the Church will keep on her way, and that the malice of men and demons and the corruption of the flesh will not cease attempting to extinguish the light of faith and the fire of charity. Mary is on the watch to intervene personally in the future, as She has done in the past, in the defence of the Church and the discomfiture of her enemies; then, as ever, She will flash forth two special and simultaneous rays to meet the emergency: one of benediction and protection on the Church, the other of malediction and destruction on her enemies.

Nora's Recompense.

CHAPTER X.

NORA'S last days with the Bouviers were trying ones. Bertha's noisy grief, Louis' perplexity, and the graceful protestations of her hosts, were all painful to her, and she longed to be free from them. Now that the journey was decided on, Mrs. Bouvier put on an appearance of amiability, and sought to amuse and distract the girl, while carefully keeping her out of her son's way. Bertha's idea of pleasure being a constant round of shopping, she dragged Nora from one shop to another, until the latter positively hailed with pleasure the note which announced that her travelling companion would meet her the same evening at the terminus.

One afternoon—it was the same day she took her departure—Bertha came in suddenly. "Nora," she exclaimed, tragically falling into a chair; "you are taking away all the joy of the house."

Nora smiled sadly. "A poor orphan like me," she said, "is not necessary for any one's happiness."

Bertha started up and embraced her. "That you can not know," she whispered, mysteriously.

The other shook her head.

"No," continued Bertha, "you can not. Louis adores you, and has been in complete despair since your departure was decided on. Yesterday—you must keep this a profound secret,—yesterday he had a long interview with mamma, and it was all about you. I heard what mamma said, and it grieved me very much. I thought your grandmother was wealthy, and so did Louis. But if he loves you, he must only work for you. Tell me, though, plainly, do you like him?"

Nora drew herself up with innate dignity. "Bertha, I have never thought of your brother otherwise than as a courteous host, and I understand my duty too well to oppose your parents' plans for their children. Louis will find a richer and a better wife than I am."

Bertha knew not what to answer, and both were relieved when the maid called them to dinner. The meal was a hasty one, as they were in fear of losing the train.

"It is time to start," observed Mr. Bouvier at last.

"I shall call a cab," said Louis, "and accompany you."

"I am sorry to interfere with your plans," said his mother, sweetly; "but poor Bertha is so agitated I shall take her to drive in the Bois de Boulogne, and we will need your escort."

Louis yielded with visible ill-humor. Fearing to oppose his despotic mother, he gave no answer, but told the servant to call a cab for his father and cousin. Bertha cried and sobbed, called Nora the tenderest names, promising her long letters every week, and making the most ungracious reflections on the dreary life her cousin would have to live in Penvan.

The cab arrived. Mrs. Bouvier gave Nora a cold kiss. Louis grasped her hand warmly; and Bertha hung round her despairingly, until her mother declared she would make her cousin late for the train.

"So much the better!" sobbed Bertha.

"By no means," said Mrs. Bouvier, sharply; "she must avoid all that could give her guardian offence, and that certainly would." Then turning to Nora: "You will write to us often, dear; and if you should come to Paris again, don't fail to call."

Nora tried to answer, but her heart was too full. Without once looking back, she followed Mr. Bouvier over the threshold of the house she had once hoped to call her home. He hurried so she could scarcely keep up with him. "Hasten, child," he said; "we must not lose the train." Not for worlds would Nora have slept another night under his roof.

The cab rolled away, and the poor girl gazed sadly on that busy Parisian life which she should perhaps never again behold. At last the station was reached. While Mr. Bouvier saw after the luggage, Nora stood aside, and scanned with anxious eye every vehicle that drew up, in search of her travelling companion. No one appeared. Mr. Bouvier returned, and noticed uneasily that she was still alone. "Has no one come yet?" he asked. "It's strange; we told them very plainly how you were to be recognized—a young girl in mourning,—and the place of meeting near the luggage-office, on the left hand. Perhaps the lady has not come." He took out his watch, compared it with the station clock, and remarked it was high time to get the tickets. As he raised his eyeglass to examine a group of travellers who were entering, Nora felt a slight touch on the arm.

"Are you Miss de Brélyon?" asked a voice with a somewhat drawling accent.

Mr. Bouvier turned quickly. "Have I the honor of speaking to Miss Kernoel?" he inquired, courteously raising his hat.

"Yes; I fear I am rather late."

"Then I shall get my cousin's ticket. Can I get yours also?"

"If you please:—second class, lady's *coupé*.—Will you mind my things for a moment, Miss de Brélyon, while I see about my trunks?"

Nora, who suddenly became the guardian

of several enormous baskets, looked with astonishment after the strange apparition which left her with a short, peculiar tread. Miss Kernoel was a small, lively spinster of from forty-five to fifty. In her youth she must have been handsome, her complexion was still so fresh; her features were regular, and her eyes very beautiful. Her grey dress and black mantle were extremely simple and o'd fashioned, and Nora wondered where she could have got the antediluvian bonnet she wore. She soon returned, and cast a sharp, discerning glance on the young girl.

"A lovely, warm evening," she said, in a friendly tone; "but it will grow colder towards midnight, and as we draw near the sea it will become really sharp. Have you ever seen the sea?"

Before Nora's eyes passed a vision of the blue waters of the Mediterranean and the angry waves of the Channel. "Yes," she replied, with a sigh; "I have travelled a good deal."

"True, so Mrs. Auvrard told me. Do you not know your aunt at all?"

"No." And Nora would have loved to question her, but just then Mr. Bouvier returned with their tickets, and escorted them to the waiting-room. After a short delay they were settled in the train; he waved his hand in smiling greeting, and disappeared.

"Were you long in his house?" asked Miss Kernoel.

"Only a few weeks."

"Then you will not feel the departure much, but perhaps a residence in a little country town will be painful to you?"

"I don't care where I live, if only people are fond of me."

Miss Kernoel glanced at the fair young face with its wistful expression, and inwardly decided such a desire ought to be easily gratified; however, she ventured no answer; for her knowledge of Mrs. Auvrard did not lead her to indulge very sanguine hopes.

After a long and rather tiresome journey they reached the little station of Kernie.

"Now," said Miss Kernoel, kindly, "we

have only half an hour in the omnibus before we reach Penvan." And, in fact, half an hour later saw them rolling over the rather uneven pavement of the little Breton town.

CHAPTER XI.

Nora looked out of the window, and saw stone houses with many odd, pointed gables, and an old Gothic church, round which were shabby booths which greatly detracted from the beauty of its appearance. At the corner of Church Square the omnibus stopped before a pretty, white house, with green shutters, and a large fuchsia before the door.

"Does my aunt live here?" asked Nora, delighted with the bright little dwelling.

"No; this is my home," replied Miss Kernoel; and, leaning out of the window, she said to an old servant who hurried out to meet her: "Francisca, I shall first bring this young lady home; tell the coachman to drive to Mrs. Auvrard's. Is there anything new?"

"No, Miss; everything is as usual."

The omnibus rolled on, and stopped before a grey stone house, with heavy oaken shutters and door. Not a flower nor even a blade of grass grew near it; and, notwithstanding the mild weather, all the windows were closed. Miss Kernoel alighted from the omnibus with Nora, and knocked thrice with the heavy bronze knocker. After a few moments a staid, middle-aged woman opened the door.

"Is your mistress at home, Jane?" asked Miss Kernoel, taking Nora's hand and leading her into a dark passage.

"Yes, Miss; she is in the parlor," was the reply.

Nora's heart beat fast as the door opened noiselessly, and she found herself standing before an elderly lady, who rose slowly to receive her.

"I bring you my young friend safely," said Miss Kernoel, in her kind way; "and I have no doubt you will find her as amiable as I have. She is charmed with our country."

"That is a quick, perhaps premature impression," said the cold, clear voice of Mrs. Auvrard. "However, as my niece has to

dwell in Penvan, I am naturally glad it should please her."

She then touched Nora's cheeks with her lips, while the latter vainly struggled for words.

"Won't you sit down, Octavia?" continued the dame.

"Thank you, I am expected at home; but I shall call soon again. Adieu, Mrs. Auvrard. Adieu, Miss Nora; I am quite at your service, and your aunt will certainly allow you to know the three nieces of whom I have charge."

Nora pressed warmly the outstretched hand of the kind little woman, while Mrs. Auvrard bowed stiffly. Miss Kernoel turned back from the door to bestow another encouraging smile on Nora, and when she disappeared the young girl felt as if she were utterly alone in the world.

"Sit down," said Mrs. Auvrard, reseating herself in her arm-chair; "they are getting you some coffee."

Nora felt the tears would come if she did not make some heroic effort to break the oppressive silence, so she began, in a faltering voice:

"Dear aunt, it is most kind of you to take charge of me, but I must not be a burden on you. I am young and strong and willing to work. Will you allow me to look for some employment?"

"Employment!" repeated Mrs. Auvrard, contemptuously. "What are you fit for? And do you think I would allow a De Brélyon to enter service of any kind? I am not rich, but, since my limited circumstances allow me to support you, I will do my duty. Let us drop the subject."

"But can you not understand that at my age I will not be dependent?" cried the young girl.

"If you had been brought up in proper sentiments of esteem and affection for your family, we should not now meet as strangers," was the cold reply. "You have been prejudiced against me."

"Never, never!" exclaimed Nora; "my dear grandmother never spoke ill of any one."

"She was contented with ignoring my existence—but no more of that! We must live on good terms; as we shall, if you be obedient and docile. I fear your previous manner of life has given you little taste for the regular, quiet life which I think suitable for a young girl. However, the past can not be undone, and you have only to accept the present and future courageously."

She was interrupted by the servant's entrance with refreshments. Nora tried to take some, but felt half choked. Her aunt shook her head disapprovingly. "At your age," she observed, "one ought to have a good appetite. I dare say your health has suffered from constant travelling. Will you rest until dinner, or unpack your trunks? I don't approve of a young girl remaining alone in her room indulging vain fancies, but to-day is an exception; you need rest." She rang the bell and the maid reappeared. "Show Miss de Brélyon to her room, Jane. Have her trunks been brought up?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Go, then, child. You will have to brush your own clothes, for I have no waiting-maid. I must confess I should have liked simpler mourning; all these trimmings are perfect dust-traps."

"Mrs. Bouvier chose my mourning," answered Nora, with tears in her eyes.

"In future we shall be more reasonable. And could you not arrange your hair smoothly? I hate it frizzed according to the present fashion, which gives young girls such a coquettish look, and takes so much time."

Nora smoothed her hair with her hand, and said: "It curls naturally."

Mrs. Auvrard was silent, and the servant conducted the girl up a cold, dark flight of stairs which led to a corridor, from which several doors opened. She ushered Nora into one of the rooms, and, having asked if she needed anything, and been answered in the negative, left her alone.

Poor Nora buried her face in her hands and burst into tears. "My God, my God!" she murmured in utter desolation. Just at that moment the bell of a neighboring con-

vent called its inmates to prayer, and, falling on her knees, Nora prayed fervently. As she did so the bitterness passed from her soul, and, though the sorrow remained, she remembered one Friend remained to her who would never forsake her, and she resigned herself to His will.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Holy Rosary the Queen of Devotions.

BY THE REV. A. A. LAMBING, LL. D.

XX.—MARY THE MOTHER OF GOD.

ALL the graces which Mary received, commencing with Her Immaculate Conception, were to fit Her for becoming the Mother of the Saviour of the world; and with whatever title we honor Her, that of Mother of God must be not only the most sublime, but also that from which all the others have their origin, their meaning, and their worth. Devotion to Mary as the Mother of Christ must, then, be the most acceptable, and must give a tone to all the others. That this is fostered by the recitation of the Rosary is apparent to everyone. The Rosary itself is based on this mystery; every mystery shows it forth in a new and different light, every "Hail Mary" repeats it. Of all the divisions of our subject, this one stands out most prominently. In the recitation of the Rosary we can not fail to honor Mary as the Mother of God, even if our whole attention were centred on some other devotion. While, then, it is an instinct of our nature to bestow honor upon whom honor is due, we should feel grateful to the Holy Spirit, the Spouse of Mary, for placing within our reach so beautiful and appropriate a means of honoring Her who of all creatures is most worthy of honor.

XXI.—MARY THE MOTHER OF SORROWS.

Whatever feelings meditation on the mysteries of the Holy Rosary may awaken in the hearts of the devout clients of Mary,

there is one thought which, like that of Her incomparable dignity, pervades every mystery, from the Annunciation to the Coronation, which can never be lost sight of, and which is, that as Her divine Son was to be the Man of Sorrows, so was She to be the Mother of Sorrows. Her intimate acquaintance with the prophecies of the ancient Scriptures relating to the Messiah, which She had frequently heard read and explained, and which Her more than seraphic intellect enabled Her to comprehend, no less than Her knowledge of the work which the Father had given the Son to accomplish upon earth, convinced Her that the mother of the Redeemer must of necessity be the mother of sorrows. Her sympathy was already awakened for the favored creature whom Heaven should choose for the unique dignity; but, however great Her charity may have been, the weight of this sorrow was brought home to Her in its reality when the messenger of Heaven declared to Her that She, and no other, was the choice of the Most High. This may be regarded as the second stage in Mary's sorrows. The third followed, still deepening the shadow, when holy Simeon foretold that a sword of grief should pierce Her soul. The other stages succeeded one another in the course of Her sacred life, and are commemorated in the several mysteries of the Holy Rosary.

But with the death of Christ His sufferings ended; not so the sorrows of Mary: they continued not only till the Resurrection, but to the end of Her life. For if the Apostle of the Gentiles longed to be dissolved and to be with Christ, and if many of the saints found their pilgrimage upon earth all but unendurable on account of their separation from the Object of their love—if such were the feelings of the servants, what must have been the feelings of the Mother! What a source of undying sorrow must it not have been for Her to be thus separated from Her divine Son and Her God! Her love was the union of the divine and human; it was the love of Her God as well as of Her Son.

That the Holy Rosary embraces within itself, and fosters in those who recite it attentively, a devotion to the sorrows of Mary is too evident to require further proof. Jesus was born to suffer and die; Mary was born to sorrow and die. When, then, we recite Her Rosary, and so often beg of Her to "pray for us now and at the hour of our death," we should be encouraged with the thought that compassion has a peculiar power to touch the heart, and that it is the testimony of holy writers that one of the special graces which flow from devotion to the sorrows of Mary is that of a calm and easy death.

XXII.—MARY QUEEN OF HEAVEN.

To encourage His disciples, our divine Redeemer was pleased to give them a faint idea—a glimpse, as it were—of the happiness that awaited them in His kingdom. He tells them: "The just shall go into life everlasting"; and, "I will come again and take you to Myself, that where I am you also may be; that you may see My glory." That He did not give them a perfect picture of the joys in store for them was because they were not capable of comprehending nor human language of expressing it. As St. Paul says: "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man, what God hath prepared for them that love Him." If such a reward is in store for the servant, what must be the reward prepared for the Mother, since God will render to everyone according to his works? Her incomparable sanctity, Her unique dignity, and Her relation to the three Persons of the Adorable Trinity, as well as the justice and goodness of God, teach us that She is nothing less than we salute Her in the Rosary—the Queen of Heaven. While every mystery of the Rosary strengthens our expectation of this title, and our sense of its propriety, the last openly declares it, and seals our devotion to Her under a title which it had already taught us to anticipate.

XXIII.—THE SACRED HEART OF MARY.

Devotion to Mary as Mother of God and Queen of Heaven embraces all those pious

exercises which relate to Mary's power; devotion to Her Sacred Heart, on the other hand, includes those that spring from Her attributes of mercy and pity. Devotion to the Sacred Heart of Mary must be ranked among those of comparatively recent origin; not that Christians could at any time have been ignorant of the claims of their Mother's compassionate Heart upon their veneration and confidence, but that it did not please the Spirit of God until in later times to inspire them with the desire of expressing their veneration in this particular way.

The foundation of this devotion reveals itself in almost every mystery of the Holy Rosary. Mary's acceptance of the dignity of Mother of God, Her visit to St. Elizabeth, the presentation of the Holy Child in the Temple, the sorrowful seeking of Him in the precincts of the same Temple, with all the Sorrowful Mysteries of the Rosary, are so many revelations of that admirable Heart. Whatever awakens in the Christian a greater love of Mary and devotion to Her, enkindles a greater veneration for Her maternal Heart; and as the former is the object of the Rosary, the latter is the result of its pious recitation.

XXIV.—ST. JOSEPH.

In the Joyful Mysteries of the Rosary all that is known of St. Joseph, his life, his office, and his extraordinary holiness, are presented for our edification and instruction. A knowledge of these must of necessity result in a tender devotion to this the last of the patriarchs, and one to whom God not only gave a promise, but the fulfilment of all the promises He had made from the beginning to all the other patriarchs. To him was entrusted the rarest treasures of heaven and earth—Jesus and Mary; an evidence at once of the confidence which the Father reposed in him, and his strongest claim upon our special veneration. He is ever presented to us in the company of Jesus and Mary. Whether it be in Bethlehem, in Jerusalem, in the flight into Egypt, the exile or the return; whether it be in his home at Naz-

areth, or when he is about to leave this vale of tears, he is in the society of the Child and His Mother. It is Jesus in his arms clinging fondly to his neck; Jesus the boy holding his hand and walking by his side; Jesus the youth assisting him at his work; Jesus the man by his bedside smoothing his dying couch, and inspiring him with confidence and hope; and with Jesus, Mary too is always present. Never was saint so highly favored, and never was saint so deserving of favor. All this is presented in its most attractive form in the successive mysteries of the Rosary, in such a manner that we rather behold him than meditate upon his holy life and actions.

XXV.—THE HOLY ANGELS.

One of the most beautiful devotions in the Church is that to the Holy Angels. It fills the soul with pious thoughts, with hope and courage, with resignation and fear. They are our guardians now, they are to be our companions forever. This is, then, an appropriate devotion. As our guardians, they form, as it were, a link between earth and heaven—between us and God.

Devotion to the angels springs from the Holy Rosary, which opens with the message of an angel, and closes with Mary being crowned Queen of Angels. The birth of Christ was attended by myriads of angels; scenes in the life of the Holy Infant are directed by the ministry of angels; and how many other manifestations of the angels of which the Sacred Scriptures make no mention! Our own guardians were witnesses of the sufferings of Christ; adored His sacred Blood in the garden, at the pillar, on the way to Calvary, on the cross and the ground around it, on the clothes of the executioners and on the sandals of the throng. They kept guard around the holy sepulchre, and sang their *alleluias* at the moment of Christ's resurrection. With the souls of the just, they were His invisible ministers during the forty days of His risen life, and their hymns of exultation formed the chorus that welcomed Him back to the right hand of His Father. And impatiently, if that were

possible, they awaited the time when they should welcome Mary as their Queen, and witness Her glorious coronation.

The Holy Rosary is, then, a devotion to the angels, representing them to us as messengers of God to man in joy and sorrow, in mercy and exultation; nor can we recite this beautiful form of prayer without feeling our devotion to these blessed spirits sensibly increased.

(CONCLUSION IN OUR NEXT NUMBER.)

Thanksgiving.

BY ANGELIQUE DE LANDE.

ART Thou not weary, dearest Lord,
Of my poor selfish prayers,
The oft recital of my needs;
My petty griefs and cares?

Is it not time that I should change,
And come to Thee at last
With heartiest thanksgiving
For all Thy favors past?

Thy mercies, Lord, have followed me
Thro' days and months and years;
At thought of them mine eyes o'erflow
With sweet, refreshing tears.

I bless Thee, Lord, for Christian birth,
For health, for length of days;
There is not one who walks the earth
That has more need to praise.

For the sweet gift of faith is mine,
By me so undeserved;
Ah! would that from its laws divine
My heart had never swerved!

Yet even in my many falls
I bless Thee, O my God!
For mercy's sweet, resistless calls,
And for Thy chastening rod.

O bless me as I lowly kneel
To praise the boundless love
That makes Thee on our altars dwell,
Dear Eucharistic Dove!

No joy is joy without God; no pain is pain with God.—*Abbé Roux.*

Reminiscences of the Abbé Liszt.

(CONCLUSION.)

LISZT'S social talents were of the highest order, and he knew how to make himself very agreeable, being a brilliant talker, full of lively sallies when amongst intimate friends, extremely polite to ladies, open-handed, and incapable of suspecting any one. When his servant robbed him of his money and decorations, the Roman police (the city was then under the government of the Pope) had the greatest difficulty in inducing him to sign the necessary depositions. His wish was that no further steps should be taken in the matter, and that the thief should be released from prison; this was no doubt very generous, but it was going a little too far. I heard of the affair only indirectly; for Liszt never mentioned it to me, nor was his habitual serenity in the slightest degree ruffled on account of it.

Side by side with this open-handed generosity, Liszt possessed the serious fault of over-confidence in his own judgment, and an over-weening self-esteem. Yet even his failings never offended, so thoroughly may he be said to have been one of nature's darlings. He did wrong conscientiously, if one may so speak; for he entirely deceived himself and was never otherwise than honorable. His faults were the result, not of want of conscientiousness, but of vanity, weakness, or too blind a trust in himself or in others. Repeated disappointments never made him cynical, because he always believed himself to be in the right; but he was utterly unable to take an equable view of things, either in the present or the future.

He attracted a large circle of admirers, but had few real friends; though all those who, without sharing his opinions, had the honor of being admitted into his society, esteemed and respected him. He would never pay court to others for any selfish considerations; in a word, the part he played in the world will never be acted again; I do not mean his part as the first of pianists—that

is an entirely secondary matter,—but as a man who gained vast sums of money by allowing others to employ him as a means of gaining them, whilst he remained himself totally ignorant of its value. He never perceived, even during the last days he spent in London, how he was being made a tool, and turned into a mere means of money-making. I used to try and explain all this to him, but I might just as well have tried to explain colors to a man born blind. It often grieved me deeply to see his talents made merchandise of, and himself treated as if he had been some Egyptian mummy.

Liszt had numerous decorations, but he invariably refused those that were Italian, perhaps because he too frequently saw them adorning the breasts of most unworthy persons. One of his witty sayings was occasioned by seeing a man whom he knew to be worthless wearing a decoration. "I am astonished," he said, "at the change wrought in our day by the progress of refinement and civilization; for whereas thieves used formerly to be fastened to the cross, the cross is now fastened to the breast of thieves."

I do not think Liszt understood the difference between prayer properly so called, and that poetry which is the interior music of the soul, and to the time and tune of which he marched through life. I believe he never expressed his highest feelings even to his most intimate friends; he once said to me that what is best in our heart remains forever hidden there. One day while we were reading Lamartine he remarked: "Is it not true that the purest and most elevated thoughts and feelings of a man's heart are those which he breathes forth in silence in the form of prayer to his God? Does he ever dream of putting them into words or revealing them to others? Surely not; for he could not bear to have them profaned, as they would be if heard by another ear, or seen by another eye." Thus we discover a secret chamber in the heart of Liszt, where its choicest treasures were stored. Occasionally I caught a glimpse of these when I noticed something specially noble

and disinterested in his affections, which proved the beauty of his soul.

I fear I have enlarged too much upon the failings rather than the good qualities of my illustrious friend; I feel, therefore, that I ought in justice to mention his magnanimity, his Christian feeling, the unmistakable sincerity of all that he said or did. If he disliked any one or anything he never mentioned it. The Jesuits were no favorites with him, since he had formed his opinion of them from the perusal of Pascal's Provincial Letters, but the only way in which he manifested his dislike was by refusing to speak of them. I have said in passing how liberal he was; I must add that there never was a more kind-hearted man. Whenever he left my house or his own, as the case might be, he invariably had something to give to the beggars who were lucky enough to meet him; indeed I do not remember his once refusing to give any one an alms. When we were going to assist at some grand ceremony, and Liszt had put on his cassock and all his decorations, he used to give me a handful of small coins to be distributed to the poor, in imitation of the Cardinals, whose secretaries are wont, at a sign from their master, to fulfil the office of almoner. There was, it is true, somewhat of ostentation and love of display in this; but, after all, in one way or another he gave away a great deal, and from a true spirit of charity, even though the motives were not always quite unmixed.

While it is true that Liszt was anything but a faultless character, his innate kindness of heart redeemed all his failings, which arose principally from his tendency to credit men and things with the qualities and feelings he himself possessed. He lacked none of the three great things enumerated by the Apostle: faith, hope, and charity. In charity he principally excelled; his charity was essentially that described by St. Paul, which is patient and kind; which envieth not, is not puffed up, seeketh not her own, is not provoked to anger, thinketh no evil, rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth. And this charity made him ready

to bear all things, believe all things, hope all things, endure all things; it ended only with his latest breath. His last letter to me, written a few days before his death, bears witness to this. I must own that I had been somewhat hard on him, and had spoken the truth to him rather unsparingly; but this only served, once more and for the last time, to bring into stronger relief his ruling virtue of charity, and convince me that it was indeed that charity of which the Apostle says that it "never falleth away."

In regard to faith, Liszt was an orthodox Catholic. He believed most firmly in the one true Church, and never admitted the possibility of the existence of any other. For him, as for every faithful Catholic, the rock of Peter was the foundation of the Church. *Ubi Petrus, ibi ecclesia.* He acknowledged the Pope to be the sole and infallible authority in matters of faith, and was fond of calling him the Blessed of the Lord, the Ruler of the Universal Church, the Fount of Apostolic Truth, the Successor of the Apostles, the Anointed of the Lord, the Chief Shepherd and Pastor of souls. He rejoiced to see how it is bad Catholic; who go over to the so-called Protestant Church, whilst on the other hand it is the best Protestants who become Catholics.

It was dangerous to attack the Church in his presence; I several times had a specimen of the manner in which he treated such of his Protestant friends as tried to enlighten "this poor man sunk in superstition," to quote their own phrase. Liszt had the sarcastic vein of Tertullian, and soon reduced them to silence. Yet he had an aversion to controversy of every kind, because, as he used to say, when explanations begin, all mutual understanding is at an end. When those among his friends who were of a sceptical turn of mind declared that they could not understand what he believed, he got out of the difficulty by retorting: "Unless you believe, you can not understand."

It was in 1863, at the Vatican, that I first made the acquaintance of Liszt, and I was with him in Rome until 1870, when I left

my native city for the first time. After that period he frequently did me the honor of writing to me; during the siege of Paris I more than once received letters from him, which had been opened by the Prussian Government, then in power at Versailles. From the battle-field I often wrote to him, dispatching my letters by balloon post, and all these duly reached their destination. In 1878 I met him again in Paris, at the time of the Exhibition. This was the last time I saw him. He was then the guest of Mr. Erard, the great pianoforte manufacturer. After the lapse of eight years I found him just the same, amusing himself amongst a strange medley of acquaintances—priests, artists, opera-singers, monks, ladies of fashion, comic actors, and republicans. He seemed as young and vivacious as ever, still assuming an air of fictitious romance, still (to quote what Voltaire said of *La Harpe*) “an oven that warms everything and bakes nothing.”

The word fictitious, which I have just employed in reference to Liszt, may at first sight appear to be at variance with my oft-repeated assurances as to his perfect sincerity. But there are two kinds of sincerity: one is habitual and lasting, the other temporary and passing. Hence it comes that men are often accused of duplicity who have a twofold nature, but are not on that account hypocritical or false. Swayed by their weakness and their imagination, they are easily carried away whilst they are speaking, and when the time for action comes they appear to belie themselves. Such was Liszt all through life: he always acted on the impulse of the moment. Yet I never knew any one like him, and I rarely met with any one so lovable, frank and open-hearted to his friends, and liberal to the poor.

And now I ask myself if I have not spoken almost too severely of the failings of one who was amongst the privileged few who seem made to pass through life with a laugh and a song, not to take things seriously. Let us judge the Abbé Liszt leniently. We who belong to the common herd know not what it is to stand on the giddy

height of genius, and how difficult a thing it is to do so without having one's head turned.

The memory of Liszt is associated in my mind with many varied events and persons—Pius IX., my dear and holy mother, the Vatican, the taking of Rome, the siege of Paris, the battle-fields where I was present. I have but jotted down a few of the memories of my friend and master, before he is altogether forgotten by the fickle world.

The Curé of Ars and the Rosary.

ONE of the most perfect models of sanctity that God has given to His Church in our times is the Venerable John Mary Vianney, so well and so universally known, by the name of the parish which he sanctified and made a place of pilgrimage from all parts of the world, as the Curé of Ars.

Like all saints, the Curé of Ars was distinguished for a special love and devotion for the Blessed Virgin; even before his birth his pious mother had dedicated him to serve God in the priesthood, and the practice of it began on the very day of his birth (in the month of May), when he was baptized and received Our Lady's name in addition to that of John. He had hardly learned to speak when he began to pray. At the early age of three years he joined in the prayers that were said by the family, and when the *Angelus* rang he was the first to kneel down.

The first present that he received from his mother was a statuette of the Blessed Virgin. To one already so serious and prayerful, any representation of Our Lady was more than a plaything: it was an object of pious veneration as well. Sixty years afterwards he would speak of it. “Oh, how I loved that statue!” he said. “Day or night I would never separate myself from it. I should not have slept in peace if I had not had it by my side in my little bed.”

A priest once asked him how long he had loved the Blessed Virgin. He replied: “I loved Her almost before I could know Her.

... When I was very small I had a pretty Rosary. My sister wanted to have it, and this was one of my earliest sorrows. I went to speak to my mother about it; she advised me to give it up for the love of God. I did so, but it cost me many tears."

When he was only seven years old John Mary was sent to the fields to take charge of his father's sheep. He was accustomed always to take with him his little statue of the Blessed Virgin. When his sheep were in safety, and he could without danger relax his watchfulness over them, he would make a little altar with sods, and enthrone his statue on it. Then gathering his companions—little shepherds like himself—around it, he would recite with them the Holy Rosary, and preach to them gravely in moving and expressive terms. He never lacked a congregation on these occasions; his piety was not disagreeable to his playmates: on the contrary, it made him amiable and winning; they were disappointed if he happened to be absent, and welcomed him with joyful shouts when he arrived amongst them. Nothing pleased him better than to have his companions join him in some such pious exercises, but when he was alone he did not regret his solitude. He would place his statuette in the hollow trunk of a tree, and pass long hours before it, absorbed in prayer. Sometimes his companions would mind his sheep for him in order to give him time for the Rosary, in which they knew he took great delight.

We can not doubt that this special devotion to Our Lady obtained for John Mary Vianney many interior graces, and powerfully helped him on in the path of sanctification. The whole of his life hinged on his providential escape from military service. It was during the wars of the first Napoleon, when every effort was made to secure young men for the army. John Mary was at this time an ecclesiastical student, and as such was exempted from service; but by some mistake his name was included in the list of those liable to serve, and he was drawn at the conscription. It was a terrible blow to him, for all his desires were to be

a priest. Nevertheless, he submitted, and took his way to Bayonne, where he was to join his regiment. He thought of deserting, and certainly he would have committed no sin had he done so; for the law itself exempted him, and but for an unfortunate mistake he would have been left free to continue his ecclesiastical studies. However, he did not dare to desert. A strict search was always made for those who did so, and they were treated with the greatest severity.

Filled with gloomy thoughts of his frustrated vocation, John Mary pursued his way to join his regiment. He had recourse to the Blessed Virgin for consolation, and in order to obtain it from God through Her intercession he recited the Rosary. No sooner had he done this than an unknown individual accosted him, and asked him what made him so sad. John Mary told his story. Without further discussion, the unknown bade him follow him, assuring him that he would conduct him to a place of safety. The holy young man followed his guide across the country, over hills and through woods, scarcely ever passing by a public road or an inhabited house, until at last he brought him to a remote village, where he remained undiscovered, though not unsearched for. He never learned who his guide was, but he looked on him as a messenger sent by Heaven in answer to his Rosary.

When, later on, he had been ordained priest, and the parish of Ars had been confided to his care, he was not unmindful of the graces which he had received through the devotion to our Blessed Lady and Her Rosary. At this time Ars was far from giving edification by the piety or virtue of its people. The pious Curé adopted two means for their reformation: the one was devotion to Our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament; the other, devotion to His Holy Mother. He encouraged the former by bringing his parishioners to frequent Communion and the visitation of the Blessed Sacrament; the other he promoted by means of the Rosary. He remembered, too, that the con-

fraternities the most encouraged by the Church are those of the Blessed Sacrament and the Holy Rosary, while they are also the most ancient and universal; and he therefore resolved that these two confraternities should be established in his parish; through them he hoped to reform his people. From the beginning he established the practice of reciting the Rosary in public every night in the church; meanwhile he waited for an opportunity of establishing his confraternity.

That opportunity soon came. One Sunday evening several young people, who were far from being the most fervent of his parishioners, remained in the church for confession. The Curé noticed them, and said to himself: "Now I have them! My confraternity is a fact!" He went towards them, and said: "My children, if you like, we will recite the Rosary together, to ask the Queen of Virgins to obtain for you the grace to do well what you are about to do." The conversion of several of these young persons dates from that moment. The Curé of Ars looked upon this as his first conquest; it was followed by many more, until at length the parish was completely transformed.

His own great resource when he was in any special difficulty was to walk out into the country, with his beads in his hand, saying the Rosary. On one such occasion he was greatly troubled by the want of money with which to pay the workmen who were engaged on his new Chapel of St. John the Baptist; he had nothing, for he had given away all he had to the poor. On the day of which we are speaking he had gone but a short distance from the village, when he was met by a strange gentleman on horseback, who stopped, raised his hat, and inquired after his health. "I am well in health," replied the good priest; "but I am in distress." "What!" exclaimed the other, "do your parishioners give you pain?" "On the contrary," was the reply, "they have much more consideration for me than I deserve. What troubles me now is that I have just been building a chapel,

and I have no money with which to pay for it." The unknown seemed to reflect for a moment, then took twenty-five gold pieces from his pocket, and gave them to M. Vianney. "Sir," he said, "this will pay your workmen. I recommend myself to your prayers." He then disappeared at a gallop, without leaving the priest time to think where he was.

On another occasion he had bought a considerable quantity of corn for the use of his "Providence," as he called the house where he maintained a large number of orphans. Not having the means wherewith to pay his creditor, he begged for a short respite, which was granted with reluctance. However, the time stipulated approached its close, and he was still without means. He therefore went out into the country, and recited his Rosary, recommending his dear little orphans to the Mother of the poor. His prayer was heard without delay. A woman came up to him suddenly, and said: "Are you the parish priest of Ars?" "Yes, my good woman." "Here is some money that I have been told to give to you," she continued; "your prayers are asked for the giver." Thereupon the woman emptied her purse into his hands, and the good Curé never knew who she was, or whence she came.

For many years before the death of the Curé of Ars scarcely any good work of importance was undertaken in France without being submitted to him and receiving his blessing. Thus it happened that when the Perpetual Rosary, which had for many years almost fallen into disuse, was being revived, the plan was submitted to the holy priest. As soon as he had understood the nature of the devotion he cried out: "Oh, this work is beautiful! very beautiful! It is a divine work, and it is destined to produce great fruits in men's souls and in the Church. I unite myself to it with all my heart, and I wish to be united in intention to all the hours of prayer, both by day and night."

Some time after this the registers containing the names of those who had been enrolled in the Perpetual Rosary up to that

time were presented to him that he might bless them. He did so, saying, "I bless all the names that are inscribed, and those that shall be inscribed; I unite myself in intention to all the hours, in this world and in the other, if God gives me the grace to receive me into a happy e'ernity."

The holy Curé of Ars died in 1859, on the 4th of August, the Feast of St. Dominic, to whom Our Lady revealed the devotion of the Rosary. His sanctity was illustrated by many extraordinary occurrences, and the cause of his beatification is now under examination at Rome.

Bigotry Rebuked.

THE incident of the Cardinal's closing prayer at the Constitutional centenary celebration still seems to occupy public attention, but in a manner indicative of rebuke and protest against the utterances of the Presbyterian organ of Philadelphia. The secular press generally regards the selection of Cardinal Gibbons as eminently fitting, particularly as it indicated that the spirit of religious tolerance pervading the Constitution had at last accomplished its benignant work—that, at length, the general sentiment pervading the American people showed plainly that they had become imbued with the true significance of a document which, while intended to direct the government of a people, guaranteed to every man "the right to worship God according to the dictates of his conscience"; and, therefore, to speak of this country as a "Protestant nation" was diametrically opposed to the very letter and spirit of the Constitution. As if to intensify the public rebuke of the *Presbyterian Journal*, another strictly Protestant periodical, the *Lutheran Observer*, gave expression to the following sentiment: "We deem it altogether proper that the Catholic Church as well as the Protestant should have been represented on the occasion, and we regard the head of that Church in this country as its most fitting representative."

It has also been well said by secular journals that there could be but one closing prayer, and the duty of pronouncing it was properly assigned to the representative of "that Church whose adherents in this country outnumber those of any other single denomination." And, all in all, the general public opinion acknowledges that the right course was taken by those in charge of the celebration.

But perhaps the most pointed of all expressions upon the subject appeared in a recent issue of the *Catholic Mirror*, which republished a graceful letter of Archbishop Carroll, written in 1815 in response to an invitation to open the ceremonies of the laying of the corner-stone of the Washington Monument. It is taken from the columns of the *American Commercial Daily Advertiser* of Baltimore, dated Saturday, July 8, 1815 and the whole breathes a spirit of broad and honest patriotism that should make ashamed of themselves the narrow-minded sectarians who have been ranting over the honor paid to Cardinal Gibbons and the Catholic Church. It is not too much to say that at a time so near the framing of the Constitution its spirit was well understood, and overheated fanatics of the present day may well learn from the earnest but modest utterances of the venerable Archbishop Carroll the true significance of love of country. The extract from the *Advertiser* reads as follows:

In making the preparatory arrangements for the laying of the corner-stone of the Washington Monument to the memory of Washington, the managers directed their committee to request, in the first instance, the venerable and universally-respected Archbishop Carroll to commence the ceremonies by invoking a blessing on the undertaking, not only on account of his high ecclesiastical rank, but as having been the contemporary and intimate friend of that illustrious man. But, as he was at a distance from the city, the wishes of the managers were conveyed to him in a communication from Mr. Fenwick, who received in reply the following letter, which we take pleasure in being permitted to make public:

* * *

"You will not fail to present immediately my very respectful and grateful acknowledgment to Mr. Gilmore, and through him to the gentlemen

of the committee, for the distinguished honor done me by their choice of me as the person designated to open the august ceremony of the Fourth of July and remind our countrymen of the only true sources of real honor and glory—the moral, civil, and military virtues of that illustrious man whose monument will that day begin to be raised, which, even without the aid of marble, remains undimmed and imperishable in the hearts of his fellow-citizens; though it is likewise worthy of all praise to exhibit grand and solid testimonials of material gratitude to eminent benefactors.

“These are my sincere feelings on the present occasion, and with pride would I obey a call which honors me so much; and though at all times it would exceed my power to do it justice, but now more particularly at my advanced period of life, and with a half-extinguished voice, I must unavoidably fall so much below the solemnity of the occasion and public expectation, that respect for the supereminent Washington and for my fellow-citizens compels me to offer my excuse to the committee, which you will do in my behalf, in terms the most expressive of my respect and my regret for my inability to answer their politeness with a ready compliance.”

Catholic Notes.

Towards the end of last month Leo XIII. addressed to the Bishops of Italy a letter on the promotion of the Holy Rosary, the text of which has been late in reaching us. His Holiness speaks of the trials of the Church, of the dangers to which the faithful in Italy are exposed, and again expresses his desire to revive everywhere the devotion to Our Lady of the Rosary, and to spread it far and wide among the faithful of the world: declaring that the devotion is most appropriate for the needs of the times, and that his most lively and sure hope is placed in the Queen of the Rosary, who has shown Herself, since She has been invoked by that title, so ready to help the Church and Christian peoples in their necessities.

A piece of news which possesses an interest peculiarly its own, and conveys a very pointed lesson, is going the rounds of the press. It is to the effect that a generous alumnus of Georgetown College, having fallen heir to a fortune, has given the sum of ten thousand dollars to his *alma mater*. This munificent gift has been augmented by the donation of a similar amount by three other members of

the gentleman's family, swelling the sum received by the College to the handsome figure of forty thousand dollars. We hope that the action of these benefactors of Catholic education will be looked upon as an example to be followed by many others. We would suggest, too, as a fitting subject for the generosity and practical sympathy of friends of education, the rebuilding of St. Meinrad's Abbey and College in Indiana, the complete destruction of which is still fresh in the public mind.

Portland, Oregon, had a great celebration recently, when Archbishop Gross received the pallium from the hands of Cardinal Gibbons. The event had been looked forward to for some time, and elaborate preparations had been made for its observance. Pontifical Mass was celebrated in the Church of the Immaculate Conception by the Rt. Rev. Ægidius Junger, and an eloquent sermon was preached by Cardinal Gibbons. Among those present were Archbishop Riordan, Bishop Brondel, Bishop Glorieux, and many priests of the diocese.

In a recent number of the *Revue des Deux Mondes* the celebrated European diplomatist, M. Melchior de Vogue, pays a glowing tribute to the flourishing condition of the Church in the United States. He speaks in particular of the high qualities of mind and heart possessed by the chiefs of the American clergy. Their zeal for religion, he says, is equalled only by their enthusiasm in the cause of science and learning, which is so clearly manifested by the approaching foundation of the Catholic University. M. de Vogue's article bears witness to the interest which the present state and future prospects of the Church in America excite on the continent of Europe. As further testimony to this we may quote some words of Bishop Keane: “Few men are more eagle-eyed to see what is and what is to be than Cardinal Manning. One day last June he said to me: ‘I consider it beyond doubt that the next great development of human progress is to be in America.’ And many another prince of the Church is frank to confess that the Old World has many lessons to learn from the New.”

“The Sisters of Mercy” was the subject of an eloquent lecture delivered recently in Pittsburgh by the Rev. J. F. Canevin. The lecture was listened to by more than a thousand per-

sons, and the proceeds were devoted to the aid of the Sisters' new House of Industry. The reverend lecturer, after giving an account of the foundation of the Sisters of Mercy in the year 1831, at Dublin, went on to speak of the objects and rule of the Order, and closed with an eloquent panegyric on the heroism and devotedness of the Sisters during the late civil war.

A decree of the Sacred Congregation of Rites, dated Sept. 11th, Feast of the Most Holy Name of Mary, announces that the Sovereign Pontiff, seeing that the Feast of the Solemnity of the Most Holy Rosary is kept by the people with singular honor and veneration—which veneration is referred to all the mysteries of the life and passion and glory of Jesus Christ our Redeemer, and of His spotless Mother,—in order to foster still more this growing spirit of piety, and to increase still further the public veneration, has extended to the whole Church a privilege frequently granted to particular churches, by ordering that the Solemnity and the Office of Our Lady of the Rosary, assigned to the first Sunday of October, should in future be celebrated with the rite of a double of the second class, so that it can not be transferred to another day except when a feast of higher rank falls on the same day according to the Rubrics, notwithstanding anything to the contrary.

A fine oil-painting of the Rev. Simon Petit Lalumiere, the first native of the State of Indiana to be raised to the dignity of the priesthood, is among recent additions to the historical collection of the University of Notre Dame. He was ordained by the venerable Bishop Flaget, of Kentucky. When Bishop Bruté arrived at Vincennes, in 1834, to take possession of his new diocese, Father Lalumiere was the only priest in the whole State of Indiana. The painting was presented by Mother Euphrasia, General Superioress of the Sisters of Providence.

The *Nacional*, of Ecuador, announces that the Congress of that Republic has voted to present their congratulations to Pope Leo XIII. for the fiftieth anniversary of his first Mass; makes known their fervent wishes for his freedom, and the restoration of the sacred rights belonging to him as the successor of St. Peter and as the visible Head of the Cath-

olic Church; renews the promise already made by that nation to remain faithful to the teachings of the Holy See, especially to those contained in the Encyclicals *Diuturnum* and *Immortale Dei*, and decrees that the 31st of December, 1887, be observed as a general holiday, and that the executive authority cause to be celebrated in all the cathedral churches of the Republic a solemn Mass with *Te Deum*, at which all are expected to assist. Finally, the Congress has appropriated the sum of 10,000 *duros* (£2,000) as their contribution to the alms to be presented by the Catholic world to his Holiness on the said anniversary.—*London Tablet*.

The relations between the Holy See and the Ottoman Government are daily becoming more cordial and intimate. The new apostolic delegate Mgr. Bonetti, who was recently sent to Turkey, has been received by the Sultan with the highest honors, and accorded the ceremonial of a grand state audience. When the prelate took occasion to express to the sovereign of Turkey the kindly sentiments entertained towards him by the Holy Father, and his desire for the prosperity of the Empire, the Sultan responded in terms expressive of the sincere good will with which he received and reciprocated the salutations of his Holiness, and throughout the whole audience took particular pains to show his friendly feeling towards the representative of the Holy See.

An eminent French priest relates that a short time ago a physician in his visits among the sick poor of Paris found a lady of evident refinement waiting upon an old woman, who lived in a back room of a wretchedly poor house in the Faubourg —. Although poverty was visible everywhere, everything was nicely arranged. The furniture was clean, the bed comfortable and neatly dressed, and the few little articles in their proper places.

"A neighbor of yours?" remarked the doctor to the old woman,— "and a kind one truly!"

"I am a friend of hers," said the attendant, anticipating the invalid's reply.

Some time afterwards the Countess of — had occasion to call on the same physician, and servants in livery attended her.

"*Mon Dieu!*" exclaimed the doctor, "but your ladyship is the same I met at —."

The Countess smiled at his astonishment,

and then, placing her finger on her lips, turned for a moment to admire a painting which hung near where they were standing. There are many such heroines of charity in Paris, wicked as it is.

From the first annual report of the Sacred Heart Home, Drumcondra Road, Dublin, a notice of which was published recently in THE "AVE MARIA," we learn that the number of children received into the institution since the 2d of August, 1886, is 103,—boys, 49; girls, 54. Among the contributors to the fund are: the Archbishop of Dublin, £50; the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster, £5; the Empress Eugénie, £10; and Colorel Sir W. Butler, £100. The Home was founded, as will be remembered, under the auspices of the Most Rev. Archbishop of Dublin, for the reception of children rescued from the "birds'-nests" of proselytism.

For many years it was uncertain whether the Dresden or Darmstadt "Madonna" was Holbein's genuine masterpiece. The Grand Duke of Hesse has not allowed his picture to be cleared of the thick coat of paint and varnish. Herr Hauzer, the Munich restorer, has been so successful that there is no doubt as to its genuineness. It will be on exhibition shortly at Dresden, side by side with the picture which has so long been held to be the original. The colors are even more brilliant than those of the Dresden Madonna.—*N. Y. Sun.*

Most of our readers have heard of the monastery of the Grand Chartreuse near Grenoble, at which the celebrated *liqueur* of that name is made; but few, perhaps, have any idea of the benefits which have resulted to the surrounding country from the sale of this product. The proceeds of their manufacture have enabled the monks to build churches and hospitals, to relieve the wants of the poor, and to bestow their hospitality on countless strangers and pilgrims. Over two million dollars have been spent by them in less than a century for pious and charitable purposes, and their alms are sent all over the world. It is a striking fact that the persecutors of other religious bodies leave them alone, but the explanation of this is not far to seek: the State receives from them annually over one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, paid as duty on the *liqueur*; and it has come to the conclusion that it is

best to let the monks of the Grand Chartreuse stay where they are.

An interesting ceremony took place recently in Pittsburg—viz., the laying of the cornerstone of a new House of Industry by Bishop Phelan. There was a large attendance of the clergy of the diocese, and at least five thousand people gathered on the streets and the site of the new building. The Bishop, after laying the stone, delivered some appropriate remarks on the beauty of charity and the noble objects of the proposed Home of Industry, and pointed out that the best way of manifesting appreciation of the self-sacrificing efforts of the Sisters of Mercy, for whom the building will be erected, was to imitate their undertakings, and show love to God and man by works of mercy, goodness, and charity.

The *Catholic Union* quotes an affirmation of *La Lumière Electrique* that not Franklin, but a Bohemian monk, Prokop Dirvish, was the inventor of the lightning-rod.

Obituary.

"It is a holy and wholesome thought to pray for the dead."

— 2 MACH., xii., 46.

The following persons, lately deceased, are commended to the charitable prayers of our readers: Sister Teresa, of the Sisters of St. Joseph, whose devoted life was crowned with a precious death on the 1st inst., at San Diego, Cal.

Mr. William A. Jenks, formerly an Episcopalian minister, whose happy death took place at Camden N. J., on the 21st of July.

• Mrs. Bridget White, who departed this life on the 5th inst., at Charlestown, Mass.

Miss Ellen Luby, of Jacksonville, Ill., whose tender devotion to the Blessed Virgin was rewarded with a precious death on the 6th inst.

Mr. Thomas J. Myer, whose happy death occurred at Pikeville, Md., on the 29th ult.

Miss Mary L. Feeny, a devout Child of Mary, who breathed her last at St. Joseph's Hospital, Baltimore, on the 22d of September.

Michael and John Grimes, Mrs. Bridget Grimes, Mrs. Catherine Heilt, and Mrs. Bridget Hagan, of Altoona, Pa.; William, John, and George Peacock, and Mrs. Mary Mangan, Limerick, Ireland; Andrew Meehan, Dubuque, Iowa; Mrs. Mary Delaney, Waterbury, Conn.; Mr. William Fitzgerald, and Miss Mary Rohan.

May their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace!



Queen of the Holy Rosary.

BY SISTER MARY ALPHONSUS.

O JOYFUL Heart of Mary!
 What trembling bliss was Thine,
 Thy Son and God to worship
 Within His humble shrine!
 To watch His infant footsteps,
 To guard His infant rest,
 Within Thine arms to shield Him,
 And clasp Him to Thy breast!

O mournful Heart of Mary!
 To meet that cruel day
 When, rent and racked and tortured,
 Upon the Cross He lay;
 To feel His bitter anguish,
 To hear His dying cry,
 To see His death-thirst mocked at,
 And then to see Him die!

O glorious Heart of Mary!
 O wonder-spot above!
 Where God hath all surpassed Himself
 In royalty and love:
 For every pang a glory,
 For every prayer a wreath,—
 His crowning grace above Thee,
 His brightest saints beneath!

But, sweet and joyful Mother,
 Mother of tears and woe,
 Mother of grace and glory,
 Thou still hast cares below;
 Then bid us share Thy rapture,
 And bid us taste Thy pain,
 To sing at last Thy grandeur
 In Christ's eternal reign.

THE most wonderful and beautiful things
 are oftenest done in the world by those
 who had no opportunities, while people
 whose hands were full of the means never
 arrived at any end.—*Rosa Mulholland.*

A Pilgrimage to the Shrines of Our Lady
in Austria.

OUR LADY OF VICTORIES.

"Our Lady dear of Victories,
 We see our Faith oppressed,
 And, praying for our erring land,
 We love that name the best."

Over woodland roads, under widespread-
 ing sycamore and larch trees, we drove on
 through summer meadow-lands to the
 pretty Austrian hamlet of Lanzendorf,
 whose pilgrimage Church of Sancta Maria
 is built on the meadows where St. Luke
 preached to the Markomans in the year 70.
 Not until the year 1101 did this shrine
 become a pilgrimage, under the name and
 protection of the Society of St. Sebastian.
 A captain in the army of Duke Leopold first
 established the custom of a yearly resort
 for prayer at this shrine of Our Lady of
 Victories, and since then, in the month of
 May, pilgrims from neighboring cities go
 thence in procession through the Austrian
 woodlands

The history of the old church is given in
 the seven pictures which surround the altar
 in the centre of the building at the inter-
 section of the transepts—for the church is
 in the form of a cross.—and the daily Masses
 are said at this central altar; although the
 high altar is beyond the choir, in the space
 which may be described as at the head of
 the cross; and beyond this great altar is the
 little votive chapel.

The hamlet of Lanzendorf is very little
 known to tourists in Austria; indeed it has
 nothing of interest beside its church. It is
 removed from the railroads, and reached
 only by a carriage-road from Vienna. We
 left the city about three o'clock in the
 afternoon, and after a long drive found our-
 selves in the little hill-side village. The
 church was closed for the night, but we had
 secured rooms at the inn. It was only one
 story high; the rooms all opened into one
 another, and seemed to possess nothing but
 board floors and plastered ceilings. Comfort

was hardly to be named in such a place; and yet, through the kindly attention of the landlady, we passed an entertaining evening and comfortable night. It rained towards midnight, and the patter of drops on the tiled roof soothed us to slumber, like the fairy footsteps of Haydn's *allegretto* played on an old spinet in the moonlight.

Early the following morning we walked up the road to the pilgrims' shrine—a plain, whitewashed or cement-covered stone edifice, built in the *baroque-renaissance* of the thirteenth century. Some of the ninth and tenth century portions of the church remain, but there is nothing of interest in architectural or artistic beauties. The pictures which tell the history of the place are black and browned with time and atmospheric exposure, and are placed around the central altar like a semicircular screen. They have no artistic merit, save as being poetical in design, and valuable as relics of historical art.

The first picture at the right side of the altar represents St. Luke preaching to the Markomans on his return from Germany to Macedonia.

The Emperor Marcus Aurelius gained a victory over the Markomans in this same field in the year 174. A violent thunderstorm broke over the barbarians, while the Christian legion, which led the Emperor's forces, remained quite dry; for the sun shone over their ranks. After the battle the Emperor built a chapel on the field for his Christian soldiers. The second picture represents this battle, cloud-shadow and sunshine over the Christians, rain and storm-cloud over the Markomans.

In 508 King Arthur of England found a stone on this spot with an inscription telling that St. Luke had preached here. The English King built another chapel for his knights. The third picture represents the finding of the stone. The Knights of the Round Table grouped about the King forms a most effective painting.

An old legend tells us that in the year 539 the German Princess Ernirudus entered this chapel with her maidens, and prayed the

Blessed Virgin to appear to her. The fourth picture represents the kneeling Princess, and the dimly-defined form of our Blessed Lady surrounded by white lilies. This picture is full of poetic beauty and deep religious sentiment. We lingered long before it, and returned to it again and again. Our Lady among the lilies, loveliest of themes for painter or poet, has long been the favorite type of "Mother Most Pure" in Catholic art.

In 791 the Emperor Charlemagne returned thanks in this chapel for a victory gained over the Huns. In the fifth painting he is represented as kneeling and presenting a picture as thank-offering.

The sixth picture shows King Leopold offering alms, his sword, and the blood-stained clothes he wore in the victorious crusade of 1101.

The seventh and last picture represents the first woodland journey or pilgrimage to this shrine, led by the captain of Leopold's army, who first established the Society of St. Sebastian, and the custom of making a May pilgrimage to St. Mary's, Lanzendorf.

There were but few worshippers; the village is so sparsely settled that all its inhabitants, even on Sundays and festivals, would not fill a quarter of the great church; but during the May pilgrimage it can not contain all the pilgrims. Booths by the roadside are filled with votive picture-cards, rosaries, and mementos of the place. These are largely purchased by the faithful, and the keepers of these little shops vie with one another in recommending their small wares. A few photographs of the historical pictures are found among the mementos of the church, but none of the loveliest picture of them all—Our Lady among the lilies.

"It can not be copied," said an old dame from whom we purchased copies of the other pictures. "It has been tried often and often."

"But I have copied it in pencil," said Roberta, and forthwith opened her little sketch-book.

"*Ach, wie wunderschön!*"* exclaimed

* Ah, how wonderfully beautiful!

the poor woman, both hands raised in admiration; and then she called the entire mercantile population to enjoy the sketch with her.

It was noon before our carriage was ready to return to Vienna, and, to please the old dames who had so thoroughly admired her work, Roberta, aided by Hilda, had made several copies of the sketch, and presented them to their admirers. Words can faintly describe the profuse thanks they received.

Our homeward drive by another road, which led through the barren, rocky hills upon which the ruins of Castle Tannhauser stands, was longer than the direct highway, and lights were gleaming in the great city long before we reached our hotel.

"To-morrow we go southward to the votive shrine of Maria Schütz" (Mary our Protectress), said Madame Veronique.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

From the Apennines to the Andes.

(CONTINUED.)

Shortly after landing, Marco hastened to find the gentleman for whom his kind friend in Boca had given him a card bearing a few words of recommendation. On entering Rosario, it seemed to him that he had come into a city with which he was already familiar. There were the straight, interminable streets, bordered with low white houses, traversed in all directions above the roofs by telegraph and telephone wires, which looked like enormous spiders' webs; and there was a great confusion of people, of horses, and of vehicles. He wandered about for nearly an hour, making one turn after another, and seeming always to come back to the same street; but finally, by dint of inquiry, he found the house he was looking for. In answer to his ring, the door was opened by a large, gruff man, who had the air of a steward, and who demanded, with a foreign accent:

"What do you want?"

The boy mentioned the name of his patron.

"The master has gone away," replied the steward; "he set out yesterday afternoon for Buenos Ayres, with his whole family."

Marco was speechless. After a moment he stammered: "But I—I have no one here! I am alone!" And he offered the card.

The steward took it, read it, and said: "I don't know what to do for you. I'll give it to him when he returns, a month hence."

"But I—I am alone; I am in need!" exclaimed the lad, in a supplicating voice.

"Oh," said the other, "just as though there were not plenty of your sort from your country in Rosario! Be off, and do your begging in Italy!" And he slammed the door in his face.

The boy stood on the door-step as though he had been turned to stone. Then he picked up his bag, and slowly went out, his heart torn with anguish, his mind in a whirl, assailed all at once by a thousand anxious thoughts. What was to be done? Where was he to go? From Rosario to Cordova was a day's journey by rail. He had only a few lire in his pocket. After deducting what he should be obliged to spend that day, there was next to nothing left. Where was he to find the money to pay his fare? He could work, but to whom should he apply for employment? As for begging, he could never do that. To be repulsed, insulted, humiliated, as he had been a little while ago? No: never, never again; rather would he die! And at this idea, and at the sight of the very long street which was lost in the distance of the boundless plain, he felt his courage desert him once more. Flinging his bag on the sidewalk, he sat down with his back against the wall, and bent his head between his hands, in an attitude of despair.

People jostled him as they passed; several boys stopped to look at him. He remained thus for a while, when suddenly he was startled by a voice saying to him in a mixture of Italian and Lombard dialect, "What is the matter, youngster?" He raised his face at these words, and instantly sprang to his feet, uttering an exclamation of won-

der: "You here!" It was the old Lombard peasant whom he had met during his first voyage.

The amazement of the peasant was as great as his own; but the boy did not give him time to ask any questions: he rapidly recounted the state of his affairs. "Now I am without a soldo. I must go to work. Find me work, that I may earn a few lire. I will do anything—I can carry rubbish; I can sweep the streets; I can run on errands, or even work in the country; I am content to live on black bread, if only I can set out quickly, and find my beloved mother once more."

"It is easy to say, 'To work, to work!'" replied the peasant, rubbing his hands. "Let us look about a little. Is there no way of finding thirty lire among so many fellow-countrymen?"

The boy looked at him, consoled by a ray of hope.

"Come with me," said the peasant.

The man started on, and Marco followed. They walked along for some time without speaking. The peasant stopped at the door of an inn bearing the inscription, "The Star of Italy." He looked in, and, turning to the boy, said: "We have arrived at the right moment." They entered a room containing many tables, around which were seated men, drinking and talking loudly. The Lombard approached the first table, and from the manner in which he saluted the six guests who were gathered around it, it was evident that he had been in their company a short time previously.

"Comrades," said the peasant, presenting the little stranger, "here is a poor lad, our fellow-countryman, who has come alone from Genoa to Buenos Ayres to seek his mother. At Buenos Ayres they told him she had gone to Cordova. He came in a bark to Rosario, with a few lines of recommendation. He presented the card, and they drove him off in despair. He has not a *centesimo* to his name, and he is all alone. Let us see if we can raise enough to pay his way to Cordova in search of his mother."

"A fellow-countryman of ours!" they

all shouted at once. "Come hither, little fellow! We are all emigrants! See what a handsome young rogue! Out with your wallets, comrades! Bravo! Came alone all the way from Genoa! We'll send you to your mother, never fear!" And one pinched his cheek, another patted him on the shoulder, while a third relieved him of his bag. Other emigrants rose from the tables close by, and gathered about him. The boy's story made the round of the inn; three Argentine guests hurried in from the adjoining room, and in less than ten minutes the Lombard peasant, who was passing round the hat, had collected forty-two lire.

"Do you see," he said, turning to the boy, "how fast things are done in America?"

"Drink to the health of your mother," exclaimed another, offering him a glass of wine.

All raised their glasses, and Marco repeated, "To the health of my—" But a sob of joy choked him, and, setting the glass on the table, he flung himself on the old man's neck.

Early next morning he set out for Cordova. The weather was close and dull; the train, which was nearly empty, ran through an immense plain destitute of every sign of habitation. He found himself alone in a very long car, which resembled those on trains for the wounded. He gazed to the right and to the left, but saw nothing save an endless solitude, strewn with tiny, deformed trees, with contorted trunks and branches, and a sparse and melancholy vegetation, which gave to the plain the aspect of a ruined cemetery.

He dozed for half an hour then resumed his survey. The spectacle was still the same. The railway stations were deserted, and looked like the dwellings of hermits; and when the cars stopped, not a sound was heard; he fancied that he was alone in a lost train, abandoned in the middle of a desert. It seemed to him as though each station must be the last, and that he should then enter the mysterious regions of the savages. An icy breeze nipped his face. On embarking at Genoa, towards the end of April, it

had not occurred to him that he should find winter in America, and he was dressed in his summer clothes.

After some hours he began to suffer from cold and fatigue; for the last few days had been filled with violent emotions, and his nights had been sleepless and harassing. He fell into a profound slumber, and when he awoke felt feverish and ill. Then a terror seized upon him: what if he should die on the journey, and be thrown out in that wild prairie, where his body would be devoured by birds of prey, like the carcasses of animals which he had caught sight of every now and then beside the track, and from which he had turned aside in disgust! In this state of anxiety his imagination grew excited, and everything looked dark and hopeless.

Was he quite sure, after all, that he should find his mother at Cordova? What if that gentleman in the *Via del los Artes* had made a mistake? And what if she were dead? Thus meditating, he fell asleep again, and dreamed that he was in Cordova, and it was night, and that he heard cries from all the doors and all the windows, "She is not here! She is not here!" This roused him with a start, and he saw at the other end of the car three bearded men enveloped in shawls of various colors, who were staring at him, and talking together in a low tone; and the suspicion flashed across him that they were assassins, and that they wanted to kill him for the sake of stealing his bag. His fancy, already perturbed, became distorted: the three men kept on staring at him; one of them moved towards him; then his reason wandered, and, rushing to him with outstretched arms, he shrieked, "I have nothing; I am a poor boy; I have come from Italy, and am in search of my mother; I am alone: do not harm me!"

They instantly understood the situation; they took compassion on him, caressed and soothed him, speaking to him many kind words, which he neither heard nor comprehended; and, perceiving that his teeth were chattering with cold, they wrapped one of their shawls around him, and made him sit

down, so that he might go to sleep again. And he did fall asleep once more, as the twilight was descending. When they aroused him, he was at Cordova.

Ah, what a deep breath he drew, and with what impetuosity he flew from the car! He inquired of one of the station employes for the house of the Engineer Mequinez; the man told him it stood beside a certain church, and Marco thanked him, and hastened away.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A Great General's Devotion to the Holy Rosary.

The celebrated Austrian General Radetzky was as pious as he was brave. Once, whilst resting in his park near the imperial residence in Vienna, his Rosary fell out of his pocket unperceived. Some soldiers to whom he had given the freedom of his premises found it. The General happened to pass near the bench soon afterwards, and, seeing them showing some object among themselves, asked what they had. "Father" (such was the affectionate title given the old General by the soldiers), they replied, "we have found a pair of beads on this bench, and we wonder what soldier it is that is simple enough to say them." "Give them to me," said the old man; "it was I who left them there. They are mine, and I am simple enough to say them."

Before going into battle, General Radetzky always exhorted his soldiers to place their confidence in God. On account of his great age (he was more than eighty years old when he won his most splendid victories), he was obliged to drive in a carriage when the army was in motion. On one of these occasions, when all was in readiness for the order to march, the old chieftain was missing. After some time he was discovered asleep in his carriage, with his Rosary, which he had been reciting, beside him. How God blessed the arms of this great military leader is well known to the student of history.



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The Sealers' Rosary.

BY R. HOWLEY.

I.

A goodly fleet
Set in a sea all dazzling white;
Soft azure tints creep forth to meet
Th' aurora's gold and ruby light
Upon the crystal plain;
While underneath, subdued and sweet,
Sobs the imprisoned main.

II.

The daylight dies,
But fairer night o'er all the zone
From clustered lamps new glory throws;
She sparkles round the Ice-King's throne,
And lights his hall;
Like steel, blue-bright, resplendent glows
The iceberg's wall.

III.

"All hands, ahoy!"
Resounds above the gleaming foes;
"To Rosary!" The crews deploy
To greet their "Mary of the Snows";
Then floats from sail to sail
Their cry, "Hail Mary! hail!"

TEMPTATIONS resisted are not sins, and the indeliberate adhesion of the mind to that which is deliberately resisted is not a transgression of the law.—*Cardinal Manning.*

It is man's duty to aim at reaching as near to perfection as possible, though he can never attain it here.—*Silvio Pellico.*

The Holy Rosary the Queen of Devotions.

BY THE REV. A. A. LAMBING, LL. D.

XXVI.—THE SAINTS.

A GROUP of the most illustrious servants of God surrounded our divine Redeemer on earth. There were Zachary and Elizabeth, who were "both just before God, walking in all the commandments and justifications of the Lord without blame." There was their son, the Baptist, of whom Our Saviour Himself declares: "Amongst those that are born of women, there is not a greater prophet than John the Baptist." Next were the simple-minded, innocent Shepherds, who merited to have an angel call them to the cradle of their new-born King; the Wise Men, in whose behalf a miracle was also wrought; there were Simeon and Anna, whose praises need not be rehearsed; the Apostles, who were destined to be the pillars upon which the Church of Christ was to be built; and, finally, the holy women, who shrank not from the awful scenes of Calvary.

All ranks of the saints are represented in the mysteries of the Holy Rosary,—saints of the Old Law and saints of the New; patriarchs and prophets, priests and apostles, martyrs and confessors, virgins, widows, and penitents. Even the innocence of childhood was there—that infant band who unconsciously won heaven before they knew of

earth; whom the Church, in the hymn of their feast, represents playing with their palms of victory beneath the celestial altar. All have a place in the Rosary, which, while it enkindles devotion to the greatest, inspires devotion to all the others, and excites to a holy emulation of their virtues.

XXVII.—THE HOLY SOULS IN PURGATORY.

The Church presents Mary to us not only as the Queen of Heaven, but also as the Queen of Purgatory. It is Her kingdom, and She has a deep interest in the souls imprisoned there; not only because they have been redeemed by the Precious Blood of Her divine Son, and have as yet failed to attain the end for which they were created, but also because of their utter helplessness, which awakens the tenderest compassion of Her maternal heart. She can not contemplate their sufferings without being moved to help them. But God is just: their debt to Him must be paid, and how is it to be done? If the justice of God must have its due, so also must the compassion of Mary, and She will act upon the Church, to which Her divine Son gave the power of binding and loosing. She will move the Church to open, as we may say, the very flood-gates of indulgences in their behalf, and cause the living to cancel much of their debt. This She has done, and there is no devotion, if we except the Way of the Cross, that is so richly indulged as the Holy Rosary; and all its indulgences are applicable to the souls in purgatory. It may be called the layman's key to heaven, as the Mass is the priest's key; it may be called the ladder placed by the hands of their friends upon earth, by which they are enabled to escape from their prison-house, and ascend to heaven and to God.

XXVIII.—ZEAL FOR THE SALVATION OF SOULS.

That the devotion of the Holy Rosary is calculated to excite within the hearts of those who practise it a zeal for the salvation of souls, follows as a necessary consequence both from its nature and its institution. It

is too well known to need repetition that when St. Dominic had exhausted all the resources of his eloquence and zeal for the conversion of the sinners of his day, he complained to Heaven half in love, half in despair, of the little success that attended his efforts; whereupon the Blessed Virgin taught him the devotion of the Rosary, and bade him teach the people to recite it. History records his wonderful success.

What is the Rosary but a review of the life of Him whom the Father sent into the world, that those who believed might not perish, but might have life everlasting? It is also a review of the life of Her who so loved the world as to give Her only Son for the salvation of sinners; who followed Him up the mountain with more than the fortitude of Abraham, and stood at the foot of the Cross, the altar of sacrifice, till His life was extinct, and the lance of the centurion had pierced His sacred side, fulfilling the words of the prophet: "In that day there shall be a fountain opened to the house of David and to the inhabitants of Jerusalem, for the washing of the sinner." The Rosary is the life of Him who came among men that they might have life, and might have it more abundantly; who came not to call the just, but sinners to repentance; who loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own Blood.

If, turning from a general view of the divine life, we regard it more in detail, it will be found to reveal that thirst for the honor and glory of the Father which could be satiated only by the conversion of sinners. For this He humbled Himself, taking the form of servant; for this He preached by His presence in infancy to the Shepherds, to the Wise Men, to holy Simeon, and to all those who were waiting for the redemption of Israel; for this He was about His Father's business in the Temple at the age of twelve years; for this He led His hidden life of humility and self-denial; to this end were directed His sermons, His parables, His miracles—in a word, all that He did. And how touching are not many of the actions of His divine life, viewed from this point!

—His forgiveness of Peter and of Magdalene, even His persistent efforts to triumph over the perverse will of the traitor Judas. His last commission to His Apostles, before the cloud received Him out of their sight, was to spread the truths which He had taught them, and dispense to the whole world the graces of which He had made them the custodians—all for the sake of sinners.

Nor was His love satisfied with all this: He would remain with His Church to the end of time, that the great work of the conversion of sinners might be carried on the more successfully. He would institute the Sacrament of Penance for the washing of the relapsing sinner, and His sacramental Presence as an antidote against sin. The Holy Spirit must also be enlisted in the conversion of sinners, as well as in the sanctification of the just; and we do not take leave of our Saviour in the mysteries of the Holy Rosary until we have witnessed the fulfilment of His promise to send Him.

The part which Mary took in the conversion of sinners is closely connected with that of Her divine Son; and so important is it that the Church does not hesitate to salute Her as the Refuge of Sinners,—a refuge which, like the cities of refuge in the Old Law, will shield the repentant sinner from the punishment which his sins deserve. She is the one for whom the prophet longed, who should rise up and take hold of God to restrain Him in His just anger, while imploring forgiveness for His wayward children. And surely if the prayer of Moses stayed the hand of an angry God, and saved his people, so that the Almighty bade him not to pray for them, but to let Him alone that He might destroy them in His wrath, the prayer of the Mother of God will be still more efficacious than that of the servant, however faithful.

And this protection of our Heavenly Mother is implored and the conversion of sinners is asked in every "Hail Mary" that is recited in the Rosary; in the same way that we ask the conversion of sinners in the petitions of the Lord's Prayer: "Thy King-

dom come; Thy will be done. . . . Forgive us our trespasses"; and also in the "Glory be to the Father"; while in the Creed we profess our belief in the power of forgiving sins. Sinners, then, who are sincerely desirous of returning to God by true repentance, or persons who are anxious for the conversion of others, can do no better than approach the throne of God through Mary by means of this form of prayer, which was given to the world by God, through Mary, as a special means for bringing back the lost sheep to the one fold of the Church.

CONCLUSION.

If, by showing the rich treasure of every devotion which we possess in the Holy Rosary, these brief, commonplace remarks of mine enkindle a greater love for it, it is enough; if they but fill up a leisure hour of the reader's, that, too, may in time bear its fruit. We can not be brought near to Mary without feeling the influence of Her sweet presence. The stress, too, which the Holy Father lays upon the recitation, both public and private, of the Holy Rosary is an encouragement, not only for those who so recite it, but also for those who would lead others to its pious use. Happy they who have this means of coming to Mary in life! She will not fail to come to them in death. She says to all: "He that shall find Me shall find life, and shall have salvation from the Lord."

Our Lady's Tree, near Cairo.*

THE blessed tree which, according to tradition, sheltered the Holy Family on their arrival in Egypt is only a short distance from Cairo. We invite our readers to accompany us on an excursion to it, and we will take them by a round-about way, in order to view other interesting objects.

For the journey from Cairo, short as it is, we must have donkeys. The Egyptian donkeys are really admirable. I do not speak

* "Une Excursion à L'Arbre de la Vierge Près le Caire," par le R. P. Jullien, S. J. Adapted by Sara S. Tracy.

of the great white animals, which sometimes command a price as high as that of a beautiful horse, but of the ordinary donkey with which you are all familiar. But what a difference there is between the Cairo donkeys and those found in England and America! The former, far from being humiliated, seem quite proud under their elegant saddle, with its great pommel of red leather, sometimes covered with red plush, edged with gold fringe. In repose they hold their heads high and carry themselves proudly, like race-horses. When mounted they start off gaily on a trot; at a touch of the whip they gallop, and never show the least stubbornness.

We will follow the Mouski, a busy, noisy thoroughfare which starts in the centre of Cairo, and runs in a straight line east. It is filled with the gay bazaars of Europeans, Jews, Greeks, and Turks,—each merchant in his national costume. At the end of the street, we are near the immense mosque Al-Azhar ("The Splendid"), the most celebrated Mussulman school in the world; it has at present more than nine thousand pupils. Advancing two kilometres farther, we reach the end of the street, and find ourselves in a quagmire of dust, at the foot of a chain of hills called the Hills of Rubbish.

Do not fancy, dear reader, that this rubbish is composed of picturesque ruins, blocks of stone, or broken pieces of sculpture. No: it is only bricks fallen into dust, sweepings, etc.; there is nothing interesting about these hills, except the vast space they cover. They form a chain seven kilometres in length, which bounds Cairo on the south and east. They extend over at least four square kilometres, their medium height being about thirty metres. If the city of Cairo, with its four hundred mosques and its countless palaces, were razed to the ground, the *débris* would not make a mass at all comparable to these hills; for they are the dust of many cities. The Mussulman never repairs his house or his mosque. When either becomes uninhabitable, he destroys it, carries off the *débris*, and constructs a new one.

Having reached the summit of the hill, which we have climbed by a zigzag path, before us stretches the chain Mokattem, and at our feet, in the valley, lies a city of elegant domes and fantastic minarets,—a city surrounded by immense cemeteries,—a city without noise and almost without inhabitants; it is the city of the dead; they call it the Tombs of the Caliphs. There is not a tree here, not a blade of grass—nothing but thousands of Mussulman sepulchres, like those in the cemeteries of Algeria. The tomb of the common people is a white-washed sarcophagus, surmounted at the extremities by two stones pointing to Mecca. Painted wooden sheds cover the tombs of the wealthier families. The magnificent mosques of the ancient Mameluke princes are in ruins; for, as we have said, the Mussulman never repairs anything.

As we pass through the necropolis, and advance in a northerly direction, we have before us the five barracks of the Abbassieh, immense buildings on the very border of the desert. In the distance rise the great trees of the khedival palace, El-Koubbéch; and on the horizon looms up the minaret of Matareeyeh. To the right stretches the apparently limitless desert. Near the barracks may be seen two or three inhabited palaces, and a beautiful observatory. Barracks are plentiful in Cairo. Thirty thousand men might be lodged in them, while the Egyptian army numbers only eighteen thousand soldiers.

Leaving the barracks to the left, we go up to the great shooting-grounds, and the immense stable constructed by Abbas Pacha for his Arabian horses. It is a square building, flanked at the corners by octagonal towers. Only the walls of this enormous structure remain. We continue our journey in a northerly direction, guiding ourselves by the minaret of Matareeyeh.

In the desert there is nothing to distract the mind; one is almost obliged to become a close observer. Occasionally great lizards peep from their holes to look at us; we catch one, and find it to be the *stellio spinipes*—a thick lizard, a foot long, whose tail is bris-

ting with horny points arranged in rings. We gather a quantity of flowers, for it is the favorable time (February and March) to botanize in the desert; later in the season everything will be scorched by the intense heat. But one must be careful how he touches these plants, for they are nearly all poisonous.

We cross the old railroad, which runs direct from Cairo to Suez. On an eminence are coarse brick walls, the bricks being made of black clay; it is the old station. Soon we reach the palm-trees of Matareeyeh, and the first enclosure which meets our eyes is the ostrich park, for the production of the feathers so much prized by ladies. It was founded about three years ago by a company of French merchants. The manager is a Swiss, who lives in a little villa close by. His assistant, a young Spaniard, politely showed us everything. The principal work here is the artificial incubation of the ostrich eggs, and the rearing of the young birds. The eggs are placed in a box filled with sand, and kept at a fixed temperature by a boiler of hot water placed above the box. The incubation requires from forty to forty two days. The ostrich when first hatched is about the size of a hen, and its feathers are like the prickles of the hedgehog. It attains its full size at the age of four years, but the feathers are taken from the tail and the extremities of the wings when it is two or three years old. The operation is by no means easy: the bird struggles so violently that six or seven men find it extremely difficult to hold it.

We are now only a few minutes' walk from Our Lady's Tree. Turning westward, we pass along the road which skirts the gardens surrounding Matareeyeh. Our Lady's Tree is in the last garden to the northwest. The village of Matareeyeh, one of the most populous of the environs of Cairo, is ten kilometres northwest of the city, and one kilometre south of the ruins of Heliopolis. The houses are generally of coarse brick, made of the slime of the river; but there are a number of finer dwellings, having a story above the ground-floor. The road

leaves the village to the right, and passes before the new mosque, built of beautiful white stone by the Viceroy Tewfik I., the owner of a large portion of the land. Close by is a well-watered field, at the end of which we perceive, between two groves of lemon-trees, an enormous sycamore. It is St. Joseph's Tree; we will return to it later.

Leaving the lemon groves, we find to the right a beautiful road, about forty metres in length, which leads to the garden containing Our Lady's Tree. At the entrance is a cassia-tree, which bears at the same time great clusters of yellow flowers, and long blackish pods containing the sweet pulp so much prized by pharmacutists. Let us enter this holy spot, once called the Balsam Garden. A very ancient tradition relates that the Holy Family dwelt in this place, and that at Mary's prayer a spring burst from the ground, and gave wonderful fertility to the arid soil. Formerly pilgrims were shown a wall and a little window which formed a portion of the dwelling of Jesus, Joseph, and Mary. Here the Christians built a chapel dedicated to the Blessed Virgin, in which they celebrated, on the 24th of the Coptic month of Beham (May 31), the feast of the arrival of the holy fugitives in Egypt.* In 1685 Ibrahim Pasha, Viceroy of Egypt, transformed this chapel into a mosque, which none but Mussulmans could enter. Thirteen years later, however, the Christians were allowed into the building. It was no longer used for Mussulman rites; the name of mosque ceased to be applied to it, and it was known simply as *Markad*, a place of repose.

At this time the Dominican Vansleb visited these places, and was shown in the *Markad* a sort of niche, where it is said the Blessed Virgin laid Her Divine Infant to rest while She was engaged in domestic labors; the altar of the ancient chapel was quite near. He saw also a little reservoir for water, adorned with many-colored marbles, and fed from the miraculous well close

* This feast is still retained in the Catholic Coptic rite.

by. The reservoir was entirely destroyed in the last century; no trace of it remains, and the water of the spring no longer rises to the surface. It is without doubt this well which has given the village its name, *Matareeyeh*, which signifies fresh water. Around the spring was formerly cultivated the precious shrub which furnished the balm of Judea, or balm of Mecca; hence the name of Balsam Garden.

Our Lady's Tree is about twenty metres southwest of the spring. It is said that the Holy Family, pursued by wicked men, were passing near a very large sycamore, the trunk of which suddenly opened, and the holy fugitives took refuge therein until their pursuers had passed. The piece which had separated from the tree to afford a refuge to its Creator was long preserved as a precious relic in the sacristy of the Fathers of the Holy Land at Cairo.

This tree is a very old sycamore, of the same species as that which Zacheus climbed to see Our Lord. Its root is almost indestructible, like that of the olive. The tree may fall by accident or from old age, but the root continues to live, and puts forth shoots, which in time become trees. If this be not the sycamore which sheltered Our Blessed Lady, it is doubtless an offshoot; for its roots appear to be of great antiquity. We knelt long under its sombre green foliage, offering our prayers to the Divine Child Jesus, and invoking the intercession of Mary. Then, passing through a cactus grove, we went to visit St. Joseph's Tree, and pray to the saintly head of the Holy Family. This is a sycamore also, and appears to be of the same age as Our Lady's Tree. Its enormous trunk is hollow: four or five persons might hide in it. It is almost unknown, and rarely visited by pilgrims. No railing protects it, no garden surrounds it.

We are now only a quarter of an hour's ride from Heliopolis; the Holy Family no doubt often passed over this very road. Three hundred metres farther on, there is an alley of slender trees, which leads to an obelisk standing in a field of wheat. This monolith is probably the most ancient in

Egypt. Its height is twenty metres and seventy-five centimetres, but about three metres, together with the pedestal, are buried in the earth. It probably belonged to the great Temple of the Sun, as well as Cleopatra's needles, which were transported first to Alexandria, then one to Rome, the other to London. Ancient writers tell us that in front of the temple there was a long avenue of sphinxes, with many obelisks, erected by the Pharaohs of the first dynasty. A solitary obelisk, and a few large stones which have been dug up in a field a little to the west, are all that remain of these great monuments.

We returned by the carriage-road. Near the village of Matareeyeh we passed a beautiful plain, the theatre of one of the grandest exploits of our French troops. There Kléber, on the 20th of March, 1800, with ten thousand soldiers, defeated eighty thousand Turks. The battle was continued as far as Heliopolis.

In these fields, always green, we see many flocks of birds as white as snow, of about the size of a small hen, but of more graceful form; all tourists give them the name of ibis. They are not, however, the sacred ibis of the ancient Egyptians (*ibis religiosa*), which is always black, and which is rarely seen in Cairo. Our pretty white birds are a species of heron (*ardeola russata*).

At about half an hour's distance from the city, in a desolate spot a few yards from the main road, we see a poor isolated house surrounded by an enclosure. On a black board nailed to the corner of the wall we read: *Spedale Europeo* (European Hospital). Yes, this is indeed the hospital of all the European consulates; but, as all the consuls have charge of it, it is cared for by none. Five or six French Sisters of St. Joseph from Marseilles are wearing out their lives here in labor and poverty.

At last we re-enter the great city, where Jesus is to-day, as He was nineteen hundred years ago at Heliopolis, a stranger, known to but few. May ours be the happiness of making Him better known and better loved!

Nora's Recompense.

CHAPTER XII.

WHEN Nora rose from her knees, she was at peace, and, bathing her eyes and face with cold water so as to remove the traces of tears, she looked round her small, narrow room. The walls were covered with common blue and white paper, and white curtains hung on the windows, but the low iron bedstead was destitute of all drapery. An old-fashioned, inlaid wardrobe contrasted oddly with the simple straw chairs; a toilet-stand stood in the corner, and over the fireplace hung a small mirror. On the mantelshelf was a statue of the Blessed Virgin between two massive silver candlesticks. There was no ornament of any kind in the apartment; all was spotlessly neat, but cold and dreary. She looked from the window, and saw, beyond the small courtyard on which it opened, a high convent wall, over which rose a church steeple, and the tops of some tall trees, which seemed to nod her a friendly welcome as they waved in the breeze. A homelike feeling now began to steal over her. She took off her hat and unpacked her trunk. Just as she was ready Jane knocked, and brought her something in a small tin box, saying, "The mistress sends you this cosmetic, Miss, to smooth your hair. And dinner is ready."

When Nora went down stairs her golden hair was slightly browned with the cosmetic, but it curled in defiance of all her efforts. Mrs. Auvrard made no remark on the subject. She sat straight as a rush in the cold, gloomy dining-room, before a large table; the simple but well-cooked meal did not take long, and was interrupted only by some frigid questions on Nora's journey, or sneering remarks, in which the old lady's bitter animosity to Mme. de Brélyon was very perceptible. "Fold your napkin into this," she said at last, handing Nora a yellow wooden napkin-ring. "We shall go out to walk this afternoon. I never leave the house except on Sundays, or when I have some shopping to do. To-day I shall make

an exception, and show you the town. We shall go out at three o'clock. Have you any work with which to occupy yourself until then?"

Nora had to acknowledge she had no work on hands.

"That is the natural consequence of your bringing up," was the sarcastic answer. "A young girl should never be idle."

"Will you give me some work to do?" said Nora, gently; "I sincerely wish to be useful."

"Of course you must make yourself useful. Idleness is a sin, and I shall willingly arrange work for you. But, if I remember rightly, my sister-in-law was an elegant lady, who disdained plain sewing. Have you learned to sew?"

Nora reddened, and acknowledged she knew how to embroider and to crotchet, but had done very little sewing.

A flash of triumph shot from her aunt's cold eyes. "Then," she replied, "we must amend that want in your education. Unfortunately my sight is growing so weak I can not teach you myself, but that can be arranged. I suppose you can sew a seam in a sheet?" She spread out before Nora's terrified eyes a fine linen sheet, and continued: "It is already commenced; the stitches must be very small and even. Here are thimble, thread, and needles."

They were then in the parlor, so Nora sat down and did her best to imitate the small, neat stitches in the linen; but she was unaccustomed to sewing, and when she showed her work, Mrs. Auvrard shrugged her shoulders.

"That must be unsewn—no, do not use your scissors; they might cut the cloth. Pick out the stitches one by one with the needle. Then begin again, and try to improve."

Nora obeyed without a word. The windows were closed, and she felt so tired and so hot that she was nearly fainting; but, determined to overcome herself, she tried to begin a conversation, and asked her aunt if Miss Kernoel came often to see her.

"No, not very often. I have given up all intimate relations with my neighbors, and

you would not wonder at it if you knew all I have suffered."

Nora's soft eyes expressed her warm sympathy as she clasped the slender white hand which held the long knitting-needles, and said: "I would be really happy if I could be a comfort to you in any way."

Her aunt drew away her hand, and shook her head. "A young creature like you can do little for a woman of my age."

"But grandmother often said my love made her forget her griefs."

Mrs. Auvrard smiled satirically. "Your grandmother and I are not alike. Her grief was written in sand, mine on a harder foundation. Let me see your work. It is better, but you must have lessons; a young girl should know how to sew, wash, and iron. My servant is often ill, and I can not give her any additional work, so you must attend to your own clothes. It is a quarter to three now; dress yourself, and I will show you the church, the beech grove, and the principal streets."

Soon after this conversation the inhabitants of Penvan were astonished at the sight of Mrs. Auvrard walking with a young girl, whose graceful beauty formed a striking contrast to her stiff, angular figure. Nora was charmed with the old Gothic church, which, however, was sadly out of repair; she tried to admire the shops, but could sincerely express the pleasure she found in the shadowy beech grove, where the town children were playing merrily; but they fled when Mrs. Auvrard drew near.

"Our little town," she remarked, with affected modesty, "possesses no particular attractions, although antiquarians admire our church, and our new town-hall is considered very grand. But you will scarcely admire it, you have seen so much. That is the misfortune of travelling: it makes young people *blasé*."

Nora protested, and then timidly asked if they would not call to thank Miss Kernoel for her kindness on the journey from Paris. They were passing the neat little house, with its fuchsia bush, as she spoke.

"We have plenty of time for visiting

Octavia," was the dry answer; "and I don't suppose you gave her much trouble."

Nora suppressed a sigh as she passed Miss Kernoel's door, and, hearing the sound of merry laughter, looked up, and saw at a window of the upper story three fair-haired girls round Miss Kernoel. "Are these Miss Kernoel's nieces?" she ventured to ask, as she warmly answered the little lady's friendly greeting.

"Yes; they are three giddy, spoiled young creatures; some day she will repent of the way she is rearing them."

Nora turned round to look again, and saw how tenderly Miss Kernoel caressed the fair head that leaned against her shoulder. What would she not have given for such an aunt!

CHAPTER XIII.

It was about five o'clock in the afternoon when Mrs. Auvrard returned home. Taking out of her work-basket an old leather-bound volume entitled "Rise and Fall of Carthage," she said she would now read for an hour. Nora thought of a book she had brought with her, and going to her room, she came back with a volume of poems; her aunt looked up from her book, and asked her what she was going to read.

"Some lately published poems," answered the girl.

"Poems! Your grandmother let you read poetry? Well, I ought not to wonder! The next thing you will begin to write it. Put the book on my table, and give up such reading for the future."

Nora turned pale. "If you will read the book," she said, "you will perceive it may be put into any one's hands. The contents are of a religious nature."

"Really! Nevertheless, in my opinion, poetry is not fit reading for young girls. Their imagination is too lively, and when it is encouraged they become unfit for the practical realities of life. I have never had a daughter, but my ideas are clear with regard to modern systems of education. I must request, therefore, that while under my roof you will refrain from poetry."

The girl closed the book with a trembling

hand, laid it on the table, and remained silent. Her temples throbbed, her cheeks flushed, and her heart rebelled against such tyranny. This cold, repellent woman showed herself every moment more domineering. How could Nora escape from the monotonous years she saw before her? Such a life would be worse than death. She went again to her room and returned with the New Testament, which she read with moist eyes, until a firm step sounded under the window, and a loud, double knock announced a visitor. Mrs. Auvrard laid book and spectacles aside; Mark entered, pressed his mother's hand, and bowed to Nora.

"I did not expect you this evening," said Mrs. Auvrard, showing outwardly no sign of the pleasure she really felt.

"I happened to finish my work before the train started. How are you, mother?"

"A little tired. I had to bring my niece to take a walk, and every deviation from my usual habits fatigues me."

Mark looked reproachfully at Nora. "If Miss de Brélyon knew how much walking tires you," he said, "she could not have accepted your offer."

"I regret that my aunt should have fatigued herself on my account," replied Nora. "I would rather be a help to her than cause her any inconvenience."

"You arrived to-day?" observed Mark, more from politeness than interest.

She bowed; he turned to his stepmother and began to speak of his business, which she seemed to understand perfectly. They were so absorbed in their conversation that Nora thought they had forgotten her presence, and she slipped away unperceived.

As she felt for the stairs in the dark corridor, she thought she heard a pitiful moan; she listened: it was repeated, and she pushed open a door on her right hand, and found herself in a large room, whose walls were covered with shining kitchen utensils. The servant lay in a chair pale as a corpse, with her hands pressed to her breast, and moaning. She started when Nora entered, and asked with heroic self-control if she wanted anything.

"You are ill, my poor girl!" said Nora, with lively sympathy.

"Did you hear me cry out, Miss?" asked Jane, with visible uneasiness.

"No, but you moaned, and I was passing. What is the matter with you? Shall I call my aunt?"

"No, no," replied the poor girl, wringing her hands despairingly; "this will pass. I get these attacks now and then, but they don't last long. If the mistress knew I was ill she would not keep me, and where could I go? I must earn my bread, and I have less work here than any place else."

"If you do not wish me to say anything about it, I shall not; but you should consult a doctor."

"I have done so already, Miss."

"And did he prescribe anything?"

"Yes, but it is of no use. Pray leave me, Miss; I fear the mistress may hear us."

"But you are too ill to work. You must not do anything this evening."

"It will pass, only leave me."

At this moment the parlor door opened, and Mrs. Auvrard called out: "Did you not hear me ring, Jane? My son wishes supper to be served a little earlier than usual. Lay the table at once."

"Yes, ma'am"; and the poor creature dragged herself to the dining-room door.

Nora forced her to sit down, and declared she should let her lay the table, and merely tell her where to find the things.

Jane pointed to a chest of drawers. "On the right side are the table cloth and napkins, on the left the plates; the silver is in the middle drawer." And, controlling her pain, she showed Nora what to do, seeming particularly anxious that Mark should want nothing. "In that press in the wall is Spanish pepper for Mr. Mark; put it on the right side of his place—no, that is not the glass he uses generally; there it is. May God reward you, Miss!"

"Can I do anything else?"

"No: everything is ready now, and I am feeling better; but suppose the mistress knew you were here!"

"Now, remember, Jane, you are to come

to me for help whenever you are sick. I promise to say nothing."

"God bless you, Miss! And He will; for you are one of His angels."

Nora hurried back to the parlor, quite excited by the incident, and resolved to find out what ailed Jane, and to relieve her if possible. Her aunt and Mark seemed not to notice her entrance, and in a few moments supper was announced. The young man considered himself bound by courtesy to address a few words to his mother's guest, so he made some remarks on her travels, after which he became absorbed in a lively discussion with Mrs. Auvrard on political and social questions.

Nora found mother and son unusually clever; their sense of justice was paramount, and their views were neither narrow nor prejudiced; but they seemed to think her incapable of taking part in the conversation. She was free, therefore, to observe them closely, and she recognized that what both lacked was consideration for others. Too great severity fills the soul with a certain dry self-sufficiency. This mother and son were bound together by an egotistical love, which made them impatient of all views but their own, and distrustful of everything that opposed their wishes. Wrapped up in each other, their hearts seemed to have concentrated their affections in that one love, and to be incapable of any warmth of feeling for their fellow-creatures.

CHAPTER XIV.

Nora was so tired that she did not awake next morning until eight o'clock. She glanced uneasily at her watch—for it was Sunday,—and dressed hastily. As she finished, Jane knocked at her door.

"Are you better, Jane?"

"Yes, Miss. I only wanted to see if you were up, because High Mass is at ten o'clock, and it is the last."

"Does my aunt go to it?"

"Never; she is now at the early Mass she always attends; but you can go with me."

While Nora was breakfasting Mrs. Auvrard returned. "Have you slept well?"

she asked, touching coldly with her lips the young girl's proffered face. "I am glad you rested so long, for you must have been tired after the journey; although you are accustomed to railway travelling. You will be just in time for High Mass."

"I like High Mass so much!" said Nora.

"Then it is all the better. Jane is waiting for you.—Has Margaret come, Jane?"

"Yes, ma'am; and I have given her all the directions for dinner."

Nora took up her prayer-book and set out for the church with the maid. The latter told her that Mrs. Auvrard, though she scolded a great deal, was really good-hearted, and always hired extra help on Sunday to leave her free. At the church door they met Miss Kernoel, who cordially greeted Nora, and introduced her to her three nieces—Amelia, Mary and Clotilda,—and their father, a small man dressed in black, whom she had not met before.

Nora had already seen all the pomp and magnificence of Catholic worship as displayed in the principal churches of Europe, but at Penvan everything was simple. The vestments were faded and worn, the organ shrill, and the choir out of tune; but there was a spirit of faith and piety that more than compensated for all exterior defects. The parish priest, who had grown old amid his flock, seemed nearer heaven than earth, and all were vivified by his earnestness and devotion.

When all was over Nora left the church reluctantly; Miss Kernoel invited her to take a walk with them, as they had three full hours before dinner; but she declined, saying she feared her aunt would expect her home at once.

"Then I shall not insist now," resumed her kind neighbor; "but I shall call for you in the evening. We can attend Vespers, and then take a walk to my farm, which is near. Will that please you?"

"I shall be only too glad to take a walk with you," said Nora, eagerly, as she left the merry group at the door, and with a stifled sigh entered the gloomy house of her aunt.

Dinner passed as supper on the preceding

day. Mark exchanged some courteous words with Nora—speaking of Paris and Penvan, the style of the church, and the date of the market fountain; then he turned to Mrs. Auvrard, and began to give her an account of a most complicated lawsuit. She listened with great interest, and, to Nora's surprise, made some technical observations, to which her son paid deferential attention.

"How old can he be?" mused the young girl. "When he laughs—which is rarely—one would think he was thirty-five at most; but when he is serious, or when he speaks, there is nothing youthful either in his face or in his words. What makes him so dark and reserved? He can not have suffered much; for his bearing is that of a man who has never known misfortune."

When they went to the parlor, Mark observed, abruptly: "I notice for the first time that there is no piano here."

The old lady gave a slight shrug and said: "I had too serious duties in life to think of such useless things."

"I only regret its absence for Miss de Brélyon's sake," replied the young man; "she possesses such extraordinary musical talent that it is a pity not to exercise it."

Nora blushed deeply.

"You can go to Octavia Kernoel's from time to time, if you like, and practise the piano," said Mrs. Auvrard, turning to her niece.

"I shall willingly go to see Miss Kernoel," answered Nora; "but it will be long before I care to play and sing again."

Mother and son looked at her.

"Why so?" inquired her aunt.

She pointed to her black dress.

"I thought you had exercised your musical talent with your Parisian relatives."

"I was forced to do so."

"I will not blame you. Perhaps it is only in small towns that people mourn their dead. My sister-in-law was often obliged to wear a black dress, but she knew how to procure distractions in her sorrow."

"She was loving and lovable," answered Nora, with eyes full of tears.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

To a Friend at Parting.

BY EDMUND OF THE HEART OF MARY, C.P.

I.

AH, think not that I feel the less
Because I smile and speak of Heaven!
I would not flout the heart's distress:
But why was Faith's sweet sunshine given,

If not to brighten every cloud
That flits across our mortal day?—
If not to touch the very shroud
With light from Easter's blessed ray?

II.

We part. For years? For life? If so,
A time, at most—a span of breath.
But half a parting! There is no
Forever on this side of death.

And while on earth we live apart,
We find each other, near or far,
Wherever rests the Sacred Heart—
The altar-lamp our guiding star.

For Jesus' Heart holds you and me:
And only final loss of grace—
No leagues of land, no stretch of sea—
Can bar us from that trysting-place.

III.

Another Heart, too, holds us both:
Our Mother's, with its tender care,
And faithful love that knows but growth;
And we can meet each other there.

Ay, morn and eve, and all day long,
Whene'er we breathe an *Ave* sweet—
Alone, at rest, or mid the throng
Of toil and strife—our souls can meet

In Mary's Heart, so skill'd to keep
Each for the other, both for Him
From whose illimitable deep
That reservoir o'erflows its brim.

IV.

'Tis thus, to me, our holy Faith
Makes sunshine in the Vale of Tears.
Nor less that other side of death—
And ere the everlasting years

Encircle both—for *us* 'tis bright
With more than sunshine: so we trust
But wisely—climbing tow'rd the light
Which glads the Mansions of the Just.

A Beggar Canonized.

BY THE REV. REUBEN PARSONS, D. D.

ON May 20, 1860, the writer was a unit among many tens of thousands who had the happiness of witnessing, in the city of Rome, one of the most splendid among the ceremonies which, in the days before the revolution, used to render the Eternal City so attractive. The occasion was the solemn beatification, or raising to the honors of public worship, of Benedict Joseph Labre, of France,—an authoritative declaration by the supreme pastor of Christendom that hereafter Blessed Benedict Labre could be publicly invoked by Christians; that his image and relics could be presented for public veneration; and that it would be rash, scandalous, and blasphemous, to doubt that he enjoys the beatific vision of God. He was canonized by Leo XIII. on the 8th of December, 1881, Feast of the Immaculate Conception of Our Blessed Lady.

On the day of his beatification, St. Peter's assumed its holiday attire of priceless jewels and precious ornaments; its treasury put forth the stores sacred to the principal occasions of pontifical rejoicing; while myriads of lights, reflected in crystals and burnished metal, gave an effulgence to the scene equalled in effect only by the matchless taste that was prevalent everywhere. A masterpiece of the painter's art hung over the main door of the vestibule, another over the principal entrance to the basilica, a third on high over the Chair of Peter, and others throughout the nave; all being so many pages narrating to the vast multitude how God, by wondrous ways, had led the hero of the day to the ineffable happiness of paradise.

Amid the breathless silence of the pious expectants, the papal decree was read, and at the final declaration that Labre was beatified, a veil fell from before a portrait of the servant of God, and amid the clash and clang of saluting arms, and the deafening roar of cannon from the neighboring

Castle, the immense throng—Pontiff, cardinals, prelates, sovereign-princes, nobles, and people—an aristocracy of power and intellect, and a democracy of the illiterate,—all united in veneration of him who was then for the first time hailed as Blessed. In the afternoon another throng assembled in the majestic basilica, and the Sovereign Pontiff, accompanied by his court and the Sacred College, descended from the Vatican to venerate the image of the newly beatified. Kneeling before the high altar, our beloved Pius IX. prayed a while, then taking in his hands a copy of the "Life" of Labre and a relic, he kissed the latter, and pressed it to his forehead for a long time.

And who was this man thus honored by the Church of God? What had he done that his memory should be so splendidly glorified? What benefit had he conferred on humanity? What had he done that, seventy-seven years after his death, the Catholic world should be so ready to yield him its applause? But a few months before this beatification, we had read the pontifical decree according the title of "Venerable" to Mary Christina of Savoy, Queen of the Two Sicilies, and mother of the unfortunate Francis II; and we had realized how heroic sanctity can shine from the height of a Catholic throne as well as in the more quiet sphere of private life. But who was this man? He was a beggar! Yes, a common beggar of the streets—one, too, of the lowest grade of abjectness even in that class of humanity where everything is abject; and, if we were not restrained by courtesy to a certain reserve in alluding to revolting things, we could narrate passages from Labre's "Life" which would unstring the nerves of some readers, so greatly would their fastidiousness be shocked. And it is to be noted that this man's poverty was not caused by adverse fortune, or by inability to earn a living by labor. He was a beggar by his own deliberate choice; or rather he deemed himself called by God to that manner of life, and he was sustained in that belief by those who directed his conscience during his painful career.

Born in 1748, in the village of Amettes in France, Joseph Benedict Labre came of parents who were in respectable though moderate circumstances. Up to his sixteenth year he followed the studies usual to his age, and then he conceived the idea of abandoning everything for God. He took the ways generally adopted by souls of similar temperament, but, owing to apparently fortuitous circumstances, he found those ordinary paths to perfection closed to him; thus, twice he vainly sought admission among the Trappists; and when at length he had been received by the Cistercians, he was soon obliged to leave them. Then he forsook his native land, and begged his way to Rome.

When in the Eternal City, his voluntary destitution was well-nigh incredible. His days were spent in prayer in the least frequented churches, and the little sleep he allowed himself was usually taken under a bench in a church-porch. He was always bareheaded and barefooted, and seemed to know nothing about the little attentions to personal neatness often visible even in extreme poverty; his rags were unworthy even of that name, and they were infested with vermin. His food was that rejected by every other mendicant, and was usually procured in the places devoted to the dumping of garbage. He continued this manner of life during fifteen years, interrupting it only each Lent by a pilgrimage to Loreto. Finally, on the Wednesday of Holy Week, 1783, he was found dying on the steps of the Church of S. Maria dei Monti, and was taken into the house of a poor acquaintance, where he yielded his soul to God. And this miserable beggar, because of his heroic sanctity—well proved in his "process,"—the Catholic Church has raised to her altars, asking for him the veneration of all her children, from his brother-beggar to the crowned king.

After fifty years of examination and discussion, the Catholic Church had beatified one whom modern philanthropists and the average police justice would have sent to jail or the mad-house. What an example

to set the world! What would become of civilization if imitation of Labre were undertaken by even a small minority of those who are now asked to venerate him? Well, St. Benedict Labre remains alone in his peculiar sphere of sanctity, and it is very probable that he will so remain for a long time. Far from the mind of the Church is the idea that this Saint should be indiscriminately imitated. He deemed himself called to that special way of life, and his confessors agreed with him; he carried out the will of God—his sanctification.

But it seems to have been the design of Providence, in the canonization of Benedict Labre, to furnish the world with a standing rebuke of that spirit of Utilitarianism so rampant in our day, and with which so many even among Catholics are more or less infected. Our age tends to the development of a *civil Christianity*, by the elimination of every element of the supernatural. Unable to deprive the Church of the credit of having founded modern civilization, and only too willing to enjoy the benefits of that culture, it so dwells upon and magnifies the civil effects of the Gospel, that it presents the Christian Dispensation as principally, if not solely, an instrument of earthly progress. It is to counteract this tendency that God manifests as meritorious of eternal glory a kind of holiness which, far from being productive of any merely civil benefit, would threaten, if universally imitated, even the very existence of civilization.

The canonization of Benedict Labre is a lesson for the rich and a comfort for the poor, at a time when, on the one side, a raging fever for wealth and power, and on the other, an ebullition of socialistic sentiment, tend to a development of furious anarchy in society.

EVERYTHING that is exquisite hides itself.—*Abbé Roux.*

LIKE as the thermometer tells the measure of heat or cold, so our sanctification goes onward or backward just in proportion as we mortify ourselves.

The Study of the Catechism.

THE last instructions of the glorious Pius to the parish priests of Rome were that they should redouble their zeal in teaching the Catechism to the little ones; "for the child that grows up unconscious of the duties of religion, will ignore the duties of man." These noble words of that great Pontiff should be engraved in the heart of every Christian; for they will afford him a sure and unerring guide throughout life. Too often in our day is the study of Holy Mother Church's doctrines neglected; too often are they lightly regarded. In most cases this does not spring from want of reverence for her, but from lack of appreciation of the great—nay, incalculable—benefits that can be derived from the dogmas of our faith. The Catechism is not a mere dry recital of theoretical teachings: it is a manual of a grand and glorious life-work; it is a most perfect epitome of the practical knowledge of man and man's desires and ends; it is a perfect rule and exemplar of life.

Nothing is more prevalent in our day than false and pernicious teaching in every department of man's life, and nowhere can a defence against such teachings be found more forcibly set forth than in the Catechisms of Christian Doctrine. The notion held by many that it is suitable only for the young is unfounded and pernicious. True, it is simple, plain, easy, and concise. But for these very reasons it is most useful and beneficial; for it is the essence of all knowledge and all truth. It is a book not only for the young, but for the old. The labor of study in after-years is, if properly directed, only an unfolding and development of the teachings of our Catechism.

The faith we hold is not theoretical: it is eminently practical. The truths we learn as children from the lips of the Church's teachers find practical application in all our studies and actions. If we would act and live as Catholics should, we must in all things act and speak as Catholic truth dictates. Not that we must openly proclaim

our faith on the house-top and in the streets, but that our daily avocations and our common conversations be carried on in a Catholic tone and spirit. There is a certain unobtrusive insinuation of opinion which is far more forcible than open argument. It is a happy mean between indifference and boasting of faith, which we as Catholics should aim at in our daily pursuits, in society, and in every walk of life. In order to possess such a Catholic tone and tendency, a knowledge and understanding of our faith as perfect as may be is necessary, and it is only in the recognized expositions of our religion that this can be found.

Hence the study of the Catechism is important to every one—not only to the little child, or to the young, but to the man of work and action. It is a perfect philosophy; for it is the exposition of the doctrine of the greatest of all masters. It is a perfect foundation of all science and all learning; and as far as men stray from its declarations, in so far do they err. It is a perfect guide of life, and when its rules are neglected, man even physically feels the wrong that is done. Despise not its study; for it is the study of the science and the moral teachings of the great Master who, centuries ago, trod the hills and vales of Judea to show to wandering and despairing man the way to knowledge and true happiness.

Catholic Notes.

The Newfoundland sealing crews leave their shores each spring in early March. They number from thirty to forty thousand stalwart men, distributed in crews of from one to five hundred, in sailing-ships and steamers. They are for the most part Catholics. Before "going to the ice," as they style this voyage, the majority of them approach the Sacraments. In the good old days, at least, no one would be considered a lucky or safe shipmate who had not done so. When they arrive at the ice, the practice of reciting the Rosary every evening in common on shipboard is, or was, considered a duty by all the crews. Where there is a commingling of Protestants on board, these too join with the Catholics in this favorite

prayer. No doubt many of the conversions, true and trusty ones, which take place in great numbers, in various parts of the island, are attributable to this devotion. Every Catholic sealer takes care also to provide himself with a scapular and medal of the Blessed Virgin before leaving port; so for weeks previous pious fingers are kept busy preparing these "safeguards," as the sailors call them. In point of fact, considering the terrific perils that encompass those men, far away on the vast ice-fields, hemmed in by immense ice-boulders, separated often for several days from their ships by a drift, travelling over the icy plains in search of seals, disasters—loss of life especially—are so rare as to seem little less than a miraculous preservation. All these men without exception, on their return home, contribute from their gains to the support of their Church and clergy. The sealers' devotion to the Holy Rosary has been made the subject of a graceful poem, which appears on the first page of our present issue.

A celebration attended with several interesting and pleasant features took place recently at Springfield, Ill., on the occasion of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the founding of the parochial schools of the Immaculate Conception. Among those who took part in the proceedings were Brothers Benjamin and Gabriel, of the Congregation of Holy Cross, Notre Dame. These two Brothers acted as preceptor and assistant at the opening of the schools in 1862; the former is now superior at Springfield, while the latter directs the Cathedral schools at Alton. When they began their labors in 1862 the parish school contained ninety pupils; now, after the original parish has been divided into four—each having parochial schools—the present number of male pupils is three hundred in the parish of the Immaculate Conception.

The Rev. Aloysius Robant, S. J., in a recent letter from Alaska, published in *Church News*, gives an account of the disposal of the remains of Archbishop Seghers, which will be read with great interest. There was some difficulty in the way of getting the body taken to San Francisco, and none of the sea-captains who were applied to would consent to undertake the transfer. The only course left open to Father Robant was to bury the remains of the

Archbishop temporarily at St. Michael's. A grave was dug in a corner of the Russian graveyard, and a small but sorrowful procession, including two Presbyterian ministers, followed the coffin. A large cross is being made to put over the grave. This is to be surrounded by a fence, and an inscription will be composed in Latin, giving the Archbishop's name, titles, etc.

We learn that the religious orders, expelled from the German Empire through the action of an iniquitous law now happily repealed, are returning from exile to their old conventual homes. The governmental policy at present so favorable towards these communities will certainly have a most beneficial influence upon the moral and social condition of the people. This follows necessarily from the very nature and constitution of religious orders, which provide one of the most effective means whereby the Church is enabled to fulfil her divine mission in the care of souls. In a speech recently delivered before the Prussian Congress, Deputy Herr Lieber made so eloquent and forcible a plea in behalf of the full restoration of the religious, that we can not forbear reproducing some of his words. In the course of a moving address, he said:

"We hear constant complaints that the foundations of society are shaken and the authority of States is shaken. But we have a remedy for all: we have those who by their acts and their example, as well as their teaching, are the reformers of the social world. Yes, in our religious orders is the medicine for all existing public evils,—in those orders which in their beneficent influence are the very flowering of the Christian life. If we believe Christ and are convinced by Him, how shall we not believe that the true physicians of our world are those who most closely follow Him? These practise not the Commandments only, but the perfections of the Gospel, and oppose the three lusts of mankind with their three vows of renunciation. Such men and women, are they not the benediction of Heaven upon the place that knows them?"

After asserting the vital need in Prussia not merely of some but of all the religious orders without exception, the speaker proceeded:

"Who can describe the beauty, the sublimity of the religious life? And who will ever know the effects of it? Who can tell how often is renewed, in fact and in truth, within the shadow of the cloister, the scene that passed on Sinai between Moses and the Lord? Who can guess how often the prayer of the convent has turned away

the anger of God? Truly the religious orders are necessary to us for the saving of society by their prayers and by their works of charity. Their mission is to remote places and among savage men; but none the less is it here, in the heart and the midst of our own land."

Archbishop Ryan's pastoral on the Papal Jubilee has had a wide reading outside of the Archdiocese of Philadelphia. The sentiments to which it gives expression are particularly gratifying to American Catholics. Speaking of the claims of the Holy Father on their generosity, his Grace observes: "The navigator from Genoa, the Catholic discoverer of this Continent, came here in his bark of the *Conception* before the pilgrims from England in the *Mayflower*. The Church that was built on the rock of Peter sent her brave children to this land long before Puritan foot touched the rock of Plymouth. The first standard of civilization planted here was the Catholic Cross, and here it shall remain, to bless with the benediction of Christianity the society of this New World. There is evidently nothing in the genius of the Catholic religion inconsistent with the genius of our Constitution; and the present Pontiff must feel, like his predecessor of happy memory, that 'in no country of the world is he more truly Pope than in the United States of America.' Let us, dearly beloved brethren, by our generous offerings on occasion of his Jubilee, show him that in no country of this world does the Pope continue to be more revered and loved."

Writing of American converts, the *Michigan Catholic* remarks that priests throughout the United States are receiving into the Church every year, quietly and without any heralding, a greater number of Protestants than all the proselytes their foreign missionary societies, with large expenditure and much noise, are able to make.

In a pastoral which the Most Rev. Archbishop Walsh, of Dublin, recently addressed to his flock we find this reference to the devotion of the Holy Rosary:

"While uniting in fervent prayer with all our brethren, the children of the Church throughout the world, let us not forget the special needs of our own Church of Ireland, and of her faithful children. Passing as we are through a time of sore and heavy trial, let us not cease to rely with

unfailing confidence upon the protection of the Mother of God. Through ages of trial and of persecution, fidelity in devotion to Her has been among the surest safeguards of the purity of Irish faith. She will not abandon us in our present hour of need. Let us, then, turn to Her, the Mother of Good Counsel, in earnest supplication, that, through Her intercession, the clouds that have so suddenly obscured the opening prospect of a brighter future for all classes of our people may be as speedily dispelled. May the statesmen upon whom now lies the responsibility of governing this troubled land be guided by the promptings of divine wisdom in the execution of their awful trust! And may our people, withstanding every temptation to enter upon violent courses, continue to walk steadfastly in those paths of justice by which alone they can hope to reach a future of prosperity and peace!"

The extraordinary industry of Italian ladies, especially nuns, was shown at the recent exposition of laces, stuffs and embroideries at Rome. This was chiefly an exposition of women's labor, and was a wonderful display of gauzy lace, fine as a spider's web, wrought into pictures of sacred scenes; and of Venetian point a yard wide, made for a priest's surplice.

In the October number of the *Annals* Mgr. DeHaerne, Director of the Institution at Boston Spa, England, and Honorary President of the Institution at Brussels, Belgium, has an interesting paper on the education of the deaf in China. Mgr. DeHaerne has made this charity a study for several years, and, as a result of his endeavors, arrangements have been made with the Most Rev. Archbishop of Calcutta by which a school will soon be opened in that place for the education of the deaf. Calcutta was chosen because it is the most central, not only for India but for China, Malacca, and Burmah.—*Le Couteulx Leader*.

The Most Rev. Archbishop Lynch, of Toronto, hates injustice in any form, and he is nothing if not outspoken. Having noticed the frequent appeals which the editors and proprietors of newspapers are constrained to make to their subscribers, urging them to pay their just debts, his Grace has addressed a letter on the subject to the *Catholic Weekly Review*, of Toronto. Its method of treatment is admirable, and, as the theme is perpetually coming up, it will be profitable to reproduce the Archbishop's words. Having expressed regret and

astonishment at the necessity of addressing such appeals to Catholics, he says:

"Catholics, at least, can not be unaware of their obligations in this matter, and that absolution in a penitent heartily sorry for his sins does not free him from the obligations of paying his just debts. The atonement for oblivion of justice in this world will certainly be enacted in the next. The editors and proprietors of newspapers, on their part, give their time, the product of a high education and experience, together with their money for stationery, printing, and wages to *employés*; and they expect, and should have, in common justice, a return, often by no means adequate to their outlay. A man who will not pay for a paper he subscribes to or reads, and whose contents he enjoyed, is a retainer of another man's goods and is on a level with a thief."

New Publications.

TACTICS OF INFIDELS. By the Rev. L. A. Lambert, author of "Notes on Ingersoll," etc. Buffalo: Peter Paul & Brother. 1887.

This little volume of 357 pages is a fitting sequel to Father Lambert's well-known and deservedly popular work entitled "Notes on Ingersoll." It is really a continuation of the "Notes," of which 135,000 copies have already been printed. The demand for that excellent book has by no means been confined to Catholics: it is recognized by Christians of all shades of religious faith as the ablest refutation of Ingersollana; not to mention the claims set forth by infidels and atheists generally, that has ever been published. For a long time Mr. Ingersoll and his followers affected to ignore the "Notes," the pointed thrusts of which could not be parried. Finally, however, a champion of the doughty Colonel appeared in the person of a Mr. Lacy. The latter published a book in defence of Ingersoll. In this work he attacks the "Notes" in particular and Father Lambert in general. Father Lambert now replies in the "Tactics of Infidels." This book is written in the style of the "Notes," and is distinguished by equal learning, wit, sarcasm, and warmth and felicity of expression. Its contents are presented in the form of a dialogue, the participants being Ingersoll, the "Notes," Lacy, and Father Lambert. Needless to say, the objections, views and theories urged by Ingersoll and Lacy are met and answered most explicitly and convincingly by the arguments, criticisms and

replies set forth in the "Tactics," as well as by the *excerpta* taken here and there from the "Notes." It is a timely book. Its arraignment of infidelity and the methods of infidels is simply crushing and overwhelming. Its logic is incisive, persuasive, merciless. Infidelity in all its shapes and phases is exposed and held up to ridicule and derision. In the light of Father Lambert's logic it becomes involved, tangled and bewildered in the mazes of its own absurdities. The "Tactics," it may safely be said, is a book worthy of generous patronage. Its perusal can not fail to be of help in disciplining and assisting the mind of the reader to reason in accordance with the strict rules of logic, as applied in the exposure of the hollow generalities, shams and pretexts of modern infidelity.

Obituary.

"It is a holy and wholesome thought to pray for the dead."

— 2 MACH., xii., 46.

The following persons, lately deceased, are commended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

The Rev. John J. Quigley, who met with a sudden death on the 10:th of September, at Elkader, Iowa, where he was rector of St. Joseph's Church.

Sisters Genevieve and Evangelist, of the Order of St. Dominic, who recently departed this life,— the former in New York city, the latter at Adrian, Mich.

Mrs. Jane Hall, whose happy death occurred at Paoli, Pa., on the 24th ult.

Mr. Patrick Harkins, of Boston, the venerable father of the Rt. Rev. Bishop of Providence, who passed away on the 29th of September, fortified by the last Sacraments. He was one of the oldest Irish residents in Boston, and had been a member of the Cathedral parish for more than fifty years.

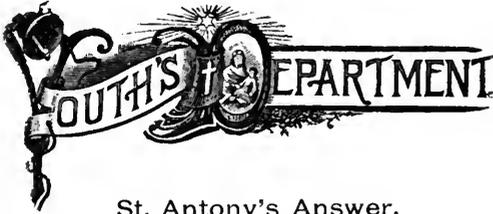
Mrs. Catherine Rend, relict of the late Ambrose Rend, who calmly breathed her last in Chicago on the 15th inst. Her loss is deeply regretted by numerous friends, and their grief is intensified by the suddenness of her death.

Miss Margaret Slattery, of Lafayette, Ind., whose precious death took place on the 29th ult. She bore her long and painful illness in a truly Christian spirit, edifying all who knew her.

Mr. and Mrs. Jeremiah Reordan, of Bangor, Me., both of whom died last month, in the dispositions of fervent Christians.

Mrs. A. E. Offutt (*née* Miss Catherine McCar- rick), of Washington, D. C.; Mrs. Ellen Louge and Mrs. Margaret Mulrooney, Wilmington, Del.; Michael Ronan, New Haven, Conn.

May they rest in peace!



St. Antony's Answer.

BY C. MAJOR.

The following incident was related to me by a Jesuit missionary, one of the few survivors of a band of thirty-two who, seven years ago, penetrated to the interior of Africa:

Late one afternoon a priest and a zealous lay-brother were seated together under an awning on the roof of their little home in the valley of the Zambezi River. They were enjoying the delicious odors stealing up from the moist earth, which had been refreshed for the first time in many months by a soft rain. Suddenly the Brother remembered their destitution.

"Father, what shall we have for supper?"

"What have you, Brother?" said the priest.

"Nothing," was the answer.

"Well, then," replied the other, with a smile, "we shall have nothing, I suppose."

"But, Father, that will not do," objected his companion; "to-morrow will be a fast-day, and if we eat nothing to-night we shall be faint to-morrow."

"True, but what do you propose to do?"

The Brother pondered a moment, then said: "Father, will you give me a candle?"

"What! you are not going to fry a candle for our supper?"

"No, no: I will light it before the shrine of St. Antony of Padua, and ask him to provide for us; then perhaps if you go out with your gun and the dogs, you may find something that you can shoot for our supper."

The good Father accordingly started on his hunting expedition, and walked for half an hour or more, the dogs exploring every possible covert, but in vain. Up hill and

down dale they went, until at length the priest said mentally: "Ah! St. Antony, I fear you have nothing for us to-night."

Just then the dogs stopped at a clump of trees some distance ahead, and, with tails outstretched and heads lowered, indicated by quick, sharp barking that they had scented something. The priest raised his gun and fired—once, twice. The expected prize failed to take alarm. Nothing even stirred among the trees. Approaching the spot, and peering through the bushes, he saw extended on the ground a human foot without toes, and, looking farther, a human hand without fingers. He knew then that the man before him was a leper.

The unhappy creature lay stretched on the ground, sheltered only by a piece of canvas awning overhead. Words are powerless to describe his loathsome condition. In answer to the priest's questions, he replied that he was a native of that region, and known by the Dutch colonists as Scapers the lion-hunter. Two years before he had come with a hunting party to this place, where his companions, discovering the nature of his disease, had deserted him, leaving him a small supply of provisions; when these were exhausted, starvation stared him in the face. Through the kindness of a woman who discovered his hiding place, he had been supplied now and then with a small quantity of coarse food. This, with a draught of water from a stream near by, had been his only sustenance.

"How long does it take you to go to the stream for your drink of water?" asked the priest.

"I start in the morning, and it takes me until mid-day; but I rest frequently by the way," he answered.

"Do you know who I am?"

"You are from the mission over the hill, where I see the smoke curl upward every morning."

"How do you know this?"

"I know that no one but the white missionary would come near and speak to me as you have done."

The priest soon learned that the poor

sufferer knew nothing of the Christian religion; he told him that there was even yet a prospect of happiness for him; he spoke of the joys of heaven, so easy to be won by the afflicted who bear their sorrows patiently, and prepared his heart for the hope and consolations of our holy Faith. Before leaving, he said: "Will you not try to come to us at the mission? It may take you several days, but when you are once there we will take good care of you." The man's face lighted up, and he promised to do his best to accomplish the journey.

As he hastened back to his home—for it was late—the missionary's thoughts wandered far from the object of his hunting expedition. Suddenly he was roused from his reverie by the barking of his dogs. Following the sound, he descried in the soft twilight a magnificent antelope some distance ahead. He fired at once, and the animal fell. "Ah! St. Antony, I wronged you! Now let me thank you!" ejaculated the priest. He stripped the animal of its hide, and, separating one of the quarters from the body, he carried it back to Scapers, whose gratitude was touching.

A few days later the leper arrived at the mission, and was presently installed in a small stone house which the Fathers had built for him. At the door-way were placed two large, smooth stones—one to serve as a seat for Scapers himself, the other for the priest who would instruct him in the truths of our holy religion.

In the course of time an improvement was made on Scapers' premises. A high stone-wall was built, and just beyond it on many a bright afternoon may be seen assembled a class of little African children, who come to learn the Catechism. Their instructor, who stands on the other side of the wall, is no other than Scapers himself, now a zealous Catholic. He devotes himself to the noble work of teaching the children of the natives, thus affording a striking illustration of the truth of those beautiful words:

"Even the discord in one soul
May make diviner music roll
From out the great, harmonious whole."

A Pilgrimage to the Shrines of Our Lady in Austria.

MARIA SCHÜTZ.

"Then shall I—if Thou, O Mary!
Art my strong support and stay—
Fear nor feel the threefold danger
Standing forth in dread array."

Schottwien is famous in the history of the Imperial House of Austria as having been the scene of an attempt to assassinate Leopold I. When the Emperor went there to meet his affianced bride, Margarita Teresa, daughter of Philip IV. of Spain, on her way from Italy to Vienna, he was attacked by three villains. They were foiled in their murderous designs, and, quickly captured, were as promptly executed. As a thank-offering and memorial, the Emperor commanded a church to be built to "Mary the Protector"; thus Maria Schütz arose on the hillside where the imperial carriage was waylaid, and the life of Leopold saved by divine protection.

Southern Austria is never more lovely than in the early autumn; for then the land is covered with the colchis flowers, pale lilac petals, with heart of fleecy gold; while vineyards of purple, clustering grapes are vocal with the voice of vine-tenders and the creaking wine-press. Through the vineyards of Vöslau and Gumboldskirchen we entered the mountain region of the Wienerwald. What strange, fantastic heights they are! Range after range, with queer pointed, rounded, and square tops, which seem shaded in level lines like music-paper, and rocky spaces or densely wooded knolls lay upon them like the ancient notation of *numæ*, *brevæ*, and *longabrevæ*. It must have been the music-school of giants once upon a time. Just beside it lies Hohen Wand, like the catafalque of a Titan, over which gray clouds fall from the sky as funeral pall; and above this dark gray drapery are masses of frosted silver clouds, lying like crowns and wreaths of lilies between the buried giant and the deep blue canopy of heaven.

The road led on through pine woods and buckwheat-bordered corn-fields, but far away on the horizon rose the Raxalpe and the heights that glitter in eternal snows. Before reaching Gloggnitz, where the ascent of the Semmering Bahn begins, the scenery changes to park-like vistas and wooded hills. Poppies and blue *rittersporn* gem the meadows, golden with grain; even high up among the woodlands these many-colored patches gleam out in the splendor of sunlight. At Payerbach the little engine which was to carry us up an elevation of eight hundred feet, and over viaducts five hundred feet high, was fastened to our train.

"It looks like a kitchen-stove!" exclaimed Hilda. "How dare they trust this train of thirty coaches to such a dwarf engine!"

"But it moves so steadily," said Roberta, "surely there can be no danger."

As we moved slowly upward, fear was soon forgotten in the magic wildness of the scenery. The Schwarzenthal sank lower and lower, and the gray basaltic columns of the Atilitz Graben rose weird and terrible from the dead green waves of the pine and aspen forest sea, surging up their black, gray and white parapets. Here and there frightful clefts in the rocks parted the woodland depths below us, and between these wall-like precipices rushed foaming mountain torrents.

Higher and higher we ascended, in many a spiral winding around the rocky pyramids, over superb arches of seeming fairy-like lightness spanning fearful chasms, then into the very heart of the mountain, where reigns "a darkness which may be felt." The yellow walls of Castle Wartenstein and the gray turrets of Ruine Klamm sank lower and lower, where once they had been high above our heads; and even these faded from our sight as we turned the last peak of the Sonnwendstein, and the great heights of the Semmering were reached. Here the train halted, as if to breathe the rare mountain air before descending into the picture-like town of Müzzuschlag.

Our pilgrimage led us to Schottwien, which we had passed on our way up the mountain; but we had decided to pass the night on the heights of the Sonnwendstein, and the following morning walk down through the Atilitz Graben to Maria Schütz. We left the train and climbed the carriage-road to the Hotel Erzherzog Johann on the Stiermark frontier, and spent the remainder of the day visiting the mountain summits around us. To the right of the hotel lies a hill called Eymar's Höhe, and thither we wandered through the pleasant beech woods. From its summit of rocks descends a precipice one thousand feet into the depths of ravines and water-courses. The abyss over which this rock-ledge hangs is frightful, but the glorious pyramid of Sonnwendstein, a few leagues beyond, rises like "Nebo's lonely mountain" among the circling hills.

The "vale in the land of Moab" could not have been more exquisitely peaceful than this Alpine valley, above which we stood winding wreaths of wild gentian to fling over the rocky heights. That exquisite poem, "The Burial of Moses," came forcibly to mind; in the dying sunlight, when the evening vapors are clinging to the mountain, in the awful silence, which

"Noiselessly as the twilight
Comes when the day is done,"

we seemed to hear the march of the great procession sweeping down the mountain side.

We lingered on, watching the misty shadows veiling the earth two thousand feet below us, until night settled down on these gray hills; no sight save the majestic outlines of the glorious Sonnwendstein, and the calm stars trembling like "funereal tapers" in the deep blue firmament; no sound save the murmur "low and sweet" of the night wind in the forest-trees, and the far-distant tone of the *Angelus* softly echoing from valley to height. But our reveries ended as the tremulously sweet tones of a zither were wafted towards us from the moonlighted veranda of the mountain inn. Schubert's *Ave Maria*—

"Safe may we sleep beneath Thy care,
O Mother undefiled!"—

was a most fitting "good-night" on this lonely mountain crest.

Before a ray of sunlight had fallen upon the valleys of the plain, although for hours it had gilded the pyramids of these Styrian mountains, we were served our breakfast coffee on the rustic veranda overlooking the Semmering Pass. Our guide—a tall, muscular Styrian—was the strangest specimen of humanity we had ever seen. He wore a wretchedly patched suit of blue linen, a broad-brimmed peasant hat, with a bunch of Alpine violets and a hen-feather on one side. His long pipe peeped out of his pocket, and a bag of tobacco hung from his leathern girdle. The smile with which he greeted us, and the ease with which he flung the valise on a long stick which he held over his shoulder, convinced us that he possessed both cheerfulness and strength.

Turning to the southeast, we entered the pathway called the Migotti Steig, leading to Pinkerkogel, and then due south, across the meadows on the mountain side, took a wild, woodland pathway leading down rocky glens and into caverns of moss and fern. Soon the woods ended, and we came upon a beautiful plateau directly opposite the Raxalpe, with the glorious Schneeberg sparkling under a diamond mantle, from which gray clouds were rolling rapidly upward.

The scene before us, the narrow valley of pine forest between us and the mountains, the sharp morning air, the surprise and excitement of suddenly facing the cloud-veiled heights of eternal snow, almost paralyzed our voices. Hilda was the first to speak.

"It is like Mount S'inai," she whispered, "where the people heard the thunder, and saw the mountain smoking!"

Yes, there was the cloud which enveloped the mountain, but roll of thunder was unheard; for amid the awful silence a voice seemed uttering the words, "I am the Lord thy God."

Downward, over the *Gletchestein*,* blue gentians fringing our mossy pathway, through woods and fields of grain, beside rushing brooks, and sparkling cascades too diminutive to claim the title of waterfalls, we reached at last the upper end of the Atlitz Graben. † It is a chasm between rocks which slope backward and upward for three hundred feet. The rocks are entirely covered with blue gentian, and a little white flower resembling edelweiss. The air is filled with the perfume of Alpine violets and mountain pines.

It was noon when we entered the mountain gorge in which Schottwien is built, and the bells of Maria Schütz were ringing the mid-day *Angelus*, answered by the nearer bells of the Schottwien church beside the village inn, whose vine-covered veranda and crimson geraniums, dotting the green lawn between the shadowy porch and the old gray church, tempted us to rest until evening.

Maria Schütz, like all votive shrines in Austria, is filled with gifts from noble and peasant. Its high altar stands at the intersection of the transepts, and a spring of purest water bubbles up under the marble arch which forms the rear portion of the shrine. Medicinal qualities are said to belong to this spring, which is free to all. A gourd dipper hangs near the wooden kneeling-bench beside the rock basin into which the water bubbles up; and each pilgrim must help himself, saying three "Hail Marys,"—one before, one while drinking, and one after hanging up the gourd. There are no pictures or offerings of value in this church. Its remoteness from any large city, and its inaccessible altitude to all but able-bodied tourists, prevent many from visiting this thank-offering of the Emperor Leopold.

After drinking of the spring, and looking at a few quaint pictures around the church, we went to the pine woods just be-

* The pathway left by glaciers.

† The causeway of giants is another name for this pathway of nature.

yond, and spread our plaids on its moss banks directly opposite the Raxalpe, with Ruine Klamm on its rock-pyramid between us and the mighty Alps. Tall pines and conical spruce-trees rise among these ruins; the blue sky and grain-fields of mountain meadows beyond gleam through the broken arches of tower and mighty Rittersaal; and away to the north is the white Schneeberg, with its snow-crowned peaks glistening above the clouds wreathing its ice-creviced side. The rose-light of the Alpine glow fell over the horizon as the evening bells rang the twilight *Angelus*; and when it faded into the purple of coming night, the candles on the high altar were extinguished, and we left the darkened church. Our Styrian pilgrimage was ended.

From the Apennines to the Andes.

(CONTINUED.)

It was night when Marco entered the city, and it seemed to him that he was once more in Rosario; he again beheld those straight streets, flanked with little white houses, and intersected by other very long and straight streets. Under the light of the street-lamps he encountered strange faces of a hue unknown to him—between black and greenish; and, raising his head from time to time, he beheld churches of *bizarre* architecture, which were outlined black and vast against the sky. He inquired his way of a priest, speedily found the house, pulled the bell with one trembling hand, and pressed the other on his breast to repress the beating of his heart, which he thought was leaping into his throat.

An old woman, with a light in her hand, opened the door.

"What do you want?" she demanded in Spanish.

"The Engineer Mequinez," replied the boy.

The woman hesitated a moment, then answered, with a shake of the head: "So you, too, have dealings with the Engineer Mequinez! It strikes me that it is time to

stop this. We have been worried for the last few months. It is not enough that the newspapers have announced it: we shall have to print it on the corner of the street. Signor Mequinez and his family have gone to live at Tucuman."

Marco made a gesture of despair, then gave way to an outburst of passion.

"Oh, good God! shall I never find my mother? What is the name of that country? Where is it?"

"Poor boy!" cried the woman, moved to pity. "We are four or five hundred miles from there, at least."

Marco covered his face with his hands. "And now what am I to do?" he asked, hopelessly.

"I do not know what to say to you, poor child!" responded the dame. But suddenly an idea struck her, and she added, hastily: "Listen, now that I think of it. Go down this street to the right, and at the third house you will see a courtyard, where there is a *capataz* who is setting out to-morrow for Tucuman. Perhaps he may be able to take you with him."

The lad thanked her, and ran off. Two minutes later found him in a vast courtyard, lighted by lanterns, where a number of men were engaged in loading sacks of grain on enormous carts, with immense rounded tops and very high wheels; and a tall man with a mustache, enveloped in a sort of mantle of black and white check, and with big boots, was directing the work. Marco approached him, and timidly proffered his request, saying that he had come from Italy, and was in search of his mother. The *capataz*, which signifies the head (the head conductor of this convoy), surveyed him with a keen glance, and answered, impatiently: "I have no place."

"I have fifteen lire," continued the boy, "which I will give you. I will work on the journey; I will fetch the water and fodder for the animals; I will perform all sorts of services. Make a little place for me, signor, please!"

The *capataz* looked at him again, and replied with a better grace: "There is no

room; and, then, we are not going to Tucuman, but to Santiago dell' Estero. We shall have to leave you at a certain point, and you will still have a long way to go on foot."

"Ah, I will make twice as long a journey!" exclaimed the boy; "I can walk: do not worry about that; only make a little room for me; for pity's sake do not leave me here alone!"

"But it is a hard journey of twenty days."

"It matters not. I will endure anything, if I can only find my mother. Have compassion, signor!"

The *capataz* drew him close to a lantern, and scrutinized him again. Then he said: "Very well."

The lad kissed his hand.

"You shall sleep in one of the wagons to-night," added the *capataz*, as he left him; "to-morrow morning, at four o'clock, I will wake you. Good-night!"

At four o'clock in the morning, by the light of the stars, the long string of wagons was set in motion with a great noise; each cart was drawn by six oxen, and all were followed by a great number of spare animals for a change.

Marco, who had been awakened and placed in one of the carts, on the sacks, instantly fell again into a deep sleep. When he awoke, some hours later, the convoy had halted in a solitary spot, and all the men—the *peones*—were seated round a quarter of calf, which was roasting in the open air, over a large fire that was flickering in the wind. They all ate together, took a nap, and then set out again; and thus the journey continued, regulated like a march of soldiers. Every morning they set out on the road at five o'clock, halted at nine; resumed their journey at five o'clock in the evening, halting again at ten. The *peones* rode on horseback, and stimulated the oxen with long goads. The boy lighted the fire for the roasting, gave the beasts their fodder, polished the lanterns, and brought water for drinking.

The landscape passed before him like an

indistinct vision: vast groves of little brown trees; villages consisting of only a few scattered houses, with red and battlemented façades; vast tracts, possibly the ancient beds of great salt lakes, which gleamed white with salt as far as the eye could reach; and on every hand the boundless prairie, solitude, silence. On rare occasions they encountered two or three travellers on horseback, followed by a herd of picked horses, which passed them at a gallop, like a whirlwind. The days were all alike, as at sea—wearisome and interminable,—although the weather was fine.

But the heartless *peones* daily became more and more exacting with the lad, and looked upon him as their bond-slave; some of them treated him brutally, all forced him to serve them without mercy. They made him carry enormous bundles of forage, and sent him to procure water at a great distance. The poor little fellow could not even sleep at night, continually tossed about as he was by the violent jolts of the wagon, and the deafening groaning of the wheels and wooden axles. And in addition to this, the wind having risen, a fine reddish dust, which enveloped everything, penetrated the wagon, made its way under the covers, filled his eyes and mouth, and robbed him of sight and breath, almost suffocating him.

Worn out with toil and lack of sleep, reduced to rags and dirt, reproached and ill treated from morning till night, Marco daily grew more dejected, and would have lost heart entirely if the *capataz* had not addressed a kind word to him now and then. He often wept, unseen, in a corner of the wagon, with his face against his bag, which no longer contained anything but rags. Every morning he rose weaker and more discouraged, and as he looked out over the country, and beheld always the same measureless plain, like a terrestrial ocean, he said to himself: "Ah, I shall not hold out till night! To-day I shall die on the road!" Still his toil increased, and his ill treatment was redoubled. One morning, in the absence of the *capataz*, one of the men struck

him, because he had delayed in fetching the water; and another gave him an order, at the same time dealing him a kick, saying, "Take that, you vagabond! Carry that to your mother!"

His heart was breaking. He fell ill; for three days he remained in the wagon, with a coverlet over him, struggling with a fever, and seeing no one except the *capataz*, who came to give him his drink and feel his pulse. And then he believed that he was lost, and invoked his mother in despair, calling her a hundred times by name: "O my mother! my mother! Help me! Come to me, for I am dying! O my poor mother, I shall never see you again! My mother, I shall die on the way!" And he folded his hands over his bosom and prayed. Then he grew better, thanks to the care of the *capataz*, and recovered; but with his recovery arrived the most terrible day of his journey—that on which he was to be left to his own devices.

They had been on the way for more than two weeks; when they arrived at the point where the road to Tucuman parted from that which led to Santiago dell' Estero, the *capataz* announced to Marco that they must separate. He gave him some instructions with regard to the road, tied his bag on his shoulders in a manner which would not annoy him as he walked, and, breaking off short, as though he feared that he should be affected, he bade him farewell. The boy had barely time to kiss him on one arm. The other men, too, who had treated him so harshly, seemed to feel a little pity on seeing him thus alone, and made signs of farewell to him as they moved away. He returned the salute with his hand, stood watching the convoy until it was lost to sight in the red dust of the plain, and then went sadly on his way.

In the midst of his sorrow a ray of hope lighted up his path. After all those days of travel across that endless plain, which was ever the same, he saw before him a chain of mountains high and blue, with white summits, which reminded him of the Alps, and made him feel as though he had drawn

near to his own country once more. They were the Andes, the dorsal spine of the American continent; that immense chain which extends from Tierra del Fuego to the glacial sea of the Arctic pole, through a hundred and ten degrees of latitude. And he was also comforted by the fact that the air seemed to grow constantly warmer, because, in ascending towards the north, he was slowly approaching the tropics. At great distances apart there were tiny groups of houses with a petty shop, and he bought something to eat. He encountered men on horseback; every now and then he saw women and children seated on the ground, motionless and grave, with faces entirely new to him—of an earthen hue, with oblique eyes and prominent cheek-bones,—who looked at him, and accompanied him with their gaze, turning their heads slowly like automatons. They were Indians.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Proud of his Religion.

It is related of that hero of a hundred battles, General Shields, that once, while in the Senate-Chamber at Washington, he happened to meet a priest of his acquaintance. The brave old General, who was a Catholic, and a practical one—and proud of his religion,—very naturally got into earnest conversation with him. As the priest was leaving the Senate-Chamber, the General called out, in a voice loud enough to be heard by all present: "Well, Father, I am getting old, and can not live much longer; when I die don't forget to say Mass for me." The old hero would never allow himself to become the slave of human respect, as so many do who should have more manliness and more sense. He loved his religion, and lived up to it.

WHATEVER is coming, there is but one way to meet it: to go straight forward; to bear what has to be borne, and to do what has to be done.



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All-Saints'.

BY WILLIAM D. KELLY.

QUEEN of All Saints, upon this glorious day,
 When, upward gazing to the skies, we sing
 Their virtues who by toil and conquering
 Have won admittance to the bright array
 Of those blest spirits whose is it for aye
 To chant the praises of that mighty King,
 Around whose white throne they stand
 worshipping,
 With what beatitude no tongue can say,—
 Ill were it if we sang no song to Thee,
 Whose spotless life, free from the least at-
 taints
 Of all that sordidness and sin which be
 Our common heritage and our complaints,
 Won Thee by its surpassing purity
 The glorious title of the Queen of Saints.

Our Lady of Trim.

BY PIERCE LAURENCE MARY NOLAN, B. A.

MY bounden dutie unto your honer-
 able Lordschip premysid. These
 shal be to advertise you, for that I
 endeavor my self and also cause others of my
 clergie to preache the Gospell of Christe and
 to set forthe the Kinge's causes, there goeth
 a commen brewte amonges the Yrish men
 that I entende to plope downe Our Ladye
 of Tryme with other places of pilgramages,
 as the Holy Crosse and souch like, which

in deade I never attempted, although my
 conscience wolde right well serve me to op-
 presse souche ydolles." So runs a dispatch,
 dated June 20, 1538, from Browne, the first
 Anglican Archbishop of Dublin, to Henry
 the Eighth's "vicar-general," Thomas
 Cromwell.*

"Our Ladye of Tryme" was a famous
 shrine of the Mother of God preserved in
 the abbey church of the Canons Regular at
 Trim, in Meath. Its story is but a brief
 chapter from the long and well-known his-
 tory of the devotion of the Irish people to
 the Blessed Virgin, and of the vandalism of
 the self-styled Reformers in our land.

The interesting town of Trim is situated
 pleasantly by the Boyne; in the olden time
 it was the seat of a bishopric, and possessed
 one of those puzzles to antiquarians, a Greek
 church; through the Middle Ages parlia-
 ments and important gatherings were held
 in it. Its extensive remains of King John's
 castle, its many ruined churches and friaries,
 still attest its former greatness. But per-
 haps more famous still was it for "its
 image of Mary" (*dealb Muire*, as it was
 called in Irish), that brought to the abbey

* This letter was written from Tallaght, Co.
 Dublin, where there was a country residence at-
 tached to the See of Dublin. It may interest some
 readers to know that the writer was shown, by the
 Dominican Fathers at Tallaght, the seal of the
 papal bull which excommunicated this same Arch-
 bishop Browne. It was discovered when the founda-
 tions were being dug for the beautiful Father
 Burke memorial church, and is preserved, with
 other interesting relics, in the monastery.

of the Canons Regular pilgrims from far and wide. I regret not to have been able to find the origin of this devotion, but will give such references as are made to it by our native annalists and in the State papers.

The first reference to it I find in the "Annals of the Four Masters,"* where we read that "in the age of Christ 1397 Hugh MacMahon recovered his sight by fasting in honor of the Holy Cross at Raphoe, and of the image of Mary at Ath-Truim." In Irish Our Lady is nearly always spoken of as Mary (*Maire*)—"the Mary"; so St. Patrick and the other saints are called "Patrick," etc. Our Irish equivalent for "Good-morning" is, *De agus Maire agath*,—"God and Mary be with thee"; and the frequent response is, *De agus Maire agus Padraic agath*,—"God and Mary and Patrick be with thee." It is sad to think that, unless great efforts be made by us to preserve our tongue, this beautiful greeting, with its invocation of Heaven's blessing, and its familiar *tutoiement* for stranger or neighbor, will soon be a thing of the past. But that must not be.

In 1412 again it is recorded that "the image of Our Lady at Ath-Truim wrought many miracles." Later on, in 1444, "a great miracle was wrought by the image of Mary at Trim—namely, it restored sight to a blind man, speech to a dumb man, the use of his feet to a cripple, and stretched out the hand of a person to whose side it had been fastened."

In 1472 a parliament held at Naas (12 Edw. IV.) granted to the abbot and convent of the house of Our Blessed Lady of Trim and their successors two watermills in Trim, with the weirs, fisheries, etc.; trees in the park of Trim, and services of the villeins of the manor for the ordinary establishing, repairing, and continuance of a perpetual wax-light from day to day and night to night burning before the image of Our Blessed Lady in the pavement pedestal of Our Lady in the church of the said house; and for the

support of four other wax tapers continually burning before the same at the Mass of the Holy Mary, at the anthem of Our Lady, to the honor of God and our said Lady; for the good estate of our sovereign lord and Cecilia his mother, and of his children, and for the souls of their progenitors and ancestors.*

Trim was on the outmost borders of the English Pale; outside its walls the native clans held sway. To kill an Irishman beyond the Pale was no crime in English law, but a special act was passed by Parliament to allow the "rebel" to come and pay his homage without fear of death at Our Lady's shrine at Trim. I have searched in vain for any description of a pilgrimage to it, but we can well imagine how on Mary's festal days the saffron-gowned clansman, the armored invader, and the burgesses from Dublin and Drogheda thronged through the Sheep-gate or the Water-gate, hurrying to the blissful shrine. Then, too, would the Dominican from the Assumption, and the Franciscan from St. Bonaventure's; the Canon of St. Victor, of Newtown, and the crouched friar, leave their convents to join their brethren at St. Mary's in hymning the Virgin's praise.

But the evil day was at hand when, as says one of our annalists, "a heresy and a new error sprang up in England through pride, vainglory, avarice and lust, and through many strange sciences, so that the men of England went into opposition to the Pope and Rome. . . . They broke down the monasteries and sold their roofs and bells; so that from Aran to the Iccian Sea there was not one monastery that was not broken and shattered, with the exception of a few in Ireland, of which the English took no notice or heed. They afterwards burned the images, shrines and relics of the saints of Ireland and England; they likewise burned the celebrated image of Mary at Ath-Truim, which was used to perform wonders and miracles, and which used to heal the blind, the deaf, and the crippled,

* O'Donovan's translation, which has been used for all references to the "Four Masters."

* Given in Dean Butler's sketch of Trim, which has been of great service to me.

and persons affected with all kinds of diseases."

To show what store the Irish annalists set on the Reformation, let me, at the risk of being tedious, give another extract from a different source.* "The most miraculous image of Mary at Baile Ath-Truim, which the Irish people all honored for a long time before that, and which used to heal the blind, the deaf and the lame, and every disease, in like manner was burned by the Saxons. . . . And not only that, but there was not a holy cross nor an image of Mary nor other celebrated image in Erin, over which their power reached, that they did not burn; and the Pope and the Church in the East and at home were excommunicating the Saxons † on that account."

In August, 1538, a bishop and a friar were transferred from Dublin Castle to be tried at the sessions at Trim for "their highe and notorious offences against the Kinge's Majestie," refusing to own the "much-married" monarch's ecclesiastical supremacy. Thomas Allen, writing to Cromwell about the trial, is shocked at the conduct of some of the "maisters of the law." He says: "They thre" (Archbishop Browne, Mr. Treasurer, and the Master of the Rolls) "wold not come into the chapell where the idoll of Trym stode, to th' intent they wold not occasion the people; notwithstanding my Lord Deputie, veray devoutly kneeling before Hir, hard thre or fower Masses." The Lord Deputy was Lord Leonard Gray, who, though a bitter persecutor of the Irish, remained attached to the end to the ancient faith.

That year or next the image was destroyed, and the many and valuable offerings placed on its altar swelled the unholy coffers of the enemies of our Faith and Fatherland.

The image is not with us to-day, like the many time-honored shrines of Our Lady in

* "The Annals of Kilronan," translated by O'Curry.

† It is noticeable that to the present day in the Irish language the same word (*Sassenach*) translates "English" and "Protestant."

the Old World and the New; but the devotion to Mary is perhaps in no land more living than in ours, from which centuries of persecution tried to banish it in vain. A touching instance of this tender love for the Blessed Virgin came under my notice this very day. I was passing through Grafton Street, one of the most crowded and fashionable thoroughfares of Dublin, when the *Angelus* bell of the church of the Barefooted Carmelites hard by rang out; almost at once a gang of about twenty Corporation workmen, engaged in repairing the streets, ceased their work, rested on their clubs, and lifted their hats, some blessing themselves, to honor, for a moment even, the Mother of the God-Workman.

Brother Jim's Failure.

BY MAURICE F. EGAN.

I.

BROTHER JIM'S failure was a bad thing for all of us, for we were dependent on him. Since father died—mother died when we were children—we had had a very pleasant home. Jo—Jo's my elder sister—and I had done pretty much as we pleased. Jim insisted only on one thing: that we should not spoil our hands, and that we should practise our music every day. This first requirement was hard on me, for I really liked household work; but Jo had her novels, so she was glad enough that Jim's ideas gave her time to read them. Old Sally and Bridget did the work and managed everything.

When papa was alive we all worked. He toiled harder than any of us, and was the earliest up and the last to bed. His only recreation was playing on that old violin of his after dark, or having Jo thrum "Rock of Ages," or "Nearer, my God, to Thee." When the Irish began to come into Sweetbriar, he used to go to see the priest sometimes, and from these visits came a scene which has had much to do with our lives.

Father was always a religious man; he

read his Bible every day, and spoke to us frequently about Christianity; but he had never attached himself or us to any church. And I think this worried him.

When he grew sick—it was just in the maple-sugar time, and everybody was busy—Aunt Mehitable came from Norwalk to take care of him. She exhorted him a great deal, and scolded us every time she met us. She was not a bit like him; he was mild, with beautiful blue eyes and brown hair, and—oh, dear, I can not write about him; for the weight *stifles* my heart! He is gone!—But Aunt Mehitable had keen, bead-like eyes, and a false front—I don't object to false hair; I'm sure I don't want to hurt anybody's feelings,—and her mouth was always shut tight. When it opened, there was a snap and a snarl.

One afternoon, when Aunt Mehitable had run over to a neighbor's to see about some butter basket, father called me. His blue eyes looked bigger than usual, and his face was so pale, and his hand so thin, that a band seemed to tighten around my heart, and I had to close my eyes so that he could not see the tears in them.

"Julia dear," he said, very softly, "will you do me a great kindness?"

"Anything in the world, papa!" And I meant it; I wished then that I were the Orphan of Siberia, or the girl in the History of the French Revolution who drank a glass of blood to save her father's life, or any heroic woman I had ever read of.

"Well, dear," he said, with a doubtful look in his eyes, "I want you to go down to Sweetbriar and get the priest to come up here. Tell him I need him at once."

I was stupefied by this request. Aunt Mehitable had made my father's visits to the priest the subject of many unpleasant remarks. She had told him over and over again that no good could come of them, that the Bible was against papists, that the Pope of Rome was a Babylonian beast; and she had said that if the priest of Baal ever entered our house while she was there, she would leave. I was afraid of Aunt Mehitable, and my father saw it. He smiled a little.

"You just said you'd do anything in the world for me."

"But won't the minister do?" I asked; "Mr. Wheaton or Mr. Gray, or—"

"No, Julia; I want the priest."

Oh! what *would* Aunt Mehitable say?

"I will go, father,—I will go," I answered, my heart sinking.

"If Jim were here, he would do this for me. It is the last and best thing that can be done for me. Go, Julia dear. And remember, if fire and water and all the elements bar the way, you must bring him to me."

I murmured an assent, feeling that I would have preferred to face all the elements in fury rather than Aunt Mehitable. I went up and kissed papa's hand. It was cold, but I never thought that this coldness had any particular meaning.

"Quick!" he said, gravely.

I went to the stable and saddled Jack, with a heavy heart. Jack's a good-tempered pony, and we were not twenty minutes in reaching Sweetbriar. I knocked at Father Boyle's white-painted door. He opened it himself. Father Boyle is a thin, tall, dark man, with a very sweet smile, and a rich, soft voice, which is musical, particularly when contrasted with the Yankee drawl. He did not know me, but he smiled and asked me to come in.

"I'm Julia Enderby, and my father asks you to go to him to-day."

Father Boyle's face became grave. "Is he worse?"

"Oh, dear, no, sir!" I answered, eagerly; "he seems better. No fever at all; in fact, he is almost cold. That's a good sign, isn't it?"

"For him, perhaps it is," he replied, seriously. "Wait a moment, please. I will go into the chapel a minute."

When he returned there was a new solemnity about him. His horse was ready, and as we rode back he told me the story of St. Christopher, who bore the Saviour in the shape of a little child over a flood, and who was called the Christ-bearer. Father Boyle spoke as softly and reverentially as if

he were St. Christopher bearing his sacred burden. I forgot all about Aunt Mehitable until our house came in sight. I hoped and hoped that she might be out still. Just inside the fence, among the clover, Jo stood, looking anxiously down the road. She beckoned as she saw us, and I jumped off Jack and ran up to the fence.

"Father is straining his eyes looking for the priest. I don't see what he wants with him myself; but he's got to have what he wants, anyhow. Aunt Het has found it out, and she's guarding the front door. She says no priest shall ever enter Brierwood Cottage as long as she lives."

"O Jo!" I cried, frightened; "what can we do?"

"I'm waiting to tell you that. Just walk through this field and up the back steps. Then there'll be no fuss."

Jo came forward and spoke to Father Boyle.—Jo is not a big girl, but she has more courage than one would think she has, to judge by her red cheeks and mild blue eyes.—He dismounted, and we had just reached the landing in front of father's door when Aunt Mehitable came up the front stairs and stood in our way. Her eyes flashed on me.

"You have a great deal of impudence to smuggle a Popish priest into this house, miss," she said. "I'll pay you for it."

I shrank back. But Jo put her hand on the knob of papa's door before she could reach it. I am sure that she would have gone in and bolted it, if she could.

"Aunt Het," Jo said, "this is my father's house. You are a guest here, and therefore only an equal of this gentleman, who is also a guest."

It was grand! I had no idea Jo could carry on so. Father Boyle stopped and looked greatly pained. Aunt Mehitable threw herself against the door, obstructing our way. Then father said, in a weak voice:

"Is he here? For God's sake let him in!"

Jo motioned Father Boyle to enter, and then snatched the key from the inside, and locked the door from the outside.

"I will wait here, sir," she called out.

"You will not be disturbed. If you want anything, tell me."

The priest thanked her.

Aunt Mehitable stamped, and called on papa to beware of Antichrist. But, as the hired men were coming into supper, and as they were mostly Irish, and would of course sympathize with the priest, she went away at last, and left poor papa in peace.

Jo unlocked the door, and we got such things as Father Boyle wanted for the administration of the last Sacraments.

After Father Boyle had done all he could do, my father asked us to kneel beside him; and he smiled at us, and thanked his dear little girl.

"You and Father Boyle have made me happy," he said. "I bless you and Jim with all my heart. I do not fear for you: I hope. And now God bless you! Pray for me. I die in the Holy Catholic—"

Aunt Mehitable, entering, heard this, and fainted. We were used to it; she always fainted when anything she did not like happened.

Father smiled a little. "Poor soul!" he said; "she has a good heart."

And then—and then the great change took place.

II.

Jim was away at an English school when father died. An uncle of ours had insisted on educating him; and, as father was anxious that he should have every advantage, he let Jim go to England. But when Jim heard that we two girls were alone in the world, he posted home, much to our uncle's consternation. In truth, our uncle never wrote to him after that.

From a small boy with curly hair, Jim had grown to be quite a young man. He was almost as tall as papa. He wore coarse, rough clothes; he had his hair cut close, and he carried a big cane. Jo roared out laughing whenever he spoke, he had acquired such a funny English accent. After supper—Jim called it dinner—he put on a velvet coat, and said he thought he would smoke a cheroot. Aunt Mehitable gave him "a piece of her mind" then; and Jim,

who, I am sure, had not learned to smoke yet, said he'd waive the cheroot, as the ladies were against smoking.

We talked a great deal about father, but not so sadly as we had thought; for he seemed to be with us, and all the things we remembered were pleasant. And Jo, whose heart had almost broken when father died, began to laugh again. God is very good to make such things as this possible, else children who lose their father or mother would go mad.

When Jim asked us to go with him to father's grave, Aunt Mehitable made a great outcry and tried to faint. And Jim asked what it all meant; for she had shrieked out something about "disgrace" and "shame." Jo colored a little and said:

"Aunt has never forgiven us for burying papa in the Catholic cemetery. But he wanted it, you know; and he said he hoped that at last we would all be buried near him. And we thought that, as mother had been buried so far in England, it would make no difference."

"Cruel! cruel!" murmured Aunt Mehitable, straightening herself. "It was done without my consent! To think of my brother being laid to rest among those low and ignorant Catholics, who paid honors to the Virgin, and who were the enemies of American civilization!"

Jim did not answer at once. Jo and I waited with some anxiety.

"Aunt," he said, his speech losing all its affectation, and his eyes taking a very earnest look, "my father always told me to speak charitably of others. And, now that he is dead, I will not call the people among whom he rests ignorant or vulgar."

"But they are!" sobbed Aunt Mehitable; "you know yourself that Catholics are not only low and ignorant, but treacherous and bloodthirsty."

"I don't know anything of the kind," Jim answered; "the greatest scholar in England is a Catholic Cardinal. Our teachers taught us to respect him. And now I want to go to father's grave."

Aunt Mehitable groaned. What would

people say? Jim would be having some of the Irish Catholics to tea next! I admit that Jo and I had acquired much contempt for the Irish and German Catholics, who were gradually acquiring the best farms around us.

We three visited the little Cemetery of Our Lady of the Rosary. Father's grave was fresh and green, and almost covered with the dark leaves and blue flowers of the periwinkle. Jim took off his hat, and I stood beside him with my hand in his. Jo threw herself on her knees. The breeze softly murmured through the elms, and the low soft sound of the church-bell, ringing for noon, came to us.

Near us knelt a woman with a little baby in her arms. The grave before her was newly covered. She did not see us. The beads of her rosary followed one another through her hands. She was wrapt in prayer; she had forgotten everything, even her grief, in the fervor of her supplications.

Jo looked at her wistfully.

"Father told us to pray," she whispered; "but I don't know what to say."

A strange longing filled my heart just then. This woman seemed to be privileged, while Jim and Jo and I were not. She, poor as she was, belonged to a circle from which we were excluded. Death had cut our father off from us. He was gone. And we were dumb, like "the goats that nourish a dull life within their brains." Gone! Our voices could not help him. But this woman—we could hear her say rapidly, "Holy Mary, Mother of God,"—knew how to help her dead!

Jim sighed, and I knew his thoughts were like mine.

(CONCLUSION IN OUR NEXT NUMBER.)

IT is true, indeed, that men too often hate merely because they are strangers to one another's real views and feelings; and the simple interchange of a few words would make them acknowledge their error, and give the hand of brotherhood to each other.

—*My Prisons.*

"Wooden Will."

I.

READER, have you ever been in Pittsburg? Do you remember the feelings that possessed you as, gliding westward along the Pennsylvania Railroad, you saw for the first time the edges of that pall of smoke sharply defined on the clear air of the suburbs? You had heard of the "Smoky City," its furnaces and rolling-mills, its iron and glass works; and all these objects, grim and black, came to your mind. You were prepared for much never to be seen, and not at all prepared for what you did see. Well, it is in Pittsburg our present sketch is drawn; so let us go there, and observe objects more closely as we pass to the scene of our story.

The train, with slackened speed and sounding bell, enters the city. You see on your right a long line of low, blackened houses, and the "round-house" of the Road; farther on, a Convent of Mercy under the shadow of an unpretentious church, whose broad, triangular façade, crowned by the cross, rests upon massive pillars, fronting the west. A flight of narrow stone steps leads to the entrance of the church—St. Patrick's, it is called,—a time-honored structure, known in the early days of the city's life, when green fields lay along this highway, and the smoke and din of steam-locomotion were unknown.

As you pass the church you glance upward, and lo! the marvellous "incline" track is stretched above your head, between you and the heavens. Men, horses and wagons are mounting in the air over the puffing train. You watch the creaking cables, and the balancing cars, one mounting, one descending, until the first reaches the top of the lofty hill that looms upward 300 feet on your left. This hill is a sheer perpendicular of brown rock, interspersed with green patches, and boxes of houses scattered on its side. You draw a breath of relief as you leave the monstrous danger behind. It is the second surprise you have

had. The first was the long, wild tongues of ignited natural gas, that are curling upward night and day along the road; now waving like huge streamers on the breeze, then whirling into a torch, again wrapping the very clouds in serpentine twistings,—a terrific yet grand spectacle.

These are left behind, and you are passing the tall, graceful, yet bedimmed spire of St. Philomena's. The clock, high up, is striking the hour, and the chime sounds sweetly in the sky. On you go into the city, and at last the train stops with a jolting, jarring concussion. Leaving the Union Depot, you enter Liberty Street. A high hill is on the left, and perched on the edge of its summit is the High School, of massive stone. On the right is the busy street, with its bustle and confusion, its hotels and street-cars, its wagons and omnibuses; and in the distance a railway sinking into the bowels of the earth directly under the houses—the famous "Pan Handle" route. Over all is the shade of smoke. Woe to your handkerchief, and to the would-be-immaculate cuffs that protrude daintily from your coat or duster! A soft black flake falls somewhere on your person, and a delicate touch with handkerchief or finger is applied, when, *presto!* a broad, stubborn track of black, as deep as the red chalk marks on a freight-car you have been passing, records the deed. A few such experiences dishearten and disgust you, and you think, if "godliness is allied to cleanliness," the application here is paradoxical.

Let us move on through the streets, full of a busy tide of humanity. Along Grant to Fifth Avenue, we will pass St. Paul's Cathedral, with its graceful twin towers and its sunken dome. Two hundred and fifty feet in the air, you may see, on festival nights, a cross of fire floating in the sky above one of these towers. Hundreds of eyes have watched the electric light leaping from jet to jet, and as the symbol of salvation stood out, perfect in its proportions, the murmurs of the crowd swelled into a cheer that woke the distant echoes. Diagonally from the Cathedral stands the new

Court-House, built of massive, rough-hewn blocks of stone; a magnificent structure it is. Down Fifth Avenue now, to the old historic Point, where the "first shrine of Mary" was erected in the wilderness a century ago, at old Fort Duquesne; where the first Mass was celebrated, beside the "Beautiful River"; the worshippers the red men and a few French soldiers.

The city here meets the three rivers. On the right a low covered bridge stretches over the clear waters of the Allegheny; on the left, the muddy waters of the Monongahela are spanned by the new Suspension Bridge, a marvel of engineering skill. Onward flows the "Beautiful River," the Ohio, swelling with its double waters, curveting round islands, dashing against rocks, until it mingles with the swift-flowing Mississippi.

But we have gone too far. Back again to the Smoky City. Twilight is at hand. The western sun is gilding the three rivers, the bridges, and the city spires, eclipsing the furnace glows, and lending a weird, ruddy tinge to the pall of smoke that seems to hang lower down. There is no cessation in the rumbling work of the mills. They do not stop at sunset: the night force is put on, and the work progresses.

Sunlight dies on the rivers. We stand on the hill-top and look over the twin cities. Wonderful and fascinating is the scene. Now we view Pittsburg aright; for we see it at night. All along the river-banks and reflected in the waters, the tall iron chimney-pipes belch forth red flames; furnace after furnace roars, and fire after fire glows, mounting higher and higher as the darkness increases, and sweeping the horizon in fearful fury; while here and there a pale star, low down on the hill-tops, glimmers through the rifts of the flames. "Hell with the lid off!" said a popular writer as he looked down at the picture; and the grim fancy brings a shudder at its aptness. So, then, it is evening, and our story begins.

II.

In the heart of the city, where the poor have gathered in their lowly homes, rises a tall, gloomy-looking building, called "The

Convent." Not that there are no other convents to be met, but because this one was the first ever seen in the city. It was built for the Sisters of Mercy by the late sainted Bishop Michael O'Connor, nearly half a century ago. It was in the Know-Nothing times, when Catholicity was a hated thing, and a nun was looked upon as a victim or a sorceress. No cross surmounts the lofty roof; the sign would have been desecrated. A modest belfry holds the sweet-toned bell, which now, as then, sends forth its chime at the *Angelus* hour. The eastern wing is the parochial school of the Cathedral, and all day long the children swarm there.

But now "the day is done," and the nuns are at rest. Is it not so? No. Pittsburg is a city where the day is *twenty-four hours* long, and at sundown, as I have said, a fresh term begins in the great industries, and a new population is let loose. A tide of boys and girls from the factories and glass-houses and mills is flowing to the school rooms from half-past six till half-past eight. Poor children, most of them, with hard little hands, and grimy faces. They are Catholics: they must be taught; and, more than that, they must prepare for the Sacraments; and they come to the convent school, where they meet kind faces, sweet surroundings, and motherly care, if they need it.

It is shortly after *Angelus* time at the convent, in the month of October, and the two nuns who have charge of the boys' night-school are making ready for the evening's work. The gas is burning brightly. The long room, with its rows of desks and chairs, looks cheerful and inviting. From the walls the sweet face of Madonna or saint looks down in blessing. Noiselessly and earnestly the nuns flit from place to place, and finally begin the appointed task of teaching their pupils the all-important art of writing. To-night our story opens, and, to appreciate it better, we will leave the busy school-room, protected by the Guardian Angels of that young crowd, and go back to the war-time—the War of the Rebellion.

We are in the famous Stanton Hospital, Washington, and it is just after one of the

dreadful battles of the day. Terrible and exciting is the scene. Ambulances full of wounded sufferers are drawing up. Men, pale, bleeding, shattered, are carried into the wards. Surgeons have labored all night. Attendants are ubiquitous, with bandages, lint, and medicine; and gliding between the long rows of beds are the Sisters, ministering to the poor heroes whose life-blood paid the penalty of victory. How soothingly the gentle voice of whispered prayer fell on the quickened ear of those suffering men! There are some of them still living, whose hair has grown gray; and yet their dim eyes glow and moisten at the name of the gentle Sister who nursed them back to life. But alas for the vacant place in a thousand homes! How many were not brought back to life! And here, to-day, how many "brave boys" are gasping their last, far away from home and kindred!

III.

About midway in one of the wards lies a dying soldier, and a Sister of Mercy is kneeling beside the camp-bed, quietly praying. The attendants hush their footsteps as they pass the bed, but no one pauses; for the sight is a familiar one. The nun holds the little crucifix before the ashen face, and the prayers of his childhood—"Our Father," "Hail Mary"—fall on his ear. Among the first to be brought in from the field, he had made his peace with God, and his life is passing away with the waning sunlight. He is very young, almost boyish, and the features are as finely cut as a woman's. Short, pale reddish curls are tossed back from the forehead and brush the pillow, setting the white face in a sort of aureole. Around his neck is a string, and a small medal of Our Lady lies on his breast. His hand gropes for it. The Sister guides it, and the touch seems to rouse him from the stupor. Fixing his eyes on the Sister's face, he tries to smile a recognition. The stiffened lips form words:—

"Get me—some one—from Pittsburg."

"I am from Pittsburg," said the Sister.

A glad flash shot from the large eyes.

"Convent at—Cathedral?" he asked.

"Yes, my poor boy, that's where we belong. What can I do for you? You have friends in Pittsburg? Tell me your message for them—when I go back."

A pleading look came into the large eyes, and a spasm of pain caught the corners of the mouth. The Sister lifted the medal and touched it there. He spoke again and with a stronger voice.

"My wife Mary lives there—poor girl! She's not much past eighteen, and our baby Willie is just born—I never saw him. God bless them both!"

He paused for breath, and the Sister moistened his lips; then a wan, faint smile came to the great eyes and pale face.

"Mary writes that the boy has two 'little fingers' on the left hand, and they want to hurt the baby. Tell her no cutting up that boy—no matter what they say—"

The smile died away. "Lord, help—" gasped the cold lips, as a gray shadow fell on the face. The Sister wept as she prayed. Swiftly the breath came—up, up, like the pulsing of the sea, farther and farther away as the tide goes out; and the Sister thought of the homely tenderness of that boyish father, whose blood was draining from his crushed body, and yet whose death-agony was full of the thought that no suffering should come to the misformed little hand of the babe he would never see. And as she gazed, the great pause came—the stillness we all have suddenly felt. The Great Judge was there, and the fate of a soul was decided before that awful, invisible court we all must face. *Requiescat!*

She closed the glazed eyes, and drew the sheet over the calm face, and sighed to think of the child-widow and helpless orphan boy. Alas that he died without giving her a clue! How could she give the message or that pathetic blessing?

But the attendants carry away the dead; there is no time for regrets or tears. Again she stands by the suffering, and so the months pass. The war is over. Back to their convent go the Sisters, and only in reminiscences do we meet the scenes of the war.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

"These Sad November Days."

"Pie Jesu, Domine, dona eis requiem!"

I.

O SIGHING November! how you weep!
 You wail and moan through the dying trees,
 And over the graves where our loved ones sleep
 You dream sad symphonies to the breeze;
 And you lift our souls to that vision high
 Where the King's dear prisoners sadly lie

II.

Patient and meek, in their voiceless love,
 Mid the fiercest fires of spirit-pain,
 They mutely plead to the Throne above,
 Lifting their trembling hands in vain;
 Their eyes ever fixed on the golden door
 That opens to the bliss of the Evermore.

III.

Loving intensely, yearning through loss
 For the God who smites while He holds their
 hand,
 They lie outstretched on their fiery cross,
 And kiss the rod of His dread command.
 In the seething flames of His blessed will
 They would plunge yet more, to be purer still.

IV.

No thought they cast on the vanished earth,
 But ever to us comes their anguished cry:
 "Take pity, O friends!—ye who dwell in mirth;
 Take pity, nor pass forgetful by.
 We pine, we sigh in this prison-place,—
 We languish, for we have seen His Face.

V.

"We look on your altars in mourning hung,
 We watch for your Mass-bells day by day,
 We wait and long for the *Requiems* sung,
 And ask the angels what names you pray;
 And gaze at the door where the ransomed spring
 When they fly to the arms of the spotless King.

VI.

"O ye who love us, pray O pray!
 Your mightiest love is the mightiest prayer;
 For when our anguish has passed away,
 We'll sing your names in our rapture there.
 And the tears you have dropped on our prison-
 night
 Will gleam for you at the Throne of Light."

VII.

Then, sighing November, wail no more,
 Nor lift to Heaven a moaning cry;
 Your thousand *Requiems* open the door,
 And the King's dear prisoners mount on high,
 With white, white, robes, to the Living Day;
 "For the former things have passed away."

MERCEDES.

Nora's Recompense.

CHAPTER XV.

BEFORE Mrs. Auvrard could respond to Nora's last remark, merry voices were heard, and Miss Kernoel and her three young nieces were ushered into the room.

"My visit is a selfish one," said the little lady, gaily. "We want to take possession of Miss de Brélyon, for my nieces are longing to be better acquainted with her."

Mrs. Auvrard replied with a stiff bow: "I am obliged to you, Octavia; but there are two impediments to your projected walk."

"What are they, my dear Mrs. Auvrard?"

"In the first place, it would look strange for my niece, in her deep mourning, to accompany you to the beech grove, where you usually walk on Sundays."

"That is no impediment; we are going to Kernie, and you know the road is little frequented."

"But I am going to walk myself, as I always do on Sundays; and my niece must, of course, accompany me."

"That can all be arranged. At what hour do you go out?"

"In a few minutes."

"Very well; I shall go to Vespers with my nieces, and at half-past three call for Miss de Brélyon. Will that do?"

Mrs. Auvrard hesitated.

"Your plan seems to me a very good one," interposed Mark. "Miss de Brélyon must have felt the need of gayer society than ours. Mother, do you agree?"

"If Octavia so pleases."

"We shall be back punctually," said the latter, nodding graciously, and turning to depart with her merry troop.

"We shall meet you at the church door," observed Mark, with a questioning look at his mother.

The old lady nodded assent, and in a few moments the three set out on a walk, which appeared to Nora interminable. Not that the conversation between her companions was uninteresting, but she was com-

pletely excluded from it; in fact, they seemed to consider her incapable of conversing on intellectual subjects. Great was her relief when they reached the church, and met the Kernoels at the door. Clotilda slipped her arm into Nora's, and the parties separated.

"Why," said Mrs. Auvrard, leaning on her son's arm, "did you wish me to let Nora go with these people?"

"And did you not also desire that we might be alone with each other again?" he answered, smiling.

"These young girls are spoiled, and I do not care to have Nora adopt their mode of life. She has before her, in all probability, a laborious and poverty-stricken career, which it is my strict duty to fit her for. Octavia should do the same in regard to her nieces, who are by no means well off."

"But with what other young girls can Miss de Brélyon associate?"

"I detest young girls' friendships," replied Mrs. Auvrard, sharply. "Nothing is more dangerous, and I shall take care to keep Nora away from them."

"But will not her life be too gloomy then?"

"What! Is it really you that are speaking, Mark,—you whose youth was so lonely that you never had a friend of your own age?"

"The young men of my own age," he answered, with a certain contempt, "were either too foolish or too immature for me. Women have a different nature, and—between us—this young girl reminds me of a bird in a cage."

"At her age," said the dame, "I found the society of other young girls tedious. Consequently, I never acquired frivolous habits, and later on was fit for the very painful and serious duties which devolved on me."

"Do you compare yourself with other women?" he asked, tenderly. "You must take the world as it is, and remember that you are superior to your sex."

The widow accepted the compliment with a self-satisfied smile, never doubting that it was due to her eminent qualities.

And yet he who had reposed for long years in the little churchyard of Penvan had felt no regret at leaving his still young and handsome wife. What he missed in her was the youth she had stifled—the gayety, the truthfulness, the tender consideration, which would have prevented her benefits from becoming heavy burdens to other hearts.

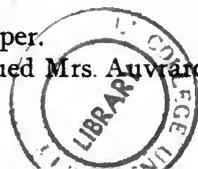
Nora forgot the gloomy room where two cold, searching eyes seemed to hold her soul spellbound, and rejoiced in the shady walk and the merry society of her young friends. What did her most good was Miss Kernoel's kind smile. The latter had said to her nieces: "I don't wish to speak ill of Mrs. Auvrard, but Nora's life is a gloomy one, and you must try to make her happy." And the children gladly obeyed, so that the afternoon passed most pleasantly for the young girl.

Next morning Mrs. Auvrard observed, in her cold, incisive way: "Nora, order has always been a passion with me, and nothing is more necessary than a wise disposal of time. I have always been accustomed to have every hour of the day regulated, and such a practice is indispensable at your age. You can not wonder, then, that I have drawn up for you a rule of life. My son, in whom I have entire confidence, approves of it, and I do not doubt that your reason, if not your tastes, will acquiesce."

With these words she took from the window-sill a paper written in a large, firm hand, and gave it to Nora. The latter read it. The early rising had no terrors for her, but the three hours spent in sewing before dinner were formidable to one unaccustomed to needlework. Then followed reading, a walk attended by Jane, and again sewing. The evening was to be spent in serious reading. Neither music, drawing, nor any accomplishment was alluded to. According to Mrs. Auvrard's views, a young girl should never handle a pen, either to take notes—even for purposes of study—or to correspond with any one.

Nora laid down the paper.

"I must add," continued Mrs. Auvrard,



"that, according to my son's desire, I will allow you to frequent Miss Kernoel's society whenever she wishes; but this intercourse must be confined to Sundays. You must lead a serious life; if you find it hard, only your former frivolous habits are to blame."

"Can I assist at Mass daily?" asked Nora.

"Are you so pious? Yet I never remarked that my sister-in-law had much piety."

Mark, who was waiting for the omnibus, raised his eyes from his writing, and said, somewhat impatiently: "Can not Miss de Brélyon go to Mass every morning with Jane?"

"Yes, if she will rise for the early Mass that Jane attends."

"Oh! willingly, my dear aunt; all will become easy to me, if you will only love me a little." And the poor child, with tears in her eyes, caught her aunt's hand.

"You are so romantic!" said the latter, drawing away her hand in evident displeasure. "Of course I shall love you if you are reasonable and obedient. Come now to market with me. Penvan has not many distractions, but perhaps you may enjoy this walk."

Without a word Nora went up-stairs, and returned in a few moments, ready to go out. Mark was alone in the room; he raised his head and saw tears glittering in Nora's eyes. This vexed him, he knew not why.

"Have you any objection to the wise arrangement my mother has made for you?" he asked, suddenly.

"I neither censure nor complain," she said, with calm dignity. "Why do you question me? Can you prevent me from suffering?" She spoke so firmly and composedly that Mark was astonished. Mrs. Auvrard's step was heard on the stairs, and Nora continued, hastily: "I should like to know if I possess nothing. Am I a complete burden on my aunt?"

"I can not say yet, for your affairs will not be in order for some weeks. My mother intends, in any case, to allow you a certain sum for—"

Nora made a negative movement, but

before she could speak Mrs. Auvrard entered, and bade Mark good-bye.

And so the young girl began her new life.

CHAPTER XVI.

Next morning Nora woke at dawn. Her aunt did not rise until eight o'clock, her health of late having obliged her to this change in her habits. Hearing a slight noise in the kitchen, Nora ventured down, and found Jane ready to go out.

"Don't you wait till it is time for Mass, Jane?" she asked, in wonder; "I intend to accompany you every morning."

The maid was embarrassed. "I go to six o'clock Mass, Miss; but—" she stopped, hid her face in her hands, and then said, coloring: "The truth is, Miss Nora, I go to the hospital every morning before Mass, and a Sister attends to me."

"Well, Jane, the church is so near that I can go to it alone, and wait there for you."

"You won't tell on me, Miss?"

"My poor girl, certainly not. But I think it imprudent for you to rise so early in your state of health."

On her way home Nora exchanged a greeting with Miss Kernoel and her nieces, who were going to the seven o'clock Mass.

"It is settled that I can see you only on Sundays," she said, with a melancholy smile; "that will be my pleasantest day, and the expectation of it will keep me up."

When Nora reached home she found Jane pale and suffering, and she declared that she should let her do some of the work.

"I am young and strong," she said. "My aunt wishes me to keep my own room in order: I shall also sweep the parlor and prepare breakfast; but no one shall know anything about it, and it will be only an amusement for me."

"You are too kind, Miss; please God, I'll be better to-morrow."

These servile occupations were tiresome enough to Nora's unaccustomed hands, but she found a pleasure in the thought of helping one still poorer and worse off than herself. Miss Kernoel often wondered how it was that Mrs. Auvrard did not grow fond

of this gentle, submissive creature, who won all hearts.

When the long wished-for Sunday came, Nora forgot the loneliness and dreariness of the past week in her joy at seeing her friends. With them she could be young, gay, and unrestrained. She felt at home and beloved in their pleasant house, and she could speak of her cherished grandmother and the happy past to loving and sympathizing hearts. In winter, when the weather was unfavorable, they sat round the fire, played or sang, or read an entertaining book. Although Nora loved each of the young girls, she was particularly fond of Mary, for whom she felt the highest esteem. Jane told her that Mary daily visited the hospital, and cheered the suffering patients by her bright, winsome ways.

Mrs. Auvard seemed to have grown accustomed to her niece's presence, but she never departed from her cold reserve, nor lost an opportunity of making sharp, bitter remarks about Nora's grandmother. Generally profound silence reigned between aunt and niece as they sat at work. If the former were in unusually good-humor, she gossiped a little about the news of the town, in which she took no small interest, and Nora did her best to please and entertain her; but there was an abyss between them, which no efforts of hers could bridge over.

Mark's visits were no pleasure to the poor girl. He treated her with cold politeness, and always as if she were of an inferior race of beings. But Nora never complained, though the constant stooping over her sewing had produced a severe pain in the chest. Her appetite decreased, sleep fled, and an invincible sadness weighed down her spirits. Her aunt paid no attention to her altered looks, but Jane grew uneasy, and spoke to Miss Kernoel. The latter had already noticed it.

"Poor Nora will pine away and die in that gloomy house," she remarked to her nieces one Sunday evening, as they sat round the cosy hearth waiting for Nora's weekly visit.

"Aunt," said Clotilda, tearfully, "we

must get her away from that den. Could she not get married?"

Miss Kernoel shook her head. "Unfortunately, dear, Penvan has few marriageable men; and, besides, she has no dowry."

"Then she must wither away in that gloomy hole!" interposed Amelia. "If it were I, aunt, I would rather earn my bread; no place could be harder than where she is."

The girl stopped in some confusion; for Nora had entered unperceived, and now placed her hand on her friend's shoulder.

"I would be only too happy if they would let me earn my bread, Amelia; but the law is against me, and until I am of age I can not withdraw from their enforced guardianship."

"Now, children," said Miss Octavia, affectionately, pointing to a low seat beside her known as Nora's chair, "let us not preach rebellion to our friend. If I had any influence, I would long since have used it to make her life pleasanter; but Mrs. Auvard mistrusts me, and lets her come to see me unwillingly."

"I look forward to my majority as to my escape from servitude," sighed Nora.

"Let us leave the future, my loves, in the hands of God. He knows our burdens, and will give us light and fortitude as He sees we need them. Come, Nora, and sing us one of your favorites."

The young girl went to the piano and began to sing, but suddenly stopped and returned to her place, shaking her head. "I can not to night," she said; "the tears are choking me."

The weather, though cold—it was December,—was dry and fine. Miss Kernoel proposed a walk, and beckoned Mary aside.

"You have most influence with Nora," she whispered; "try to cheer her; for her nerves are greatly unstrung to day."

When they reached the hard, frozen road, Mary drew Nora's arm through hers, and they dropped a little behind the others.

"Formerly," she murmured, "I rejoiced in my Sundays, and looked forward to them with the greatest pleasure; but now I shud-

der when I think they are the beginning of another long, tedious week."

"You are ill, Nora, and that influences you."

"No, I am only wearied to death. Listen, Mary; yesterday the daughter of my aunt's carpenter died. She was young and pretty, as you know, and every one pitied her; but what is there frightful in death?"

"Nothing," said Mary, pressing her companion's arm—"nothing to the Christian; but we may not ask for it before the hour appointed by God. Is it lawful at our age to look for rest ere we have fulfilled our allotted task?"

"But my life is so sorrowful! My aunt endures me, but can not forgive me for disturbing the solitude she loves. I confide in you, Mary; may I not plan to free my aunt some day from the burden of my presence?"

The young girl smiled to hide a tear. "Certainly, Nora, you have a right to better your condition, if you can; but what would you like to do? Perhaps you have thought of consecrating yourself to God?"

Nora shook her head. "Nuns are not subjected to so hard a yoke as mine; for love and cheerfulness make everything easy. But I have no vocation for a religious life."

"What, then, are your plans?" said Mary.

"To seek any kind of respectable employment—teaching little children, taking care of an invalid; anything rather than eat the bread of dependence, which is given so grudgingly."

"Pardon the question, but do you owe anything to your aunt?"

"I possess, they tell me, some trifling revenue—not enough for my support. They wanted to give it to me, but I refused to accept any of it. O Mary! do you value all God has given you? You have the best of friends, who allow you to know the happiness of benefiting others. I am not even permitted to visit the poor, or work for them."

Mary's face brightened. "Are you really willing to do a good work?" she asked.

"Indeed I am. Don't you know when we

help others, it gives us more courage to bear our own burdens?"

"Even if what I suggest were difficult and repulsive?"

"Yes: I hope to have courage for it. Tell me what it is."

"Well, I shall confide to you a secret. I know you have been very kind to your aunt's servant; she tells me that without your help she could never get through with her work, and she is the only support of her old mother. But do you know what ails her?"

"No."

"She suffers from an incurable cancer. Every day it is dressed by us in the hospital; but think what an alleviation it would be to her to be saved that long walk."

Deeply affected, Nora exclaimed: "I will dress it!"

"I shall show you how," said Mary; "and God will reward you for it."

Without another word they rejoined the little party. Nora's thoughts dwelt with emotion on the heroic, filial love of the poor servant, and with a mixture of fear and enthusiasm on the work of Christian charity she had undertaken to perform.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Favors of Our Queen.

—
A MIDNIGHT PENITENT.
—

THE Feast of the Divine Maternity was over; the Spouse of Christ had sung her song of joy and thankfulness, and Peace with her drowsy sister Sleep had descended upon earth. It was past midnight in a flourishing manufacturing city in one of the New England States, when a priest was roused from slumber by an incessant knocking at his front door. Opening his window, which was directly overhead, he discerned a man well advanced in years, and asked him what his errand was at that late hour.

"Open, Father! open!" was the reply.

"But what do you wish?—who are you?"

"I am everything that is vile and bad. But, oh, open, open quickly! I want to go to confession."

Naturally the good priest thought the man had been drinking, and was about to bid him be off, when he remembered St. Philip Neri's remark—that his "most consoling conversions were made in the most unseasonable hours,"—and so he decided to admit this strange visitor, and see, with God's grace, what could be done for him. Half in doubt and half in hope, therefore, he descended and threw wide the door. Scarcely had the importunate caller crossed the threshold, when he fell upon his knees and cried: "O Father! you see in me a most abandoned wretch—a villain given up to all manner of crime. For months I have not seen the inside of a church; *for twenty years I have not been to confession.* In all that time there is hardly a sin which the enemy of souls could suggest that I have not committed. I have been a—everything, I believe, except a murderer. In this very hour I was on an errand of sin, *when my dead mother appeared to me and said, 'Go at once to confession.'*"

The man was not drunk: he had not even been drinking; excited he certainly was, and no wonder. The priest conducted him to a private room, and there, with tears streaming down his cheeks, and every other sign of deep contrition, the penitent unburthened his soul.

When absolution had been given, the priest said to him: "My friend, your conversion is as marvellous as it is consoling; how do you account for it? What good deed have you ever done in our Saviour's name?"

"Father," the penitent replied, "I can explain the grace which I have received only in this way: on her death-bed my dear mother made me—then but a lad of twenty—promise to say the beads every day. Wicked as I have been, I have kept that promise faithfully—even when farthest on the road to perdition."

The mystery was explained, and the priest breathed an ejaculation of gratitude

to the Refuge of Sinners, the Queen of the Holy Rosary.

Again promising with God's help to make all possible atonement for the evils of the past, and to conform his future life to the precepts of Holy Mother Church, the midnight penitent departed.

Readers of THE "AVE MARIA," dear children of Mary, this is no uncertain legend, wafted down to us on the breezes of Time from the shadowy days of old: but a brief and simple narrative of what occurred but a few days ago in wide-awake America—"a plain, unvarnished tale," which was related to me only last night by a brother priest, who was the instrument of Our Lady's goodness. Need I waste further space, then, in pointing out to you the self-evident moral?—need I exhort you to *love* the Rosary, to *cherish* the Rosary, to *recite* the Rosary?

The Devotion of November.

THE Church begins this month with the commemoration of the happiness of her children now rejoicing in the possession of the reward of their fidelity, and thus encourages us to imitate those blessed spirits, and, like them, to persevere to the end, in order to merit the reward in store for us. Then, at once, she reminds us of those other souls who are destined to rejoice also with the Church triumphant, but who are still detained in a state of suffering. She sets apart the day immediately following the Festival of All Saints, as a day of special commemoration of the souls of the faithful departed; and appeals to our charity in behalf of all who have died in the Lord—that is to say, those who have departed this life in the state of grace, but whose purity of soul was not such as to entitle them to an immediate possession of their eternal inheritance.

In a less formal manner she has consecrated the whole of November to this devotion, as the month of January is devoted to the Holy Infancy, March to St. Joseph,

May to Our Lady, etc. None could be more appropriate. Nature herself at this season reminds us of death, and the storm-laden winds seem to echo the wail of the departed: "Have mercy on me, have mercy on me, at least you my friends; for the hand of the Lord hath touched me!"

Every Christian should carefully instruct himself on his duty to the dead, and so be the means of alleviating and shortening their sufferings. They are the elect; they are souls full of love for God and of charity for us; they are heirs of God and members of Jesus Christ. All these titles undoubtedly give them a right to our suffrages, and in charity we should do all in our power to release them from their imprisonment. Faith teaches that it is in our power to alleviate their pains; and that we are in duty bound to do so is no less certain, since they are of the same communion of saints as ourselves, and are, each of them, that neighbor whom we ought to love as we love ourselves.

The means which the Church proposes to us to aid these holy souls are: the Sacrifice of the Mass, prayer, fasting, mortification, alms—in a word, all good works done in the spirit of charity. She allows us also the privilege of gaining, on easy conditions, many indulgences which are applicable to the souls in purgatory.

Let us stir up our faith and our piety, and seriously meditate upon these important truths: 1st, that sin is an evil infinitely greater than we can understand, since even a single venial fault entails upon the departed holy soul so severe a chastisement; 2d, that the purity and sanctity of God are beyond all comprehension, since the least stain of sin precludes all possibility of approaching Him; 3d, that, as we are in this world only to serve God, and render ourselves worthy of an everlasting union with Him, it is of the utmost importance that we employ our time to the best advantage; 4th, that the last moment of our life, than which nothing is more uncertain, will decide our lot for all eternity; and that then we shall be judged according to our works,

—an eternity of happiness to be the recompense of him who shall have persevered to the end, an eternity of woe the fate of him whom death shall surprise in a state of enmity with God; 5th, that even the just, according to St. Peter, shall hardly be saved; that an account must be rendered of every idle word; and that those who are not found guiltless must be purified by fire, from which, as the holy Scripture declares, they shall not come forth till they have paid the very last farthing.

Devotion to the souls in purgatory is calculated to keep all these salutary truths before our mind. Besides being an exercise of charity most acceptable to God, it reminds us of our last end, and, by showing us the enormity of sin, removes us farther and farther from the danger of committing it. It serves, therefore, as a most powerful incentive to make a good and faithful use of the means placed at our disposal whereby we may work out our eternal salvation. At the same time we are assured that the exercise of our charity in behalf of these poor suffering souls will be rewarded a hundredfold by Him who repays even the cup of cold water given in His name. And, when called from this life, should God, in His mercy and justice, condemn us for a time to those purifying flames, we shall, in turn, be most earnestly prayed for, that the time of our trial may be shortened, and that we may be speedily admitted into the realms of eternal bliss.

IN our trials we run to God, and we do well. Only we are wrong in believing that God, because he *is* God, will infallibly grant prayer which we address to Him, because we address a prayer to Him. If the effect does not meet our expectations, we are scandalized; we doubt God and His providence. Suppliants should show more confidence, more resignation, and not "enjoin" God to deliver them from their trouble, thus placing before Him the alternative of either doing our will or of forfeiting our good graces.—
Abbé Roux.

Catholic Notes.

The "Heroic Act" consists in a voluntary offering made in favor of the faithful departed of all our works of satisfaction done in this life, as well as of all suffrages which may be offered for us after death, leaving them all in the hands of the Blessed Virgin to distribute them as She pleases. This heroic act of charity has frequently received the approbation of the Church. It has also been enriched with great indulgences; but in the course of time doubts have arisen as to some of the conditions for gaining the indulgences, and recently the Sacred Congregation of Indulgences issued a decree solving five of those most frequently recurring. The decree decides, in the first place, that indulgences declared by the Holy See to be "applicable to the souls in purgatory" are included amongst the *opera satisfactoria*, which by the Heroic Act are offered for the faithful departed. Secondly, those who reserve to themselves indulgences granted to the living do not satisfy the conditions, but are bound to apply them all to the holy souls, in accordance with the words of the indulgent. Thirdly, it is not an integral part of the Heroic Act that the dispensation of these spiritual favors should be placed in the hands of Our Lady. Fourthly, the plenary indulgence which a person who has made the Heroic Act will gain by going to Holy Communion, or by hearing Mass on Mondays, need not be placed at the disposal of the Blessed Virgin, but may be applied to any of the poor souls at the discretion of the donor. Lastly, a priest who has made the Heroic Act, and who is using the privilege which some priests possess at Mass of what is called a "Privileged Altar," must apply the plenary indulgence gained thereby to the soul of the person for whom the Mass is offered.

The many miracles wrought through the favor of Our Lady of Lourdes have long been a stumbling-block to scientific skeptics, who are forced to admit the truth of the wonderful cures effected, and the impossibility of accounting for them by any of the results of modern scientific investigation. As a last resort they have gladly seized upon the effects of hypnotism as shown by recent experiments, and think to find in them a way out of their difficulty, declaring that this "new discovery"

produces effects precisely analogous to the wonders of Lourdes. But here again they have been confronted by true science, and their theory destroyed by one of the learned physicians constituting the medical commission at Lourdes. The latter has addressed a letter to the *Univers*, in which he analyzes the new "system," and shows how far removed it is from serving as an explanation of these miraculous cures. Hypnotism is strongly condemned as being, at best, but a mere experiment, without any profit to the invalid subject. Besides, while it sometimes modifies a symptom, or gives movement or sensibility to some bodily member, it does not remove the cause of the evil, and more frequently aggravates it. Then, too, the action of the experiments, to be effective, must, like magnetism, be influenced by the condition or susceptibility of the patient.

Now, with the facts observed at Lourdes there is nothing analogous presented elsewhere. Among those who come seeking relief and obtain it, there is every possible variety of character and disposition. The cures obtained and attested by the highest medical and scientific skill are enduring. There is no need for the patient to return in eight days or a month to seek new strength. In hypnotism, whatever relief is gained is of short duration, and, at frequent intervals, recourse must be had to the same means to produce the same effects in the weak-minded subject. At Lourdes each year pious pilgrims may be seen kneeling in gratitude for cures obtained long years before. They have suffered no relapse. They have not, indeed, been exempt from the ordinary laws of nature: they may have met with accidents or suffered from other causes: but the malady once cured has remained cured.

A friend, who lately visited Knock, informs us that he counted one hundred and sixty crutches inside the railing of the church, left there by persons who had been cured. Outside the enclosure hundreds of sticks and other articles are to be seen, each representing a cure.

The only painting that adorns the chapel of Vassar College, the fashionable Protestant school for young ladies at Poughkeepsie, New York, is a copy of the Dresden Madonna. No higher model for maid or matron could be offered to the pupils of that institution than

the Virgin Mother of the Lord.— *The Catholic American*.

Bishop Raimondi, of Hong-Kong, China, arrived a few days ago in San Francisco, on a visit to the United States for the purpose of collecting funds for his new cathedral. To a representative of the *Monitor* of that city the venerable prelate furnished some interesting details concerning the spiritual condition of his diocese, which, considering its recent organization, has made rapid and marvellous progress. Amongst the many institutions of learning and charity there, the following may be mentioned: St. Joseph's College for higher students, conducted by 10 Christian Brothers, and attended by 300 pupils. An industrial and reformatory institution, under the patronage of the Government, with 100 inmates. A convent for girls, managed by Sisters of Charity; attendance, 200. A Theological Seminary with about 15 students. A select school for young ladies; attendance, 40. Two orphan asylums for girls; attendance, 350. An asylum for boys; attendance, 25. House of the Good Shepherd, conducted by Sisters of Charity; inmates, 40. A fine hospital conducted by the same religious, and having from 30 to 40 patients. His Lordship stated that the Protestant missions are in a sorry state. The ministers are divided between themselves over contradictory Chinese translations of the Bible, and are otherwise at variance. The Bishop expressed his firm conviction that China would in time be Catholic, as it was ages ago; and that even now the spirit of Christ's religion was surely penetrating the great Empire.

A meeting was held recently in Chicago of the prominent Catholic residents of the West Side to arrange for the celebration of the golden jubilee of the Rev. Father Damen, S. J. It was decided to erect in his honor a free hospital at a cost of fifty thousand dollars, and committees were appointed for the execution of this admirable project. Father Damen is one of the best-known priests in America; for his missionary labors, so abundantly blessed, have extended throughout the length and breadth of the United States. We most heartily wish the projectors of the hospital the success which their undertaking so richly deserves.

The department of Ecuador in the Vatican Exposition is to be surmounted by a grand,

full-length portrait of the Catholic hero, Gabriel García Moreno. The frame will be made of the most precious woods of the country. The picture, which is life-size, represents the subject in the act of offering to the world the only protest uttered by any government to the occupation of Rome, which is written on a scroll held in the right hand. On the upper part of the canvas, amongst clouds of glory, appears the Sacred Heart, to which the hero consecrated his beloved country. At the foot of the portrait is García Moreno's famous utterance, "God dies not"; implying that the triumph of the Pontificate in the Golden Jubilee of Leo XIII. is due to the Sacred Heart of Jesus. Beneath the picture is the following inscription taken from the Allocution of the immortal Pius IX. to the pilgrims of Laval: *Gabriel García Moreno, Æquatorianæ Reipublicæ Præses, cecidit fidei victima et Christianæ in patriam charitatis.*—"Gabriel García Moreno, President of the Republic of Ecuador, fell a victim of faith and of Christian charity towards his country."

The eccentric Train used to tell a good story which gives a very practical idea of the difference between Catholic and Protestant missionaries. It is retold by the *American Catholic News*, of New York. When he was a little boy attending school in Massachusetts his sympathies were excited by the accounts his teacher used to give of the hardships endured by Protestant missionaries in spreading the faith among the heathen. By dint of extra work he was enabled to earn twenty-five cents weekly, which he handed in to aid the foreign missions. When he grew up to manhood, circumstances brought Train to China, and he paid a visit to the house of one of the Protestant missionaries there. It was not the kind of building he expected, and in the massive silver knob which ornamented the door, he thought he saw many of the "quarters" that he contributed when a boy. A few miles from this palatial residence, Train met a Catholic priest "trying to drag a donkey and cart through the sand." He was bound on errands of mercy, a physician alike of soul and body. Further acquaintance with the Father led Train to say: "If I were once more a little boy in Massachusetts and had twenty-five cents to spare every week, I would know better what missionary society to give it to."

New Publications.

THE TEACHING OF ST. BENEDICT. By the Very Rev. Francis Cuthbert Doyle, O. S. B. London: Burns & Oates. New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co.

A most interesting book, giving evidence of great painstaking in what has been evidently a work of love. The influence of St. Benedict and his Rule on the civilization of modern times may be gleaned from an attentive perusal of this work, in connection with the historical records of the forms of barbarism with which St. Benedict had to contend. His monasteries were so many oases of peace, charity, and learning, in a howling wilderness of ignorance and bloodshed. Their denizens were the men who proved the old adage that the pen is mightier than the sword,—who lived up to the sacred injunction, "Be not overcome by evil, but overcome evil by good." As one turns the pages of this little book, one can not but be struck by the paternal tenderness of St. Benedict, foreseeing and providing for all the wants of his children—spiritual, mental and physical,—from the most sublime religious contemplation to the details of food and raiment. Prefixed to the main body of the work is a short life of the Saint, narrating his trials and subsequent victory in the endeavor to restore the monastic life to its original perfection. Even those engaged in secular life may read this volume with profit, and to the religious it is a treasure indeed.

—We have received a very interesting and instructive biographical sketch of Thomas FitzSimons, Pennsylvania's Catholic signer of the Constitution of the United States, published from the press of *The American Catholic Historical Researches*. Mr. Martin I. J. Griffin, of Philadelphia, is its author, and it was read before the American Catholic Historical Society of that city. In his day Mr. FitzSimons was regarded as one of the most enlightened and intelligent merchants in the United States. He was conspicuous throughout the Revolutionary War for his strong advocacy of and steadfast devotion to the cause of the patriots—American Independence. Indeed, in the early part of the war he raised a company, and served for a time in the Continental army. At a later period he did all in his power to fur-

nish the Government with money and supplies for the use of its soldiers. Washington and Hamilton were among those who greatly appreciated his services and highly respected him. In 1782 he was elected to the Continental Congress, which existed under the articles of Confederation. He was also chosen at different times to hold offices under the State Government. He exercised much influence in directing and shaping the financial policy of the Federal Government, and it was largely through his instrumentality that the protective tariff came to be established as a leading feature of the American economic system. In private life he was gentle and generous. Archbishop Carroll and Bishop Egan were among his intimate friends. He died August 26, 1811, in the 70th year of his age.

Obituary.

"It is a holy and wholesome thought to pray for the dead."

— 2 MACH., xii., 46.

The following persons, lately deceased, are commended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

The Rev. Francis B. Hannigan, C. M., who breathed his last on the 16th ult., at the Seminary of Our Lady of Angels, Niagara, N. Y. He was truly a man of God, and won the affectionate regard of all who formed his acquaintance.

Mother M. Devereux, whose precious death occurred at the Convent of Mercy, Newburg, N. Y.

Sister Avelina, of the Sisters of Charity, who was called to the reward of her self-sacrificing life on the 3d ult., at St. Ann's Infant Asylum, Washington, D. C.

Miss Caroline Tessier, a devout Child of Mary, who departed this life on the 6th of October, at Vitry-le-François, France.

Mr. Thomas Mattimore a prominent and highly respected citizen of Albany, N. Y., who died on the 16th ult. His loss is mourned by all classes of the community, and the unusually large attendance at his funeral was a public tribute to his many noble qualities as a man and a Christian.

Daniel F. McCarthy, who passed away on the 12th ult., at Avoca, Iowa, after a long and painful illness. He was a man of faith, and tenderly devoted to the Blessed Virgin, whose Rosary was always in his hands during his last illness.

Mrs. Agnes Tighe, of Omaha, Neb.; Mrs. Mary O'Donnell, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Mrs. Dorothy Cumiskey, Lowell, Mass.; and Mary Teresa O'Hearn, Toronto, Ont.

May their souls, and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace!



A Good Turn that Served Another.

“Stop pushing, you young scapegrace!”

“I want to see, captain, and I can't see a thing!”

“But the procession isn't in sight yet. Keep quiet, and wait like the rest of us.”

“There, now! Don't you hear the drums? They must be coming out of the cathedral, and I sha'n't see a thing. And Corpus Christi won't come again for a whole year!”

And, trying to balance himself on the tips of his copper-toed, hobnailed shoes, he gave one neighbor a shove, tumbled against another, and trod on the toes of a third; keeping up all the while a vociferous shouting, by way of doing honor to the procession which was about to pass.

The crowd began to murmur.

“Will you keep quiet or not?” I repeated. “The next thing you'll be wanting me to lift you up, I suppose, so that you can see!”

“Oh, *please* do, sir!”

But before I answered—and, I certainly had no intention of complying with the request—the little urchin, who was a skilful climber, had mounted my back, and deliberately ensconced himself astride my shoulders. How he accomplished the feat, he did not give me time to see; but it was no use struggling: the thing was done. I hadn't the heart to put him down, he seemed so eager to view the procession; besides, it was no time for a scene.

The trumpeters, who opened the procession, were already in a line with us. After the musicians, came the police; then the school-children, boys and girls; next the college students, and the different societies, preceded by their gaily-colored banners, like regimental flags; then followed the

clergy; and last of all, under a canopy of velvet and gold, walked the Bishop, carrying the Blessed Sacrament. At the four corners of the canopy, with the cords in their hands, were to be seen our general, the governor, the judge, and the mayor. Then followed a crowd of fervent worshippers, all mingled together in perfect equality, and showing a most edifying spirit of recollection. A company of dragoons closed the procession.

“Oh, isn't it beautiful! Isn't it beautiful!” exclaimed my little vagabond, in a low, almost awestruck voice. “Oh, here come the altar-boys! How I wish I were one of them!”

In his intense delight, the child hammered away at my chest with his heavily-nailed shoes; then with the dexterity of a monkey he slid down from my back, and with a “Thank you, sir,—thank you very much!” ran off as fast as he could towards the cathedral.

Meanwhile the procession wound its way slowly along the streets. The houses were hung with red and white draperies, and garlands of fresh flowers. The pavement was thickly strewn with rose-leaves and flowers of every hue, whose perfume mingled with the clouds of incense.

Before my little friend had climbed up my back, I had bestowed a few minutes' observation on him. He was about ten years old, with thick, unkempt black hair, which stood out in all directions. His eyes were intelligent and frank-looking, and there was on his features a general air of honesty and truthfulness. In a word, it was a face which once seen was not easily forgotten.

I started off for a short stroll through the town, and returned to the square just as the procession was re-entering the cathedral. My eyes were resting mechanically on the troop of altar-boys preceding the canopy, when whom should I see but my little friend, in red cassock and white surplice, a red beretta pressed onto that rebellious head of hair, and his whole expression as serious as an owl! He recognized me, gave me an almost imperceptible, wink expres-

sive of suppressed satisfaction, and marched on with the rest under the portals of the church.

The master of ceremonies was aware of the presence of the intruder; but, as the little fellow behaved very well, imitating scrupulously the movements of the other boys, he thought it best to say nothing, especially as the whole affair had taken place under the eyes of the Bishop himself, as well as of the town authorities, none of whom, however, had observed it. But once inside the walls of the sacristy, it was quite another matter: there things were not to be taken so coolly.

"Who are you? Where do you come from? How do you happen to have that cassock on?" asked the priest, in a stern voice.

"Oh, please don't scold me, Father! I will tell you all about it. I climbed up on the shoulders of a kind officer, and he let me see it all. But when I saw Peter and Louis and Francis all dressed up with the other altar-boys, I thought to myself, 'Why can't I have some of those nice things on as well as they?' Once, when I had been playing with them, I went into the sacristy, and they showed me where they kept their cassocks. So I jumped down, and ran here as fast as I could, and dressed myself. Then I ran across the town, and came up with the procession before it was half-way back, and—*and*—here I am! I didn't mean to steal anything, Father; I have brought everything back—oh! please forgive me" (the priest was looking at some fresh spots on the cassock); "it *is* a little stained; but I couldn't help crying when I was with the other fellows; and yet I was *so* happy, and it was so beautiful!"

The good priest looked and listened. The child had taken off his surplice, and now stood before him, dressed like a little cardinal, apparently finding it very hard to part with that fine red costume. Just then a ray of sunlight, passing through the stained-glass window of the sacristy, lit up his head and face with a sort of aureole. What might it not foreshadow?

"Would you like to be an altar-boy?"

"Oh, indeed I would, Father!"

"Then come with me."

And the little fellow followed.

I must now, as the novelists say, beg my young readers to pass over a space of some fifteen or sixteen years, and accompany me to Tonquin. I was on service there in 1885, and at the battle of Tuyen-Quan I received a wound in the leg. Stretched on the ground under that torrid sky, with a burning fever, I was in anything but a happy frame of mind, when the military chaplain happened to pass by. He was a vigorous, well-built man, with a very sympathetic face.

"You are wounded, General?"

"Yes, in the thigh. I can not put my foot to the ground."

He looked at me steadily for a moment, as though trying to recall some vague memory.

"Suppose I try to get you up on my shoulders, General? The ambulance is not far off; I will carry you to it."

I objected, but he insisted; and, as I had no special desire to fall into the hands of those heathen Chinese, at last, with some difficulty and much pain, I found myself mounted on the back of the good chaplain, who started off at a brisk pace, notwithstanding his load. Now and then a ball whizzed by us, for the battle was not yet over. "That must be meant for me," he would say; "you have had yours." And he laughed as heartily as a boy.

Just as we reached the ambulance, we heard shouts of victory, and saw the Chinese flying in all directions, throwing down their arms and their diabolical-looking standards, while our tricolored flag flung out its folds defiantly to the breeze.

"Thank God! is it not beautiful—our flag flying yonder!" exclaimed the chaplain.

"*Is it not beautiful!*" These words, the tone of his voice, and my position on his back, seemed to throw a sudden light on my memory. Yes, this young priest was once that little boy who had climbed onto

my shoulders the day of the procession of Corpus Christi at B——, so many years ago, when I was only a simple lieutenant.

"Yes, a glorious sight!" I answered. "And, Father, if I mistake not, you once saw a grand sight astride *my* shoulders!"

He turned quickly, and looked in my face. I was recognized; in fact, as he afterwards said, he had a suspicion of my identity when he first saw me. It was a happy moment for us both—at least I know it was for me.

"Thank God!" he said again, in a low voice; then, pressing my hand in a cordial grasp, he added, "one good turn serves another."

Now you know why Father S—— and I are such warm friends. I am proud of his friendship, and I like to think I might be more unworthy of it.

From the Apennines to the Andes.

(CONTINUED.)

The first day Marco walked as long as his strength would permit, and at night slept under a tree. On the second day his spirits began to droop, and he made considerably less progress. His shoes were broken, his feet bruised, and he was faint from hunger. Towards evening he was seriously alarmed. He had been told in Italy that in this land there were serpents, and he now fancied that he heard them crawling. His blood began to chill; he halted for a moment, and then set out on a run. At times he was fairly overcome with sadness, and wept bitterly. Then suddenly he said to himself: "Oh, how much my dear mother would suffer if she knew that I am afraid!" And his mind reverted to his happy days in Genoa; he recalled his mother's words when she was leaving home, and the loving care she bestowed on him, smoothing his little pillow, and tenderly arranging the coverlet beneath his chin when he was in bed; and he remembered that every time she took him in her arms, she said to him, "Stay here a little while with me"; and

thus she remained for a long time, with her head resting on his.

These thoughts gave him fresh courage, and he felt his heart expand. "Shall I see thee again, dear mother?" he exclaimed, in raptures. "Shall I arrive at the end of my journey and meet thee, my mother?" And he walked on and on, among strange trees, vast plantations of sugar-cane, and fields without end; always with those blue mountains in front of him, which cut the sky with their great, lofty crests. Four days, five days—a week passed. He was overcome with fatigue; his feet were bleeding. Finally, one evening at sunset they said to him: "Tucuman is fifty miles from here."

He uttered a cry of joy and hastened his steps, as though he had, in that moment, regained all his lost vigor. But it was a brief illusion; his strength suddenly failed, and he fell upon the brink of a ditch, exhausted. Still, his heart was beating with content and expectation. The heaven, thickly spangled with brilliant stars, had never seemed so beautiful to him. He contemplated it as he lay on the grass to sleep, and thought that perhaps at that very moment his mother was thinking of him. And he said: "O my mother! where art thou? What art thou doing now? Dost thou think of thy son?—dost thou think of thy Marco, who is so near thee?"

Poor boy! Could he have seen the condition in which his mother was at that moment, he would have made a superhuman effort to proceed on his way, and reach her a few hours earlier. She was confined to her bed, in a room of the lordly mansion of the Mequinez family. They had all become very fond of her, and had done everything in their power to make her happy and resigned. But the poor woman had already been ailing when the Engineer Mequinez left Buenos Ayres, and the fine air of Cordova had wrought no improvement in her condition. Then the fact that her husband or her cousin had not replied to her letters, and the continual anxiety in which she had lived, had undermined her constitution, and finally a serious internal

malady had developed itself. She had not risen from her bed for a fortnight. A celebrated physician of Tucuman had been summoned, and he declared that a surgical operation was necessary to save her life. And at precisely the moment when Marco was apostrophizing her, the master and mistress of the house were standing beside her bed, arguing with great gentleness to persuade her to consent to the operation, and she was persisting in her refusal, and weeping.

"No, my dear master," she said; "do not count upon it; I have not the strength to bear it; I should die under the surgeon's knife. It is better to allow me to depart thus. I no longer cling to life. All is at an end for me. It is better to die before learning what has happened to my family."

And her master and mistress persisted, encouraging her with words of consolation and hope; they assured her that she would receive a reply to the last letters, which had been sent directly to Genoa; and implored her for the sake of her husband and children to consent to the operation. But this allusion to her family only aggravated her profound discouragement, and with increased anguish she burst into tears.

"O my husband! my sons!" she exclaimed, wringing her hands; "perhaps they are no longer alive! It is better that I should die also. I thank you, my good master and mistress,—I thank you from my heart. But it is better that I should die. I am certain that I should not be cured by this operation. Thanks for all your care; but it is useless for the doctor to come again after to-morrow. I wish to die. It is God's will that I should die here. I am resigned."

And still they remonstrated, taking her hand, and repeating tenderly, "Don't say that; there is every reason to hope. Have courage."

But she closed her eyes in exhaustion, and fell into a doze, so that she appeared to be dead. And her master and mistress remained there watching with great compassion that admirable mother, who for love of her family had come to die six thousand

miles from home,—to die after having toiled so hard. Poor woman! And she was so honest, so good, so unfortunate!

Early on the following morning, Marco, with his bag on his back, entered Tucuman, one of the youngest and most flourishing cities of the Argentine Republic. It seemed to him that he beheld again Cordova, Rosario, Buenos Ayres; there were the same straight and very long streets, the same low houses. As he walked along he experienced once more the agitation which had seized on him at Buenos Ayres; he looked at the windows and doors of the houses, and stared at all the women who passed him, with an anxious hope that he might meet his mother; he would have liked to question them, but did not dare to stop any one. All the people who were standing at their doors turned to gaze after the tattered, dusty lad, who evidently had come from afar.

The poor boy was seeking among all these strangers a countenance which should inspire him with confidence, in order to propose his query, when his eyes fell upon the sign of an inn upon which was inscribed an Italian name. Inside were a man with spectacles and two women. He approached the door slowly, and, summoning up courage, inquired:

"Signor, can you tell me where the Engineer Mequinez lives?"

"The Mequinez family is not in Tucuman," replied the innkeeper.

A cry of desperate pain, like that of one who has been stabbed, formed an echo to these words. The innkeeper and the women rose, and some neighbors ran up.

"What's the matter?—what ails you, my boy?" said the innkeeper, drawing him into the shop and making him sit down. "There's no reason for despairing. The Mequinez family is only a little distance off—a few hours' walk from Tucuman."

"Where? where? Pray tell me!" cried Marco, springing up like one restored to life.

"Fifteen miles from here," continued the man; "on the river, at Saladillo. Signor Mequinez's mansion is in a place where a

big sugar factory is being built; every one knows it: you can reach it in a few hours."

"I was there a month ago," said a youth who had hastened up at the cry.

Marco stared at him with wide-open eyes, and asked him, hastily: "Did you see the servant of Signor Mequinez—the Italian?"

"The Genoese? Yes, I saw her."

Marco broke into a convulsive cry, which was half a laugh and half a sob. "That's my mother!" Then he asked: "Which way am I to go? I shall set out instantly; show me the way, please!"

"But it is a long walk," they all told him in one breath. "You are weary; you should rest; you can set out to-morrow."

"Impossible! impossible!" replied the lad. "Tell me the way; I will not wait another instant; I shall set out at once, were I to die on the road!"

Seeing him so inflexible, the good people no longer opposed him. "May God bless and guide you!" they said. "Be careful to follow the path through the forest. A fair journey to you, little Italian!" A man accompanied him outside of the town, pointed out the road, gave him some counsel, and stood still to watch him start. At the expiration of a few minutes, the lad disappeared, limping, with his bag on his shoulder, behind the trees which lined the road.

(CONCLUSION IN OUR NEXT NUMBER.)

The Day of the Dead.

A LETTER FROM MY MOTHER.

NOVEMBER 2.

This day is consecrated to the commemoration of the dead. Do you know, Enrico, that all you boys should, on this day, devote a thought to those who are dead: to those who have died for you—for boys and little children? How many have died, and how many are dying continually! Have you ever reflected how many fathers have worn out their lives in toil? how many mothers have descended to the grave before their time, exhausted by the privations to which

they subjected themselves for the sake of their children? Think, Enrico, how many schoolmistresses have died young—have pined away through the fatigues of the school—through love of the children, from whom they had not the heart to tear themselves away. Think of the doctors who have perished of contagious diseases, having courageously sacrificed themselves to cure the children. Think of all those who in shipwrecks, in conflagrations, in famines, in moments of supreme danger, have yielded to infancy the last morsel of bread, the last place of safety, the last rope of escape from the flames, to expire content with their sacrifice, since they preserved the life of a little innocent.

Such dead as these are innumerable, Enrico; every graveyard contains hundreds of these sainted beings, who, if they could rise for a moment from their graves, would call the name of a child for whom they sacrificed the comforts, the pleasures of life, the peace of old age: wives of twenty, men in the flower of their strength, octogenarians, youths,—heroic and obscure martyrs of infancy,—so grand and so noble that the earth does not produce as many flowers as should strew their graves. Think to-day on those dead with gratitude, and you will be kinder and more affectionate to all who love you, and who toil for you, my dear, fortunate son, who, on the day of the dead, have as yet no one to grieve for.—*An Italian School-Boy's Journal.*

The Piety of a Great General.

The celebrated Marshal Pelissier, one of the bravest and most successful generals that France can boast of, was as good a Catholic as he was a soldier. Sometimes, when it happened that no one was at hand to serve Mass, the Marshal himself would step forward and humbly take the acolyte's place. This he often did, and with such humble simplicity and piety that it edified many, and made others ashamed of their moral cowardice.



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Devotion to the Holy Souls.

OUR tender mother the Church, loving her children with the enduring affection she has learnt from the Sacred Heart of Jesus Christ, can not forget them after their departure from this visible world, but continually bears them in remembrance, and prays with unceasing earnestness that they may quickly enter the bright land of everlasting happiness. Her voice is never silent; without a moment's cessation, night and day, she cries out, with plaintive accents: "Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord! And let perpetual light shine upon them." She never allows the Adorable Sacrifice to be offered without begging her divine Spouse, then present on the altar, to receive her suffering children into a place of refreshment, light, and peace. The dogmas of her faith teach with infallible certainty the existence of temporal punishment after death, and that those pains can be alleviated and shortened by the prayers and penances of the faithful. By her liturgy, and by the mouths of her innumerable preachers in every tongue, she is constantly exhorting us to remember our departed brethren; at the grave of each of her children, as one by one they go forth to judgment, that loving mother stands weeping and offering supplications; she opens her sacred treasure-house, and deals forth numberless indulgences to induce the faithful to aid the suffering souls.

Besides all this, one month of the year she has devoted in a special manner to their service. November begins with a glorious burst of triumph in honor of all the saints. Year by year that multitude that no man can number, standing before the throne, is increased, and year after year the triumph of the Church grows more splendid. But hardly has the last joyous strain of the Vesper chaunt for All Saints' died away than the Church turns in sorrow to that other vast multitude, waiting amid penal fires the moment of their glory. The sight of the mighty army of her children before the throne reminds that loving mother that other children she has who are not yet in the eternal home, and for whom she must prostrate herself in lowly supplication, that the time of their banishment may be shortened. So she lays aside the cloth of gold, strips the altars of their festive array, and clothes herself in the vesture of mourning, plaintively reminding us that "it is a holy and wholesome thought to pray for the dead, that they may be loosed from their sins." Those, therefore, who desire to be in union with the spirit of the Church must not forget the prisoners of the King during this month.

The souls detained in purgatory, as every Catholic knows, are those that have died with venial sins unexpiated, and with some of that huge debt, represented in Holy Scripture by the vast sum of ten thousand talents, which is due as the temporal punishment of forgiven mortal sin, still undis-

charged by contrition, penance, and satisfaction. Few, indeed, amongst all those who depart in God's grace, are not included in this number. Few are free from all venial sin; few have been so fervent in their sorrow, so severe in their penance, so patient and resigned in their afflictions, as to be prepared at once to possess that kingdom into which nothing defiled can enter. Ordinary Christians indulge in numerous faults; they have slight guard over their tongues, they love comforts, they indulge their senses, they misspend their time, they waste money in pleasure instead of redeeming their sins with almsdeeds, they pray little and often negligently, they make few and not very earnest acts of sorrow, they do slight penance, their love of God is weak and their desire to possess Him feeble: for these and numberless other defects, not to mention more serious transgressions, penance must be done here below or in purgatory.

Here slight penance, united to Christ's pains, will purge the soul of many defects and satisfy for much debt. But in purgatory, the unanimous opinion of all the Doctors of the Church declares the pains to be most terribly grievous. The soul is subjected to various and excruciating torments. "They are saved, yet so as by fire" (I. Cor. iii., 15); and that fire is supernatural, created by the justice of God to punish sin, and, according to St. Thomas and other high authorities, differs from the fire of hell only in being temporal and not eternal. Does not this thought strike terror into our hearts, and make us at once anxious to avoid sin and to do penance ourselves, and also to assist by our prayers the holy souls now suffering? The worm of grief and of unsatisfied love also adds intolerable anguish to the pains of fire. Grief and sorrow fill those souls to the brim at the remembrance of their sins, and love raises in them an unspeakable longing to be united to God, which can not be granted till "the uttermost farthing" is paid. From this love of God, and intense desire to possess Him, arises the pain of loss, from which they suffer more than from the piercing flames themselves. We know

not how time is measured in purgatory, but the revelations of the saints, as well as the indulgences of the Church, indicate long periods of suffering. But this, as also the intensity of pain, varies with the amount of debt.

Thus in that dark land of penance are those holy souls most sorely tormented. Still they are not miserable; for they love God, and are resigned absolutely and entirely to His will. They can not sin in the slightest degree, but are confirmed in His grace; they are certain, with an infallible and unwavering assurance, that they will spend an eternity with God in unspeakable and everlasting happiness.

Considering all these truths, who would not desire to assist them? Our thoughtlessness and want of faith make us negligent in this work of the truest charity. We must remember, then, that these holy souls are helpless, but that God's mercy has placed their relief in our hands. If we realized this, how speedily should we fly to their assistance! Probably many we once loved on earth are in those purifying flames—we quote a touching passage from a sermon by Cardinal Manning,—“a father perhaps—the father who was the strength and guide of your youth; have you forgotten him? Shall this month pass without a filial memory and loving prayers for the father who loved you so dearly? Or your mother, whom you loved with a tenderness only less than the tenderness with which she loved you: the mother that bore you—the mother that sorrowed over you—the mother whose memory, it may be, has again and again restrained you from doing wrong. She is gone: you buried her in the earth; have you forgotten her? And when you pray for yourself, do you offer up a prayer for her like this: ‘May she rest in peace! O my God, may we meet again! Oh, may she enter speedily into the bliss of Thy kingdom!’ Do not your hearts breathe like this? If you have hearts that love—human hearts with human sympathies—is it possible that you have not these instincts? Or it may be some friend who loved you dearly; have

you forgotten that friend? It may be, again, some friend whom you wronged—who loved you,—and it may be your example led some into sin, and in their sin they died, as far as you know, and they are gone to the great White Throne; do you ever pray for them, that God in His mercy might have pity on them? Alas! as I said in the beginning, those who forget the dead, those who blot out the words, ‘May they rest in peace!’ can have but little human love or human sympathy.”

How can we assist the suffering souls? In many and various ways. We can gain indulgences for them; we can offer vocal prayers for them, especially the Rosary. Any penances we perform for them will bring them relief. Almsdeeds and acts of charity, especially if they imply self-denial, are most efficacious. Then there is the Way of the Cross; but, above all, the most holy Sacrifice of the Mass will obtain for them speedy relief from their grievous sufferings. Give, therefore, with a liberal spirit, in all these ways, spiritual treasures to the needy souls, and they in gratitude will remember you in the day when the hand of the Lord shall have touched you.

“Wooden Will.”

IV.

WE are back in Pittsburg. Twelve years have passed away, and the Sister who closed the eyes of the “Pittsburg boy” is at her desk this evening in the convent school-room. She did not forget the dying message, but so far all search has been in vain.

The “night-boys” are all there. They are rough, unkempt lads, with ragged clothes and bare feet; but all look reverently at the black-robed figure, who firmly and gently “points out the law” to each. There is silence in the room, and fifty earnest faces bend laboriously over copy-books, and hold the pen with a perspiring effort. Suddenly there is a scuffle at the door. Up rise the heads. Two lads enter, dragging between

them a small figure who resists vigorously. Before they have advanced two yards, the small figure breaks away and vanishes. The two leaders look dismayed under the grave eyes of the nun, as a voice is heard:

“Boys, what does this mean?”

The delinquents hang their heads a moment, and then look up shyly under the broadside of indignant glances from their fellows at the desks.

“Sister,” said one, in a low voice, “it’s Wooden Will.”

“It’s *what?*” inquired the Sister, with a puzzled look on her face.

“Sister, it’s Wooden Will”—a little louder.

“Wooden Will? Who is *that?*”

“Sister, it’s that boy.” (Not for the world would these youngsters omit the sacred title “Sister.” It prefaces every word, and finds entrance half a dozen times in every sentence.)

“*That* boy!” repeated the nun; “well, why doesn’t he come in?”

“Sister, he wants to, but he’s scared. He says you’uns is like heaven in here, and he ain’t fit,” was the answer; “and he hangs round that door every night, and we pulled him in to night to give him a ‘show.’”

The nun’s heart went out to the little vagrant, and she said, sympathetically: “Why, he should not be afraid; he’ll be very welcome. Can’t some of you speak to his mother?”

“He ain’t got none,” was the quick response.

“Poor little fellow!” sighed the Sister, with great tenderness. “Well, then, his father or his friends?”

“Father dead, too. Wooden Will ain’t got nobody but himself. But he’s a Catholic all the same,” was the reply.

“Now, boys,” said the earnest voice of the nun, “this will never do; we must have poor Wooden Will here at school. Any boy who brings that lad to me by coaxing, or any other way that doesn’t hurt him, shall get a beautiful silver medal of Our Lady. Now you must continue your writing.”

In a moment all was silent again. The evening's work went on, but there was an uneasy look on the faces of the late-comers, which did not escape the eye of the religious. Her experience of human nature in children told her where the silver medal would go, and she stifled a smile of triumph at the hope of success so soon.

The last exercise was concluded, the last prayer said, when the late-comers made a "straight line" towards the door and vanished: soon, just as the last boy had gone, and the lights were nearly all extinguished, they reappeared, puffing vigorously, with the small figure known as Wooden Will between them. The mode of conveyance was slightly changed, however. One boy had the two struggling arms; the other, the two kicking bare feet; and, laying their prize before the astonished religious, they stood with an air of triumph, in silence.

"Gracious!" ejaculated the Sister; and her companion came to her side, vainly striving to repress her laughter.

The little stranger being freed from the grasp of his captors, made a sort of revolution with his small person, and stood on his feet before the nuns; then, finding no escape, pulled off his cap, which had remained on his head during the whole scuffle. A pretty, pale, begrimed face appeared, lit with large, frightened brown eyes, and a halo of light reddish short curls around his unkempt head. The Sister puzzled her brains a second—where on earth had she seen him before?

"My dear child," said she, "I am sorry you were afraid to come to school. You don't know how glad we are to see the boys coming to us. What is your name?"

"Will," was the half audible reply.

"What is your last name?"

"Ain't got none only Will."

"Sister"—a voice came rather meekly from one of the two captors—"us fellows calls him Wooden Will, 'cause he sleeps under the wood-piles; and, Sister, which of us two fellows gets the medal?"

Roused to a sense of the state of affairs

in this direction, the nun opened her desk and presented each of the proud and happy lads a good-sized silver medal of Our Lady, which they received with all the dignity of conscious worth; and, holding them tightly in their hard hands, quickly took their departure, leaving Wooden Will at the mercy of the two religious, with an uneasy look on his face.

"Now, Will," said the Sister, gently making him sit down, "I want you to tell me something about yourself; for we are your friends, and we want to help you to be comfortable and happy. Have you had your supper?"

"Never get any real supper," murmured Will.

The Sister made a sign to her companion, who left the room, and returned in a short time with a bowl of milk, a plate of cold chicken and ham, buttered rolls, and some clear, trembling jelly in a small glass dish. Will's brown eyes changed their expression as the viands were placed on a desk before him, and at the first word of command he laid siege to the plate. The nuns moved around the room attending to various duties until he finished; and, as his restraint seemed somewhat removed, he was ready to talk.

"Do you 'uns keep little fellers all night?"

"Not here, Will," was the reply. "Where do you live?"

"Don't live nowhere."

"Where do you sleep at night?"

"Under wood-piles, or on the ash-heaps in the rolling-mills."

"Where do you get your meals?"

"Don't get no meals."

"I mean where do you get your breakfast and dinner? Do you board anywhere, or haven't you any relatives or friends?"

"Ain't got no relatives. Sometimes old Peter used to let me drive his cart; and I get a dime blackin' boots, and I buy a sandwich; or I sell papers, and buy a cup of milk. Don't board nowhere; costs a feller too much. Do my own washin', too; my other shirt is buried down on the river-bank

in a box. Never had no friends—I mean friends what lets you into their houses and keeps you. The fellers is my best friends; they often give me a lift when I get a pain here."

And the poor child placed his left hand on his chest, and coughed a short, dry cough:—an emphatic comment on these enlightened days of Christian charity and humane societies!

"But, my child," said the Sister, on whose face the deepest sympathy was manifested, "did you never have any home or friends? Where did your mother die?"

"Can't mind it much, it's so long ago," said Will. "I ain't got *one* that owns me—no aunts or uncles or grauny, or any one."

"Poor boy! How old are you?"

"Near twelve I guess."

"And what about being in the rolling-mills? Surely you've had better places."

"Don't like no places where folks kicks yer and calls yer names, and every place I was at they did that; so I scooted, 'cause when I got right scared the blood used to come up in my mouth."

"Poor little fellow!" sighed the nun.

"Do you know your prayers?"

"What's them?"

"Your prayers! Why, 'Our Father' you say when you are speaking to God—"

"God? Yes, I know lots of cuss words."

"O my poor child! Don't you know 'Hail Mary, full of grace'? You're a Catholic, are you not?"

"Yes, I know 'Hail Mary, full of grace.' I say that every day, and twict on Sunday." And he repeated the "Hail Mary" perfectly.

"Do you never go to church—to the Cathedral?"

"Ain't got no clothes good enough to go to church; sometimes I sneaked in when church was out, and it was awful solemn and heavenly, like this here place, with pictures and lots of things, and a jolly little fence with carpet inside, and big chairs, and something like a big white monument, only too long for that; and, Lordy!"—here Will's enthusiasm made him forget his fear,

and he waxed eloquent as his eyes sparkled,—"Lordy! but the gilt that was on that monument! And the big candles! And the gay crocks of roses and flowers! Lordy! but it took my breath away, and I used to hunker down in front of it, and look at it all, until I felt as if there wasn't no bad people out in the street to kick or to cuss, and as if I could lay there till I was dead." Then his brown eyes looked wistfully into the Sister's face for a minute, and he went on: "I used to watch you 'uns goin' down street, never speakin' nor smilin', but kind of solemn; and I would have come in here like the other fellers, but I wasn't fit. I want to stay here, 'cause you 'uns talk so kind."

"But you *are* fit, my poor child; and you shall come every night, and you may stay here to-night if you wish. I will get you a nice bed, and to-morrow you can run errands for us, and make fires, and do anything you are told; and we will teach you your prayers and your religion, and how to read and write, and how to be a good man some day. Are you sure you have no home, no friends, no place you would like better?"

"No, sir-ee—ma'am!" said Will, emphatically.

"Well, then, we will find you a corner to-night, and to-morrow we will talk more." Then she whispered a few words to the Sister, and the latter left the room.

"Willie, can you bless yourself?"

"Don't know."

"Can you do this?" and the Sister made the Sign of the Cross.

"I saw some of the fellers do it," and he lifted his hand to try.

It was a peculiar-looking little hand, and as the Sister's eyes rested on it, she saw it had a sixth finger. A swift rush of thought brought her back to that death-bed scene in the hospital in the war-time. She seemed to see it all again, and to hear the painfully uttered words of the dying soldier lad, who had told her of his boy Willie, whom he had never seen. Could this be the boy? Might she now give the dying blessing that so often came before her mind like an un-

fulfilled duty? Here was the sixth finger, that seemed to her the sign of recognition; and then the resemblance that puzzled her when she looked first at Wooden Will. Again she observed the large brown eyes, the delicate, feminine features, the pale reddish short curls. Was his mother's name Mary?

All this time the boy looked steadfastly into her face as if he were reading his fate.

"Will," she said, "did you ever see your father?"

"No, ma'am. My father was killed in the war; he died in the Stanton Hospital. It says so in the front of the book that was my mother's."

"What else is in the book?"

"Nothin' only, 'To my wife Mary, just before the battle'; and right below that is, 'My dear husband died for his country in the Stanton Hospital.' Old Peter giv' me the prayer book afore he died, and said to keep it, 'cause it was all my relatives left me."

"Who was old Peter?"

"He knowed my mother, I guess. He was an old feller that had a cart; he's dead. The book ain't much, 'cept it was my mother's."

"And when did your mother die?"

"She died afore old Peter. It was a good while ago. I can't mind it. I've been on the street with the fellers since I could walk a'most. I keep mother's book buried in the box with my other shirt, on the river-bank. I'll get it for you 'uns to-morrow."

"My child," said the nun, tenderly taking the little misformed hand in hers, "God, who lives in heaven, where I trust your dear father and mother are, sent you to me to-night. I was in the Stanton Hospital, miles away from here, nursing the soldiers during the war, and your poor father was carried in bleeding and wounded. When he was dying he requested me to take his blessing to his wife Mary and his little boy Willie, who was not long born. He said the poor baby had a second 'little finger,' and it was his dying wish not to hurt the child or have it cut off. You are the perfect picture of your father, my child;

the resemblance has puzzled me ever since I looked at you when you first came in; and when I saw this poor little hand, and heard you say your father died at the Stanton, it all came back to me, and I feel that God has brought you to me in answer to my prayers. Your brave father died nobly, and his last words were of you and your mother, with a prayer to God for his soul."

Will had listened motionless and almost breathless while the earnest words of the Sister continued; but large, silent tears had filled the brown eyes and were running unheeded down the little face. When she finished, suddenly he burst into an agony of grief, and flung himself on the desk with his face buried in both arms, while he moaned: "I wisht I was dead! oh, I wisht I was dead too!"

Poor boy! no wonder his frail little form quivered with the agony of his desolation; no wonder his untaught mind and heart, that never knew the tender love of mother or father, saw but one outlet from his lonely, comfortless, wandering life.

The Sister's eyes too were full of tears as she gently laid her hand on the little figure.

"Oh! no, my child: you mustn't say that; you are not ready to die. You have to learn ever so much before you will be worthy to join your dear father and mother in heaven. Come now, don't cry any more. See, you are trembling all over. Come! Sister has prepared a nice bed for you with old Tom, our messenger. You will have a good night's rest, and to-morrow you will feel like a new boy. Rouse up, my child, and come with me."

Slowly the boy's face was lifted from the desk, and, notwithstanding his tears, it had an almost ludicrous expression about it. The hot tears had traced two white pathways down the grimy cheeks, and the wet lashes of the brown eyes were twitching in a very curious yet mournful manner. The boy stopped his sobs at once, and, rubbing his coat-sleeve into his face, choked out: "Didn't mean ter be a cry-baby. Guess I'll have ter stop anyway, or the blood will

come up in my mouth." And he resolutely stopped.

"Why, what do you mean by that, Will?"

"You see, when I get's scared or excited, why the blood pours out of my mouth. Onct a doctor seen me, an' he said it would kill me some day; an' not never to get scared or excited, if I didn't want to die right off." And the little fellow smiled pitifully.

The Sister said no more. She knew what that meant. Her heart was full of compassion for the lonely child, whose days were already numbered. With her companion, she took Wooden Will's hand, and led him to a cosy white cot, where the tired child soon lost consciousness of his trials and woes in the sound sleep of worn-out nature.

(CONCLUSION IN OUR NEXT NUMBER.)

The Perfect Way.

BY ANGELOUQUE DE LANDE.

HERE is a path, all other paths exceeding,
That leads to perfect peace;
Wherein the Just One walked, with Feet all
bleeding,
To win our souls' release.

'Tis entered by the gate of self-denial,
And they who walk therein
Find comfort in the hour of sharpest trial,
And pardon of their sin.

But it is hedged about with briars and brambles,
And thorns bestrew the ground,
And wild beasts lurk in cool, sequestered
rambles,
Where poisonous snakes abound.

Leave self behind, and take for your companion
Divinest charity,
If you would tread this narrow, rugged path-
way
In all security.

Choose you a guide prudent and wise and holy,
To lead you all the way;
His counsels heed with spirit meek and lowly,
And his commands obey.

Then shall you find the roses of devotion
Upspringing at your feet,
And chastity's white lilies you shall gather
In dewy meadows sweet.

The modest violet of a pure intention
Shall perfume all the air,
And every step shall be a step toward heaven,
And every breath a prayer.

I knew of one who entered on this pathway,
By doubt afflicted sore,
Wounded by thieves upon the world's great
highway,
Bleeding at every pore.

With trembling limbs, he followed in the foot-
steps
Of his anointed guide,
And when the skies grew black, and dangers
threatened,
Crept closer to his side:

Clung to his hands, that oft in benediction
Were raised above his head,—
Those blessed hands that broke in twain his
shackles,
And gave him daily bread.

So, after many days his step grew lighter,
Less wearisome the way,
And overhead, the sky gleamed bright and
brighter,
Till shone the perfect day.

Like that glad soul, this pathway would you
enter
And go no more astray,
Then hide within your willing heart's deep
centre
The talisman, Obey.

It will make darkness light, and pain a pleas-
ure,
Turn loss to richest gain;
Joy shall be yours—joy in unstinted measure;
And in your heart shall reign

The peace of God, "that passeth understand-
ing";
His grace to persevere;
His steadfast love, that knows no shade of
turning,
And casteth out all fear.

Brother Jim's Failure.

BY MAURICE F. EGAN.

(CONCLUSION.)

III.

AUNT MEHITABLE left us. She could not stand Jim's new ways. Our guardian lived in New York, and was too busy to mind our doings much. A year passed.

The religious impressions we had gained gradually wore off in the excitement of Jim's reforms. Our uncle had given him some money, and I think he fancied himself very rich. He had a tennis ground laid out, he hired a steward to look after the farm, and he went around the place every day with a velveteen shooting-jacket and a pair of knickerbockers. He carried a gun most of the time.

Jo and I had new dresses and new books from town, and no duties at all. We led an idle life, and we gradually became so fond of our own ease that the slightest interference with it spoiled our tempers. We had some young people down from the city; for Jim said that there was nobody in the neighborhood that a gentleman could associate with. We had wine at dinner every night, and the stories of our "airs" and "stuck-upness" filled our part of the country.

Father Boyle had called often. The last time Jim was very polite to him, and offered him a glass of wine. I noticed that the priest gave a quick glance at Jim's face, and then courteously refused it.

Jim drained his glass. "Life's very pleasant just now, sir," he said; "let us live while we live."

Father Boyle turned his keen eyes on Jim, and asked him if he thought life would always be so pleasant.

"Just as long as a man has all he wants."

"My dear boy," observed Father Boyle, "faith and work may make life pleasant. Sacrifice gives it its greatest happiness. Selfishness is Dead-Sea fruit."

Jim colored. "Say what you like, sir. We are not sensitive, and we will take with a

good grace anything that comes from our father's friend."

"Well," said Father Boyle, "you are letting your father's farm run to seed. You wonder why all the best farms around here are falling into the hands of foreigners. The answer is easy. The foreigners work; and the natives, who are too high-toned to work, pay the foreigners by piece after piece of land. You, with your English ideas, which might suit a rich man, are bringing debt and poverty on your sisters and yourself."

I was frightened. Jo looked thoughtful. Jim blushed furiously, and curled his lip.

"You priests," he answered, "are always giving opinions on secular matters. I'm only a boy, but I've seen a good deal of the world, and I think I know as much about it as any priest or minister."

A twinkle of amusement came into Father Boyle's eyes. "I think you asked for my opinion."

"So I did!—so I did!" said Jim, looking very much ashamed of himself. "Pardon me. We may differ in religion," he added, somewhat pompously; "but I hope we shall always be friends."

"And might I ask what your religion is?"

Jim seemed puzzled, and then replied, with dignity: "The religion of humanity."

Father Boyle smiled. Jim was only a boy, you know. And Jo giggled; it seemed so funny to see him putting on such airs. I could not help laughing. Then we all laughed, except Jim, who stood, looking rather sheepish, in the centre of the room.

"Well, young gentleman," said Father Boyle, "I advise you to disregard a religion which leads you to follow your own selfish inclination without regard to the well-being of your sisters, whom God has put in your charge,—which permits you to waste your father's property, and which lets you approve of all the nonsense and frivolity I see around me."

Father Boyle made a bow, and left the room. I followed him to the door.

"My dear young girl," he said, turning around with a benevolent look on his face,

"take care of your brother. Write to your guardian. Jim's a good boy, but—let me whisper it to you—he drinks too much. A good sister should find a means to help him."

"How can I?" I asked, greatly pained.
"Pray."

"I don't know what to say, God seems so far away. Oh! I wish I knew more! But life has been so easy and pleasant here that we did not seem to need religion."

Father Boyle sighed. "Poverty," he said, "is not always bad for people. Come as far as the gate with me, and, as we walk, I will tell you about the life of One whose every breath was a sacrifice of love, and who was so poor that She could lay Her Child only among the beasts of the field."

And then in a few words he told me the story of the Blessed Mother of God. I can never forget it. "Catholics," I said to him, "must find it easy to pray with such a friend at court."

When I went back, I put on an old gown; I packed away my fine note-paper with "Brierwood Cottage" scrawled on it in gold letters; and I turned my eyes from the lawn tennis-court, where Jim and Jo and a city friend were playing. They called me, but I went into the kitchen. There were three servants there, and yet all was confusion. If our guardian only knew what was going on, he would certainly interfere.

That evening, after dinner, I had a talk with Jim. I told him we were not rich, and that we must work.

"Life is not worth living if we have to pinch and screw," he said. "I know that we're getting poorer every day; but there's nothing worth doing in this world save enjoying oneself."

"Yes, there is," and I repeated what Father Boyle had said. "And now, dear Jim, if we want to meet in the next world, we must do our best in this."

Jim twisted himself uneasily. "But don't you see that if you accept this doctrine, and tell everything to the Mother of God, you've got to be a Catholic, and eat fish on Friday?"

This staggered me.

"Well, I don't care!" I said. "I agree with you that rich people, who have everything they want, may get along without a religion for a time, but poor people *must* believe. That silly stuff about the 'religion of humanity,' which you picked up at school, does not help anybody."

Jim kissed me on the forehead.

"Little sister," he said, "I'm tired of it myself. Aunt Mehitable was so hard in her ways, that she made me hate—yes, actually *hate* religion; and in England goodness seemed to consist in having roast-beef on Sundays and a good income on week-days. Yes, I'm tired of it. Besides, we'll be turned out of the farm, if we go on in this way much longer."

Nothing more was said that night.

Jo was in a bad humor all next day. She was tired of novels, she hated tennis, she wished she were dead.

Aunt Mehitable came, too. When she saw the changes—the waste in the kitchen, the swarm of hired men, the gilt legend ("Brierwood Cottage") over the gateway, and Jim's idleness—she went into a swoon. It was *almost* genuine this time.

"Is there nobody that can influence Jim?" she asked, after she had stormed for an hour, and Jim had sulkily drummed on the window pane."

"Nobody except the priest," Jo said.

Jim poured out some whiskey, and drank it before Aunt Mehitable's eyes.

"What will the neighbors think?" she shrieked.

"I don't care for the neighbors!"

"I'll write to your guardian."

Jim sneered. "He doesn't care. He has his own business to look after."

"Have you no fear of retribution?" she demanded, nervously tying her bonnet-strings. "Where do you expect to go to when you die? Why do you not secure a clean heart? Lay your troubles on the Good Shepherd, and be pardoned."

"Oh, bosh, Aunt Het! I've heard that till I'm tired of it. I've heard all the ministers say the same thing, but they never

give me any consolation. I want something more than words. I know it's all foolishness to be an infidel, but your preaching just drives young fellows to it. Now, I tell you, Aunt Het: I'll be a drunkard and forget my duties, or a Catholic and fulfil them."

I thought Aunt Mehitable would have fainted. But she valued the farm so much, and she abhorred the prospect of having a drunken nephew so much more, that, as a choice between these and the religion of Antichrist, she preferred the latter.

She closed her lips tightly. "I shall call on Father Boyle, but I do hope nobody will see me."

Her need must have been great indeed, when she stooped to such a humiliation.

Jim was more reckless than ever that afternoon. He drank and sang, and said all kinds of daring things. Jo and I were frightened, but we did not show it. After dinner he disappeared.

"O Jo!" I said, "what shall we do? What must Frank Durward think of it all?"—Frank was our visitor.—"What shall we do?"

"It is a strange thing," answered Jo, thoughtfully, "that the Catholic priest should be our only true friend."

That evening we called on Father Boyle. As we went up the wooden steps, we saw that the door was ajar.

"Hush!" said Jo, and we looked in.

A candle burned before the crucifix in the little parlor. Father Boyle was in his arm-chair. At his feet knelt Jim, and we noticed that the tears were trickling through the fingers of the hand that covered his face.

"Let it be the beginning of a new life for us all," Jo whispered.

We entered and knelt by Jim. The priest did not seem surprised. As he gave us his blessing, a strange content filled my heart. We seemed so safe in that quiet little room! What could hurt us now? United, and in the communion of saints,—for from that moment we were members of the Catholic Church.

Jo often said, after we had been received into the True Fold, that she could not see how Catholics could fail to be "practical."

"The road of our duty is so clearly marked out before us, that we can not fail to see it. And if we do not follow it, our instructed consciences sting us. And then—"

Frank Durward interrupted her here, and said, with a yawn:

"Oh, but venial sins don't count with Catholics—I read that somewhere. You can commit as many small sins as you like, and keep out of hell."

"Frank," Jo said—and I never would have believed that the devotee of novels and tennis could be so solemn,—"*you don't* know. Why, a venial sin is *awful*—how awful we do not realize. The more we live for the love of God, the more horrible the smallest breaking of His law will seem to us."

I think this made Frank reflect; for when he left us he went to say a few last words to Father Boyle.

Jim, acting on Father Boyle's advice, looked into his accounts; and he found so many debts, so many bills, and so many signs of foolish expenditure, that he was in despair. I think the prospect of changing our free-and-easy way of life appalled him as it grew nearer. But a sermon which Father Boyle preached on St. Joseph one Sunday brightened him up.

At dinner that day he looked up at me, and said: "There's a way out of it—work. St. Joseph worked, and our Blessed Lady worked. We can work until everything is paid off."

Jo looked dismayed, but said nothing.

Well, the servants went, and we—the lily-fingered ones—worked in-doors and out. And, strange to say, although the neighbors audibly commented on brother Jim's failure, in this fall of ours we all three felt that we had risen in the world.

When Aunt Mehitable came to us, her soul was comforted, yet filled with agony. She liked industry, but she hated Romanism; she scolded a great deal at first, and hoped audibly that we would all marry

Protestants, and return to her opinions.

"Now, mind, girls," she said, warningly, "you've got to turn again to get husbands. Nobody here will marry either of you. Why, all the likely young men I know hate Romanists."

"They're not o'd enough to think about such stuff, Aunt Het," Jim interposed. "I wish you would not put such ideas into their heads."

"We've got to look ahead," said Aunt Mehitable, "if you don't want two old maids on your hands."

Jo's color rose and her eyes flashed. "I can be left out of such calculations," she interrupted. "I shall be a nun."

"And I," said Jim, smiling, "a Jesuit."

"And I," I put in, spurred by the spirit of mischief, "will convert my possible husband before I marry him."

"A nun, a Jesuit!" Aunt Mehitable really swooned, and we almost drowned her in cologne-water. We—Jim and I—laughed when she recovered, and said to each other that it was a good joke. But Jo was very quiet.

Strange! the joke was more than a joke: it was a prophecy. Jim and Jo have gone to follow Our Lord where He wills. And I, alone, thank God for brother Jim's failure.

An Epitaph.

[That unfortunate genius, Samuel Taylor Coleridge, had many prejudices against the Catholic faith, but the epitaph he prepared for himself implies a wish to be prayed for after death. It is given in the last volume of his published works.]

Stop, Christian passer-by! stop, child of God,
And read with gentle breast. Beneath this sod
A poet lies, or that which once seem'd he;
Oh, lift one thought in prayer for S. T. C.,
That he, who many a year with toil of breath
Found death in life, may here find life in death!
Mercy for praise—to be forgiven, for fame,
He ask'd and hoped, through Christ. Do thou the
same.

NOVEMBER 9, 1833.

Nora's Recompense.

CHAPTER XVII.

MONTHS passed. The long winter was over, and the violets of springtime peeped through the grass. The trees were not yet in blossom, but the swelling buds only awaited the first sunbeam to burst their envelopes and perfume the air. No change had taken place in Mrs. Auvrard's gloomy abode. From time to time mysterious conferences were held with her son, whom she wished to see married, but none of the rural heiresses pleased his taste.

Jane grew daily weaker, and as her sufferings increased she seemed to be inspired with new courage and resignation. Nora, who attended to her privately, learned in this humble school how to suffer in silence with God alone for witness. She herself needed great patience; her health was seriously impaired, though her aunt did not heed it; and she was losing her only happiness, for Miss Kerneol's nieces were soon to leave her. Amelia and Clotilda were to be married at Easter to two wealthy neighboring proprietors, and Mary was about to enter a convent.

After much hesitation, Nora had written to the Bouviers in January. Bertha responded at once. She was on the point of being married. Louis also had been provided with a rich match. Nora wrote again to offer her sincere congratulations, but received no further letters; she had been only a bird of passage, dangerous in the eyes of the parents on account of her beauty; and Bertha's affection was a mere passing fancy.

In Holy Week Mark Auvrard arrived at his stepmother's. Jane, who had always been fond of him, tired herself out waiting on him; she was perfectly exhausted on Holy Saturday, when she met Nora in the passage, and asked her to read a letter which she had just received from home.

Nora opened the letter, but stopped as she glanced at the first lines, and said, compassionately: "My poor Jane, have courage!" Jane's eyes shone with a strange bright-

ness. "My mother is dead!" she said, clasping her hands.

Nora read the letter for her in a faltering voice, but not a tear moistened Jane's white cheeks. Raising her eyes piously to heaven, she whispered: "She died calmly and peacefully, after receiving the last Sacraments of the Church! How good is God! Now I can die too. I can not cry, Miss Nora; why should I when I shall see her so soon again? Now I can go to the hospital at the next attack. Oh, how I thank you for all you have done for me! In heaven I will repay you. Will you tell the mistress of the death, if you please, Miss?"

Nora went into the parlor with tearful eyes. "Jane has had sad news," she said; "her mother is dead."

"Poor thing!" observed Mark, compassionately.

"That is a sad occurrence," said Mrs. Auvrard; "but, of course, she was very old. Jane supported her entirely, and never kept a penny of her wages. Will she go to the funeral, Nora?"

"I don't know if she is able. She has been very weak lately."

Mrs. Auvrard rose and went into the kitchen. Jane, quiet and tearless, but of a waxen pallor, sat at the table.

"You have lost your mother! That is very sad; however old our parents are, we must always feel their loss. But you have the consolation of knowing you have been a good daughter. Did she die suddenly?"

"Almost, ma'am."

"Do you wish to go to the funeral?"

"If I am able."

"I won't detain you, if you feel strong enough. Old Margaret will come this evening, if you like to start by the post-car."

Mrs. Auvrard, having, as she thought, done her duty, resumed her place in her arm-chair.

When Jane turned, she saw Mark standing behind her.

"Poor Jane!" he said, tenderly, stretching out his hand to her. He felt how she must suffer, judging from his passionate love for his stepmother.

She looked at him searchingly. "Thank you, sir; you were always kind to me."

He was almost vexed at her calmness. "Why don't you cry, Jane? You should not restrain your natural grief."

"I can not cry, sir," she said, softly, raising her eyes to heaven. "Why should I? I was able to work for my mother till the end. She wanted nothing, and I have a firm hope of seeing her again very soon." She stopped for a moment, then continued: "You are a learned man, Mr. Mark, and you know many things; but there is one thing which the good God teaches us poor people, and that is to suffer quietly and in silence, and to look above for all that we are deprived of here below."

She stood up, dusted the table with her apron, and went over to the fire; while Mark withdrew slowly, puzzled to decide whether the sorrows of life had produced a numbness of the heart in this woman, or whether there existed a philosophy with which he was unacquainted.

They sat down to dinner at the usual hour. But poor Jane was not destined to assist at her mother's funeral. In vain Mrs. Auvrard rang repeatedly; Nora grew uneasy, and rose to see what was the matter. She returned in a few moments, and asked Mark to help her to carry Jane to bed. He followed her at once, but waved back his mother, who had not been well all day. On entering the kitchen, he was greatly alarmed: the features of the poor servant were so frightfully convulsed that he saw at once there was serious illness.

"I can not die here," she murmured; "think of the mistress! Send me to the hospital."

He lifted her in his arms and laid her on the bed. Nora sobbed aloud.

"You will have to overcome yourself and help me," he said, sharply.

"Oh," cried the dying woman, gratefully, "it will not be the first time! It has come to an end at last; now that my mother no longer needs me, let death come."

"What is the matter with her?" asked Mrs. Auvrard, entering.

Large drops of blood began to stain Jane's handkerchief, and Nora, who was busy about her, answered, softly: "She has cancer, and the dreaded bleeding has set in."

"Cancer!" exclaimed Mrs. Auvrard, in horror. "And I never knew it!"

"There was no cure possible, and I learned to dress it," replied Nora, simply, as she gently but skilfully removed the stained linen which covered the frightful sore.

Mrs. Auvrard sank into a chair, while Mark hastened for a physician; but the end had indeed come. Towards evening Jane fell into her agony, holding Nora's hand in hers as she received the last Sacraments. A Sister of Charity wiped the death-damp from her brow, but she had now no more pain, and she smiled at the young girl who had so long helped her.

Mark came in noiselessly; he had left the chamber of death only to quiet his mother, who was hysterical from fright. When Jane noticed him, she called him over to her side, and Nora withdrew. He had always been kind to the poor servant, and she wished to thank him for the last time.

"May our good God make you happy, Mr. Mark!" she said, in a low, broken voice. "I am only a poor girl, but we are all equal before God. I would like to leave you something; will you keep this little cross when all is over?"

He nodded, deeply moved.

"From it," she continued, "I have learned the little I know"—and she gazed lovingly on the brass crucifix,—“and what it teaches is more useful than all other knowledge in the hour which now has come for me, and which will come for all. Tell the mistress to be kind to Miss Nora. She has a heart of gold. For months she has nursed me like an angel, doing half my work; but see how pale she is! Oh, she also wants care!”

That was all. Invincible drowsiness closed her eyes, and when dawn broke through the window of her little room, the soul of the long-suffering servant was freed from its earthly tenement, and went to cel-

brate Easter in a better world. The Sister of Charity closed her eyes, and Nora, crying bitterly, kissed her toil-hardened hand.

"Come away," said a singularly softened voice beside her. "You have fulfilled your heroic task to the end, and now you need rest."

Nora turned her tearful face to him, and murmured: "She was only a poor servant, but she had a great soul, and her love was dear to me."

"I will never forget these moments," he continued, looking on the pale face which now seemed to smile in death. "This ignorant, untutored woman knew how to die."

Respectfully he took up the little brass crucifix which poor Jane had bequeathed to him, and went down stairs. He stopped at his mother's door, and entered when she called him.

"Well?" she said, anxiously.

"All is over," he replied, in a voice whose emotion he could not control; and, sitting down beside her couch, he took her hand in his tenderly.

Mrs. Auvrard was silent for a moment, then she said: "It was very wrong of Nora not to have informed me."

"The Sister of Charity told me that Jane's case was incurable. The hospital doctor attended her. She might have lived longer if she had spared herself more. After yesterday's attack she could no longer have continued in service."

"Nora," repeated Mrs. Auvrard, bitterly, "has been wanting in the confidence due to me."

"She has acted heroically," said her son, warmly.

She looked at him in astonishment. "Heroically! All devotees are fanatical."

"Then I wish all women were devotees."

"That is a sudden enthusiasm, Mark."

"No, mother; I can not refrain from admiring a young girl whom I considered giddy and frivolous, but who privately accomplished what for her delicate nature must have been a terrifying ordeal."

Mrs. Auvrard closed the conversation with an impatient shrug.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Clotilda and Amelia Kernoel were married on the same day. There was no noisy nuptial banquet; for Mary's approaching departure threw a shadow over all hearts. Immediately after the ceremony both newly married couples departed for their respective homes, and the remaining guests assembled in Miss Kernoel's. Mary and Nora were alone in the embrasure of a window.

"Now," said the latter, "I shall be completely desolate without your sisters to enliven my loneliness, and you to give me courage."

Mary's soft glance contained a slight reproach. "I give you courage! Fortunately, you can seek it at a better source. Have patience, dear Nora. You will not always be unhappy. Look at those clouds; they move so slowly that we do not see their motion, yet in a short time they will have passed away forever. So with your sorrows. And a better, wiser friend than any of us still remains to you."

"I was very ungrateful not to remember that I still have your aunt."

"And you will console her for our absence. My sisters were her joy, and she will also miss me."

Two days later Mary entered the convent. Miss Kernoel did all she could to console Nora, but their intercourse took a graver tone, and the little cosy parlor no longer echoed the bursts of merry laughter with which it formerly resounded.

Summer came. Nora grew sadder and paler every day. Mrs. Auvrard, by her son's advice, now allowed her to visit Octavia every day, and obliged her to take a glass of old port-wine at dinner, while she bemoaned the debility of the women of the present day, and declared Nora's health irreparably injured by her travels. There her care ceased. In proportion as Mark became more polite and attentive to her niece, she grew more bitter and severe; whether it was that Nora's weak state irritated her, or that she grudged the least token of her son's regard to any one else, it was difficult to say.

One sultry July evening Miss Kernoel sat with her knitting at the open window, when Mark Auvrard was announced, and sterner, more haggard than ever he entered the pleasant room.

"May I without ceremony make known to you the object of my visit?" he asked, shaking hands abstractedly. "I have only half an hour to spare, and would ask your opinion on a serious matter."

She nodded assent.

"I am aware of your lively interest in Miss de Brélyon," he said, "and therefore wish to know if her state of health does not make you uneasy?"

"I have spoken to your mother more than once on the subject, but, as the young girls of her generation were blessed with iron constitutions, she can not understand that those of our days are weaker."

"I wish to have a doctor called in at once."

"That has already been done. Yesterday I brought Nora to my old doctor, and to-day I called on him to know his private opinion. He told me that Nora can recover only by completely changing her mode of life."

"What can have caused her ill health?"

"Shall I be frank and tell you what I think?"

"Yes."

"There was too sudden and radical a change made in her way of living; and, accustomed as she was to the pleasures of travelling and social life, the restraint was too great. Do you think the loneliness of her present life, constant sewing, and brooding over the past, can suit her years?"

Mark's face expressed the most contradictory sentiments. "You could not expect," he said, "that my mother, at her age, would give up the retirement she loves, and introduce her niece into Penvan society. Besides; the girl is poor, and can not waste her time. Labor is a law from which no one is exempted."

"True, and I should be the last to advise Nora to neglect that obligation. But would it not have been wiser to accustom her by degrees to the rigor of such a life—to leave

her a little more freedom, and not count every moment she spent with my nieces, which was her only pleasure? At one blow she was condemned to a life harder and more depressing than that of any nun, without considering that such a life might kill her in the end."

"Would you have young girls brought up according to their own fancies?"

"Certainly not. My nieces had every hour of the day occupied, and mapped out beforehand. But I dreaded suppressing that young, fresh gayety which belongs to their age, and is now the joy of those they live with."

"Poor mother," he exclaimed, "you are blamed for not assuming the gayety of your youth towards the homeless girl you so compassionately adopted!"

"I do not blame your mother," said the lady, gently but firmly; "but there is one thing which she could have given Nora, and that is affection, without which the soul pines. If she felt unable to open her heart as well as her house to her niece,—if she had to force her benefits on her while making the full weight of them acutely felt,—it would have been better to have allowed her to gain her livelihood in freedom. If she had then felt desolate and alone, she would have been supported by the consciousness of independence."

There was silence for some moments, then Mark resumed the conversation.

"We are responsible for this young girl's health, and I should be grateful to you if you would let me know what the doctor orders."

"He orders amusement, rest, and, if possible, change of air."

"Change of air! How can I induce my mother to leave home?"

"It would, I am sure, be very difficult; but don't you know, Mr. Auvrard, that old maids are meant to be generally useful? Your mother ought to entrust Nora to me, and I would bring her back fresh and strong again."

Mark's face brightened, and he stretched out his hands to Octavia.

"How kind you are! I was growing very uneasy. But Nora never complains."

"She has great strength of will."

"I saw that when poor Jane's illness came to light. May I tell my mother you will call?"

"Certainly. I shall fetch Nora to-morrow."

She accompanied him to the door, then returned pensively to the room. "Nora's gentleness has touched him," she thought, but she was wrong. Characters like his feel the charm of gentleness only after long years. What astonished and touched him was the heroic, fraternal charity, of which strong man as he was, he knew himself incapable.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Holy House of Nazareth.

ABOUT sixty miles north of Jerusalem lies Nazareth, once a city, but now a poor and wretched village; its small and roughly built houses stand in scattered groups on the declivity and at the foot of a mountain which looks frowningly down upon them. The population, consisting of Catholics, Greek schismatics, and Turks, is reckoned at 3,000, of which the Catholics form the majority.

The tourist can still see at Nazareth many objects which recall to mind various passages in the life of our divine Lord and His Blessed Mother; but the most interesting religious monument, the most authentic, and the one most deserving of attention, is the little house, forever to be blessed, in which Mary and Joseph lived, and in which was wrought the ineffable mystery of mercy and salvation—the Incarnation of the Son of God.

In the time of our Saviour the poorer class of inhabitants at Nazareth built their houses some distance up the mountain, and on the side farthest from the high-road; the ruins of some of them may be seen at the present day. They were very limited, and partly hollowed out of the rock. In front

was a little room built of masonry; the floor of this apartment was on a level with the floor of the cave behind it. Such was the dwelling of Mary and Joseph. The front chamber was oblong in shape, and measured $29\frac{1}{3}$ ft. long by $12\frac{2}{3}$ ft. wide; its height was $13\frac{1}{4}$ ft., and the walls were 14 inches thick. This is the part of the building that was carried into Dalmatia by angels towards the close of the thirteenth century, and some years afterwards to Loreto in the Marsh of Ancona. It is known the world over as the Holy House of Loreto.

A descent of three or four steps leads from the front chamber into the grotto, which is 16 ft. long, 10 ft. wide, and from 9 to 10 ft. high. At the extremity are two small apartments, one of which, it is said, served as an oratory for the humblest and holiest of virgins. The two, taken together, measure about 20 ft. in length and 10 ft. in breadth; a little flight of stairs, in a small opening, forms a communication between them. Their appearance indicates an antiquity sufficient to justify what tradition says of them, and their position inclines us to believe what is said about the purpose to which they were formerly devoted.

The House of Nazareth was transformed into a chapel in the earliest days of Christianity, and in the fourth century St. Helena built over it one of the most magnificent churches in the East. A column, fixed in the middle of the door leading into the grotto, marked the supposed spot on which Gabriel stood while saying the "*Ave*"; and about one yard farther in stood another pillar, indicating the place where knelt the Handmaid of the Lord while receiving the message of Her heavenly visitor. These two columns were of gray marble and reached to the ceiling. Each measured 20 inches in diameter. As the one in the door made the passage somewhat narrow, an opening was cut on one side, and finished off with white marble.

On the 25th of March, 1825, St. Louis, the greatest and most virtuous of the kings of France, came to receive Holy Communion at the foot of an altar erected around

these two pillars. "He arrived," says the historian, "at Cana of Galilee, on the vigil of the Annunciation, wearing a rough hair-shirt; that same day he made the ascent of Mt. Thabor, and thence proceeded to Nazareth. The moment this latter appeared in view, he descended from his horse, fell upon his knees, and adored in the distance the sacred place in which was wrought the great mystery of man's redemption. Then rising, his Majesty walked barefoot to the Holy House, although he was greatly fatigued and very weak, having tasted nothing all day but a little bread and water." Next day he assisted at Mass and Vespers, and received the Sacred Body of our Lord from the hands of the delegate, who on this occasion delivered a most touching discourse; so that, according to the account of the King's confessor, from which we have taken these details, one may say never, since the mystery of the Incarnation was accomplished at Nazareth, was God so honored by devotion and edification as He was on that day.

About forty years afterwards the infidels, having taken possession of the whole of Palestine, destroyed the church erected by St. Helena. The Christians later on rebuilt it in part, and added to it a monastery in which pilgrims were lodged. Although the sacred edifice has been many times demolished, the convent torn down, the religious outraged and expelled, yet the Holy House has always escaped destruction. Of the church built by St. Helena there remains only a portion, and that in ruins: it serves, however, to give some idea of its former grandeur. The first of the two columns remains intact; the second has crumbled beneath the hammers of wretches who thought to find a mine of treasures within it. A portion of it may still be seen, near the sanctuary, suspended from the ceiling.

The present monastery is grand, spacious, and strongly built. It is occupied by the Franciscans. The church which encloses the Holy House is itself enclosed by the monastery. At the time of its erection

the tyranny of the Turkish governors did not permit it to be completed; it is, however, very beautiful, and kept in the neatest order. A passage of white marble steps leads into the grotto, where lamps are continually burning. On a slab, also of marble, are inscribed the memorable words: "Here the Word was made Flesh." In the first of the two small chambers mentioned above there is an altar, over which hangs a beautiful picture of the Holy Family bearing the inscription, *Hic erat subditus illis*,—"Here He was subject to them." On the site where formerly stood the Loreto there are at present two altars—one at the left and the other at the right of the steps that lead down into the grotto, or excavation. Images of the Blessed Virgin and Her sweet name are met with at every step in the church itself. Not a flower culled by Catholic hands that is not placed upon Her altar as an offering of love and homage. The walls are everywhere full of inscriptions in Her honor, and over each door are written the words "*Ave Maria*."

The Advantage of a Religious School.

THE moral influence exerted by schools in charge of religious can hardly be overestimated; it is felt in a thousand ways. But perhaps the best proof of the advantage is afforded by the sacrifices which so many priests and parishes make to secure their services. A correspondent of *The Pilot* maintains that as regards secular studies also the instruction is very superior to that of the public schools. Be this as it may, "what would it profit our children to gain all knowledge and lose that which is most important to the salvation of their souls?" We happen to know that the writer is a prominent layman in Boston, who was for many years an Episcopalian clergyman. Probably few persons could write with fuller knowledge of both public and parochial schools. His communication runs:

I had occasion the other day to visit a family in St. Patrick's parish, Boston Highlands, where

the splendid parochial school, which throws all the public schools in Boston into the shade, was opened on the 1st of September last. This family, besides the parents, embraces seven children, the oldest of whom was fifteen, and four were girls. The father is a day-laborer, and they, of course, have a hard struggle to feed and clothe so many children; but I was pleased to notice that while they were struggling to feed the bodies, they did not neglect the minds and hearts of their little flock. I remarked:

"I suppose your girls go to the new Sisters' school?"

"Oh, yes," the mother replied, "my girls all go to the Sisters' school."

"And how do you like it?" I asked.

"We like it very much," she answered; "much better than the public schools."

"How is that?—why do you like it better than the public schools?"

"Because," she said, "they not only teach the common branches just as well if not better than they do in the public schools, but they give great attention to the morals and manners of the children. They are taught how to behave at home and in company. They are taught to respect age, to be obedient to their parents and superiors, to be kind and gentle to all."

"Yes," spoke up a bright little nine-year-old, "and we mustn't run on the street any more, nor follow after wagons, nor be rude or boisterous in our play."

"Yes," said the mother, "and we see the influence of the good Sisters in our family already. There is not the quarrelling, the strife and contention there used to be when they went to the public schools; and they are learning about their religion."

The mother is an intelligent woman of her class, and she evidently appreciated the great blessing of having a school for her bright, interesting girls where they can be taught something besides the "three glorious R's" that we read about.

And this reminds me that many years ago, when the late Archbishop Bayley was Bishop of Newark, I had occasion to visit the Brothers' school which had recently been established there in connection with the Cathedral parish. Father Doane, rector of the Cathedral, at whose invitation I made the visit, told me that one of the most striking things in connection with that school was the decided moral influence it was exerting, even at that early period of its history, throughout the whole parish, upon the parents as well as the children. I remember, too, that at that time I was impressed with the superiority of the Brothers' system of teaching, even in the secular branches, over anything I had ever witnessed in the public schools. The division of the school into two classes—Greeks and Romans—to awaken emula-

tion, struck me as most admirable. I shall never forget the eagerness displayed by the two sides during a brief examination made by the head Brother, to give me an idea of their mode of proceeding. There were no sleepy-heads there. The boys were wide awake; every eye gleamed; their hands were thrust forward with an intensity of earnestness which showed that it was no mere mechanical work, but one in which their minds and hearts were deeply interested. It is my sincere conviction that the instruction in our public schools, take them as they run, does not begin to compare with that of the teaching orders of the Church even in secular studies. But, after all, what would it profit our children to gain all knowledge and lose that which is most important to the salvation of their souls?

Catholic Notes.

A belief in purgatory, or in something very like purgatory, is beginning to gain ground among the more enlightened Protestants. The discussions which took place a few years ago between some Anglican divines on the question of the endlessness of future punishment did much to foster this belief; and a passage in Mr. Mallock's celebrated work, "Is Life Worth Living?" putting the matter in a sensible and temperate way, was quite a revelation to most of his readers. We think it not inopportune to reproduce Mr. Mallock's words:

"To those who believe in purgatory, to pray for the dead is as natural and rational as to pray for the living. Next as to this doctrine of purgatory itself—which has so long been a stumbling block to the whole Protestant world—time goes on, and the view men take of it is changing. It is becoming fast recognized on all sides that it is the only doctrine that can bring a belief in future rewards and punishments into anything like accordance with our notions of what is just or reasonable. So far from it being a superfluous superstition, it is seen to be just what is demanded at once by reason and morality, and a belief in it to be not an intellectual assent, but a partial harmonizing of the whole moral ideal."

A deputation of Indians from the Umatilla reservation near Portland, Oregon, had an interview with Cardinal Gibbons during his recent visit to that city. Cha-wa-wai, their principal man, asked to have a "talk with the great chief of the black robes," and the privilege was granted to him, the Very Rev. Father Cataldo,

S. J., superior of the Rocky Mountain missions, acting as interpreter. The Indian chief complained of ill-treatment on the part of the whites, in particular that the cross had been pulled down from their school-house. "We are Catholics," said he; "our children are Catholics; and that cross on the top of the school-house is the sign of our being Catholics. That man can take the cross from our school-house, but he can never take it from our hearts." Noble words these and words which show the true fervor of the Catholic Indian. The chief concluded by urgently requesting the Cardinal to send them Sisters to teach their children, to replace those who had been taken away from them. Cardinal Gibbons expressed himself much pleased with the visit of the deputation, and promised to do all that lay in his power to gratify them.

The Lord's Prayer, a painting just finished by Gabriel Max, and now on view in the Neuman Art Gallery, Munich, will soon make the tour of the principal German cities. It is said to be one of the most original creations of the great Christian artist.

At St. Mary's, Notre Dame, Ind., a beautiful conventual church, a real gem of architecture, has been erected, and consecrated to the Mother of God and the service of religion under the title of Our Lady of Loreto. It is built in the form of a Greek cross, with a dome surmounting the centre after the style of the Church of Santa Maria in Carignano at Genoa. It is 122 feet in length and 92 feet in its greatest width. The cross above the dome rises to a height of 125 feet. The auditorium is 84 feet in diameter, and the alcoves, east and west, with vaulted ceilings, ascend in semi-elliptical circles 38 feet in width. The whole interior presents an appearance of graceful symmetry, where gentle curves blend into one another and rise and are lost in the grand circle described by the base of the dome. The numerous windows are filled with elegant stained glass—some of very large size—descriptive of the chief mysteries of Our Lady's life—from the rose-window over the portal, which portrays the exceptional privilege of the Immaculate Conception, to that over the transept, which depicts the glorious triumph of the Assumption.

This sacred edifice, which has been fitly

termed "a beautiful sanctuary of the Angelus," was dedicated on the Feast of All Saints. In the absence, through illness, of the Rt. Rev. Bishop of the diocese, the solemn ceremony was performed by the Very Rev. W. Corby, C. S. C., attended by a number of the reverend clergy from Notre Dame.

Is it possible that any one should feel ashamed of being a Catholic? Yes, not only possible, but, unfortunately, too common. An unworthy cowardice is at the root of this feeling: let those who have it take to themselves the admirable advice of the *Catholic Review*. "If you are not proud of being Catholics (as you ought to be)," says that paper, "at least have the manhood not to be ashamed of it. If you do not or can not realize how glorious and precious a privilege it is to belong to the one true Church, at least do not belittle it. You will declare, perhaps, that you are ready to die for your faith if need be. True, no doubt; then do not deny or conceal that faith for fear of a snub from some chance acquaintance on a railroad train, or a sneer from some ill-bred bigot in a drawing-room."

Friday, October 29—the Feast of the Apostles SS. Simon and Jude,—witnessed the elevation to the episcopal dignity of the Rt. Rev. Maurice F. Burke, Bishop of Cheyenne, Wyoming Ter.; and the Rt. Rev. Nicholas Matz, Coadjutor Bishop of Denver, Colorado,—the former being consecrated in the Cathedral of the Holy Name, Chicago, and the latter in the Cathedral at Denver.

Bishop Burke has been for many years a conspicuous figure among the clergy of the Archdiocese of Chicago, distinguished alike by his ability and zeal. In autumn, 1866, when eighteen years old, he entered the University of Notre Dame, where he passed one year, and then went to complete his studies for the sacred ministry at the American College in Rome. On his return to this country he was ordained for the Diocese of Chicago, and for the past ten years he has been pastor of St. Mary's Church, Joliet. The efficiency displayed in the temporal and spiritual administration of this large and important congregation well merited his promotion to the episcopacy, wherein a wider sphere is opened out to him to employ in the holy cause of re-

ligion the talents with which he has been gifted.

Bishop Matz is a native of Munster, Alsace-Lorraine, and is now in his thirty-seventh year. In 1868 he came to the United States, and entered the Seminary of Mt. St. Mary's of the West at Cincinnati. In 1874 he was ordained and received into the Diocese of Colorado by the Rt. Rev. Bishop Machebœuf. Since that time his work in the sacred ministry has been characterized by efficiency and zeal, and crowned with signal success.

Jacob William Lloyd, Esq., who died recently at Ventnor, Isle of Wight, was formerly a clergyman of the Church of England. After his conversion he served in the Pontifical Zouaves, and was made a Chevalier of the Order of St. Gregory the Great by Pius IX. He was an accomplished Welsh antiquary, and published several interesting genealogical works. Among other services to religion, he restored Llangurig church at a cost of £10,000. *R. I. P.*

In 1853, when the Diocese of Brooklyn was established, there were only eight Catholic churches in the city, and ten others scattered over Long Island, with twenty-three priests. Now there are more than 100 churches, nearly 170 priests, and a large number of academies, parochial schools, and charitable institutions. The new cathedral on Clermont Avenue, Brooklyn, will be one of the grandest churches on the Continent.

A recent number of the *Santa Clara Journal* contains an interesting anecdote connected with the late Father P. J. Kelly, S. J. Father Kelly used to act as chaplain of the Industrial School and House of Correction in San Francisco, and after he ceased attending there a curious incident occurred, which shows how thoroughly he had won the affection and confidence of the waifs and strays confined in the Industrial School. When their superintendent, wishing to reward them for good behavior, asked on one occasion what he should do for them, they replied: "Get us back 'the little Father.'" "The little Father," though his work there was probably not of the most inviting kind, had evidently made a deep impression on the minds and hearts of the boys entrusted to his charge.

New Publications.

AN ABRIDGED HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES FOR THE USE OF SCHOOLS. By John R. G. Hassard, L.L. D. New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co.

The little book before us certainly has the merit of brevity, compressing in 261 pages, 12mo (much of which space is occupied by wood-cuts), the narrative of American history, from the period of the earliest discovery to the present time. The Declaration of Independence and the Constitution of the United States form an appropriate appendix. A comparison naturally suggests itself between this book and Thalheimer's "Eclectic History of the United States"—a book designed for readers of the same degree of capacity, and containing about twice the amount of reading matter as the one before us. We find the difference in compactness to arise chiefly from Hassard's having laid aside all attempts to sketch or describe character, confining himself to the bare narration of events. In Thalheimer's book a large space, for example, is given to encomiums on President Lincoln. Hassard narrates the deeds of historical personages, and leaves his readers to draw their own conclusions as to the heroism that animated them. The introduction written by Bishop Spalding to Hassard's larger work is also prefixed to this one. The printing is neat and clear, and the illustrations are such as to warm the imagination of the class of readers to whom the work is addressed.

IRISH SCHOLARS OF THE PENAL DAYS.

Glimpses of their Labors on the Continent of Europe. By the Rev. William P. Treacy. New York and Cincinnati: F. Pustet & Co.

So much is to be told of the sons of Ireland in her dark hours that one could not expect a small volume to fulfil the promise of the title we have copied; however, Father Treacy furnishes a collection of facts and a list of names gathered from many sources, not one of which should be allowed to fade from memory. There is no better way to impress upon our hearts and minds the value of freedom than to set before ourselves the records of those who suffered from tyranny. There is a number of poems scattered through the volume, having the melody and fluency of Irish verses: always

pleasant to read, and lingering sweetly in the mind long after they are read. They will have the effect of fastening the events and the persons described on the reader's mind.

ANCIENT HISTORY. With Questions Adapted to the Use of Schools. By Peter Fredet, D. D. New Edition. Baltimore: John Murphy & Co.

This is a revised edition of a work long and favorably known in the schools. The revision has been, for many years, needed and looked for, as the advances of historical knowledge and criticism enlarged and altered the older views. It is regrettable that the labors of revision have not been performed more thoroughly. One feature in particular detracts from the value of the book—viz., the retention of the objectionable method of arrangement, which is not adapted to the discussion of the histories of ancient times. The work, however, is improved by the addition of a few much-needed maps.

Obituary.

"It is a holy and wholesome thought to pray for the dead."

— 2 MACH., xii., 46.

The following persons, lately deceased, are commended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

Mr. Charles P. Koine, of Buffalo, N. Y., who yielded his soul to God on the 27th of October, after receiving the last Sacraments. His decease is mourned by a large circle of friends.

Mrs. Alvin Porter, a warm friend of Our Lady's magazine, who met with a sudden death at her home in Jackson, Mich., on the 20th ult.

Elizabeth Thompson, a fervent Child of Mary, whose happy death occurred at Versailles, Conn., on the 19th of October.

Mrs. Mary A. Dwyer, of the same place, who departed this life on the 4th ult.

Miss Margaret Kelly, who calmly breathed her last on the 8th of October at Newark, N. J. She was a devoted Child of Mary, beloved by all who knew her.

Mrs. Catharine Gaffney, of Buffalo, N. Y., who passed away on the 30th ult., after receiving the last Sacraments.

Mrs. Jane Teresa Dulton, of Norfolk, Va., who died on the 19th ult.

Mrs. T. Legère, of Memramcook, N. B.; Elizabeth Mackin, Chicago; Mrs. Lizzie B. Peterson, Rockford, Ill.; Denis Leary, South Boston; and Anna Grum'ley, San Francisco.

May their souls, and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace!



To a Little Cousin on her First
Birthday.

WINEFRID URSULA! beautiful names
Which Baby in artless serenity claims:
Virgins and martyrs—their story is told
In statues of silver, in marble and gold;
In pictures and verse, in missals with page
Illumined by every best skill of their age;
And windows that hold in each glorified pane
The sunshine imprisoned in luminous stain:
Such wonderful patrons our little girl claims
By reason of these her two beautiful names!

Winefrid Ursula, what shall we say
To glorify you, little lady, to-day?
And what are the wishes of parent and friend
Which we to the darling of darlings extend?
Long life? O yes: life that will shame by its
strength
The ages of fable; and still its bright length
All brimming with sunshine, like October
days;
Full of works for God's glory, to whom be the
praise
Of sending to us, His rare goodness to show,
Our Winefrid Ursula one year ago.

ELIZA ALLEN STARR, IN THE *Inter-Ocean*.

From the Apennines to the Andes.

(CONCLUSION.)

That night was a dreadful one for the poor sick woman. She suffered intense pain, which wrung from her heart-rending cries, and rendered her delirious. Her mistress ran in from time to time, in affright. The women in attendance began to lose hope, and all feared that even if the patient should consent to the operation, the doctor, who was not to come until the next day, would arrive too late. During her lucid intervals, however, it was evident that her most terrible torture arose, not from bodily

pains, but from the thought of her distant family. Emaciated, with pale face and sunken eyes, she thrust her hands through her hair with a gesture of desperation, and exclaimed:

“My God! my God! To die so far away, —to die without seeing them again! My poor children, who will be left without a mother!—my poor little creatures, my poor darlings! My Marco, who is still so small, and so good and affectionate! You can not imagine, signora, what a boy he was! If you only knew! I could not detach him from my neck when I was setting out; he sobbed so I thought my heart would break; it seemed as though he knew that he would never behold his poor mother again. Dear Marco, my sweet baby! Ah, if I had only died then—died while they were bidding me farewell! If I had but dropped dead! Without a mother, my poor child—he who loved me so dearly, who needed me so much! —without a mother, in misery, he will be forced to beg! He, Marco, my Marco, will stretch out his hand, famishing! O eternal God! No, I will not die! The doctor! Call him at once! Let him come; let him cut me; let him cleave my breast; but let him save my life! I want to recover—I want to live, to depart, to flee, to-morrow, at once! The doctor! Help! help!”

And the women seized her hands and soothed her, calming her little by little, and speaking to her of God and of hope. And then she fell back again into a mortal dejection, with her hands clutched in her gray hair, moaned like an infant, uttering a prolonged lament, and murmuring from time to time: “O my Genoa! my house! All that sea! O my Marco, my poor Marco! Where is he now, my poor darling?”

It was midnight; and her poor Marco, after having passed many hours on the brink of a ditch, his strength exhausted, was walking through a forest of gigantic trees, their huge trunks silvered by the soft light of the moon. In the half gloom he saw myriads of boles of all forms—upright, inclined, contorted, crossed in strange postures of menace and of conflict; some over-

thrown on the earth, like towers which had fallen bodily, and covered with a dense and confused mass of vegetation, which seemed like a furious throng, disputing the ground span by span; others collected in great groups, vertical and serrated, like trophies of Titanic lances, whose tips touched the clouds; a superb grandeur, a prodigious disorder of colossal forms, the most majestically terrible spectacle which vegetable nature ever presented.

At times he was overwhelmed by a great stupor, but his mind instantly took flight again towards his mother. He was worn out, with bleeding feet, alone in the middle of this far-extending forest, where at long intervals he saw tiny human habitations, which at the foot of these trees seemed like ant-hills. He was exhausted, but he was not conscious of his exhaustion; he was alone, yet he felt no fear. His nearness to his mother gave him the strength and courage of a man; the memory of the ocean, of the alarms and the sufferings which he had undergone and vanquished, of the toil which he had endured, of the iron constancy which he had displayed, filled him with a sense of triumph. All his strong and noble Genoese blood flowed back to his heart in an ardent tide of joy and thankfulness.

And now a new thing took place within him. While up to this time he had borne in his mind an image of his mother dimmed somewhat by the two long years of absence, at that moment the picture grew clear; he again saw her beautiful face, perfect and distinct, as he had not seen it for a long time; he beheld it close to him, illuminated, speaking; he saw the most fleeting motions of her eyes and of her lips, all her attitudes. Urged on by these glowing recollections, the lad hastened his steps, and a new affection, an unspeakable tenderness, grew in his heart, causing sweet and quiet tears to flow down his face; and as he advanced through the gloom, he spoke to her—he said to her the words which he would murmur in her ear in a little while more: “I am here, my mother; behold me here. I will never leave you again; we will return

home together, and I will remain always beside you on board the ship—close beside you,—and no one shall ever part me from you again,—no one, never more, so long as I have life!” And in the meantime he did not observe how the silvery light of the moon was dying away on the summits of the gigantic trees in the delicate whiteness of the dawn.

At eight o'clock that morning, the surgeon from Tucuman, a young Argentine, was by the bedside of the sick woman, in company with an assistant, endeavoring for the last time to persuade her to consent to the operation; the Engineer Mequinez and his wife were also remonstrating, but all was in vain. The woman, feeling her strength exhausted, had no longer any faith in the operation; she was certain she should die under it, or that she should survive it only a few hours.

The doctor lingered to repeat once more: “But the operation is a safe one; your recovery is certain, provided you exercise a little courage. And your death is equally certain if you refuse.” It was a sheer waste of words.

“No,” she replied, in a faint voice; “I still have courage to die, but I no longer have any to suffer uselessly. Let me depart in peace.”

The doctor desisted in discouragement, and nothing more was said on the subject. Then the woman turned her face towards her mistress, and addressed her in a dying voice: “Dear, good signora, you will send this little money and my poor effects to my family, through the consul. I hope that they may all be alive. My heart presages well in these my last moments. You will do me the favor to write that I have always thought of them, that I have always toiled for them—for my children; that my sole grief was not to see them once more, but that I died courageously, with resignation, blessing them; and that I recommend to my husband and to my elder son the care of my little Marco, my poor Marco; that I bore him in my heart until the last moment—” And suddenly she became ex-

cited, and cried, as she wrung her hands: "My Marco, my baby, my life!"

But on casting her tearful eyes round the room, she perceived that her mistress was no longer there; she had been called away. She sought her master; he also had disappeared. No one remained except the two nurses and the assistant surgeon. She heard in the adjoining room the sound of hurried footsteps, a murmur of hasty and subdued voices, and repressed exclamations. The sick woman fixed her glazing eyes on the door in expectation. At the end of a few minutes she saw the doctor appear with an unusual expression on his face; then her mistress and master, with their countenances also altered. All three gazed at her with a singular expression, and exchanged a few words in a low tone. She fancied that the doctor said to her mistress: "Better let it be at once."

"Josefa," whispered her mistress to the sick woman, in a trembling voice, "I have good news for you. Prepare your heart for it."

The woman observed her intently.

"News," continued the lady, with increasing agitation, "which will give you great joy."

The sick woman's eyes dilated.

"Prepare yourself to see a person whom you love very dearly."

The woman raised her head with a vigorous movement, and began to gaze in rapid succession, first at the lady and then at the door, with flashing eyes.

"A person," added the lady, "who has just arrived—unexpectedly."

"Who is it?" asked the woman, with a strange and choked voice. In another instant she gave a shrill scream, sprang into a sitting posture in her bed, and remained motionless, with starting eyes, and her hands pressed to her temples, as in the presence of a supernatural apparition.

Marco, tattered and dusty, stood there on the threshold, held back by the doctor's hand on one arm.

The woman shrieked again: "God! God! my God!"

Marco rushed forward; she stretched out her fleshless arms, and, straining him to her heart with the strength of a tiger, she burst into a violent laugh, broken by deep, tearless sobs, which caused her to fall back suffocating on the pillow. Then recovering herself, and mad with joy, she cried, as she covered his head with kisses:

"How do you come here? Why, is it you? How you have grown! Who brought you? Are you alone? You are not ill? It is you, Marco! It is not a dream! Speak to me!" Then she suddenly changed her tone: "No: be silent!" and turning to the doctor, she said with precipitation: "Quick, doctor! this instant! I want to get well. I am ready. Take Marco away, that he may not hear. Marco, my love, it is nothing. I will tell you about it. One more kiss. Go!"

Marco was taken away. The master, mistress, and women retired in haste; the surgeon and his assistant remained behind, and closed the door.

Signor Mequinez attempted to lead Marco away, but he seemed rooted to the pavement.

"What is it?" he asked—"what is the matter with my mother? What are they doing to her?"

And then Mequinez said, softly: "Listen, my boy: I will tell you. Your mother is ill; she must undergo a little operation; I will explain it all to you. Come with me."

"No," replied the lad, resisting; "I want to stay here. Explain it to me here."

The engineer gently remonstrated as he drew him away; the boy began to grow terrified and to tremble.

Suddenly an acute cry, like that of one wounded to the death, rang through the whole house.

The boy responded with another desperate shriek: "My mother is dead!"

The doctor appeared on the threshold and said: "Your mother is saved."

The boy gazed at him for a moment, and then flung himself at his feet, sobbing, "Thanks, doctor!"

But the doctor raised him with a gesture, saying, "Rise! It is you, heroic child, who have saved your mother!"

The "Salve Regina."

There is a great variety of opinions as regards the authorship of the Antiphon of Our Blessed Lady beginning with the words, *Salve Regina*. The most probable opinion is, that it was composed by Hermannus, or Hermann, a Benedictine monk of the monastery of Reichenau in Schwaben, who lived in the eleventh century. He was of noble birth, but more illustrious still by his learning and the holiness of his life. He is said to have composed in honor of the Mother of God many sweet canticles, amongst which the *Salve Regina* is the most celebrated. The Antiphon was originally used only in Germany and France, but about the year 1230 Pope Gregory IX. approved it by his supreme authority, and ordered it to be recited at the conclusion of the Divine Office.

It is related of the devout servant of Mary, the great St. Bernard, that towards the middle of the twelfth century he was sent in quality of Apostolic Nuncio to Spire in Germany. A numerous procession of both clergy and laity met him at the city gates, and amid the joyous pealing of the bells conducted him with great solemnity to the stately cathedral. Having come to the threshold, he perceived in the temple the venerable statue of the Mother of God, and immediately intoned the *Salve Regina*. As the Saint came in the middle of the nave, the Antiphon being now completed with the words, *nobis post hoc exilium ostende*, he threw himself on his knees, and exclaimed: *O clemens!* He then rose, and, having proceeded a few steps farther, knelt again, saying, *O pia!* And after an interval, kneeling for the third time, he said: *O dulcis Maria!* or, *O dulcis Virgo Maria!* Scarcely had he pronounced the last word, when a voice was heard from the statue of Our Blessed Lady, distinctly saying, *Ave Bernarde!* The numerous worshippers who thronged the sacred edifice on that occasion, and witnessed the miracle, were greatly astonished and moved to devotion,

and gave glory to God and the Blessed Virgin Mary. From that time the words of St. Bernard, *O clemens, O pia, O dulcis Virgo Maria!* were added to the Antiphon.

Maxims of St. Stanislas Kostka.

St. Stanislas Kostka, whose feast we celebrate on the 14th inst., was of a noble Polish family. As a child he showed such purity of soul, it was said he was an angel now, and would be a saint by and by. He had a tender devotion to the Blessed Virgin, who cured him of an illness, and bade him join the Society of Jesus. After many trials he entered the novitiate at Rome, where he died, as he had prophesied, on the Feast of the Assumption, 1568. He is the youngest confessor in the calendar, and is often spoken of as "the boy saint." St. Stanislas reached a high degree of perfection by the observance of these three maxims:

1.—"I was not born for this earth, but for heaven." This maxim made him despise vain amusements; he looked down with contempt on the honors and pomps of the world, and he directed all his energies to acquiring the knowledge of God, and to learn to love Him with all his heart.

2.—"It is better to do little things by obedience than great things by one's own will." This maxim made him obey his superiors promptly, joyfully, and in the most perfect manner possible.

3.—"The Mother of God is my Mother." Penetrated by this maxim, he loved the Blessed Virgin tenderly, and tried to prove himself Her son by the practice of all virtues, especially angelical purity; so that he merited to receive Communion twice from the hands of angels, to receive the Infant Jesus into his arms from the Blessed Virgin, and to die on the glorious Feast of Our Lady's Assumption into heaven.

Devotion to St. Stanislas is very fruitful in graces and heavenly favors, especially in acquiring solid virtues, and the grace of a holy life and a happy death.



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Mary and the Infant Church.

IT is a duty incumbent on every conscientious historical writer to search out, examine, and select the matter of his history from the purest and most original sources, and from the most truthful and incorruptible witnesses. Although the authors of the Old and New Testaments wrote under the inspiration of the Holy Ghost, that did not dispense them from seeking out and investigating diligently the facts bearing on their narrative. Divine inspiration went no further than to assist the writer, so that he should not fall into error or untruth; and, if need be, to bring back to his memory an occasional fact or saying forgotten by him. The style, diction, and elegance of the narration were left to the author, as we learn from the second book of the Machabees. When the New Testament narrative was written, it is an authentic fact that of the four Evangelists two—SS. Matthew and Mark—published their Gospels whilst the Blessed Virgin was still living. The former wrote his about six years after the Ascension, the latter about ten years. Now, the most probable opinion is that Mary died about the twelfth year after the Ascension.

St. Matthew, the pioneer of the Evangelists, in searching for facts and dates in regard to his future task, very naturally would have recourse to Our Lady first of all, in order that they might be genuine and au-

thentic, especially in whatever was of a private and domestic character. Hence his history abounds in incidents characteristic of the family and home, which he could not have learned except from the Virgin Mother Herself, the sole depositary and eye-witness of them.

The Gospel of St. Luke is still richer in incidents anterior to, accompanying, and following the Incarnation. It is true that Mary had been assumed into heaven about twelve years previous to the time when he wrote; but no doubt he collected whatever incidents he could from those that had them from the Virgin Mother, and from others that happened to see and hear the facts and words. This is evident from the positive declaration of the Evangelist himself at the beginning of his Gospel.

The Evangelist most favored by the assistance of the Mother of Jesus is undoubtedly St. John, who, as being the adopted son of Mary, seems to have lived with Her until Her death. This accounts for the sublimity and the special character of his Gospel, which merit for him the title of Eagle; and it also explains the spirit of his Epistles and Apocalypse.

He has concentrated in his Gospel, as in a focus of light, the irradiation of divine Wisdom reflected partially and directly on him by Christ as he rested on His bosom at the Last Supper, and which was afterwards perfected by his constant domestic relations and intimate communication with Mary. He has condensed in his Epistles, as in a

focus of heat, the fervor of divine and fraternal charity, which was enkindled in him first from the Sacred Heart of Jesus, and was ever afterwards on the increase beneath the enduring personal reflection of Her who is called the Mirror of Justice. Finally, in the Apocalypse, which is the *Omega* of the Regeneration, as Genesis was its *Alpha*, he has prophetically epitomized the history of the Christian Church from its birth to its glorification.

In the Apocalypse, St. John presents the Christian Church in her nature, form, development, expansion, and duration on the earth till the end of the world. We behold her conquering all the physical and moral obstacles that her combined infernal and worldly enemies are continually opposing to her in order to crush her, or at least to check her progress and expansion in time and space. The imperial tyrants of Rome failed to destroy her in the blood of her children, which, on the contrary, rendered her more prolific. Schismatics did not succeed in destroying her unity, but, on the contrary, made her more compact and solid. Heretics did not succeed in corrupting her dogmatical and moral teaching, but only rendered it more clearly defined and resplendent. The corrupt, whether within her pale or without it, failed to sully her morality, but by contrast made its beauty more brilliant, and rendered its purity more conspicuous.

And has Mary no place in the Apocalypse? Oh! yes, and a prominent one. How could St. John, Her beloved child of adoption, pass Her by, —John who, next to the Sun of Justice, owed in a great measure to Mary the sublimity of his Gospel, the fervid charity of his Epistles, the mysterious profundity of his Apocalypse? To whom but to Mary does that Woman point, clothed in the sun, with the moon under Her feet, Her head crowned with twelve stars, whose unborn Son is waited for by a monstrous dragon, which lies near at hand, awaiting His birth, that he may devour Him?

It may be asked: Why did not John rather than any of the other Evangelists write mi-

nutely all the particulars of the Incarnation —birth, infancy, private home life of Christ, —since, living for years with Mary, he had the best opportunity to know them? It must be remembered that when he wrote his Gospel, the other three Evangelists had long since published theirs. It is most probable that he read them, and, judging that they were sufficient for the purpose, he refrained from repeating what they had said, in order to leave room in his Gospel for the relation of other actions and words of our Saviour which they had not mentioned. It was about the year 63 after the Ascension that St. John wrote his Gospel; and as the circumstances and wants of the Church, and the obstacles that were opposed to her, were different from what they had been in the times of the former Evangelists, he related such facts and teachings of Christ as were calculated to suit his times, and also the future exigencies of the Church.

Now, if it is to Mary, after God, that the Church owes her well-filled archives of doctrine, and also her well-supplied arsenal of evangelical writings for the teaching of true dogma and morals, and combating the false, in like manner under Her direct and personal supervision the Church in her infancy was educated and directed. God willed that She should remain on earth after the Ascension in order that She might exercise those functions of mother with which She was invested on Mount Calvary, and which She was to continue to exercise in heaven; that She should remain with Her adopted children to instruct, edify, console and strengthen them; that She should, in some degree, supply the absence of Her Son, and “that thus,” as St. Augustine says, “the Church militant might not be suddenly left an orphan, and stripped of visible help.”

“The Church,” as Dom Gueranger observes, “was born of Mary; She gave birth to the Spouse of Her Son. Now”—he is writing of Pentecost—“new duties fall upon the Mother of the Church. Jesus has ascended into heaven, leaving Mary upon the earth, that She may nurse the infant Church. Oh! how lovely and yet how dig-

nified is this infancy of our dear Church, cherished as she is, fed, and strengthened by Mary! She has the first claim to, and the richest portion of, the gifts of the Holy Ghost. Heretofore He overshadowed Her and made Her Mother of the Son of God; now He makes Her the Mother of the Christian people. It is the verification of those words of the Royal Prophet: 'The stream' (literally, the impetuosity) 'of the river maketh the City of God joyful: the Most High hath sanctified His own Tabernacle.' The Spirit of Love here fulfils the intention expressed by our Redeemer when dying on the Cross. 'Woman,' said Jesus to Her, 'behold Thy Son!' St. John was this son, and he represented all mankind. The Holy Ghost now infuses into Mary the plenitude of the grace needful for Her maternal mission. From this day forward She acts as Mother of the infant Church; and when, at length, the Church no longer needs Her visible presence, this Mother quits the earth for heaven, where She is crowned Queen; but there, too, She continues to exercise Her glorious title and office of Mother of men."

Cloudland.

BY M. N.

HOW the bees hummed gaily in the heather,

O how the birds sang on that summer day,
As I lay watching the mysterious cloudland,
And the white, snowy mountains far away!

I will arise and get me to those mountains,
Those shadowy peaks crowned with the golden sun;

I will arise, it may be I shall reach them
Before this long and weary day is done.

So I set out, at first with eager footsteps;
The sun shines brightly on me as I go;
I hasten on, with ne'er a look behind me,
To those white hills of pure, untrodden snow.

O how they changed, those wild, majestic mountains,

With all the changes of that summer day!
Now they were purple with a golden lining,
Now hazy blue, and now bright, silvery grey.

At last I saw the evening shadows lengthen,
The hills were crimson with the sunset glow;
But even as I watched, the glory faded—
The hills were dark Why had I lingered so?

Wearied and sad, I sank upon the heather,
And, dreaming, saw those snow-white hills again;
Alas, alas, how bitter was the waking,
To find my journey had been all in vain!—

To find they were indeed no snowy mountains,
Only white clouds upon an azure sky!
So will it be with all our earthly longings:
Ere we can reach them they will fade and die.

"Wooden Will."

(CONCLUSION.)

V.

NEXT morning Wooden Will, with his well-washed face and comfortable suit, was a different boy. For a few days he was all alacrity at his new tasks, and then the wandering life to which he had been accustomed seemed to assert itself. He ran off to his old haunts, the wood-piles; but the Sisters had the boys search him out and coax him back to school, and when he came his repentance was touching indeed.

By this time he had mastered his Catechism, and was preparing for his First Communion. With wonderful facility he learned his prayers, and the ejaculations and aspirations taught him by the Sisters were never-failing sources of joy to him. With all his wandering ways he never failed to go to the dim, silent aisles of the Cathedral almost daily, with the little rosary *his* Sister had taught him to say, and kneel there before Our Lady and repeat, "Hail Mary, full of grace!" while the beads slipped through his fingers. The Sisters had secured a humble yet comfortable home for him with a good old Irishwoman, who had, she said, "enoo' for mesel' an' a bit for him, thanks be to God!" He gave Granny his earnings

faithfully, and she gave him her good old name, "O'Neil."

All through the winter he came to school every night, and the religious noticed the transparent look on his little face. Under the white skin, the blue tracery of the veins was distinctly visible, and the brown eyes were so bright that they shone at times like stars. Sometimes the Sister questioned him about his health, but he always answered, with a smile: "I am all right: the blood never comes up in my mouth any more." The nun's practised eye knew better, and with anxious care she spared no effort to instruct him for his First Communion.

One evening in February the instructions turned on helping our neighbor—Christian charity instilled in fitting words into the unlettered minds of the youthful listeners. It was very cold, and the attendance was small. Outside, the snow had been falling, and few people were to be seen on the streets. Will was at class, for now only a week or two would elapse before he made his First Communion, and the great event was a sort of golden climax to his life, before which all other events gave way. Already he had been many times to confession, and said fervent Rosaries that he might be fittingly prepared; and Granny, who loved the child, was thinking of the new suit he must have, and how she could make the day memorable.

This February night Will had heard the Sister tell of the self-sacrifice of the saints, of the Virgin Mother, of our Blessed Saviour on the Cross, until the little fellow's heart glowed within him, and if there had been a chance of meeting a pagan prefect, or an amphitheatre full of lions, Will would have walked half the city through the snow to give his life for the love of God.

How he wished he could be charitable to his neighbors! But, alas! he couldn't give alms; for he possessed only a solitary nickel, which Granny had given him to ride home in the cars, that he might not be "frozen alive." He could do nothing but say his Rosary for his neighbors, and he mentally resolved to do that.

Instructions were over, and Will had departed. The street-lamps glared through their frosted glass, and a purple starlit sky hung over the Smoky City, clear now from the frost in the air. Will had his hands in his pockets, with his coat collar up around his ears. He was making his way to a street corner where the tinkling bells of the car would soon be heard. As he stood, first on one foot, then on the other, an old man with a cane joined him, seemingly in pain.

"Sonny," said the stranger, "you look honest: see if I have dropped a nickel on the pavement. If it's gone, I haven't a cent to take me home, and my lame foot is aching sorely from the cold. I never carry money at night for fear of robbers, and I had nothing with me but my fare. It must have dropped in the snow. It would kill me to walk to-night.—What's your name?"

The boy looked at him, and answered: "Will O'Neil, sir. I'll look for the nickel."

He searched carefully by the light of the street-lamp, but in vain, and as he looked, the street-car came up the track with its jingling bells. Like a flash came the thought of the evening instruction. Why not give up his ride to the lame old man? Here was a chance—a rare chance—of loving his neighbor more than himself. Already the car was at hand. Thrusting his fingers into his pocket, while he stooped towards the pavement, he quickly drew out his own nickel, and handed it to the anxious old man, who with a hurried "Thanks, my little man!" hailed the car and stepped in, leaving the trembling boy on the pavement.

But Will was very happy. True, it was cold, but he had done something for Our Lord that night. The stars had disappeared overhead, and it was snowing again. He ran along over the well-known way towards his humble home. He had the bridge to cross, and the Monongahela was frozen, and the air was as keen as a knife. He was beginning to feel so sick and strange; every breath seemed to cut his heart. He couldn't go very fast, and he'd get so cold if he went slowly. Now he was near the bridge. The lights were burning every-

where; the stores were brilliant, and no one minded the faltering little figure as it staggered along the streets. On he went; he was on the bridge. Heavens, how cold it was! And the blinding snow played all around him—lighting on his cap, on his short curls, on his overcoat,—until he seemed to hear it whirling, to see it forming into shapes like ghosts

“Hail Mary, full of grace!” murmured Will; “oh, I’m freezing!” But he couldn’t drag his poor feet any farther. “Holy Mary, Mother of God, help me home, and—” but suddenly there was a choking and a smothering sensation, and out of his mouth gushed the crimson flood, staining the spotless snow and warming the icy fingers; and Will sank down under one of the arches of the bridge in a limp heap, with the unfinished prayer on his lips.

On rolled the cars over the bridge, on dashed the merry sleighs, on with quick step went the few pedestrians; and there lay the child, watched by the angels, a martyr to charity. Half an hour passed, and the bridge-watch, coming along with a lantern, stumbled over the little figure.

“By Jove! what’s this? A murder as sure as I’m born!” With a shrill whistle the guard put down his lantern close to the boy. “Dead,” he muttered, “and covered with blood and snow!”

In a moment more two comrades joined him, and cautiously examined the situation before they touched the small body. Then lifting it up, they bore it to a house at the entrance of the bridge, and laid it gently on a sofa. In a few moments the warmth of the room and the restoratives that were quickly applied brought back the ebbing life, and poor Will opened his eyes. Kind but strange men’s faces were around him, and some were washing the blood with warm water from his pallid face, to see where the supposed wound was.

“Who tried to murder ye, me boy?” asked a sturdy policeman, with unmistakable Celtic accent. “Bad cess to them! A mane, cowardly thrick it was to harm the size of ye! Spake up if ye can, and we’ll

catch them afore they’ve skedaddled far.”

An expression of trouble overshadowed Will’s face, and he tried to speak. The policeman bent his ear to the pale lips, and the boy whispered: “No one hurt me: the blood comes up itself. Can’t any one take me home to Granny?”

“God help us, thin!” said the man. “I doubt if ye’ll get home alive. Where do ye live, and what’s yer name?”

“Will O’Neil, No. — Carson Street,” answered the boy.

“That’s not far,” said a bystander. “I can carry him, poor lad! He doesn’t look heavy. Who on earth does he belong to, that would let him go on the bridge a bitter night like this?”

“Granny gave me money to ride,” Will whispered.

“An’ ye spint it, and walked, eh? Sure it’s near nine o’clock, and she’ll be lookin’ for ye. Here, give me a blanket, and I’ll be after taking him home meself,” said the policeman.

While Will was being wrapped in a blanket the policeman dispersed the crowd that had gathered around the door, expecting a murder story; and in a short time Will was conveyed by the strong, kindly arms of the friendly stranger to the home on Carson Street, where Granny was already in great trepidation at the prolonged absence of her boy.

After the first outcry of terror, she laid him gently on the bed, and with wonderful activity applied all kinds of domestic restoratives, and soon the little fellow was smiling feebly, and protesting he was as well as ever. No one who looked at the pale, fragile face and thin hands could help feeling that the boy was not long for this world. Granny turned away, and bustled around the little stove to hide her tears. All night long she watched at his side, and when morning came, and he slept a little, she never stirred lest she might waken him. At eight o’clock Will opened his eyes.

“Granny,” he said, “I dreamed I was going to die, and I want you to send for ‘my Sisters,’ and ask them to beg Father Mark

to let me make my First Communion before I go."

"Wirra-wirra," moaned Granny, "sure it's only a dream, Willie asthore! But ye shall have the nuns. Lie still till I get ye a bit of broth to strengthen ye."

"Ah, Granny, I'd sooner have the Sisters!" pleaded the boy.

"I tell ye ye'll have them, darlint, if I have to walk to the convent meself. Can ye sleep till I go beyont for some one?"

"Yes, Granny, I'll try," and the weary eyes closed in mute obedience.

Granny put her shawl over her head and went to a neighbor's, and soon a messenger was on the way to the convent for the Sisters.

"Wooden Will is dying!" was the word received by the night-school Sisters, and in a few moments the well-known black-robed figures were seen moving swiftly down the street on their way to Granny's house.

Soon the door opened, and Will, whose eyes moved in that direction at every slight noise, uttered a glad cry, while a flush of delight overspread his pale face.

"Sister, *my* Sister!" he cried, in his weak voice; "I knew you'd come—both of ye!" And he held out his hands.

One glance at the marble face, from which the color had instantly vanished, told the story before another word was said. It was true: Wooden Will was dying, and dying rapidly. At once the gentle, familiar voice began the old kind words, and the boy clasped his hands, and an angelic smile lit up his face, and the starry eyes gleamed.

"Sister," he whispered, "won't ye ask Father Mark about my First Communion? Sure I couldn't know the sweet Lord in heaven if He didn't show Himself to me just onct on earth."

The Sister tore a blank leaf from a book, and wrote a note, which she begged Granny to have sent at once to the Cathedral. This being done, with soothing tone the Sister began to prepare the guileless soul for the first and last visit of the Great King.

As the boy lay on his little cot, his eyes

gently closed, his reddish curls forming a halo on the pillow, a sweet, pure, solemn look on his youthful face, the Sister was startled at the resemblance to the dying soldier by whose side she had prayed in the Stanton Hospital many years before.

Poor Will! his hours were numbered. He was very still, and lay there like a sculptured image; but when the Sister ceased speaking, he opened his eyes, and with a pleading look begged her to tell him more of the good God who was coming to take him to heaven.

In another room Granny, between her silent tears, was helping the Sister to prepare a little table with snow-white linen napkin, wax-candles, a crucifix, holy water, and all things necessary for the administration of the last Sacraments.

Ere long Father Mark's footstep was heard on the threshold. Silently the Sister led him to the bedside of little Will, and all withdrew. In a short time the boy's confession was over, and the priest opened the door of the adjoining room, and quietly informed the Sister that no time was to be lost. The little table was brought in; the priest unfolded his pyx case, and Will's ecstatic eyes rested on the Sacred Host with a rapture that thrilled every soul. Solemnly the beautiful prayers of the Church fell on the quiet air of that humble room. Granny's form was bowed down to the floor at the foot of the bed, her tears dropping like rain. The Sisters knelt close by, and the child never took his adoring eyes from the Blessed Sacrament until the sacred Species rested on his lips, when with a gentle sigh, more like a glad, soft note of joy, he clasped his hands on his breast in thanksgiving.

Extreme Unction was administered, the last absolution given, and the Sisters rose from their knees, but no one spoke.

"God bless you, my child!" whispered Father Mark; "pray for me when you get to heaven."

The dying boy smiled sweetly. "When will I get there, Father?" he asked.

"You will be there, my child, when the

sun goes down, and don't forget me," answered Father Mark. And, making the Sign of the Cross over the bed, he departed.

Will seemed radiant. So much better was he that the Sisters took their leave, promising to return towards evening.

The mid-day sun swung over the busy city, and Granny still sat by her boy. In vain had kindly neighbors begged her to eat or rest. "No," she said; "it won't be long I'll have him." And, as she watched him, he would smile sweetly on her, and whisper loving words of thanks for her mother's care, and wonder at the tears that flowed, when he was so happy and so free from pain.

Once he said: "Granny, I wonder who the lame man was I gave my nickel to?" And he told her how he had given his ride to the stranger for the love of God; how he had tried to walk home, and his strength gave way, and the blood came up in his mouth; and how he fell on the bridge. But then a touch of the old spirit came back, as he finished, in broken tones: "But, Granny, that nickel is in heaven before me, ain't it?"

"God A'mighty Himself'll hold it in His right hand, me darlint!" sobbed Granny, as she understood the full sacrifice of the little martyr. "It'll be framed in glory by the side of the Blessed Virgin Mary, and the angels'll strike their harps of gold, singing of the beauty of it."

Will's face wore a heavenly smile. He was silent, and wondered if the Sisters would soon come.

The short winter afternoon was waning. The red sun was sinking in the murky sky. The roaring fires of the mills near the river-bank were sending up long tongues of flame to meet the ruddy glow of sunset, and men were leaving their work for home.

Around the little white bed in Granny's house knelt the Sisters and some sympathizing neighbors. All was silent save the voice of prayer. At last that too was still for a moment. The hush was breathless. The small clock ticked painfully loud on the humble mantel. Crimson lights and shad-

ows slanted through the windows facing the west, and glowed on the wall, and crept closer and closer to the dying child.

Poor Will had only smiled a faint smile of welcome to the nuns as they entered the room. With one hand—the little misshapen hand—in the Sister's, the other holding a crucifix, he lay there, a picture of serene peace.

Closer the crimson light crept to the pillow. "Hail Mary, full of grace," said the nun, softly; and the murmured response came: "Now and at the hour of our death." The crimson glow was right above the pillow; the pure face was steeped in it, the soft curls aglow with it; the lips apart, red and beautiful. The brown eyes, always so lustrous, were full of a sweet wonderment that made the watchers weep. All gazed, awestruck, as the grandeur of that blood-red sunset filled the room, and bathed the child, and lingered over that death-bed. It seemed as if the very air would give homage to the little martyr, as it flushed into crimson or gleamed with gold.

Happy child! Heaven was nearing him. The King was with him, and it needed but the transparent curtain of humanity to fall, when he should be greeted by glad hosts of angelic choirs, whose anthems even now faintly reached his ear.

In the midst of the throbbing silence the watchers knelt—how long they knew not. Then the color gently faded. The crimson light went out suddenly. The sky grew gray, for the sun had gone down.

Wooden Will was dead!

MERCEDES.

ARCAN draws me aside, and confides to me, with numberless precautions and endless exhortations, a trifling secret. "Be careful, at least! Do not tell it, please, to a living soul! If you were to compromise me!" I reassure him. Nevertheless, this fine secret has made the tour of the town in two days. So some one has betrayed Arcan? No doubt. Who is it? Himself. Every one is his intimate friend, and he opens his heart equally to all.—*Abbé Roux.*

Nora's Recompense.

CHAPTER XIX.

MARK spoke little during supper, and the party separated early. As Mrs. Auvrard was preparing to retire she heard a knock at her dressing-room door, and Mark asked if he might enter.

"What is the matter?" she said, in alarm, as he came in.

"Nothing. I only want to speak to you."

"What about?"

"Miss de Brélyon."

"What have you to say of her?"

He closed the door and sat down. "She is ill," he remarked, briefly.

"Yes: she has what in my day people used to call sick fancies. In any case, I send her to walk every morning, and give her my best wine. What more can I do?"

"That is not enough. I have been speaking to Miss Kernoel about her; she, too, is very uneasy, and has consulted a doctor."

"She gives herself unnecessary trouble. I am able to take care of my niece, I hope."

"The doctor's opinion," pursued Mark, without heeding the interruption, "is that she requires change of air and amusement. Miss Kernoel offers to take charge of her."

"Change of air! Amusement! Fine remedies for imaginary ills!"

"Then speak to the doctor yourself, mother; but we must submit to his decision, whatever it may be."

"We *must!*" she ejaculated, pale with rage. "What right have you to meddle with a stranger?"

"Mother," he replied, calmly but respectfully, "it is the first time you have ever made me feel that our interests may differ. Until now I have always shared your opinions, and sympathized with you in everything."

Mrs. Auvrard stretched out her hand to him. "Forgive me," she said, softly; "I am jealous of your very thoughts."

He only answered by a kiss, and then left her with the same assumed calmness. But he did not sleep, and Nora, whose room was

under his, heard the old boards creaking all night beneath his firm tread.

Next morning—it was Sunday—Mark was writing at the table when Nora came in. He cast a rapid glance at her, inquired how she was, and went on with his work.

"Have you slept well, aunt?" she gently asked Mrs. Auvrard, who was tying her bonnet-strings.

"No; but why are you not ready? Are you not going to the eight o'clock Mass?"

"If you wish I will accompany you; but, you remember, you gave me permission to go later with Miss Kernoel, and to remain to dine with her."

Mrs. Auvrard only wanted a pretext to give vent to her concentrated wrath, and these words furnished her with one.

"How inconsistent! This vigilant friend is most uneasy about your sick capers, but she fears nothing from the tainted air of a crowded church, nor from hours spent in promenading!"

Nora grew pale. "Shall I remain at home, aunt?"

"My mother does not mean that," said Mark, interfering quickly. "She is not in the habit of taking back a permission she has once given. Why should you deprive yourself of the sermon?"

Mrs. Auvrard cast on him an angry look. "It suits you well to talk of sermons," she said,— "you who never put a foot inside the church door!"

"That is my misfortune, perhaps," he replied, gravely; "but at least I let others go there quietly."

"You also let them dream of pleasures and travels with silly Octavia."

Nora trembled in all her limbs. "Aunt," she implored, "do not excite yourself. Tell me what to do, and I shall obey you."

"I must not excite myself!" exclaimed Mrs. Auvrard, wholly carried away by her jealous wrath. "No, I ought to remain calm, while you cause the first cloud that has ever come between me and my son! Truly you keep up the family traditions; for your grandmother once separated me from my only brother."

"Stay!" said the young girl, with singular dignity. "To me you may address what reproaches you please, however unjust; but I neither can nor will let my grandmother be blamed."

"Your grandmother! You hold her in great veneration. Do you know that she was rich, and squandered all she had, leaving you penniless?"

"But she loved me, nevertheless," was Nora's faltering reply.

"Mother," interposed Mark, sternly, "you have no right to insult the remembrances of this child. O mother, for the first time I see you unjust!"

"I can no longer be the involuntary cause of dissension under this roof," said Nora, controlling her agitation with difficulty. "I was obliged to accept your aid, and I thank you for it, although you refused me your affection. But I can earn my own livelihood, and now the law is in my favor—I was twenty-one years of age yesterday." She stopped for a moment, then added: "I thank you once more for all you have done for me; you will be happier when I am gone."

No one answered, and she left the room quickly.

"Mother," said Mark, pleadingly, "do not let her go."

"Why not when she wishes to?" replied Mrs. Auvrard, angrily. "As she herself said, she is free. Let her go to her friend Octavia."

Then she took up her prayer-book, and, feigning a calmness she did not feel, set out for the church. Mark remained alone with the ruins of his shattered idol; for until that hour he had judged his mother the impersonation of every womanly virtue, and her unjust jealousy had at last opened his eyes.

August was now past, with its warm sunshine, and had given way to dark September. Numerous sportsmen waited for the opening of the hunting season in Penvan, but otherwise there was no change in the quiet little town. Mrs. Auvrard's breach with her niece had been town-talk, and as all the

parties concerned observed a profound silence on the matter, curiosity was all the more excited for being unsatisfied.

On a certain Sunday the old lady had come to Mass a little late; Nora attended High Mass, and it was noticed she kept her veil down. On leaving the church she went to Miss Kernoel's, and in the evening departed with that lady for the railway station. The servants knew only that Miss Nora was ill, and had gone for change of air. Mrs. Auvrard, under pretence of indisposition, closed her doors to all visitors, and so things remained until the beginning of October, when Miss Kernoel returned. To all inquiries she merely stated that Miss de Brélyon was staying with some friends; but as two large trunks were soon after dispatched to an unknown address, it was generally believed she would not return.

Such, in fact, was the case: Nora would return no more to the home from which she had been driven in jealous rage. The low chair on which she used to sit was placed back against the wall, and passers-by no longer saw the fair head bent over its sewing. Her light step resounded no more in the passage, and nothing young or lively graced the dark room whose sunshine she had been.

Mrs. Auvrard found she was growing old, and time seemed to her to pass very slowly. Sometimes she raised her head, but the pale, drooping face no longer met her gaze; then she would press her thin lips, and think with bitterness that although she was given back her solitude, the pleasant past was not returning, and there was no longer the old, confiding trust between her and her son. One name was mutually and carefully avoided, and who does not know how reserve on any subject destroys confidence? Long pauses often ensued in their conversations, and Mark's wandering, dreamy glance would meet the penetrating eye of his mother, scrutinizing him as if to wring his secret from him.

His secret! Had he one, then? Were the question put to him, he would probably have answered that he could not forget what

had taken place—that by his fault in some measure a motherless girl had suffered. For by his harsh judgment he had prejudiced his mother's opinion, and disposed her to close her heart to Nora. Besides, his mother had fallen from her high pedestal; the nimbus was destroyed, and the shattered idol could never more be replaced. A feverish agitation took the place of his former composure, and one day the old family physician told him his health was affected, and if he did not immediately have change of air he would become seriously ill. In former years he would have refused to listen to such a suggestion, but now it had a singular charm for him, and one evening he astonished Mrs. Auvrard by telling her he was resolved to follow the doctor's advice, and spend his vacation abroad.

CHAPTER XX.

Few promenades are more enchanting than the park at Pau, with its encircling mountains. Autumn had tinged with crimson the leaves of its majestic trees, when one lovely morning two little girls profited by the comparative loneliness of the early hour to frolic about in joyous freedom. They were followed by a young lady, apparently their governess, who smilingly watched their pranks, while drinking in the balmy air with rapture. Tired at last, and out of breath, the children drew near her, and the elder, a pretty brunette, said, coaxingly:

"We must be tiring you, but if you will sit down here in your favorite place, we promise not to go out of sight."

The lady smiled, and kissed the little face raised to hers; then she assented, and sat down on a stone seat near the main avenue.

"Remember," she said, "we have only an hour to stay, so I trust to your promise."

The children kissed her, and resumed their play.

Left alone, the lady took some crochet out of a small basket which hung on her arm, and began to work; but she often laid it down to gaze with silent pleasure on the natural beauties around her. So absorbed was she that she did not perceive the tall, slight figure which drew near, until it

hesitatingly pronounced her name; then, startled, she turned round and saw Mark Auvrard bowing before her. She was so surprised that she stared at him in silence, and recovered herself only when he said:

"I fear I have disagreeably surprised you; for my presence must remind you of a painful scene which I would give ten years of my life to efface from your memory."

"That is all forgotten," she answered, quickly. "Is my aunt well?"

"Yes; I left her a few days ago."

"Have you come here for your health?"

"Oh! my health is fairly good, although our old doctor thinks me ill. But yours? Has the change of air had the good effect Miss Kernoel expected?"

"I have quite recovered my health and even my color, as you may see," she replied, smiling. "You can not think how kind Miss Kernoel has been to me."

"I was disappointed, though, when she returned to Penvan without you. I knew she was anxious to keep you with her, and I hoped you would have accepted her hospitality, which was so sincerely offered."

"How could one, at my age, become dependent on a stranger? Do you not remember how hard I felt my dependence on your mother?"

"But Miss Kernoel loves you tenderly."

"I know that, and her love is precious to me; but she has relatives, and what would they think of me if I consented to lead an idle life and be a burden to others? Besides, it would have been an insult to my aunt to remain in Penvan under any roof but hers."

"You could have indemnified Miss Kernoel later for any possible expense. I asked her to tell you that in case of my mother's death—which may God long avert!—I would allow no disposal of her property in my favor."

"I will never accept such a sacrifice."

He hesitated; one would have imagined the eloquent advocate was at a loss for words. At last he asked, abruptly: "Are you happy?"

"Yes," she replied, with an affectionate glance at her two little pupils; "as happy

as one can be with strangers. Unfortunately, my present task will not last long."

"Why so?"

"Perhaps Miss Kernoel told you I was with a school friend of hers?"

He nodded.

"Mrs. Harmel is obliged to spend the winter in Pau on account of her health, and I take charge of her little grandchildren; but next Easter their father wishes to have them sent to a convent school. Perhaps, however, the plan may be changed."

"What will you do if it should not be?"

"Look for another situation."

"Have you no other views but to remain always in such uncertain positions?"

"No. I shall never again be a burden to any one."

"Do you live in a villa here?"

"No: Mrs. Harmel prefers a hotel; the *table d'hôte* amuses her."

"If you allow me, I shall see you again; my nerves are affected, and the air of Pau is expected to have a soothing effect on them."

She bowed, and they shook hands and parted.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

In Loving Memory.

BY A. D. L.

Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his.

I SAW an aged Christian die
In silence and in peace,
I heard the last faint, fluttering sigh,
That told of her release;
Her fingers clasped a crucifix,
Her eyes were raised to Heaven,
A smile still hovered round her lips—
The smile of one forgiven.

I heard the sweetly solemn words:
"O Christian soul, depart!
No more in exile shalt thou pine:
Thy home is Jesus' Heart."
And then I felt as one who dreamed,
And all around there stood
Celestial forms in snowy robes,
A shining multitude.

And, bending o'er that bed of death
With tender, smiling eyes,
Mary received her latest breath,
And bore her to the skies;
Then from my heart welled up the cry,
"Whate'er in life I miss,
O dearest Jesus! when I die,
Grant me a death like this."

From stricken hearts, on quivering lips,
The prayer of faith arose:
"Absolve Thy servant, gracious God,
And grant her sweet repose!"
Angelic voices, clear and soft,
Answered with one accord:
"Blessed, thrice blessed are the dead
Who die in Christ the Lord!"

The Shrine of the Three Oaks.

BY OCTAVIA HENSEL.

A DARK, deeply blue firmament sparkling with myriads of stars; a silvery moon sailing towards the western heaven; the hush of midnight over the earth; no sound save the night wind in oaken forests, and the fall of the gravel from the garnet-filled rocks of the Molderberg hills, as we climbed up the village road from the inn, where we had left our carriage, to visit before day-dawn the great church built where once stood the humble votive chapel which had sheltered the miracle-working picture of Maria Drei Eichen:—these were the sights and sounds that surrounded us as we ascended the marble steps of the church.

The great doors were open; a few pilgrims and peasants knelt before the miraculous shrine, towards which we also turned our steps. Silent and dark stood the confessionals in the broad vestibule of the church, and in its surrounding chapels. Many penitents knelt beside them, and dark-robed priests glided about the dimly lighted church. Without, the moonlight was a flood of glory; within, the Presence lamps shone like harbor-lights to guide life's tempest-tossed mariners to their eternal home.

In the year 1656 there dwelt in the Aus-

trian village of Horn a pious, God-fearing man, named Matthias Weinburger. In his family sitting-room there was a "Vesper picture" of the Blessed Virgin. It was made of painted wax, and before it he kept an ever-burning lamp. Every evening, when the bells of the village church rang out the *Angelus*, he knelt with all his household before this picture, and recited the Rosary and Litany of our Blessed Lady.

One day he was taken very ill, and his illness continued so long that his poor family were starving for daily bread. More earnestly than ever the good man prayed before his waxen picture of the Virgin. At last, after many hours spent in prayer, he fell asleep, and dreamed that our Blessed Mother appeared to him with the Crucified Saviour resting on Her lap. She told the sick man to take Her picture and carry it into the neighboring hills of the Molderberg, and there place it upon an oak-tree which arose in three separate stems from the root, and thus found a health-giving shrine free to all.

The poor man could not endure the thought of parting with his beloved picture, but he was too earnest a Catholic to withstand such a request, even though made known only by a dream. He promised to carry the picture into the mountains and search for the designated spot. From the moment he made this promise his strength began to return, and in a few days he was able to resume his business, which was that of a furrier. Success attended him in all things, but it drove from his mind the dream and his promise.

One day, returning from the neighboring village of Eggenburg, whither he had gone to purchase furs, he lost his way in the Molderberg hills. He wandered about until, overcome by fatigue, he sank down upon the earth and slept. Again he dreamed. Before him was a throne brilliant as sunlight, and he heard the sound of harps and sweet voices singing. Then the dream changed, and he saw an oak-tree which arose from the root in three separate stems.

Thunder rolled and lightning flashed

around him, until awakened by the noise he sprang up, to find the evening calm and still, save for the distant tones of the *Angelus* ringing in the valley. He looked around: before him was an oak-tree. It was the oak of his dream—three oaks in one.

Full of shame and sorrow over his broken vow, he turned his steps homeward, and the next day his loved picture of our Blessed Lady was placed upon the oak-tree, where it remained for many years. Numerous are the legends of miracles wrought for those who prayed beside this shrine. Its fame spread far and wide, and hundreds of lame, blind, sick and suffering came hither and were healed.

Through some unforeseen accident, the tree took fire, and the picture melted. Fresh branches came from the spot where the fire had destroyed the oak, and this was taken as a sign that God wished to establish there a perpetual shrine. With the permission of the Benedictine Convent, and the consent of Count von Hoyos, a small stone chapel was built. But this was far too small to contain the crowds of pilgrims who came with prayers and offerings to the shrine. In 1744 the Count and Countess Hoyos laid the foundation of the present splendid church, and from that time until this day crowds of pilgrims and long processions of peasants come on their "woodland journey" to the shrine at Three Oaks.

The church is in the form of a Greek cross, with apsidal terminations, in each of which altars are placed. Under the high altar, which stands at the intersection of the transepts in the centre of the church, the root with the three stems of the original oak-tree is preserved. Behind this altar, in the eastern transept, is the treasure room, where thank-offerings are kept. Many superb vestments and altar decorations have been presented by the Hoyos family, who are still patrons of the church.*

* The extensive domain of this powerful and wealthy family, who own seven of the most celebrated castles in Austria, extends for miles around this church. Woodlands, mountains, meadows, and villages, far as the eye can reach, belong to them.

The matin bells awoke us before the stars had quite faded from the western sky; but the east was flushed with hues of amber and rose, while the morning mist rolled upward to a zenith of palest blue and gray. The woodlands were dark; beyond, the meadow-lands glistened with dew; and far above the hamlet the great church rose massive and grand, its cross-tipped spires gleaming golden in the morning light.

A long procession of pilgrims, coming to welcome the dawning of the Angels' Festival, was slowly ascending the rocky road-side as we left the quaint inn where we had passed the night; and, joining the older peasants who walked slowly in the rear, we followed with them to the shrine. Very dark and shadowy was the church; for the dawn had not yet penetrated the painted glass windows, and the blaze of light on the altar seemed to concentrate itself round the tabernacle.

An hour later, as we sat at breakfast in an arbor by the road-side, an old peasant woman brought us some garnet beads formed into rosaries—*souvenirs* of Drei Eichen, for the rocks are filled with garnets. We purchased several of these *souvenirs*, and, carrying them up to the church, had them blessed by an old priest, whose especial delight seemed to consist in blessing everybody and everything.

In the treasury we found so many strange, incongruously arranged articles, that we could but pause to think over the legends and life histories which had brought them there. Beside a priceless string of pearls, a poor little pewter ring; beside a coronet of diamonds, a baby's tiny shoe, a crutch, and a ruby-hilted sword; a bracelet of sapphire, the offering of a princess; and a bit of blue ribbon, the only finery of some poor girl pilgrim; and above them all the calm face of a marble Christ looked down. Ah! He that seeth in secret was there to reward openly; and, floating through the stillness of the sanctuary, one seemed to hear the echo of His voice who blessed the poor widow's offering; for many here, truly, in their penury, had given their all.

An Example of the Power of the Holy Rosary.

BEFORE the breaking out of the revolution in Venezuela, a widow with her young children lived on a farm near Puerto Cabello. One evening two Spanish soldiers stopped at the house, and asked shelter for the night, declaring that they had lost their way, and expressing the hope of being able to rejoin their battalion early next morning. The lady received them kindly, and ordered her servants to prepare a room with two beds in it. Meanwhile a good supper was set before the two travellers.

It was a practice with this lady to assemble her household to recite the Rosary before retiring. When the devotion was over, she noticed the two soldiers remaining motionless behind the servants and she even thought that she saw traces of tears in their eyes. Bidding them good-night, she said: "Rest well; you must be tired. May our Blessed Mother protect you always!" She charged the cook to have breakfast ready for them at daybreak; and, in order to make sure of this, she herself rose at the first sign of dawn.

Her guests seemed deeply moved at her kindness, and before taking their departure the bolder of the two thus addressed her: "Madam, we are miserable wretches, altogether unworthy of your hospitality. We deserted from the army, and came here with the intention of robbing your house; but the consideration of your kindness to us, and especially the recitation of the Rosary—which, bad as we are, we sometimes recite ourselves, taught by our mothers in better days,—changed our hearts, and caused us to repent of our wicked intention."

Then the other added: "We give you our word of honor that henceforth we will be different men. Our absence can hardly have been noticed yet, nor is it likely to be if we get back to our quarters before the *réveille*, so we have concluded to return to our battalion. If we succeed, we will try by our future conduct to repair the past."

"But this will not be enough," said the lady, calmly. "You have a chaplain in your battalion, of course; if you are truly repentant, you must go to him and confess your sins, so that, being absolved, and receiving Holy Communion, you may have the blessing of God on your good resolutions. Besides, I hope that you will continue to recite your Rosary. Here are two that I intended to give you; they are blessed."

The soldiers kissed her hand, took the beads, and departed.

Soon afterwards the revolution burst over that beautiful country, but the peace of that house was not disturbed until about four months later, when it was attacked by a party of insurgents; but at the moment of danger Spanish troops appeared, led by two brave officers, who defended the house nobly, and drove the enemy off. Great was the surprise of the lady on finding that these officers were her former guests.

"Here we are, madam. We remember you well, and are still grateful for your kindness, and ready to shed our blood, if necessary, in defence of your life and interests. If we occupy honorable posts to-day, we have to thank you. Those rosaries which you gave us have been the source of untold blessings—spiritual and temporal. We would not part with them for the world." And, unbuttoning their uniforms, they showed her that they wore them around their necks.

"Gentlemen," said the lady, with tears in her eyes, "to-day I have much to thank you for, whereas on the former occasion I did you only a slight service. It was the hand of God that led you, like stray sheep, to my house; the rest was the work of the Blessed Virgin. It is to Her that you owe your gratitude, as I owe mine for having sent you to save my home."

The farewell was touching, after which the lady saw her soldier friends no more, but she learned afterwards that they continued to rise in the army. She herself was blessed in her children, who grew up and became models of every Christian virtue, especially of devotion to the Mother of God.

The Jubilee Pilgrimages Inaugurated.

THE HOLY FATHER RECEIVES NINETEEN HUNDRED FRENCH WORKINGMEN.—THEIR ADDRESS TO THE POPE.—THE REPLY OF HIS HOLINESS.

IT is Sunday morning, the 16th of October, —such a glorious autumn morning as the pilgrim enjoys beneath the golden sky of Rome. From the first peep of dawn the bronze doors of St. Peter's have been thrown open, and citizens and foreigners have been streaming up through the piazza into the interior of the vast Basilica. Some 1,900 French workingmen, delegated by the Catholic labor clubs of all the provinces of France, are to receive Holy Communion at the altar of the Chair of Peter, before going to present their homage to the Pope. Catholic France, "the eldest daughter of the Church," thus opens and leads the solemn pilgrimage of Christian people to the shrine of the Apostles, and to the feet of Leo XIII. on the occasion of his Golden Jubilee.

At seven o'clock Cardinal Langenieux, Archbishop of Rheims, "the Father of Workingmen," as he is called in France, begins Mass at the altar immediately under the Chair of the Prince of the Apostles. There is no mistaking the simple, fervent piety of these nineteen hundred delegates of the French laboring classes. They are come to protest most solemnly around the Confession of St. Peter that Voltairianism has not extinguished in the kingdom of St. Louis the faith of ancient days. The distributing of Holy Communion to this noble band of representative toilers takes up forty-five minutes, the Cardinal celebrant being assisted in doing so by Monsignor Jacobini, Secretary of the Propaganda, and Monsignor Caracciolo di Castagneta. Mass being ended, the fervor of the pilgrims bursts forth into the beautiful hymn of the French workingman:

"Quand Jésus vient sur la terre,
Ce fut pour y travailler;
Il voulut, touchant mystère,
Comme nous être ouvrier."*

Never did the sublime dome of Michael Angelo resound with strains more heartfelt or

* "When Jesus came down on earth, He came to do a toiler's part. He willed—mysterious condescension—to be, like each of us, a working-man."

more thrilling, and the numerous French colony in Rome, who assisted at this spectacle with great edification and deep emotion, took up the verses of the popular hymn and sang them with a hearty enthusiasm. The *Te Deum* that followed, in which the papal choir's voices alternated with those of the pilgrims, was, if possible, still more thrilling. Every person within the church seemed to be carried away by the familiar sacred melody, as its majestic waves rose and fell and succeeded one another before the throne of the Most High in His most magnificent earthly temple.

At eleven o'clock the entire delegation, ranged in perfect order, each circle or club bearing its distinctive banner, filled the splendid Ducal Hall, the second from the Sistine Chapel. The multitudes of strangers who had come to witness the scene were perforce crowded into the adjoining *Sala Regia*, or Royal Hall. In spite of the crowding, there was perfect silence. The reverential bearing of this army of Christian toilers, as they awaited in silence and subdued emotion the appearance of the Sovereign Pontiff, compelled even the habitual sight-seers to be still and respectful.

Just as noon strikes, the ushers of the papal *cortège* appear: the entire audience kneel by one impulse as Leo XIII., like some unearthly vision, enters, his transparent features all over-spread with the light of a joy that is surely not of earth. He blesses the kneeling crowd, and then ascends the dais, turning toward his children, and beaming on them from his lovelit eyes the welcome of his true, fatherly heart. Cardinal Langenieux expresses the deep gratitude of those generous sons of France—priests, manufacturers, presidents of labor clubs, and simple workingmen,—who have enjoyed in the Rome of the Popes, by the munificent kindness of his Holiness, a truly royal hospitality.

Then comes Count de Mun, the eloquent son-in-law of the great and eloquent Montalembert, and President of the French Catholic Union of workingmen's societies. His admirable address to the Holy Father is at the present juncture in the United States, too pregnant with golden, practical wisdom and far-reaching suggestions to permit me to omit it altogether. He said:

"Most Holy Father, it is now three years since it pleased your Holiness to receive a body of French heads of industry, who had come hither in

pilgrimage, pledging themselves at your feet to bring back in their factories and workshops the reign of religion and of Christian morals, by uniting, for that purpose, their own efforts with those of the men in their employment. To-day these workingmen come themselves to you, happy and proud of this un hoped for honor, to ask in their turn, with filial humility, that in your fatherly kindness you will bless the part they have been invited to take in the great work of regenerating the world of manual labor. Surrounding your throne like a faithful army, bearing the historic flags of our provinces and the banners of their respective Catholic circles, we represent the first workingmen's guilds that have sprung into existence at the call of your Holiness, for the purpose of protecting, according to your own august words, the interests of labor and the morality of the laborers

"We know, however, by daily experience what difficulties are raised up in the path of these Christian associations by the strife of industrial rivalry and competition; how useful, how necessary even, would be legislative enactments protecting our guilds, and enabling them to become the foundation of the labor organization whose old-time wisdom your Holiness praises as contrasting with the existing disorganization, the source of all the evils which oppress us. But we also know, from the very traditions of our trades guilds, that at every period of the history of these trades, when the social question came up anew in consequence of some industrial transformation, the Church—in the words uttered at Liege by the eminent Cardinal who has brought us to this presence,—the Church has been able to solve that question by invoking the justice of the constituted authorities, and by filling with the spirit of charity the souls of her children.

"This, Holy Father, is the reason why these Christian workingmen kneel before you, deeply and respectfully grateful for the devotion to their cause which your sovereign intervention has created under so many forms and strengthened so wonderfully. They feel assured that your words and your blessing will help them toward obtaining such protection from the laws as shall stimulate the salutary measures already adopted for their benefit. Thereby, seeing their condition elevated, they will find facilities for leading a truly Christian life, for giving their families a sound education, and for providing against the end of a life of hard labor the means of an honorable old age, while awaiting the joys and the rest of heaven from the hand of a merciful God."

Every sentence uttered by Count de Mun, while it seemed visibly to come from every one of these loyal hearts, deeply affected the venerable Pontiff, whose eyes seemed riveted on the speaker. And now Leo XIII. rises and stands,

erect and firm as a statue of Carrara marble, before the hushed assemblage. Fear not that the frail figure will be unable for the task of addressing at length, and in a language foreign to him, the expectant representatives of French industry and labor. Every nerve in that aged frame is braced to the firmness of steel by the indomitable will which governs it; every tone of his voice distinctly reaches the remotest corner of the great Ducal Hall.

"Great is Our joy, dearest sons, at beholding you here in such numbers." Thus he begins. "We know with what an excellent spirit you are all animated, and what a generous thought led to this pilgrimage of French workingmen to Rome. Overcoming all human respect, and despising the ridicule thrown on your purpose by the evil-minded, you started from every point of France, guided by these noble men, your faithful counsellors and true friends; and you have come here, in your own name and in that of your fellow-toilers, to seek the blessing of Christ's Vicar, to visit the churches and shrines of the Eternal City, to pour forth prayers for your own need, for that of your country, and for your dear ones.

"We must congratulate you, beloved sons, for thus fulfilling a public act of faith, and thus solemnly asserting your religious convictions. We must especially congratulate you on what your eloquent spokesman just mentioned, the part you are taking in the Christian regeneration of the world of manual toil. In this regeneration and this return to Christian principles, to the teachings of the Church and her head, consists the sole solution of the social questions which so nearly interest you. We are moved to repeat it here, the Church has always, at every period, shown a jealous care of the condition of the poor and the laboring classes. By promulgating the truths intrusted to her as a deposit, she has ennobled labor by lifting it up to the height and dignity of human freedom. She has rendered labor meritorious in the sight of God by teaching the workingman to sanctify his toil through supernatural views, and to bear resignedly and in a penitential spirit the privations and fatigues inseparable from labor. The Church, again, has never ceased to remind the rich and the powerful of their sacred obligation to succor their brethren of a lowlier condition, and to respect in these the character of men and Christians. When her word was more respect-

fully accepted and more faithfully obeyed by the nations—when there was less hindrance to her free action, and her command of resources less limited,—the Church was wont to relieve the poor and the laboring classes not only by her large-handed charities, but by creating and fostering those great corporate institutions which contributed so powerfully to the progress of arts and trades, and were productive to the workingmen themselves of a larger share of comfort and well-being. This same spirit of motherly solicitude was infused by the Church into the popular manners, into the statutes and by-laws of cities, into the enactments and legislation of States.

"Undoubtedly, the intervention and authoritative action of the State are not here of indispensable necessity, so long as the conditions regulating labor and the exercise of industry are in no wise detrimental to morality, to justice, to the dignity of human nature, and to the home-life of the workingman. But when any one of these priceless things is threatened or imperilled, public authority, by interfering becomingly and with a just measure, is only working for the salvation of society; for to public authority it belongs to protect and to guard the interests of the citizens subject to it.

"Still, what the Church taught and carried into effect in by-gone times, she has not ceased to endeavor to realize in our age. Unhappily, instead of helping and promoting her beneficent action, people persistently and energetically labor to thwart her every endeavor; hence it is that her efforts no longer accomplish the same results. None the less does she continue to attend to your wants, beloved sons, and to claim for your just interests all that is due to them. From the very beginning of Our pontificate We were mindful of you, when We recalled to the nations what were the fundamental principles of social order. Since then We have followed attentively the proceedings of the [labor] congresses held successively in France, in Italy, in Germany, and, quite lately, in Belgium and in Switzerland. We shall not omit to do whatever Our office and Our fatherly heart may prompt Us to do for the amelioration of your lot.

"Meanwhile, dearest sons, do not allow yourselves to be led astray by the specious promises of the apostles of irreligion and falsehood. They will come to you wearing the mask of hypocrisy, and by their flattery will

try to turn you away from the Church and from the practise of your religious duties. They will try to get you into their secret meetings, and will urge you to better your condition by open violence, and to the detriment of the social body. Beware of them, and close your ears to their mischievous discourses. To listen to them, to follow them, would be to lay up in store for yourselves the bitterest deceptions, and to be the workers of your own certain ruin."

Such are the golden lessons, the fatherly words of solemn and affectionate warning uttered by the Vicar of Christ on the first great solemnity of his Sacerdotal Jubilee. The workmen of France heard them with loving, grateful, and obedient hearts. I send them to the workmen of America, with the confident hope that they, too, will ponder well these teachings of a wisdom which is not all of earth.

And not to the laboring classes only are these utterances fraught with salvation: to the rulers among us, in Church and State, the scene I have described in part, and the solemn words which fall from so venerable an authority, may be meditated upon with no little profit.

BERNARD O'REILLY, IN *The Sunday Sun*.

Catholic Notes.

A proclamation of the President of the United States dated the 25th ult. designates and sets apart the 24th of November as a day of thanksgiving and prayer, to be observed by all the people of the land. It recommends that all secular work and employment be suspended on that day: "and let our people assemble in their accustomed places of worship, and with prayer and songs of praise give thanks to our Heavenly Father for all that He has done for us, while we humbly implore the forgiveness of our sins and a continuance of His mercy."

"Let families and kindred be reunited on that day, and let their hearts, filled with kindly cheer and affectionate reminiscences, be turned in thankfulness to the source of all their pleasures and the Giver of all that makes the day glad and joyous."

The document concludes with a kindly reference to the needs of the poor:—"Let us remember the poor, the needy, and the unfort-

unate, and by our gifts of charity and ready benevolence let us increase the number of those who with grateful hearts shall join in our thanksgiving."

We trust it will not be forgotten that the observance of Thanksgiving Day was commended by the Fathers of the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore as consonant with the principles of faith and with the promptings of the heart of a Christian people, as a custom which declares our dependence upon God, both as a nation and as individuals, and tending to strengthen the spirit of thankfulness, and to increase our confidence in the Creator and Giver of all good.

That Catholics were the first to set foot on American soil is beyond question, whether the credit of the discovery of the Continent be given to St. Brandan, Columbus, or the Scandinavian Ericson. The last named had been baptized by King Olaf before he left Iceland on that voyage which, it is claimed, resulted in the discovery of the great Western Continent. A statue of this brave explorer was unveiled recently in Boston, and dedicatory services held, which were attended by the *élite* of the city and many representative Scandinavian residents of the United States.

A hero and confessor of the faith, after a life of much suffering on earth, has just gone to his eternal reward. Most of our readers will be familiar with the name of Father John Bapst, S. J., and with the story of the cruel outrages to which he was subjected by the adherents of Know-Nothingism. Born in Switzerland about seventy years ago, he was first ordained a secular priest, and afterward joined the Society of Jesus. Driven out of his country by the revolution of 1848, he came to the United States, and was immediately sent to Maine, to minister to the Abnaki Indians. Many of his flock having been driven into exile by the Government, he was transferred to the white mission, where he was very successful in pastoral work, and got together a large and flourishing congregation. By attempting to prevent Catholic children from being forced to learn Protestant doctrines, he incurred great odium among the citizens of Ellsworth, where he had a mission. A town meeting was held, at which it was resolved that, if he ventured to return thither, he should

be tarred and feathered and ridden on a rail. This barbarous project was carried into execution a few months later, when the return of Father Bapst presented the opportunity. For many hours the heroic priest was subjected to the most outrageous tortures at the hands of these diabolical miscreants, scarcely escaping with his life. The next day the citizens of Bangor, where Father Bapst resided, tendered him an unqualified apology for the wrong done him, and presented him with a fine gold watch, which, by the special permission of the Superior-General of his Order, he was allowed to wear. After some years of zealous labor in Boston, New York, and other cities, he was transferred to Frederick, Maryland, where he remained until, some six months ago, his mind gave way, when he was removed to Mount Hope insane asylum, where he died. "It is a curious fact," says Gilmary Shea in his *History of the Catholic Missions*, "that no missionary to the Abnaki tribe was ever injured by the Indians, while Brother du Thet and Father Rale were killed and Father Bapst has been thus cruelly treated by the whites, more savage than the original occupants of the soil." *R. I. P.*

"In wholly Catholic countries or localities," observes the *Catholic Citizen*, "the *Angelus* is rung thrice a day, and the devout Catholic kneels or stands to recite the familiar prayers. This, of course, is in some cases impracticable in the business haunts of the cities, but in the home circle there is certainly no reason for its omission. In many families the *Angelus* is recited in common before or after breakfast, dinner, and supper. The children thus learn it in practice, and the devotion will, in most cases, stick to them through life. The same is true of the Rosary. How edifying it is to see parents and children kneeling side by side reciting aloud the Rosary every Saturday evening of the year, and every evening during Lent and Advent, as well as during the month of October!"

A Spanish journal published at Madrid tells of a miracle recently wrought during a procession of the Blessed Sacrament in the city of Toledo. A poor old blind man, well known in the city, had himself led in company with the pious faithful. At his request he was placed near one of the repositories, and during

the exposition of the Blessed Sacrament he prayed fervently, and, with a faith like that of the one mentioned in the Gospel, he said: "Lord, grant that I may see!" His prayer was heard: before the kneeling through his sight was restored, and to the sounds of the joyful *Te Deum* he followed the procession to the cathedral, where he solemnly offered special acts of thanksgiving to God in the Sacrament of His Love.

Encouraged and guided by the energy and zeal of their pastor, the Rev. A. Roy, C. S. C., the Catholics of Sackville, New Brunswick, have just erected a tasteful little church under the invocation of Our Lady of the Rosary. Those who have followed the wanderings of the Acadians in Longfellow's beautiful poem, "Evangeline," will be interested to learn that about a hundred and fifty years ago they had a chapel in that district, which was pulled down after their expatriation, when Sackville became a stronghold of the Methodists. It was probably the first Catholic chapel built in New Brunswick.

In a recent issue of the *London Tablet* there is a leading article on the subject of a Catholic Congress in England. The writer points out that such congresses as those which have been held by the Catholics in Germany, France, Belgium, Italy, and Spain, have materially benefited the Catholic body in these countries both directly and indirectly. They have been especially serviceable in bringing the leaders of the party together and introducing them to the Catholic electors. But whether a congress is advisable at the present moment for English-speaking Catholics is another question. They have not the same grievances which the faithful on the continent of Europe have to complain of, nor are they as strong in numbers as the latter. On the whole, we agree with the writer in the *Tablet* that the time is hardly ripe for an English Catholic Congress. Doubtless there are questions which such a congress might treat with advantage, but the present is hardly the occasion for it.

The rule of the Dutch in the island of Ceylon from 1658 to 1796 has become notorious in history, owing to the attempts made by them to extirpate the Catholic religion, and to establish Protestantism. These attempts proved

in the end as unsuccessful as were those of their brethren in the island of Formosa in which they had extensive missions. Speaking of these, E. C. Baber, Esq., her Britannic Majesty's Chinese Secretary at Peking, says, in a recent number of the Royal Asiatic Society's journal, that not a single trace of the work of the Dutch, in either the religious or the educational sphere, can be found at the present day. Meanwhile the number of Catholics in Ceylon has been steadily increasing; in 1848 there were about 110,000, now there are almost double that number.

An interesting description is given in the *Voce di Malta* of the gift which is to be presented to the Holy Father by the people of that island on the occasion of his Sacerdotal Jubilee. It is a shield of silver, nearly five feet long by two feet broad, on which will be inscribed in golden letters the account of St. Paul's visit to Malta, taken from the Vulgate. The Maltese have never degenerated from their faith; "that faith," says the writer in the *Voce*, "which, engraved by the Great Shipwrecked One in indelible characters on the hearts of his fortunate hosts, indelibly renewed by their posterity for nearly nineteen hundred years, we carry indelibly in our hearts with the hope of handing it down undefiled to the remotest generations." Details are added which show that the offering is a most beautiful and costly work of art.

New Publications.

THE LITTLE FLOWERS OF ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISI. Translated from the Italian, and Edited by His Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster. London: Burns & Oates. New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co.

A volume possessing so singular a charm that the reader of it is at once almost literally transported to the Middle Ages is rarely to be met with in these times, but "The Little Flowers of St. Francis of Assisi" is veritably such an one. It is hardly too much to say of it that under the spell of its pages one sees with his own eyes and hears with his own ears the sights and sounds which embellish the most picturesque and romantic period of Church History. Here the barefooted friars wander in the dusty highway, and by the

power of their simple eloquence gather numbers into their fold. We follow them in their varying fortunes; see them buffeted and reviled, and bearing with amazing humility a thousand wrongs; we see them venerated by those who have proved the sanctity of these holy ones—for miracles follow in their footsteps, as the birds of the air and the beasts of the field bear testimony, to the unspeakable edification, of the faithful.

More than twenty years ago the first English version of "The Little Flowers of St. Francis" was given to the world. The Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster, in his prefatory note, announces the Marchesa di Salvo, the Lady Georgiana Fullerton, and the Rev. Mother Vicarress of the Franciscan Convent at Bayswater, as the translators. He adds: "This little book, and the History of the English Nation by S. Bede, are utterances of the loving faith of the children of the Kingdom, which will find ears to hear and hearts to understand in all those who have learned to know and to love Jesus in the lowliness of His divine infancy."

It is surprising that the volume has not long since become a household word. The unknown author, or authors, write as eye-witnesses. The narratives are told with an almost childlike simplicity; one can not question the ingenuous honesty of the narrators—this is the naked truth; and it is natural to exclaim while culling these "Little Flowers," "This is indeed the beauty of holiness: the odor of sanctity pervades it!" Who, after a glance at the index, from which we quote the following headings, can refrain from seeking this garden of spiritual delights—for such it is worthy to be called?—"How St. Francis passed the time of Lent in an island, on the Lake of Perugia, where he fasted forty days and forty nights, eating only one-half of a small loaf." "How St. Francis, walking one day with Brother Leo, explained to him what things caused perfect joy." "How St. Francis made Brother Masseo turn round and round like a child, and then went to Sienna." "How St. Francis and Brother Masseo placed the bread they had collected on a stone near a fountain; and how St. Francis praised the virtue of holy poverty, and prayed St. Peter and St. Paul to make him greatly love holy poverty. How St. Peter and St. Paul appeared to him." "How St. Francis, having been told

by St. Clare and the holy Brother Silvester that he should preach and convert many to the faith, founded the Third Order, preached to the birds, and reduced to silence the swallows." "Of the most holy miracle of St. Francis in taming the fierce wolf of Gubbio." "Of the miracle which God performed when St. Anthony, being at Rimini, preached to the fish of the sea." "How Brother Juniper took certain little bells from the altar, and gave them away for the love of God." "How Brother Giles was miraculously assisted in a great necessity, when, by reason of a heavy fall of snow, he was hindered from going out to quest."

A wonderful chapter is that which recounts, with fine touches of realism and pathos, the most significant event in the life of the Saint of Assisi; it is entitled: "Of the sacred and holy Stigmata of St. Francis, and certain considerations thereupon." There are lives of Brother Juniper—whose simplicity and sanctity are at once edifying and inimitable,—and of the Blessed Brother Giles, a collection of whose instructions and notable sayings concludes a precious volume, unique in devotional literature, and well worthy of universal popularity.

Obituary.

"It is a holy and wholesome thought to pray for the dead."

— 2 MACH., xii., 46.

The following persons, lately deceased, are commended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

Sister Jane of the Sacred Heart, S. N. D., whose useful and selfless life was crowned with a blessed death on the 4th inst., at Somerville, Mass.

Mrs. Emily Hanquet, who departed this life at her home in Mt. Clemens, Mich., after a short illness.

Mr. Peter Doury, of Rochester, N. Y., whose precious death occurred on the 24th ult.

Mr. Thomas Burk, who died a happy death on the 25th ult., at Bridgeport, N. J.

Mrs. Mary Dooley, of Hartford, Conn., who passed away on the 26th of October, fortified by the last Sacraments.

Mrs. Elizabeth Franley, whose holy death took place near Marengo, Iowa, on the 23d ult.

Mrs. Joanna Goggin, who piously breathed her last on the 18th ult. at Marlboro, Mass., after a long illness borne with truly Christian resignation.

Mrs. John O'Connell, of Pin Oak, Iowa; Patrick Maughlin and Mrs. Bridget O'Donnell, Troy, N. Y.

May they rest in peace!



Leo Marson's Victory.

BY E. V. N.

I.

"Auntie, I am going to shave my beard," exclaimed Leo Marson—a lad of ten summers,—and, mounting a stool before a toilet mirror, he brandished aloft a razor which he had found in one of the bureau drawers. "Auntie, I want some lather. Please tell Celina to make me some soapsuds."

"Mother of Mercy!" exclaimed Mrs. Marson, hurrying forward, and trying to take away the razor. "You naughty child! Give that to me at once."

"Not unless you promise to give it back," said Leo, holding to the handle with all his feeble might; for, though morally formidable, he was physically puny and weak.

"Certainly, darling, I'll give it back to you."

Then the child partly yielded; and the lady, drawing her thumb over the blade, found that it was too dull to do much harm, so she let him keep it.

"Tell Celina to make me some lather," he repeated, imperiously.

Whereupon Mrs. Marson stepped out, and called: "Celina, bring Leo some soapsuds: he is going to shave."

"Indeed!" exclaimed the rosy-cheeked maid. "But he may cut himself." And she slowly proceeded to obey orders.

"Oh, there is no danger!" added the mistress; "he has rummaged a drawer in the toilet-table, and found a discarded razor; it is very dull."

Then the indulgent aunt went back into the room, to find her nephew waiting for her on the stool before the mirror.

"Godmother, how do they put the lather on the chin?" he asked.

"With a little brush, pet; I think there must be one in the same drawer."

And she hunted a while, and brought it forth just as Celina, her face beaming with smiles, came in with a little bowl of soapsuds. Then the spoiled child began to smear his face, and scatter the soapsuds in every direction, while the mistress of the house stood at one side of the mirror, and her maid at the other.

His aunt reached out her hand to help him; he shouted: "Let me alone. I know how."

Just as he uttered this rude speech, a little tap was heard, and Mrs. Marson, turning, saw a tall, military-looking personage at the door.

"Good-morning, Caroline!" said the gentleman, saluting her.

"Oh, how you frightened me!" cried Mrs. Marson, affectedly.

"Quite unintentionally, cousin, I assure you; I rang twice, and not getting a response, I thought I would walk in. And, lo and behold, I find my ward shaving himself! What a droll child!"

"Take a seat, Colonel, please, and give me some news from your family—how are you?"

And while they exchanged the usual compliments Leo descended from the stool, and Celina wiped his face with a napkin, and sent him to say good-morning to his uncle. The latter took him on his knee, and, looking at him attentively, said:

"Your weight is not big enough for your years, my child; my Freddie, who is the same age as you, is a head taller; his skin is clear, his cheeks bright, while you look thin and sallow."

"O my dear Colonel, he has grown ever so much!" observed Mrs. Marson; "Celina and I, who take care of his wardrobe, can testify to that. I knit his stockings, and she is constantly lengthening his trousers, and we have to renew his jackets very often."

"That is an unanswerable argument. Well, let me see, my boy. Do you want to be a soldier, like Freddie? I think he will take after me."

"A soldier? Well, I don't like real guns, but I've got a regiment of lead soldiers; and I command them just like a real colonel."

"Oh, if you are a coward I will not own you for my nephew!" said the Colonel, pretending to set him down on the carpet.

"Dear cousin, I can assure you that Leo is altogether too bold. He's very fond of getting on the baluster, and I am afraid that he will break his neck some day," said Mrs. Marson.

"That is a mere play at gymnastics; the most timid boy delights to ride a wooden horse sometimes. Perhaps he would like to be a sailor?"

"What! and get drowned? No indeed; I have a picture of a shipwreck in my reader. You don't catch *me* on the ocean!"

"Perhaps, then, you will imitate your Uncle Marson, and be a merchant?"

"No, sir. I'll tell you what I should like to be—a confectioner."

"Exactly, and devour ice-cream and sponge-cake all day!" cried a big, hoarse voice; and a stout man, with a bright, jovial face, entered the room, and cordially shook hands with Colonel Donaldson. Then he threw himself, quite out of breath, on the nearest sofa, and handed his hat and cane to his wife, as if he were unable to advance another step.

"I hope, Colonel, you are going to stay some days with us this time," said Mr. Marson; "you military men are so hard to detain."

"No: I am on the wing. I have been to New York on business for the Secretary of War, and I thought I would stop at Harrisburg and settle that little difficulty about John's estate, and take Leo with me. It is high time he was placed at college. Does Mr. Robinson live near here?"

"Yes: on this street, and it was only yesterday that he sent one of his clerks here to ask for your address. But do not be in a hurry, Colonel."

"Well, Caroline, with your leave," said Colonel Donaldson to Mrs. Marson, "I will go and attend to this business about the estate before dinner, and then I shall be able

to spend the remainder of the day with you and Mr. Marson."

"I will accompany you," said Mr. Marson, making a great effort to rise; then beckoning his wife aside with an air of mystery, he said to her in an undertone: "Perhaps Robinson may return with us, so prepare a good dinner—oysters, *sauterne* for me, champagne for the Colonel."

The gentlemen withdrew, and Mrs. Marson hastened to the head of the stairs, and cried: "Celina, where is Leo?"

"Not far off, madam—he's cooking potatoes here on the stove."

"Well, let him amuse himself, so long as he does not burn his fingers. But I want you up here, Celina."

"Oh, yes, of course you do!" grumbled the maid, and she rattled the stewpans and kettles as though there were no end to the work to be accomplished; then went up to meet her mistress on a little platform, on which a bench was placed, where the two often held important councils.

"I want to give orders for dinner," said the lady; "but that is a small matter. You see, the Colonel is Leo's guardian, and I am sure he means to take the child away with him; every time he writes he is talking of sending him to college."

"But, madam, are there not colleges enough in Harrisburg, and good ones too?" asked the maid.

"Yes, but he is determined to take the boy away, because he thinks I indulge him too much; and I do not know what I shall do without him. Mr. Marson dozes half the time when he is in the house, and I shall be very lonesome, notwithstanding my aviary and greenhouse. It seems to me, too, that my husband does not like Leo."

"Well, I think Mr. Marson is a little jealous of the child; you forget him in your tenderness for Leo, and give the boy the best of everything on the table. Wouldn't it be better not to help Leo before you serve Mr. Marson?"

"Of course I always give the little fellow what he likes or what he asks for. Men are so selfish! I often deprive myself of things

to please the boy, but men—'All for me' is their motto. But where is Leo now? He must go to school to-day."

"Why, madam, it is long after school-time."

"No matter; you have not much to do: can't you take him?"

"I haven't much to do!" repeated the maid, in astonishment. "Why, there's fish to fry, beef to baste, chickens to broil, salad to make, and—and the dessert!"

"Never mind; there's plenty of time."

Celina went down stairs, and was unable to contain herself when she found Leo had a whole roll of butter melting before the fire to dress his roasted potatoes, and his face and clothes all besmeared. She pinched his ears, and bade him go to his aunt and prepare for school. His scream brought Mrs. Marson to the door, who gave a reproachful glance at Celina, and then said: "Come, darling; you know Uncle Donaldson will be here for dinner, so you must get ready to go to school."

"To school? I don't want to go—I won't go to school!"

"Come now, your holiday is over; you are not sick any more."

"I want to be sick—I want to play with my soldiers."

"But if you do not go to school your uncle will send you to college."

"Do you think he will? Well, then, give me a quarter to buy some cakes."

"Yes, as much as you want, pet. Now, where are your Catechism and reader? Put them in the satchel. And here is a note for Brother Hilary. I have explained that you have been ill."

Leo bounded after Celina, who, pleased to have a walk, cheerfully accompanied him to school, and engaged help for the dinner that was to be prepared.

"Dear, dear!" soliloquized Mrs. Marson, as with an anxious look she watched them go towards the school-house; "I do hope Leo will know his Catechism! I let him sleep late every morning since he took his little holiday, and I fear he does not know more than half a chapter by heart. But now

I must see to the dinner arrangements, and then I will recite my beads, and pray that the Colonel may not take the boy away. In fact, he *shall* not take him."

Poor Mrs. Marson! her birds, her poultry, and her greenhouse had occupied her time and attention almost exclusively. As her Andalusias and her canaries were endowed only with instinct, they gave her little trouble, never suffering from the effects of high-living, or sleeping when they should be at study or taking necessary exercise. But it was quite another matter to educate a being gifted by God with free-will and all the sublime endowments of an immortal soul. And Leo, her spoiled godchild, made her suffer from his caprices, and their effects upon her husband's temper.

II.

When Colonel Donaldson and Mr. Marson returned, the latter looked at his watch and remarked to his wife: "I think the clock is slower than the sun-dial, so we haven't much time to spare. Is dinner ready?" To which the lady replied, majestically: "I presume, Robert, you will wait until your nephew comes in from school?"

"From school!" repeated Mr. Marson; "then he has been to school to-day?"

"To-day he was not indisposed," answered his wife, dryly. "Why do you wish him to omit his lessons?"

Mr. Marson was on the point of making a second mistake, when a waiter entered with a fragrant dish of sugared fruits, and he called the attention of his guest to Mrs. Marson's skill in preparing confections.

The appearance of the dinner-table, bright with plate and cut glass, tastefully draped with smilax and snow white callalilies, was enough to excite the admiration and elicit the praise of any one devoted to the pleasures of the table.

"Caroline, shall we take seats at table?" Mr. Marson inquired.

"If you wish," was the response; "but I shall wait for Leo."

Thus saying she stepped to the door, and admitted the lad, with inky fingers and soiled face.

"Gentlemen, dinner will be served at once," said the mistress of the house. "I will take only one minute to prepare Leo." And she led the child away.

"Now, Leo," she began, hurriedly, "you must behave well at table. Don't ask for anything, don't blow your soup, and don't smell the fish."

"And if I behave well what will you give me?"

"You shall have three free days when your uncle has gone?"

"And after that?"

"A box of caramels."

"And then?"

"Why, isn't that enough?"

"No, auntie; I want you to buy me that horse and carriage we saw in Brown's show window."

"You shall have them, only don't do anything ill-bred to-day."

Dinner was served, and Leo sat as straight as a ramrod, and never said a word; but when coffee was brought he rushed off without looking at any one.

"How polite Leo was to-day!" observed Mr. Marson.

"Too good altogether," answered the Colonel: "he hardly ate his dinner."

"He is generally polite when in society," said the lady, gravely.

"Not in ours, Caroline,—not in ours," rejoined Mr. Marson.

"Well, he behaved very nicely to-day; and so, if you please" (with a significant look at her husband), "we will drop the subject, and talk about other matters."

"My dear cousin," began Colonel Donaldson, wiping his mustache, "if you have no great objection, we will exhaust the present subject. Leo counts for a great share in my visit to-day."

The lady turned very red, and Mr. Marson poured a second cup of coffee; for, although he was anxious to get rid of the little tyrant, he compassionated his wife, who was so foolishly attached to the boy.

"It is time to place Leo at college," continued Mr. Donaldson, seriously. "There is a clause in my sister's will saying that at

the age of nine years he was to be sent to G—, and prepared for his First Communion under the guidance of the Fathers there. Last summer I wrote to you on the subject, but you seemed so distressed about parting with him, that I allowed you to keep him another year. The time has expired now, dear Caroline."

"I think, cousin, you said that he might remain until he was stronger. And, then, he is so young! I declare it is dreadful to think of sending him so far away."

"But there is no improvement in the boy's health; in fact, he is very puny."

"His constitution is so delicate I give him everything he likes."

"Just what is ruining him. Now, the wholesome diet and regular hours of college life are suited to children and youth, and are very conducive to health. However, no agreement between us could alter the formally expressed will of a testator. I know you will miss the child, but I will allow him to spend his vacations with you. Every career requires a good early education, and I think my sister had in view especially the religious training of the child."

"Oh, of course you have the law on your side!"

"He has the grave responsibility of the lad's future, soul and body," ventured Mr. Marson; "and it is not reasonable for us to object."

"Since my letters failed to convince you," said the Colonel, in conclusion, "I have come in person to explain things. To leave the little fellow with you another year would be equivalent to neglecting a sacred trust."

After a few moments more of similar interchange of thoughts and wishes, the lady was convinced that she could not change the intentions of Leo's guardian, who remarked, complaisantly:

"I intend to take the train for Washington to-morrow at half-past one."

Mrs. Marson bowed her head affirmatively as she withdrew, and the gentlemen lighted their cigars.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Pass It on.

When Mark Guy Pearse was about fourteen years old, having been in school in Germany, he came to London, on his way to the "beautiful wilds of Cornwall," his home. He stayed in London long enough to spend all his money, except sufficient to pay his fare home. He travelled by train to Bristol—the rail then ran only that far. He went on board the vessel to carry him home, and thought when he had paid the money for his passage that that included all. At the end of the journey the steward came to him and presented a bill for his meals. The boy told him he had no money. "Then you should not have ordered the things you did. What is your name?" Mark told him. The steward grasped his hand, and threw away the bill, exclaiming, "I never thought I should live to see you!" Then he related how, when he had lost his father, his mother was in great distress, and the lad's father had been so kind to her that he made a solemn promise that, if he ever had the opportunity, he would show kindness to one of his; so he took charge of the boy, paid his bill, gave him five shillings, and put him into a boat with some sailors, who rowed him in fine style to the shore. His father met him, and, after affectionate greetings, he said: "Father, it is a good thing to have a kind father"; and he told what had taken place. "My boy," was the reply, "I passed the kindness on to him in doing what I did, and now he has passed it on to you. Take care to pass it on to others."

Well, one day Mr. Mark Pearse was setting out on a journey, and intended to purchase a first-class ticket, as he had some writing to do in the train, when he saw a lad at the third-class ticket-office rubbing his eyes to keep back the tears. He asked him what his trouble was, and the boy told him that he had not enough money for his fare by fourpence. He gave him a shilling, and the lad procured his ticket, and brought back the change. Mr. Pearse bade him keep it, and told him the story of how he had been treated in the boat. "And now," he said, "if ever you have the opportunity, pass it on to others." The boy got out at the junction, and as the train moved on he waved his handkerchief to Mr. Pearse, who had left his seat to look after him, and exclaimed, "I'll pass it on!"—*Catholic Standard.*



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Ad Mariam.

BY CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

AS southward o'er the watery way
 The wanderer takes his aimless flight,
 Thou art his pilot-cloud by day,
 His guiding-star by night.

Thy smile athwart the Tempest's wrath,
 Beguiles his spirit to repose;
 Thy tears compel his desert-path
 To blossom as the rose.

Yet false his life, as Thou art truth,
 And sad his days, as Thou art sweet;
 Oh! be the loadstone of his youth,
 And draw him to Thy feet!

The Truce of God.

BY THE REV. REUBEN PARSONS, D. D.

AMONG the many institutions of the Middle Age which may well claim the attention of the student, one of the most interesting is the "Truce of God." During the first period of feudalism—unless we except the reigns of the Gothic Theodoric, the Lombard Liutprand, and the Frank Charlemagne,—the want of an arranging hand, of a competent ordaining authority, is plainly felt. Only this absence, says the judicious Semichon, can explain the terrible, even though exceptional, bar-

barities of that time. Heruli, Goths, Vandals, Lombards, Franks, Visigoths, Huns, Danes, Saxons, and Normans, had overthrown the Western Empire, and the miserable populations knew no human power but that of the sword; they rejoiced, in fact, when some one barbarian was sufficiently strong to crush his rivals, and to give society that kind of rest which comes from the rule of a single tyrant. When one reads the horrible descriptions of such a chronicler as Glaber Rudolphus (1040)—narratives not only of wholesale murder and universal rapine, but of cannibalism and ghoulishness,—one does not wonder that duels and private wars became the means by which society, in the first period of the Middle Age, tried to preserve the rights which civil government failed to secure it. In the feudal system of that day, remarks Cantù, "there being no confidence, recourse was more willingly had to such guarantees as were conformable to the condition of society; and duels and private wars became a necessity in such a state of affairs."

However, society benefited little by the introduction of such remedies for its woes. Brute force remained its guiding influence; and no matter under what guise it may be exercised, brute force is conducive neither to civilization nor happiness. On every side were anarchy and chaos, and not unfrequently men imagined that the days of Antichrist were at hand. But if the abomination of desolation was nearly everywhere visible, the mercy of God was about to cut

short its work of destruction. There remained on earth one power which men really revered,—one power, the influence of which was moral, and was therefore felt not merely by the lower nature of man, but by his mind and soul. Lombard and Italian, Frank and Roman Gaul, Vandal and African, Visigoth and Iberian, Saxon and Norman and Briton, all alike—barbarous and cultured—respected the Catholic Church. In that Middle Age, which, despite its failings, was pre-eminently an age of faith, the influence of religion was paramount over the most terrible warriors and the most unmitigated tyrants. This, then, was the power which was to bring order out of chaos; this Church of God, which had but lately converted the barbaric hordes, and had begun the work of forming a new society on the ruins of the old, was about to appeal to the Christian sentiments of her new children, and to give a new life to the world.

But how was the Church to insure obedience to her injunctions? In her mission of protecting society, of substituting government for anarchy, how could she hope to succeed where even the sword—that generally successful argument over the purely natural man—had shown itself to be of no avail? But the Church possessed a weapon more powerful than the sword—the power of excommunication,—an arm which, as Semichon rightly observes, has been the origin of all modern social progress; for it convinced the barbarian that force could not prevail over right. It must be admitted that individual prelates—generally those who were the products of that system of royal “investiture” which the mediæval Pontiffs combated—often launched ecclesiastical censure for their own unworthy purposes; but such were exceptional cases. Still, as a rule, whenever this weapon was adopted in causes not purely religious, it was used in the interest of humanity. The Church had determined to convince her converts from paganism that men might be of various conditions in the social scale, but that they were all equally obliged to revere and defend the right, and to uphold the good of

society. Starting on her mission to abolish the state of universal warfare around her, the Church of the tenth century continued to preach the Gospel of peace; but she also began to construct a social edifice, and she defended her work with her peculiar weapon.

The first step toward the introduction of the Truce of God was taken in 988. Gondebald, Archbishop of Aquitaine, in a council of his suffragans at Charroux, pronounced anathema against all who robbed farmers or the poor of their flocks, or destroyed implements of husbandry. Many other councils prosecuted the same object, and soon the prelates began to inveigh against the arrogance and tyranny which the lords, both great and small, were wont to exercise toward the weak, especially toward monasteries, peddlers, and rustics. Excommunication, and even interdict—that most depressing of all punishments to those who were not lost to all sense of religion*—were often launched against the titled ruffians who formed the higher society of the day. The influence of these clerical assemblies was exerted, too, against other social evils than robbery and like forms of license. Their efforts were also directed to prevent the recurrence of war. Our modern philanthropists who periodically hold a Congress of Peace, in the vain hope of inducing rival governments to reduce their monstrous standing armies, and thus diminish the burdens of the tax-payer, should cease to extol the nineteenth century as having originated the idea of arbitration. At the time of which we write, the cities of Narbonne, Limoges, Sucilanges d’Auvergne,

* And to those, also, whose religious sentiments were dead or dormant: for during an interdict, says Hurter, “music and festivity, assemblies of all kinds, all ornaments, and frequently even the ordinary cares of the body, disappeared. A universal fast was observed, all business ceased, and no communication was held with those who were deemed unworthy to belong to Christian society.” In such a state of affairs, it is no wonder that “the revenues of the suzerain suffered a notable diminution, owing to the paralysis fallen on every industry.”—*Life of Innocent III*, Vol. I., b. 4.

Poitiers, and many others, had synods which put that idea into practice. The nobles were conjured and commanded to swear, on the relics of the saints, that when differences arose between them, they would not have recourse to arms until they had first tried to arrive at a pacific understanding in the presence of their respective bishops.

Such movements, however, were only the first attempts to satisfy the aspirations of a society satiated with bloodshed. According to Glaber Rudolphus (b. 5, c. 1), the year 1051 saw Aquitaine in the full enjoyment of "The Peace and the Truce of God," and in a short time the institution spread throughout France. The "Peace" exempted from all the evils of war all churches, clergymen, monasteries and convents, cemeteries; women, children, pilgrims, husbandmen; all implements of agriculture, and all farmers' cattle, fields, vineyards, etc. The "Truce" directly tended to habituate to a peaceful life men to whom war was as their life-breath; to give time, at any rate, for angry passions to subside; to allow sober second-thought entrance into minds which acted too readily on impulse.

Realizing the inopportuneness, nay the futility, of an entire prohibition of war,* the Church contented herself with forbidding it during Advent, Lent, and on the greater festivals. Then, when men had formed the habit of checking their angry passions, and of suspending their satisfaction, the limits of the "Truce" were extended. Four days of the week were consecrated to peace; for the "Truce" went into effect every Wednesday evening, and

terminated only with the Sunday. Nor was war entirely forbidden merely during Advent and Lent: the Christmas season was soon added to the former, and the whole Paschal time to the latter. The reader will perceive that this salutary "Truce" covered, if the feasts be also considered, more than two-thirds of the year. In carrying out this beautiful idea, the Church found a powerful auxiliary in the chivalry of Christendom—that association which, according to Semichon, has given us a synonym for much that is noble and grand in human relations. Christian warfare assumed a character of justice and humanity it had never before known, and then was recognized a right the existence of which paganism ignored—the right of the weak to be respected by the strong.

Glaber Rudolphus, who had witnessed the development of the Truce of God, writes as follows: "At this period divine grace initiated a movement, which was founded on the love and fear of God, first in Aquitaine, and by degrees in every part of Gaul. From the evening of Wednesday until the dawn of Monday, no man should presume to offer any violence to another, or to exact satisfaction from any enemy whomsoever, or even to demand forfeiture from a security. If any one did any of these things he was forced to compound for his life, or was banished from the land, and made an alien in Christian society. This system was commonly styled the Truce of God. It was not only upheld by human safeguards: very frequently it was sanctioned by the terrors of divine interference; for quite often, when maddened audacity had transgressed the law, either God's indignation showed itself, or the sword of man punished the crime. It would be impossible for us to adduce all the instances of God's manifestation of His approval of this institution. And such manifestations might have been expected; for as the Lord's Day is venerated because of His resurrection, so the fifth, sixth, and seventh days ought to be free from evil deeds, on account of reverence of the Lord's Supper and His Passion."

* Modern philanthropists, forgetting that God often commanded war to be waged, tell us that war is the greatest of evils. God ordered a war of extermination in the case of the Canaanites, a civil war against the Benjamites, and a religious war against Antiochus. According to St. Thomas, the great evil of man and of society is not physical suffering, but moral disorder. In accordance with the claims of moral order, the ruler of a state protects the honor of God from insult, watches over the public weal, and shields the weak and the poor from the oppression of the great and strong.

Vitalis* informs us that in the year 1080 William the Conqueror sanctioned a law passed by the bishops and barons at a synod of Isle Bonne, whereby the "Peace and Truce" were promulgated in Normandy and England. The decree reads: "Let the 'Peace,' commonly styled the Truce of God, be strictly observed, as Prince William ordered in the beginning; and let it be renewed in every parish, under pain of excommunication. If any person contemns it, or violates it in any way, the bishop will do justice according to the laws now in force. If any one disobeys his bishop, that prelate will inform the lord of the territory, and that lord will subject the culprit to the episcopal justice. But if the lord should neglect this his duty, the bishop will recur to the viscount of the king, who will ignore every excuse, and will attend to the affair." In 1060 Count Raymond Berengarius, of Barcelona, published the "Truce" in his dominions. In 1095 Pope Urban II. and the synod of Clermont, and in 1102 Pope Paschal II., confirmed these decrees of William and Raymond. In 1102 William, Archbishop of Auchel and Apostolic Legate, promulgated the "Truce" in his province, in accordance with the statutes of Urban II. Finally, in 1139, the Tenth General Council (second of the Lateran) gave, in its Canon XI., the official approbation of the Universal Church to one of the most beneficial institutions of the Middle Age.

But, the reader may ask, in thus promulgating the Truce of God, did not the Church arrogate to herself a power which belongs only to the civil authority? Well, we reply, with Semichon, where and what was the civil authority at that time? The Church has never been disposed to encroach upon the province of legitimate and competent civil government, and she has always restrained her clergy when intemperate zeal has led them to pass the limits of their own jurisdiction. But at the time of which we write human law was almost entirely ignored, and it became not merely the right but the duty of the Church to remind men

of their obligations, and to use her God-given powers to secure their observance. For more than half a century illustrious men have been endeavoring, by appealing to justice, compassion, and *interest*,* to put an end to war; but in spite of their zealous apostolate, the latter half of this "thinking" nineteenth century has seen standing armies doubled in number, public debts increased beyond measure. The self-constituted, impartial arbitrators speak to the deaf; public opinion demands peace, but can not obtain it. The impotency of mere philanthropy to effect lasting good in society is here made evident. And how much more easy is this modern task which philanthropy has assumed, than the one essayed and executed by the Church when she abolished private warfare!

"Philanthropy," remarks a writer in the *Civiltà Cattolica*,† "struggles for universal peace among nations already civilized and cultured, all of whose interests invite them to peace, and who could be influenced by the consent of a dozen princes. But the attempt has been a vain one. On the contrary, the abolition of private war was undertaken by the Church, during an epoch of barbarism and confusion, among thousands of haughty and untamed barons, whose sole wealth was booty, whose sole hope of aggrandizement was conquest." Nevertheless, the Church succeeded in this, as in all of her endeavors to mollify the dispositions of the human wolves whom she was appointed to save. It was the Abbé Saint-Pierre, in the last century, who first inspired men with the conception of a "universal peace," and the famous Cardinal Fleury styled his hope "a dream of a worthy man." Certainly, outside of the Catholic idea, independently of the idea of God—and the Congresses of Peace have hitherto ignored it—permanent peace among nations is a vain aspiration.

* When some of these apostles of peace waited on King Louis Philippe, he characteristically encouraged them, saying, "War is so expensive nowadays that the civilized world may hope to soon see the last of it." And since his time!

† Series IV., vol. 2, p. 537.

* Hist. Eccl., b. 5.

Nora's Recompense.

CHAPTER XXI.

WHEN Nora was alone again the past two years came vividly before her. The first time she had seen Mark, how he had pained her! What fears of her new life he had inspired her with, and how those fears had been realized! She shuddered at the remembrance of the long hours spent in her aunt's presence, with Mark's Sunday visits that brought no relief; on the contrary, how often had his cold, brusque manner wounded her! He seemed, by intercourse with his stepmother, to have lost all the freshness and vivacity of youth, and Nora could with difficulty imagine he was not almost as old as her aunt.

But, from some cause or other, Mark was changed. His chest expanded in the balsamic air; he felt a youthful pleasure in his freedom, and in the new scenes and places he visited. Later in the day he strolled into the little cemetery, where so many rested who had come to seek life and health in Pau. His heart was strangely moved by a sculptured figure of a young girl looking sadly but resignedly at a cross, and his thoughts reverted to a humble grave, whose only monument was a simple cross of wood.

Jane's death often recurred to his mind, and it was inseparable from another remembrance. Beside the pallid countenance of the heroic sufferer, who on her death bed had taught him so profound a lesson, he saw a soft, tear-bedewed face—Nora's, as she dressed the gaping wound. For the first time he had understood how strong yet how womanly this despised young girl was. He remembered the firm though gentle dignity with which she had always defended her grandmother's memory, yet no angry word ever passed her lips; to every insult, meekness was her only answer.

It was late when Mark left the cemetery; he hastened to the hotel, and when Nora looked round after taking her seat, the first face she saw was his. After dinner he asked her to introduce him to Mrs. Harmel. The

latter, a good-natured, simple old lady, was delighted to be able to speak of her friend Octavia to some one who knew her. As Mr. Auvrard told her he had only just arrived, she offered to be his guide to the beauties of Pau, and he became their escort in all their excursions.

One day, when they were looking at some ruins in the vicinity, he said to Nora: "I visited the graveyard a short time ago, and thought of poor Jane."

"Poor thing!" she murmured. "There are many such hidden treasures of patience and suffering in the world."

"Such brave hearts as hers are rare, yet not so rare as I once thought."

"Such virtues," she said, simply, "are blossoms of a tree whose roots are struck in eternity. I also like visiting the cemetery."

"Yes," interposed her little pupil, who was listening, "Miss Nora takes care of the neglected graves—you know those that have thistles and where the stones are fallen in."

Nora's lip trembled as she said: "Far away lies a forsaken grave that is infinitely dear to me. When I weed a neglected grave here, I say to myself that perhaps some other compassionate soul may read my grandmother's name on her tomb, and do the same kind office for me. Some day I hope to visit that far-off grave, and to pluck there some flowers or blades of grass, which I shall treasure as *souvenirs* most precious."

CHAPTER XXII.

Mrs. Harmel found Mark charming.

"I have heard a great deal of your aunt, my love," she said to Nora; "but her stepson does not resemble her in the least." And to herself she added: "What a pity he is not younger! He would be a splendid match for Nora."

The days passed quickly, and Mark began to talk of leaving Pau.

"Do you know that we shall be quite lonely without you?" said Mrs. Harmel to him, as she watched a passing train from her window.

"I am very sorry to depart also, and the

memory of the last fortnight will ever be dear to me; it has made me young again."

"Perhaps you never before lived with children," said the lady. "I don't mean to praise my grandchildren, but their gayety is contagious, and banishes all sadness."

"You are right," he answered, in a tone of conviction. "Only lately have I learned what a blessing a joyous spirit is, what a treasure there is in youth, and that I as yet have been neither young nor happy."

She looked at him curiously, and asked herself how old he might be.

"Where is Nora?" she continued; "the lesson hour is past, and the children are dressing their dolls. Poor children! Is it not cruel, Mr. Auvrard, to make them spend two long years in a convent? My son will take them away from me at Easter, and I really don't know how I shall live without them."

"I can understand your grief, Mrs. Harmel; you will sadly miss the dear little pets. But you are not the only one that will suffer from this separation."

"Oh! children cry at first, but at their age they are easily consoled, and will be happy anywhere. Besides, the stay in the convent is not so dreadful as it sounds."

"I referred to Miss de Brélyon; she will grieve at leaving you," he replied, with some embarrassment.

"Poor child! I will certainly keep her until she finds another place. Do you know, she is a real pearl. I often wondered how your mother could separate from her."

The young man's face darkened as he said, slowly: "Miss de Brélyon is proud, and I think she only awaited her majority to seek an independent position."

"But one is independent with relatives. Are there no marriageable men in Penvan?"

"Very few."

"But this charming young creature must certainly find a husband. I shall take that on myself, and—between ourselves—I am a very lucky matchmaker. True, she has no fortune; but, then, she has a great many other charms; they must be well known to you, as she lived with you so long."

"Yes," replied Mark, gravely; "but one of her most attractive qualities I have only learned to appreciate here."

"And that is?"

"Her gentle gayety." And he turned to salute Nora, who had just entered the room.

She answered his greeting smilingly. He had laid aside his sternness; she was no longer afraid of him, and they were on very cordial terms, so that he saw her gay, natural and unconstrained, and thus learned to know a very different type of woman from what he had hitherto considered her.

"I have come to take leave to-day," he said; "but not forever, I trust. Business calls me to the West, but I hope to end my vacation in Pau."

"Then you will return with new courage to your musty law-books," she replied, laughing. "I could never have dreamed that you would stay away from them so long."

"I could not have believed it myself."

"Do you know, Mr. Auvrard, that until now I have not known you at all? This will teach me to judge more cautiously in future."

"May I ask what you thought of me? I fear you considered me hard and cruel."

"Oh! no. But I felt that you and my aunt disliked me, and you inspired me with a dread I could not subdue."

"Poor child! Why can one never recall the past, or at least efface it? But I also misjudged you, and did not know you."

"I knew that appearances were against me. How could you have imagined that the young girl you saw gaily adorned and singing had a sore and grieving heart?"

"But I now know how true a heart you possess, and that any one who once gains an entrance there is never forgotten."

The carriage which was to take him away now drew up, and he had to take leave of Mrs. Harmel, who was chatting in a corner of the room, so his conversation with Nora was interrupted; but a week later he reappeared at dinner, and Mrs. Harmel welcomed him joyfully. In the evening he went to the drawing-room, where she usually sat;

the piano was open, and a young lady was singing.

"How I should like to hear your voice!" he said to Nora; "but not before all these strangers."

"If you want to hear Nora," interposed Mrs. Harmel, laughing, "I will show you a little chapel where she leads the choir."

"I shall claim that privilege soon, my dear lady."

There were albums on the table, and he began to turn over the leaves.

"You must have seen all these places," he said to Nora; "you have travelled all over Europe."

"Yes," she answered, approaching the table; and, as one scene after another met her view, the remembrances of the past grew more and more vivid. Here she had visited a gallery, there attended a concert, in that street lived for months; and her eyes grew moist as she recalled those sweet reminiscences of her girlhood. At last, closing the book with a sigh, she observed: "It is over; it was only a dream, and my awakening was a terrible one."

"I can tell you something of the place you so long to see," said Mark; "for I come from Jura, and have visited your grandmother's grave. I seldom pray, but I prayed there in remembrance of you. You said one day you would consider a flower from that grave a precious memorial; unfortunately no flowers have yet grown there, but in future it will be cared for; trees will shade it in autumn, and flowers cover it in spring and summer, so that you may pray there more contentedly when one day your pious wish of revisiting it is satisfied."

Nora was pale with emotion and astonishment. "How kind you are!" she exclaimed, and the heartfelt tears she could not suppress said the rest. Mark felt touched and happy; these tears of innocent gratitude seemed to have finally melted the ice of his frozen youth.

The vacation passed. Mr. Auvrard returned to his gloomy home in Penvan, and Nora continued to teach Mrs. Harmel's little grandchildren.

Tha' good lady wrote to Miss Kernoel to wish her a happy New Year, and confided to her friend her conviction that Mark Auvrard was seriously in love with Nora, and that she had been greatly disappointed when he returned to Penvan without proposing for her. She received the following reply on the 3d of January:

"Warmest thanks, my dear El za, for the good wishes I so heartily reciprocate. Willingly would I write a long answer to your dear letter, and also to Nora's, but I have not a moment to spare. Typhus fever has broken out in Penvan; my brother was stricken, and, although — thank God! — now convalescent, he requires the utmost care and watching. My nieces were kept in ignorance of their father's danger; for Mary is very delicate, and the others are expecting an important event, which renders every precaution necessary.

"Poor Mr. Auvrard is very badly off. His mother has taken the fever; no servant will stay with her, from fear of infection; and he, who understands nothing of sickness, has the whole charge of the patient. I wish I could help him, but it is impossible for me to leave my brother.

"In haste. Your very affectionate,

"OCTAVIA KERNOEL."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The City of Is.

DEEP under the waves of Brittany's shore
Lies buried the City of Is so fair,
And the sailors hear thro' the still night air
The voice of a bell that is tolling there, —
A bell of the city that is no more,
Ringing a dirge for the days that are o'er,
And calling its dead to prayer.

Deep under the waves of our hurried lives
Lies many a City of Is so fair,
And we often hear thro' the still night air
The sob of the past with its deep despair, —
An echo of days when our lives were glad
That rings in our hearts, in a voice so sad,
A dirge for the dead hopes there.

ROLAND KING, IN *The American Magazine*.

The Story of a Noble Work.

BY MARGARET E. JORDAN.

ON one of the cross-streets connecting two important thoroughfares of the busy city of Boston, there stands a noble building, compact and substantial without, spacious and comfortable within, plain yet withal elegant. The history of its foundation is that of one of this philanthropic city's noblest charities; for the structure, over the portals of which stands a fine statue of the Sacred Heart of the Divine Child, is the home of the once homeless working boys of Boston.

One of the pioneers of Catholicity in New England, the Rev. Father Fitton, had yearned for many years before his death to give a helping hand to the waifs and strays, who, as newsboys, errand-boys, boot-blacks, and in countless other occupations, were bravely struggling in the battle for a livelihood. Perhaps the good priest spoke often of the homeless boys to the care-free, safe-sheltered lads who gathered around him, thus sowing the seed of this present good work. Be this as it may, he who in manhood has put his hand to this noble undertaking, in boyhood served the altar of the Lord where ministered the venerable priest who had yearned so ardently for the accomplishment of this work.

In the heart of the late Rev. George F. Haskins a plan for a similar charity developed itself. He sowed the seeds of his own enthusiasm in other souls, and God blessed them with vigorous growth. The House of the Angel Guardian for orphan and destitute boys, situated on Vernon St., and ably conducted by the Brothers of Charity, is the result of his zeal and self-sacrifice. We know not how broad were its founder's aims, how deep-laid and far-reaching his plans; but we know that he yearned to shelter and assist working boys, as well as the destitute of a more tender age. This was an aim the realization of which was grand enough to become the special work of some chosen laborer in the vine-

yard of the Lord, and it was reserved by Divine Providence for other hands in other days to accomplish.

On the opening morning of the Month of the Sacred Heart, 1883, in an unpretending dwelling on Eliot St., a young priest was offering the Holy Sacrifice upon the lowliest of altars. The chalice and sacred articles had been borrowed from Holy Cross Cathedral and the Church of the Gate of Heaven, till better days should dawn. The altar-boy had come from St. James' for the occasion. It was thus, as in the early days of Christianity, the outlines of which were drawn in poverty, obscurity, and humility, that Father Roche began his Home for the homeless working boys of Boston.

One month's rent of the dwelling had been paid in advance; some cots had been put up; there was food in the larder sufficient for a few days, and a competent person engaged to take care of the domestic arrangements. Early that first evening a little Protestant child sought and obtained admission into the Home. When night-prayers were said, and the boy lay sleeping in his comfortable cot, Father Roche "turned his pockets inside-out, to see how much capital he had to carry on the Home." He found just *thirty-five cents!*

Thirty-five cents! A meagre sum truly? But when did a true servant of God count upon the contents of his purse, or upon any other human resource, in doing his Master's work? He knows that the treasury of heaven is within his reach, and that faith in the promises of Divine Providence is the key to that inexhaustible store. "Ask and you shall receive." How much of this spirit of faith, of this daring, omnipotent reliance upon Providence, the young priest possessed his words have never told; he is exceedingly reticent upon such a subject, but his work speaks while his lips are silent.

Day after day, night after night, new applicants came to the Home. Creed, color, or nationality was never considered in admitting a subject. "Is he a working boy? Or is he able and willing to work? Is he homeless?" Such was the import of the

questions. If answered in the affirmative, the doors were opened to him at once; and it was not long before there was an occupant for every cot that could comfortably be set up in the various rooms of the three-story dwelling. A very small end room on the main floor, Father Roche reserved for an office; and, as space elsewhere continued to be appropriated for the boys, the "office" became a veritable storehouse.

Into this room opened the humble little chapel. Soul-touching indeed was it, and heart-elevating, to the visitor in the Sunday's twilight to hear the untrained boyish voices swelling the melody of the *O Salutaris*, *Tantum Ergo*, and the joyous *Laudate*. Poor little lads! thrown upon the great, wide sea of life, beaten about by the winds and waves of poverty and adversity: from the strong bark of Christian charity a saving hand is stretched out, and a kindly voice utters words of cheer and guidance. Be brave and true. A God-given friend would pilot you to the port of noble, Christian manhood; and heaven is the haven beyond.

Father Roche had reserved a diminutive room up-stairs for his own private room and sleeping apartment. He was soon, however, to bid farewell to this luxury. Another applicant appears, and the room becomes the property of the boy. "A lounge in the office will do for me!" mentally exclaimed this Father of the fatherless.

From its early days it has been the writer's privilege to visit the Home from time to time, and the facts and incidents that go to make up this simple narrative have been obtained during these brief enjoyable moments. There was one bit of information captured, however, that the genial founder and director of the Home never intended should reach even the friendly pages of THE "AVE MARIA." It was the very day the new Home opened that we heard it fluttering by, and caught it, as it were, "on the wing."

Father Roche had been showing the various rooms to some members of his own family. Kindred ties entitled them to express their thoughts more freely than others

would do. Having in mind the simple little room, with its comfortable appointments, which had been allotted to him in the new house, one of the ladies exclaimed, as the party returned to the main room: "Well, Father, I'm glad that you can give up that old lounge now, and enjoy the comfort of a bed at last." "Don't say anything against the lounge," he rejoined, with a laugh; "putting up with that wasn't my worst experience, by any means. There were three whole weeks after I gave up my room that I couldn't afford to get even that lounge, and night after night I slept sitting on a chair with my head upon a table." Judge of his surprise on entering the room to find some one with note-book and pencil ready to take down that interesting item. Of course he found himself constrained to tell the whole story, without being able to obtain a promise of secrecy, either.

"A lounge in the office will do for me," he had resolved; then came the puzzling query, "How procure the lounge?" It wouldn't cost much, but he hadn't a dollar *that was his own*. When money came in for God's poor, he was not going to use it for his own personal comfort. He would pledge himself for any amount for the homeless boys, but go in debt for himself? Never! And so it was that for those three weeks before the needed money came, after long days of wearing work and travel, he took his short night's sleep in the uncomfortable position we have spoken of above.

One by one friendless little fellows heard of the Home, and of the kind friend ready to give them a helping hand; so the bell kept ringing, and timid lads, or lads made bold by want, stood upon the threshold. Beds were set up between those already standing, and so close together were they that many a boy found no other way of getting into his cot than by climbing over the foot-railing. Portable cots were arranged at night in the play-room and reading apartment. By and by there was literally *no room for more*.

It was then that a stirring appeal went forth far and wide. The "experiment"

had become a success, a necessity. Boston could not, again, do without a working boys' home. Lads born in other States and other lands were not excluded from its shelter: why, then, should not other States and other lands contribute their mite toward its extension and support? Any day the rented dwelling might be needed by its owner: what then would become of the boys? What befall the work well under way? Once more he who was called to do this work turned the key of faith in the treasury of Heaven, and unhesitatingly decided to purchase land and build a Home. The result of this decision and its consequent appeal for funds was the noble building on Bennet St., with the mention of which our sketch opens.

The Home is built of brick, with brown stone trimmings. On the main floor are the office, parlor, work room, the Rev. Director's rooms, and apartments for visiting or assisting clergymen. The second floor is devoted to the chapel, infirmary, community room, and cells for the Franciscan Sisters, who take charge of the domestic arrangements of the house. The third floor contains a large dormitory for the boys, well lighted and well ventilated. Upon this floor are cosy little rooms for the domestics employed to help the Sisters in the manual work of the Home. The fourth floor is a fine dormitory nearly the entire size of the building. The roof is reached from either side of the hall on this floor. Standing thereon, the visitor has a magnificent view of Boston and vicinity for miles around.

It was on the 1st of June, 1886 the third anniversary of the beginning of the work, that the new Home was opened. His Grace Archbishop Williams offered the Holy Sacrifice, assisted by the Rev. Fathers McGuinness and McNulty. The bright, commodious chapel was thronged with the patrons and well-wishers of the institution. At the close of the services many accepted the invitation extended to them to make a tour of the building.

It was a happy day for the young priest, who for many years had looked forward,

now in confidence, now in doubt, toward the beginning of this undertaking now so prosperously progressing; it was a day of gratitude to the Most High, even though an immense debt lay upon his shoulders. But why should he sink beneath it? Surely the past inspired hope for the future. Who could have foretold, that night when the sum total of his temporal means amounted to barely thirty-five cents, that for three years he could have given shelter and food to hundreds of boys, and, independent of building expenses, stand free from debt? The Master had verified His divine promise—"All things which you shall ask in prayer, believing, you shall receive." As it was in the Sacred Heart that Father Roche sowed the seed of this noble work, so has it been to this never-failing source of life that he has looked for its daily existence and future growth.

It will be of interest to many to know what were the tangible forms of these blessings—to hear how Father Roche obtained the temporal assistance indispensably necessary for his work. Everyone knows that the rent of a three-story dwelling in the heart of a large city is anything but a mere nominal sum. A meeting of the charitable ladies of Boston was called just after the opening of the Home. "If one hundred can be found who will individually contribute one dollar a month, the dwelling will be secured." This was the announcement made, and then and there a society was formed, and appropriately placed under the protection of him who upon earth had provided shelter for the Divine Child; and well has the Foster-Father of the Lord fulfilled his trust.

Donations of money, food, clothing, and many useful things, have come to the Home from the very first; gifts, now large, again small, often coming from unknown or unexpected sources in moments of direst need. "It was a dark hour," said Father Roche, "when I had thirty boys in the Home, nothing in the house to eat, and only fifty cents in my pocket; but the dinner came," he concluded, in a matter-of-fact tone, yet

with a smile that spoke volumes. One might expect to see an upward glance, or hear a remark that would tell of divine intervention through human means; but no, indeed: Father Roche leaves you to draw your own inferences. The bustling world in which he moves will never rub off any of his piety, for he never carries a thread of it upon his sleeve. "Darker days came after that," he remarked later on, when this circumstance was recalled to his memory,—“days when I didn't possess a nickel; but the boys never went hungry: help always came in season.”

Two-thirds of each boy's earnings go toward his support and clothing, but a meagre sum it is in many cases. One-third is placed to his account; when for any reason a boy withdraws from the Home, his savings are given him, with a word of kindly advice.

The Home has had but one continual means of income—the Sacred Heart Union, of which any one becomes a member by subscribing for the *Working Boy*, a publication issued monthly at the low price of twenty-five cents a year. It is a pretty journal of eight pages, containing a fine illustration, instructive and entertaining reading matter, and petitions and thanksgivings to the Sacred Heart. A column each month appears in the French, another in the German language. The circulation of the *Working Boy* is large, but, as the organ of a work so noble in aim, it claims the right to a steady increase. There is still a large debt upon the Home; a hampering burden it is, even though the time of the mortgage be long and the rate of interest low. Would that the noble charity stood untrammelled, free to perform its God-like mission among the poor of Christ!

It is well that the reverend founder of this work carried it on in the strength as well as with the resources of the Sacred Heart; for during a long period of time there was no limit to the amount of each day's labor. Mass, meditation, breviary, and frugal breakfast over by half-past seven, he was ready for his regular morning visit to the market, thence to the courts to look after the waifs and strays to whom the station-

houses had given lodging over night. Then followed hours of exertion and travel, on foot and by rail, in the interests of the Home, and of the boys for whom he would secure employment. Home again by the closing of the afternoon, he was ready for the perplexing cares of business; for three or four hours he was besieged by visitors, some seeking aid, some coming to bestow it; kind friends now and then bringing a welcome list of subscribers to the *Working Boy*; all this going on amidst the uproar of the boys in the adjoining play-room, each striving to outdo the other in the boisterous enjoyment of recreation. Night-prayer at nine, and then, while the boys were sleeping in the safe shelter of the Home, he went abroad, seeking in the streets and by-ways and haunts of the great city for the homeless, friendless young souls, whom a timely word and a hand stretched out to help might save from degradation and sin. It was only on his return, often after midnight, that he began his work of necessary correspondence.

Surely it must have been hard for human strength to stand the strain day after day, night after night—and we question whether his labors are much lessened even now.—But with a physical organization which friends and classmates feared would never be equal to the ordinary duties of the priesthood, he has, nevertheless, thriven upon this life of extraordinary care and labor. The secret lies undoubtedly in this: it was his special vocation, and the special graces attached to its accomplishment upheld him. “God fits the back to the burden.” A homely old saying, but a true one. It is only when we lose confidence, and reverse the divine method, wearing ourselves out trying in vain to shape our burdens to our shoulders, that health and strength fail before we have done the work that God allotted to us.

THE crucifix preaches as no mortal tongue can do of the divine nature of that forgiveness so hard for human hearts to practise.—*Heart of Steel.*

The Blood of St. Januarius.*

IT is some fifty years since a celebrated Neapolitan mathematician, named Nicolas Tergola, in a paper which at the time made a great sensation among scientific men, after giving an account of the martyrdom of St. Januarius in the year 313 of our era, described at some length the extraordinary phenomenon of the various changes which the blood of the martyr undergoes, returning, however, always to the form it ordinarily assumes. This phenomenon I am going to describe as best I can after a detailed personal scrutiny, and I shall leave the reader to draw his own conclusions.

The blood of the martyr is contained in a thin, reddish-colored glass phial, pear-shaped, and surmounted by a tube hermetically sealed, and fixed in a reliquary having on both its sides a transparent crystal plate enclosing it. The liquefaction takes place at three several periods in the year—viz, seventeen times in the beginning of May, the anniversary of the removal of the remains of the Saint; eight times in September, during the octave of his feast; and once on the 16th of December, the day of his feast as patron of Naples.

The question before us is how it happens that the solid substance which fills two-thirds of a phial, hermetically closed and impenetrable to chemical agents, and which can not be tampered with from outside, on being brought to face, at some distance, with the head of the Saint, is turned into a fluid as liquid as water, retaining at one time the same volume, and at another increasing so as to fill up the phial completely. That the liquefaction takes place is a fact as startling as it is indisputable, it having been witnessed by thousands in every station of life, whether learned or ignorant, Christians or unbelievers, Catholics or heretics and schismatics; from every country—French, English, Germans, Spaniards; and for successive centuries by the most

intelligent portion of the Neapolitan community.

Are we to believe that this phenomenon is a supernatural fact, a miracle, as Catholics contend it is; or is it to be attributed to any physical influences brought to bear upon it; as, for instance, the effect of light, or of the heat of wax-candles that burn on or near the altar where the liquefaction takes place?

The scientific investigation of the circumstances attending this extraordinary event had never been attempted till an eminent Neapolitan chemist named De Luca, himself an unbeliever, having made up his mind to have the problem solved, directed one of his colleagues, Signor de Punzo, to undertake the task of making certain experiments with a view of comparing them with the phenomena exhibited by the substance said to be the blood of St. Januarius. But before proceeding to narrate the result of the experiments, and the circumstances under which the fact of the liquefaction takes place, a short description of the apparatus and its accessories is necessary.

Behind the altar of the Chapel of St. Januarius in the Cathedral of Naples there is a shrine divided in two compartments, each having a metal door with two locks. There are consequently four keys, two of which are kept at the Archbishop's palace, and two at the *Deputazione del Tesoro*. Twice a year—in May and September—a delegate from the Archbishop's palace, and one from the *Deputazione del Tesoro*, meet in the presence of the chaplain and of other witnesses, to open the doors of the shrine with the keys entrusted to their respective keeping.

On the right-hand side of the compartment is the silver bust of St. Januarius; on the left stands a metal pedestal about 2 feet 6 inches high, supporting in its centre the reliquary, consisting of two round sheet-glasses, about 4½ inches in diameter, set in a silver ring, equally circular, and cemented ¾ inches apart from each other. The lower part of the frame, 2½ inches wide, has a cylindrical rod 8 inches long, made to fit

* Count Orsi, in *The Month*.

into a hollow in the middle of the pedestal. This rod also serves as a handle when the reliquary is carried round the church. The frame is surmounted by an ornament of the same metal, somewhat similar to a crown, $2\frac{3}{4}$ inches high, bearing a cross in its centre. The whole is hermetically closed and soldered.

The reliquary contains two glass phials, the shape of which points evidently to their being of ancient make. They are fastened to the reliquary top and bottom with a whitish cement, and the upper part is so concealed by the cement and the frame that it is not possible to make out how they are closed up. The smaller of the two is cylindrical, and has on its inner sides a few reddish stains of no great size. The larger one is pear-shaped, flattened on two sides, and looks as if it were capable of holding about $2\frac{1}{2}$ ounces of distilled water. This contains an opaque, hard substance, the color of roasted coffee, which fills two-thirds of it. The phial stands within half an inch of the glass sides of the reliquary.

At the commencement of the ceremony the priest removes the reliquary from its stand, and turns it upside-down, to show that the substance contained in the phial has not changed its position. Then, followed by an attendant carrying a lighted taper, he passes before the congregation and proceeds to lay it on the altar, reversing it as he goes from time to time, that everybody may see the immobility of the substance. While the prayers are being said, the contents of the phial are seen to detach of a sudden from its sides, and to obey the movements of the hand as any other liquid would do. The central part at first remains solid until, by degrees, the whole mass is converted into a liquid as thick as honey, opaque, alike in color to the substance in a hard state, and leaving no trace on the sides of the phial whenever the latter is moved about or shaken.

At this stage of the ceremony the reliquary is carried in procession in the church, to be kissed by the by-standers, after which it is put on its stand again, and brought

back, together with the bust of the Saint, to the place where the relic is exposed until the evening.

At nine o'clock both the bust of the Saint and the reliquary are shut up again in the shrine wherefrom they had been removed in the morning. At this moment the substance is still in a liquid state, with, however, the remarkable peculiarity that it adheres to the sides of the phial, and presents an appearance like jelly; and when it is closely examined through the glass, it is found to be of a brownish-yellow color veined with red stripes in different parts. One would be inclined to say that the substance is not the same as the one exhibited in the morning.

A daily and personal attendance at the performance of the phenomenon during the *fêtes* of May and September has enabled me to bear reliable testimony to the following details: Sometimes the substance only liquefies, without any alteration in its bulk; at other times, besides the liquefaction, we see on the surface of the liquid, and near the sides of the phial, a quantity of small bubbles, quite colorless and as big as peas. Sometimes these bubbles are very numerous, and when collected together form a froth, which ordinarily lasts till night. It often happens that a bigger bubble, which is semicircular, consistent, and as opaque as the rest of the mass, is formed in the centre and on the surface of the substance.

During the *fête* of May, 1879, when I was present, the volume of the substance increased continuously every day, so that the phial was full on the last day, and was in that state shut up in the shrine. On the morning of the 1st of September *fête*, the phial was still full when taken out of the shrine, but the substance became liquefied again within a couple of hours, and resumed its ordinary volume during the rest of the octave.

The time within which the liquefaction takes place is never the same. Sometimes the substance becomes liquefied in a few minutes, at other times in about two hours and a half. The temperature inside the

shrine was found to be always identical with that of the chapel, which varied only a degree centigrade with that of the church. But there was no corresponding variation between these different temperatures and the phenomenon. For instance, on September 19, 1879, the substance liquefied after two and a half hours in an atmosphere of 30° centigrade; on the 21st it liquefied in about six minutes in an atmosphere of 27°; and on the 25th, after thirteen minutes, in an atmosphere of 25°.

The two glasses of the reliquary enclosing the phial are flat on the inside as well as on the outside, as is proved by the apparent sameness in the form of the phials when the reliquary is turned upside-down. The feeling produced on one's lips when they are brought in contact with the glass, is the same, as regards the temperature, as that which would have been produced by any other kind of glass vessel. The metallic parts of the reliquary, when touched, marked no difference in the temperature at any time.

The accuracy of the above observations being indisputable, let us try and explain how the reported fact can be produced.

Heat—The hypothesis of a substance melting at a low temperature might possibly be admitted if the phenomenon consisted merely in the liquefaction, and if the point at issue rested on an experiment made a number of times with a tube containing a substance composed of greasy matters mixed with volatile fluids which liquefy at temperatures below 30°; but on the tube containing the mixture being enclosed in another glass vessel, so as to leave a small distance between the outside of the tube and the inside of the glass vessel—as is precisely the case with this phial, hermetically enclosed as it is in a reliquary,—the liquefaction could only take place by exposing it to a very high degree of heat: the experiments of the celebrated Melloni having proved, beyond contest, the impenetrability of glass to the rays of heat produced by focuses of low temperature.

The large number of times, one after an-

other, that the reliquary is kissed can have no effect on it, partially owing to their being frequently interrupted, and to the fact that glass is a bad conductor of heat; besides, the kissing of the vessel never commences before the substance it contains is completely liquefied.

The wax-light held by the priest, better to exhibit the contents of the reliquary, can have no influence on the phenomenon, because it is always being moved about, and at some distance from the reliquary. The surface of the glass plates enclosing the phial being flat (which causes the rays of heat to be divergent instead of convergent) is an additional obstacle to the wax-light producing any sort of difference of temperature; and as regards the wax-lights on the altars, they are too far off to make their action felt.

Can it be that the substance becomes solid by the lowering of the temperature in the shrine, and liquefies again in the chapel, the temperature of which is higher? Unfortunately for this supposition, the temperature of the shrine and chapel is exactly the same. Is it possible, again, for the chaplain who carries the reliquary to let in an amount of heat by some mysteriously hidden apparatus? In this case he must contrive a communication with the reliquary by some means or other; as, for instance, a metallic wire, if it be an electric current, or a tube to let the hot air in. Even then it would be necessary that one or other of these should penetrate inside the reliquary, and act on the phial on all points at the same time. Because we must not forget that the substance, during its liquefaction, detaches itself completely from the inside of the phial. Besides, the supposed contrivances could not fail to be seen by all the by-standers, especially when the reliquary is turned upside-down by the priest.

There is still another ingenious theory of the sceptics. Let us examine what the effect would be if the inside of the reliquary was connected at one of its extremities with two tubes concealed in the metallic framework, and containing different fluids, which

in uniting into fluid would raise the temperature so as to melt the substance in the phial, just as concentrated sulphuric acid and water by their union develop a very considerable warmth.

If this were so, these liquids would produce the desired effect but once; and, as the reliquary is hermetically fastened, and would have to be opened every time to insert the liquids, the action of this mixture upon the phial would be easily detected, as the metallic frame would be the first to get heated. This factitious increase of heat would gradually subside during the time the reliquary is exhibited, and the substance would very soon become solid again at night.

The hypothesis of using dissolvents is equally inadmissible, because (1) the mixture would be seen swimming on the surface of the solid mass contained in the phial, and would melt it gradually from the upper part downwards; (2) it is impossible to conceive a dissolvent penetrating into the very bottom of the vessel which contains a hard substance which fills it, before the upper part of it is previously dissolved; for in this case the phenomenon should manifest itself, at least in the first moments, by a portion of the substance liquefying on the upper part, and by another portion, still solid, adhering to its sides.

The liquefaction of the blood of St. Januarius evidently defies every natural or scientific explanation. It suffices to witness, in good faith and attentively, the ceremonies during which it takes place, to be convinced of the honesty of those who preside over it, and the absolute impossibility of any tricks being practised to produce it. All those who have witnessed this wonderful manifestation have been compelled to bow before evidence. We can not refrain from quoting the words of a man well known for not being over-credulous or too partial to facts of a supernatural nature—Alexander Dumas, Sr., the celebrated novelist, who saw the prodigy taking place in his presence. In the description he gives of the incidents occurring before and during the

phenomenon, one can easily discover that the writer is more or less of a sceptic, and is accustomed to address those who are not over-scrupulous in religious matters, and who like, above all, to be amused. But the light way in which he handles a subject so deserving of all respect, is precisely what proves the sincerity of an acknowledgment given in so clear and spontaneous a way to the reality of the miracle:

“It was a miracle indeed, as the phial was always the same. The priest touched it only to place it on the altar, and to have it kissed by all the by-standers, who never lost sight of it. The liquefaction took place at the very moment the priest laid the phial on the altar. Doubt may raise its head to deny, and science its voice to contradict it, but this is what really took place, what was done without mystery, without imposture, without concealment, and in the sight of everybody. The philosophers of the eighteenth century, as well as modern chemistry, have wasted their Latin upon it. Voltaire and Lavoisier would fain bite at the phial, but, like the serpent of the fable, they pull out their teeth on it. It may be a secret of the Canons of the Tesoro, and kept from generation to generation since the fourth century to our days; but, then, we must admit that the secrecy is more miraculous than the miracle itself. I prefer, therefore, to believe the miracle, and, as far as I am concerned, am prepared to assert its reality.”

A Shrine of Mary in Spain.*

SPAIN, in my opinion at least, can justly lay claim to be *nulli secunda* to any other nation in the world in her devotion to Mary. Whether we consider the shrines, temples, and sacred places, replete with legendary lore and unrivalled in number, if not also in splendor and magnificence, or the unbroken chain of the so-called “Romerias” that from year’s end to year’s end are going on in all parts of the Peninsula in Our Lady’s honor, we can not but acknowledge that the Queen of Heaven has found loving and faithful children in the Spaniards.

Perhaps not a few of the readers of our little magazine, who know or have heard

* *Frondes Silvulae.*

about these Spanish Romerías, which are so peculiarly *Spanish*, can not suppress a smile at the bare mention of the word. I know that for many they are associated with revellings and debaucheries. I am not ignorant of the fact that many give it as their opinion that the feasts of Mary would be considerably improved if the Romerías were entirely done away with. But I, for one, beg to hold a very different opinion; for, even granting that excesses are carried on, a candid mind must own that they invariably arise from the *abuse* and not from the *use* of the Romerías. The excesses committed are, moreover, the action of a few. There are black sheep in every flock, and the few rowdy and intemperate spirits are only the depraved portion of these vast gatherings, and their number is so small that it would astonish our countrymen to see such immense gatherings so orderly and well-behaved. Romerías are in themselves good, and I think it an insufficient reason for doing away with them because a few, at times, behave in a way wholly at variance with the spirit of religion. As well might we from henceforth shut our harbors and not allow our boats to cross the sea, because a few, now and then, have the misfortune to be lost; or stop for good all our trains, because their running is sometimes attended with loss of life and property.

But to come to the subject in hand. The city of Bilboa offers but few attractions to the tourist or pleasure-seeker, and boasts of very little to interest the antiquarian or pious visitor. The same, however, can not be said of Begonia, a small village lying southeast of Bilboa. It is famous no less in profane annals for its heroes who have fought and bled in defence of the never-to-be-surrendered *fueros*, than in ecclesiastical history for its church, the date of the foundation of which runs back for many centuries. Its origin, and how it became enriched with the miraculous—for miraculous it certainly is—image of Our Lady, are made very obscure by the almost infinite number of legends that are told, and handed down from father to son. However, the more

generally received tradition, which I gathered in substance from a small pamphlet obtained from one of the priests stationed at the church of Begonia, is as follows:

When our legend begins, Begonia was little better than a desert, overrun with briars and every species of rank and prickly shrubs—by Begonia I mean that part of it where the church stands. Vizcaya was then a virgin soil, defended from the inroads of Roman, Vandal, Saracen and Carthaginian, and preserved entire, by the Spartan wall of its own intrepid and indomitable people. These *fueros* were then as holy and sacred as they are now. The Apostles and their successors were the only conquerors of this noble people, who embraced the true Faith so earnestly that in a short time their religion became one with their *fueros*, and they strained every nerve to preserve them as one entire whole. God, who knows how to reward the heroic deeds of entire peoples no less than individual actions, knew also that His Holy Mother would be tenderly honored and loved in this loyal country; and in recompense for their virtues He favored them in an extraordinary manner with the miraculous image which at this day stands over the high altar. The precise time of the finding of this statue is not known, but it is certain that it dates back to the very first ages of the Spanish Monarchy. It was found on the slope of Santo Domingo, in the hollow of a tree—chroniclers disagree as to the kind of tree. Nothing is known as to the origin of the image. Whether it was made by angels and placed by divine disposition in the hollow trunk; or whether—which is not unlikely—it was one of the first images made by the newly-converted Basques at the suggestion of St. James or one of his immediate successors, and when made lodged and hidden in a hollow tree for fear of pagan invasions,—all these are only so many surmises, the truth of which will probably never be known.

The way in which the village church came to be called Begonia is a point not wholly devoid of interest to the lovers of

Mary. It received its name in this wise: the faithful of the place, seeing the image, and marvelling at the wonderful way in which it was found, entered into agreement to build a hermitage or oratory, wherein they could place the precious treasure, and honor it with fitting prayers and devotions. The question at issue was, where was it to be built? Some suggested that the most suitable spot was where the image was found, while others proposed the top of a mountain. Each party adhered to its respective opinion, and defended it with warmth; for it was love for Our Lady that animated them and guided their choice. The latter opinion finally prevailed. The work was begun, but God vouchsafed to reveal His designs by a stupendous miracle, which Our Lady Herself confirmed. The materials were gathered together for the building, and the foundations were already laid, when one night angels carried stones and other material to the exact spot where the image was found. The Blessed Virgin, too, appeared to one of the chief men engaged in the work, who, in spite of the miracle, still wished to build the church on some mountain height. She said to him: "Begoña"—two Basque words, signifying, "Build it here." And thenceforth they styled the image *Nuestra Señora de Begoña* (Our Lady of Begoña) and soon a village sprang into existence, which received the same name.

The church was built, and the news of the miraculous finding of the image spreading far and wide, devout children of Mary began to flock from all parts to Her shrine, to pray to Her, to lay at Her feet their grievances and troubles, and to ask Her help and counsel. Miracle after miracle was wrought at Her shrine, which gave renewed vigor to the fervor of the Basques, who unceasingly flocked to Begoña to salute the Queen of Heaven. Individuals, families, nay entire populations, gathered together to make novenas in Her honor. And this lively faith in the protection of Mary is still as great as ever among the Basques of Begoña.

The church is a very pretty one, though

it has suffered severely from the civil wars of this century. In 1835, when Bilboa was besieged by the Carlists, public devotions ceased in the church of Begoña, to prevent all chance of sacrilege. The Liberals took possession of the sacred edifice, and we may be sure they did not leave it as they had found it. They burned the archives of the sacristy, and before the war was ended a great part of the tower was destroyed, and the front of the church battered and riddled with shot. It was in a balcony close by that the intrepid Carlist, General Thomas Zumalacarregui, met his death. Notwithstanding the many losses the church has sustained, the zeal of the clergy and the generosity of the faithful have gone far towards repairing the ravages of the civil wars.

The church, seen from a distance, has a most imposing aspect. Its huge bulk and towering height, commanding the whole of Bilboa and the surrounding country, make the massive buildings of that city dwindle into insignificance before it. It is built in the Gothic style, with three naves. The high altar is of marble of different colors, and three large chandeliers swing from the roof. In the centre is exposed the miraculous image, and its sombre color brings out in bold relief the rich pedestal of silver and marble on which it stands. The walls are adorned with beautiful paintings, representing various scenes in the life of Our Lady, and with votive offerings of the faithful. From the columns hang various banners, offerings of parishes and confraternities, speaking volumes for the piety and lively faith of the donors. Several tapers unceasingly burn before the image, and it is difficult to enter the church at any minute of the day and find it deserted.

It is pleasant to hear the bells ringing out the *Angelus* at sundown, as the busy hum of town life becomes gradually more and more subdued. Moreover, to see the crowds of people climbing the long flight of steps, to close their day's work with a prayer to Mary, the *Consolatrix Afflictorum*, is certainly a consoling and edifying sight.

Catholic Notes.

By a brief dated the first day of October, the Holy Father grants a Plenary Indulgence to all who shall visit Rome during the celebration of his Sacerdotal Jubilee in order to bear public witness to the piety and devotion of their own people, and to render honor and due obedience to the supreme authority vested in the Sovereign Pontiff. The same favor is also extended to those who unite themselves in spirit to such pious pilgrimages, or who in any way whatever promote their success. The conditions are that a novena be made and the third part of the Holy Rosary recited daily before the first day of January. If the novena is repeated during the time fixed for the public audiences, a Plenary Indulgence, on the usual conditions, may be gained on the day of the Jubilee and on the feast that immediately follows the novena. Furthermore, his Holiness remits to all who with contrite hearts make such novenas, for each day, three hundred days of penance that they may have in any way incurred, or that may be due from them. All these indulgences, etc., are applicable to the souls in purgatory.

The Church has never failed to caution her children against the evils, temporal and spiritual, that result from mixed marriages; and she emphasizes this most particularly by withholding her blessing from them, though they may be tolerated in the hope of securing the greater good. It not unfrequently happens that instead of the conversion of the Protestant, there results the apostasy of the Catholic party, either through actual denial of the faith, or by a falling off from the practice of religion. An instance of the unhappiness that oftentimes attends such unions has recently come to our notice, in the case of a greatly afflicted family. The father, a Protestant, died of heart disease, leaving a widow, who, some months before, broke her arm; two sons—one, aged twenty-four years, an idiot; the other an epileptic; and four daughters—the oldest with heart disease; the second in a stupor since her father's death; the third lying helpless for fifteen years, unable to walk, talk, see, or hear; and the youngest about thirteen years old. The mother, born a Catholic, had, shortly after her marriage, abandoned her faith and at-

tended the services of the sect to which her husband belonged. Some years ago she returned to the practice of her faith, to her husband's intense displeasure; and succeeded in bringing all the children, so far as was possible in their peculiar condition, to the blessings and privileges of the Church. But with them it had to be done secretly and with great caution. Now *that* fear is gone, but the blow is very heavy.

Some Protestants are very fond of appealing to primitive Christianity, thinking that they can draw from that armory weapons against the Catholic Church. We are sometimes inclined to wonder whether they have heard of the Coptic Church, or know anything about it. Let them consider what the fact of the existence of that Church means, and what an argument it is for the antiquity of Catholic doctrine and practices. In that establishment we have a Church founded by St. Mark, which, notwithstanding that it has erred in certain essential points of doctrine, still retains most of the forms and beliefs of the primitive Christians. The *Indo-European Correspondence* points out some instances of this, which it may be as well to reproduce here. The Coptic Church has always held to Seven Sacraments; it demands confession as an indispensable prerequisite to receiving Holy Communion; the laity receive Communion only in one kind; the Coptic word for *altar* means "place of sacrifice." Here, says the *Correspondence*, we have *living* witnesses, if our separated brethren pay no heed to departed ones.

One of the most impressive religious ceremonies of the year was that which recently occurred in Canada, when a young Indian girl made her profession as a member of the community of Gray Sisters. In the tender years of childhood she had been received as an orphan by the Sisters, and, proving to be very intelligent, she was carefully instructed in the branches of a liberal education, and became remarkably proficient. Two years ago she asked to be received into the novitiate; her request was granted, and she received the name of Sister Nebraska. Her solemn vows were pronounced in the cathedral, which was filled with an immense throng. The new religious received Holy Communion with her aged mother, who could hardly restrain her

joy, and who cried out to all after Mass: "I am a great lady now!" One of those most deeply impressed by the ceremony was the chief of the Muskegon tribe, who was accompanied by a grand retinue of "braves." "What has happened to-day," he said, "is a proof that we poor savages are not a despicable race, and that, at least in religion, all men are equal. I am satisfied to-day, and I can understand what good may be done by religion when faithfully practised."

The following statement, contained in a recently published article by Professor Huxley, is worth quoting. The distinguished scientist dislikes to appear illogical, and he has been pushed to the wall so often of late that he is more guarded in his utterances than formerly:

"Nobody can presume to say what the order of nature must be; all that the widest experience (even if it extended over all past time and through all space) that events had happened in a certain way could justify, what would be a proportionally strong expectation that events will go on so happening, and the demand for a proportional strength of evidence in favor of any assertion that they had happened otherwise. It is this weighty consideration, the truth of which every one who is capable of logical thought must surely admit, which knocks the bottom out of all *à priori* objections either to ordinary 'miracles' or to the efficacy of prayer, in so far as the latter implies the miraculous intervention of a higher power. No one is entitled to say *à priori* that any given so-called miraculous event is impossible; and no one is entitled to say *à priori* that prayer for some change in the ordinary course of nature can not possibly avail."

A recent number of the *Scientific American* contains an interesting account of the magnificent memorial which is being erected to Christopher Columbus at Barcelona, the port from which, in the year 1493, he embarked to carry to the monarchs of the world the news of the discovery of America, which he had made in the preceding year. The statue of Columbus which the people of Barcelona are putting up is of colossal size. The design is animated and the figure life-like. Columbus is represented as pointing westward, and his eye is on that land which he discovered and Christianized.

Our English exchanges announce the death of the Rev. Father Keogh, a well-known priest of the London Oratory. He was born in 1833, and educated at St. Edmund's College,

Ware, where he was the favorite pupil of the famous Dr Ward. At the age of twenty-one he joined the London Oratory, and then began a long life of devotion and varied usefulness. Father Keogh was the author of "Specimens of Scientific History," and a collection of lives of the new English *beati*. His devotion to this latter task, which is only half completed, is thought to have hastened his last illness. He also finished and prepared for the press Father Knox's valuable "Life of Cardinal Allen." St. Raphael's Hospital for Catholic men, the only institution of its kind in London, of which Father Keogh was the founder, will perpetuate his memory. *R. I. P.*

A notable convert to the Faith was the late Joseph Middleton, Esq., of Woodside, Chestnut Hill, Pa. He was a member of the Society of Friends until he had reached middle life, when he and his wife and children were received into the Church by Father Domenec, afterwards Bishop of Pittsburg. Two of his daughters became Sisters of Mercy, and his only son became a priest of the Order of St. Augustine. Mr. Middleton was the original owner of the property on which the beautiful Mother-House and Academy of the Sisters of St. Joseph, at Chestnut Hill, Pa., now stand. He was seventy-four years of age at the time of his death. May he rest in peace!—*The Pilot*.

Obituary.

"It is a holy and wholesome thought to pray for the dead."

— 2 MACH., xii., 46.

The following persons, lately deceased, are commended to the charitable prayers of our readers: Mother Mary Agnes, of the Visitation Convent, Maysville, Ky., whose useful and selfless life was crowned with a precious death on the 5th inst.

Mr. J. J. Hickman, of Newark, N. J., who passed away on the Feast of All Saints, fortified by the last Sacraments.

Mrs. Catherine Carney, a warm friend and life-subscriber of THE "AVE MARIA," whose happy death occurred in Boston, on the 8th inst. She was one of the oldest Catholic residents of that city, and a model of every Christian virtue.

Mr. Patrick Daley, who met with a sudden death at Du Bois, Pa., on the 5th inst. He was highly esteemed by a large circle of friends.

Mr. Benjamin Barton, of Dublin, Ireland; Mr. E. Dwyer, Trenton, N. J.; Mrs. Mary Walsh, Los Angeles, Cal.; and John Weelar, Baltimore.

May they rest in peace!



The Feasts of the Church.

AS day by day the year goes round,
 And still, as day by day
 The measured term of every life
 Ebbs slowly thus away,
 Our mother Church, with tender care,
 Guides us from place to place,
 And bids us tread with reverent feet
 The holy path we trace;
 For, shining on the steep ascent,
 Saints show the way before,
 And light and glory linger there
 From heaven's open door;
 And each sweet feast our mother gives
 Of grace a larger store.

Leo Marson's Victory.

BY E. V. N.

III.

If there was any hour of the day at which Leo merited the title of "Young Wilful" it was when he got up in the morning. Tom the valet and Mrs. Marson or Celina usually called him three or four times, and when he rose he had no thought of beginning the day with prayer, unless he was made to kneel before a bronze crucifix that hung over his bed. The first thing he usually did was to wind his top, and throw it between the feet of those who came to aid him in making his toilet. Next he would throw his boots against the ceiling, then give vent to a torrent of favorite phrases—"I want my pomatum! Let me part my hair myself! I don't want you to put on my neck-tie!"—and in the interludes he popped off his toy cannon, or twisted off the feet and tails of the leaden horses in his cavalry.

The day of Colonel Donaldson's departure Mrs. Marson rose very early, and ordered

a domestic to bring down Leo's trunk, which she addressed for Washington, and then placed in the boy's room. After this she left the house mysteriously, and was absent so long that Leo, weary of lying in bed, began screaming for Celina to come and dress him. Mr. Marson had often objected to his wife's acting as nurse for "that big boy," but the lady thought that if her god-child were able to help himself she would be called upon to give him up sooner to his guardian. On this occasion the spoiled child had a toy whip, and was chasing Celina about the room, inflicting stinging blows, when his aunt entered.

"Why did Leo rise so early this morning?" she asked, impatiently.

"Madam, it is after nine o'clock," said the maid, pointing to a timepiece.

"That clock is fast. I did not wish him to get up this morning; he is ill."

"Sick—I sick!" screamed Leo, and he jumped up high and came down with both feet on a stool.

"Yes, I am afraid you are ill." And she lowered her voice: "If you are not sick, your uncle will take you away with him; go to bed again—that's a good child."

"Where must I be sick, auntie?" he inquired, mischievously.

"I think you are threatened with the measles. This morning I went to telegraph to my brother to pay us a visit to-day, and he answers that the children have the measles, and are all out on the plantation. Lift up your chin; why, there's a red spot! See, Celina!"

"No wonder it's red, madam; that is where he just struck himself with his whip."

"Nevertheless, the measles are raging, and we must take precautions. Now, lie still, Leo, and you shall have chocolate and hot cakes. Let me cover you."

She had only time to lay a corner of the sheet over the boy, when Mr. Marson entered, and cried: "Where is that sluggard of a Colonel? I have been waiting for him on the public square ever so long. And Leo, too, is still in bed! What fooling is

this, Caroline?"—casting a glance full of reproof on his wife.

"The child is far from well. I did not like to expose him by letting him rise early, for I hear the measles are raging in the neighborhood."

"This sickness has come up very suddenly, I declare. The best thing is to diet him; dieting is the remedy of remedies." (He smelt the rich flavor of the chocolate that Celina was bringing in.)

"Robert," suggested Mrs. Marson, "I fear the Colonel is sick, he is so late; will you go and see, please?"

"Sick! He is made of iron! However, I can knock at his door." And he passed out through the *boudoir* to the Colonel's sleeping-room.

"Drink quick!" said his aunt to Leo, holding the cup to his lips.

"It is like the town rat and the country rat, auntie," remarked the child.

But his erudition spoiled the scheme; for just as Mrs. Marson was moving the tell-tale cup, in walked both the Colonel and Mr. Marson. After bidding his cousin good-morning, the soldier approached the bed, and inquired:

"At what hour does my ward rise?"

"Oh! quite early usually. Once he wakes up he can not endure to lie still, but this morning—a—an indisposition forces him to—"

"An indisposition! Why, he looks remarkably well. Show me your tongue, my lad."

Leo did so, but kept his eyes closed tight.

"Don't you find his tongue charged?" inquired Mrs. Marson.

"By no means. Don't be alarmed, Caroline; make the boy get up."

"I do not dare to, cousin, before the doctor comes and gives his opinion. Imagine the consequences if he should take a chill! You see, I had intended to have him ready to go with you at half-past one; there is his trunk." And she indicated it with a wave of her hand.

"Oh, then, it is not a farce!" muttered Mr. Marson, who looked alternately at the

red face of Leo and the obstinate visage of his wife; then, striking the floor with his cane, he said: "I will send for the doctor."

"Do, please, Robert, let *me* take care of him meantime; one nurse is enough," put in Mrs. Marson. "There, I hear the breakfast bell! I will join you directly."

When passing the kitchen Mr. Marson could not refrain from asking Celina if she had aught to do with inventing Leo's sickness. "I smelt chocolate in the room," he said, much vexed at seeing the opportunity go by of getting rid of the little tyrant.

"Oh, no, sir! When *you* are ill you take coffee, when Leo is ill he drinks chocolate."

After breakfast the gentlemen went to their business affairs, and Mrs. Marson acted as jailer to her godson. At noon the Colonel and Mr. Marson came in for lunch, and the latter inquired how his nephew was.

"There is no change yet, apparently," said Mrs. Marson. "Come up and see; the redness still remains."

They went to the bedside, and the tender auntie delicately raised the sheet from the boy's face. He *was* red—*very* red; for he was nearly smothered.

Mr. Marson suddenly drew a bottle from his pocket, in which two big leeches were squirming, and held them directly before the boy's face.

"These will remove the redness in a short time; I am going to apply them."

But Leo bounded out of bed in an instant, and screamed: "I am not sick! I don't want to be leeches!"

"Just as I thought," cried the boy's irate uncle. "What a way to bring up a child! My dear wife, what lessons of duplicity your tenderness is instilling into his unformed mind, and how selfish this sort of procedure is making him! Let his guardian take him, I entreat you."

"Not at all! I protest, Mr. Marson! You know that you never liked the child; you are always teasing him."

The Colonel was pretending to look at the landscape from the window, but was actually laughing till the tears ran down his cheeks. However, he was too upright

not to be disgusted with what he had witnessed, and too prudent to push matters further for the present. After a moment he observed:

"I think it is better not to take the boy with me to-day. I wished to have him with my children for a few weeks, to habituate him somewhat to discipline before entering college; for I was afraid the change might prove too violent. But I will leave him a little longer. Good-bye, Leo."

At half-past one the Colonel set out for Washington, and Mrs. Marson hoped that she had gained her point for at least another year; she was therefore in high spirits.

Mr. Marson, however, was very serious during the hours that elapsed after his guest's departure, and when Leo appeared at supper, his uncle could not forbear a renewed expression of disgust.

Celina undertook to counsel her mistress when the latter called her to impart her successful diplomacy. "Now, madam," said the girl, "if I were you, I would make Leo go to school. And let us try to keep him out of the kitchen, or there will be more trouble. Mr. Marson is too old to change, but we can train Leo."

"Well, you know I promised the lad a holiday; after that, we will see about amusing him in some other way."

IV.

The streets of Harrisburg were thoroughly washed by a heavy shower of rain during the night, and a clear, beautiful sky invited Mr. Marson to an early walk. The Susquehanna had yielded an abundance of her piscatorial riches; fish packed in ice was advertised at many stalls, and our merchant gave an extensive order to the market-men.

On returning from his refreshing ramble, Mr. Marson stepped to the kitchen door, and bade Celina boil the fresh cod from Maine for his dinner, and prepare for the following day the salmon-trout *à la maître d'hotel*.

"Codfish is better fried!" cried Leo, who was running about in the basement, and observed all the movements in the culinary department.

Mrs. Marson, hearing her husband's voice, advanced, and the latter said: "I wish the codfish to be boiled"; then, imperiously, "do you hear, madam?"

"Yes, certainly, Robert; Celina always does as you tell her."

Leo hid behind Celina's big, white apron, and called after his uncle, in a little shrill voice: "Fried—fried—fried!" And Mr. Marson, although he heard the boy, moved on without turning to look back, or chide him for his impertinence.

To Celina's surprise, her mistress counselled the cook to fry the codfish, and please her nephew, whose appetite was delicate; adding, "Mr. Marson will be preoccupied all day with his business, and will forget his orders."

When dinner was announced, and the soup-tureen removed, Celina came in with a well-garnished platter, and placed the savory codfish before Mrs. Marson.

"No, no!" cried her husband; "let me serve. Caroline, pass me the fish-knife."

But no sooner did the master of the house lay eyes on the crisp circlets, browned in the highest perfection, than his apoplectic countenance turned white with anger. He looked at his wife, then at Celina, and finally at Leo, whose impudent smile completed his exasperation. Pushing the platter rudely aside, so that it came near overturning a half dozen articles, he exclaimed:

"So I am no longer to be obeyed in my own house!"

"Why, yes, Robert," answered his disconcerted spouse, "of course you are always master; but who could imagine that—"

"No, it is Young Wilful that controls matters here."

"Come, come, my dear, calm yourself, and help yourself to fish; it is much easier, you know, to fry it than to boil it."

"No, I will not touch it; let us have the next course."

Mr. Marson finished his dinner in the most serious mood; then, rising, passed into a private parlor, opened a secretary which he rarely used, and rapidly penned the following note:

MY DEAR COLONEL:—The truth is, that I must in sincerity reproach myself for having on several occasions joined my wife in her plans to keep your ward a little longer; for when the time of separation approached, she was so deeply grieved that compassion got the better of me. But her indulgence knows no bounds, and I am convinced that it is high time for Leo to leave us, or he will be spoiled beyond redemption. We have no vocation for bringing up children. Be so kind, then, as to send for the lad as early as possible. I shall, of course, sustain you in the disagreeable affair.

Most cordially yours,

MARSON.

Mr. Marson sealed the note, then took his hat and cane, and, contrary to his usual custom after dinner, left the house at once. Although Mrs. Marson contrived to be in the vestibule and Celina found the door-mat needed shaking, he passed out without even a glance at either of them, and hastened to mail his communication.

"I fancy he is not half as displeased as he pretends," observed the lady to her maid.

"Perhaps not, but he gave a very sharp look at Master Leo," rejoined the girl. "But I will prepare hot muffins for supper; that may restore his good-humor. And I must repeat, madam, the boy ought to go to school, or else remain up-stairs. Mr. Marson is entirely out of patience with him. And really it is not the boy's place to order the meals."

"Oh, men are so selfish!" said Mrs. Marson. "To get angry for a fish being fried!"

V.

A fortnight after this scene Mrs. Marson received a short letter from Colonel Donaldson, enjoining her in very polite but very precise terms to have Leo conducted to Baltimore, where his domestic, William Conrad, would meet the boy, and take him on to Washington. Her first thought was to resist this formal demand; her second, to elude it; but in the latter course she would be obliged to have Mr. Marson's co-operation, and that gentleman declared that the Colonel's order should be obeyed without delay. Then he talked over what the law and the orphans' court required of guardians, said Mr. Donaldson's demand was most reasonable, and remarked that he

had been very condescending to leave Leo with them so long.

Mrs. Marson wrote and telegraphed, but Leo's guardian remained inexorable; and the most singular thing in the whole affair was that the boy suddenly expressed desires in direct opposition to those of his god-mother. After having said in every tone of the scale, "I don't want to go," he now repeated, stamping his little foot on the floor with vehemence: "I want to go; *I will go!*"

Mrs. Marson, finding herself abandoned by all her natural allies, even by Celina, was obliged to yield and pack her darling's trunk. The nominal school-boy went to say farewell to Brother Hilary and his assistants in the parochial school; as they could not conscientiously give him any premium, they presented him with some medals, pictures, and a prayer-book; and, with many good wishes, bade him be docile and studious in future.

The grief of the devoted auntie was softened by her firm conviction that the Colonel and his wife would never put up with such a capricious, self-willed child, and would soon send him back to Harrisburg, in despair of curing him. "You see, Celina," said she, "their children are gentle and docile, but Leo is so wild they'll be glad to have me take him back. Three weeks, I am sure, will settle the matter."

The manner in which her pet behaved during the whole journey to Baltimore was certainly calculated to confirm her hopes. He began by obliging his aunt to give him the seat next the window. When any one left a place for a moment, he would rush out and take it. The windows and blinds seemed to have been contrived solely for his benefit or amusement; for he opened and closed them at will. Mrs. Marson having given the boy a travelling-cup to get her a drink, he walked to the iced-water urn, drank, and *then* filled the goblet for his aunt. The passengers in general were greatly annoyed by his rudeness, but his blinded godmother smiled serenely at his doings. At length the train entered the depot at Baltimore, and Mr. Marson heaved

a sigh of relief, but his wife's eyes filled with tears. Conrad soon appeared, and, after a cordial greeting from Mr. Marson, presented his written order for receiving the ward of Colonel Donaldson.

"How long can we remain here?" inquired Mr. Marson; and when a time-table was shown him, he called out: "Well, Leo, you may order dinner; I fancy it will be long before you enjoy your favorite privilege again." And he exchanged a significant glance with Conrad, who seemed to think that the remark would prove literally true.

Dinner was soon ready, and the good Mr. Marson showed that the success of his undertaking, and the journey, had given him a capital appetite. After the meal was over, while Mrs. Marson was counselling Leo to write, her husband made a sign to Conrad to join him in another apartment.

"You will have to be very firm with that youngster, my man, or he will not go with you; and as his aunt is extremely indulgent, I fear—"

"My orders are precise. I must be at Washington this evening, and bring the lad with me."

"Excellent!—military form, I see."

Five minutes later Conrad and Leo were seated in the train, and Mr. and Mrs. Marson prepared to return alone to Harrisburg. On arriving home, Mrs. Marson was in very low spirits for a time, until she found that her birds and greenhouse, having been neglected of late in her preoccupation with her nephew, needed prompt attention. Then exercise in and out of doors restored her drooping spirits; and Mr. Marson, finding himself the sole object of her housekeeping talents, became as good-natured as ever.

Leo bought whatever he wanted on the cars (evidently Conrad had received orders not to oppose him) and as he consumed an unusual amount of fruit and caramels, he was not feeling very comfortable when he reached the depot, where his uncle, with his sons Edward and Augustus, waited to receive him.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Power of Habit.

There is a fairy story of a princess who was shut up in a castle, out of which she must make her escape, or else be starved to death. After a long search, she found the key of the main door, and it was the same that unlocked the gate at the entrance of the grounds. Escape seemed easy enough now.

The bright sun is shining on the forest in which the castle stands, and the princess joyfully hastens to the door, that she may pass it and be free. Just outside the door a spider's web is hanging from top to bottom. She sweeps it away in a moment, and is going on; when, behold, another spider's web is before her, between the trees of the narrow pathway! It is very easy to sweep that too, and she does it. But there is a third; and when that is removed, a fourth; and when that is removed, a fifth; and when that is removed, a sixth; and so again, and again, and again; and at last the poor princess sits down and weeps bitterly, and feels that, though there is only a spider's web between her and liberty, she shall never be free.

Habits are like these spiders' webs. Each single act of a habit—what is easier to be overcome? But it is the constant succession of them, the coming of them one after the other, which, except by God's especial assistance, will in the long run overcome us.

A Little Girl's Definition of Scandal.

Some girls were asked by one of the inspectors at a school examination whether they knew the meaning of the word "scandal." One little girl stepped forward, and, holding her hand up, attracted the notice of the inspector. He desired her to answer the question, upon which she uttered these memorable words: "Nobody does nothing, and everybody goes on telling of it everywhere."



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Mater Immaculata.

BY ANGELOUQUE DE LANDE.

I.

THESE are many bright feasts of Our Lady
 To the hearts of Her children most dear;
 They come with the blossoms of springtime,
 With the frosts of the fast closing year.
 And each brings its own tender lesson
 Of meekness, of love, and of trust—
 Strong links in that chain of devotion
 Whose gold will not tarnish or rust.

II.

But there's one, and it comes in December,
 That month overflowing with mirth,
 When even the careless remember
 How the Saviour was once upon earth:
 'Tis the Feast of Her spotless Conception
 In the womb of the Blessed St. Ann.
 Then began the great work of Redemption,
 Restoring lost rights unto man.

III.

Immaculate Queen of Creation!
 Of whom Thy Creator was born,
 Accept the poor tribute we offer
 On this Thy glad festival morn.
 O Mother of mothers most tender,
 We children so signally blessed
 Our souls to Thy keeping surrender,
 O purest, O sweetest, O best!

Shrines of Mary in Mexico.

BY THE VERY REV. J. ADAM.

THINKING that the readers of Our Lady's magazine may be interested in hearing some of the experiences in a foreign land of one of its old contributors, I am going to tell them something about my peregrinations in Mexico. I shall not inflict on them a minute account of my travels, but will select only what I deem of most interest, and what is more closely connected with THE "AVE MARIA"—namely, my visits to the sanctuaries of Our Lady.

After passing through the States of Arizona and New Mexico, on September 20 I crossed the line that divides Mexico from the States, and I must confess I became somewhat downcast at the thought that I was no longer under the protection of the Stars and Stripes; the more so as I was told that I would not be allowed to enter Mexico with the Roman collar—a piece of information which I soon found to be incorrect. It happened that not far from the border-line I was reading a pious book in which was quoted the text of St Paul: "If I should try to please men, I could not be a servant of Christ"; so I said to myself: "I am not going to try to please a few radicals; I will venture to enter our sister Republic in the same garb in which I travel in the United States. After wearing the Roman collar for

"TIME restores all things." Wrong!
 Time restores many things, but eternity
 alone restores all.—*Abbé Roux.*

twenty-five years, it will not do to say that I had to take it off in a Catholic country."

Just as we entered Mexico, I was stopped—not, however, on account of my collar, but to have my basket and valise searched. At first the officer told the driver to go on, but when he saw I was a priest he countermanded the order, and wished to examine my effects. Still, he was not impolite; the only action on the part of the custom-house officers which I could complain of was that they took away from me a large photograph of an Indian called Gabriel, one hundred and forty years old. On my protesting at this, they called the head officer, and, after a few moments' deliberation, the latter decided to let it go. Then the sub-officer asked me whether I had any more photographs. "Yes, I have," was my reply, and from the bottom of my trunk I produced a large bound book entitled "Enchings of the Franciscan Missions of California"; so the head officer was called again, and to my great relief he signified this time also that I might pass unmolested. Having secured my trunk I hurried to the Pullman-car, with my valise and basket in my hands, when I was accosted by the porter, who said: "You can not take these things inside the car unless they are examined and labelled by custom officers." And, although I assured him they had been thoroughly examined at the line, it was of no avail: I had to run the gauntlet of inspection again; though this time there was no trouble made, as I had no photographs in my valise.

Next morning we saw the towers of Chihuahua church piercing the clouds; we did not stop there, but travelled twenty-four hours more, till we reached Zacatecas. As the cars gradually ascend an eminence about 8 000 feet above the level of the sea, you see the city under you, and very quaint it looks, with its adobe houses and flat roofs, looming one over another. I heard one of my fellow-travellers remark that the houses bore a striking resemblance to those of Judea.

After dinner, accompanied by our hotel

agent, I took the street-cars that run from the plaza to the little town of Our Lady of Guadalupe, which contains one of the most richly adorned chapels in the world. On the car I had the good fortune to meet a priest, who was also going to Guadalupe; he pointed out to me a sanctuary looming on the top of the hill, above the city. It was called the Sanctuary of Our Lady of La Bufa, and my friend was the chaplain of it. I asked him about the antiquity of the chapel, but he could tell me nothing, except that when he was a little boy the sanctuary had already existed for many years—which I did not doubt, as my informant was not more than forty years old. He told me that the principal feast is celebrated every year on the 15th of September—the Octave of the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin,—when a great many people climb up the mountain, there being no path for vehicles, but only for humble beasts, which, by the way, abound in every part of Mexico—another point of resemblance to Judea.

I expressed an earnest wish to learn the history of the image, but the good chaplain regretted his inability to satisfy my desire, and asked me to read a circular he had issued inviting the people of Zacatecas to the feast. I feel bound to quote a few lines of the document, for fear that if my friend should happen to read this sketch he might not forgive me for the omission:

"When a false philosophy tries to stifle the feelings that elevate and ennoble men and nations, it is worth while to recall to the hearts of our people memories of the past, which are also lessons for the time to come. People of Zacatecas, Mary is the advance-guard that watches continually over the walls of Christian Israel, in order to sound the alarm, and to fill with heroic valor its sleeping defenders."

As the 16th of September is the anniversary of the Independence of Mexico, it was no wonder that the circular contained many patriotic sentiments, such as the following: "Our nation fought in the name of Mary for its liberty and its laws; under Her protection the whole nation triumphed over

barbarism and tyranny; and for this reason the whole nation should take part in this celebration in honor of our heavenly Patroness."

After half an hour's ride we arrived at the quiet little town of Guadalupe, and directed our steps at once towards the far-famed sanctuary of Mary. Entering the church, we saw on the main altar a large picture of Our Lady of Guadalupe, and on a side altar the relics of one of the Holy Innocents massacred by Herod; but the attention is drawn at once to a side chapel on the left as you go in, which may be called a Temple of Solomon in miniature, heavily gilded. In a niche on the main altar is a statue of Our Lady of Naples. This image was brought here from Naples, when and under circumstances I could not ascertain: these holy priests being apparently more anxious to preserve the devotion than the facts connected with it.

There are three altars altogether, and on the wall are fine frescos. I will mention only one, which represents the four quarters of the globe honoring Mary, and testifying to the fulfilment of Her prophetic words: "Henceforth all generations shall call Me blessed." The railings of the altars are of nickel, highly ornamented, and inlaid with gold. I was told that Father Sanchez, the present guardian of the Franciscans, having had a large sum of money placed in his hands by a pious lady, determined to expend it in building this chapel in honor of our Blessed Mother. He has spent more than \$80,000 on it, his liberal benefactress renewing her donations when she saw the way in which her money had been employed. Over the entrance gate are the words, "*Dilexi decorem domus tuæ.*" I could not help remarking that the text had never been better employed, and that it should be written on the tomb of good Father Sanchez when called to receive a crown from the Mother of God, whose memory he has honored here on earth by giving to the people one of the richest chapels in the Christian world.

Next day, before taking the train for the

capital, we had a chance to admire once more the beautiful, slender tower and shining cupola of Our Lady's chapel, and witnessed at the station of Guadalupe a touching sight seldom seen elsewhere—namely, that of a man about forty years old kneeling by the railroad-track, in the sight of everyone, to receive his father's blessing. I saw the tottering old man raise his hand over him, and bestow a benediction with the utmost solemnity.

I arrived in Mexico early on the 24th of September, and went to the Church of the Immaculate Conception, close by the hotel, to say Mass. In the afternoon I visited the cathedral, and presented my letters of recommendation to the secretary of the Archbishop. I intended to say Mass at the Sanctuary of Our Lady of Guadalupe on Sunday, but, not feeling well, had to be content with celebrating at the hospital. Next day I took the street-cars, and soon found myself at the foot of the hill Tepeyac, where the Blessed Virgin appeared to Juan Diego. No doubt most of the readers of THE "AVE MARIA" are familiar with the apparitions of the Queen of Heaven to the happy Indian; however, a brief outline of the facts concerning this extraordinary event may be welcome, especially as this is the year of the solemn coronation of the miraculous picture of Our Lady of Guadalupe.

Before speaking of this, however, let me endeavor to convey to your readers my impressions on arriving at the sanctuary. The name of Guadalupe awakes in the breast of every Mexican the keenest religious and patriotic feelings. The Tepeyac, so arid in itself, had a certain celebrity even in pagan times, as the then unconverted Indians used to adore on that mountain a goddess called in their language *Tonantzin* (Mother of other gods), at whose feast the benighted tribes used to assemble in great numbers. It was here, too, that the Captain-General Gonzalez de Sandoval had his camp when Cortes besieged the city of Mexico in 1521. So far it has been impossible to ascertain the time when the first chapel was built. We are told that the miraculous picture of Our

Lady was first venerated over the door of one of the houses of Mexico, which was soon turned into a sanctuary. It is said also that wonderful events took place in that small chapel. About the middle of the sixteenth century it was enlarged to the size of a church, and as such serves to-day as sacristy to the present magnificent temple. It was in this church that the sacred picture remained till the year 1622.

In September, 1629, the city of Mexico suffered a dreadful inundation; the people besought the Archbishop to allow them to convey the image of Our Lady to the city, in order to preserve it from destruction. It was brought and placed in the pro-cathedral, and there kept till May, 1634, when the waters having abated, the image was brought back to its former resting-place with great pomp. At this time devotion to Our Lady of Guadalupe increased in a wonderful manner; copies of Her picture were made by the best painters, and scattered around in such profusion that soon not a church or private house was without one of them. Even while I write these lines I have before me in my room a beautiful copy of the picture, and on going down stairs I noticed on the wall a large painting of the Blessed Virgin's first apparition to Juan Diego.

About the year 1663 a petition was sent to the Holy See, requesting that a proper Office and Mass be assigned for the 12th of December, the day of Our Lady's last apparition. For the furtherance of this object the metropolitan chapter took all the information necessary concerning the apparitions, and twenty-one witnesses, before competent judges, deposed to all the facts as they had heard them from their very childhood. These documents were sent to Rome, a copy of them being preserved in Mexico.

The present edifice was commenced in 1695, and was finished in 1709. It is of the Doric order, with three naves divided by eight pillars. The middle nave is higher than the others, and is surmounted by a cupola. The building looks north and south, and has three doors. Some say that it cost

\$420,000; others make the amount \$800,000; whichever estimate is correct, the money was all the outcome of almsgiving. Statues of SS. Joachim and Anne stand on either side of the main altar, which is of marble; above are the Archangels, SS. Michael, Gabriel, and Raphael; and still higher, amongst the cherubim, is a representation of the Most Blessed Trinity. The altar is adorned with two pillars of white marble, and two others of a reddish color; between these the miraculous picture, enclosed in a frame of silver, attracts the attention of every visitor, and here thousands of pilgrims kneel to obtain the protection of Our Lady of Guadalupe. On this favored spot I had the happiness to pray for some time, for my relatives, friends, and benefactors, not forgetting the pious readers of *THE "AVE MARIA."*

(CONCLUSION IN OUR NEXT NUMBER.)

Brother Mansuetus.

BY CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

I.

THE way grew weary as it wound onward and upward, from among the stiff lines of poplars on the plain, toward a mountain fastness in the south of France. Mile after mile changed the character of the road from dust to grit; it gathered roughness, was rock-strewn and broken, and finally, dwindling to a mere grass-fringed bridle-path, it struck into a wild gorge that opened like an iron gate in the wall of the mountain.

Along this forbidding track a solitary traveller plodded painfully as the night was coming on. His air was courtly; his gait and carriage high-bred; his engaging features, while they betrayed an almost dangerous knowledge of the world—it was the face of a man who had enjoyed the pleasures of life, and of life in the French capital at the most brilliant period of the Empire,—yet bore an expression of pain that argued the possession of a heart of the liveliest sensibility, now stricken with contrition.

He looked neither to the right nor to the left, this pilgrim in the twilight; he seemed wrapped in a reverie, which even his stumbling feet, the gathering darkness, and the dew-fall could not dispel. The steep walls of the gorge closed soon about him. Far below plunged an ice-cold torrent that broke in upon the silence with sullen roar; far above towered the monumental cliffs, fringed with Alpine forests; between the heights and the depths, upon a ledge of rock that afforded only dangerous foothold, the mysterious stranger pressed forward with an energy that was apparently inspired by increasing difficulties.

Eight centuries before, St. Bruno had threaded a wilderness similar in most respects to this. He was a youth of glorious destiny; possessed of a studious disposition, he achieved the whole circle of the sciences. He was accounted a clever poet of the period; he excelled in philosophy and theology, and was celebrated among his contemporaries as poet, philosopher, and divine; he was even regarded as master and model of the schools. Refusing the Cardinal Archbishopric of Reggio, he was hailed as the light of churches, the doctor of doctors, the glory of the two nations of France and Germany, the ornament of the age, the model of men, and the mirror of the world—as an ancient writer quaintly records.

St. Bruno and six companions, by the advice of St. Robert, Abbot of Molesme, journeyed to Grenoble, and, casting themselves at the feet of the saintly Bishop Hugh, begged of him a corner in his diocese, where, remote from the world and forgotten of men, they might devote their lives to the worship of God.

Prophetic hour! On the night preceding the visit of St. Bruno, the pious Bishop of Grenoble had in his dreams beheld a vision of God building a church in the wilderness of Chartreuse, while seven newly-arisen stars, forming a circle, served to pilot him into that hitherto unexplored portion of his diocese. These are those well-favored stars, thought the Bishop; and forthwith he led them into the land of his vision, until that

moment a desolate and forbidding region.

Doubtless such thoughts as these accompanied the recluse as he threaded the narrowing gorge. St. Bruno and his followers have inspired many to walk in the rugged path, but all paths were then more difficult; patient industry has hollowed out a foothold in the more inaccessible heights, and at present one approaches even the most isolated retreat with comparatively little risk, though not without fatigue. Fog and snow visit those bleak heights a good portion of the year, and the fog was thickening now; the æolian murmur of the pines and the deep rumble of the torrent drowned the footsteps of the pilgrim, even as they had drowned the footsteps of the flying saint, who, scorning preferment, sought with his followers the solitude of the mountain that was to become a tabernacle of prayer.

Where was the earth now while the tireless feet groped among the vapors? Sunk deep in the blackness of darkness that rolled like a sea about the base of the mountain. A rushing wind tore the clouds to tatters, and moaned in the forest of pine that topped the cliffs. A chill struck to the heart of the wayfarer; for he had been lapped in luxury all his days, and even the winds were tempered to him in the delectable shelter of his home.

Now he recalled St. Bruno's motto, the pathetic song of the Psalmist: "My eyes prevent the watches; I was troubled, and I spoke not. I had in my mind the eternal years. Lo! I have gone far off, flying away, and I abode in the wilderness."

Suddenly the clouds parted, and a flood of moonlight fell upon an open plateau between two walls of rock. It was bordered by a bounding stream that turned the rustic wheel of a primitive mill. Near at hand was a cluster of rude houses, utterly without architectural pretension; sloping roofs and gables, and the shadowy crosses upon the peaks of the roofs, scarcely suggested the picturesque. Bare, rocky, almost treeless—for the forests had been decimated by the hand of toil,—what could be more uninviting than this spectacle after a pas-

sage of such pain and peril? Yet this was the destination of a weary soul, this the holy house of those whom the learned Cardinal Bona apostrophized as "the great miracles of the world—men living in the flesh as out of the flesh; the angels of the earth, representing John the Baptist in the wilderness; the principal ornament of the Church; eagles soaring up to heaven," etc.

With quickened pace the vague form approached the gate of the monastery; with steady hand he pulled at the clumsy bell-rope; he could have turned then and fled into the night, had his heart failed him; that heart failed him not, but held steadfastly to the one purpose of his life. With impatience he awaited the soft tread of the sandalled feet—they drew nearer and nearer,—and the slow sliding of the wicket through which he was to communicate his wishes to the attendant. "Mine eyes prevent the watches," he repeated as he heard the echo of an approaching footfall; "I was troubled, and I spoke not. I had in my mind the eternal years. Lo! I have gone far off, flying away, and I abode in the wilderness."

In a few moments the applicant was received with the ceremony prescribed by the rule of the Order of La Trappe. The Brother who was keeper of the gate opened it, and immediately fell upon his knees before the stranger, whispering, "*Benedicite*," as if to ask his blessing. Conducting his charge to a small apartment destined for the reception of strangers, the attendant gave three strokes upon a bell, thus summoning two Brothers who are charged with the care of stranger guests.

The penitent, dazed with the novelty of his position, staggered in their presence, overcome for a moment by the profoundest emotion; but a jarring noise recalled him to himself; for he recognized the grating of the bolt as the great gate was solemnly barred against a world that was to know him no more forever.

II.

A deep and dreamless sleep possessed the postulant for some hours after his arrival at

the monastery; dreamless I say, though to him, at intervals, the dark corridors seemed filled with ghostly forms, and low voices saluted one another under the breath; muffled footsteps sounded faintly and more faintly as they died softly away in the distance. There was a stir, as of the disembodied; animate but invisible beings moved to and fro, dumb for the most part; though at intervals that whispered greeting was barely audible, and it suggested the flutter of restless birds in their nests at night, or a zephyr among the leaves.

From afar came the monotonous drone of litanies, the harmonious discord of uncultivated voices blending naturally, as everything in nature blends without the aid of art; and this was followed by the first glimmer of dawn blinking in the narrow window of his cell. Through the gray twilight and the prolonged Matins of the brotherhood he slept as one sleeps at a journey's end; as one sleeps at life's end, doubtless—having put aside the cares of the world, never to resume them.

The allotted hours crept on; not one of them, not even a moment of one of them, but was dedicated to some pious duty; and through them all reigned a silence as profound as that of the mountain solitude.

At eight o'clock a grave figure approached the couch of the sleeper; it was a narrow couch and a hard one, in a small apartment bare to the extreme of poverty; there was a crucifix over the bed, two or three pious prints upon the wall; a jug of water in the window-seat, a coarse coverlet, and a thin pillow.—this was the sum total of the furnishment. The grave figure greeted the sleeper, and laid a hand on his shoulder before those heavy eyes were opened.

It was the abbot who had come in the absence of the Brothers, now scattered, plying their several trades; and this interview was to be the only one vouchsafed the novice. The abbot was to learn as much of the history of the strange Brother as the Brother felt constrained to reveal; none other in all that busy hive would ever know

aught of the name and fame of the new-comer. Among them he was a mere figure, clad as they were—in coarse hair-shirt, coarse robe girded at the waist, with pointed, voluminous cowl, drawn even to the eyes and overshadowing the face when not in solitude; with bare feet thrust into rude sandals, and with head and heart bowed down,—one more penitential spirit clad in sackcloth and ashes, dead to the world and to men.

Known to the abbot as Brother Mansuetus, he was an anonymous to all the rest; when they passed him, the eyelids were never lifted, the face was hidden in the cowl; even the hands were withdrawn into the loose sleeves, and only the sandalled feet were visible. Thus was he to pass his days, looking neither to the one side nor the other, though a voice whispered so faintly as hardly to be audible, *Memento mori!*—"Remember thou shalt die!" His ears heard no other greeting during his waking hours, and at night the perpetual reminder muttered in his dreams—but what of that? Having been assigned his duties, he went his way mechanically, and in his turn greeted the passing shadows at his side with "*Memento mori!*"

Time was when the discipline of the monastery and of this Order had grown lax. Perfection is not of men, and even the bravest heart may grow weary in well-doing—so they had grown in the wilderness. Then came one, world-ridden, fleeing from the abundance with which he was surfeited, and seeking sanctuary in the abode of the recluse. The strict rule to which he would have gratefully subjected himself—the fasting, vigils, maceration, flagellation,—all these had made a compromise with pious sloth. They that should have been delving in the Lord's vineyard were waxing fat on the fruits thereof.

It was Armand Jean le Bouthillier de Rancé who rent his goodly garments, and cried out against the abuses that then prevailed. Nor did he cry in vain; for his accusing voice purged and reclaimed the venerable Order, and made La Trappe a syno-

nym for humility, poverty, and obedience. Once more the ancient glory of that mother-house shone like a beacon in a dark and dissolute age, and it was to this rigorous routine that Brother Mansuetus, with the abundant enthusiasm of the novice, wholly abandoned himself.

It was the wise abbot who felt in the presence of this new enthusiast that prudence forbade precipitation, and for this reason he enjoined a week of complete retirement, during which the postulant might confer with God and his confessor only. The latter saw him frequently, and he was supplied with an abundance of books, proper food for thought.

Perpetual prayer and self-abnegation were the principle upon which De Rancé founded this reform. There was no moment but the heart and the head were bound to duty or to sleep, and no devil of them all found never so small a chink to enter in. Listen to the order of exercises, and say if a soul could languish in such company. The good abbot himself, in a low voice, thus delivered an instruction to the postulant, who impatiently awaited his cowl and tonsure:

"The abbot, or first superior, has the full and entire administration of his monastery, as well in temporal as in spiritual concerns—yet he is under the control of the general superiors; the abbot, elected by a majority of the votes of the community, and his election presided over by the Vicar-General of the Congregation, must be afterwards confirmed by the court of Rome. After the abbot come the religious according to their different ranks, and years spent in the Order. First, the choir religious, chiefly occupied in choir service and the continual sacrifice of praise. They are consecrated to the Lord by the three usual monastic vows, to which is generally added a fourth vow, termed the vow of stability. After these rank the lay-brothers, bound also by the same vows; their office is briefer than that of the choir religious, and they are chiefly employed in the servile works of the monastery. Their habit is of a dark

brown color, while that of the choir religious is white. There are two other classes of Brothers who, without binding themselves by any vows, live with the Order: one, called 'Temporary Brothers,' wear the habit; the other, in secular dress, are known as 'Brothers of the Family.'

"We rise at two o'clock a. m. on every week-day, at one on Sundays, and at midnight for the solemn feasts. We have on these days seven or eight hours of office in the church. Our work is from four to six hours a day, according to the season, and it is usually in the fields. The food is poor and simply prepared. No meat, fish, butter or eggs are ever given in community, but some of these are sometimes allowed the sick in the infirmary. Our fare consists of pulse, roots, and herbs; the cooks are directed to prepare the provision in as simple a manner as possible, and never to make use of spices or anything tending only to the gratification of the palate.

"During two-thirds of the year we Trappists eat but once in twenty-four hours. This meal consists of soup, a dish seasoned with salt and water, and a half-pint of weak wine. There is added some kind of fruit, as a dessert, on those days that are not fast-days commanded by the Church, and on Fridays of the Paschal season. From the 14th of September until Lent this one meal is taken at half past two o'clock, p. m.; in Lent it is delayed until a quarter past four. During the rest of the year nature is invigorated among us; dinner during this season is taken about noon, and a slight collation is served up in the evening; upon no pretext whatever, at any season of the year, can our bill of fare be added to, and chocolate, coffee and tea are reserved for those who are convalescing in the infirmary."

The abbot paused. "Go on!" cried Brother Mansuetus, filled with a kind of holy zeal; to him the fasting and prayer of the Fathers of the desert were a perpetual feast unto his soul, and this regimen fell short of that—far too short to satisfy his fervent soul. He who had lived riotously

all his days; whom a prodigal fortune had indulged in every excess; whose wish was law, and whose word the letter of the law, —he became the most humble of them all.

Doubtless among those who passed him unrecognized, who whispered at his side, "Remember thou shalt die!" there were some who had revelled with him; some who, with him, had met the dawn and the rising sun at the close of *fêtes* noted for their reckless prodigality. So soon does one drop out of the memory of the world where there is neither time nor inclination for serious retrospect. He had lived, but he lived no longer in the recollection of those whom he had abandoned; he had passed, like many another, from the bright scenes he once delighted in, and the former idol of his associates was already relegated to the dim halls of oblivion.

"*Memento mori!*" whispered Brother Mansuetus to the figure that swept past him like a shadow, and the hushed voice of that spirit responded: "Remember thou shalt die!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Light-House and Boat.

A SOUVENIR.

I.

'TIS a dainty Parisian trifle,
Brought from over the sea,
And it holdeth a tender meaning
For the glance of the poet to see,—
A sweet allegorical meaning,
A poem with truth for its part,
This dainty Parisian trifle,
This little *bronze verse* for the heart.

II.

'Tis a miniature white-winged sail-boat,
And a miniature light-house tower
That rises from silvery wavelets,
Like a beacon when storm-clouds lower;
And a golden chain from the tower
Is caught by the little boat,
As safe in the friendly shadow
It peacefully seemeth to float.

III.

And the tower seemeth the symbol
Of a nature fearless of storm,
And the white-winged boat beside it,
Of a heart confiding and warm.
And the sacred bond of friendship
Is the firm-wrought golden chain
That links the boat to the tower
In sunshine and in rain.

IV.

So the *souvenir* holdeth a meaning—
A meaning almost divine:
'Tis a symbol of strength and protection—
A symbol of trust sublime.
And happy the heart that findeth
In its course o'er the sea of life
A tower of strength and protection
To shelter it in the strife!

MERCEDÉS.

 Nora's Recompense.

CHAPTER XXIII.

A SPACIOUS, gloomy room sparsely furnished; heavy oak beams supporting the low ceiling; no carpet on the polished floor; a half-extinguished fire glimmering in the fireplace; on the table, in utter disorder, bottles, glasses, lint, etc.; on the bed a motionless figure, with staring eyes and dishevelled hair—one would have thought life had already fled, were it not for the low moan which at intervals broke from the parched lips.

Beside the bed, on which so hard a battle was raging between Life and Death, sat a man worn out by sleeplessness and anxiety. For eight long days and still longer nights he had never left his post; the one servant he had induced with difficulty to remain would scarcely approach the door, so great was her dread of the malady. It grew dark. Oh, how long are the sleepless hours, broken only by the sick woman's moans! How sad to see the motionless form, the glassy, vacant eyes, the distorted face! Where is now the lofty, powerful mind? where the sharp, penetrating glance? Is that beloved voice mute forever? All her faculties are subject

to the dread power of that fatal fever, which may last for weeks to come.

Mark thinks of the other two women who had once dwelt in that house. One, no human power could have retained; but the other? Alas! a little love would have forged for her unbreakable chains, and the poor woman, who would now perhaps die for want of proper care, would have been tended with filial affection. He closed his eyes, and let Fancy picture what might have been. A light step glides through the room; a slender figure bends over the bed; a tender, skilful hand bathes the throbbing brow, and a soft voice whispers words of consolation. She stands again before his mind's eye, with gleaming, golden hair, performing her duties courageously and well in a stranger's home. A kind of torpor came over him as the hours passed; suddenly he was startled by a touch on the arm.

"There is some one below asking for you, sir," said the servant, with a frightened glance at the bed. "I said you could not come, but she insists on seeing you."

He rose, renewed the cold bandage on his mother's burning forehead, and telling the maid to remain, as he would be back in a minute, went down stairs.

The parlor door was open, and the solitary candle which stood on the table made the room look more gloomy than ever. A slender figure came to meet him—was he still dreaming?—a small hand pressed his, and a voice of tender compassion said:

"I heard of aunt's illness, and have come to help you to nurse her. Is she worse?"

"No, but the doctor will give no opinion until the twenty-first day—if she lives till then."

"Is she conscious?"

"No: she minds nothing that goes on round her."

He spoke mechanically, and hardly sure he was not still dreaming.

"Then I can go up without any fear of agitating her." And taking off her hat and shawl, she threw them on a chair.

This brought him to his senses. "Stop!"

he exclaimed; "you must not enter my mother's room. It was most imprudent of you to come here and breathe the poisoned air of this town. How did you hear of my mother's illness?"

"Miss Kernoel told me. I thought," she continued, in accents of gentle reproach, "we had become such good friends in Pau that my presence would not annoy you."

"Annoy me!" he exclaimed, coloring deeply. "Don't you see it is for your sake I am uneasy? And your remaining here will only double my anxiety."

"Will you not let me go to her?"

"Impossible! You are not accustomed to this pestiferous air. To-morrow morning I will bring you to the train."

"I see," she said, firmly, "I must use other means. Mr. Auvrard, I *will* remain."

"Not with my consent."

"You can force me to leave this house, but not Penvan. I pledge you my word that if you persist in refusing to let me nurse my aunt, I will aid Miss Kernoel to nurse her brother."

"You talk like a child," he said; "you seem to attach no value to life."

"There you err. I am young and love my life, but I am sure I shall not take the fever. Shall I go to Miss Kernoel's?"

"That would be worse; her servant is dying."

"Then I remain." And, seizing the candle, she preceded him up the dark stairs. For a moment she bent over the unconscious patient. "How is she being treated?" she asked.

"For the present, merely cold bandages on the head are applied, and wine and broth are administered continually; but you must not begin your nursing until to-morrow; you are exhausted from the long journey."

"Do you forget that travelling is my element, and two nights in the train are nothing to me?"

He shook his head resolutely. "To-night you must rest," he insisted. "Do you wish to fall ill also?"

"Very well," she replied; "to-night I will rest, but henceforth we share the

watching. At eleven I shall leave you."

Mark's dream had become a reality. Two tender, skilful hands smoothed the sick woman's disordered hair, arranged her couch, and settled her head on the pillows. Then the girl poured a spoonful of wine between the closed lips, and sat down by the now bright fire.

"Poor aunt! But with God's help we shall save her. Have you asked for that aid, without which our efforts are unavailing?"

"I can not pray."

"You must learn to. Man sows, as you know, but God sends the fructifying rain and sunshine. Let us nurse your poor mother, but ask the Lord of life and death to assist us."

She knelt and repeated in her soft, harmonious voice that divine prayer which our Saviour Himself taught. Mark's lips moved; they were the same words he had learned by his dead mother's knee, but had long since forgotten. In his pride of heart he had determined to do without God; but there were hours when he felt the void which the human heart inevitably experiences in the absence of its Creator. Twice lately had the thought of religion been forced on him—once when it sweetened the last hours of the poor servant, and filled her with confidence; and now when he saw it enabling Nora to return, by an act which endangered her life, the unkindness of former days. His soul was awakened, and he resolved no longer to deny his God; grace had touched his heart, and it bowed before its Maker. When Nora recited the "Hail Mary," his heart followed the movement of his lips.

Eleven o'clock struck, and the young girl stretched out her hand to Mark, and said, with a smile: "Now you are not vexed with me for coming?"

He pressed her hand with almost reverent affection, and answered: "You know I was only vexed for your own sake."

CHAPTER XXIV.

Towards morning Mark yielded to fatigue; his mother seemed to have fallen into a heavy slumber, and he dozed, uncon-

sciously at first, then slept soundly. When he opened his eyes the winter sun shone through the carefully drawn curtains, a cheerful fire burned in the grate, and a kettle sang merrily on the hob. No one was in the room, but as he approached the bed, he easily guessed who had smoothed the invalid's hair, and covered it with a snowy cap. The table was neatly arranged, the empty bottles removed, the medicine glasses rinsed, and not a speck of dust to be seen. He pressed his lips to his mother's brow; she seemed quieter, though she was still unconscious. A light step made him turn round: Nora, in a simple morning-dress, stood beside him.

"She looks better than she did last evening," she remarked.

"And she slept all night," he replied; "for I slept also—something that has not happened to me for a long time. I need not ask what busy hand has been at work putting everything to rights."

She smiled. "I succeeded in not awaking you, but now come to breakfast. I had it prepared in the next room; we can leave the door open, and so will hear every move of my aunt."

Mark followed her into the next room: it was small, wainscoted with oak, and lined with tall presses with bronze handles and ornaments. A bright fire was blazing cheerily, and before it Nora had placed a small table with an old-fashioned tea-service.

"In Pau you took tea, so we shall have an English breakfast"; and so saying she took the toast-rack from the fender, placed it on the table, and sat down to pour out the tea.

"I am ashamed of giving you so much trouble," observed Mark.

"None whatever. I always prepared tea for grandmamma, and if you knew what happy remembrances it recalls!"

The hot toast and fragrant tea diffused an appetizing odor, and Mark thought Nora had never looked lovelier than in the performance of these simple, household duties. He began to perceive that the domestic hearth has a poetry of its own.

"You must look back with regret on your travelling days," he said; "that changeful, eventful life must have been very attractive to a young girl, and made a settled, domestic life very irksome."

Nora shook her head. "You are mistaken. I was not fit for wandering from one place to another, and the life I dreamed of was a quiet home, where travelling would be a rare pleasure. I longed for order, stability, and a settled residence."

"But did you not find order and stability in my mother's house?"

"Order is not monotony," she replied, smiling; "but I could have borne all if my aunt had liked me."

"I understood too late how you pined for affection, and I was most unjust myself."

"I was really afraid of you," she answered, frankly. "Your Sunday visits were my dread. It seemed to me your eyes were always on me, detecting the least fault in my soul."

"And now?" was the question which burned on his lips, but ere he had courage to utter it the doctor entered for his daily visit. He found his patient in a more hopeful state, and to Mark's question if he could absent himself without fear for a day on urgent business, the doctor unhesitatingly replied that he could.

"Then I shall leave her to your care until evening, Miss de Brélyon," he said; "you have brought us a change for the better."

"Stay until morning," replied Nora. "I shall send you a telegram if there is any change."

He departed almost immediately, and, as he received a satisfactory telegram that evening, did not return until next day.

The weather had changed when he got back; it was cold and raining heavily, so that he was stiff and numb when the omnibus left him at his mother's door. A feeling of indescribable comfort came over him as he entered the sick room; a blazing fire and the table laid for dinner were visible in the ante-room, through the open door leading from his mother's apartment. The patient

lay quietly on her snowy pillows; all was in perfect order, and Nora came to welcome him with a pleasant smile.

"The night was good," she said, "and aunt asked for a drink this morning. She looked at me, but she is still too weak to mind anything. I saw Miss Kernoel; her brother is almost well, and she can give us an hour every day."

"I am glad of it for your sake," he answered, cordially.

They sat down together at the little table, as Nora gaily said to play at dining; and Mark thought he had never spent such enchanting hours as those now passed with Nora in nursing his sick mother. No longer afraid of him, she unconsciously displayed every day new treasures of mind and heart. His only anxiety was as to what his mother would think when she recovered. "She is too just not to admire her devotedness and courage," he often repeated to himself. And so the days went on, bringing alternate hope and fear as the disease approached its crisis. Miss Kernoel came every day, and took Nora out for an hour, and the epidemic daily decreased.

(CONCLUSION IN OUR NEXT NUMBER.)

The Immaculate Conception.

GOD, when He foresaw from all eternity the most sorrowful ruin of the human race to follow from the transgression of Adam, and, in His infinite mercy, determined to restore it more happily by the Incarnation of the Word, from the beginning and before ages, chose and ordained a Mother for His only-begotten Son, of whom, made flesh, He should be born in the fulness of time. Wherefore, far above all the angelic spirits and all the saints, He so wonderfully endowed Her with the abundance of all heavenly gifts, drawn from the treasure of the Divinity, that She might be ever free from every stain of sin, and all fair and perfect, and might possess that plenitude of innocence and holiness, than which, under God, none is greater, and which,

except God, no one can reach even in thought." *

"By a special grace and privilege of God, in virtue of the merits of Jesus Christ Her Son, the Redeemer of mankind, Mary was, from the first moment of Her conception, preserved free from the stain of original sin." † This has been piously professed by the faithful of Christ from the very dawn of Christianity. It is the belief of the Church, and is now defined and promulgated as a dogma of Catholic faith.

The following eloquent praises of Our Lady's sublime privilege occur in a treatise on the Immaculate Conception, beautifully written on parchment, by an unknown author of the twelfth century:

"O Blessed Virgin Mary, Mother of my Lord, Queen of the angels, crown of the saints, honor of our race! glorious things are said of Thee by the lips of the prophets; great things have been done for Thee by the Almighty; all great and glorious things are believed of Thee by Thy servants, the children of the Catholic Church. We believe, O holy Mother of God! that in Thee the beginning corresponds to the end. And as we know that Thou art raised above all the orders of saints and all the choirs of angels, we also believe that at the moment of Thy creation Thou wert filled with the grace of God. We know that Jeremias, because he was destined to be a prophet amongst the people, was sanctified in his mother's womb; we have been taught that John, the Precursor of the Lord, was filled with the Holy Ghost in his mother's womb: how, then, could any one dare to say that Thou, the Mother of the Redeemer, the medium of our eternal salvation, wert destitute of the grace of the Holy Ghost at the first moment of Thy conception? It is true that Thou wert born of the sinful race of the Old Adam; but as God can make the thornless rose spring from amongst sharp thorns, how could it be impossible for the Son of God to cause Thee, His Mother, although conceived amongst the thorns of sin, to remain untouched by them? Without doubt

* Bull promulgating the dogma. † Ibid.

He could, and He willed it; and because He willed it, He did it. Thus it is, O dear Queen! and we rejoice that it is so.

"And was it becoming, O Mother of God! that in Thy conception Thou shouldst be subject to the general law of sin? Nothing is like to Thee, O Queen! nothing is to be compared to Thee. For all that is, is either above Thee or beneath Thee. Above Thee is God alone; beneath Thee is all that is not God. Of Thee, then, O Queen! whom the divine power predestined and raised to such a height; of Thee, on whom the all-disposing Wisdom bestowed so many prerogatives; of Thee, whom the infinite and eternal Goodness chose for His Mother,—shall I believe that in Thy conception Thou wert subject to sin, which came into the world by the enmity of the evil spirit? My soul recoils from such a thought, my will rejects it, my tongue dares not utter it. I, O sweet Queen!—I Thy lowest servant, believe and confess that Thou didst spring from the root of Jesse without any stain of sin, and didst come forth from the corrupted stock of Adam entirely free from corruption. And through this Thy supereminent purity, through this grace of original justice, I beseech Thee draw me to the love of Thy beauty, attract me to the imitation of Thy sanctity. Give me a pure soul, an unsullied heart, a chaste body, a willing mind, that I may prove my devotion to Thee by my actions and my desires, and may thus deserve a share in Thy bliss, yonder where Thou art seated on the right hand of Thy Son, throughout all eternity."

It is unwise and unwholesome when the emotional element in religion is allowed to take the place of common sense and self-respect,—when the religious sentiment runs to the emotional, rather than to duty, character, obligation, service.

THERE is an old French proverb which says: "The best prayers are those which are said with the nightcap on"—the last as we kneel at our bedside at night, the first on rising in the morning.

The Miraculous Medal.

R. F. C., in "The Month."

THE sinister predictions of some of the opportunist bishops at the time of the definition of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception of our Blessed Lady have been strikingly falsified by events. Not only has the Church suffered no loss—even among those of her children whose faith was weak and loyalty doubtful—by reason of the honor accorded some thirty years since to the Holy Mother of God, but there has been a remarkable growth of fervor and devotion among Catholics, especially as regards all the various manifestations of love and reverence for the Incarnation of our Blessed Lord, and all the doctrines that cluster round this august mystery. Through Mary, Jesus has been honored with a more devoted love than ever; through Mary He has won countless souls who seemed to be lost in the depths of sin; through Mary He has shown His miraculous power, both in the far simpler task of healing the diseased body, and in the more difficult task of healing the soul from which the life of grace seemed to have departed never to return. Witness Lourdes and its countless wonders; witness other places of pilgrimage honored with miraculous favors scarcely less wonderful from the Queen of Heaven; witness Our Lady of Help and Our Lady of Good Counsel, the devotion to whom, once confined to a single shrine, has now become world-wide.

Of all these signs of the unceasing love of Mary and of an increasing love for Her, there is none that has been more widely spread than the little medal of the Immaculate Conception, which has been received by the Catholic world with the acclamation of an universal testimony to its wondrous efficacy. Still, familiar as it is to us all, and very dear to many, there are but few who know anything of its origin and its history; and a short account of the manner in which it was bestowed, and the character of the wonders wrought through it, may be interesting to our readers. If any of them in the perusal are led to a greater devotion to Her who communicated it to one of Her faithful clients, and to a more implicit confidence in Her "suppliant omnipotence," it will not have been written in vain.

Among the Sisters of St. Vincent de Paul at the convent in the Faubourg St. Antoine at Paris, in 1830, was one called Sister Catherine. Her name in the world was Zoé Labouré. She was born in the village of Fain-les-Moutiers, in the Côte-d'Or, not far from Dijon. Left an orphan when she was eight years old, she became at a very early age mistress of her father's house, owing to the departure of her elder sister for the Convent of St. Vincent. Poor Zoé's longing thoughts turned in the same direction, but she had many years to wait before God granted the fulfilment of her desires. At home she led a life of obedience, labor, and devotion, preparing for her future life as her Lord and Master in the humble house of Nazareth had prepared for His future ministry. At the parish church she was seen with unfailing regularity, kneeling on the flags even in the depth of winter. She fasted every Friday and Saturday in honor of Our Lord's Passion and of the Holy Mother of God, seeking with pious cunning to hide from her father her practice.

But, though she loved to visit the Convent of St. Vincent at the neighboring town, and had determined, if it were God's will, to enter religion, she prudently abstained from fixing on one rather than on another religious community, until the will of God was definitively made known to her by a dream. She seemed to be at the village church, kneeling in a chapel dedicated to the Holy Souls. An old priest, of reverential aspect and a remarkable countenance, appeared in sacerdotal vestments, and said Mass in her presence. At the end of Mass he beckoned her to him, but in her fear she seemed to walk backwards out of the church, with her eyes continually fixed on him. Then she thought she went to visit a sick person in the village, but she had no sooner entered the house than the venerable priest again appeared to her, and spoke thus: "My child, you run away from me now, but one day you will esteem it your greatest happiness to come to me. God has His designs on you—remember that." Once more she fled in fear, and sought her father's house, seeming to herself to be walking on the air as she did so; but at the moment she entered she awoke, and found she had been only dreaming.

She was then eighteen, of inferior education, and conscious of her deficiencies. It hap-

pened that her sister-in-law kept a boarding-school at Châtillon-sur-Seine, which was not far from her home; Zoé asked to be allowed to go there for a short time to improve herself, and her father consented. One day she went in company with her sister-in-law to see the Sisters of Charity at Châtillon. On entering the parlor she stopped in amazement before a picture that hung there. It was an exact likeness of the old man whom she had seen in her dream! Needless to say it was St. Vincent de Paul, and from that time Zoé recognized it as the will of God that she should hereafter become one of his children in religion.

She did not remain long at Châtillon. Her desire to consecrate herself to God now became stronger than ever, and had assumed a definite character, which prompted her to seek for its speedy realization. She communicated her design to one of the Sisters at Châtillon before she left, and on returning home asked her father's permission to enter. But the poor old man, who had already given his eldest daughter to God in religion, could not make up his mind to part with Zoé, who had now for many years managed his house most prudently. In the hope of turning her from her design, he sent her to Paris to one of her brothers, who kept a restaurant there, and charged him to do all he could to change her mind, by continual occupations and a round of amusements. Vain attempt of poor feeble man to frustrate the designs of God! Life at Paris, so distasteful to Zoé, made her long more ardently than ever after the peace and happiness of a religious life. Cruel indeed were the sufferings of that holy soul, longing after God, during those years of uncongenial occupation and surroundings. After some time, remembering her sister-in-law's kindness to her at Châtillon, she wrote and begged her to come to her assistance. Her sister-in-law invited her to pay her a visit, wrote to her father, and finally obtained for her the permission so long desired. In the beginning of 1830 she was received into the convent at Châtillon. Happily for her, she had from the first as her director M. Aladel, a most holy priest and true son of St. Vincent de Paul, whose prudence, sound judgment, long experience, and solid piety made him a most suitable guide for Zoé Labouré, now Sister Catherine.

Shortly after she entered the seminary,* the ceremony of the Translation of the Relics of St. Vincent de Paul to the chapel at Saint-Lazare took place. Sister Catherine was present, and as she prayed to the Saint for France, for the religious community to which she belonged, and for herself, she saw his heart appear above the reliquary, while a voice within spoke to her of the sorrow that St. Vincent felt for all the troubles that were coming on France. M. Aladel advised her to take no notice of her fancied vision. But others soon followed: during Holy Mass she frequently saw Our Lord present before her, future events became known to her, and the result justified her predictions.

We are not attempting a Life of Sister Catherine, and we must hasten on to the particular revelation with which we are concerned. But a brief sketch of her subsequent career and of her personal character is almost necessary as an introduction to the devotion which it was her privilege to be the means of communicating to mankind.

Sister Catherine was clothed in 1831, and placed in a hospital attended by the Sisters of Charity, in the Faubourg St. Antoine at Paris. She was employed first in the kitchen, then in the laundry, and after this for forty years in tending the old men in the Hospice d'Enghien, and in looking after the poultry-yard. To these humble offices she devoted herself with all her heart. She never cared to go out for a walk, loving to remain with the poor who were so dear to her,—the only exception being when she had the chance of visiting the house of the community. In fact, the walk from the hospital to the community house was the only part of Paris with which she was acquainted.

During the forty-six years she was in the hospital at Enghien, she was never known to say a word against charity. Her gentleness and sweetness to those placed under her were the more remarkable because she had naturally a very lively temper. She was also of a rather impulsive disposition, and for some time after she joined the Sisters of Charity, the effort to keep herself in check was manifest to all around her. Bodily sufferings were not wanting to her, in spite of her strong

constitution. A curious circumstance was observed in connection with them: all the great feasts of Our Lady, and especially the Immaculate Conception, brought her invariably some painful ailment or accident. All her Sisters were struck with her wonderful devotion to the Holy Mother of God, and this although they knew little or nothing of the supernatural revelations vouchsafed to her. Sometimes she would drop a word that showed how much she learned from her heavenly Friend and Mistress. When the Commune was destroying the religious houses of Paris, one of her Sisters was very anxious about the safety of their house, which was in the hands of a band of Communists, and was said to have been pillaged. "Don't be afraid," said Sister Catherine; "Our Lady is keeping it all safe. She has promised to do so." Of course she had a great devotion to the Rosary, and deemed the daily recital of it a matter of no small importance. Indeed, the only point on which she was inclined to be severe in her condemnation was any sort of carelessness or wilful distraction while saying it. Her Sisters were often struck with the grave, pious, loving tone in which she repeated the Angelical Salutation.

But it is time to speak of the special revelation which has made Sister Labouré's life one of great importance in the annals of the Church. The details of it were repeated by her, in the first instance, to her director, who, though he carefully pooh-poohed the whole story to Sister Catherine, took notes of what she told him. She herself never thought of writing down a word, and showed the greatest reluctance to do so. For twenty-five years she wrote nothing. It was not till 1856, when events had shown the credibility of the revelations made to her, and the wonders wrought by the medal had become famous all over the world, that, by the order of M. Aladel, she committed to paper an account of Our Lady's appearance to her. Twenty years later she wrote out the whole account afresh and a third narrative, without any date, was found among her papers. These three accounts agree perfectly in all substantial matters, and the little variations of detail are a sufficient proof that they were written independently of one another.

It had long been the ardent desire of Sister Catherine to see the Blessed Virgin, and many and fervent were the prayers which in the sim-

* In the communities of St. Vincent de Paul, the seminary is the equivalent of the novitiate of religious orders.

plicity of her heart she offered to her guardian angel, to St. Vincent de Paul, and to Our Lady Herself. On July 18, 1830, the vigil of the Feast of St. Vincent de Paul, she had been listening to an instruction on devotion to Mary, which had increased her previous desire. That night she went to sleep recommending herself to St. Vincent, with great confidence that her prayers were going to be heard.

Towards midnight she heard a voice calling her: "Sister Labouré!" The words were repeated three times. She woke up, drew aside the curtain of her bed, and beheld to her astonishment a little child apparently about four or five years old, exquisitely beautiful, with fair hair, and dressed in white. From his whole body there seemed to issue forth bright rays of light, which illuminated everything around. "Come," he said in a sweet, melodious voice,— "come to the chapel; Our Lady is expecting you there." "But," said Catherine to herself, "I shall be heard" (she was sleeping in a large dormitory), "and shall be found out." "Don't be afraid," rejoined the child, interpreting her thoughts; "it is half-past eleven, and every one is asleep. I'll come along with you." At these words Catherine could no longer resist. She dressed herself quickly, and followed the child, who walked on her left, pouring rays of light wherever he went. Everywhere the lamps seemed to be lighted, to the Sister's great astonishment. When they arrived at the door of the chapel, the child touched it with the end of his finger, and lo! the door opened of itself. The chapel was all illuminated, as at a midnight Mass.

Catherine's guide led her up to the altars, and himself entering the sanctuary stood on the Gospel side of the altar. For a short time (which seemed very long to Catherine) she knelt there and saw nothing, but suddenly the child cried out to her, "Here is Our Lady: here She comes!" At the same moment Catherine heard something like the rustle of a dress and soon a Lady of exquisite beauty came, and sat in the sanctuary on the left side, in the place usually occupied by the director of the community. The dress, the attitude, the general appearance, bore a close resemblance to a picture of St. Anne hanging on the wall of the sanctuary. The countenance alone differed, and for a moment Sister Catherine hesitated as to whether it were Our Lady or not. Then the child, speaking in a deep

voice and severe tone, reproved her incredulity, asking her whether it was not in the power of the Queen of Heaven to appear to a poor mortal in whatever form She pleased. At these words all hesitation ceased, and Sister Labouré, following the impulse of her heart, drew near to the Blessed Virgin, knelt at Her feet, and placed her hands on Her lap, as a child does when beside his mother's knee.

"At this moment," says the Sister in her account of the apparition, "I felt the sweetest emotion I ever experienced. Our Lady explained to me how I must behave in all my troubles, and, pointing to the foot of the altar, She told me to come and throw myself there in time of sorrow, and pour out my heart, and that I should there receive all the consolations I needed. Then she added: 'My child, I am going to confide to you a mission. You will have plenty of troubles, but you will overcome them, through the thought that it is all for the glory of God. You will be contradicted, but fear not: you will have abundant graces. Tell all that takes place in you with simplicity and confidence. You will see certain things, you will receive inspirations in your prayers: give an account of them to him who has care of your soul.'"

Our Lady then proceeded to tell of all the dangers that were impending over France, and the terrible crisis through which the country would have to pass, enumerating certain calamities which happened exactly at the time and with the details that were revealed to Sister Catherine. How long she remained there, the Sister could not say; all she knew was that after Our Lady had talked long with her, She vanished like a shadow. The fair child standing by the altar cried out, "She's gone!" and once more placing himself on the left of the Sister, he led her back the same way as he had brought her again diffusing around him a heavenly brightness. "I think," added the Sister, "that this child was my angel guardian, because I had often asked him to obtain for me the favor of seeing our Blessed Lady. . . . When I got back to bed I heard the clock strike two, and I did not fall asleep again."

(CONCLUSION IN OUR NEXT NUMBER.)

—♦♦♦—
 THAT which deceives us and does us harm, also undeceives us and does us good.

Catholic Notes.

We called attention a week or two ago to the beautiful gift presented to the Holy Father in honor of his Jubilee by King Albert of Saxony, who, with pious zeal and filial devotion, caused a faithful and artistic reproduction to be made of one of the *Biblia Pauperum* which circulated among the faithful during the Middle Ages. As explained in the note, these manuscripts—the illuminated handiwork of devoted monks—contained the principal portions of Scripture bearing upon important dogmas of religion, illustrated in such a manner as to impress them upon the mind of those who were unable to read.

The existence of these works of art is a standing refutation of the charge so often made against the Church, that she withheld the written word of God from the people. They show that not only is the charge untrue, but that the very best means was adopted by the Church in those "dark ages" to bring the great teachings of the Bible before the minds of all.

The beauty and fitness of that versicle of the Blessed Virgin which the Church so often loves to sing, *Cunctas hæreses sola interemisti*, thus applying to Her the title of "Destroyer of heresies," is illustrated in an article on "Protestantism in Spain" in the current number of the *American Catholic Quarterly Review*. The writer well says that one of the principal causes of the failure of Protestantism to "root itself in the Spanish mind and heart was its opposition to the honoring of, or devotion to, the Blessed Virgin. This devotion," continues the writer, "intimately connected with the most heroic acts of the Spaniards in their long-protracted struggles with the Moors; thoroughly interwoven with all that is Spanish—literature, art, legislation; the source of inspiration both for the masterpieces of Murillo and for the noble deeds of Spanish chivalry; spoken of and praised and regulated by the oldest laws of Spain; preserved without alteration both in the statute books of Spain and in Spanish hearts down to our own days: witnessed by the very language of the people, who utter the exclamation, '*Ave Maria purissima*,' whenever an occasion of surprise, or joy, or sorrow, or any other emo-

tion, presents itself to their souls—can not by any means be eradicated, or dimmed, or obliterated, or even spoken of disrespectfully, in any Spanish country. It was under the banner of Our Lady of Covadonga that the Spaniards reconquered their country from the hated Moors. It was under the flag of Our Lady of Guadalupe that the Mexicans secured their independence. The glories of Lepanto are inseparable from the name of Our Lady of the Rosary. And the Spanish victory over Napoleon, and the recovery of Spanish independence, can never be remembered without uniting with them heroic Zaragoza and its most revered palladium, the Virgin of the Pillar. Against the rock of this devotion all Protestant attempts will end in failure."

A program for the celebration of the Holy Father's Jubilee has been arranged. On the 31st inst. he will receive an international deputation. On the 1st of January he will celebrate his Jubilee Mass in St. Peter's. On that day or the previous day he will receive in audience the Cardinals and other prelates, the Roman nobles, and distinguished personages from abroad. On the 2d will be held the solemn "Academy" in the Basilica of San Lorenzo. On the 3d, 4th, and 5th he will receive the great Italian pilgrimage and deputations from the Catholics of all lands. On the 6th he will open at the Vatican the exhibition of the Jubilee offerings. From the 6th to Sunday, the 14th, he will give more collective audiences to the pilgrims; and on the 14th and the succeeding Sundays he will solemnize in the great hall above the portico of St. Peter's the canonizations and beatifications already announced.

Few there are among the children of the Church to whom, at times, the ordinary experiences of everyday life do not bring the most consoling confirmations of the faith which they profess, and of the truth and security of the Fold into which they have been happily gathered. As an instance we present the following extract from a letter recently received, in which the writer narrates an incident which afforded a very practical illustration of one of the great marks of the Church of Christ:

"We spent the three nights and two days of the recent lake storm in a snug little harbor at one of the Manitou isles. For the first twenty-four

hours we were moored to the docks, but when the wind became more violent the captain was forced to cut loose, and trust to the anchor alone. It was during the first twenty-four hours, and the cables that held us to the dock creaked dismally, and the knocking of the steamer against the wharf sounded very ominous. I was sitting rather apart from the others, and it was not unnatural that the words of the *Salve Regina* should find their utterance from me. I said the prayer softly to myself at first, and then it struck me that as no one was near, and no one could understand, I might give myself the full consolation of the words. The only other passenger near me was a Polish girl, about fourteen years of age, who could scarcely speak a word of any language save her own; she was under the captain's care, on the way to Milwaukee to enter service. Without doubt she belonged to the illiterate class, for whose sake so many rail against the Latin liturgy. As I sang, '*O clemens, O pia, O dulcis Virgo Maria!*' she turned on me a look of glad surprise; and as I repeated the words, all expression of fear passed from her countenance. I next sang the *Ave Maris Stella*, softly but distinctly, and when I finished there was a complete understanding between us: we had both placed ourselves under the protection of the Star of the Sea. I never again saw her look terrified; when others were frightened, she would look at me with an expression which said, 'We know whom to trust.' When at last the storm abated, and we were watching the receding land as we steamed out of our haven of safety, she was again standing by me. I turned to her, and chanted in an undertone, '*Te Deum laudamus, te Dominum confitemur.*' Again I was perfectly understood, and she moved to a more retired position, and, wearing a look of jubilant gratitude, repeated something to herself—I think the rest of the *Te Deum*; for as I continued the chant she occasionally turned to me, nodding her head especially when she heard the notes of the melody which accompanies the '*Sanctus*,' etc. This experience seems to me a most beautiful and touching illustration of the glorious and consoling universality of the Church."

During the recent epidemic of yellow fever in Florida two marked instances were given of that singular heroism which characterizes the priests and religious of the Church in the fulfilment of the duties of their holy vocation. The first "martyr to duty" was the Rev. Father Peterman, rector of the church at Tampa, who from the time the plague broke out was constantly by the bedside of the victims, ministering to their wants both temporal and spiritual, until at length he himself died of the dread disease. Father Swemberg, of

Orlando, immediately took his place, and rendered noble service, until he too was stricken down, and in a few short days was carried away. There were also two Sisters of Charity who fell martyrs to their zeal and charity in behalf of the plague-stricken.

The Golden Jubilee of the Rev. Father Damen, S. J., whose name is so well known throughout the West, both among Catholics and Protestants, was celebrated recently in Chicago at the Church of the Holy Family with special services, presided over by the Most Rev. Archbishop Feehan, and attended by a very large number of people. High Mass was sung by Father Damen himself, forty-five of the leading voices of the city and a full orchestra contributing the music. An appropriate sermon was preached by one of Father Damen's old pupils, the Rev. Father Fitzgerald, S. J. The evening exercises consisted of Solemn Benediction, at which the Papal Blessing was given, and an address to Father Damen read by one of Chicago's most prominent Catholic citizens, W. J. Onahan, Esq. Father Damen in reply briefly and modestly reviewed his work as a priest, and said that he had never thought that it would be blest with so much success. Most of our readers know Father Damen, either personally or by reputation, and will unite with us in the wish that he may be spared for many years, to continue the work which is the crowning glory of his old age.

It may not be generally known that soon after the proclaimed independence of the United States, the Portuguese Minister to this Government was a priest—the Abbé Correa. He was an accomplished scholar and a man of edifying life, and had been chaplain to Kosciusko. The Abbé Correa was also a member of the French Academy and founder of the Royal Academy of Lisbon.—*Catholic Union*.

A correspondent of one of our English exchanges calls attention to the fact that the title "Queen of the Most Holy Rosary, pray for us," is not in general use in churches where the Litany of Loreto is sung. It may be that the same remark is applicable to church choirs in this country. We are all aware, of course, that the petition "Queen of the Most Holy Rosary, pray for us," has long been recited and sung in Dominican churches; but it is of no

distant date since his Holiness Pope Leo XIII. commanded that our Blessed Lady should be addressed under the title "*Regina Sacratissimi Rosarii*" in all churches wherever Her Litany was sung; and the same command must, of course, apply to private use. It seems strange indeed that choirs conducted by priests should sing the Litany of Our Lady at Benediction without giving Her all Her titles, since the one of which we speak is certainly a "title" added by command of our Holy Father.

On Thursday, November 3d, private pontifical audience was accorded to the Very Rev. Edward Sorin, Superior-General of the Congregation of the Holy Cross, with residence at Notre Dame, Indiana, U. S., in company with Mgr. Dufal, Procurator-General of that Congregation in Rome, who presented, as Jubilee offering from the Congregation over which he presides, a superb copy, in antique yellow marble, of the celebrated painting of the *Madonna della Sedia*, the first reproduction in sculpture of that masterpiece of art. The Very Rev. Father Sorin further presented a handsomely bound volume of THE "AVE MARIA," the weekly periodical in honor of our Blessed Lady published at Notre Dame. The Pope was pleased greatly to admire the two gifts, and to impart to each and every member of that religious Congregation the Apostolic Benediction.—*Roman Correspondence, London Tablet.*

Obituary.

"It is a holy and wholesome thought to pray for the dead."

— 2 MACH., xii., 46.

The following persons, lately deceased, are commended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

Mrs. Leonard Schmauss, whose happy death occurred at Rockford, Ill., on the 18th ult. She was remarkable for saint-like faith, and her life presented an example of every virtue.

Dr. Charles E. McGowan, of South Boston, Mass., who departed this life on the 12th ult.

Mr. Francis Cassidy, a devout servant of Mary, who died a happy death last month in Baltimore.

Mr. Patrick Gibbons, of Crum Lynne, Pa., who passed away on the 15th ult., fortified by the last Sacraments.

John S. Rorke, of Dublin, Ireland; Mrs. Joanna Cahill, Peru, Ill.; Mrs. — O'Brien, Big Rapids, Mich.; and Aloysius Dillon, Chenoa, Ill.

May their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace!



The Immaculate Conception.

BY M. A.

☩ BLESSED Mary, Virgin Queen,
 Enthroned in royal state,
 Thy loving children, on this day,
 Hail Thee Immaculate!
 Angels rejoice to-day in heaven,
 While we rejoice on earth,
 That Thou art purer still than they,
 And yet of mortal birth.

Unconscious Nature homage pays
 To Thy bright purity:
 To greet Thy Feast, she comes arrayed
 In bridal robes to Thee.
 A wedding-garment she assumes,
 Fair as the flowers of May—
 A snowy robe and icy gems,
 In honor of the day.

O Virgin Blessed! obtain for us
 That our poor hearts may be
 As pure and stainless as the snow,
 An offering meet for Thee.
 And when our parting hour shall come,
 Then may our angels wait
 To bear Thy children to Thy feet,
 Mary Immaculate!

Leo Marson's Victory.

BY E. V. N.

VI.

Leo had a violent headache when he left the train, so Colonel Donaldson took him home in a hack, first making inquiries of his domestic concerning the health of Mr. and Mrs. Marson, and his trip with the boy. The young cousins of Leo reached home by the time the little stranger had been introduced to Mrs. Donaldson, the Colonel's excellent mother, and to his good wife, who was called Albina.

"Give Leo a cup of hot tea, and then take him to his room and prepare him to retire; a good night's rest will revive him," said the Colonel. "But first let Freddie and Leo stand up together. Ah! just as I thought: Freddie is a half head taller. They will be good friends, I am sure."

Both the ladies kissed the newcomer, and bade him good-night; then the tired child was taken up to bed, and soon fell asleep.

The next morning Leo was awakened by hearing morning prayers recited downstairs, and recognized the sonorous voice of his guardian leading the family devotions. He raised his head from the pillow, and wondered whether he was still dreaming. Above his nice little iron bedstead hung a lovely picture of the *Madonna of the Chair*; on either side were pretty pictures of young saints, such as Stanislaus Kostka, Berchmans, Agnes, etc., and everything seemed so quiet and neat that he finally remembered he was in Washington. There were no broken toys, no whips, tops, or empty candy-boxes scattered around; neither did auntie or Celina bid him get out of bed. He thought this must be a sort of paradise, and while he was congratulating himself the door opened very softly, and Master Freddie came on tiptoe to find out how his stranger cousin was getting on. Seeing him wide awake, the little fellow asked in a gentle tone whether he felt better, whereupon Leo made what he styled "big goggle eyes," and put out his tongue.

"Are you very sick?" inquired kind-hearted Freddie, drawing back in alarm.

"Sick! No; why do you ask that?"

"Because we put out our tongue when we feel sick."

"Oh, my! is that all the boys know in Washington?" asked Leo. And as he prepared to rise he muttered to himself: "He is an idiot, even if he is taller and stronger than I am!" But Freddie did not hear this remark, having gone to summon Conrad to aid his little friend.

When the obliging domestic had completed Leo's toilet, he inquired whether he had said his morning prayers.

"I said a *Pater* and *Ave* in bed," answered Leo.

"A very familiar way of addressing Almighty God," remarked the servant, dryly; "however, we shall teach you better."

After breakfast, which passed off charmingly—for all at the table were very cheerful and polite,—the cousins took their guest to the garden. This was quite spacious; for Colonel Donaldson's house was at the intersection of one of the avenues, and there were handsome shade trees round it, and plots of beautiful flowers. A portion was laid off for croquet and lawn tennis, and the walks had been lengthened by serpentine windings, so that a tricycle could run a good distance in this contracted space. They gave Leo a ride, showed him all the playthings which could possibly interest one of his age, and were about to begin a game of croquet, when Conrad rang a little bell, and instantly every tongue was hushed. Emma, the only daughter of the Colonel, went cheerfully to the piano; Edward and Gussie entered the studio, where their tutor, Mr. Adrian, was waiting for them; and Grandma Donaldson, holding a "Little Catechism," beckoned Freddie to her from the parlor window. The little fellow obeyed promptly, but on drawing near he inquired softly: "May we not have a holiday in Leo's honor?"

Mrs. Donaldson smilingly turned and spoke to some person at the other end of the apartment; then her son advanced, and, looking up at the clear, cloudless sky, said: "Yes, it is a beautiful day, and I cheerfully grant a holiday in honor of Leo's arrival." Then turning to his wife he continued: "Suppose we drive to the Falls of the Potomac? It is a place worth seeing; besides, we all need some exercise."

"I am glad to hear you say that," observed the elder lady; "I think the children are kept too confined, especially as they have continued their studies during vacation."

"Well, mother, the boys have not studied over-much. Besides, the period of vacation is greatly prolonged nowadays, and the

time spent in preparing for exhibitions, and the delay in resuming classes when school re-opens, render the scholastic year very short."

"No doubt you are acting for the best, but I see the children all day long, and it seems to me Emma is failing. But now, Albina, make haste and tell the boys they are free for to-day."

Merry shouts rent the air, and the next moment all were ready for a drive. The carriages were promptly at the door, but when Leo was invited to take a seat in his Aunt Albina's barouche, he very coolly answered: "I would rather stay in the arbor, and play with Freddie's ball."

However, as he noticed a little surprise on the faces of his new acquaintances, he concluded to go, but began to show his selfishness by asking Emma to change seats with him, so that he might view the handsome horses at leisure; by keeping his aunt's fan the whole time, and every now and then expressing a wish to go home.

The sun set gloriously as the gay party returned to the city; and when dinner was announced, none did fuller justice to the feast prepared for them than the hitherto weary, sleepy Leo Marson.

As they arose from table the letter-carrier arrived; Colonel Donaldson looked through the mail, and opened a letter which he seemed to have been expecting; it was rapidly perused, and then he said, cheerily:

"Now, ladies, here is pleasant news. The cottage at Piney Point is in order, and Mr. Flynn has made provisions for our stay there during the next fortnight."

"That will carry us almost to the last days of vacation," said the younger lady. "I am very glad; the sea-air will do you good, as well as our dear mother and the young folks."

"How soon can you all be ready?" inquired the Colonel.

"Would the day after to-morrow be too soon for you, mother?" asked Mrs. Donaldson.

"Oh! no—that is if you wish *me* to accompany you."

"We should not dream of going without you."

"Well, then, Conrad and I will go and select the state-rooms early to-morrow morning," said the Colonel. "I will report to the Secretary of War, and, God willing, we shall have a delightful excursion and holiday."

Leo frowned a little that night when Conrad led him aside with Freddie to say a decade of the Rosary, while the other members of the family recited the Beads in common. However, he had been trying to keep up his "society manners," as his godmother aptly styled his correct behavior on pressing occasions; and the effort cost him so much that he was very weary, and fell asleep as soon as his head touched the pillow.

VII.

Early on the following morning Eddie wrote a note to Mr. Adrian to inform him that class was suspended for the holidays, and then he and his brother Gussie ransacked the house for bows and arrows, fishing-rods, etc. Freddie and Leo went to the garden with Emma. Leo immediately took possession of the tricycle, and continued riding around as though he were the owner of it, and his young hosts had nothing to do but admire him. When they played croquet he would openly cheat, and if attention were politely called to it, he would giggle, but never think of desisting. At length Emma grew tired of him, and quietly seated herself at a piece of embroidery she was preparing for Father McNally's fair. She heard "I will" and "I won't" a great many times from Master Leo, in response to Freddie's suggestion to play this or that game, and she said to herself: "I hope my good little brother will not imitate his new friend's manners."

As the sun began to grow warm the little fellows came in doors, and amused themselves with magnetic geese and ducks, and other toys illustrating the elementary principles of Natural Philosophy.

"Let us break that swan," cried Leo, "and see what makes it follow the needle?"

"No, no! Eddie wouldn't like it; the toys are his."

"I don't believe he'd care; you are afraid of that old woman."

Freddie looked up in amazement, and ran away to his grandma, exclaiming, "Cousin Leo is wicked!"

"Why, what is the matter, dear?" inquired Mrs. Donaldson, taking the child in her arms; "what has happened?"

"Leo was disrespectful; he called you an 'old woman.'"

"Well, my sweet Freddie, I *am* old, that is true—my hair is nearly white; but you are right in believing that my age entitles me to respect. Leo is not wicked, but ill-bred."

"I never saw any boy like him before; but still it is so pleasant to have some one to play with that is just my age."

"You must learn to be patient with your papa's ward. After a time he will probably drop his uncouth ways. But you must remember, dear, that Leo's conduct is not sinful, but merely offensive. If I were to run down Pennsylvania Avenue, would that be a sin?"

"No, of course not; but it would be very funny, grandma."

"You are right, darling; many things are true that it would be unbecoming to assert without necessity; such as the fact that your grandma is an 'old woman.' Go now and play, and do not forget that things may be improper without being wicked."

Freddie found Leo intensely occupied when he returned to the room in which they had been amusing themselves; but he was shocked when he discovered that the young mischief-maker had emptied a box of water-colors into a basin, which he was stirring vigorously with a sable hair-brush, to make an experiment in physics.

"Brother Jerome said all the colors of the rainbow when mixed would produce white," explained Leo; "so I thought I would try it."

"Take the cakes out quick!" cried Freddie; "they belong to Gussie, and he will want them to color his maps."

"Not at all!" screamed Leo; "I want to finish!"

Freddie's mother, hearing the altercation, entered the room; she was greatly astonished at seeing the mischievous work of the little stranger, and quickly removed the colors, and put them where they would dry. Then she locked up Gussie's treasures, gave the lads some picture-books and fairy stories, and withdrew.

The bell for lunch rang, and the ladies and the children chatted merrily over what had been done and what they intended to do in preparation for the visit to Piney Point. The Colonel had not been idle, but had secured whatever he fancied would prove a source of comfort and amusement to his family. Among other things he had purchased an arm-chair on wheels for his venerable mother, so that she could be drawn on the beach and enjoy the invigorating breezes from the salt-water.

All being in readiness, at the appointed hour the captain of the steamer *Swallow* welcomed his guests. Favorable winds wafted the graceful craft over the heaving billows, and an ever-changing series of attractions on deck or on the waters claimed the attention of the passengers. Colonel Donaldson led the older boys to examine the working of the machinery. Emma, Freddie, and Leo watched the porpoises, the sea-birds, and the starlike seaweed that floated on the surface of the foam created by the evolutions of the mighty wheels. Conrad smoked, perused his newspaper, and kept an eye on the youngest of the party. Soon the floating palace was moored at Piney Point, and after a short walk the party reached Seaview Lodge, which had been engaged for their accommodation.

VIII.

The new habitation was a rambling, old-fashioned farm-house. Mrs. Baggs, the landlady, pointed out triumphantly to the Colonel and his wife all the real and imaginary advantages of Seaview, adding, "Many a grand family has resided here, and they declared they never had whiter linen, a more inviting table, or more obliging friends."

The guests assured the housekeeper of their firm conviction of the truth of her statements, and then took a turn around the building to select sleeping apartments. The result of this inspection showed them that Leo and Freddie would have to occupy one wide bed, not far from the sitting-room. The vigilant mother did not like this very well, as she still feared that her son might pick up some of their little guest's peculiar ways. However, there was no remedy.

"Old Uncle Pete can tell you all the safe and unsafe places for walking, bathing, etc.," said Mrs. Baggs, pointing from the piazza to a venerable colored man seated on a pile of stones and mending nets; "he knows every inch of the shore for miles above and below."

With thanks, the gay party started away, leaving the elder Mrs. Donaldson to keep house.

"They seem to be a very happy family," observed the landlady. "If anything should be needed, I shall be glad to assist them. I perceive they have only a man-servant."

"We are to be served from the hotel, you know. One of the maids from there will run over in the morning, and help my daughter and me with the housework; my granddaughter also will lend a hand."

"An admirable arrangement! It reminds one of the grand old families, in which the ladies were taught to be good wives and daughters, as well as good Christians. After all, a woman can hardly be a real lady unless she knows how to bring up her family in ways of wisdom and virtue—but I see the others returning, so I will bid you good-morning." And Mrs. Baggs suddenly disappeared.

"Uncle Pete has shown us all the advantages and disadvantages of the coast," said the Colonel, entering. "There is a light-house some distance up the Point, where the Chesapeake is about twelve miles wide; and there are many places of historical interest well worth visiting. But I have laid down some rules, to which Conrad and the boys have listened. Disobedience in this case may be attended with loss of life, so I

expect to be obeyed implicitly, with military exactitude. Eh, lads?"

"Yes, father; yes, sir!" they all cried in a breath; and Emma ran to bring chairs for her parents.

"We have found a charming place for your wheeled-chair, dear grandma," said the sweet-faced girl, going up to the old lady and caressing her. "I wish you could have gone with us, and seen that good old ducky and his wife Dinah; they are the picture of content, and as polite and obliging as can be."

"I have a little duty for my dear lassie to accomplish," said Mrs. Donaldson, gazing at the young girl fondly. "I see some flowers over in the garden, and I have brought all that is requisite for erecting a little shrine in honor of Our Lord and His Blessed Mother. We will select a nice place, hang up a crucifix, and gather some of these rural blossoms to set before the statue of Our Lady."

"That is lovely!" exclaimed the children, and away they ran to cull flowers and assist in erecting the altar. Freddie inquired what he and Leo could do to aid; but, to his surprise, the latter shook his head negatively, and stretched himself at full-length upon the grass.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

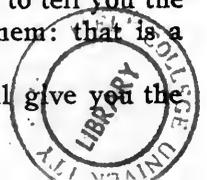
An Offering to Our Lady, and what Came of it.

"Father, please give me some of those roses; they look so pretty, and smell so sweet," said a young girl to an old army pensioner, who employed most of his time in the cultivation of a small garden.

"Why, what do you want them for?" asked the old man; "you would only amuse yourself with them for a few minutes, and then throw them away."

"Oh, no, father! They are too beautiful for that. But I do not want to tell you the use I intend to make of them: that is a secret."

"A secret! Well, now, I'll give you the



whole rosebush if you will tell me what it is."

"Oh, give it to me, father! You shall know later on the use I am going to make of it."

"Maybe you intend to place it on your poor mother's grave?"

"Really, father, you question me too closely! Yes, indeed, I want it for my dear mother; but this time my thought is of my heavenly Mother."

The child asked so earnestly that the old officer, with whom she was a great favorite, could resist no longer. Gently and with a delicate hand he took the rosebush out of the ground and presented it to his daughter, who at once disappeared with her treasure.

On the following night the veteran was unable to sleep, although wearied by hard labor. An unusual, feverish excitement had taken hold of him. The remembrance of his stormy life came back to him, and produced a strange terror in his soul. He, the intrepid warrior, whose courage had never been shaken by the thunder of battles, was now seized with a mysterious fear. Something like a nightmare weighed upon his heart: it was remorse of conscience. In order to quiet it, he began to pray, or rather to stammer the prayer which he had learnt in his childhood at his mother's knee. Prayer, that sublime elevation of the soul to Him who made it and loves it, who alone is able and willing to give man true happiness, is one of those gentle but powerful means, the efficacious action of which does not take long to make itself felt, and soon the old soldier began to experience its comforting influence.

Suddenly a ray of hope pierced through the darkness that shrouded his mind. "Although I am a sinner," he said to himself,—"although I have lived so many years like a pagan and an enemy of God, still all is not yet lost for me. Have I not a child, a little angel, who stands between me and divine justice, supplicating Almighty God not to be too hard on me?"

While thinking of his little daughter, the old soldier fell asleep, and a pleasant

dream came to calm his anxious spirit. He thought he had been transported into a beautiful church, in one of whose aisles, near the entrance of the sanctuary, was an altar blazing with lights and adorned with a magnificent statue of the Blessed Virgin. A large crowd of pious faithful were continually coming in, and, kneeling at the foot of the statue, they paid an homage of tender veneration to the Mother of God, bringing with them as offerings a bouquet of flowers or a crown. Exquisite music enhanced the charm of this delightful dream. But soon the crowd slipped noiselessly away, the singing ceased, and the lights gradually vanished. There remained burning only the Presence lamp, which cast a glimmering ray upon the innocent face of a young girl, who had timidly approached the altar, and laid on the steps a pretty vase containing a rosebush in full bloom. When the officer awoke he remembered about the one which he had given to his daughter, and felt a conviction that she had made an offering of it to Our Lady on his behalf.

When an hour or two afterward she came with a smile to wish her father good-morning, he took her in his arms and said:

"I think I know your secret now, and I have one of my own besides, which I will tell you soon; I am sure it will give you great joy."

A few days later an old officer, his breast covered with decorations, approached the Table of the Lord. Beside him knelt a young girl, who looked as happy as one of God's angels.

When the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass was over, the pastor broke a small branch from the little rosebush and presented it to the old soldier. This blessed branch is treasured as a precious relic. Whenever the old man's glance falls upon it, he murmurs a silent prayer to Mary, Mother of God, the merciful Refuge of poor sinners.

THE only form of failure that any man need fear is the failure in cleaving to the purpose he knows to be best.—*Anon.*



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The Ladye-Chapel at Eden Hall.

BY ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

CLOSE to the Sacred Heart, it nestles fair—
A marble poem, an æsthetic dream
Of sculptured beauty, fit to be the theme
Of angel fancies. A Madonna-prayer
Uttered in stone.

Round columns light as air,
And fretted cornice, Sharon's Rose is wreathed:
The Passion-flow'r, the thorn-girt Lily rare,
The palm, the wheat, the grapes in vine-leaves
sheathed.

Tenderly bright, from mullion'd windows glow
Our Lady's chaplet-mysteries. Behold!
Her maiden statue in that shrine of snow,
Looks upward to the skies of blue and gold;
Content that in the crypt, beneath Her shin-
ing feet,
The holy ones repose in dreamless slumber
sweet.

Brother Mansuetus.

BY CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

III.

AMONG the brotherhood were some
who went forth to till the lean
earth, scatter seed, or garner the
meagre sheaves; there were those, too, who
worked cunningly with skilful fingers,
as well as others who kneaded the coarse
loaves, the daily bread of the community;

there were makers of garments and of the various implements necessary to the craft of the craftsmen; there were strong arms and brawny shoulders at the mill, and hewers of wood and drawers of water; and there were likewise those whose cunning beautified the parchment leaves of missals, and who composed homilies for the edification of their brethren.

Of all these the newly consecrated eyes of Brother Mansuetus saw little, and heeded less. Doubtless as a test of his faith, he was briefly directed to herd the swine in a far portion of the almost sterile fields, and thither he turned his steps in a grateful spirit of obedience.

Obedience! Holy obedience he had never known till now. To obey the wilful impulses of his nature, to be swayed by passion, wooed by love, courted by companions, and easily driven to revolt—this had been his rule of life, and would have been his ruin had not the spirit within him awakened suddenly to the truth, which was like a revelation from Heaven. The absolute surrender of his will to his superior was agreeable—first because it was a novelty, and then because it relieved him of a responsibility that was beginning to bear heavily upon him. He at once respected his superior as he had never before respected any one, and he finally came to look upon that impressive but unobtrusive figure with reverence.

In his heart he thanked God that he had been made a swine-herd. In his spiritual ex-

altation—an exaltation which is not unaccompanied with dangers peculiar to itself—it seemed to him an excellent and dignified office, and he was inclined to glory in it. With a kind of dumb joy, which was no doubt flattering to his soul, he compared himself with the prodigal who had wasted his substance in riotous living, and would fain eat of the husks the swine did feed on. He looked forward with ecstasy to the hour when he might be permitted to return to the bosom of that Heavenly Father whose good gifts he had dissipated, and whose loving kindness he had despised.

In the Order of La Trappe, where one at once loses his identity, and hopes never to regain it; where one becomes an insignificant fraction of the whole, a shadow among shadows, almost intangible, and without one distinguishable feature; where one is acquiescent yet imperturbable, and, in the knowledge of the world, deaf, dumb and blind,—there was a possibility of Brother Mansuetus losing that without which his self-immolation would have been in vain: I mean that rarest of Christian virtues, humility.

Against a bare wall, glossed with the thin sunshine of that mountain height, stood a gaunt figure. His coarse robe flapped about him in the wind; his sandals were buried in the short, crisp grass. He was poring over a well-thumbed volume which he had brought from the library of the monastery—it was “The Imitation of Christ”; this and the “Confessions” of St. Augustine, with the “Little Flowers of St. Francis,” were his chosen companions; they were meat and drink for the soul where no flesh was permitted the body, and water was the only beverage allowed. About him rooted and wallowed the fat swine—for the most sensual of domesticated animals were well fed, and remained living types of the voluptuaries upon whom the Brother of La Trappe had turned his back in scorn.

Here was Brother Mansuetus in the first flower of asceticism. At intervals his eyes wandered from the precious volume in his hands, and rested dreamily upon the dis-

tant mountain peaks, or searched vaguely in the blue spaces of heaven in rapt delight. At intervals the greedy herd that gathered about him broke into peevish quarrels, and the air was rent with harsh gutturals that sounded not unlike oaths.

“I know you,” said Brother Mansuetus; “I know you, each and all. You are the Duc de —, and you Count —, and you others the sycophants who fawn upon them; each of you arrogant and swinish in like manner when apart.”

Then the Duc wallowed in the mire, grunting his satisfaction; and the Count, with snout in air, cast an evil eye upon the gaunt figure that was strikingly outlined against the bare gray wall; and all the vulgar tribe rooted hither and yon, seeking whom or what they might devour.

The monk’s mind wandered back to the days when he consorted with those who were in nearly all respects even as these were—licentious voluptuaries, given to gluttony, debauchery, effeminacy; swinish in deed and in truth,—and with this he buried his face in his book and laughed bitterly. The swine heeded him not; though he had laughed till doomsday, or wept, or reviled them scornfully, it mattered nothing; and the monk knew it, and was humbled even in their presence.

Day after day he returned to the blank wall, and took his station among his herd. Sometimes the sun shone on him warmly, and a vine or a shrub—but there were few of these—gave forth a greeting that seemed heaven-bestowed in its delicious fragrance; sometimes the rain drove him to seek shelter as best he might, and the chill winds buffeted him unceremoniously; always his charges grunted their primitive monosyllabic grunt that seemed even less than animal—it was the gibber of half-developed beasts,—and peevishly crowded one another, snarling and complaining; and terribly they wore upon the enthusiasm of the Brother, whose cheerful and absolute obedience was, in spite of all, becoming steadily more holy day by day.

À Kempis, St. Augustine, and the name-

less gatherer of the "Little Flowers of St. Francis," had a work to do on that bleak highland, and right royally they did it.

IV.

Time came when Brother Mansuetus was recalled from his painful task—it had become a burden that was not easily borne, —and given lighter duties about the hearth and the refectory. Here was wholesome warmth that soothed the marrow in the bones, and a good odor of sweet broth, and the bright sparkle of the embers as they crackled under the pot; while the wind wailed without, and the snow rimmed the ledges of the small windows.

Moreover, in balmy weather, while door and lattice stood wide open, and the few neighboring trees were heavy with leaves, there gathered about the threshold such flocks of fowls as would have delighted the heart of even a worldling. These all knew Brother Mansuetus, and loved him in their way, and seemed jealous of even his glances. And when he stood under the eaves at twilight, meditating upon the beauty of holiness, and the holiness of such beauty as he found exemplified in the lives of those about him, lo! the doves swirled down from the eaves and nestled in his arms. Then he thought upon St. Francis and his "little sisters," and the pious Brother nourished them with a tenderness that was almost worthy of the Saint.

One lesson he had learned during the discipline of his novitiate; its theme was forever ringing in his ears: "The present—the present is all thou hast for thy sure possessing." It had taught him to single out the virtues of every object within his reach, and to solace his soul with the knowledge thereof.

Another lesson he had taken to his heart, and it had moved him profoundly. St. Augustine says: "The whole life of a Christian must be a continual cross." Now he was asking himself daily, yea even hourly, what manner of cross he was bearing. Certainly there were some days that were long, some vigils that were weary; even his faith faltered at times, and his heart fainted within

him. This was a cross; but this is the cross borne by the religious and the irreligious, and all the world in common; no one escapes it. Brother Mansuetus coveted a cross which he might bear alone,—a cross peculiarly his own, the weight of which he might glory in and be jealous of, and not one jot or tittle of which he could be persuaded to share with another.

"The whole life of a Christian must be a continual cross." When he meditated upon this theme he turned from the genial hearth, the frugal but comfortable refectory, from the familiar fowl, and especially from the fond doves—that cooed to him twirled upon their slender coral legs, with much coquettish tossing of their heads and pluming of their wings,—and longed to plunge into a fastness of the forest and be seen no more. He would become a hermit, and be fed miraculously of the ravens; he would immure himself in the cave of the anchorite, and fast even unto death; he would court lifelong martyrdom for love of the cross which he was craving.

Meanwhile that cross was awaiting him; the shadow of it was overshadowing his future, and he was unaware. Self-abnegation, even when our motives are of the purest and the noblest, sometimes awakens within us a kind of rivalry that savors of pride or egotism. If one could forget self in the act of self-abnegation—if one could forget the act itself, and unconsciously become the actor—the spirit of the departed saints might once more animate this mortal clay.

In the exuberance of his soul, Brother Mansuetus was as one living in a dream; he seemed unconscious of the presence of those who were within his reach, but with whom he had never communed, nor ever desired to commune. Even in the refectory, where the brotherhood assembled on certain feast-days and broke bread together, few if any of them exchanged greetings other than the customary funeral salute. They ate and drank with indifference, listening the while to the voice of an unknown reader, whose face they had not the curiosity to behold. There were some

among them, it has been asserted, who had not seen the ceiling of their cells; for they had never lifted their eyes from the pavement since entering the monastery.

Brother Mansuetus was not one of these; yet he had within his heart a little seed that was likely to blossom and bear the fruit of asceticism; the seed was always there, unspouted until watered by the tear of penitence. For this reason, perhaps, in moments of great spiritual elevation, he was wont to pace the cloister, or kneel in his darkened cell, with clasped hands and brimming eyes, whispering reverently as he dwelt upon his state, "One who was lonely in the midst of multitudes, in your seclusion finds companionship, and a solemn life no longer solitary!" But this was ecstasy, and it was inevitably followed by periods of depression, and at such times the echo that returned to him out of his loved solitude reiterated the words of the Saint: "The whole life of a Christian must be a continual cross."

V.

In the dimly lighted choir of the convent chapel there was death-like silence; the stalls were empty and folded back, but before them, extended at full-length, prone upon the pavement with foreheads pressing the cold stone, lay the voiceless brotherhood. Death seemed to have visited them all at a single stroke; they were motionless as corpses; some with faces buried in volumes spread open before them; some with cheeks glued to the cold flags, and eyes shrouded with their books; and some, with heads raised a little, were poring upon the pages that lay close under their eyes with a steady and earnest stare: they had become even as little children lost in the mazes of a wonder-tale. All were absorbed, each unmindful of his neighbor, and the long and almost painful silence was broken only at intervals by a quivering and ill-suppressed sigh.

Among these indistinguishable ones lay Brother Mansuetus. His soul was consumed away; he had remained so long in one position that his limbs had become rigid and his eyes fixed. Humbling himself at

the foot of the altar, rapt in a sensuous ardor that was transporting, and made of that hard couch a bed of roses, he recalled the words of A Kempis, — words that were graven imperishably upon the tablets of his heart:

"Son, I will teach thee now the way of peace and true liberty. . . .

"Study, My son, to do rather the will of another than thy own.

"Ever choose rather to have less than more.

"Always seek the lowest place, and to be subject to every one.

"Always wish and pray that the will of God may be wholly done in thee."

These were his daily and hourly resolves, yet did he accuse himself a thousand times of having broken faith with his conscience, his spiritual Father, and his God. He descended from heavenly raptures into abysmal depths, while the pity of it and the pathos of it wrecked his soul. Tears streamed from his eyes, his heart melted as wax, and at last he, the humblest and the most eager in holy obedience of all the brotherhood, quaked as one palsied, and lamented in the chill darkness of the chapel choir.

(CONCLUSION IN OUR NEXT NUMBER.)

Shrines of Mary in Mexico.

BY THE VERY REV. J. ADAM.

(CONCLUSION.)

GUADALUPE is now a town, and has a parish priest. In 1707 there died in Mexico a wealthy gentleman named Andres Palencia, who left in his will \$100,000 for a convent of nuns or for a college. The Government would not consent to the erection of a convent, but granted permission for a chapter. The executors of the will deposited in the royal vaults \$160,000. A lawsuit followed between them and the royal attorney, which was pending for a long time, till finally the King decided that the \$160,000, with \$2 500 which the executors agreed to pay, should go into the royal exchequer at

an interest of five per cent. In 1747 the principal and interest amounted to \$527,832. In a few years, with the interest of \$30 000 per year, payment was made to ten canons, six chaplains, sacristan, etc.

On entering the Church of Our Lady I noticed that the choir, as is the case in most cathedrals of Spain and Mexico, was in the middle of the floor, obstructing the view and occupying a great part of the aisle. This was especially to be regretted in the church of Guadalupe, on account of the limited space. It appears that the present Archbishop, Pelagio Labastida, has encountered opposition on the part of some for having removed the obstruction, but lovers of sacred art will be thankful to him. It is proposed to build an addition behind the sanctuary to make room for the choir. This will take some time, and in a circular, which was read in all the churches of the Archdiocese, his Grace expressed his fears that the work would not be finished by the 12th of December, the day appointed for the coronation of the statue.

I must now tell you something of the preparations that are being made for that important occasion. Some time ago the Archbishops of Mexico, Michoacan, and Guadalajara sent to the Holy See a petition, signed by them and their suffragans, requesting the faculty necessary for the solemn crowning of the image of Our Lady of Guadalupe. In this petition the prelates stated that in 1740 the chapter of the Vatican had granted the desired permission, but, owing to the political circumstances of the times, it was not carried into effect. They observed that in the one hundred and fifty years that have elapsed since then, innumerable miracles have been wrought through the intercession of Our Lady of Guadalupe; and they asked, furthermore, that the ceremony might take place in December of this year, when the Holy Father shall celebrate his Sacerdotal Jubilee. By letters of Feb. 8, 1886, Leo XIII. gave the desired permission to the Archbishop of Mexico, or any other Bishop selected by him, granting a plenary indulgence to all those who

on the day of the coronation, or any day within the octave, after having received the Sacraments of Penance and Holy Eucharist, shall visit the church of Guadalupe, and pray before the image of Our Lady for the intentions of his Holiness.

The readers of THE "AVE MARIA" will doubtless suppose that the whole nation has united with the pious views and desires of the venerable Bishops. Unfortunately such is not the case. Here, as elsewhere, there are two parties—that of God and that of Satan. The latter, so-called radicals, have opposed the coronation of Our Lady of Guadalupe, and put all manner of obstacles in the way of it. Not long ago, I am told, the admirers of Juarez, on the anniversary of his death, gathered around his tomb, and there signed a document protesting against the proposed ceremony; and afterwards, as if possessed by the evil spirit, rushed through the streets shouting, "Death to the Archbishop of Mexico!" and pouring forth the most outrageous blasphemies against the Mother of God. But, in spite of this diabolical opposition, the coronation will take place. The Immaculate Virgin will once more crush under her virginal foot the modern serpent, Liberalism; and her dutiful children of Mexico, as elsewhere, will proclaim her Queen of Heaven Queen of all nations.

Now let me redeem my promise to say something of the apparitions of Our Lady.

On a Saturday morning, December 9, 1531, ten years after the Conquest of Mexico by the Spaniards, an Indian named Juan Diego was going from his town to Mexico to hear Mass. At break of day he was crossing a hill called Tepeyac, near the city, when he heard strains of heavenly music on the top of the mountain, and, raising his eyes, saw a white cloud pierced with a brilliant light, and surrounded by a rainbow. "What do I see?" he exclaimed—"what do I hear? Am I transported to Paradise?" Presently he heard a voice calling him, and advancing, he saw a beautiful Lady, who said: "My son, Juan Diego, whom I tenderly love, where are you going?" He

answered: "I am on my way to Mexico to hear Mass." The Lady continued: "I am the Virgin Mary, Mother of the true God, Author of life, Lord of heaven and earth. It is my desire that a church be erected in my honor on this spot, where I will show my clemency and compassion to the natives of this place, and to all those who implore my protection, and call upon me in their trials and afflictions. In order that my wish may be accomplished, go to the Bishop of Mexico, and relate to him what you have seen and heard; tell him that I sent you to him, and that it is my wish he should build a church in this place. Be diligent, then, in carrying out my orders, and be certain I shall reward you generously."

The Indian prostrated himself and answered: "Most noble Lady, I will go at once to have your command put into execution."

On arriving at the city, three miles distant, Juan Diego proceeded to the palace of the Right Rev. Juan de Zumarraga, first Bishop of Mexico. It was still very early in the day, and the servants, thinking the visitor was a beggar, made him wait a long time; but finally, admiring his patience, they introduced him to the Bishop. Kneeling before his Lordship, Juan related his vision with the utmost simplicity and candor. The prelate listened attentively, but came to the conclusion that the poor Indian must have been dreaming, or had been deceived by Satan, as he had been converted from paganism only a few years before. Sad and silent, Juan left the episcopal residence, seeing that no credence had been given to his words.

Late in the evening of the same day he was returning to his own village, when, on reaching the spot where he had been stopped in the morning, he saw the Blessed Virgin awaiting him. Kneeling before her, he exclaimed: "My dear Queen and great Lady, I have done as you commanded me, and related to the Bishop all that I saw and heard here this morning; he listened with attention, but, from his questions and remarks, I do not think he believed me. He

told me to call again, that he might inquire into the matter, and investigate it more carefully. He seemed to think that the temple you ask is only a notion of mine; so I beg you to send to him some noble person worthy of respect, to whom he may give credit; for, you know, I am only a poor Indian. Forgive me, my Queen, if I have dared to say anything offensive or disrespectful to your greatness."

Mary heard with kindness the words of the Indian, and replied: "My son, there is no lack of servants to do my will, but I have chosen you to deliver this message, and to carry my desire into effect. So I ask you to go again to the Bishop, repeat my request, and tell him the one that sends you is the Virgin Mary, Mother of God."

Juan answered: "Be not displeased, my Queen and my Lady, at what I have said; I will willingly deliver your message."

The Indian saluted Our Lady with great humility, and returned home. Next day (Sunday) he went to assist at Mass in the Church of St. James, after which he hastened to the palace of the Bishop, and with tears in his eyes told him that he had seen God's Mother again, and that she had requested him to go once more to his Lordship, and bid him build her a temple on the spot where she had appeared. The Bishop listened to him with greater attention than he had shown the first time; he now began to give credit to the Indian, and, after questioning him very closely, told him to go back and ask the Lady for some proofs of the truth of the apparition. The Bishop, seeing that Juan did not object to this trying command, but on the contrary asked him to select a sign, privately called two of his servants, and told them to follow the Indian, and observe attentively what should happen, and with whom he would talk. Juan did not notice the servants, but, having crossed a bridge, he disappeared suddenly from their sight; they made a careful search in every direction, and not finding him, they returned to the Bishop, and told him not to give credit to the Indian, as he was a sorcerer.

As soon as Juan reached the hill he saw his heavenly Visitant awaiting him, and, prostrating himself before her, he informed her of his interview with the Bishop, adding that his Lordship required some proofs of the truth of what he had related. The Blessed Virgin thanked him, told him to come again next day, when she would give him signs which would remove all doubt from the mind of the prelate.

But on the following day the Indian was detained at home to take care of his uncle, Juan Bernardino, who was very ill. As the patient grew worse, he expressed a desire to receive the last Sacraments, and be prepared for death. Early next morning (Tuesday) the Indian set out to call the priest. On approaching the hill Tepeyac, he remembered that he had not come to meet the Blessed Virgin the day before, as he had promised to do, and, full of fear, he turned to take another road. But to his astonishment he saw her descending the mountain, enveloped in a white cloud, and heard her ask: "My son, whither do you go?—what road have you taken?"

Juan stood confused for a moment, then said: "My Lady, do not be displeased with me; my uncle is very sick, and I am going for a priest to give him the last Sacraments, after which I will return here without fail."

Mary listened with a sweet smile, and replied: "Do not be alarmed, my son; your uncle shall not die—in fact, he is now entirely well. Can I not restore health? Are you not under my protection?"

The Indian, full of confidence, and deeply grateful, said: "Well, then, gracious Lady, I am ready to do your will; but give me some sign, that the Bishop may believe."

The Blessed Virgin replied: "Go up to the top of this mountain, and gather the roses which you will find there. Put them in your *serape* [blanket], and bring them to me."

Juan ascended the mountain, where he found most fragrant roses; he brought them to the Blessed Virgin, who arranged them, and said: "Go now to the Bishop, and tell him by these roses to know my

will. Do not show them to any one else—do not unfold your *serape* to any one except the Bishop." And the apparition vanished.

The Indian, rejoicing, hastened on his journey, looking now and then at the beautiful roses. On reaching the palace, he had to wait a long time before he was permitted to see the Bishop. The servants noticing that something was concealed in his blanket, tried to unfold it, but he remonstrated; however, they caught a glimpse of the roses, and when they attempted to touch them, they seemed to be painted on the blanket. Struck with astonishment, they ran to the Bishop, and told him what had happened. His Lordship called Juan Diego to his presence, and when the Indian appeared before him, he unfolded his blanket, and lo! the picture of Mary was painted on it as it is seen to this day in her holy temple.

The Bishop, overwhelmed with emotion, gave credit to the vision and to the words of the Indian, and, with his attendants, prostrated himself before the picture, and profoundly venerated it. Then with tender devotion he took the blanket to his private chapel, and gave thanks to God and to His Holy Mother. He detained the Indian until the following day, when, with his clergy, he accompanied him to the spot where the Queen of Heaven had appeared to him four times. Then Juan asked to be permitted to return to his uncle, and the Bishop sent some servants with him, requesting them to conduct Juan Bernardino to him, in case they found him in good health.

The old man was astonished to see his nephew accompanied by the Spaniards, and, on hearing of the apparition, he attested that at the very hour mentioned by Diego the Blessed Virgin had appeared to himself, restored him to perfect health, and expressed her desire to have a chapel built in her honor on the spot indicated, adding that the picture she would give should be called *Santa Maria de Guadalupe*. The story of his miraculous cure was carefully investigated, after which the Bishop received both Indians into the episcopal residence.

Meanwhile the report of the apparition spread throughout the city, and people flocked to venerate the miraculous picture; so great was the concourse of pious worshippers that the prelate was obliged to place the image in the parish church, where it was exposed for veneration until an edifice was built on the spot where the Blessed Virgin had appeared, whither the image was conveyed with great pomp and solemnity.

This, in brief, is the history of a devotion to the Blessed Virgin which is known and practised in every part of our sister Republic.

Next week, before embarking for Europe, I hope to have the privilege of celebrating the Holy Sacrifice before the miraculous picture of Our Lady of Guadalupe, where I promise not to forget my benefactors and the pious readers of *THE "AVE MARIA."*

The Angelus.

BY MARY C. CROWLEY.

I.

WHAT master wrought the sweet-toned bells
That, soft o'er vales and sylvan dells,
The Angelus first rang?
Gleamed silver pure and virgin gold,
Like souls, within the dark clay mould,
Ere rich their spirit voices rolled,
As though an angel sang?

II.

Or, voicing the celestial thought,
Pealed forth the chimes, by seraphs fraught
With melody, that thrilled
From star to star, when Gabriel soared,
Before the flame-white Throne adored,
With Mary's answer, and the Lord
The earth with heaven filled?

III.

Or first in Nazareth's holy glade,
When Christ a child there dwelt and prayed,
The flower-bells of spring
Bade He, with fragrant breath of song,
To hail His Mother blessed among
All women, and the wind-swayed throng
The Angelus did ring,—

IV.

Till music-laden was the air,
Till rose above the valley fair
The chanting echoes: thus
Was Nature's sweetest anthem heard,
The listening world with rapture stirred,
As, at the Child-God's potent word,
First rang the Angelus?

Nora's Recompense.

(CONCLUSION.)

THE twentieth day of the fever dawned; the eventful moment was at hand, and a few hours would decide the question of life or death for Mrs. Auvvard. Miss Kernoel had seen Mark at the early Mass, leaning against a pillar, evidently in overwhelming anxiety; and later on he and Nora watched beside the patient, whose restlessness increased every moment. Suddenly the servant entered and brought letters, which she laid on the table. One was for Nora, directed in a large, scrawling child's hand. Moving aside, she opened it, and read as follows:

"PAU, Monday a. m.

"DEAREST MISS NORA:—We are in great, great trouble. Scarcely had you gone, when grandmamma got a cough and fever. She is better now, but the doctor won't let her leave her room. The maid of the hotel took us out walking every day, but grandmamma says that can not continue, and we must have a governess. She will take another if you don't return, and my sister and I cry bitterly at the thought. There is an English lady here who will engage with us for the winter, but not for a shorter time. But won't you come back to us? I am sure your aunt is better; for we prayed very much for her, as you told us to do. Think how fond we are of you! And grandmamma cries about you, and she will keep you even if we go to the convent. She is still too weak to write herself. Send a telegram to say you will return at once. We both send you a thousand kisses.

"Your grateful pupil,

"MARGARET HARMEL."

Nora grew pale as she read these childish lines. It was out of the question to leave her aunt in her present state; and if she recovered, the convalescence would be long and tedious, and require much care and watching. Mark ought to return to his business, even if he knew how to nurse her; and Nora could not leave her task half done. But what a sacrifice it entailed! She lost an agreeable, permanent situation, and would have to seek another among strangers when her aunt recovered; and, though she did not hesitate for a moment, the thought depressed her. Mark watched her anxiously, and saw the tears that came to her eyes as she read the letter.

"What is the matter? Have you had bad news?" he asked, eagerly.

"Yes: a person who is dear to me is ill."

"A person dear to you—a relative?"

"No, a friend," she answered briefly, and left the room. Then, after a few minutes' absence, she called the servant, handed her an envelope, and told her to take the message contained in it to the telegraph office and have it sent at once. When she returned to Mrs. Auvrard's room, she met Mark's grave, searching eyes.

"I thought we were friends," he said.

"I still think so," she replied, with recovered serenity.

"Yet you have a grief you conceal from me."

"I shall tell it to you later."

He soon forgot this little occurrence in his increasing anxiety about the patient, who began to grow worse, until at nightfall her state was so precarious that a priest was hastily sent for to administer Extreme Unction. Towards morning the physician, who had watched all night by her bedside, whispered: "There is a change for the better; if she sleeps now, I answer for her life." As the first rays of the morning sun stole through the closed curtains, the sick woman fell into a profound sleep, and hope revived in the hearts of the watchers. She was saved.

Very, very slowly did Mrs. Auvrard recover her health. Sometimes tears rolled

down her pale cheeks, but she never told their cause. She had shown neither astonishment nor any other feeling at Nora's appearance; she allowed her to care for her, was docile to her directions, but observed complete silence. About a week after the doctor declared her out of danger, Mark prepared for his departure with a joyful heart.

"I shall soon return, dear mother," he said, tenderly; "my heart and thoughts will be constantly with you. I confide you to Miss de Brélyon's care; she was so self-sacrificing, so devoted in those days of anguish, I know not what I should have done without her."

His mother did not speak, but she gave him a long, scrutinizing glance, and tears coursed down her cheeks.

"Mother," he exclaimed, "what is the matter? Are you not glad to be restored to us? Your strength will soon return."

"My strength!" she repeated; "it is gone forever. Did you ever see me cry before?"

"But why do you cry now, mother?"

She was silent.

"You do not dislike having your niece with you?"

"Oh, no!"

He kissed her tenderly, and left her. He met Nora on the stairs. "I shall return in three days," he said; "I confide my mother to you, but you must excuse her if she has not yet expressed her gratitude towards you. She is still so weak!"

"I am not vexed with her," she replied, smiling.

He went a step farther, then, turning back, said: "How selfishly forgetful I have been! I never thought to ask if your long stay here has interfered with your prospects in Pau."

"Never mind that; I can stay as long as I am needed."

"And—if my mother asked you to remain—as a beloved daughter with her?"

"Let us leave the future in the hands of God," she answered, evasively, making a sign of farewell, and entering her aunt's room.

The latter seemed asleep. Nora arranged the fire, and gently put the room in order; then she took up some mending, sat by the fire, and began to sew busily. Her thoughts reverted to her loneliness and uncertain future, and an involuntary tear dropped on the towel she was mending. She courageously dried it, and stooped to take more work from the basket, when her glance fell on the bed, and she saw her aunt's eyes were open and fixed on her. Nora went over to her and said, softly:

"How do you feel, aunt? Would you like anything?"

Mrs. Auvrard made a negative sign, and whispered: "Say with me."

Nora knelt down beside her, and her aunt continued, in a voice so low as to be scarcely audible: "Did Mark send for you?"

"No: I heard from Miss Kernoel that you were ill and had no nurse, and I started at once from Pau."

Mrs. Auvrard looked again at the sweet face which had so often bent over her during the fever. "Kiss me," was all she said, but the words went to Nora's heart, and her tears fell on her aunt's hand as she pressed her lips to her brow.

"Do not cry, dear child. Leave that to old women like me. Now let me rest for a little while. I am very weak, and my head is confused."

From that day Nora felt she had gained an entrance into her aunt's heart, but poor Mrs. Auvrard continued a prey to a sadness which her friends could not banish. Soon she was able to sit up, but all Nora's efforts failed to bring a smile to her pale lips. "I can do no more for her," said the young girl in discouragement to Miss Kernoel. "I must now think about leaving." But next morning Miss Octavia received a visit from Mark.

"I have come to speak to you about Miss de B élyon," he began without further preamble. "Do you know if Mrs. Harmel wants her back?"

"She can not return to Pau: they have taken another governess. More than three weeks ago she had to choose between leav-

ing your mother or giving up the place."

Mark remembered the letter which had so agitated Nora. His face wore a singular expression as he looked at Miss Kernoel and said: "I am almost glad that it is so; for I feared her affection for the children would have proved an obstacle to her acceptance of my mother's proposals."

"What proposals, may I ask?"

"My mother can not fail to offer her a home with us."

"And do you think Nora would be happy with you?"

"Perhaps now she would."

She gave him a curious look, half grave, half quizzical. "Don't you think that Nora has been long enough with strangers, and ought to have a home of her own?" she asked.

"Certainly—do you mean—she—she should marry?"

"Exactly. Will you help me to find a husband for her?"

"I—I—never thought of that," he answered, with visible confusion.

Miss Kernoel laughed, and, stretching out her hand to him, said, good-naturedly: "Mark, must an old maid open your eyes to the fact that you are hopelessly in love with Nora? Why don't you ask her to be your wife?"

He stared at her for a moment, then covered his face with his hands, and asked himself was it not true. Yes, undoubtedly he loved her, and had loved her long. But a cruel doubt arose.

"She is so young and charming!" he said; "could she love a man prematurely old like me?"

"Ask her. I don't know if she loves you yet, but she is a perfect treasure, and I think you would make her happy."

He pressed his old friend's hand in silence, and left her. It was late when he returned home, after wandering for several hours in the neighborhood. He looked so pale as he entered the room where Nora sat with his mother, that the former asked him if he was ill. "You look so pale and tired!" she said, kindly.

"Yes; I took a long walk, and am weary."

He sat down, poked the fire absently, and shortly after retired to his room. As the door closed behind him, his mother sighed and said: "Mark is suffering."

"It is no wonder, dear aunt, he watched so long beside your sick bed; and then, between his professional duties and his constant journeys to Penvan, he is worn out."

"It is not that," said Mrs. Auvrard, in a peculiar tone. "Come here, child."

Nora drew a stool near her, and sat down, somewhat amazed.

"I have loved my son deeply and truly," pursued her aunt, while her thin white hands trembled with agitation; "he was the one engrossing passion of my life, and for him all sacrifices appeared light; but now—I hope not too late—I have discovered that I loved him selfishly; I bound his young life to one already aged, and let my sorrows overshadow his soul. However, he is still young, and if I no longer suffice for him, at least I shall try to make him happy. Answer me truly, Nora, will you be my son's wife?"

Nora uttered a cry of astonishment, and turned deadly pale.

"He is older than you," continued her aunt, in feverish excitement; "but any woman might be proud of his intellectual abilities and his many noble qualities. He might have won fame elsewhere, but he stayed here for my sake."

Nora was still too surprised to speak.

"Then you can not love him," said her aunt; "though he loves you more than the whole world—more even than me?" And large tears rolled down her emaciated face.

"Aunt," answered Nora at last, "perhaps you are mistaken."

"No," said Mrs. Auvrard, somewhat bitterly; "I have loved him too well to be deceived."

At this moment the door opened; Mark had forgotten something, and his mother quickly addressed him.

"Mark," she said, in the vibrating tone of strong emotion, "have I erred in telling

Nora that it is your dearest wish to call her wife?"

The young girl heard a stifled cry, and Mark was beside her, grasping her hand.

"Is it a vain wish?" he said. "O Nora! I offer you the home for which you long, the quiet life and the love for which your heart sighs. Nora, can you learn in time to love me?"

At these words a feeling of rest and security stole into Nora's heart, and her astonishment yielded to the loving words with which he pleaded for her consent. She could not speak, but her smile told him his cause was gained. He pressed his lips on the little hand so condescendingly placed in his, and, turning to his mother, said: "Mother, what do I not owe you!" She kissed them both affectionately, then begged them to leave her, as she was not strong enough for much emotion. They went away, after renewed thanks, and she leaned back exhausted in her arm-chair.

"All is over now," she said. "I loved him more than myself, and I have given him to another."

"No, but all is beginning a new life," observed Miss Kernoel, who had entered unperceived. "Your generous sacrifice will yet bring you a rich reward. We women are created for abnegation and self-sacrifice; but when we fix our eyes above, we learn to bear all, looking forward to Love eternal and most blessed. I also am alone, but God is with me. Trust to Him, and a happy future will yet smile on you."

Years have passed, and Miss Kernoel's prophetic words are realized. Mark and Nora have come to spend the summer vacation in the old house, but how changed it is from the gloomy house of old! Joyous laughter sounds through the rooms; soft carpets cover the floors, on which a chubby boy, his grandmother's idol, rolls contentedly. Flowers bloom everywhere, and life and gaiety reign where once gloom and severity made the days so weary and monotonous. Mrs. Auvrard is happier than perhaps she has ever been, and as Mark

looks from the fair-haired, blooming boy in his mother's arms to the sweet face of his wife, he murmurs to her softly: "Nora, who could have foretold this result when, poor and homeless, you came to our house? Your sweetness and gentle piety softened our hearts, and with the orphan came happiness and salvation."

A Precious Gift for the Holy Father.

OF the innumerable beautiful and costly presents to be offered to the Holy Father on occasion of his Golden Jubilee one of the most precious and appropriate will be that of the clergy and laity of the Archdiocese of Paris. It is a real *chef-d'œuvre* of art, worthy of the donors and the recipient, and will be laid at the feet of Leo XIII. by Mgr. Richard himself. The gift consists of a superb tiara enclosed in a case of exquisite workmanship. Before describing it in detail, it may be well to recall the origin of the triple crown of the Sovereign Pontiffs.

Tiara is the name given by Herodotus to the headgear of the Persian kings, and came into use as a symbol of the sovereignty of the Pope towards the close of the eleventh century, at the coronation of Paschal III. The shape of the primitive tiara was different from the modern one: it was merely a mitre adorned with a crown. It is generally believed that Pope Boniface VIII. (1292) added the second crown, and Urban V. (1362) added the third.

Before the calamities which befell Rome at the end of the eighteenth century, the pontifical treasury contained several magnificent tiaras. By the treaty of Tolentino, the French Directory obliged Pius VI., of saintly memory, to give over all his precious stones. In compensation, Napoleon I. offered a superb tiara to Pius VII.; it is of great value, and contains the finest emerald in the world. Queen Isabel II., of Spain, also gave a very costly tiara to Pius IX. The one to be presented to his successor by the Archdiocese of Paris will be the most

artistic of the three. The crown and the lappets are of silver-cloth exquisitely embroidered. The design was copied from that of Raphael in his famous picture known as the *Disputation of the Blessed Sacrament*.

On the top of the tiara is the terrestrial globe, the outline of which is in beautiful diamonds; the cross over it is also of diamonds, the centre stone being a large and perfect gem. The three crowns are identical in shape, each having six *fleurons*, set off with one large diamond and four smaller ones. Between these ornaments are placed rare sapphires, rubies, and emeralds. The number of stones used in the whole tiara has been calculated as follows: nineteen emeralds, eleven sapphires, thirty-two rubies, five hundred and twenty-nine diamonds, and two hundred and fifty-two pearls. The papal arms are embroidered on the lappets, from which golden tassels are suspended; in each lappet is inserted a cross of diamonds.

The tiara is a marvel of workmanship, and the case destined to hold it is in itself an object of art. It opens like a small cabinet, and is lined with handsome red brocade. At the back is a *fleur-de-lis* interlacing the initials of Leo XIII., all studded with precious stones which could not be used in decorating the tiara itself. The cover of the case is of the finest red morocco, fastened with gold nails, on which are enamelled the seals of the convents and parishes of the Archdiocese. Families have their coat of arms or initials enamelled on the nails of the clasps; the lock bears the archiepiscopal seal, and that of the three archdeaconries, and of the chapter of Notre Dame. By special desire of Mgr. Richard, a place was also reserved for an inscription recalling "the humble offerings agreeable to God."

THAT is a miserable life which is limited to itself in care and thought. For selfishness defeats its own end. Instead of excluding pain by excluding care for others, the selfish life only centres all care upon itself, and so, when pain touches it, has no other refuge.—*Christian Reid*.

The Miraculous Medal.

R. F. C., in "The Month."

(CONCLUSION.)

IN the course of the same year (1830) Sister Catherine had another vision, which unfolded to her more definitely the work she had to do. We quote the account as it was written by M. Aladel.

At the hour when the Sisters were praying in the chapel (5.30 p. m.) the Blessed Virgin appeared to the young Sister as if in an oval frame. She was standing on the globe of the world, only half of which could be seen. She was dressed in a white robe with a blue cloak edged with silver, having as it were diamonds in Her hands, from which fell streams of golden rays upon the earth. Sister Catherine heard a voice saying, "These rays are the graces that Mary obtains for men," and saw these words written in golden characters: *O Marie, conçue sans péché, priez pour nous qui avons recours à vous*—"O Mary, conceived without sin, pray for us who have recourse to Thee!" This prayer was in the form of a semicircle; beginning on a level with Our Lady's right hand, and passing over Her head, it terminated on a level with Her left hand. The picture then turned round, and on the reverse side the Sister saw the letter M. with a cross above it, having a crosspiece at its base, and below the letter the Hearts of Jesus and Mary, the former surrounded by a crown of thorns, and the latter pierced with a sword. Then she thought she heard these words: "A medal must be struck on this pattern; the persons who shall carry it with indulgences attached to it, and shall offer the above prayer, shall enjoy a very special protection from the Mother of God." At that instant the vision disappeared.

This appearance of Our Lady was repeated several times in the course of a few months, always in the chapel of the mother-house of the Sisters of Charity: sometimes during Holy Mass, at other times when Sister Laboué was praying there. In an account of one of these apparitions from the pen of the Sister herself, we have certain accidental differences from the narrative given above. Our Lady appears at first with a globe in Her hands, which She presents to Our Lord. Her hands are suddenly

seen covered with rings and precious stones, whence proceed brilliant rays down upon the earth. She tells the Sister that these rays are the symbol of the graces that She pours out upon the persons that ask for them. As She speaks, a sort of oval picture encloses Her, on which are written in letters of gold the words already given—"O Marie, conçue sans péché, priez pour nous qui avons recours à vous." Then a voice is heard, telling the Sister to have a medal struck on this pattern, and informing her that those who carry it will receive great graces, especially if they wear it round their neck; and that these graces will be most abundant for those who have a great spirit of confidence in Our Lady's intercession.

These apparitions, when reported to Sister Catherine's confessor, were invariably received with cold indifference, and even with discouraging severity, and she was forbidden to place any faith in them whatever. But her obedience, to which M. Aladel himself bears witness, could not efface from her heart the delicious remembrance of what she had seen. To return to Mary's feet was her greatest happiness; her heart was always there, and she had ever the firm conviction that she should soon see Her again.

There is one feature in the medal as known to us which has not any place in the accounts given by Sister Catherine of her visions. The serpent which appears under Our Lady's feet is nowhere mentioned by her in writing; but happily a communication that she made to one of her superiors explains its presence. This superior, who had been admitted to her confidence, desired to have a statue of Mary Immaculate made as Sister Labouré had seen Her. "Ought I," she asked, "to put the serpent under Mary's feet?" "Yes," said the Sister; "there was a serpent of a greenish color with yellow spots." She also recommended that Our Lady should not be represented as too young, or too smiling, but that Her countenance should be grave, though beaming with a radiant light of love, which, she said, shone forth especially when She was dictating the prayer to be stamped on the medal.

Although M. Aladel received Sister Catherine's revelations so coldly, they nevertheless made the deepest impression upon him. After waiting for several months, he consulted some persons of experience respecting them,

and subsequently laid them before Monsignor de Quélen, Archbishop of Paris. The evidence to their reality was so strong that the Archbishop, in 1832, gave his consent to M. Aladel's proposal to have a medal struck in accordance with Our Lady's instruction to Sister Catherine. It was not easy to settle on the details. The Blessed Virgin had not always appeared under the same form, and a change had sometimes taken place in Her attitude in the course of the apparition. It was therefore decided to take the already existing medal of the Immaculate Mother, and to add to it the rays of light issuing from the rings on Her fingers, the globe on which She was seen to be standing, and the serpent crushed under Her feet. Around the oval were inserted the words, "*O Marie, conçue sans péché, priez pour nous qui avons recours à vous!*" The reverse side of the medal was made in accordance with Our Lady's instructions as given above.

As soon as the medal was struck it began to spread rapidly, especially among the Sisters of Charity, some of whom, knowing to a certain extent its origin, had the greatest confidence in it. They gave it to their sick, and at once the most wonderful conversions and cures attested its miraculous efficacy. Then pious mothers begged for it to give to their children, who seemed to have an instinctive love for it, and to value it as a certain mark and assurance of Our Lady's protection. As soon as it became known in a place a throng of pious persons hastened to procure it, and boys and girls began to discover its value as a preservative of innocence. In some country parishes almost the whole population were invested with it; and a general officer of Paris asked for sixty medals to distribute among various officers who wished to have one.

The Archbishop of Paris, whose great charity made him a constant visitor to the sick, several times informed M. Aladel that he had never given the medal to any one without having recognized its happy fruits. At length, in 1836, he went so far as to recommend it in one of his pastorals. After speaking of the signal favors and graces of every description obtained by the invocation of Mary conceived without sin, his Grace continued: "We exhort the faithful to wear the medal struck some years ago in honor of the Blessed Virgin, and to often repeat the prayer written

above the figure—'O Mary, conceived without sin, pray for us who have recourse to Thee!'"

But it was not only in France that the miraculous medal was spread abroad: in Italy, Switzerland, Belgium, America, the Levant, and even in China it soon became celebrated for its wonder-working power. In Paris alone forty millions of these medals had been struck off in 1879, and about the same number in Lyons. But it is time that we proceed to narrate some of the extraordinary cures both of soul and body wrought by means of it. Those given in M. Aladel's book are very numerous, and we can not attempt to cite more than two or three of them. They are but samples chosen almost at hazard out of a quantity of others which we would fain adduce.

In a hospital tended by the Sisters of Charity in the department of Herault in France, in the year 1834, was a captain of the 21st Light Infantry in an advanced stage of consumption, and with his left side partially paralyzed. He prided himself on having no religion, and the Sister who had care of him found it quite useless to speak to him on the subject. One day, however, when he was worse than usual, one of the Sisters took courage, and asked him if he was a Catholic. "Yes, Sister" was the reply. She then begged him to wear the medal of Mary Immaculate, assuring him that if he did so She would give him patience and courage amid his sufferings. He thanked her and took it, but refused to wear it. The Sister Infirmarian, however, managed to fasten another medal inside his pillow. At first no effect seemed to be produced: the young officer was rapidly growing worse, and still he refused to see a priest. At length the doctors announced that it was very doubtful whether he would live through the night, and the Sisters sent for a priest, and brought him to the sick man's bedside. But the dying patient uttered not a word, save that in answer to the exhortations of the good priest, he cried out: "Let me alone! I shall be dead to-morrow, and all will be over." The priest at length withdrew, but the poor Sisters only redoubled their prayers to Mary Immaculate, begging Her not to allow one to perish whom they had placed under Her omnipotent protection.

The following evening to their surprise and delight the dying man called the Sister who had charge of the ward. "O Sister," he said, "how sorry I am to have treated so badly the

Sister Superior and the good priest who came to see me! Please express to them my sincere regret, and ask them to give me another chance." The good Sister lost no time. Back came the priest, was received with expressions of hearty regret by the sick man, remained with him two hours, heard his confession, and had the happiness of seeing him make his peace with God. "I die," he said—and asked the chaplain to write the words down,—“in the religion of my fathers I love and I revere it, and humbly ask pardon of God for not having always practised it before the world.” And so he peacefully expired.

Another cure is related by the very lady to whom it happened, and who gives her name and address in testimony of its accuracy. "I had been ill," she said, "for eight years, and the doctors could do nothing for me. I suffered from continual hemorrhage, could eat nothing, and drew near to death's door. At length the doctor advised that I should be sent to the hospital, to spare my family the painful spectacle of my death. One of my neighbors however, suggested that a Sister of Charity be sent for. I consented rather reluctantly, for I thought they came only to poor people; and the next day Sister Mary arrived from a neighboring parish. When she found I had not been to confession for several years, she told me the first thing to do was to make my confession. 'I'll go to confession when I am cured,' I answered. The Sister urged her request. 'My dear Sister, I don't like to be persecuted with that sort of thing I have told you that I will go to confession when I am cured.' Meanwhile I grew rapidly worse. A violent chill came over me, and every one thought I was dead. When the doctor heard of my condition, he remarked: 'I am not surprised at it: she has two fatal diseases—consumption and continual hemorrhage. If she is not dead now, she will scarcely live through the day.'

"That afternoon, at two o'clock, Sister Mary made her appearance 'Have you any devotion to our Blessed Lady?' she asked. 'Yes, I think so.' And in fact I always had some sort of confidence in the Holy Mother of God. 'Well, then, if you had a real love for Her, I would give you something that would cure you.' 'Oh, I shall be cured soon enough!' (I meant that I should soon be dead, for I felt that I was dying.) Then the Sister showed

me the medal. 'Put this medal on, and if you have great confidence in Our Lady it will cure you.' Somehow the sight of that medal cheered my heart. I took it, and kissed it devoutly; for I was very anxious to get well. Then the Sister read to me the little prayer that I was to say every day, and I promised to add five 'Our Fathers' and five 'Hail Marys.' She put the medal round my neck, and at that moment a strange sensation seemed to come over me—a sort of general revolution in my whole frame. It was not anything painful: on the contrary, I was shedding tears of joy. I was not cured, but I felt that my cure was coming, and I had a confidence which certainly did not come from myself.

"The same evening I found to my astonishment that I could sit up in bed. The next day I asked for some soup, and enjoyed it. I was cured. Two days afterwards I felt strong enough to go to the church to thank Our Lady. My friends would not hear of it, but I insisted. Alone and unaided I made my way thither. A day or two afterwards I went to confession. From the day of my cure to the present time I have enjoyed perfect health. It is to the miraculous medal that I owe the grace which has cured alike the evils of my soul and body."

This lady had a little girl aged six years and a half, who had from her infancy been unable to speak distinctly. She was not dumb, but was so tongue-tied that it was almost impossible to make out what she said. When Sister Mary saw her she recommended the same remedy which had cured her mother. 'Impossible! Why, the child has a natural malformation of the organ of speech!' But the medal was put round the little girl's neck, and a novena begun to Our Lady. The child was to hear Mass each day, and to recite certain prayers. At first no result was visible, but on the fifth day, on coming out from Mass, the child spoke as plainly and distinctly as though nothing had ever been the matter with her. Those who heard her could not believe their ears. Soon the report spread; people came from all sides, listened to her, questioned her. For all little Hortense had but one answer. She showed them her medal, and said: "Our Lady cured me."

The miracles wrought through this wonderful medal are as varied as they are innumerable. A missionary from Macao writes

how, through its means, the devil was expelled from a pagan who had long been possessed. From New Orleans comes an account of the conversion of a Freemason under whose pillow it had been placed. At St. Louis, under similar circumstances, a young Methodist, who was to all appearance dead, came to life again and asked for baptism, dying in reality only half an hour after the regenerating waters had been poured upon him. At Beuthen in Poland a young Protestant actress, who consented to wear a medal in order to show how little effect it would have upon her, soon succumbed to its influence, and asked to be instructed and received into the Church. At a prison in Austria a hardened apostate, who had been guilty of fearful outrages against God, was changed by the grace which came with the wearing of it. From every part of the world comes the same story of the countless miracles it has wrought. Most wonderful of all is the story—most of our readers are probably familiar with it—of the Abbé Ratisbonne's conversion from Judaism.

It is easy for the sceptic to scoff at such stories as those we have narrated or referred to above. But we are not writing for sceptics, but for good Catholics, and our object is to increase the devotion they already entertain towards everything connected with God's Holy Mother. If any of them should think the statements of the universal efficacy of the miraculous medal incredible or exaggerated, we would ask them to give it a trial, and they will surely find by their own experience that none who trust in the Holy Mother of God shall be confounded; that She shall heap upon them treasures of joy and gladness; that "Her ways are beautiful ways, and all Her paths are peaceable; that She is a tree of life to them that lay hold on Her; and that he who shall retain Her is blessed for evermore."*

* Prov. iii, 17, 18.

CHRISTIANITY, instead of militating against anything good which I had derived from philosophy, strengthened it by the aid of logical deductions, at once more powerful and profound.—*My Prisons.*

WE are doubtful of the value of many a thing while we hold it, which seems to us absolutely good after it has passed from our grasp.

Catholic Notes.

Among the innumerable offerings to be made to the Holy Father on occasion of his Golden Jubilee, that of his Eminence Cardinal Lavigerie deserves particular mention. It consists of an ancient reliquary in silver containing the bones of a martyr which was recently discovered at Carthage. From an artistic point of view, it is a masterpiece; and, viewed in the light of archæology, the object is unique. The engravings represent all the emblems of Christianity—the monogram of Christ, the palm, the fish, the dove, etc. The name of the martyr whose remains are contained in the reliquary has not been definitely ascertained.

This precious object, so remarkable as a specimen of early Christian art, was entrusted for renovation to M. Meurice of Paris. Subsequently it was transferred to Rome, and placed in the hands of the illustrious archæologist De Rossi, who will examine it, and give a report of the same. The presentation was to have been made on the 8th of September, but Signor de Rossi asked for further time to complete his report, which will be presented to the Holy Father with the reliquary. This offering of the missionary Cardinal of Africa will no doubt rank among the most notable objects in the Vatican Museum.

Earth's prizes are but a shadow, its glories empty, and its successes disappointing. And, curiously enough, the world has never even deceived itself about them. Listen to the opinion of one of the most famous men of our time—Prince Bismarck—as expressed in a letter to a young man who asked his advice about the road to success:

"Fame is a desirable thing only in the pursuit of it. When once attained it is found to be like the Apples of Sodom, and turns to ashes in your grasp. To be gazed at at eight paces, and to be shot at at four paces, is a poor remuneration for a life of toil. As for myself, I can truly say that I have received only endless anxiety, worry, and disappointment; and were it not for the hope of a better life beyond the grave, through the mercy of our Lord Jesus Christ, I do not see how this life would be endurable."

In a communication to the *Echo de Notre Dame de la Garde*, the Rev. Père Augier, Provincial of the Oblates of Mary, residing at

Montreal, speaks of a visit he recently paid to an Indian village called Maniwaki. Maniwaki, which means "land of Mary," is situated at the junction of two rivers emptying into the St. Lawrence, and is one of the missions attended by the Oblate Fathers. The Indians are comparatively few in number, but still form the majority of the congregation composed in part of French and Irish, which fills the church consecrated to the Blessed Virgin. Father Augier says that the Assumption is the great festival day of these pious Indians, who each year prepare for its celebration by a retreat of eight days. They come from all parts, attired in their best apparel, and with edifying regularity and recollection attend the various exercises. These days of preparation are crowned by a general Communion and solemn procession of the Blessed Sacrament on the festival.

The Feast of St. Andrew the Apostle, Wednesday, Nov. 30, will be memorable in the annals of the Church in the two new Western dioceses of Concordia (Kansas) and Lincoln (Nebraska), by reason of the consecration on that day of the first Bishops of those sees—the Rev. Richard Scannell and the Rev. Thomas Bonacum. The consecration of the Bishop of Concordia took place in the Cathedral of Nashville, Archbishop Feehan, of Chicago, being the consecrating prelate. The usual sermon was delivered by Archbishop Elder, of Cincinnati. There were present the Rt. Rev. Bishops O'Sullivan, Maes, Dwenger, Rademacher, and McCloskey, and a large number of clergy from far and near. The church, which was handsomely decorated for the occasion, was filled to its utmost capacity with the faithful who came to witness the impressive ceremony.

The consecration of the Rt. Rev. Thomas Bonacum, Bishop of Lincoln, in St. John's Church, St. Louis, was made additionally impressive by the fact that the day was the forty-sixth anniversary of the elevation to the episcopal dignity of the officiating prelate, the Most Rev. Archbishop Kenrick. It was also the first consecration that has taken place in that city for nearly seventeen years, and it brought together a very large attendance of the Rt. Rev. and Rev. clergy. The assistant consecrators with the venerable Archbishop were the Rt. Rev. Bishops Hogan and O'Connor. The

sermon was delivered by the Rt. Rev. John J. Hennessy. The newly-consecrated prelate is spoken of by his late fellow-members of the clergy as possessing all the qualifications that make up the character of one fitted for the high and responsible office of bishop in the Church of God.

The fruitfulness which has hitherto attended Bishops Scannell and Bonacum in their career in the sacred ministry gives the brightest presage of future success in the wider and more elevated sphere now opened before them. May they realize in the work upon which they have entered all that sincere hearts would seek to express in that fervent greeting, *ad multos annos!*

Mr. Percival Lowell, who cultivates learning on a great deal of ignorance in the *Atlantic Monthly*, says:

"The Roman Catholic who prays to a wooden image of Christ is not one whit less idolatrous than the Buddhist who worships a bronze statue of Amida Butzu. All that the common people are capable of seeing is the soul-envelope; for the soul itself they are unable to appreciate. Spiritually they are undiscerning, because imaginatively they are blind."

Mr. Percival Lowell, deep though he appears to be in the Vedas, has never glanced at a Catholic Catechism. It is a way that some of these people of culture have. They conceal their lack of knowledge of things near them by pretending to know all about things afar off.—*N. Y. Freeman's Journal*.

It has often been said that there are two classes of people in France—those who hate religion, and those who are very zealous for it. This is true to some extent, as the French character, whatever else it may be, or may not be, is generally logical. But, alas! many French Catholics, exemplary as they are in performing their religious duties, are careless and apathetic in the discharge of duties almost equally important. Their lethargy in the matter of voting is deplorable: very frequently by abstaining from the polls they help to aid the triumph of godlessness. French Catholics ought to remember that every time they refuse to exercise their duties as citizens they are strengthening the hands of a power which has for its object to destroy the very notion of God. For the infidel Government of France Catholics are to a great extent responsible;

and we can scarcely blame sceptics for saying—what is, however, in fact untrue—that the Government represents the nation, and that a nation must be in sympathy with the ideas of the rulers whom it elects. French Catholics are greatly to blame for their political apathy; and there is no denying that they have to thank themselves for much of the persecution to which they are subjected.

One of the noblest of all the noble works that Christians can engage in is the rescue of those whom the world in its superciliousness and pride thinks fallen too low for rescue or compassion. "Every woe a tear can claim except an erring sister's shame," says the cynical poet; but it is a crowning glory of Christianity that even these outcasts are not beyond her ministrations. Scattered over the length and breadth of this country are many institutions devoted solely to this Christ-like work. One of the grandest of them is the House of the Good Shepherd founded in 1875 at Newark, N. J. The original building being found too small, a larger and more complete establishment was erected last year at a cost of over \$120,000. The house is, of course, conducted as a Catholic institution, but persons of other beliefs are freely admitted, and form a large proportion of its inmates; the care of orphans is also a feature of the asylum. Though the good Sisters wish the institute to be self-supporting, still, the expenses are so great, we feel sure that contributions would be appreciated. Could any work of charity be more deserving of a generous support? We trust our numerous readers in the Diocese of Newark will remember the Sisters of the Good Shepherd in their Christmas benefactions. The circumstances of the establishment in Newark at present are such that there are few objects to which gifts could be more fittingly devoted.

In a notice of Prince Edmund Radziwill, of an ancient and noble Polish family, who lately entered the Order of St. Benedict, the *London Tablet* praises the humility and zeal displayed by the Prince when a secular priest. He began his priestly life as military chaplain in the Franco-German war, and was a prisoner of Marshal Bazaine. Later on he was at Rome for the Silver Jubilee of the Pontificate of Pius IX., then worked for several years as a humble curate at Ostrovo; visited Ireland, and spoke

at the great O'Connell Centenary. He was the protector of the Polish Sisters of the Visitation in England, and also the founder of the Sisters of St. Elizabeth at Ostrovo. He might often be seen riding in a peasant's rough cart to visit some dying person in the lonely recesses of the forest, and often gave away his last coppers, his only pair of boots, or his shirt, to a poor man. He undertook a journey to Nijni-Novgorod to console the exiled Archbishop Felinski, of Warsaw. All these works of charity were over and above his activity as a member of the Centre Party of the Reichstag.

New Publications.

OUR LADY OF GOOD COUNSEL IN GENAZANNO. Compiled by permission, from the work of Mgr. George F. Dillon, D. D. By Anne R. Bennett. New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago: Benziger Brothers.

The intrinsic merit of this little book is of itself a sufficient reason to commend it to the attention of our readers. It sets forth, in a concise yet clear and comprehensive manner, the history of the origin and development of one of the most beautiful of the practical devotions in honor of the Immaculate Mother of God. How powerfully does not the title "Our Lady of Good Counsel" appeal to the earnest soul seeking for the light which will point out the safe path amid the dangerous mazes of life!

The book is made additionally attractive by the elegant descriptive style of the author, who has succeeded in producing an interesting and instructive narrative based upon the voluminous work of Mgr. Dillon. This fact, together with the inexpensive form in which the book is given to the public, claims for it an extended circulation.

COMPENDIUM SACRÆ LITURGÆ Juxta Ritum Romanum Una cum Appendice de Jure Ecclesiastico Particulari in America Fœderata Sept. Vigente Scripsit P. Innocentius Wapelhorst, O. S. F. Neo-Eboraci, Benziger Fratres:

The reverend clergy will hail with pleasure the appearance of this useful and practical work by the Rev. Father Wapelhorst, formerly rector of St. Francis' Seminary, Wisconsin. The many prescriptions by which the Church seeks to secure the proper observance of her sacred liturgy will be found in this book, pre-

sented in a concise but exact manner, that will commend it to the attention of all who have at heart the honor and glory of God's House. The rubrics of the Missal, the Roman Breviary, the Roman Ritual, and various ceremonials, are here clearly set forth with a systematic arrangement of the various subjects; thus making the work valuable as a text-book in our seminaries, and useful as a manual for the clergy engaged in missionary work, whose time is so much occupied as to preclude the possibility of consulting larger works. The value of the book is greatly increased by an appendix treating of the various decrees of the second and third Plenary Councils of Baltimore, and their practical application. The publishers, Messrs. Benziger Brothers, have issued the work in good style, with fine paper, clear type, and substantial binding.

THE INCARNATE WORD AND THE DEVOTION TO THE SACRED HEART. By the Rev. George Tickell S. J. London: Burns & Oates. New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co.

This little book, founded on the treatise *De Verbo Incarnato* by the late Cardinal Franzelin, S. J., contains a clear and succinct outline of the dogmatic basis on which the devotion to the Sacred Heart of Our Lord rests. Lucidly and elegantly written, it handles the subject, which is not an easy one, in a masterly manner; and it will, we think, prove of the greatest use to those who desire enlightenment on a matter which is of such deep importance to Catholics, and has proved a stumbling-block to many of our separated brethren.

LIGUORI LEAFLETS; or, Holy Thoughts for Every Day in the Month. Drawn from the Works of St. Alphonsus Maria de Liguori. Edited by Eleanor C. Donnelly. Philadelphia: Frank A. Fasy. 1887.

"Give me a great thought," said a German poet, "that I may live on it." The enriching of our minds with holy sentiments is, next to prayer, the truest amulet against the siren songs of temptation, the most potent enchantment against each Circean spell; and in these leaflets edited by Miss Donnelly, — these holy thoughts taken from the works of that most safe guide, St. Alphonsus, — we find a *répertoire* of maxims and ideas that will be of incalculable value, to quote the words of the Rev. Dr. Middleton in his admirable pref-

ace to this book, "to every one who has a moment to spare—the layman or the religious, the toiler or the one at leisure, the child the youth, or the aged." The first part of the book consists of thoughts for every day in the month, and here in particular we must compliment Miss Donnelly on the aptness and beauty of her selections, which seem to set before us as in a mirror the mind of St. Alphonsus, and provide a brief but admirable compendium of Christian doctrine and practice. The second part contains a method of hearing Mass and other devotions—acts after Holy Communion, etc. Everything about this booklet pleases us except its title, which we think must be a sacrifice to the popular taste for alliteration.

Obituary.

"It is a holy and wholesome thought to pray for the dead."

— 2 MACH., xii., 46.

The following persons, lately deceased, are commended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

The Very Rev. Stephen Byrne O. S. D. a beloved and widely-known priest, who departed this life at Minneapolis on the 23d ult. after a long illness. Father Byrne was an efficient missionary, and held important offices in his Order. He contributed frequently to the Catholic press, and was the author of several popular books.

The Rev. J. Berbigier, of the Diocese of Erie, who died suddenly on the same day. He had been assistant rector of St. Joseph's Church, Warren, Pa., for several years.

The Rev. B. J. Spalding, of the Diocese of Peoria, who breathed his last at his home in Lebanon, Ky., on the 28th ult. He was a nephew of the late Archbishop Spalding, of Baltimore, and brother to the Rt. Rev. Bishop of Peoria.

Sister Euphrasia and Sister Lawrence, of the Convent of Notre Dame, San José Cal., who were lately called to the reward of their self-sacrificing lives.

Miss Ellen Comerford, whose happy death occurred on the 24th ult. at Syracuse, N. Y. She bore a long and painful illness with edifying patience, and was well prepared for a better world.

Mrs. M. McHugh, who met with a sudden death at Morris, Minn., on the 11th of September.

James Smith, of Trenton, N. J.; Thomas F. and Mary J. Barron, and John Wheeler, Baltimore, Md.; Mrs. Bridget Leahy, Chicago, Ill.; Catherine O'Connor, South Boston, Mass.; Peter McAnally, Essex, Ill.; Bernard J. O'Neill, S. merville, Mass.; and Thomas S. Kelly, Mobile, Ala.

May they rest in peace!



The Miracle of S. Buenaventura.

A SPANISH LEGEND

Daroca is a small village on the road from Teruel to Calatayud. The appearance of the city is picturesque, lying as it does in a valley surrounded by hills, upon which here and there rise Moorish walls and towers. The valley is shaped like a funnel—small at one end and large at the other,—and is subject to dreadful inundations. In these days a tunnel has been cut, which is called the "Misa," and which lets the water out; and this passage serves, when dry, as the fashionable promenade.

In one of the streets of Daroca there is a shrine to Santa Buenaventura, and underneath it, enclosed by glass, is a large mill-wheel. Many people have been surprised at the sight of this mill-wheel; but the inhabitants of Daroca would not part with it for any price, for it is one of the many signs of saintly intervention which have been showered upon that pious little city, and "thereby hangs a tale."

About the middle of the fifteenth century Daroca was threatened with a terrible inundation. For days and weeks rain had fallen in heavy showers; the hills about the city were furrowed into cataracts, and thick mists gathered over the town. The inhabitants did not dare to move out of their houses, for fear of being overtaken by the floods. Guards were placed at different points to watch and open the sluice gates of the city in case of an inundation, and for weeks the inhabitants of the village watched the weather with anxious hearts. But as nothing happened in all that time, excepting the continual rising of the river, the peasants became easier in their minds, and gradually relaxed their watchfulness

and care. The guards were still kept at their posts, it is true; but they were not very vigilant, for they considered the danger almost over, in spite of the continual rains and the rising of the river near by.

At the head of the valley there was a mill worked by a water-wheel, where lived the miller with his wife and his pretty daughter Rosa. One night, after a continual rain, and a sound of roaring waters, the venerable priest of the village was ambling home on his lazy old mule somewhere in the small hours, after attending a poor dying woman far up among the hills. He was very tired, and, owing to the constant exercise in the cold air, he had been overcome by drowsiness, which the slow jog-trot of the mule increased rather than lessened. Suddenly he woke with a start, and saw standing before him a beautiful woman dressed in blue, with a silver star on her head, whom he at once recognized as Santa Buenaventura, whose shrine was in the corner of the street close by, and whose feast was celebrated that day. She seized his mule by the bridle, and said to the astonished priest:

"Listen! hark! Do you hear that roaring sound? It is the flood. Fly! fly to the gates, and tell the guards to open them wide, while I go to the mill!" And with these words she disappeared. The priest, now thoroughly awake, was frightened nearly out of his wits; nevertheless, he spurred on the old mule as fast as he could, with the noise of the coming waters sounding in his ears, and rode to the gates of the city. The guards were sound asleep, and he had great difficulty in rousing them to their duty. Then, seeing that they were there to do their work if needed, he jogged back as fast as his mule would let him to the mill. He arrived just in time to see the lady, whom he had met in the road, step upon a marvellously narrow cross-board and unhinge the wheel.

It went into the surging waters with a great bounce, churning the stream white as it rushed down along the valley towards the city gates. The guards, when once awakened, could see no one. The priest

had disappeared, and they began to think that they had been dreaming, when soon they heard the well-known and dreaded sound of the rushing waters, which they had expected to hear for so many weeks. It had come at last, then, this dreadful inundation! The guards rushed to their posts, but in vain did they tug at the chains and try to open the sluice-gates: they would not turn. And all the time that dreadful sound of rushing water came nearer and nearer. And the men tugged harder and harder at the gates. It was of no use. Suddenly they saw the mill-wheel spinning down the valley, and with a crash it burst the gates open, and the city and people were saved by the miracle of Santa Buenaventura.

After the danger was past, the old priest naturally became the object of great reverence and awe; for had he not been addressed by Santa Buenaventura herself? And had she not charged him with the message to the guards? The wheel was considered far too sacred to be used in the mill any more, and was carefully placed under glass at the foot of the shrine of Santa Buenaventura, who had saved the village of Daroca.

Leo Marson's Victory.

BY E. V. N.

IX.

The altar that Grandma Donaldson had superintended looked very pretty and devotional, and about nine o'clock that evening, while the family were resting themselves and enjoying the cool breeze on the broad veranda facing the majestic bay, Conrad led the two little lads away for their night-prayers, which consisted of one decade of the Beads. Leo was unruly as usual. He was very much displeased at having to retire so early, and was disposed to quarrel with his bedfellow. Freddie would have preferred to be alone, but was too gentle and too polite to express his preference. Conrad looked so serious that Leo behaved very politely for

the time being, although it cost him an effort to conceal his displeasure.

"Did you notice that sketch of *The Ark and Dove* over the chimney, my dear?" inquired Mrs. Donaldson of her husband, after the children had retired.

"Yes; these Indians have got plenty of gay clothes and war-paint, but they are not equal to some that I saw at Fort Laramie many years ago. There was a council held there, and the Government wanted to conclude a treaty with the red men. After everything was satisfactorily settled, the officers in charge presented the chiefs and their braves with suits of army clothes—cocked hats, laced coats, and swords, a general's entire outfit to a chief, a colonel's to the next in rank, and so on. I never saw anything half so ludicrous as their appearance; for they all put on their new costume, and tried to march as they had previously done in their blankets. The army officers laughed heartily; and Father de Smet, who had come with us to act as interpreter, was so amused that it did my heart good to see him. Every time that an article of the treaty was agreed upon, the calumet was lighted, and a puff drawn by each councillor. To aid in the ceremony, Father de Smet drew forth a tin box of lucifer-matches, and striking one of them handed it to the presiding Indian. When the treaty had been concluded, and all were dispersing, a chief, tall and hideously painted, came up very mysteriously to the Father, and begged him to share his 'power of Great Master of Fire.' Father de Smet was at a loss to know what was meant, till the Indian explained that he wanted some of the magical articles that had kindled the smoke in the peace-pipe. The good priest at once gave him the whole box, and never was a chief more delighted.

"Two years later the famous missionary was approaching the country occupied by a hostile tribe, and he felt some misgivings as to his reception. While he was thus meditating he saw a number of warlike savages advancing towards him. They halted, saluted him profoundly, and spreading a gor-

geous buffalo-robe on the ground, bade him lie down on it. What would they do with him? Knowing the Indian character as he did, Father de Smet thought it best to obey them. He raised his heart to God, traced the Sign of the Cross on his brow, and courageously resigned himself to life or death. The Indians then lifted him on their shoulders, and bore him slowly and silently into the camp, in which sat a double row of fierce-looking braves. He was greeted with a shout of joy that made the welkin ring, and, after being ceremoniously removed from his very original palanquin, was invited by the presiding chief to stand at his right hand. The circling braves were then summoned to do homage to the Master of Fire. Judge of the good Jesuit's surprise. He recognized the Indian to whom he had made the donation of a box of matches. But what did all this mean? In order to obtain an explanation, he asked the chief what service they had been to him. 'When there was question of war,' was the solemn reply, 'I scraped one of the sticks of the Master of Fire; if it kindled, I went to battle and gained victory; if the stick merely smoked, I and my warriors withdrew; for well I knew we should be surely overcome.' Then the red man drew forth a bit of deerskin from his bosom, in which were carefully wrapped the matches that remained. Father de Smet, glad to have such a large and attentive audience, briefly explained to them the mystery of the sticks, and taught them something about the real Master of fire and of all the other elements."

While Colonel Donaldson was relating this anecdote there was a good deal of disturbance in Freddie's room.

"Mamma," he cried, "Leo is making big eyes at me."

"Shut your eyes, my son, and then you will not see him."

There was silence for a few moments, then Freddie called out again: "Mamma, Leo is calling me names."

"Well, don't mind him."

"He has pulled all the clothes off of

me, and is trying to push me out of bed."

"Conrad, will you see to those young fellows?" exclaimed the Colonel, somewhat impatiently.

Conrad caught up a cane, and, holding it like a musket, marched into the bedroom; he gave one glance at Leo, and then walked like a sentinel up and down the little apartment. Freddie quickly got his share of covering, and the monotony of Conrad's sentinel-like tread soon sent both of the tired children far away in the land of dreams.

"I do not approve of that cowardly, whining tone of Freddie's," remarked Colonel Donaldson; "I don't want the boys to quarrel, but I think he should stand up for himself a little."

"You forget that Leo is our guest, my dear; and that, as he is always placed first, his self-love is flattered, and he has become overbearing," replied his wife.

"I noticed a small bedroom partitioned off in the attic; have that furnished, and the first one of them that misbehaves send up there to sleep alone. There is one good thing: Leo is forgetting to peep into the kitchen since the caterer brings our repasts from the hotel."

"Yes, and his complexion is not so sallow as it used to be," remarked the elder Mrs. Donaldson. "When he has been taught his catechism, and had as much association with others as will rub off selfishness, he will become a good boy, I think. He has many excellent qualities."

X.

I shall not attempt to narrate all the doings of the Donaldson family during their three weeks' sojourn at Piney Point. Hunting, rowing, bathing, swimming, with drives and rides, occupied the week-days; and assisting at Mass and Vespers, with pious and edifying reading, sanctified the Sunday.

One morning, just as prayers were over, Uncle Pete appeared at the entrance to Seaview Lodge, and, joining his hands to make a trumpet, began to hollo with all his might. Out ran the boys, and the kind old

man showed them by signs that his fishing bark was ready, the day favorable for a catch, and all that was needed was for them to get ready and embark.

"O grandma!" cried Edward, "please give us a cup of coffee and a sandwich, and let us go with Uncle Pete."

"Not so fast, boys; you must have your mother's permission, and she has gone to Mass." (Their father was absent, having been called to Washington on military affairs)

"Well, I'll run and ask leave," rejoined Edward, "while Gussie, Freddie and Leo get everything ready."

And off he ran, just in time to meet his mamma coming out of church. Mrs. Donaldson questioned Uncle Pete, who declared there was "nebbber onny danger wid me." But Leo said he was afraid, and would not go. However, while they were eating their sandwiches, Gussie narrated some captivating adventures that had taken place the previous summer at another sea-side resort; and Leo began to think, as all listened admiringly to these hairbreadth escapes, that he would be considered a coward if he remained at home, so he declared he would accompany them.

"Well, boys," said Mrs. Donaldson, "you may go with Uncle Pete; but you must bear in mind that the captain and pilot are masters on the boat, not Mr. I will or Mr. I won't."

She and Emma saw the boys on board, well provided with India-rubber covering in case of rain, and the skiff sailed out like a bird skimming the waves, while its joyous passengers sang the *Ave Maris Stella*, their mother and sister watching them till the sail looked no bigger than a lady's handkerchief. When Mrs. Donaldson and her daughter returned, they knelt before the little altar to beg a blessing on the boys' trip; for the mother felt the responsibility of her children weigh much more heavily than usual during the absence of her husband. His authority was never for an instant disputed by children or servants.

"I am glad that Conrad is to have a day

of peace and leisure," said grandma, as she took up her knitting, and Mrs. Donaldson and Emma plied their agile fingers at needlework to complete articles for the contemplated fair.

Presently there was a tap at the door; Aunt Dinah appeared with a large bouquet of flowers; a basket of fresh-laid eggs, and a box that seemed to be very heavy. Her humble courtesy and broad, good-natured smile secured her a hearty welcome, while the ladies united in praising her gifts. But when she opened the mysterious box and displayed a collection of lovely sea-shells, all three were in ecstasies of admiration.

"My chilluns picked um on de sho', and now deyse all dun growed up and gwine away, dey dusn't want um no mo'; so if de good ladies will 'cept um, deyse berry welcome."

Emma was delighted, and the elder ladies did all they could to please the good Dinah, making her presents of whatever could be found at the moment, and inquiring what they should send her from the Capital. A box was brought out, and the embroidery forgotten in the pastime of sorting the univalves and bivalves, lining the box and dividing it into sections. Between the interstices formed by the larger shells were myriads of tiny little pearly forms, which Emma promised herself a world of recreation in arranging according to their classification in conchology.

The day was beginning to wear away, when a sudden cloud came over the landscape, and soon rain began to fall. Anxious for the fisherman's bark and its precious freight, the ladies and good old Dinah hastened out to look towards the banks. They saw the skiff in the distance homeward bound, but, as the wind had become violent, the sail was lowered, and Uncle Pete was steering for the Point under bare poles. There was no little danger of being capsized, and the boys were all wet, cold and frightened. Loud peals of thunder succeeded each gleam of forked-lightning, and the wind seemed to blow harder and harder; but the skipper had weathered many a

rougher gale, and knew how to manage his craft so well that she was soon in calmer water. All the boys obeyed Uncle Pete implicitly except Leo; he refused to remain quiet under the oil-cloth covering, and finally lost his hat. He was bound to save it, and just as the boat was being moored his feet got entangled in a rope, and he fell overboard. Such a yell! However, he was soon rescued, trembling and crying, and wet to the skin.

Dinah helped the lads out of the sloop, and Conrad hastened to get them up to the house, where a warm drink was already prepared for them, and soon they were all in bed, but not asleep; for they were very hungry, and soon asked for supper. The ladies, at first much alarmed, gradually concluded that it was well to enter into the spirit of the hour. So, while they got up an unusual collation for the bedridden mariners, Conrad related stories of his life in the Far West.

Among other incidents, the old soldier told them that on one occasion he had journeyed with a company of surveyors; wagons were used to hold their apparatus and provisions, but the scientists and their aids were mounted on horseback. "The grass," he said, "was waving above our heads, and the strawberries were so large and plentiful that the hoofs of our horses were dyed with their crimson juice. But on returning—presuming, of course, that as we had beaten a track the travelling would be facilitated,—what was our dismay to find the path literally swarming with serpents that had crawled out to sun themselves!"

"Suppose they had bitten you?" inquired Edward.

"It would have been very dangerous, most likely fatal; but God has provided a weed that grows abundantly in the wilderness where rattlesnakes and copperheads are found. This plant is *artemisia* (worm-wood); if rubbed on the wound, and eaten by men or animals that have been bitten, a cure is generally effected—the Indians declare invariably, and they are not much concerned when a horse has been bitten.

The rattlesnake has one friend—the prairie-dog. This little animal always has one of the dreadful serpents and an owl in his burrow, which he keeps very neat, forming a garden before his door or entrance, by pulling up all the grass, and leaving the wild flowers. When travellers approach, the prairie-dogs rush out by thousands, and all bark at once. But if a gun is fired, they disappear in a twinkling."

So night closed around the weary boys. Emma lighted the tapers before the altar, and all joined in singing the *Magnificat* in honor of Her who had watched over them in their peril.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Origin of Book-Keeping.

The origin of book-keeping, like that of most other useful arts, is involved in great obscurity. Systematic book-keeping is generally admitted to have been first practised at Venice, in the 15th century. Lucas de Borgo published a regular treatise on the subject, in the Italian language, in 1495. Beckmann, in his "History of Inventions," says that the Banians of India have been from time immemorial in possession of the method of book-keeping by double-entry, and that Venice was the emporium of Indian commerce at the time Friar Lucas' treatise appeared. Other authors think that double-entry was known to the ancients, and revived only in Italy with the revival of commerce; and certain quotations are adduced in support of this opinion, which show that the ancients entered the receipts and payments of money on opposite pages in the way of debtor and creditor; but nothing beyond single-entry can be inferred from this practice. The first treatise on book-keeping in the English language, of which there is any account, was published in the year 1543 by Hugh Oldcastle, a schoolmaster.—*Catholic Examiner*.

HE who thinks he can't win is quite sure to be right about it; for he has already lost.—*Uncle Esek*.

EXCELLENCE was never granted to man but as the reward of labor.—*Sir Joshua Reynolds*.

THE
A VE M A R I A
 MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE HONOR OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN
 THENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED

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Dreamland.

BY M. N.

HOW strange to wander in a world of dreams,
 Through shady lanes, by well-remembered
 streams;

To stand in those old rooms where we have played,
 To speak once more with those whose presence
 made

This life worth living! . . . Soon they disappear,
 And I am standing by some mountain mere,
 Alone; the dreary waste is white with snow,
 No form is there to guide me as I go. . . .

Then all grows dark! I seem to faint and fall,
 While strange, sad voices thro' the stillness call.
 This scene too changes. In cool cloisters dim
 I pace; the organ rolls; sweet sounds the hymn;
 Its echoes thro' these aisles have often rung,
 Where holy saints have lived and prayed and
 sung. . . .

A mist creeps round me; on a rocky shore
 I stand midst lightning's glare; the breakers roar,
 The thunder peals, the very mountains shake,
 And with a cry of anguish I awake!

Jaime Balmes, Philosopher, Publicist,
 Statesman, and Historian.

BY T. F. GALWEY.

"**I**T was at Rome, on the 15th of Oc-
 tober, 1764, as I sat musing amidst
 the ruins of the Capitol, while
 the barefooted friars were singing Vespers
 in the Temple of Jupiter, that the idea of
 writing the decline and fall of the city first
 started into my mind." It is thus that

Edward Gibbon describes the origin of his famous history. To a mind such as his, impregnated with the railing deistical philosophy of the eighteenth century, it seemed an abomination that the humble children of St. Francis of Assisi should have converted what was once the central fane of an idolatrous cult into a true "Altar of Heaven."

With Gibbon, the substitution of Christ and His pure religion for Jupiter and the unclean rites of ancient Rome was the main cause for the decay of the mighty Roman Empire. The importance of the "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire" was at once recognized, for it united to a fascinating literary character a most skilfully gathered mass of erudition; and as it was published simultaneously in English and French, it came into the hands of a great circle of readers both in Great Britain and on the Continent. It was a panorama of the history of civilization during the first thirteen Christian centuries. But critical judges immediately perceived that the artist had contrived to give a pleasing, or at all events a natural, effect to pagan men or pagan manners; and that he had conveyed a certain impression of coarseness, grotesqueness, or stupidity, whenever he brought the Christian religion or its adherents into view.

Gibbon assumed to be impartial; he was one of those who affect to let the "facts speak for themselves." There have been many historians who have prided themselves on telling nothing but the truth, while

at the same time telling only a part of the truth. But even if Gibbon's mere narrative were to be let pass without question, his reasonings, his silences, his mildly introduced insinuations, his air of raillery, or of good natured and contemptuous indifference with regard to circumstances, opinions, or doctrines of serious importance to Christianity, instantly aroused an outcry. For whoever accepted Gibbon's narrative of facts and his inferences from them was bound to believe that Christianity had, on the whole, wrought misfortune to civilization; that had Christianity kept off its hands, mere naturalism would have given the world a system of life and society as far above what we now enjoy as the beautiful symmetry of the pagan temple of Greece and Rome was above the barbarous irregularity of the Gothic cathedral. Protestants seemed to be rather more anxious than Catholics to nullify Gibbon's work. The reason for this apparent apathy of Catholics was probably that towards the end of the eighteenth century there was not much serious religious controversy outside of Great Britain and France, and in France the political excitement preceding the Revolution had made ancient history of little moment just then.

In the meantime the "Decline and Fall" had gone through many editions, and when the critical school of history came into vogue, early in this century, it attracted more attention than before. In France, Guizot—a statesman and historian, a man of well-balanced mind and sufficient honesty of purpose, but a thorough Calvinist in religion—edited the "Decline" with notes intended to defend Christianity. In so doing, however, M. Guizot was at pains to point out what he regarded as a necessary distinction between true Christianity on the one side and the "Papal" perversion of Christianity on the other. An edition of the "Decline," with Guizot's notes amplified by another set of notes from the pen of another Protestant, Dean Milman, was published in England not long after, and this is the edition with which most English

and American readers of the work are familiar. But Guizot, not satisfied with his emendations of Gibbon, undertook to combat the "Decline" in a still more elaborate fashion, and about the year 1830 published an "Histoire Générale de la Civilisation en Europe," in which he worked out with great care and considerable dialectical skill his theory that Catholicity, or "Papal Catholicity," was a distinct force from genuine Christianity. Liberty was to be the fundamental quality of modern civilization, Guizot maintained; and the idea of liberty, of personal independence, was to originate with the Germanic nations exclusively, and was to find its full expression in the so-called Reformation. These sophistries, clothed in graceful and dignified language, had an immediate success.

The best answer to the open scoffs of Gibbon and his infidel school, as well as to the more covert yet no less mischievous assaults upon Catholicity made by Guizot, Milman, and other Protestant historical essayists, was to come from Catholic Spain. In 1848 there appeared at Madrid "El Protestantismo Comparado con el Catolicismo en sus Relaciones con la Civilizacion Europea," a work almost simultaneously published in French, and not very long after translated into English under the title of "Protestantism and Catholicity Compared in their Effects on the Civilization of Europe." The author, a secular priest, already well known in Spain as a statesman and sagacious patriot, no less than as a philosopher and publicist of rank, had breathed his last almost before the last volume of this great work had left the publisher's hands. His name was Jaime Lucian Antonio Balmes.

Balmes was a Catalan, born at Vich, August 28, 1810,—at the time when Spain, delivered from the French armies, was being systematically robbed of her manufactures by her English deliverers. His parents were poor people, but respected by their townsmen. He was a precocious boy, but his precocity was full of health, physical as well as intellectual. He was admitted to

the preparatory seminary at Vich as soon as it became manifest that he was called to the priesthood, and from there he passed in due course to the University of Cervera, a seat of learning no longer in existence. It is related that he devoted his entire four years' residence in the College of San Carlo at Cervera to the study of St. Thomas' "Summa." He was ordained in 1834, and the next year was graduated as Doctor of Theology.

There were at that time two political parties in Spain: the Royalists, who had set up the young Princess Isabella as Queen; and the Carlists, who, because of the ancient Salic custom excluding females from the succession, had asserted the right of Don Carlos to the throne. Since the Napoleonic wars, however, Spain had virtually been governed by England, who favored the Royalists, receiving in exchange for this favor free-trade with Spain. The Carlists had the protectionists on their side, and they were especially strong in Catalonia, a region whose industry had not yet been substantially injured by British influences. In order to please England, the Royalists, directed by the Prime Minister Espartero, leaned towards what was called Liberalism, and advocated a further confiscation of church property, as better adapted than a high tariff to meet the expenses of government. It is curious to observe that the need of open markets for the sale of British goods has repeatedly led to the same sort of anti-Catholic diplomacy on the part of England within the last fifty or sixty years—in Portugal, for example, in Italy, and in Mexico.

For three years Balmes had been filling a chair of mathematics created for him in the Seminary of Vich, when in 1840 he published, in condemnation of this confiscating theory of politics, his celebrated "Considerations, Social, Political, and Economical, on Church Property," as the title is translated. In this essay he points out that to assail the rights of property whose title was guaranteed both by ancient prescription and continued legitimate use, as were the rights of church property, was to

pave the way for an assault on property in general—an argument which the experience of the past forty years shows to be sound, and to have been almost prophetic. The following year Balmes was chosen a member of the Academy of Barcelona.

In those days Washington Irving was our Minister to Spain, and those who are familiar with the published correspondence of that amiable *littérateur*, but by no means impartial historian or sagacious diplomatist, must recall the adulatory terms which he bestows upon Espartero and the "Liberals." But Irving was in the hands of the British legation, who, while talking warmly about Liberalism, were chiefly concerned in promoting English trade in Spain. Espartero, it can easily be understood, had no relish for Balmes, that learned yet patriotic son of self-reliant, sturdy Catalonia. Espartero sent an army against Barcelona, then held by a Carlist force. During the siege which followed, Balmes occupied a house in Barcelona within view of a royalist battery posted on a height just outside the town. He was at this time occupied with his "Criterion," a text-book of logic. One day, while at his desk, a shell entered the room and exploded, making sad havoc among books papers, and furniture, though, fortunately, doing no harm to the author himself. On the surrender of Barcelona, Balmes was banished, but only for a short while; for the populace of Madrid in 1843 rose in revolt against the Liberals, and Espartero made a hasty flight to England, where he was most cordially received and entertained.

On the warm invitation of its citizens, Balmes went to Madrid, and in 1844 he there established a weekly periodical, *El Pensamiento de la Nación*. It was then that he proposed his famous plan for the pacification of Spain; this was the marriage of the two contestants for the throne—the young Don Carlos and the Princess Isabella,—a plan which met the earnest approbation of the sincere patriots of the Peninsula. It was opposed, however, and thwarted not only by the diplomatic intrigue of England and

France, but even by the threat of their armed intervention. Spain was, in fact, a helpless victim of foreign insolence, and the Spanish people saw with regret their beloved statesman and scholar, Balmes, retire from political action, to give himself exclusively to study and authorship.

Balmes seemed to be exempt from mental fatigue. Every species of intellectual pursuit formed a part of his employment. It is really wonderful how much he accomplished of lasting value within the short period of his career. It is doubtful if the personality of Balmes has been properly rated outside of Spain. In Spain, however, his name has always been held in the highest esteem, even by the later Liberals of the type of Emilio Castelar. A Madrid critic, Don J. M. Quadrado, writing of Balmes shortly after his death, says: "Before his appearance Spain lay prostrate intellectually, and unnoticed by intellectual Europe; while in Spain the clergy were condemned as wanting in intellectual vigor, and given up to mere mechanical routine. . . . But no sooner does this Catalan priest appear with his work 'El Protestantismo' in hand, than the public loses its dislike and indifference."

Passing by the many political pamphlets which rendered the name of Balmes a household word in Spain, the three works which have established his fame the world over are—to speak of them by their English titles, for they have all been translated into English—the "Fundamental Philosophy," a treatise on mental philosophy designed as an elementary course, and which Dr. O. A. Brownson reviewed in his *Review*; the "Criterion"; and, above all, that magnificent answer to Gibbon and Guizot, "Protestantism and Catholicity Compared." So far as mere rhetorical style, the English version of this last work fails in justice to Balmes; for it is a translation, not of the original Spanish, but of a French translation, and it resounds with the labored metaphors of the double translation. Balmes' Spanish is majestic, it is true; but not with the strutting majesty of empty tropes, but with the dignity of the grand

style where every word is in its place and represents an idea. In this great work every important question, moral, ecclesiastical, philosophical, or historical, bearing on the relation between Catholicity and the development of European civilization, is dealt with in a rigidly honest and logical manner. It is a storehouse of sound arguments for the providential mission of the Catholic Church as a civilizing influence among the nations. Perhaps some competent scholar will yet supply to the work what is needed to fill up the gap in events during the forty years since its publication. Even as it stands it is without a rival.

In the spring of 1848 Balmes had been living in Barcelona, putting the finishing touches to a Latin version of his "Fundamental Philosophy." Suddenly all Spain was shocked to hear of his death, on July 9th of that year, at his native town of Vich, whither he had been hastily removed on the appearance of dangerous symptoms. In the Plaza de Balmes at Vich stands a beautiful monument erected to his memory by the subscriptions of united Catalonia, which has always been proud of him as a genuine Catalan; while Spain, from the Pyrenees to the Straits of Gibraltar, venerates him as priest, scholar, patriot, and worthy defender of Catholic unity and Christian morality.

Brother Mansuetus.

BY CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

(CONCLUSION.)

VI.

AT midnight the great bell began to toll; the corridors were speedily filled with shadows, for no exacting toilet detained the prayerful brotherhood. "Memento mori!" muttered one and all upon meeting in the oratory. After the prayers each Brother lighted his lantern, and, noiselessly falling into line, the procession passed into a not far-distant enclosure. A few funereal trees swayed ghostlike in the darkness; a great cross towered between them. And here

every Brother took his stand beside a half dug grave, and, at a signal from the abbot, mournfully displaced a single shovelful of earth; meanwhile a deep voice, that seemed almost to issue from the tomb itself, uttered these words: "Remember, man, that thou art dust, and unto dust thou shalt return."

There was a sob in the sough of the wind; the light of flickering lamps fell upon faces that were like the faces of the dead; yet among those living shades was one who had been digging his own grave in common with his brethren, and every handful of earth that he removed was like a mountain lifted from his heart.

Through the long night two watchers sat in the gloom of the chapel; upon a bier before them lay the stark form of one of the brotherhood. The lean hands, stiffened in death, were closed about a crucifix that rested upon the breast; a cowl hid the features, and the shadow of a cross that stood at the head of the bier stretched the full length of the body, and was motionless as death; for a taper placed beyond the cross burned steadily in the breathless silence.

The name of the departed was unknown to the watchers; his form and features were unrecognized; even those who sat like graven images, absorbed in silent prayer, were unknown to each other, but one of these was Brother Mansuetus.

"This is the end of the chapter," mused he in a lapse of the litanies. "It may be that this poor Brother who has gone to render an account of his stewardship was even the worthiest amongst us: the truest example of 'holy obedience, most entire poverty, and most chaste purity.' Perchance he is one of the nameless saints who pass away unrecognized of the world, but whose heavenly reward is certain. O pitiful clay!" he murmured; "happy art thou to have resigned thyself into the arms that were eager to receive thee, and the hands that now nourish thee with scrupulous care!"

Once more they gathered, the hushed brotherhood, among the congregation of open graves; one of those yawning sepul-

chres was about to receive its tenant. They assembled in mute resignation,—a resignation that knew no sorrow, since the final expiation of the flesh was rather a cause for joy. Reverently they gathered about the tomb, chanting in their hearts the chant of the dead. Cross and crosier were there; likewise the blessed taper, now flaring in the wind; and the incense clouds, that wreathed a halo over the tonsured head of the departed Brother.

It is dust unto dust indeed where the uncoffined clay is laid to rest in the very bosom of the church-yard. Dust unto dust! As the consecrated earth fell upon the lowly form that lay deep in a bed of its own making, Brother Mansuetus realized what he had long fearfully anticipated; within his heart was a wish unsatisfied,—a wish that had grown with time, and become an intense and insatiable yearning. In the first flush of his religious enthusiasm he had coveted a cross; he was unhappy then, because his very happiness—though spiritual—seemed to him a sin. All unconsciously he had found his cross, and lo! it was almost greater than he could bear.

The first duty of the Trappist after rising at midnight is to recite the Matins of the Blessed Virgin; and his last before retiring, the chanting of the Compline of the same, together with the solemn singing of the *Salve Regina*. At the feet of that Queen Brother Mansuetus was prostrate, and often his lips were silent in the song because of the overfulness of his heart.

His cry was no longer, "What shall I do to be saved?" He was doing all that lay within his power—all that lay within human power; the rest was with God. But out of the past a voice was calling to him,—a voice that was at first as gentle as the bleating of a far-off lamb; that voice had strengthened and grown louder and louder, until now it was a piercing cry that rang in his terrified ears by night and by day. It was the occasion of continual distractions, that haunting voice. In meditations distraught, in dreams driven from his pallet with the fear-damp upon his brow; he was

hounded by baying and pitiless memories. Oh! when, where, and how would it end?

From the graveyard, where his sepulchre awaited him, Brother Mansuetus turned away with a deep resolve: he would no longer suffer the pent-up anguish of a heart that was breaking; he would no longer delay to make known his one, supreme desire.

Ah! how many others of those uncommunicative religious were in like manner filled with sacred fury—who can tell?—as they passed with solemn steps down the narrow path, and left that grave on the hill-side, nameless for evermore!

VII.

Upon the hard floor of his cell Brother Mansuetus lay in his last agony; a few handfuls of blessed ashes, mixed with straw, and covered with a strip of serge, were his bed of death; for this is the rule of the Order. Feeling his end approaching, he begged that he might be permitted to communicate with the abbot, who was kneeling by his side. The attendants withdrew, and, finding himself alone with his superior, Brother Mansuetus thus unbosomed himself:

"I, the most unworthy of men," said he, in a feeble breath, "was left at an early age in charge of an orphan brother—we two being the sole inheritors of ample estates. I relished the pleasures of the world, but, having had my fill of them, in due season I learned in very truth that 'vanity of vanities, and all is vanity, save loving God, and serving Him alone.' Earnestly I strove to nourish carefully the one who was left in my keeping,—the one who was verily dearer to me than life itself. Of my too frequent sins of omission and commission he was kept in the profoundest ignorance, lest my example should occasion his fall; yet I indulged him with the fond foolishness of love, and would have begged bread from door to door rather than he should suffer one wish ungratified.

"Thus did he flourish during the halcyon days of youth, and, approaching adolescence, was renowned for his beauty, his amiability, wit, learning, and a thousand graces that were denied to me. Indulgence had not

spoiled him; for I had been careful to guard him from those temptations which are the bane of youth. He was all that heart could wish—my joy, my pride; but, having never been thwarted, I little knew the tribulation that he held in store for me. Coming to the years of discretion—he was approaching his majority—it became my duty to consult his will, and with much gentleness and earnestness I besought him to consider seriously those means by which he might profit himself, and become heir to the joys of the world which is to come.

"Imagine my horror, O Rev. Father! when the object of my idolatry declared his intention of enjoying to the full those worldly delights which had well-nigh been my ruin! In vain I pictured to him the perils to which he was blindly subjecting himself; in vain I pleaded with him, and, bathed in tears, implored him for the love of those dear ones, now in Paradise, whose memory we revered—yea, for the love of God—to forbear. But no: almost in anger he repulsed me. Sudden liberty had seemingly dethroned his reason, and as he sallied forth to join his youthful companions—who, dazzled by his wit, his beauty, his rank and wealth, fawned upon him with obsequious flattery,—I fled the place, resolved never again to revisit it, or suffer my heart to dwell upon it; for the world was now doubly dead to me.

"Thou knowest the sequel of my story. I have striven to assure myself that 'it will give a man a great confidence of dying happily if he has a perfect contempt of the world, a fervent desire of advancing in virtue, a love of discipline, a toil of penance, a ready obedience, self-denial, and patience in bearing all adversities for the love of Christ.' I have striven to keep the faith, to avoid giving scandal, to forget—O Rev. Father! to forget myself. But how can I forget myself when I can not cease to mourn the one who was my all, who scorned my love, and whose miserable fate I may never know? Daily, hourly, yea continually I have cried to Heaven for mercy. I may not be delivered from the yoke of this agony, and I

would not. His blood be on my head, and for his ransom may I suffer a thousand-fold! But, inasmuch as I have with unceasing intercession besought mercy upon his soul, do thou and all thy humble brethren pray for him as I have prayed for him. Oh! I beseech thee pray, pray without ceasing—even unto the end!"

With a gasp the dying monk, who in his anguish had raised himself upon his trembling arms, fell exhausted upon the thin straw that scarcely cushioned his head. He was painfully articulating that glorious prayer, the "Last Sighs of the Dying"; in the corridor rose a dolorous chant: it was the "Recommendation of a Departing Soul." Extreme Unction and all the final Sacraments had been administered; in a few moments more the fluttering heart would cease to beat, and all would be over.

There was a swift step upon the threshold; two figures entered—the abbot, who had withdrawn but a moment before, and an attending Brother. With utmost haste they tenderly lifted the form of the death-stricken penitent. Tears streamed from the eyes of the venerable superior, but the face of the young Brother was as marble; it was he who drew the fainting monk to his bosom, and folded him in an embrace which seemed almost to defy death.

At that moment the eyes of the dying Mansuetus slowly opened; the flame of life seemed to rekindle in them, and a smile of inexpressible serenity lit the ashen features as he turned toward the one in whose arms he lay dying. Never vision of the beatified wrought a more marvellous change; all hope was born again, and all heaven was in that face—for the last glance of the death-stricken was fixed upon the seraphic countenance of the one whom he had mourned as lost, the lovely and devoted subject of his prayers.

On the still air quivered the moan of the passing bell, and the Litany for the Dead broke the silence of the long corridor. *Requiescat in pace!* "Thus death is the end of all, and all man's life passes suddenly like a shadow."

The Angel's Offering.

BY A. D. L.

AN angel was plucking a nosegay
From the manifold gardens of earth,
To lay at the footstool of Mary,
Heaven's Queen of immaculate birth.

He chose but the fairest and sweetest,
Just washed in the dews of the morn—
White lilies and modest blue violets,
And roses with never a thorn.

At last, his sweet labor completed,
He plumed his white pinions for heaven,
Rejoicing that into his keeping
A mission so holy was given.

But as for a moment he lingered
Ere he soared to Our Lady's bright throne,
He saw, in its freshness and beauty,
A parent bush standing alone.

Four tiny white rosebuds adorned it,
And perfumed the air with their breath;
But one ('twas the smallest) seemed drooping,
As if touched by the chill hand of death.

With pitying glances, the angel
Bent o'er the pale blossom in love,
Then plucked it—to lie on the bosom
Of the dear Virgin Mother above.

The Russian Orthodox Church.—Some Pages from a Nuncio's Diary.

BY THE REV. REUBEN PARSONS, D. D.

AMONG the many causes of anxiety to the mind of Pope Pius VI. was his controversy with Catherine II. concerning the Catholics in her dominions. To one phase of that controversy we would draw the reader's attention. By the first partition of Poland, in 1772, Russia had obtained White Russia—a land inhabited almost exclusively by Catholics, some adhering to the Latin and some to the Greek (Slavonic) rite. The Latins had no bishop of their own, but depended on the United Greek

bishops of Vilna, Livonia, and Smolensk. But scarcely had Catherine taken possession of the country, when, on September 14, 1772, she issued a ukase announcing that she would soon appoint a bishop for the Latins; and in the following year her new subjects heard that, besides some dispositions for the United Greeks, their gracious Empress had shown her solicitude for all her subjects of the Latin rite by assigning them all—no matter in what part of the vast Empire they were located—to the spiritual care of Stanislaus Siestrzencewicz, hitherto titular Bishop of Mallo and Coadjutor of Vilna. This prelate had insinuated himself into her good graces, and events showed that he was a ready tool in her hands. Of course this appointment was null in the eyes of the Holy See; but, fearing that Catherine's anger would be vented on the Catholics if she were thwarted, Garampi, nuncio at Warsaw, prevailed on the United Greek bishops of Vilna, Livonia, and Smolensk, to delegate to the imperial appointee their own jurisdiction over the Latins of White Russia, while he conferred the necessary faculties for the other Latins of the Empire.

In 1776 Garampi was transferred to Vienna, and was succeeded at Warsaw by John Andrew Archetti, titular Archbishop of Chalcedon. The first thought of the new nuncio was for the welfare of the Polish Catholics, then at the mercy of the Russian bear. He realized that they should have many bishops, not merely one; and he was forming plans to that effect, when he learned, from the experience of Mgr. Sagramosa, Bishop of Jerusalem, in a similar case, that Catherine was resolved (and all her resolutions were inflexible) to have but two Catholic bishops in her dominions—one United Greek and one Latin. One of the first acts of Siestrzencewicz on assuming his position had been to complain of his cavalier treatment by the Catholic missionaries who belonged to various religious orders. To obviate all trouble, the Propaganda gave him "the right of ordinary jurisdiction" over all these religious, and the privilege was sanctioned by Pius VI. in a rescript of August

15, 1778. However, by advice of Archetti, who wished to keep the courtier-prelate in some little subjection, this extraordinary faculty was limited to three years.

The reader will remember that Catherine had refused to allow the promulgation in her dominions of the brief of Pope Clement XIV. which suppressed the Society of Jesus (July 21, 1773), and that the Jesuits in Russia had continued in the exercise of their rule. When consulted by Siestrzencewicz as to how these Fathers should be regarded, Archetti replied that they were secular priests, and should be treated as such; and this decision was ratified by Cardinal Opizio Pallavicini, papal secretary of state. Very soon, however, the Bishop of Mallo, who, as Gagarin well observes, had always been averse to the Jesuits, showed a wonderful affection for them—superinduced, of course, by his subserviency to Catherine. On July 11, 1779, he issued an order authorizing the Jesuits of White Russia to open a novitiate at Polotzk. This action of Siestrzencewicz caused much trouble to Pius VI., for the court of Spain was just as indignant as Catherine was well pleased. As a token of her gratitude to the prelate who had aided her in thus snubbing Spain, the Empress made him Archbishop of Mohilev, and demanded the pallium for him.

On September 16, 1780, the Pope, with his own hand, wrote to Catherine, endeavoring to dissuade her from her project; and in return, on December 31, she sent an autograph letter urging her demand, and promising that if it were granted, then, indeed, she would protect the Catholics throughout Russia. Not before the following October did the Pope reply, and then he agreed to erect Mohilev into a metropolitan see, but refused the pallium for his Lordship of Mallo. Other negotiations ensued, and meanwhile Pius VI. made his fruitless journey to Vienna to mollify the "sacristy-sweeper," Joseph II. Finally, Stackelberg waited on Archetti one day, and showed him a letter which he had just received from his august mistress, and which he was ordered to read

to the nuncio. The missive was dated November 15, 1782, and was very bitter in tone. Catherine declared that if the Roman Pontiff exercised any authority in Russia, it was by her favor; and that if her demands were not at once satisfied, she would entirely suppress the Catholic worship in her dominions.

His Holiness was well aware of Catherine's character, and he yielded. On January 11, 1783, he wrote to the Empress that, for the good of religion, he would forget the injuries which the Holy See had received at the hands of the Bishop of Mallo; and that he would make Mohilev an archbishopric, with that prelate for its incumbent. But, he continued, in order that all things might be effected according to Catholic discipline, he would send a nuncio to St. Petersburg for that purpose. The person chosen for the important mission was the nuncio at Warsaw, Mgr. Archetti. He arrived at St. Petersburg in the beginning of July, 1783, and was appropriately received by Catherine in full court. It is not our purpose to give an account of his nunciature, but he himself drew up an account of it,* and in 1872 Gagarin gave a French version of it to the world. If what we have already written is of interest to the historical student, the remainder of our article, which we shall take almost literally from Archetti's narrative, will be just as entertaining to the theological tyro.

From the very commencement of his nunciature, Mgr. Archetti was desirous of conversing with some of the schismatic prelates on the subject of reunion. At last the desired opportunity presented itself. An imperial princess, a granddaughter of Catherine, had come into the world; and her baptism being, of course, a matter of state ceremony, all the foreign ambassadors were invited to be present. After the function Archetti saluted the Archbishop of Novgorod with great urbanity, and the Russian prelate manifested much pleasure

at the meeting. Thus encouraged, the nuncio visited the Archbishop, a few days afterwards, at his residence in the magnificent monastery of Alexander Newski. The conversation which ensued is well worth the reader's attention. A century has elapsed since it was held, and when we read it we imagine that we are listening to an exchange of views between a Catholic and a Greek, or "Orthodox," clergyman of today.*

The first subject mooted by the Russian prelate was, quite naturally, one of a trivial nature—namely, the difference between the vestments worn by the Oriental and the Western clergy. Archetti remarked that this diversity was of no moment, providing the same faith were held; St. Paul tells us (Eph., iv, 5) that the faith is one, because God is one. The Archbishop replied that nearly all Christians agree as to what is necessary for salvation. They admit, said he, that there is but one God; that His Son became man to deliver us from the slavery of Satan; that Christ gave us the means whereby to recover God's grace. If they dispute on other points, that matters little.

The Russian prelate did not realize, of course, the thorough Protestantism of this sentiment; for, much as the schismatics hate Catholicism, they despise Protestantism. The nuncio, however, insisted that many other points enter into Christian faith, for Jesus taught many others; and He commanded His Apostles and their successors to teach, unto the end of time, all that He had taught them. Those who receive only such doctrines as they themselves regard as necessary for salvation, do not, as a rule, preserve the true faith even within these narrow limits. A Socinian, for instance, who denies the divinity of Christ, attacks the dogma of the Incarnation. And is the Incarnation respected by the Lutherans and Calvinists, who entertain so many false ideas concerning its effects, and as to the sacra-

* *Commentaria de Legatione Petropolitana ab Joanne Andrea Archetti, Archiepiscopo tunc Chaledonsi, postea S. R. E. Cardinali, Administrata.*

* For the distinction between the Greek schismatic and the Russian "Orthodox" (also schismatic) churches, see our article on these churches in *THE "AVE MARIA,"* Vol. XXIV., pp. 531, 609.

ments which have it for a source? In religion, just as in other bodies of doctrine, the various parts are all linked together.

Archetti was surprised; he avowed that when enumerating the articles necessary for salvation, the Archbishop had omitted that of there being only one Church, not many, in which to attain heaven. For the Scriptures tell us (Eph., v, 25) that Christ loved His *Church*, not His *churches*; that for *her*, not for *them*, He suffered. It was *the* Church that He wished to be immaculate (*Ib.* 27); *the* Church that was to be the column of truth (I. Tim., iii, 15). And how often we read that *the* Church is the house of God, a fold, a family; and that there is but one Shepherd! Therefore, observed the nuncio, the Roman Pontiffs deserve all praise for having constantly labored to put an end to schism.

The Archbishop then remarked that there was, after all, but very little difference between the Orthodox and the Roman Church. The chief point, and the one most strenuously contested, concerned the manner of the Procession of the Holy Ghost. As to that controversy, his own opinion was that it was very obscure; in fact, it far exceeded the grasp of human intelligence. Would it not be better, therefore, to confine all remarks upon it to what we read of it in the Scripture? There we are told, indeed, that the Son sends the Holy Ghost (John, xv, 26; Luke, xxiv, 49); but only of the Father is it said that the Spirit of Truth "proceeds" from Him (John, *Ib.*). The Archbishop, therefore, could not but hold that the Latins acted "rashly" when they inserted the clause *Filioque* ("and from the Son") in the Creed.

To this Archetti returned that his Grace of Novgorod could not have forgotten that the Arians used to contend that the Son ought not to be styled "consubstantial," because nowhere in Scripture could that word be found. And, nevertheless, SS. Athanasius, Basil, Gregory of Nazianzen, and other Oriental Fathers, firmly resisted the attempt to keep the term out of the Creed. Therefore, he (Archetti) would now say what

these Fathers then said; that is, that the Pontiffs had the right—nay, it was their duty—to bring to the light what was hidden in the Scriptures; to explain it by the use of words best adapted to that purpose. If the sense of such words is contained in the Scriptures, what matters it if the doctrine is not found expressed in the same syllables and letters? Against new heresies, as St. Hilary teaches, we are often compelled to adopt new words. The nuncio, then, was forced to conclude that since the Scriptures show that the Holy Ghost proceeds also from the Son, and since the ancient Fathers openly taught that doctrine, the Latins should not be reprov'd for employing a formula which would inculcate a doctrine concerning the nature of God that would be based, not on mere vague opinion, but on determined principles. And oh! sighed Archetti, would that there could be peace between the two churches! He would willingly die, if that would effect union.

To this aspiration of the nuncio the Archbishop replied that a reunion was too great a work for any one man, no matter how excellent and holy, to effect. And, then, again, we should reflect, he observed, that there is no church which is not divided. Look at the Russian, the Lutheran, the Calvinistic bodies! Even the Latins* have not escaped; for even at that time the Jansenists were giving great trouble to Rome. To this sophistic remark Archetti returned that the Church of Christ is not and can not be divided. As to the Latins, they were all of one mind. All hearkened to and believed the words of the Gospel as announced by the successors of that Peter to whom Christ entrusted that function. As to the Jansenists, they were no more members of the Church than were the followers of Simon Magus, of Menander, and of so many other heresiarchs. The Church is no less one even though heresies come out from her. The unity of the Church is effected by

* The Oriental schismatics of every rite so denominate all those in communion with Rome, though many millions of Roman Catholics belong to the several Eastern rites.

the union of the bishops and their flocks with their head, the Roman Pontiff, whom Christ made His Vicar on earth.

But Christ has no need of a vicar, retorted the Russian prelate. Christ is God, and His power is infinite. He confided the care of His Church to all the Apostles. Nevertheless, the Archbishop declared that he admitted that the most holy Pope, as he always styled the Supreme Pontiff, was head of his Church. But so also was every bishop in his own sphere. To this remark the nuncio urged that neither had Christ any need of apostles or of bishops to govern the Church. However, he continued, the question is not as to what Our Lord might have done, but as to what He really did and instituted. Now, we know that He did institute Apostles, bishops, and priests; but we also know that it was to Peter alone that He gave the task of feeding His sheep (John, xxi, 15-17), and of confirming his brethren (Luke, xxii, 32). Finally, if the various churches are not united under one head, if each church has its bishop for that head, where is the unity of the Universal Church?

Night put an end to this interesting interview; and during the remainder of Archetti's nunciature his relations with his Grace of Novgorod were most cordial, but, nevertheless, brought no nearer the desired consummation. The Diary informs us that the Archbishop, and several other "Orthodox" bishops with whom he frequently conversed, would cheerfully admit that Roman Catholicism was excellent for the Latins, but nothing could convince them of the need of corporate union with the See of Peter. In his many conversations with the greater lords and leading spirits of the Empire, Archetti became convinced that with this class the greatest obstacle to reunion was the fear of offending the Greek subjects of the Ottoman Porte. And there was probably much truth in this conjecture; for during the reign of Catherine II. the Russians relied, much more than they do in our time, on Greek aid to enable them to give form to their traditional ideas about

Constantinople. To keep this aid in a state of ready reserve, they omitted nothing which would nourish, among the Greeks, the conviction that the day was at hand when, thanks to Holy Russia, Greece would recover her ancient glory.

Two Ruby Rings.

BY C. O'CONNOR ECCLES.

A FEW years ago, when looking through the contents of a French library, I came across an old book which contained the following story. I have made no attempt to reproduce the quaint language of the original with its force and *naïveté*, but tell it, as simply as possible, in my own words.

When Saladin, the Saracen, ascended the throne of Nouredin, in 1173, the forces of the West had been hurled against the East in two successive crusades, and it was rumored in Palestine that the sovereigns of Europe, ceasing their intestine wars, were collecting their forces for a third attack on the Saracens. A wise general always desires to know the numbers, the discipline, and the equipment of his foes; and Saladin, in order that he might be better prepared to withstand the expected assault, determined to visit Italy and France in disguise, accompanied by four of his nobles representing themselves to be Cypriot merchants. They travelled slowly from town to town, making cautious inquiries as to the strength of the forces likely to be raised by each suzerain if a crusade were really proclaimed, but taking every care that their nationality and identity should never be suspected.

In these days, when we breakfast in London and dine in Paris we can scarcely realize the difficulties of travel in the Middle Ages. There were few roads in Europe, except those which had been made by the Roman soldiers in times of peace; inns were few and far between, and of the most wretched character; most countries were covered with dense and trackless forests infested

with wild beasts; and every difficulty which we now feel, despite modern improvements, was then intensified a thousandfold. Every rocky and secluded path swarmed with banditti and peaceful wayfarers were liable to be seized, imprisoned, and perhaps tortured, if they passed from the dominions of one prince to those of another with whom he was at war. Whenever great men undertook a journey in those days they had with them a crowd of retainers for protection, and dozens of sumpter-mules laden with provisions for the company. It is easy to see, therefore, that Saladin ran no little risk in venturing with only his four brave companions into the strongholds of his enemies.

In those days the ancient virtue of hospitality was lavishly exercised, but none practised it in greater perfection than a certain Antonio Turelli, a gentleman of Istria in Lombardy. Turelli was a man of good family and great wealth, married to a beautiful wife, whom he tenderly loved, and by whom his affection was ardently returned. They had been blessed with children, and had extensive property, including a *château* at Istria and a *palazzo* at Pavia. Beyond all things Turelli was devoted to the chase, and his falcons, trained by himself, were esteemed the finest in the north of Italy.

One peaceful summer's evening, as the sun was setting behind the groves of chestnut-trees, Turelli came forth to enjoy the cool air near his quaint old castle in Istria, for centuries the seat of his family. He paused in his leisurely walk to admire the crimson and purple glories of the western sky. In the duskiest east appeared the crescent moon, pale and silvery, but soon to deepen and glow at her conquest of her fiery rival. White bullocks, weary with their day's work, wended their way slowly homeward; their drivers, goad in hand, forbore to prick them, being engaged in laughing and jesting with the merry *contadinos*. Tall poplars rose straight and slender towards the sky, like fingers pointing heavenward. Peace brooded over the scene, and all nature seemed to listen when a nightingale on a distant thorn began to sing.

Turelli's musings were broken by the appearance of five strangers, dusty and travel-stained, one of whom approached him and asked in Latin the way to Pavia. The Istrian was struck by the noble air of his interlocutor, and the almost equally distinguished appearance of his companions.

"Pavia is far from here," he answered; "and the way is difficult to find."

"Then we are not likely to reach it before nightfall?"

"Impossible; besides, the road is dangerous, unless one knows it well. Wait rather until morning. I live near by, and such poor hospitality as my roof affords is quite at your service."

The stranger thanked him courteously, but declined the offer, saying it was necessary they should reach Pavia as soon as possible. They asked however, if he could furnish them with a guide, whom they promised to reward liberally. Turelli answered in the affirmative, and summoning one of his attendants, he privately told him to lead the travellers by the most circuitous route, and finally bring them back to him. Such hospitable ruses were not uncommon in those days of greater simplicity, so the servant felt no surprise at the order.

The strangers, having made their acknowledgments, departed with their guide; and soon in the depths of the Lombard oak-woods, night fell. On they went, scrambling over hills, slipping on loose stones, making their way along the beds of dried water-courses. Projecting branches struck them in the face; brambles scratched their hands and tore their garments; bats wheeled round in circles; now and then some small animal, disturbed by their voices and footsteps, plunged with a cry into the brushwood. They heard the hooting of owls, and the hoarse baying of dogs in some far-off village; still the walls of Pavia arose not before them; and when, altogether exhausted, they paused to strain their eyes in search of the city, they found they had journeyed in a circle, and were now at the point whence they set out.

Here they once more met Turelli, who

laughingly reproached them for not having taken his advice, and again offered them shelter, which they now gladly accepted. He had employed the time while they were absent in seeing that all was in order for their reception, and when seated at his plentiful board they had to acknowledge to themselves that their reception befitted rather their real than their supposed rank.

The evening passed pleasantly. Saladin and his companions, as they had agreed, professed themselves to be merchants from Cyprus; and as in those days, when people rarely left their homes, there was a mysterious charm about unknown countries—for "distance lends enchantment to the view,"—Turelli listened eagerly to what his guests told him of their travels and adventures. Meanwhile he dispatched a messenger to his wife in Pavia, desiring her to make ready for the reception of visitors, and to invite his friends and acquaintances to meet them. She obeyed, and when next day, himself volunteering to be their guide, Turelli and the Saracens rode through the city gates and reached his house, they found a splendid banquet prepared.

Great was the surprise of the strangers at Turelli's princely hospitality, when, having been presented to his family, each was provided, in accordance with the custom of the time, with handsome garments exquisitely embroidered in gold by the deft fingers of their amiable hostess, Ginevra, and her maidens. These garments were of silk—a material then but little known, since it was not introduced into Western Europe till 1130, when Greek manufacturers were brought over by Roger, King of Sicily, and established at Palermo. Italy at that time surpassed the rest of the world in domestic luxury; thus, accustomed as Saladin and his companions were to the barbaric splendor and gorgeous profusion of the East, the refinement of Turelli's surroundings, the beauty of his spacious gardens, the elegant abundance of his table, and his lavish generosity, were matters of great surprise to his guests.

As they dined in the company of his

friends and relatives, the conversation turned, naturally enough, on the impending crusades, of which the prospect roused Turelli to enthusiasm, though he spoke with moderation.

"What!" asked Saladin, "will you leave your happy home, your loving wife, your beautiful children, to encounter hardships, dangers, possibly death, in a distant and hostile land?"

"My life will be forfeited in a glorious cause if it falls to my lot to die in winning Jerusalem from the Saracens."

"But why should you care to combat the Saracens? They have done you no evil. Do you, then, hate them so much?"

"Nay, I will not the death of the infidels: all I seek is once more to deliver from their power the city sanctified by the life and death of our Redeemer, and the hallowed spots that once were His abiding places. Now they are in the hands of those that honor Him not. The sacred scenes of His birth and passion are desecrated by those who blaspheme Him; nor can Christians journey thither in safety to honor Him by tears and prayers."

"Then hatred of the Saracens and desire to exterminate them is not the motive that leads you?"

"God forbid, if they but yielded peaceable possession of our holy places, that we should injure a hair of their heads! We only ask freedom to visit the land dearest to our hearts; but this we are resolved to obtain, cost what it may."

"If all Christians were like you," said Saladin, "I feel sure the Sultan would refuse none of their demands."

It was now time for the guests to proceed on their way, and greatly was the generous Saladin grieved that, owing to his supposed rank and circumstances, he could bestow only presents of moderate value on his entertainer. They parted with mutual expressions of admiration and esteem, Saladin inwardly resolving to send, on his return home, gifts worthy of the greatest monarch of the East. But his design could not immediately be carried out; for when he

reached his own country after this reconnoitring expedition, the cares of his kingdom were so absorbing as to make him forget all matters of lesser moment.

Jerusalem, conquered eighty-eight years before by the heroes of the first crusade, he had wrested from the Christians; and now there remained but three Syrian towns of importance—Antioch, Tyre, and Tripoli—in possession of the Latins. Pope Urban III. having died of grief at the fall of the Holy City, his successor empowered William, Archbishop of Tyre, to preach the third crusade, and amongst the gentlemen of every rank who flocked to enroll themselves beneath the standard of the Cross was Antonio Turelli.

Poor Ginevra was broken-hearted at the thought of their impending separation. She remembered the tales of horror told by scattered fugitives from the battle of Tiberias, when Guy de Lusignan and the flower of his army fell into the power of Saladin, who slew with his own hand the Prince of Antioch, and commanded a wholesale massacre of the Knights Templars and Hospitallers. Still, like a true woman and a devout Christian, she soon ceased to urge him to remain by her side; had he done so, her love might even have been lessened. She looked on his cause as sacred, and, though her heart might bleed, never would she, a Roman woman, and a daughter of the Church, hold him back in ignoble security. She hoped, she felt, that the God of Battles would be his protector; that he would return from the burning deserts, the wild mountains of Palestine, to be clasped once more in her arms; that "the arrow that flieth by day" would be turned aside from his breast, and a shield and a defence interposed between him and the enemy. Even if her worst fears were fulfilled—if the love of her youth should never more look her in the eyes, if the father of her children should never see them grow to manhood,—still she gave him, resignedly if not cheerfully, into the hands of his Maker, and she braced her woman's soul to bear the long agony of waiting and uncertainty, harder—aye, a thou-

sand times harder—to bear than the terrors of the strife.

Before they parted, while lances and pennons gleamed in the Italian sunshine, and the sound of bugles called stragglers to the ranks,—when the wife and mother saw the light of her life about to be borne from her, leaving darkness for her portion, she and her beloved, as gages of affection and of fidelity, as souvenirs of happy years and tokens of mutual prayer and thought, exchanged rings, each alike, and bearing in its centre a flaming ruby stone.

Antonio kissed and blessed his children, pressed his wife to his heart, and, without trusting himself to speak further, hurried down the turret stairs that rang beneath his iron heel, headed his retainers, and rode sorrowfully away, leaving Ginevra prostrate in her oratory, to begin at the foot of Our Lady's statue her life of widowed loneliness. From every Italian town through which the crusaders passed, Turelli sent a peasant or a wandering minstrel with tidings to his wife, and so far all was well. He gave them gold, and bade them hasten; but larger was their reward when they reached the castle at Ischia, where Ginevra had secluded herself with her children. Once the troops had embarked, no more messages came.

News in those days travelled but slowly; still, now and then tidings were brought of the successes of the Germans under the Emperor Frederick I; of that monarch's death from bathing in the Cydnus during the heat; of the rivalries of Philip Augustus and *Cœur de Lion*; of the siege of Acre, and the victories, alternating with defeats, of the crusaders. Of individuals less distinguished than kings it was impossible to hear; the holy palmers or the gay *jongleurs* who sought a night's shelter at the *château*, and told what they had seen or heard of Palestine, did not know the name of Turelli. When they saw the eager face of his wife, and noted how she hung on their words, two or three of these stray guests were fain to mutter they heard he was alive and well; but so closely did she question

them, that their lack of knowledge was speedily made manifest, and her face fell so piteously when she discovered their ignorance, that they wished compassion had not tempted them to vouch for more than they knew.

So the heavy years dragged on. At last came the joyful news that a treaty was concluded with Saladin for three years and eight months, by which the cities of the coast were secured to the Christians while the Saracens retained Jerusalem, allowing, however, the free entrance and exit of pilgrims. The Army of the Cross was disbanded, the crusaders were returning home, and joy once more revived in Ginevra's heart. How her baby boys had grown! Antonio would never recognize them. How like him little Gulio had become, who was but an infant when his father left! From morning till night she worked, overlooking her maidens, that all might be in good order to greet his coming; the house was stored with his favorite viands, so that he should not find her unprepared. She discarded her mourning garb, and chose the rich and delicate textures he loved, the colors he preferred, and the modes he had praised. His lightest wishes were remembered and fulfilled. Daily she watched, daily she expected him—but he came not.

"He is dead," her sisters whispered finally; "he fell like a hero. God willed it. Cease to expect his return." But her heart answered, "He is not dead," and daily she kissed her ruby ring. At last some of his friends who had fought by his side returned to Lombardy, wounded and worn. Little comfort could they give; for three years they had not seen him; he had with many others, been taken prisoner by the Saracens, and they heard he had been put to death. Ginevra clung to every thread of hope, but one by one these threads were severed.

Antonio's neglected falcon, now old and feeble, stood idle, stretching its wings, and shaking its jesses and silver bells. Where was the master who loved to ride abroad with the bird perched on his stout leathern glove. When would he come to unhood it,

and bid it rise in air to strike down stork or partridge?

Then, as time went by, the lady's father and brothers spoke. The young men, too, had been in the Holy War, and they believed Turelli had fallen by the hands of his captors. "Why," they said, "should you, still young and so beautiful, mourn for him any longer? Were he living he would in all these years have found some means of communicating with you." But Ginevra refused to believe them, and found a thousand excuses and reasons why she could not have heard sooner from her husband, so that they were forced to leave her in peace for a time.

(CONCLUSION IN OUR NEXT NUMBER.)

Our Lady of Grottaferrata.

THERE recently took place a centenary celebration of the coronation of the ancient painting of the Blessed Virgin venerated in the church of the Abbey of Grottaferrata in Italy, and the occasion suggests reflections that may be of more than passing interest to our readers. Nothing could be more in harmony than the beautiful image of Our Lady of Grottaferrata and the antique abbey in which it is enshrined. The style and expression of the painting show the workmanship of some pious Greek artist; and, as if to complete and perfect the framework, the convent inhabited by the Basilian monks is also Grecian in its origin as well as in the grand objects of its establishment.

It is well known that the Order of St. Basil is extended not only throughout the East, but also in Sicily and the southern part of Italy. In the East, the Basilian monks, up to the eighth century, were the defenders of the faith against heresy, especially that of the Iconoclasts; and in order to propagate veneration towards holy images, particularly those of the Virgin Mother of God, the religious opened schools of painting in their monasteries. When, through violence of persecution, the Basil-

ians were obliged to fly to the West, they continued their noble work, as is shown by the numerous paintings, in the Byzantine style, venerated throughout Italy, and known as the Madonnas of St. Luke. Many of these pictures were saved from the destructive work of the Iconoclasts by the monks, who took refuge in Italy; the others were painted in the monasteries which they established in that country. It is believed that among the latter may be classed the picture at Grottaferrata, and the records state that Gregory IX. caused it to be transferred from Tusculum to its present location. That this painting is more artistic than others of the Byzantine style, is accounted for by the fact that the Basilians of Italy, while preserving the traditions of the Oriental school, added to it the taste and perfection of Italian art.

The Abbey of Grottaferrata has another claim to distinction, inasmuch as it is a real, actual symbol of the union that should exist between the Eastern and Western Churches, and this was most splendidly illustrated in the recent celebration. On that occasion, in the solemn ceremonial of the Church, as well as the processions in honor of Our Lady, clergy of both the Greek and the Latin rites took part, each with his prescribed vestments and in accordance with his ritual—all this, occurring before an immense gathering of the faithful of various nationalities, presented a living picture of the unity and catholicity of the Church.

We can not, therefore, but admire the wisdom of our Holy Father Leo XIII., who has expressed his desire that the Basilians of Grottaferrata should continue to follow the rite of their founders, SS Nilus and Barthelémy; and that they should establish a college for the clerics of the Grecian colonies in Italy, so that these young Greeks thus prepared and instructed may one day return to the land of their fathers, and propagate in the East the traditions of the Greek Church in union with that of Rome, and thus labor to overthrow that unfortunate barrier which has so long separated the East from the West.

Catholic Notes.

It has been proposed by the well-known Freethinker and writer, M. Sarcey, to offer one of the vacant seats in the French Academy to his Eminence Cardinal Lavignerie. The fact that this suggestion comes from an intense republican, one who for a long time has been a bitter enemy to the priesthood, has occasioned a great deal of comment on the part of the French press. But, no doubt, the candidacy of a prelate so distinguished by the depth and extent of his learning, and whose labors have been characterized by zeal for education, has forced itself upon the notice of this freethinking body. At the same time it is very probable that his Eminence will decline the so-called honor offered him.

A few weeks ago two Dominican nuns, accompanied by nine novices, left Dublin for the Antipodes. A brief notice of the labors of this devoted community in New Zealand may be of interest. The Right Rev. Dr. Moran, shortly after his translation to the See of Dunedin, took out with him from Ireland eight nuns and two lay Sisters. The hardships endured for months after their arrival both by Bishop and Sisters would be difficult to realize; they scarcely had food or shelter during the first year; but, struggling on in the face of unnumbered obstacles, they put up schools, the attendance at which after a few years was counted by the hundreds; convents began to be built, and offshoots put out. The harvest indeed was plenteous, but the laborers were sadly few in number; and, fearing that the Sisters would break down under pressure of work, and there would be none to take their places, Mother Gabriel paid a visit to Europe last year for the purpose of getting subjects for the Order, and establishing a novitiate. "I had everything against me," said this pious and high-spirited lady; "and nothing in my favor. I prayed to Our Lady of the Rosary, if the work was pleasing to God, to obtain for me fifteen postulants by Rosary Sunday." When Rosary Sunday came there were exactly fifteen in the novitiate, and with heartfelt thanksgiving to the Blessed Virgin Mother Gabriel began the arduous work of training them.

A few months ago letters began to arrive

from Dunedin, representing the pressing needs of the community, and urging Mother Gabriel to hasten her return. She has lately sailed with her novices for the scene of her former labor. May our Blessed Lady, who has so signally aided her, continue to bless their work in New Zealand!

We have mentioned and described in THE "AVE MARIA" so many gifts that have been prepared for presentation to the Holy Father on the occasion of his Golden Jubilee, that we fear our readers must be getting tired of hearing about them. There is one, however, which we have not yet alluded to, and which deserves a notice, were it merely for its unique and magnificent character to say nothing of the zeal and piety which prompted its elaboration. The Redemptorist Fathers of the province of Baltimore have had prepared as their offering to the Pope a combination writing-desk and bookcase, which together form a splendid work of art, embodying, in the carvings with which they are adorned, a pictorial history of the Church in America. Those who have seen this beautiful piece of workmanship pronounce it to be an artistic masterpiece. The carvings contain representations of the landing of Columbus, the Blessed Virgin, St. Alphonsus, St. Joachim, St. Leo, St. Thomas, and the Holy Father himself. The representation of Columbus is particularly beautiful. Surrounded by his followers, he is planting the Cross on the newly-discovered Continent, while in the clouds is seen the Blessed Virgin, with a company of angels, bestowing Her benediction on the band of pious voyagers.

We learn from the *London Tablet* that the Bishop of Fortaleza in Brazil recently called a meeting of the leading men of all parties and all tendencies of the press, and begged their aid in carrying out the idea already taken up and recommended by several Brazilian bishops, of marking the Jubilee of Leo XIII. by setting all slaves free. A committee was formed for the purpose. The action of the bishops, it is said, has given new life to the emancipation movement, which is becoming daily more irresistible.

The Sisters of Charity of the Blessed Virgin have sustained a severe loss by the death of

Mother Mary Francis Clarke, which occurred at the Mother-House near Dubuque on the 4th inst. She had the consolation the day previous of receiving by cable the blessing of the Holy Father. Her funeral was attended by a large number of her spiritual daughters, and many of the reverend clergy, by whom she was highly esteemed.

The Congregation over which Mother Clarke presided, and of which she was the first superior, was founded by the Rev. Father Donoghue and herself in 1833. He was a holy priest of the Archdiocese of Philadelphia, and the first house of the Order was established in that city. In 1813 the convent was destroyed during the Know-nothing riots, and with a few Sisters Mother Clarke re-established the community near Dubuque, Iowa. It has prospered marvellously, and is widely spread throughout the West. A woman of great faith, of truly saintlike life, and gifted with all the qualities of mind and heart requisite for a superior, Mother Clarke's loss is deeply mourned not only by her spiritual children, but by all those who knew her and appreciated her Christian and religious virtues. *R. I. P.*

We regret to record the death of the Very Rev. Ulick Bourke, a distinguished Celtic scholar, the author of an Irish grammar and several other standard works. He was engaged at the time of his death on a complete Irish Dictionary. Canon Bourke was for many years the beloved parish priest of Claremorris; he had been President of St. Jarlath's College at Tuam, and was at one time Private Secretary to the venerable Archbishop McHale, whose life he has written, and to whom he supplied many valuable translations into Irish, including the Bull "Ineffabilis," for presentation to Pius IX. *R. I. P.*

The Rev. Father Woods, a learned priest of Sydney, N. S. W., is engaged in making a geological survey of the Northern Territory for the South Australian Government. He is famous in that country for his scientific researches, often pursued at the risk of life and limb.

The variety of remedial means that has been applied, successfully or unsuccessfully, to counteract the great national evil of drunkenness is immense. A new feature, however,

or at least a comparatively new one, has lately been revealed in this holy crusade: it is the influence brought to bear by women in the Irish-American element of the community. A writer in the Philadelphia *Times*, speaking of the progress of temperance principles among Irish Americans, says that it is without parallel in the history of temperance reform, and attributes it mainly to the firm stand taken by the young women on the question. More power to these noble women! May their example be followed throughout the length and breadth of the country!

The death is announced of the Rev. Dr. Moriarty, of Utica, N. Y., well known throughout the Middle States as a writer and lecturer. A priest of holy life, and zealous in the discharge of his duties, he won the esteem and admiration of all with whom he was brought into contact. As a writer he is perhaps best known by his "Stumbling-Blocks made Stepping-Stones," a work which has passed through several editions. His "Wayside Pencillings" and "Keys of the Kingdom" are also well known and widely appreciated. May he rest in peace!

Obituary.

"It is a holy and wholesome thought to pray for the dead."
— 2 MACH., xii., 46.

The following persons, lately deceased, are commended to the charitable prayers of our readers: Sister Consilioa (Keenan), of the Sisters of the Good Shepherd, Troy, N. Y., who was lately called to the reward of her useful and self-sacrificing life.

Mr. J. McGrath, a well-known and highly respected citizen of Chicago whose happy death, after a long illness, which he bore with edifying resignation, occurred on the 26th ult. His loss will long be mourned by all who knew him.

Mrs. Denis McCarthy, of Syracuse, N. Y., who departed this life on the 1st inst. She was an exemplary Christian, and was especially distinguished for her charity to the poor and suffering. The orphans of Syracuse have lost in her a devoted friend. Mrs. McCarthy was a generous benefactor of her parish church, her last gift to which was a beautiful and costly set of "Stations."

James Ward, of Chicago, Ill.; John Kane and Nicholas Lang, Albany, N. Y.; and Patrick Fennell, Rathkeale, Ireland.

May their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace!



Leo Marson's Victory.

BY E. V. N.

(CONCLUSION.)

XI.

When Colonel Donaldson returned from Washington, and the boys told him of their adventure in Uncle Pete's little sloop, he laughed heartily, saying, "Such adventures make boys hardy; however,"—in a more serious tone—"I am very glad to know that you did not go on the water without your mother's permission."

Emma had nearly filled up the compartments in her shell-box, and was showing them to the boys, who were loud in their praises of her method of arranging the shells. "I will show them to papa when the work is all done," she said, and was just lifting the box from the table where it had been deposited, when Leo mischievously doubled his fist and gave a blow to the underside, which scattered the glittering beauties all over the floor.

"What did you do that for?" cried Edward, indignantly.

"Oh! I am sure it was not done purposely," interposed the gentle, peace-loving girl.

"I think it was," continued Edward, tempted to give Leo a blow; but the noise of the scattering shells brought his mother to the door, and prevented his yielding to his temper.

Leo's humor had not been improved by his recent unpremeditated bath and the ruin of his pretty straw hat; and as he had not received much sympathy, he was glad of an opportunity to show his resentment. Edward told his mother how the shells came to be scattered over the room; and all set to work to pick them up, and help Emma to re-arrange them.

As a punishment, Colonel Donaldson decided that Leo should spend the following day in solitude up in the attic bedroom. This was a heavy penance for him, especially as his cousins were to go to a shady wood close by Seaview, to practise firing at a mark. His meals were sent up to him by a waiter from the hotel, who arranged them on a teaboard; and if Emma had not slyly slipped up to take him some writing materials, he would not have seen a single member of the household. On a card she wrote in pencil: "Dear Leo, ask pardon, and promise to behave better in future."

Leo read this, and then threw it across the room in a passion. At last he got tired of having no one to converse with, and, remembering that he had not sent a letter to his godmother since he left Harrisburg, he took his pen and wrote as follows:

"MY DERE ANT:—We went saling in a bote lik the picture of the wite ship in my reder, an' I fell over into the oshun an' was nere drowned. Gus and Ed fishd me out, and I cot cold in my hed. I lurnd to fire peas in a popgun, an' I ain't afeard no more of solgers, lik I was. I diddent no that we had anny black relashuns, but we have a unkil peet an' a ant dinar, cullurd lik darkies in harisberg. I hop you an' Selena is all wel an' happie. Nex munth I am goin' to colledge. Good-by frum your luv-ing godson,

"LEO MARSEN."

It took Leo a long time to scrawl this, and he used a good many sheets of paper, and made blot after blot. Finally he concluded that he would ask pardon, and when the waiter came with his tea, he scribbled a few words to the kind-hearted Emma, who soon appeared, and spoke so kindly to him that he fell on his knees to ask her forgiveness. Then she led the culprit downstairs to the little parlor, where Freddie hastened to greet him, and all had kind words to say.

A visit to the ruins of a fort in the vicinity had been planned some weeks previously, but it was deferred in honor of Colonel

Donaldson's return; however, the very evening before the appointed day a telegram summoned him up to Washington. The Rev. Father Lilly came over to attend the picnic in his phaeton, and one or two gentlemen accompanied him on horseback. The four-wheeled carriage that had been provided was only large enough to hold Mrs. Donaldson and the three eldest children. It had been her intention to take Leo, and leave Freddie with his grandma; but she finally concluded that it would be better to let him feel that he was no longer entitled to the privileges of a guest, since he was so rude in his manners.

No sooner had they gone than Conrad wheeled the old lady's chair down to the beach, and she busied herself in knitting while the lads played near by. Busily scratching in the sand, they found a quantity of pretty little shells that glittered in the sunlight. Leo remembered that Celina's uncle had sent her a shell necklace from Australia. He ran in great glee to show them to Mrs. Donaldson, and tell her that circumstance.

"Now, Leo," she said, after admiring them, "if I were you I would collect some of these and wash them; Conrad will help you to drill a hole in the end of each one; I will give you some sewing-silk to twist a cord, and you will make a necklace for your dear cousin Emma. What do you think of that?"

Leo was delighted. "She is so good to me!" he whispered. So the happy child summoned Freddie to help him gather the pretty little objects. Soon they strayed some distance from Mrs. Donaldson; then they tried to drill a hole in the ends of several shells, and succeeded in boring through a few with a large pin.

"Now, Freddie, go and ask your grandma for some thread," said Leo. And away his little friend scampered; but soon ran back, announcing that she was fast asleep.

"Asleep?" inquired Leo; "do you think she really is?"

"Yes; I thought it would be impolite to wake her."

"Well, then, let us go and ask Uncle Pete; I see him yonder on the rocks; he always has plenty of thread—strong thread."

So they went over to the veteran fisherman. He was in a talkative mood, and explained to the children a great many interesting things about his craft, as he mended his net.

"Oh, look at those big white shrimps over there!" exclaimed Leo.

"Yes, but you mustn't go out yander, my boy," said Peter.

"It's only a little way," answered Leo. And he beckoned to Freddie to follow him.

"I think that is where papa said we must not go," said Freddie; "we must not disobey."

"Your granny is asleep; no one will know anything about it." And then he jumped temptingly, as if to say, "Come on, come on! I dare you!"

So Freddie followed, and they were soon catching the coveted shrimps.

"Oh!" said Leo, "just over that rill I see a monstrous one. I'm going to run over there. It looks exactly like silver."

Freddie was running after him when he suddenly began to sink in the soft sand.

"Oh! oh! I can't walk without going down!" he screamed; "my shoes are both gone."

Leo came back to help him, but Freddie was so firmly stuck that he could not get him up. Then he said he would call Uncle Pete, but the old man had gone home. Leo was dreadfully frightened; for he observed the tide rising near where his cousin was held fast. "Don't go down any lower," he said, "and I will call Conrad."

Meantime the good angels were watching over the boy, or there would have been a dreadful scene. Providence willed that Colonel Donaldson found a half hour or so sufficient for him to sign some official documents for which he had been so suddenly called to Washington, and he hoped that by taking the steamer immediately he would be able to reach Piney Point in time for the excursion. Sure enough, he reached the Point quite early, and, in company with

a gentleman he had met on the *Swallow*, was hurrying over a bluff that dominated that part of the shore. Suddenly he halted. "I thought I heard a wail. Some one is in distress! Yes, I see something that looks like a human head above the sand yonder." And over the rocks he leaped, taking long strides across the bank, followed by his friend. Judge of his dismay on nearing the object that had attracted his attention to find it was his own darling son buried up to his neck in the soft sand. "O papa! take me out!" gasped Freddie.

Just at that moment Conrad advanced, breathless; and old Uncle Pete came hobbling after, with a hoe. It was not long before they succeeded in getting him out, but he was too weak to walk, and trembled in every limb. The men took turns in carrying him to the Lodge, and Colonel Donaldson's friend hastened off to summon the village doctor. Grandma Donaldson put her dear boy to bed, and watched by his side, closely observing the symptoms.

Meanwhile the party from the fort had returned bearing flowers and geological specimens, and had gathered in the dining-room for a rural repast, such as could be given in the bygone days of old-time Maryland. But the Colonel called his wife aside, and told her how near they had been to losing Freddie. He assured the frightened mother that all was safe now, and begged her to remain and entertain their guests.

Poor Leo was feeling very bad; his own conscience tormented him, and Mrs. Donaldson treated him somewhat coldly, thinking that he was indirectly the cause of Freddie's fault and danger of death. Emma, too, looked grave, and as the little orphan had no one to whom he could open his heart, he strayed away into a tumble-down bath-house and cried bitterly. However, Grandma Donaldson did not desert him, and, as she generally prevailed in the family council, harmony was soon restored, and Leo felt once more at his ease.

XII.

The first week of September had passed, and the party had left Piney Point for

Washington three days before. Already a seine was ordered to be sent to Uncle Pete, and enough tea and sugar to Aunt Dinah as would enable her to feast all the "aunties" of her acquaintance betimes throughout the winter. Mrs. Baggs, too, was not forgotten; and she found matter for conversation for many months in relating to her friends and visitors all the pleasant and edifying incidents of the Donaldsons' stay at Piney Point.

But on the first Monday of September there were not a few tears shed in the Donaldson mansion; for Freddie, who had long since recovered from the effects of his involuntary sand-bath, was to go over to G— College, accompanied by his cousin Leo. The elder boys had long been accustomed to college life, and, being fond of their professors, and attached to their companions, were rather hilarious about getting back to their desks and chums. The Colonel and his lady took them up to the College, and the latter gave many a charge to the Brothers concerning the boys' health and wardrobe. Colonel Donaldson meanwhile took the President aside to give him a full account of the two lads, from which the Father concluded that Leo was a pretty "tough" subject, although his knowledge of human nature made him subtract a little from Leo, and add it to Freddie's account.

"Has your ward made his First Communion, sir?" he inquired.

"No, fortunately," answered the Colonel; "both boys, however, are old enough to approach the Holy Table. Freddie has been to confession since he was seven, but I fear Leo does not know the Catechism yet."

"Well, I will confide the little fellows to the care of a zealous young priest, and I will see them from time to time, and let you know how they get on."

Farewells were exchanged, and the boys were charged to study well and be good. There was no time to get lonesome; study, recreation, the meals, etc., were so well regulated that time flew swiftly. The monthly bulletins of the little cousins were very satisfactory; however, Leo deserved more

credit than Freddie, for he had made great efforts to correct his bad habits and observe the rules. His director had tried to find out from himself what was his dominant failing.

"I really do not know," said he to the Father's inquiry; "but will you please tell me the faults you have observed in my conduct?"

Father Kelly was pleased at this evidence of good will, and answered, kindly: "My son, yesterday at prayers I think I observed some one insist upon having a place that his cousin had already taken."

Leo blushed scarlet, but said bravely, though very softly, "That was *me*."

"Then when the bell rang for recreation," continued the Father, "one boy ran as hard as he could to secure the best mallet and ball on the croquet ground."

"I often do that," said poor Leo, looking very sheepish.

"Also when a boy has a basket of oranges I think he should share them with his mates at his table. I noticed the other day one of the boys retained all except a few that he shared with a cousin; yet he accepted bananas from a generous little fellow that passed his around."

Leo was too much overcome to speak, but he raised his hand to his breast, and significantly turned the fingers towards himself.

Father Kelly, in a still kinder tone of voice, then said: "These little acts prove that you have selfish habits, so be on your guard when the temptation to selfishness presents itself, and resist it."

In about a month all Leo's selfish habits had become less noticeable, and their roots were greatly weakened. One day when Father Kelly met him near the chapel door he said: "Leo, what do you think of lying?"

"It's awful mean! I can't bear a fellow that tells fibs."

"Ah! then, of course, you never tell any yourself; and yet—and yet—"

"What, Father? Do you think I have told any—that is lately?" asked Leo.

"Let us reflect a while. Last week, I

think it was, when I inquired of a boy in grammar class why he did not know his lesson, what did he say and what did he do?"

Poor Leo hung his head, but after a short pause answered: "He said he was sick, and put his hand on his forehead."

"A lie in word and in action—a sort of double lie, was it not?"

"Yes," came from Leo's lips, but quite in a whisper.

"Then when a story-book was held within the History of the United States, and I asked what other book you had, you slyly threw it out in the tall grass."

Leo was enlightened as he had never been before. "I didn't know I was such a fibber, Father. I promise to correct myself."

"And so you will, if you try hard and—pray hard."

XIII.

The beautiful Festival of Corpus Christi was the day set for the First Communion at the College. The parents of many of the boys came for the occasion, and Leo's godmother and Mr. and Mrs. Donaldson among them. It was the happiest day of the year, and one that will long be remembered by the First Communicants and their relatives and friends. It was a day of benediction for Freddie and Leo, who led ever afterward a fervent Christian life. All were delighted at the happy change in the latter, of which there were many proofs.

His godmother had brought with her two hampers, one of fruit and the other of cakes; and as she gave them to Leo she said in an undertone, "These are for your personal use, pet." Leo thanked her politely, and then requested the Brother porter, who happened to be passing, to take them to the pantry. "The boys will appreciate this addition to their *menu*," he added, turning to his aunt; "and I shall be all the happier myself."

Mr. Marson was overjoyed to hear of this act of Leo's. "I shall no longer dread his presence in vacation." And Mrs. Donaldson thanked God that they had not sent Leo back to Harrisburg, as they were so often tempted to do. "God has rewarded our for-

bearance and blessed our efforts for the orphan's welfare. Freddie's character will be all the stronger from intercourse with Leo, I see plainly."

Years have rolled by since these events happened. Colonel Donaldson has retired from the army, and his elder sons help him to cultivate a vast ranch on the Pacific coast. Freddie—or Frederick I should say—is overseer and book-keeper. Emma aids her mother in presiding over the household, for the benevolent grandma has long since died a holy death.

When Leo had finished his humanities he made a special retreat to discover what was the will of God in his regard. At the close he told Father Kelly that he would like to be a soldier; the good priest was a little surprised, as he had hoped that his youthful penitent might one day be a priest. Leo was sent to West Point, where he graduated with honor. He always spent his vacations with Mrs. Marson as long as she lived, and was the means of inducing his aunt and uncle to resume their custom of monthly Communion, which they had neglected during many years.

Recently our young officer was appointed on the staff of General —, who has gone to fight the warlike Apaches. We shall probably at some future day read of General Leo Marson; but whatever conquest he makes, he will never gain a nobler victory than when in his boyhood he conquered himself and his passions.

Our Lady's Lighthouse.

Merry and Wise.

On a lonely island in the Mediterranean Sea lived Angelo and Stella with their parents. The island was inhabited by wreckers—people who live on the spoils that drift ashore from wrecked vessels. It was not wrong to take these spoils, which could never again be claimed by their owners; but the work had a terrible effect upon the wreckers. They learned to be glad when ships were lost and they had often refused help to vessels sinking near the

island, lest the owners of the cargo should be saved. Sometimes poor half-drowned creatures, thrown ashore upon the mercy of these savage beings, had been murdered or left to die, lest they should claim a share of the booty. Dreadful fights often took place among the wreckers over the division of spoils. In short, their good luck depended on the ill luck of others, and so all kindness died out of their hearts, and their wicked ways were handed down from parents to children, until little boys and girls played at stripping vessels, and screamed with joy over fancied shipwrecks. The priest who came among them from time to time had proposed to have a beacon light placed upon the rocks; but they rejected the plan with anger, and even threatened to take his life if he should attempt to carry it out.

The father of Angelo and Stella was like the other islanders, but their mother came of a different race. She had been cast ashore as a child and reared among them; but the different blood that coursed in her veins, and a memory of early lessons in humanity, made her hate the evil life of the island, and try with all her might to teach charity to her children.

One day the little ones were having a charming play on the beach. Angelo sailed their boat upon a big puddle left by the receding tide, and Stella looked on, and found names for the shells and bits of wood that served for passengers and cargo. There were two or three princes on board, who were bringing hoards of diamonds and rubies home from far countries. A violent tempest, made by shaking sticks in the water, swamped the ship and sent untold fortunes ashore to the merry little wreckers.

Suddenly a hand was laid gently on Stella's shoulder, and their mother said: "Come, your father wants you."

"Oh! why, why, mamma? Has he found anything?" asked both children.

"Yes," she said, sadly; "a box has floated ashore, and he will break it on the beach, and let you take the things to the house."

"Is there a ship? Oh! where is it?" they cried, as they trotted over the hot sand with their hard little brown feet.

"It is just off Snake's Head, your father thinks. No one else has seen it, and he means to go this afternoon and board the ship all by himself."

"Oh! can't we go too?" cried Angelo.

"No, indeed," she said, with a shiver. "I wish I could prevent *him* from going. There is a black cloud yonder, and I hope it will breed a hurricane, and sink the poor ship before any one can leave this shore to get at her."

Just then the children caught sight of their father, and rushed towards him. The mother followed slowly, and reached them just as the lid of the trunk was wrenched off, and her husband was lifting out the piles of neatly-packed clothes that filled it. They were children's clothes, and even she was pleased to see that many of them would fit her own little ones. She tenderly raised a pair of tiny, half-worn shoes that had fallen to the ground, buttoned the straps, and put them in her pocket with a sigh.

"What's the matter, mamma?" asked the little girl.

"They belonged to somebody's darling," she said. "Where is he now, poor baby?"

"Now, Teresina dear," said her husband, "don't loiter there, making poetry and going into spasms! Stir around; bring out my tools and put them in the boat; put in, too, a bottle of wine and some bread. If I go now I shall reach Snake's Head before dark. If the wreck is firm enough, I'll spend the night there, and move the cargo at my leisure in the morning."

"For the Madonna's sake don't stay, Ridolfo! There are black clouds gathering, and oh! I have such a dread in my heart! Do come back to-night!"

"Nonsense with your clouds and your horrors!" said Ridolfo, and he proceeded to stow away in the *Mermaid* the tools and provisions and to unfasten her from the moorings.

"Good-bye wife; good-bye, little one!" he cried; and, throwing a red jacket over his left shoulder, he sprang into the boat and pushed off from the shore.

Teresina put away the contents of the trunk, and then went out with the children on the beach, carrying her lace-work.

"Now, Angelo, do you pick up wood for a fire. Stella, bring out the wine and bread and salt, and, while your brother gets supper ready, I will give you your first lesson in making lace. Father Pietro says that the nuns will sell all the lace we can make."

"Where's the u-e?" asked Stella. "The wrecks come very often in the rough weather,

and old Jacopo says the rocks are getting worse and worse."

"God forbid!" said her mother; "I wish there might never be another wreck!"

"O mamma! how can you say so? Everybody else begs the good God to send us wrecks. We should starve without them."

"Not at all. We should cultivate our vines and grain and olive-trees, which we neglect shamefully now, living like brigands on dead men's wealth. I never see a wreck without hearing my poor mother's scream when the waves tore me from her arms. It rings in my ears for days afterwards. There! the sun is almost gone! I must ring the Angelus."

Near by their house stood the tumble-down church, where now and then Mass was celebrated by Father Pietro. At sunrise, at noon, and at sunset, Teresina used to mount the belfry and ring the bell for the Angelus, calling the poor ignorant wreckers for an instant from their work to prayer.

The bell rang out upon the breeze. Every man, woman, and child within hearing, on sea or on land, knelt down. Ridolfo heard the peal, and, kneeling, asked a blessing on his odious expedition—God forgive him! Angelo laid down the load of fuel, and, taking off his little red cap, dropped on his knees, and reverently uttered the holy words his mother had taught him. But Teresina, in her belfry, poured into her prayer an agony of longing for better days. "Never another wreck, dear Lord!" she prayed—"never another wreck!"

That night there came an awful storm, and at earliest dawn Teresina walked out on the rocks, as far as the boiling waves had left a foothold. Only when she reached the farthest point did she venture to turn her eyes towards Snake's Head. Then, with a bitter cry, she sank down. The wreck was gone; the surf was raging over the ledge. For the *Merman* there was not the vestige of a hope in such a sea. At last she rose from her knees, and dragged herself back to the hut, where the children still lay asleep.

Towards evening fragments of the wreck came drifting onto the beach, and, lashed to a plank, there drifted among them the body of Ridolfo. Like a mad woman, Teresina threw herself upon the form, so noble and beautiful even in death. Suddenly she rose from her feet and raised her right hand solemnly to heaven.

"I swear before the living God," she said, "that from this night until the night of my death a light shall burn in the belfry to warn ships from these awful shores."

A murmur of suppressed anger ran through the crowd. She looked around upon them calmly.

"If I had spoken to him," she said, looking down upon the corpse at her feet—"if I had spoken to him as I speak to you, he would not lie there now, a victim of your sins, and oh, my Ridolfo!" she added, kneeling down beside him, "a victim of my cowardice. Come with me all of you; we will light the lamp together."

Gladly would the wreckers have resisted her power—for the proposal appeared to them the ruin of their fortunes,—but to their excited fancy Teresina seemed like a heavenly apparition. Her yellow hair had fallen down and hung, rippling, almost to the ground. All emotion had passed from her face, leaving it deadly pale, and she walked on before them with a stern solemnity, holding in each hand a hand of her sobbing children. She paused at the door of her own hut, to get the lamp and fill it with fresh oil. Then, followed by them all, she passed up the stairs of the church into the belfry, set the lamp in a window, and, kneeling down, began the Litany of the Blessed Virgin. Almost against their will the wreckers made the responses. Then, casting one long glance out upon the troubled sea, she turned away and went down to her own house, letting no one but her children follow her into its desolate privacy.

And so it came about that, passing among those terrible islands, the sailors learned to look out on clear nights for a spark of light in the belfry, which they called Our Lady's Lighthouse.

Years rolled on. Ridolfo's widow died, and his children carried on the blessed work. After a fog, wrecks were still driven in, but the islanders ceased to rely upon them, and devoted themselves to their fields and vineyards for support. In the course of time they themselves begged the Government to place a lighthouse on their island. And so through her own great grief Teresina's prayer was granted.

MANNERS are the shadows of virtues.—
Sidney Smith.



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Star of Bethlehem!

BY MARGARET H. LAWLESS.

O STAR of Bethlehem! couldst thou arise
and shine

Once more upon our vision bright and clear,
Thy searching rays, all pitying, would find
The world sunk deeper by another year
In mire of sin, quicksands of unbelief,
Men with dishonored souls and hearts of grief,
Who have forgotten, if they ever knew,
What joy it was thy shining did portend—
What swift release from hopeless suffering
To which the Infant's coming put an end.

So many homes with bubbling laughter filled
And merry feasting, do abound; all gay—
Wherefore they care not, for they know not
God,

And welcome not His Son with joy to-day.
O Star! what thick mists hide thy radiant
beams!

Pierce these poor souls with some awakening
gleams,

To mind them of the Mother, and the Child
Who waits to-day their fealty and love,
Whose life shall lead Him straight unto the
Cross,

By which, when raised, He draws all men
above.

O fulfilled Promise! shine thou clear and
bright,
And lead all hearts unto Their feet to-night.

WHAT must be the feelings of an atheist
on Christmas Day?

The Third Joyful Mystery of the Holy Rosary.

THE time foretold by the prophets
when the Word made Flesh should
appear upon earth had arrived.
Bethlehem, the native city of David, was to
be the place of His birth. The Emperor
Augustus had commanded a general cen-
sus, and in this he was an instrument made
use of by God to bring about the fulfilment
of the prophecy regarding the place where
the Saviour of the world should be born.
In obedience to this order "Joseph, with
Mary his espoused wife," proceeded to the
city, where Mary "brought forth Her first-
born Son, and wrapped Him in swaddling-
clothes, and laid Him in a manger, because
there was no room for them in the inn."
(Luke, ii, 7.)

"What do I behold!" exclaims St. Greg-
ory Thaumaturgus; "a Virgin covers with
swaddling-clothes Him who clothes every
creature; She lays in a manger Him who is
seated above the Cherubim." "O Mary!"
adds St. Bernard, "rejoice; for you hold in
your arms Him who is the splendor of
heaven Wrap the Infant God in poor swad-
dling clothes; lay Him in a manger upon
straw; those poor swaddling-clothes are our
riches, and are more precious than the most
costly purple; that crib is more glorious
than the throne of the most powerful mon-
arch"

"O mystery most profound, most affect-

ing, most sublime! What language can adequately express its greatness? What heart can rise, I will not say to the Infant Jesus, but to Mary, bending over the crib of the adorable Emmanuel? . . . O Bethlehem! O Stable! O Crib! O Infant Jesus! O wonder of wonders, who can ever comprehend it? O Mary, what a night! what an hour for you was that in which you brought forth your God! My senses are confounded; at least let my heart speak."*

Rejoice, O ye heavens! and thou, O earth, rejoice! Because the great Peacemaker, in whom all nations are blessed—He who had been so long expected, and for whose coming so many sighs had been heaved,—has at last appeared. "The Creator of the human race, assuming a living body, has vouchsafed to be born of the Virgin. The root of Jesse has given forth its flower; the star of Jacob has risen; Mary has given birth to the Saviour."†

* * *

The angels were the first to announce these glad tidings; they only were worthy of the privilege. These pure spirits, hovering above His cradle, first adored their incarnate God, and then sped to the plains of Bethlehem, praising Him and singing: "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace to men of good-will." (*Ib.* 14.)

The first on earth to learn this glorious news were the lowliest and most humble of men, the simple shepherds of Bethlehem. They were the first to arrive at the crib of the divine Infant, the first after Our Lady and St. Joseph to offer Him the worship that was His due. Happy shepherds, in whom was verified the truth of those divine words: "I give thanks to Thee, O Father! Lord of heaven and earth, because Thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them to little ones." (Matt., xi, 25.) "He hath scattered the proud in the conceit of their heart. . . . He hath exalted the humble, and filled the hungry with good things." (St. Luke, i, 51-53.)

They were not shocked at the poor and mean surroundings of His birth—at the stable in which the ineffable mystery was wrought, at the presence of animals, at the crib which He exchanged for a throne in the highest heaven. "Blessed is he that shall not be scandalized in Me." Through this very abasement the splendors of the divine love shone more brilliantly. These signs of deepest humiliation, this crib, these garments, reveal more clearly the Saviour of the world. Man's aspirations towards a false greatness caused him to fall. "All that is in the world is concupiscence of the eyes, concupiscence of the flesh, and pride of life." (I. John, ii, 16.) To drive out Beelzebub by Beelzebub—by the glare of external pomp—is impossible. In this Child, so humble, so weak, wrapped in swaddling-clothes, and lying in the manger, we recognize our God and Saviour, who humbles Himself that we may be exalted, and re-established in the privileges we had lost. He is come into this valley of tears to weep and to suffer; but it is that He may dry our tears, and change our sorrow into joy. The stable is now His palace; the swaddling-clothes, His royal robe; the crib, His throne.

Prostrate in spirit, let us unite ourselves to the shepherds, and consecrate to Him our heart and body, all we have and all we are. But let us not forget that He is infinitely rich with gifts of grace to bestow. Let us ask for the simplicity, faith, innocence, and confiding love characteristic of children; remembering that we must become like unto them in order to enter the kingdom of heaven.

* * *

Mary conceived Jesus of the Holy Ghost, without stain; She bore Him in Her virginal womb and brought Him forth without the usual pangs of maternity; for She was exempt from the penalty imposed on the first Eve. She had conceived Him without ceasing to be a virgin, and She brought Him forth still remaining a virgin. It would be incomprehensible to us that He who came into the world to elevate all to perfection, should destroy the virginal integrity of His

* Mgr. Pavy. † Office of the Circumcision.

Mother. The dogma that Mary was ever a virgin, which is attested by apostolical tradition, has been defended by the Church with the same zeal with which she defended the divine maternity. These two truths are inseparable. Mary could become mother of God only whilst being a virgin; and once being mother of God, she must always remain a virgin.

The Gospel says that Joseph knew not Mary "till She had brought forth Her first-born Son" (Matt. i, 25); the conjunction *until* serving only to affirm the miraculous conception of the Son of God, and to exclude the ordinary conditions. It is employed in numberless passages of the Scripture to express that an action or an event not only did not take place *before*, but also *after* the time indicated. Thus it is said of Michol that she did not conceive *until* her death. (II. Kings, vi, 23.) In the language of Scripture, the terms "first-born" and "only son" do not exclude each other. Thus, in the Book of Josue, Machir is called the first-born of Manasses, whilst he was at the same time the only son. (Jos., xvii, 1.) The Gospel makes mention of the "brethren of Jesus"; but the word *brother* in the Scriptures is applied to other degrees of relationship. The "brethren" referred to were cousins of Our Lord. It is clear from what has been remarked that when we say, "O Virgin! Thou hast brought forth Jesus," we praise and exalt not only the glory of Her divine maternity, but also the honor of Her perpetual virginity.

* *

In what words can we express the feelings of the Virgin Mother at the birth of Her Son, at the coming of the shepherds and their reverent greetings, at the arrival of the Magi,—the ineffable delight with which She was filled at sight of Her divine Son, the holy eagerness with which She attended to His wants? It would seem as if the evangelical writers were afraid to lift the veil here: they merely show us the Virgin plunged in mute astonishment, keeping and meditating in Her heart (Luke, ii, 19) all the marvels that She saw and heard.

"Let us all," says St. Francis de Sales, "accompany the shepherds of Bethlehem to visit the divine Infant, and beg His most holy Mother to allow us to gaze upon Him. Let us go there, bringing to Him the presents of our piety and love,—presents which Mary and Joseph will joyfully receive to lay before Him, and which He will accept with delight." Let us prostrate ourselves in the silence of admiration and prayer before that Crib, which is the cradle of the Sovereign King, born in poverty. Let us recognize and adore, under the swaddling-clothes which cover Him, the God of infinite greatness and power. Let us offer to Him all we have and all we are; but especially let us give Him our heart, for it is our heart He desires and asks. "Give Me thy heart."

Barry's Christmas Gift.

BY M. BROWINGTON.

I.

THE joys of the gladsome Christmastide were brightening many homes in many lands on the night of December 24, 1820. Lights shone from the windows, and lightened the darkness without. Over the mountain of Great St. Bernard in the Pennine Alps the night was settling down, dark and stormy. The thermometer registered 2° below zero; in some places on the perilous Pass the snow, already five feet deep, was deepening as the night advanced. This Pass of Mons Jovis, through which marched the Romans, Charlemagne, and Frederick Barbarossa, and along which, in 1800, Napoleon led his army of 30,000 men, is still the dread of travellers. Like a dragon of old it waits and watches for its victims. Its giddy precipices yawn and its beetling rocks frown on the hardihood of those who brave its terrors.

Far up the mountain, nearly 8,000 feet above the sea level, stands the Hospice of St. Bernard. Here live those noble men, the monks of St. Augustine, who, enduring hardship and want, sacrifice their lives to rescue from death the victims of Mons

Jovis Pass. When heavy fogs come or blinding snows the Brothers set forth with their brave dogs to search for lost travellers. They visit the huts erected here and there as places of refuge; or the swift-footed, keen-nosed beasts, going where their masters can not follow, discover many a wanderer. It may be he is nearly buried in some drift; it may be he lies on the brink of some frightful precipice; it matters not: if he still lives, dogs and masters would give their lives to save his.

The grim-looking hospice, with its dark stone walls, tells little of the kindness and charity within. Its ample dimensions, spacious enough to accommodate five hundred persons, are outspread on the shore of an ice-bound lake. On this wild December night cheering beams of light penetrated the darkness from the shutterless windows of the building, and the snow-flakes scintillated as they crossed the radiant paths.

In *this* house no scene of mirth and merriment celebrated the night when Our Lord was born. The dark walls of the refectory were lighted by the blaze from the roaring fire; the tables were drawn aside, and straw strewn on the floor; everywhere was movement and bustle, as the Brothers prepared to set forth on their charitable mission.

One of the monks took no part in the preparations. He sat on a bench by the chimney, reading of that time

"In the winter wild
While the heaven-born Child,
All meanly wrapped, in the rude manger lies.
Nature in awe of Him
Had doffed her gaudy trim,
With her great Master so to sympathize."

On such a night as this, a month before, the reader with one of the dogs had rescued and carried to the hospice a young man overtaken by the storm. Brother Francis had never recovered from the exposure and fatigue. The young man, through the care bestowed upon him by the monks, was soon enabled to go on his way rejoicing, but his rescuer was now waiting a greater deliverer from his pain. He said little; he only sat by the chimney reading his book, or gazing

into the fire with wistful eyes. But he was always ready with a smile for others, and a word of encouragement, often as effectual as more practical help. He laid his book down now, to watch with a gentle smile the busy picture around him.

The dogs were showing signs of great impatience, whining and running to the door, barely standing long enough for the monks to fasten upon them the flasks whose contents were to revive some perishing wanderer. One large, fine-looking dog, with a noble, patient face, was standing a little apart from his companions, and, unlike them, quietly waiting the departure. He comprehended that any delay was for the best, and that the impatience of the other dogs retarded the preparations. His bright eyes wistfully followed the Brothers' movements, and now and then his eagerness did overcome, a little, his self-command, so that he started forward with a remonstrating whine, but always checked himself, and resumed his old position. Finally he gravely stalked across the hall, and thrust his cold nose into Brother Francis' hand, mutely asking why he was not going with them as of old. This dog was Barry, the noblest St. Bernard that has ever lived a life of canine self-devotion, through whose instrumentality not less than forty persons have been saved.

At last the preparations were complete; the dogs, knowing what was expected of them, stood motionless by the door while the Father supplicated that they might all be defended from "the perils and dangers of this night, for the love of our Saviour Jesus Christ." A deep "Amen" sounded through the hall. There was a brief pause, while all still knelt, well knowing that they might never again perform the impressive little service; then the doors were opened, the dogs rushed out, the monks followed, and Brother Francis was left alone, sitting by the fire, with deep peace in his heart and a prayer on his lips.

II.

The little village of Martigny on the Swiss side of the Alps, and Aosta on the

Italian, mark the terminations of the Pass of St. Bernard. At Martigny the ascent commences, and ends on the crest of the mountain about six miles beyond the village.

Four hours before the monks set forth on their expedition three persons were to be seen hurrying toward the mountain on the road from Martigny. The ascent was already becoming wearisome. Behind them lay the valley, with Martigny in the distance; its queer little *châlets*, their roofs weighed down with stones, might be dimly descried. Before the travellers were the eternal Alpine snows, where towered the head of lofty St. Bernard. Far to the east stood white-capped Mt. Rosa. To the north lay a great bank of dark clouds, rapidly advancing. Ever and anon the little group paused and anxiously regarded the threatening heavens. The party consisted of a man, a woman, and little boy. The man, evidently a guide, seemed endeavoring to dissuade the woman from proceeding.

"Do you not see," said he, "that it is certain death to go on? With such a cloud as that, it will be quite dark in an hour, and if it snows we shall be lost."

"But," answered the woman, "I *must* go on. I tell you my husband is dying at Aosta; I *must* reach him to-morrow."

"Consider your child, Mère Wiss," continued the guide. "It is folly to expose him to such dangers. On a night like this we should freeze if we lost our way."

Silence ensued, and for half an hour they walked on steadily. The road was becoming rugged and steep, and the clouds closing in around the party, when the guide stopped and spoke again.

"Mère Wiss," he said, resolutely, "I can not and *will* not go on. It is certain death to climb Mons Jovis to-night. Be wise and return ere it is too late."

"Man," said the almost frantic woman, "will you leave a distracted wife and her delicate child to climb the Pass alone in the night-time?"

"Yes," replied the man; "I am not going to risk my life." And he turned away.

"God forgive your faithlessness!" said

the poor woman, choking back a sob. "My child, we will do the best we can alone. Your father must not die without me. Heaven grant that we reach the hospice to-night!" And the white-faced mother, taking her boy by the hand, resumed the weary ascent. The snow began to fall, and the air, before mild, grew very cold. The little boy spoke only once; looking up to his mother's face, he asked:

"Mother, isn't to-morrow Christmas?"

"Yes, my child."

"That is a holyday, and last year we went to Mass, and father was at home. Will he be home to-morrow?"

The mother said not a word; she only pressed a kiss on the little boy's lips, and silently breathed a prayer.

The night grew darker; the wind howled among the pines, while the driving snow nearly blinded the travellers. Little Pierre, terrified, clung to his mother.

"Oh, let's go back!" he wailed. "I am so cold, and I want my supper."

The mother stopped. "Here, my boy, I have some bread in my pocket. Now while you eat that can you not go on? It is only a little way to the hospice, and there the good monks will give you a warm bed and some broth."

Little Pierre ceased to cry while he munched his bread. For some time longer they struggled on. The snow grew deeper, and the walking more difficult. Finally the child could hardly draw his little legs out of the drifts. With a sigh the mother raised him in her arms. He was a heavy weight, and sometimes she staggered and almost fell. But her child nestled against her, and she endured through her mother's love. "Surely," she thought, "the next turn will show the lights of the hospice. I can bear it a little longer."

Still the snow fell and the air grew colder. The ground was much rougher, and it was quite dark. The wind wrapped the woman's skirts about her, so as to impede her movements. She was becoming very sleepy, and the thought of lying down to rest even in the snow afforded relief. Only for the sake

of her child she nerved herself to resist the longing. Sleep, she knew, would end in a fatal torpor, and so she struggled on.

"Oh! why do I not see the lights of the hospice?" she moaned. "Father in heaven, have mercy! Holy Mother, help us!"

Suddenly both the wanderers felt a heavy blow. The boy roused himself with a cry.

"Who is there?" said the mother. "Oh, answer me! Save us for Mary's sake!"

There was no reply. She placed the boy on his feet, and, too numbed for fear, advanced feebly, with hands outstretched. They touched something hard; it was a tree. A *tree* on the road! How could that be? Had she then, lost her way? Turning, she found others; evidently she had wandered from the road in the dark.

"It can be only a little way off," she thought. "Pierre dear, mother is going to leave you here a moment. You will not be afraid, will you? See, I will wrap my shawl about you."

The woman drew the shawl from her own shoulders to put it around her child. "Now if you hear me call, you must answer, 'Here I am, mother.'"

The little boy sleepily repeated, "Here I am, mother." Then with a deep sigh his mother seated him at the foot of a tree, and went in search of the road.

At first the child was frightened, but he restrained his tears, and gazed into the darkness with wide-open eyes. Soon, however, his lids began to droop and the stupor overcame him. Once he heard a dull, roaring sound, and thought his mother called. He roused himself to answer, "Here I am, mother"; but only the wind replied, and he dropped asleep again.

Poor child, that dull sound was his mother's knell. She had found the road, feeling her way, and saw, far up the mountain, the gleam of lights from the hospice. In her joy she heeded not the roar of an avalanche, which, sweeping down the mountain, buried her in its snowy depths.

Deeper grows the little boy's sleep. The wind dies away, the snow ceases to fall, and

the stars, in the deep, blue above, make a faint light; but the cold is more intense. Help must soon come, or the little boy will never wake in this world.

A dog is bounding down the Pass. Now he stops, and, with uplifted head, snuffs the air, then with loud barks he runs on again. He, too, had heard the woman's cry ere the pitiless snow had made her grave. Barry—for it is he—well knew the meaning of such a cry. Soon he turns to the left, and enters the woods. Now pausing, now running on again, he reaches the little boy. With a pleased bark he puts his nose into the child's face. There is no answering move. Barry understands that it is a desperate case. With his feet he rolls the child over and over till he is thoroughly awaked, and crying with fear. Then Barry dashes back to the road, and barks for the monks; but they do not come. His dog's mind is perplexed. What *can* he do with the little boy?

Suddenly he has an idea. He bounds back to little Pierre. As gently as would a nurse he seeks to assure the child of his kind intentions, till Pierre nestles against his great, warm body. Then Barry springs up and runs a few paces, waiting to be followed; but the snow is too deep for the little boy to walk, so the dog returns and lies down. The child draws near him, and places his arms round the shaggy neck. Again Barry rises and starts away, this time dragging the child after him. Pierre begins to cry, and again Barry lies down. Several times the performance is repeated, till the boy, determined not to be deserted, climbs up on the dog's back. Joyfully Barry trots away, Pierre holding tightly to his neck, and pressing his feet against the warm sides, while surely and safely they near the twinkling lights of the hospice.

III.

The fire was burning low in the refectory. Brother Francis sat by the chimney, musing, as he waited for the monks' return. His thoughts were far away in Bethlehem of Juda, where, eighteen hundred years before, a Child was lying in a manger.

What peace and happiness had that Babe brought! He had come in winter's cold, "a Light to lighten the darkness." "And in His name," mused Brother Francis, "this house now stands, to lighten the darkness of this mountain's winter of snow."

A child's cry and a noise of scratching sounded at the door. Brother Francis started up, and painfully made his way across the hall. Barry lay in the entry without, breathing heavily, his tongue lolling from his mouth; but his eyes were almost smiling, and his tail thumped against the stone floor. Behind him stood little Pierre, his cold hands wiping away his fast-freezing tears.

Next day the monks learned that little Pierre was an orphan. At Aosta, on the other side of the mountain, the husband died on the same night that ended his wife's life. The good Brothers accepted Pierre as a Christmas gift, and for years Barry considered him his especial charge, and exercised toward him a fatherly care.

When spring came there was a new grave in the little cemetery by the Pass; while no one ever sat in Brother Francis' seat, but the book lay open there as he left it.

Thirteen years after Brother Francis' death another Brother Francis took his place, and joined in the noble work to which he, as little Pierre, owed his life.

Speculum Justitiæ.

BY E. L. DORSEY.

IT was a bitter night in winter. The streets had been deserted at an early hour, and the wind that raged up from the sea tore at the shutters and banged at the doors, shrieking, whistling, and roaring, till the townsfolk turned in their beds and muttered: "God save the sailor lads this night!" But some of the nervous old women covered their ears and said: "The good-for-nothing vagabonds!" For they thought the banging and shouting came from some ship's crew just landed, and hurrying to spend their money and vitality larking.

Suddenly the wind veered to the northwest, and whirling down out of the low black clouds came one soft white flake, then another, and another, until the air was as white as the surf bursting and flying out on the harbor bar.

And all the time, in a side street of this water-end of the city, a man lay face down, a knife in his back, and death on his lips and in his heart. And the snow gathered and covered the red stain that crept like a scarlet snake from the small wound, and wrapt him in a winding-sheet whiter than any flax ever spun.

And a ship drove safely into the harbor out of the storm, let go her anchor with a rattle and clank of chains, and a hearty "Yo-heave-oh!" that rang merrily through the night; and one of the sailors, refusing with a laugh to wait for daybreak, sprang ashore, and struck out briskly for home. Such a little box of a home, but neat as a new pin, and an old mother in it dearer than all the world to the sturdy fellow tramping through the snow.

"I told her I'd be there, and of course I will; for this here wind a-blowin', and the delay from the backin' and fillin' we had to do outside the bar thar, so's to git a good headway on th' old gal [the ship], ull have her that uneasy I know she won't sleep a wink this blessed—hullo! what's here? Git along, old chap. 'Tain't safe for a feller to be takin' naps in this here temperatoor. Whew! if there's one thing I hate it's a feller a-makin' a beast of himself a-drinkin'. Mebbe, though, I'd been there myself if it hadn't been for Father Tom; so here goes to help 'the man and brother.' My Lord A'mighty, what's this here? It's a knife, and the man's dead as a nail! Mur—"

But an iron arm had him round the neck, and an iron hand was clapped over his mouth, and he was dragged furiously here and there, while a stentorian voice rang out, "Murder, murder, murder!"

In the mad struggle that followed, David Jameson's clothing was torn from his back, and his face bruised; though he defended himself so manfully that his assailant was

put to it for breath wherewith to keep up his shout of "Murder."

The harbor-watch ran panting to the scene, and before Jameson—bewildered by the sudden attack, and exhausted by the violent tussle—could speak, the man who grappled him poured out a voluble story. He had been coming along the street after spending the evening at Moreno's *cabaret*, and had seen the two men struggling; this one had plunged a knife into the back of the other; he had fallen and died without a groan. Then this man stooped to—he supposed—rifled the dead man's pockets, and he had seized him.

"You lie!" shouted Davie. "The man must have been dead an hour when I saw him. He was covered with snow—"

"Shut up!" said the harbor-watch.

And Davie's captor, with an expressive shrug and a flinging out of his hands, said: "Behold the knife, signor."

The knife was a black clasp-knife, such as any sailor of any nation might carry; but the officers smiled contemptuously when Jameson declared it was not his, and told them his sheath was empty only because he had lost his knife that very night coming into port—that it had been knocked out of his hand while he was cutting away some raffle tangled up by the gale. And they carried him off with every indignity to the station-house, treating with marked consideration the foreigner—an Italian—who had captured the desperate murderer at such risk and after such a fight, and thanking him with some effusion for his offer to be at their service day or night so long as he stayed in port, noting down the place of anchorage of his vessel; for of course he was the only witness for the prosecution.

Poor David! One hour before a free, light-hearted lad, springing home to his mother, his soul innocent of guile, and his heart at peace with the world. Now disgraced, ironed at ankles and wrists, his heart a pit of rage, and every muscle aching to get at the man who had lied away his honesty, his integrity, his liberty, and—it might easily come to that—his life.

The jailer was a kind hearted man, so when he came into the cell in the early morning he asked David if he had any friends he wished to see; and he, poor lad, with a ray of hope striking across his passion of rage and despair, cried: "Let me see Father Fahey."

"Father Tom, is it?" asked the jailer.

"That's the one," said David, eagerly.

"Oh, I know *him!*" said the man, with a broad smile; "and it's himself always has his joke and his good word for everybody. I tell him, sometimes, he's sent for so constant he'd better just live here. Him and me'd make a good pair, and trot well in double harness—me a-catchin' the *corpus delictisses*" (he had his little vanities of fine language, this jailer), "and him a-nabbin' the bad consciences. 'Gillett,' says he to me no later than last Tuesday, when I'd said as much to him,—'Gillett, we've got responsibilities both of us, and above all we've got to keep everything clean-washed and accounted for.' 'Yes,' I cuts in, 'me to the Guv'nor and you to the Lord.' That's just what I said—'me to the Guv'nor and you to the Lord,'—and it was a pretty neat answer."

And he rubbed his chin softly, and repeated his own words several times with intense enjoyment of their neatness.

"When can I see him?" begged David.

"To-morrow maybe."

"To-morrow!" and his face fell back to its lines of misery. "Good Lord, man, my old mother'll hear it before that, and it'll kill her if it's broke too sudden to her! Father Tom's the only man that can do it."

"Well, well," said the jailer, "I'll telephone round for you; but"—with a sudden sense of responsibility—"that was a shabby trick to play a messmate."

"I didn't," said David, simply, and he raised his honest eyes to the jailer's face. "I never saw him till—"

"There, there!" said the jailer, soothingly; "don't talk till your lawyer gits here." And off he went down the corridor, thinking as he did so: "He looks honest, but, great Scott! you never can tell. They'll

look like cheraphs and serabims" (his biblical knowledge was slight and very mixed), "and all the time they'll be up to any dodge on the p'lice docket. This feller's cut different from the heft of my birds, though."

An hour later Father Tom stood in the cell, and he took David in his arms, and welcomed him as if he had come home laden with honors instead of crushed under the charge of crime. Then he said, gently: "Now, Davie, tell me all about it."

And David told the whole story, beginning with the start from the ship, and going circumstantially through the after-events, from the brief but terrific struggle over the dead man's body, to the prison. Father Tom listened intently, and David, as he warmed up to his story, concluded with "I am as innocent of that man's blood as you are, Father Tom; but if I had that Italian here I'd strangle him."

Father Tom's only answer was to pull out the crucifix from his girdle, hold it up, and point to the agonized figure on it.

David hung his head, and with the cry, "But think of mother!" the tears burst from his dry and burning eyes.

Presently Father Tom said: "Now, Davie, let us kneel down and say a *Memento* and the *Veni Sancte Spiritus*, and then we'll see what's to be done first."

But poor David's cry, as soon as the Amen was said, was again: "O Father Tom! my poor old mother!"

"Now look here, boy," said the priest, with some severity, "do you suppose such a good Catholic and such a devoted servant of Our Lady as your mother is, is going to waste time mourning and weeping? If you had been guilty, *then* she might have broken her heart; but she'll have so many prayers to say for you, and so many things to do for you—and she can come every day to see you too,—that the time will go by almost before you know it. I'll go to her now and tell her about it. And would you like me to send your skipper or any of your shipmates to see you?"

"Not yet," said Davie; "tell 'em, though. And, Father, tell 'em, too, I didn't do it."

"Ay, ay, lad, you may depend on that. Now, is there anything you want? Have you got tobacco, and warm flannels, and some money? Have you got your—oh, yes, there are your beads!"

"Yes, sir," said Davie, "I've got them safe; but it's a wonder I didn't lose 'em in that scrimmage last night. I s'pose I would a' done it ef I hadn't strung 'em round my neck before I went aloft out yonder. The wind certainly was tremenjis off the Cape, and when we was piped up to cut loose a broken yard and snug down, I didn't count much on seein'g home-lights again. So's I run along the deck and began scramblin' up the shrouds, I slipped 'em over my head. I heerd a Breton sailor say once that the Blessed Lady'd lift us safe and sound out of even a ragin' sea into heaven by 'em. Of course I knew he didn't mean the real body of us, nor the real string of beads, nor the real seas; but it seemed to me the idee was about so—that She'd lift the souls of us out of the pit o' death and tow us into port by that there hawser of prayers we'd been a-makin' and a-makin' ever sence we could toddle."

"And it *is* so," said Father Tom, heartily, laying his hand on David's shoulder; while the latter knelt as he used to do when a little lad in Father Tom's catechism class, and received his blessing.

"Keep up your heart, keep down your temper, and trust in God," were the priest's parting words. "I'll send you some papers, and I'll come back to-morrow."

Then he went and had a little talk with the jailer, and asked such privileges as could be allowed the prisoner; and left the jail with a heavy heart, to break the news to David's mother, to get good counsel for him, to see the judge of the criminal court, whom he had so often to interview on behalf of prisoners, and to see the captain of the ship to which the young sailor belonged. And the farther he went, the more depressed he got—the hour, the circumstances, the straight story told by the Italian, all tended to push David nearer and nearer the gallows.

There was a certain sort of good luck, though; for the court was in session, and a sudden lapse in the testimony in a long-drawn bank robbery case left a free day, which the counsel seized upon, asking the judge, in view of the peculiar circumstances, to call the trial; for the only actual witness, one Manuel Ignatius Pizarro, would have to sail with his brig—the *Maria di Napoli*—on the following Wednesday for Marseilles.

There was some demur about precedent and so on, but the point was carried, and the 20th of December saw the court-room filled to hear the trial of David Jameson, seaman, for the murder of an unknown man on the night of the 13th day of that same month, in the year of Our Lord 188—. The court was opened with the usual formalities, and the case presented by the counsel for the Government. Then, after a brief citation of the facts—"the terrible facts," they were called,—the Italian, "whose tongue alone could tell the truth," was put upon the stand.

He was a tall, well-formed man, but there was a furtive trick about his eyes; and the eyes themselves, though large and brilliant, were so near together that they seemed to cross at times; the eyebrows were heavy and met at the root of the nose, which gave a sinister look to his face; and his nostrils were thin as paper, and vibrated with every breath. For the rest, he was handsome enough; and his picturesque though very theatrical costume was becoming, from the scarlet Phrygian cap, and the wide gold rings in his ears, to the curiously embroidered top-boots, and the long Spanish cloak in which he draped himself (as he entered and departed) in folds that would have done credit to an ancient Roman.

He told his story dramatically and with abundant gesture, and wound up by saying, "Doubtless, excellency, it was some secret foe; for he stabbed him with such force, such savagery; and a blow in the back—O treachery! O cruelty—"

"Stick to facts, sir," said the judge, impassively.

The Italian shrugged his shoulders and bowed, but his eyes seemed to leap toward each other, and their flash belied the wide smile that displayed his teeth, white and strong as a shark's.

Then the cross-examination began.

"At what time did you go to Moreno's?"

"At twenty-two hours (10 o'clock p.m.)"

"Where were you before that?"

"Aboard the *Maria di Napoli*."

"At what hour did you leave the ship?"

"At twenty-one hours and a half (9 30 p. m.)"

"Were you alone?"

"When?"

"When you left the ship."

"No. My mate was with me."

"What is his name?"

"Pedro Maria Allegrini."

"Was he with you in the wine-shop?"

"All the time."

"Did you leave together?"

"No."

"Why?"

"Pedro's head was heavier than his legs."

"Where is Pedro Allegrini?"

"Here," and he waved his arm toward a heavy, stolid man among the audience.

His name was noted.

"When you saw the two men—the prisoner and the deceased,—what were they doing?"

"Struggling: this one actively, the other like a man heavy with wine."

And so on, and so on, with a circumstantiality of detail and a distinctness of outline that were appalling to Father Tom and David's other friends.

And when Moreno and Allegrini were called they confirmed all that Pizarro had said up to the hour of his leaving the house, at two o'clock.

The witnesses for the defence could do only negative service by testifying to David's previous good character, and this they did heartily; but the jury, after a half hour's deliberation, returned a verdict of murder, commending the prisoner, however, to the mercy of the court.

When the foreman had spoken, a shrill,

heart-broken cry rang through the room: "My son! my son! Spare him, your honor! spare him! He's as innocent as a baby!"

It was the old mother, who tore at her gray hair and beat her breast, while the slow tears of old age rolled down her cheeks.

"Poor soul!" said the judge, kindly; "I can only let the law take its course."

Then she raised her tottering frame, and, with hands and arms uplifted, she cried: "Mirror of Justice, defend us!"

It was a touching little scene, and many people in the court-room wiped their eyes; and the prisoner's drooping head, clenched fists, and laboring breath, bore witness to the anguish he endured.

Father Tom came to him, and spoke a few cheering words, then took the mother from the court-room; and the captain and some of David's shipmates followed him to the jail to see him; but, finding they could not enter, stood about and talked in low voices of him as one already dead. During the week they came back one by one, the captain to shake hands and wish him kindly but vaguely "well out of it"; the sailormen to shuffle their feet, shift their quids, and sit about awkwardly and silently, the very force of their sympathy making them as undemonstrative as wooden figure-heads.

Then they sailed away, and the *Maria di Napoli* spread her canvas wings for the Mediterranean; and the world forgot David—all except Father Tom, and his mother, and his lawyer; the latter of whom had become so deeply interested in his fate that, by incredible work and judicious appeal and presentment of the case in the right quarters (to say nothing of catching at every technical straw that could aid him), he secured a final sentence of "imprisonment for life at hard labor."

But this all took months, and it was not until the jail had blanched his face, and the confinement almost burst his heart, that David was taken to the penitentiary, and there, among forgers, murderers, and criminals of all degrees and grades, put to work out a life of misery.

(CONCLUSION IN OUR NEXT NUMBER.)

Christmas Gifts.

BY SARA TRAINER SMITH.

O BLESSED Babe of Bethlehem!
 Here is my heart;
 If any sin still lurks therein,
 Bid it depart;
 If venom'd word or thought, unstirred,
 Lies coiled and hid,
 O Mary's Child, Thou Babe most mild!
 Its life forbid.

O blessed Babe of Bethlehem
 On Virgin breast!
 I see above Thy Crib of love
 The dread Mount's crest;
 I hear Thy words, Thy pleading words,
 From pale lips fall:
 O Babe who died Christ crucified!
 I give Thee all.

Beneath Thy star I wandered far,
 In deserts drear;
 Thy infant arms, with tender charms,
 Still drew me near;
 Thy gentle eyes, with sad surprise,
 Rebuked my past:
 Behold it here. With shame sincere,
 I bind it fast.

On either side this Christmastide
 Thy angels stand,
 And offer share of joy and care
 With either hand;
 All shrinking, still I know Thy will
 Marks out the way:
 Sweet Christ, behold the myrrh and gold
 Of life's to-day.

My future lies where changing skies
 Show clouds or sun:
 However long, with sigh or song,
 My course may run,—
 Whatever loss, or crown or cross,
 Dear love or pain,—
 I give it Thee. Oh, may it be
 Without a stain!

THE same desire which, planted on earth, will produce the flowers of a day, sown in heaven, will bear the fruits of eternity.

Two Ruby Rings.

BY C. O'CONNOR ECCLES.

(CONCLUSION.)

SIX years had now gone by since Ginevra parted from Antonio; her heart began to fail her, and more and more earnestly she prayed, weeping the while, that she might look upon his face again; for she could not and would not realize that he was dead. But now fresh troubles were in store for her. The times were wild and troublous, her estates large; the neighboring barons rude, and disbanded soldiers ravaged the country. Her father was advanced in years, and the only men she had to defend her children's rights were her two brothers. When they, in turn, married, they had enough to do to protect themselves and their lands; and when she came to them in sore distress, the only way they expressed their sympathy was by advising her to accept a second husband, who would be a father to her children and a protector to herself. Her boys, they said, would soon need a firm hand over them, if they were to be worthy of Antonio's memory; it was impossible for a woman either to guide them or secure their best interests; she was not yet thirty, and might have a long life before her; why should she spend it alone?

Such speeches filled her with indignation. What! put a stranger over her sons, give her husband's estates into his power, break her vows of fidelity! Never! But her cares increased; enemies encroached on her lands, and laughed at her efforts to repulse them; suitors, attracted by her wealth and wonderful beauty, flocked round her, and would not be put off.

Amongst those who sought Ginevra's hand was a certain Count di Saltantes, the most persevering of all. Her relatives regarded him with special favor; she could not do better, they said, than accept him; and such pressure, bordering on unkindness, was brought to bear on her, her folly was so harshly reprov'd, her fate and that

of her children if she refused was painted in colors so gloomy, that at last, in very weariness of soul, helpless and hopeless, she gave way; but first made a proviso that for six months she was to remain free, undisturbed by protestations of affection, and with full liberty to mourn her dead husband; at the end of that time, failing to receive news of Antonio, she would espouse Di Saltantes.

The Count was overjoyed at his success when the brothers had communicated her decision to him; he had got in the "thin end of the wedge," he considered, and set himself to induce her to shorten the time she had fixed; but on that point she was firm as adamant. No: six months more should he wait, not a day less. The more he urged, the less she liked him. She had scarcely given her unwilling promise when she repented of it. The man became odious to her, and she was torn by conflicting emotions—her love for Antonio, her duty to her aged father whose heart was set on seeing her a wife again, and the fears of the injury she might do her boys and their future prospects.

The six months were passing swiftly, yet no word came from the absent one. Ginevra's life grew more unendurable; her children did not like the Count; he began to assume airs of authority towards her and them, and the only one to whom she could fly for comfort was the Abate di San Pietro, her uncle. To him she explained her situation, and her unconquerable aversion to a second marriage, begging him to leave no means untried of solving the mystery about Antonio.

Time pressed; the six months had worn away; the date fixed by the Count for their marriage was at hand: at last came the eve of the wedding.

Meanwhile what was the fate of Turelli? Toiling under a burning sun, clothed only in sackcloth, fed on coarsest food and heavily manacled, he worked for years as a slave in the gardens of the Sultan. No hope, no comfort entered into his life; what went

on in the outer world he never heard; his daily labor under the lash of a cruel taskmaster had aged him before his time; his proud heart beat rebelliously, but what resistance could he make? One by one his companions in slavery dropped off till only two or three were left, and hopeless, endless bondage, without the faintest chance of escape, seemed the only prospect before him. Even if he succeeded in evading his guards, he had an unknown and hostile country to traverse, whose language was but imperfectly known to him; and if by some miracle he gained the coast, how could a slave find money to pay his passage to Italy? One jewel alone he possessed—his wife's ring,—which, concealed from the cupidity of the overseers in a fold of his ragged garments, he kept always by him, day and night.

Words can but feebly express the prisoner's despair, his longings for home, children, and wife. How he pined for tidings! Were they well or ill, happy or unhappy, aware of his fate, or still in ignorance of it? Surely if Ginevra knew of his condition she would sell her lands and pawn her trinkets to raise his ransom. But his weary speculations were fruitless.

It chanced one day that an officer of the Sultan while walking in the gardens, was struck by something noble and dignified in the carriage of the Christian slave. He called him, and inquired what he had been in Europe, and if he had any particular skill. Turelli answered that he had been a gentleman, and that beyond most men was he skilled in the training of falcons; for once he had dearly loved the chase. These questions, put out of idle curiosity, were the means, under Heaven, of restoring him to liberty; for the officer happened to repeat the conversation to the Sultan, and suggested that he might make use of the slave on his hunting expeditions. Saladin at once, from the description, suspected his identity, and commanded that the slave should be conducted into his presence.

When the order was communicated to Antonio, his first thought was that instant

death awaited him; but that was far less terrible than prolonged captivity, and he prepared to meet death like a Christian. No sooner had he come into the Sultan's presence, though now in rags and fetters, with skin brown as an Arab's from exposure, than Saladin recognized his generous host of former days.

"Tell me," said the Sultan, "hast thou ever seen me before?"

"Never to my knowledge," replied the prisoner.

The Sultan retired for a moment, and returned with four of his suite, all clad in the gold-embroidered tunics that had been Turelli's gift.

"Tell me at least," he said to the wondering man, "dost thou recognize these garments?" And Antonio, lifting up his eyes, saw before him the Cypriot merchants.

Saladin embraced him, ordered his fetters to be struck off, and the most splendid raiment to be given to him; then he presented him to his court as his friend, and in the meantime made preparations to expedite his return to his native land. At Turelli's request, he accorded liberty to his fellow Christian slaves, and, in token of gratitude and affection, loaded with treasures the ship in which he was to embark with his companions. When the day came for Turelli to set out, Saladin accompanied him to the sea-coast, and bade him farewell with every token of sorrow.

The travellers were blessed with a prosperous voyage, and lost as little time as possible in journeying northward. No one recognized in the bronzed, bearded stranger, clad in garments of foreign make and texture, the Antonio Turelli who seven years before embarked for Palestine. How he trembled as they approached the borders of Lombardy! How his eyes filled with tears, of which his manhood was half ashamed, as he recognized the familiar villages, the forests where he had gaily chased wild boars and deer, the brooks and rivers where he had bathed in boyhood, the welcome sights and sounds of everyday life!

His impatience to reach his home and

his dear ones increased every moment; he chose the shortest by-paths, spared neither himself nor his horse. At last—O blessed sight! how long desired, how ardently anticipated!—the white walls of Pavia rose amidst the groves of cypress, mulberry and orange trees; its turrets visible afar against the blue background of mountains crowned in the farthest distance by snow-topped peaks. Here was his Mecca. Thoughts that had been gathering in his mind rushed out as a torrent. How would he find his loved ones? He came back as from the dead: how would they receive him? His boys—they had forgotten him. His wife, his own true wife—he judged her by himself, and knew her heart was unchanged. But what sorrows might she not have known! Alone and unprotected, what injustice might she not have endured! Was she even living? He knew not.

It would be best not to break in on her with sudden shock of joy and surprise, but first to seek some friend who might gently announce to her the glad tidings that he yet lived. He knew not what he was to hear. As he rode his jaded steed through the city gates, he met a man who in former days had worked in his vineyard. He accosted him, and, perceiving that he was not recognized, asked many questions about the town; and then, having kept that nearest to his heart for the last, he inquired if one named Antonio Turelli lived therein.

"Formerly," answered the man; "but some years ago he was slain by the Saracens, and his house knows him no more."

"And his wife?"

"She lives, good soul, in the ancient *palazzo*, with her children."

"Is she well and happy?"

"Signor, I know not. Doubtless she is, since they say that to-morrow she is to wed the Count di Saltantes."

Had a thunderbolt dropped from the clear sky, Turelli had not been more overwhelmed. A cold hand seemed laid upon his heart; a deadly faintness overcame him; he grasped the high pommel of his saddle, and his breath came short and thick.

"It is nothing," he said hoarsely, seeing the peasant's astonished face; "I am ill." And he flung the man a silver piece.

Turelli's companions would have offered some words of comfort, but what could be said in the face of such misery?

"She believed you dead," whispered one; "judge her not too harshly; women are weak."

Antonio waved his would-be comforter aside. This he had not expected; he feared that Ginevra and his boys might have lost their property, suffered in health; that one or all might be dead; but it is a true proverb, "What is least expected always occurs." *This* he had not anticipated. Should he ride to her door, upbraid her, claim his children, and depart? The thought was but momentary; he still loved her too well to act thus harshly; but the marriage, this iniquitous marriage, must be stopped at all risks, and to whom could he apply that this end might be gained? The Abate di San Pietro, who better?

Distraught with grief, anger, and dismay, his fond anticipations blighted, his heart wrung with anguish, he reached the threshold of the priest's house. Great was the amazement of the Abate. The Saracens had given up their prey, the grave its victim. He could hardly persuade himself that Antonio in the flesh stood before him; but once convinced, his first thought was of Ginevra's delight.

"Your wife!" he said—"she will die of joy. The most loving, faithful heart that ever beat."

"Loving, faithful!" echoed the other, bitterly; "yet the first news I hear at the city gate is that to-morrow she weds the Count di Saltantes."

The priest smiled. "Be comforted, Antonio; rumor lies, though it is not, I admit, without foundation. True, arrangements for this marriage are made; it has been urged, forced on by my brother and his sons; but, of course, it can not be now, and Ginevra will be as overjoyed thereat as yourself. Let me tell you the story of her fidelity."

Turelli's eyes filled with tears of relief,

joy, and gratitude at the recital; the sudden good news unmanned him. His darling, his Ginevra, when should he clasp her to his heart?

"Let us spare her the shock of suddenly meeting thee," said the Abate. "I shall break to her the glad tidings as gently as may be."

"Nay, Rev. Father," broke in Antonio, "no other than myself shall tell her; joy, they say, never kills. I answer for it, she shall not suffer. Thinkest thou I could readily obtain admission to the banquet which is, thou sayest, to be held to-night?"

"Assuredly, my son."

"Thinkest thou I might be recognized before the time?"

"None but the eyes of affection would know thee, and scarcely they. When thy identity is declared a former friend could trace thy lineaments, but otherwise the Syrian suns have changed thee more than one could well believe."

When night fell, Antonio, rested and refreshed, made his way with his companions to the well-known mansion, whose rafters now rung with the noisy mirth of its many guests. At the head of the principal table sat his own Ginevra. How lovely she looked in her costly crimson robes, strings of pearls in her dark, lustrous hair! But how wan she was, how weary! Her eyes were fixed straight before her; she did not smile at the jests of the Count, nor did she look up as the travellers entered, and room was made for them at the end of the spacious hall. Antonio trembled from head to foot; he could not trust himself to look at her, and so placed himself that he was barely visible from where she sat. Soon it was noised through the hall that strangers were present; they had come from the East, to judge by their costumes; and orders were given that all that they desired should be set before them.

Now was Antonio's time. He called to him a serving man, and bade him tell his mistress that in his distant country it was the custom, when one arrived before a wedding, to make some trifling gift to the bride,

dropping it into a goblet of wine, which she should drain; and he prayed the lady that on this occasion she would allow him to do as he had always done in his own land. Ginevra listlessly consented. The man doubtless meant it well, and did he not come from the East, whose sands covered all she loved best?

Antonio filled the small silver tankard that stood before him, and into it he dropped his ruby ring. As in duty bound Ginevra drank, and when at the bottom she saw the ring, the duplicate of her own, she gasped for breath, and seemed for a moment about to faint; but with sudden energy she rallied her failing strength, rose from table, and with hurried, nervous steps gained the stranger's side. The guests stared in amazement, the Count half rose, all was confusion.

"Man," she said, brokenly, "this is Antonio's ring, my husband's token. Where is he? Speak or I shall die at thy feet."

The stranger turned. "Ginevra!" he cried, and next moment she was weeping in her husband's arms.

The Mystery of an Alpine Village.*

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

A DAY or two before Christmas, a few years ago, I found myself compelled by business to leave England for the Continent. I am an American, junior partner in a London mercantile house having a large Swiss connection; and a transaction, needless to specify here, required immediate and personal supervision abroad, at a season of the year when I would gladly have kept festival in London with my friends. But my journey was destined to bring me an adventure of a very remarkable character, which made me full amends for the loss of Christmas cheer at home.

I crossed the Channel at night from Dover to Calais. The passage was bleak and snowy, and the passengers were very few.

* *The Month*. Adapted.

On board the steamboat I remarked one traveller whose appearance and manner struck me as altogether unusual and interesting, and I deemed it by no means a disagreeable circumstance when, on arriving at Calais, this man entered the compartment of the railway carriage in which I had already seated myself.

So far as the dim light permitted me a glimpse of the stranger's face, I judged him to be about fifty years of age. The features were delicate and refined in type; the eyes dark and deep-sunken, but full of intelligence and thought; and the whole aspect of the man denoted good birth, a nature given to study and meditation, and a life of much sorrowful experience.

Two other travellers occupied our carriage until Amiens was reached. They then left us, and the interesting stranger and I remained alone together.

"A bitter night," I said to him, as I drew up the window; "and the worst of it is yet to come. The early hours of dawn are always the coldest."

"I suppose so," he answered, in a grave voice.

The voice impressed me as strongly as the face; it was subdued and restrained—the voice of a man undergoing great mental suffering.

"You will find Paris bleak at this season of the year," I continued, longing to make him talk. "It was colder there last winter than in London."

"I do not stay in Paris," he replied, "save to breakfast."

"Indeed! That is my case. I am going on to Bâle."

"And I also," he said; "and farther yet."

Then he turned his face to the window, and would say no more. My speculations regarding him multiplied with his taciturnity. I felt certain that he was a man with a romance, and a desire to know its nature became strong in me. We breakfasted apart at Paris, but I watched him into his compartment for Pâle, and sprang in after him. During the first part of our journey we slept, but as we neared the Swiss frontier a

spirit of wakefulness took hold of us, and fitful sentences were exchanged. My companion, it appeared, intended to rest but a single day at Bâle. He was bound for far-away Alpine regions, ordinarily visited by tourists during the summer months only, and, one would think, impassable at this season of the year.

"And you go alone?" I asked. "You will have no companions to join you?"

"I shall have guides," he answered, and relapsed into meditative silence.

Presently I ventured a further question: "You go on business, perhaps—not on pleasure?"

He turned his melancholy eyes on mine. "Do I look as if I were travelling for pleasure's sake?" he asked, gently.

I felt rebuked, and hastened to apologize. "Pardon me; I ought not to have said that. But you interest me greatly, and I wish, if possible, to be of service to you. If you are going into Alpine districts on business and alone, at this time of the year—"

There I hesitated and paused. How could I tell him that he interested me so much as to make me long to know the romance which, I felt convinced, attached to his expedition? Perhaps he perceived what was in my mind, for he questioned me in his turn.

"And you—have you business in Bâle?"

"Yes, and in other places. My accent, perhaps, has told you my nationality. I travel in the interests of the American firm, Fletcher Bros., Roy & Co., whose London house, no doubt, you know. But I need remain only twenty-four hours in Bâle. Afterwards I go to Berne, then to Geneva. I must, however, wait for letters from England at Bâle, and I shall have some days free."

"How many?"

"From the 21st to the 26th."

He was silent for a minute, meditating. Then he took from his travelling-bag a *portefeuille*, and from the *portefeuille* a visiting-card, which he handed to me.

"That is my name," he said, briefly.

I took the hint, and returned the compli-

ment in kind. On his card I read: "Mr. Charles Denis St. Aubyn, Grosvenor Square, London. St. Aubyn's Court, Shrewsbury." And mine bore the legend: "Frank Roy, Travellers' Club, Pall Mall."

"Now that we are no longer unknown to each other," said I, "may I ask, without committing an indiscretion, if I can use the free time at my disposal in your interests?"

"You are very good, Mr. Roy. It is the characteristic of your nation to be kind-hearted and readily interested in strangers. I am a solitary and unfortunate man. Before I accept your kindness, will you permit me to tell you the nature of the journey I am making? It is a strange one."

I assented eagerly, and the following, recounted with many abrupt pauses, is the story to which I listened:

Mr. St. Aubyn was a widower. His only child, a boy twelve years of age, had been for a year past afflicted with loss of speech and hearing, the result of a severe typhoid fever, from which he barely escaped with life. Last summer his father brought him to Switzerland, in the hope that Alpine air, exercise, and the pleasure of the trip, would restore him to his normal condition. One day father and son, led by a guide, were ascending a mountain pathway, not ordinarily regarded as dangerous, when the boy, stepping aside to view the snowy ranges above and around, slipped on a fragment of half-detached rock, and went sliding into the ravine beneath. The height of the fall was by no means great, and the level ground on which the boy would necessarily alight was overgrown with soft herbage and long grass, so that neither the father nor the guide at first conceived any serious apprehensions for the safety of the boy's life or limbs. As quickly as the slippery ground would permit, they descended the winding path leading to the meadow, but when they reached it the boy was nowhere to be seen.

Hours passed in vain and anxious quest; no track, no sound, no clue assisted the seekers; and the shouts of the guide, if they reached—as doubtless they did—the spot

where the lost boy lay, fell on ears as dull and deadened as those of a corpse. Nor was the little fellow able to give evidence of his whereabouts by so much as a single cry. Both tongue and ears were sealed by infirmity, and any low sound such as he might have been able to utter would have been rendered inaudible by the noise of the torrent rushing through the ravine hard by. At nightfall the search was suspended to be renewed before daybreak with fresh assistance from the nearest village. Some of the newcomers spoke of a cave on the slope of the meadow, into which the boy might have crept. This was easily reached. It was of small extent; a few goats reposed in it, but no trace of the child was discoverable. After some days spent in futile endeavor, all hope was abandoned, and the father returned to England to mourn his lost boy.

So far the story was sad enough, but hardly romantic. I clasped the hand of the narrator, and assured him warmly of my sympathy, adding, with as little appearance of curiosity as I could command: "And your object in coming back is only, then, to—to—be near the scene of your great trouble?"

"No, Mr. Roy, that is not the motive of my journey. I do not believe either that my boy's corpse lies concealed among the grasses of the plateau, or that it was swept away, as has been suggested, by the mountain cataract. Neither hypothesis seems to me tenable. The bed of the stream was followed and searched for miles; and though when he fell he was carrying over his shoulder a flask and a thick, fur-lined cloak—for we expected cold on the heights, and went provided against it—not a fragment of anything belonging to him was found. Had he fallen into the torrent, it is impossible his clothing should not have become detached from the body and caught by the innumerable rocks in the shallow parts of the stream. But I have another reason for the belief I cherish. I am convinced that my boy still lives, for—*I have seen him.*"

"You have *seen* him!" I exclaimed.

"Yes, again and again—in dreams. And

always in the same way, and with the same look."

Poor father!—poor desolate man! Not the first driven distraught by grief; not the first deluded by the shadows of love and longing!

"You think I am deceived by hallucinations?" he said, watching my face. "It is you who are misled by the scientific idiots of the day—the wiseacres who teach us to believe, whenever soul speaks to soul, that the highest and holiest communion attainable by man is the product of physical disease. Forgive me the energy of my words, but had you loved and lost your beloved—wife and child—as I have done, you would comprehend the contempt and anger with which I regard those modern teachers whose cold and ghastly doctrines give the lie, not only to all human hopes and aspirations towards the higher life, but also to the possibility of that very progress from lower to nobler forms which is the basis of their own philosophy, and to the conception of which the idea of the soul and of love are essential."

He spoke connectedly and with enthusiasm. I was about to reassure him in regard to my own philosophical convictions, the soundness of which he seemed to question, when his voice sank again, and he added:

"I tell you I have seen my boy, and that I know he lives—not in any far-off sphere beyond the grave, but here on earth, among living men. Twice since his loss I have returned from England to seek him, in obedience to the vision; but in vain, and I have gone back home to dream the same dream. But only last week I heard a wonderful story. It was told me by a friend who is a great traveller, and who has just returned from a lengthened tour in the South. I met him at my club, 'by accident,' as unthinking persons say. He told me that there exists, buried away out of common sight and knowledge, in the bosom of the Swiss Alps, a little village whose inhabitants possess, in varying degrees, a marvellous and priceless faculty. Almost all the dwellers in this village are mutually related, either bearing the same ancestral name, or being

branches from one original stock. The founder of this community was a blind man, who, by some unexplained good fortune, acquired or became endowed with the psychic faculty called 'second-sight.' This faculty, it appears, is now the hereditary property of the whole village, more developed in the blind man's immediate heirs than in his remoter relatives; but, strange to say, it is a faculty which, for a reason connected with the history of its acquirement, they enjoy only once a year, and that is on Christmas Eve. I believe I am about to verify the truth of my friend's story, and that, through the wonderful faculty possessed by these Alpine peasants, the promise of my visions will be realized."

His voice broke again; he ceased speaking, and turned his face away from me.

"Do not think," I said, "that I am disposed to make light of what you tell me, strange though it sounds. . . . I have a proposal to make. You are alone, and purpose undertaking a bitter and, it may be, a perilous journey in mountain ground at this season. What say you to taking me along with you? Maybe I shall prove of some use; and, at any rate, your adventure and your story interest me greatly."

He looked earnestly and even fixedly at me for a minute, then silently held out his hand and grasped mine with energy. It was a sealed compact. After that we considered ourselves comrades, and continued our journey together.

(CONCLUSION IN OUR NEXT NUMBER.)

The Christmastide Anthem.

FROM First Vespers of the First Sunday in Advent, when the Christian world begins to prepare for the celebration of the anniversary of Christ's birth, to the Feast of Our Lady's Purification, a daily commemoration is made in the following anthem of the divine maternity of the Blessed Virgin Mary and Her perpetual virginity. Praise and supplication are admirably united—homage to the Mother of God, invocation of the Refuge of Sinners:

Hail, Mother pure of our redeeming Lord!
 Hail, open gate, to holiest heaven restored!
 Sweet Star of ocean, beacon in the sky
 To lift our sinking souls to God on high!
 Thou who Thy Holy One by marvel rare
 Didst in Thy sinless, stainless bosom bear!
 Virgin before and after Gabriel's "Hail!"
 With God, for sinners, make Thy prayers prevail!

This anthem opens by eulogizing the divine maternity, reminding us of the share Mary took in the redemption of mankind. "Sweet Mother of our Redeemer,"—*Alma Redemptoris Mater*. From this it follows that the Blessed Virgin is our mediator with Her Divine Son, and for this reason we salute Her as the ever-open "Gate of Heaven,"—*Quæ pervia cæli porta manes*. Convinced as we are that Mary is not only the Gate of Heaven to us, but that She also guides us through the storms of life to the haven of salvation, we likewise hail Her as the "Star of the Sea,"—*Et Stella Maris*.

These consoling thoughts naturally inspire us to invoke Her powerful patronage that we may be enabled to persevere in well-doing, and to successfully combat the evil inclinations of our nature. "Come to the aid of Thy people, who desire to rise from sin,"—*Succurre cadenti, surgere qui curat, populo*. The remembrance of the miseries inseparable from our fallen state also prompts us to admire so much the more the wondrous privileges which Mary enjoyed, and Her dignity as Mother of God in connection with Her perpetual virginity; hence we continue to address Her: "Thou who, by a prodigy that astonishes Nature, hast conceived Thy Creator without ceasing to remain a virgin,"—*Tu quæ genuisti, natura mirante, tuum sanctum Genitorem; Virgo prius ac posterius*.

These eminent titles of our Blessed Lady again bring to our lips an humble supplication; we pray that She may deign to call to mind Gabriel's salutation, and compassionate Her erring children who invoke Her patronage. "Thou who wast favored by the Archangel's salutation, have mercy on us sinners,"—*Gabrielis ab ore, sumens illud Ave, peccatorum miserere*.

Catholic Notes.

The coronation of Our Lady of Guadalupe, which was to have taken place on the 12th of this month, has been indefinitely postponed. Mgr. Labastida, in a circular to his clergy and people, states that the alterations and improvements undertaken on the church will not be completed for some time yet.

It will gratify those who contributed to our fund for Father Damien, the apostle of the lepers of the Sandwich Islands, to learn that the two tabernacles he desired, and which have been on the way to him for many weeks, will probably reach Molokai during the holidays. The receipt of seven large boxes will cause surprise and rejoicing to the devoted priest and his stricken flock. The generosity of our readers enabled us to send, besides the tabernacles—which were made to order, and of the finest workmanship—expositions for the same, six lamps and two ostensoriums; also a richly embroidered ciborium veil, from friends of THE "AVE MARIA" in Portugal; a surplice worked with wondrous care by pious hands in Boston; a beautiful pyx-case, some books, and a collection of plants and seeds. The long delay in forwarding these articles was caused by the manufacturer of the tabernacles; and as it was necessary to import the candelabra, etc., much time was also spent in negotiation.

The venerable Arch-abbot Boniface Wimmer, founder and superior of the Benedictine Monastery, St. Vincent's, Pa., whose death occurred on the 8th inst., probably accomplished more, as far as material results go, than any of the pioneers of religious communities in this country. Born in Bavaria, he completed an academic course at Ratisbon, and afterwards entered the University of Munich. He joined the Benedictines in the year 1832, and, after thirteen years' work in his own country, was sent to the United States to undertake the establishment of an abbey here. At that time a sudden impetus had been given to emigration, and the German Catholics in this country were anxiously begging for priests. King Louis of Bavaria extended the most hearty encouragement to Father Wimmer, who in the year 1846 set sail for America, accompanied by four students of theology, and

fifteen young men skilled in various handicrafts. Soon after his arrival he took possession with the sanction of Bishop O'Connor of Pittsburg, of the land on which St. Vincent's Abbey now stands. To the visitor to that celebrated foundation, we may say briefly, *Si quæris monumentum, circumspice*. Besides a large and commodious monastery, ecclesiastical seminary, and college, there are to be found there a large flour-mill, bookbindery, tailoring establishment, etc. Although Father Wimmer's work was ultimately successful beyond his most sanguine expectations, he had his share of trials and hardships, not the least of which were want of funds, and the difficulties and delays he encountered in getting recruits from Europe. Severe as these trials were, they were borne with a calmness which in the end overcame all obstacles. Not content with the foundation of St. Vincent's, he established several offshoots, which have since become flourishing abbeys.

Abbot Wimmer was raised to the dignity of arch-abbot in 1883 by Pope Leo XIII., as a mark of appreciation of his forty years' successful labor in the United States. On that occasion, the fiftieth anniversary of his religious profession, there was a grand celebration at St. Vincent's, attended by members of the Order from all parts of the country. Arch-abbot Wimmer saw his life-work crowned with brilliant success. He died full of years, of honor, and of merits. May he rest in peace!

The New York *Sun* has a pointed reference to the conference of the so-called Evangelical Alliance in session at Washington last week, remarking that while they were discussing the estrangement of the masses from the church, and collateral questions, there was another conference held in London to consider the condition of the working classes, and it was attended not only by Protestants, but by eminent Catholics, including Cardinal Manning.

On Tuesday, the 13th inst., the Church of the Immaculate Conception, New York, was solemnly consecrated to the service of God by the Most Rev. Archbishop Corrigan. Solemn Pontifical Mass was celebrated by the Rt. Rev. Bishop Conroy, and the sermon preached by the Rt. Rev. Bishop McQuaid. After hard work by the energetic and beloved pastor, the Rev. Father Edwards, the church—the corner-stone

of which was laid on December 8, 1855—has been freed from debt, and is now the seventh consecrated church in the city. A feature in the interior of the edifice is the erection of a high altar of white American marble, hewn from one solid piece, with panels and columns of Mexican onyx. Above the door of the tabernacle is a piece of Irish marble seventeen feet high and sixteen feet long. The altar is surmounted by an arcade of five stained chancel windows, on which are represented the principal events in the life of the Blessed Virgin. Some of the other windows are very rich in color and artistic in design.

A cable dispatch last week announced the appointment of the Rev. Thomas McGovern, rector of St. Joseph's Church, Danville, Pa., to the see of Harrisburg, which, as our readers know, was left vacant by the death of the lamented Bishop Shanahan. Father McGovern will prove a not unworthy successor, as he has considerable reputation for learning and administrative ability, besides having won the respect of both clergy and laity by his faithful and zealous labors at Danville, where he has been pastor about fifteen years.

A lady, thanking the New York *Freeman's Journal* for calling her attention to the Work of Poor Churches, writes: "I happened to be in New Mexico, and I called with another officer's wife on the venerable priest of a very small mission, to ask for some Masses. He had just laid aside an old and much-worn chasuble. 'Have you not anything better than that, Father?' asked my friend. 'No,' replied the priest, with a smile; 'the House of God is very poor here; that chasuble is past mending.' 'I wish I could help you,' said my friend, with a sigh. 'I noticed two ladies at Mass,' observed the priest, 'with silk dresses, although God has no silk.' The hint was taken. My friend's best silk frock was transformed into what was needed in less than a week."

To all the readers and friends of THE "AVE MARIA"—young and old, far and near—we offer our Christmas greeting, with the heartfelt wish and prayer that they may share abundantly in the joys of the holy season—in the blessings of the Divine Infant, in the favors of His Immaculate Mother. More with the heart than with the lips we say,

A HAPPY CHRISTMAS!



The Old, Old Story.

BY ANGELOUQUE DE LANDE.

SUCH a beautiful book I've been reading,*
 With covers of crimson and gold;
 In its pages I found a sweet story—
 A story that never grows old.

'Tis the life of our Blesséd Redeemer,
 Who lived upon earth as a child,
 Who obeyed His dear father and Mother,
 Was gentle and docile and mild.

I hope you will read it, dear children,
 And treasure its lessons of love;
 It will teach you how vain are all treasures
 But those that are laid up above.

It will help you to bear every sorrow
 For love of the Saviour who died;
 It will teach you to govern your temper,
 And chase away anger and pride.

For though we have wisdom and learning,
 And though we have honor and wealth,
 Though our clothing be ever so costly,
 And our cheeks have the rose-hue of health,

If we have not the spirit of Jesus,
 And care not His laws to obey,
 It were better to beg by the roadside
 For bread to keep hunger away.

A bright, happy Christmas I wish you,
 Dear children of everywhere;
 May the sweet Infant Jesus protect you,
 And keep you from every snare!

* "The Story of Jesus," by Rosa Mulholland.

NEXT after His heavenly Father there was no one whom Our Lord venerated and loved as He loved and venerated His Blessed Mother. But the example of Jesus Christ is the law of our life. We are bound to imitate it; we are bound to be like Him.—*Cardinal Manning.*

Two Christmas Eves.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TYBORNE."

I.—CHRISTMAS EVE, 1852.

In a large provincial town in France the day was beginning to decline, and a sharp northeast wind to blow. The streets were nearly deserted, for everyone was anxious to get home to warmth and comfort. Many had been out to buy toys and *bonbons*; for in France Christmas is regarded as especially the children's feast, and every child is taught to expect a Christmas gift from the Infant Jesus.

In the silence of the darkening streets rose a clear, young voice: "Any chimneys to sweep?" It was a strange sound for such a night. Who was likely to have his chimneys swept on Christmas Eve? Little Johnny Chanterose sighed as he called on. Presently he came to the church, and over the porch he saw the carved stone image of the Virgin Mother holding the Infant Jesus in Her arms.

Johnny sank on his knees. "Sweet little Jesus," he said, "please let me find to-night, the eve of Thy feast, one chimney to sweep." Then, rising up, he went on his way, calling out as before, "Any chimneys to sweep?" Suddenly a window opened, and there the boy found a chimney that needed sweeping. He soon climbed up, and by the quantity of soot that descended it was easy to see he had done his work well. But he never came back.

"Where can he be?" asked the family. Not in the chimney, for they peeped up. They shouted, but there was no reply. They were very busy; it was no affair of theirs, so they left Johnny to his fate.

Where was he? Safe on the roof; for this was why Johnny had prayed so hard to get a chimney to sweep. He was an orphan, all alone in the world, and he did so long to have, like other children, a Christmas gift from the Infant Jesus.

"Now," he argued, "the way the Infant Jesus goes down to give the children their presents at midnight is through the chim-

neys; there is no other way for Him. And in the garret where I sleep there is no chimney, so how can He come to me? I will wait for Him, then, on the roof, and surely He will see me, and listen to me." So he went about on the top of the house, and peeped down the chimney. At last he heard some voices from a group evidently sitting near a hearth, on which the fire was just expiring. He listened, and heard a soft, gentle voice say:

"Mark, you must be very obedient if you want the Infant Jesus to send you a beautiful Christmas present to-night by His angels."

A child's voice answered: "I want the Holy Infant to come Himself. I will have Him come—I *will!*" And then the child stamped his little foot.

A third voice spoke gravely: "Mark, the Infant Jesus does not love self-willed children. Take care that you do not find anything else in your stockings than a birch-rod."

Johnny had heard enough. There was the place for him; evidently the Infant Jesus was expected here. The socks were on the hearth ready for the present, so he settled himself on the roof. But the wind grew more and more piercing, snow began to fall, and Johnny shivered under his rags. "Alas!" he said, "I shall be dead before midnight if I stay here. I'll creep into the chimney; the fire is out; I can hold myself very well—just as I do when sweeping,—and I shall be warm and sheltered. And if I do go to sleep, I shall wake up when the Infant Jesus passes by." So the little fellow planted himself well, and soon fell asleep; but after a while he lost his balance, and tumbled down the chimney into the middle of the hearth.

Papa, mamma, and little boy all started to their feet with a cry.

"You young rascal!" exclaimed papa; "where do you come from?"

"It is the fault of the cold night, sir, please. I could not help it. I'm Johnny, the chimney sweep. Don't beat me."

"But what were you doing on the roof at

this time of night?" said mamma, gently.

"Please, madam, I was waiting for the Infant Jesus. I am an orphan, and so miserable! I wanted to ask Him to make my master kinder to me, and to make me happy."

"Oh, don't beat him, papa!" piped little Mark.

"Don't be afraid, my poor boy," said papa. Then, turning to his own little son, he went on: "Mark, you said that the Holy Infant should come down Himself to-night. Look at Him. He has taken the form and the clothing of the children He loves the best in the world—the miserable children."

"It is true," said mamma, with tears in her eyes.

Mark set a chair for the Infant Jesus, and ran to bring Him some *bombons*. Poor, shivering Johnny was mute with astonishment. The father and mother spoke together in a whisper. They were excellent people, rich and charitable. They had lost four young children, and Mark, the only one left, was very delicate, and a cause of perpetual anxiety.

"Let us keep this little one, who is alone on earth, that God may bless and preserve our Mark?" said the mother.

"Yes, my wife, we will," answered her husband. "What is your name, child?" he continued.

"John Chanterose. I am nine years old."

"You have neither father nor mother? Would you like to stay with us?"

The child trembled all over; he could not speak.

"Will you be very good, and learn to read and write, and be Mark's companion?"

Mark came in at this minute, loaded with *bombons*. "Oh, what fun!" he cried as he heard his father's last words.

The little orphan was nearly wild with joy. He fell on his knees, joined his hands and said: "Dear Infant Jesus, dear Infant Jesus, I thank Thee!"

So Johnny was called the little Christmas brother. He was soon washed and dressed in Mark's clothes—they were the same size,—and now two pairs of socks were laid

on the hearth to await the Christmas gifts. Next morning they were found well filled, and among Mark's gifts was a tiny cross of honor, for he had always said he would be a general; and among the *boubons* and toys for Johnny shone a pretty silver crucifix.

Never had the poor boy's eyes fallen on such gifts before. "Oh, my dear Infant Jesus of Christmas!" cried he, sobbing with joy. "Now I have a father, mother, and brother. Indeed I *will* be good, and learn hard, and show you how I love you all."

II.—CHRISTMAS EVE, 1870.

The two boys grew up together, and Johnny did not disappoint the hopes of his adopted parents. Mark was deeply attached to him, and the companionship of his brother did him good in every way. His health improved, and he was no longer the peevish, self-willed child he used to be.

Their boyhood passed away, and Mark, faithful to his childish fancy, chose the army as his profession; while Johnny was still happier, for to him was granted a vocation to the priesthood. Mark came home one winter, with his officer's epaulettes, to assist at John's first Mass, which was said on Christmas Eve, the day so dear to all their hearts.

At last, in 1870, came the terrible war between France and Prussia. Mark's regiment was in the field, and John was appointed, by earnest solicitation, chaplain to it. There have been few harder or bitterer winters than that of 1870. On Christmas Eve the snow was falling fast. Mark's regiment had been in action before the walls of an old cemetery, and had retreated. But in vain did John seek for his adopted brother: he was nowhere to be found; no one knew anything of him; all was in confusion; everyone must take his own chance.

Then John, with great difficulty, got a lantern and a party of peasants, and went out to search. At last he found him in the snow, "left for dead." But life was not extinct. John raised him in his arms, laid him against his breast, and hastened to a place of shelter. The wounded man revived.

"Brother," he said, "give me absolution. It is sweet to die in your arms, and you will console *them*—" Then he fainted again.

Finally they reached the hut where the general of the division had taken refuge. When he saw Mark, he cried: "Here you are, my brave lieutenant!" And taking off his own Cross of the Legion of Honor, he placed it on the wounded soldier.

The surgeon examined Mark; he had three bayonet wounds, and the case was serious and critical.

"John, take me to the old church," whispered Mark.

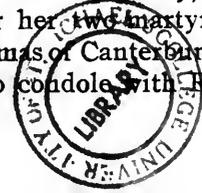
The village church was turned into a hospital, but the sanctuary was left untouched, and at midnight John began his three Masses. Mark had made his confession, and was now ready to receive his God in Holy Communion. It was a strange scene, more like a Mass in some ancient catacomb than anything else. The wounded and suffering men joined fervently in the prayers, and during the Elevation there was solemn silence: every moan was hushed.

Next day Mark was better, and was able to be moved to an ambulance. A fortnight afterwards he went home to recruit his health. The father and mother wept with joy. "John has saved our Mark," said the mother. "I knew well that through him God would bless and preserve our child."

John continued with the army until the war was over, and then returned to his humble country parish. Mark recovered his health, and rejoined his regiment with the rank of captain. They still live, devoted brothers and friends, ever rejoicing that the Infant Jesus heard their childish prayer.

The Christmas Color.

White is the color employed by the Church during Christmastide. The vestments used at every service, from Christmas Day to the Octave of the Epiphany, are of this color. To honor her *three* martyrs, St. Stephen and St. Thomas of Canterbury, she vests in red; and to condole with Rachel



wailing her murdered Innocents, she puts on purple; but these are the only exceptions. On every other day of the twenty, she expresses, by her white robes, the gladness to which the Angels invited the world, the beauty of our Divine Sun that has risen in Bethlehem, the spotless purity of the Virgin Mother, and the clean-heartedness which they should have who come to worship at the mystic Crib.

During the remaining twenty days, the Church vests in accordance with the feast she celebrates; she varies the color so as to harmonize, either with the red roses which wreath a martyr, or with the white *immortelles* which grace her bishops and her confessors, or again with the spotless lilies which crown her virgins. On the Sundays which come during this time—unless there occur a feast requiring red or white, or unless Septuagesima has begun its three mournful weeks of preparation for Lent—the color of the vestments is green. It is to teach us that in the birth of Jesus, who is the "Flower of the fields," we first received the hope of salvation; and that, after the bleak winter of heathendom and the Synagogue, there opened the verdant spring-time of grace.

The Ox and the Ass at the Nativity.

The ox and the ass are often seen in pictures of the Nativity of Our Lord because of a text of Holy Scripture: "The ox knoweth his owner, and the ass his master's crib" (Isaias, i, 3). From the sixth century to the sixteenth, there was never any representation of the Nativity without these two animals; thus in the old carol so often quoted:

Agnovit bos et asinus
Quod Puer erat Dominus.

"The ox and ass with one accord
Recognized the Infant Lord."

In some of the earliest pictures the animals kneel: "The beast of the field shall glorify me" (Isaias. xl'ii 20). One of the old Latin hymns, *De Nativitate Domini*,

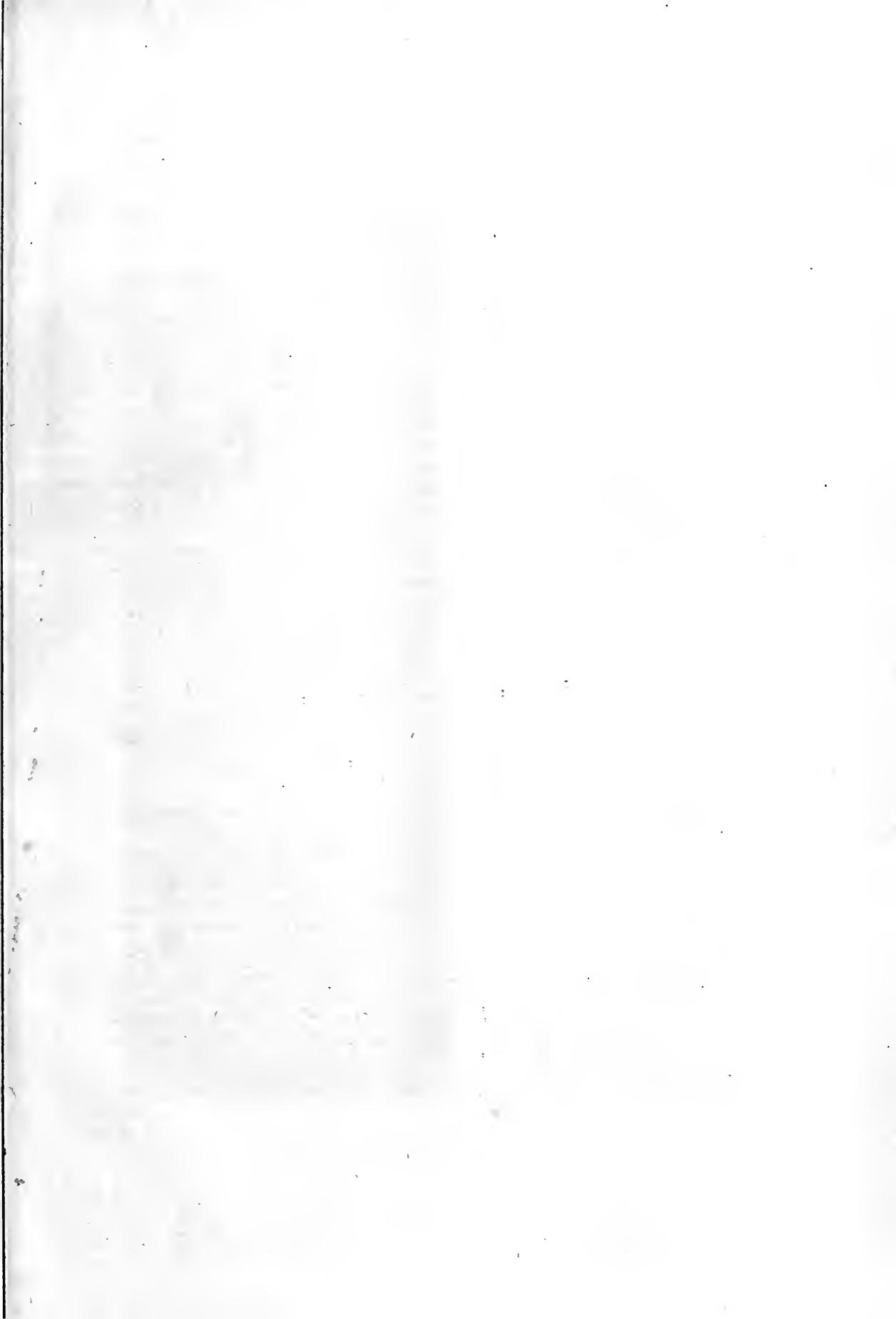
describes them, in that wintry night, as warming the new-born Infant with their breath; and they have always been interpreted as symbols—the ox as emblem of the Jews, the ass of the Gentiles.

Shepherds in the Celebration of Christ's Birth.

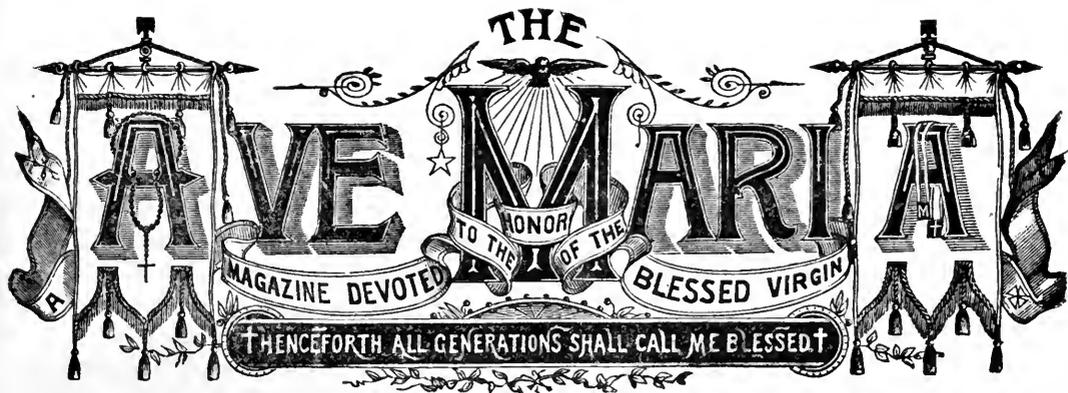
It is the well-known custom in Italy for the shepherds of the Campagna and of Calabria to pipe before the Madonna and Child at Christmas time; and these *Piffereri*, as they are called, with their sheepskin jackets, high hats, bagpipes, and tabors, were evidently the models reproduced in some of the finest pictures of the Bolognese school; for instance, in the famous *Nativity* by Annibale Caracci, where a picturesque figure in the corner is blowing into the bagpipes with might and main. In the Venetian pictures of the Nativity, the shepherds are accompanied by their wives, their sheep, and even their dogs. According to an old legend, SS. Simon and Jude, afterward Apostles, were among these shepherds.

A Christmas Carol.

Sweetly did the angels sing—
Ring, bells! ring!
On the birthday of earth's King—
Ring, bells! ring!
Naught of wealth and naught of pow'r
Showed itself in that still hour;
But Our Lord Himself was born
In a manger, Christmas morn.
Softly slept the Holy Child,
Watched by Mary, Mother mild;
Wise Men, guided by a star,
Came from different countries far;
Shepherds, by their flocks at night,
Heavenly visions saw with fright;
Hastened then away, to see
If in the manger Christ could be.
Thus it was, the calm, sweet morn
When Jesus, Prince of Peace, was born,
Heralded by angelic vision
From the realms of fields elysian.
'Tis the birthday of earth's King—
Ring, bells! ring!
Joy and peace the day doth bring—
Ring, bells! ring!







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Bethlehem.

BY WILLIAM D. KELLY.

THE stars above the Syrian wold
 Shone glitteringly bright,
 And boreal blasts blew keenly cold
 On that December night,
 Madonna, when, in Bethlehem,
 You sought the inn, to find—
 So many there had harbored them—
 No shelter from the wind.

We house ourselves from frost and snow
 By comfortable fires;
 Outside, the wintry winds may blow
 Until their wrath expires:
 But Christmastide is this, and thus,
 Safe-sheltered from the storm,
 No thought of pity troubles us
 For those who are not warm.

And yet, Madonna, you were cold
 On that December night.
 When, in the stable's frigid fold,
 Your Babe first saw the light.
 And of the warmth that fills our homes
 When Christmas blesses them,
 The brightest radiance outcomes
 From far, bleak Bethlehem.

THE history of civilization is the history of Christianity, and the history of Christianity is the history of the Catholic Church; and the history of the Catholic Church is the history of her Pontiffs.—*Donoso Cortes.*

Leo XIII.

THE end of our present year of grace and the beginning of the new find the whole Christian world filled with joy and exultation because of the golden jubilee anniversary of the Vicar of Christ, our Sovereign Pontiff, Leo XIII., now happily reigning. For months past millions of faithful people in every nation on the face of the globe have vied with one another in manifestations of veneration, gratitude, and devotion towards him who is their divinely constituted chief shepherd, and upon whom they look as the Father of their souls. And their homage has been one grand testimony to the unity of faith and devotion characteristic of the true Church and her children, while forming a fitting expression of the sincerity and enthusiasm with which they rejoice and congratulate their common Father upon the completion of fifty years of faithful service and laborious devotion in the vineyard of the Lord.

The career of the present Pontiff, from the time of his ordination, on the 31st of December, 1837, has indeed been eventful and glorious. More strikingly, perhaps, has this truth been manifested before the world since his elevation to his present commanding position on the Chair of Peter; but none the less true is it that while passing through the lower orders of the priesthood, whether as the simple Father Joachim Pecci or as the distinguished Bishop of Perugia, he

exercised, for the good of society and the promotion of religion, those extraordinary powers of mind and heart with which he is gifted.

He became Bishop of Perugia in the year 1846, being then in the thirty-sixth year of his age and the ninth of his priesthood. It was the same year that Pius IX. ascended the papal chair, during the thirty-two years of whose pontificate he governed with wisdom and glory the see to which he had been assigned. During that time it is said of him that he was acknowledged by his brother bishops and the people of Italy as one of the most enlightened ecclesiastics, one of the most saintly pastors, one of the most eloquent and courageous teachers of God's word that the Church has possessed for centuries. Nor is there on record a more illustrious example than his of a life spent in defending his flock from the inroads of revolutionary impiety and immorality, and in withstanding the attacks made on his clergy, on freedom of conscience, and the institutions of the Christian family.

In the year 1878 he was raised to the Sovereign Pontificate, and from the very outset the influence of his grand soul was felt in the religious and social world. Never, perhaps, since the beginning of the Church did the successor of St. Peter ascend the pontifical throne in the midst of such trials and dangers as confronted Leo XIII. Society shaken to its very foundations by the spirit of revolution, the princes of the world inimical to the Church, the independence of the papacy threatened even within the Vatican walls,—such was the aspect presented before him as he looked out over the world, whose direction had been entrusted to him. But soon did he begin to show himself truly the *Lumen in cælo*. His gigantic mind grasped the situation, and, directed by the Spirit of God, one by one remedies have been applied to existing evils. Gradually prejudices have been removed, dangers avoided, storms appeased.

His teachings have solved the great problems which disturb society at the present

day; and were governments and peoples to follow the counsels which he has given, and make them the basis of public and private life, it would be an easy task to bridge over the abyss which now lies between the two great and opposing elements in the social organism. He has defended and maintained the rights of the Catholic hierarchy, and has given a new impulse to the pursuit of sacred studies, thereby to ensure and promote the dignity and respect due to the ministers of God. He has shed the light of his superior wisdom upon the study of natural sciences, the progress of which forms the great boast of our age. Recognizing science as the handmaid of faith, he has declared that philosophical and scientific studies are to be pursued with a view to arrive at truth; and thus science, when enlightened by the Church, will become one of the most powerful motive forces in the advancement of human happiness. The work which he has accomplished in the political world has been the wonder and admiration of all: governments have been drawn to him, and even amongst the most bitter adversaries of the papacy there is not one who does not acknowledge the virtues, the dignity, the grand intellectual power and wisdom of him who now guides the Bark of Peter through the troublous waters of the ocean of Time.

So, too, with a zeal truly characteristic of the Father of the faithful, he has labored most effectively to provide for the spiritual wants of the souls entrusted to his care, by giving a new impetus to the practice of devotion to the Blessed Virgin Mary. The Holy Rosary, that most cherished of all devotions in honor of the Mother of God, has received from him a new splendor, which has served to attract countless numbers of cold and unfeeling hearts in the world of to-day, and has proved a most potent factor in the awakening of a grand spirit of faith and piety among Christians everywhere. As Pius IX., of blessed memory, was called the Pontiff of the Immaculate Conception, because of the resplendent diadem he had placed in the crown of glory encir-

cling the Queen of Heaven; so Leo XIII. has been fittingly named the Pontiff of the Holy Rosary, because, like his sainted predecessor, he has sought to promote the glory of Mary before the world, adding another to the titles of veneration and love which the Church bestows upon Her, and calling upon Her children to appeal to Her in the loving invocation, "Queen of the Most Holy Rosary, pray for us!"

In a word, Leo XIII. has given a new splendor to the apostolic ministry. By his pontifical bulls, and the majesty of the authority with which he is invested, he has proclaimed and sustained the rights of truth and justice throughout the world. As day by day and month by month the years pass by, each in its turn is ever presenting, through his ministry, a new and striking confirmation of the fact so deeply impressed upon every true Catholic heart—that the Spirit of God abides with the Church which the Redeemer of the world founded upon earth, and to which He entrusted the guardianship and direction of souls that He had come to save.

If ever, in this vale of tears through which we must pass on our earthly pilgrimage, there moved a tongue that spoke words which lifted the soul up above the mire of error and passion, it is that of Leo XIII., our Sovereign Pontiff. His is a voice that brings consolation to the afflicted, and ensures relief to the distressed,—that resounds in the midst of the restless throng led away by false teachings, and recalls all honest souls to a realization of the demands of justice, honor, truth, and virtue.

Well, therefore, may all faithful hearts, in every nation and country, rejoice upon this happy anniversary, and thank God for having so strikingly manifested His ever-watchful providence over the destinies of the Church in giving her so great a Pontiff. And as the New Year marks the completion of a half century of devoted and successful labor in the sacred ministry, millions of the children of the Church will kneel before the altar of God, and pour forth fervent prayers to the Throne of Grace that length of

days may be granted to our Holy Father, that he may continue to labor for the good of the Church, of princes and of peoples; and that we may all live to see that day so ardently longed for when, restored to the liberty and power which of old invested the Sovereign Pontificate, he may exercise at Rome his apostolic authority for the triumph and glory of the kingdom of God upon earth. Long live our Holy Father Leo XIII!

Speculum Justitiæ.

BY E. L. DORSEY.

(CONCLUSION.)

II.

AGAIN it was a night in winter, and again the wind blew and the snow flew—stinging like a swarm of white bees,—just as it had blown and flown that other night three years ago, when, in that Northern seaport town, a man had been stabbed in the street, and a young sailor was sent to the penitentiary for it;—sent to the penitentiary for life on circumstantial evidence, and the testimony of—of the man who is now, on this bitter winter evening, creeping along against the houses of that same town, glancing first over one shoulder, then over the other, with terror in his eyes, and a shivering and racking of his body that made progress slow. Once or twice he stopped, panting for breath; but started up and hurried on again, looking back fearfully as if pursued.

Up the street a great block of carriages stopped the way. It was before the house of an old German merchant, who, forty years before, built his house in the then most fashionable quarter of the city; but business marched up and on, pushing the gay world farther and farther northward and westward, until now it was the only dwelling in the square. But the old merchant lived there contentedly, and on this night his youngest daughter, his golden-haired Elsa, came of age, and the birthday was celebrated by a great fancy ball.

This the Italian, of course, could not know; for he was a stranger, and was, moreover, half crazed with drink; but what he did know was that at that point there were people, there was *life*, there was the sound of human voices, and above all there was light, beautiful light,—light that kept at bay the terrors that rent his soul when night and sleep fell on the world.

How he hated the dark! It swarmed with such ugly things; and a face—an awful face, with staring eyes and rigid lips—would start into such ghastly distinctness as soon as the sun was down. And it followed him like a shadow, hounding him from place to place, filling him with an unnatural vigor, and an activity that tired out the stoutest of his boon companions; and when they slept, exhausted, it still drove him on, tortured, agonized, panic-stricken, till the day broke, and the sight of the living helped him to regain strength and reason.

As he reached the awning, and crowded close to the steps, a carriage dashed up to the curb; the door of the house was flung open for some parting guests, and for a few minutes a dazzling vision was revealed—fairies, shepherdesses, arquebusiers, pages, halberdiers, kings, court ladies and queens in gorgeous colors and flashing jewels. But the Italian saw none of these; his staring eyes fastened on a stately figure that seemed to float down toward him between the rows of orange and palm trees that lined the staircase. On it came, tall, in flowing raiment, a cloud of golden hair rippling over its shoulders from under a crown of light; in one raised hand a pair of scales, in the other a gleaming sword, whose point seemed to mark him from the throng.

"*Speculum Justitiæ!*" he shrieked; "yes, I did it—I did it! I murdered him! Take me—"

And he fell grovelling at the feet of the policemen, who had forgotten their official stolidity to stare, open-mouthed, at the lovely Angela von Henkeldyne, who in her costume of "Justice" had wrought such innocent vengeance.

On principle they seized the Italian for a

rowdy; but his repeated cry, "I did it—I murdered him!" soon attracted their attention, and as he struggled in a fit, they called up the patrol wagon, and took him to headquarters. There the police surgeon took him in hand, until finally, at daybreak, he recovered consciousness. On being told that he could not live through the next night, he asked for a priest, and who but Father Tom was brought to shrive the poor wretch, and listen to the story he had to tell!

He had played, he said, in the wine shop *that* night until midnight with a stranger, who lost heavily to him, and drank deeply as he played. But his losses did not seem to depress him, and the wines did not confuse him, and Manuel said:

"You are a gallant man, signor. You lose with grace and courage."

And he had answered, with a laugh: "I can afford to. I have fifty thousand dollars here." And he touched his breast.

Manuel raised his eyebrows.

"Don't you believe me?" asked his companion, with some heat.

Manuel bowed derisively.

"Hang it!" said the man; "I'm telling you the simple truth. Look here." And he drew out and opened a small doeskin bag slung around his neck, showing a diamond, the like of which Manuel had never beheld.

"It sent a madness to my head, Father, and I felt I must have it, if I had to wade to my eyes in blood to get it. But he tucked it away again, and rose. 'I must go,' he said; 'I have already stayed too long.' I pressed him to wait, but he got restless, and looked at me suspiciously. I asked where we might meet the next day, and drink our glass and play our little game of *mora*. But he answered he didn't know—he was here to-day, and there to-morrow, and far away the day after. I laid my hand on his arm. 'Come, crack another bottle,' I urged. But he shook me off roughly, and pushed out of the *cabaret*, saying, 'Enough's as good as a feast.'

"I knew the house. There was a cellar that gave on the street he must pass. I said:

"I must have a bottle of *lachryma*, the vintage of '73.' I went below—the landlord knows me,—and I opened the cellar door, and stole after him. In the dark I tracked him, and struck as I sprang on him. I wrenched the bag from his neck, and nearly shrieked as something soft and cold, like a dead finger, touched my cheek. It was a snow-flake, and I ran in hot-haste back to the *cabaret*, so no tracks could be left. I had struck well—the blood had not spattered, there was no struggle. It was the stroke of the Vendetta. The whole affair did not take twenty minutes, and I came back into the room, and drank and played. But the diamond in my breast burned like a coal, and I thought its rays of splendid fire must be seen; and in at the windows the dead man's face seemed to look—but that was only the snow flying past; and I felt drawn back to the spot, as if he had his hand at the sleeve of my jacket. But this I fought against, until suddenly I remembered with terror I had left my knife sticking in the wound, and I knew I must have it at any risk. As I crept along I saw a sailor coming up the street. He stopped; he touched the body. Here was my chance. I sprang on him, dragging him here and there—and he fought well, that boy—like a wild-cat; and I shouted, 'Murder, murder!'

"It all turned out as I hoped. The watch—poor fools!—never thought to see whether the man was stiff; and when the coroner arrived, he was too stiff for question. Then came the trial, and there the first stone struck me."

His face was distorted with emotion.

"That boy I pitied—yes! But it was he or I, and I preferred to go free. The lies I swore to did not trouble me at all, for lies and I were bosom-friends; but when that old woman raised her hands and cried out, 'Mirror of Justice, defend us!' I felt a fear; for my medal hung at my neck, and the only prayer I had said for years was, sometimes, an 'Ave.' Habit I suppose, but it was so. I said it, and like the thunder on the mountain came the meaning of that prayer—*Speculum Justitiæ*. And from that

day I was a haunted man. Waking, that face followed me—the face I had struck into stone by a knife blow; and if I slept I saw always the same thing—myself trembling before a great balance, and a sword hanging over my head; but two hands—a Woman's hands—held down the scale pan, and held back the sword; and through a mist a face sweet and sorrowful looked down at me, like the *Dolorosa* in the home chapel where I made my First Communion. And my terror lest the hands should slip or move would wake me with a start, and there would be the dead man and—and *my memory* waiting for me."

His voice sank to a whisper, and his eyes stared gloomily into space.

"What a life it has been!" he went on, wearily. "I dreaded to be robbed, and yet I dared not sell for fear of detection; I could not drink for fear I might betray myself, and for months the diamond hung like lead on my breast. Then I went to South America, and from there to Paris, where I sold it well, with a good story of how I found it at the mines, and smuggled it away.

"But bad luck followed me. The money went at play—I lost, lost, lost, at everything; *rouge-et-noir*, *vingt-un*, *roulette*, *mora*—all were alike against me. Everything I touched failed. My crew got the fever. My *Maria* was lost off the Bahamas. My savings went in a bank. And forever and forever Our Lady appeared by night and the dead man by day.

"Then I began to drink hard, and I kept jolly fellows about me—loud fellows, boisterous fellows,—and I would hear no word of prayer or hereafter; for the devil ruled my soul, and I knew I was outcast from heaven. But—will you believe it?—I still wore my medal, and might have tried to say an 'Ave,' but I woke too often shrieking, '*Speculum Justitiæ!*' and out of my own mouth I was condemned; for what would justice mean for me?

"To-night the end has come; for I saw with these" (he touched his eyes), "not sleeping, not dreaming—awake—the Mirror of Justice. But She no longer stayed the

sword, She no longer touched the scales. She held both in Her own hands—”

He stopped, shuddering violently.

“My son,” said Father Tom, “what you saw to-night was not Our Lady, although She might well have come from heaven to cry justice on your twofold crime.” He told him what had really taken place, closing with, “Now be a man and a true son of the Church. Come back to the manhood and the faith you have betrayed. That you repent truly of these sins I firmly believe, but prove it by confessing before the proper officers of the law; set free the innocent man who drags out his days under an unjust sentence in the penitentiary; and rest assured when you are weighed in the great scales of eternal justice, Our Lord’s Cross will outweigh your sins, and Our Lady’s hand will stay the sword.”

Manuel nodded his head, and with a great effort raised his eyes to Father Tom’s. They were still far too near together for honest dealing as the world understands it, but there was a new light in them.

“Father, I will, but—but—what will they think up aloft there, the good *Jesu* and *Santissima*? I fear I could not do this if I did not know I was going to die. I would not have the courage. I, who call myself a gallant man—I am a coward!” And two tears rolled down his cheeks.

Father Tom felt a knot in his own throat at this confession, courageous in its weakness, pathetic in its faltering; and, although the words of S. Augustine* seemed to stand out before him in letters of fire, he thought of that hill on which once hung three crosses, and he heard a thief cry, “Lord, be merciful to me a sinner!” and the Voice that answered through the gathering darkness across the shuddering earth, “This day thou shalt be with Me in Paradise.” And while he sent for the nearest magistrate, he said such words of hope as the Church alone can breathe to the peni-

tent, teaching as he did it the meaning of true repentance, and filling the sinner’s heart with humble hope.

After all was over, Manuel begged to see David. “I dread it, but I can not go until he forgives me,” he said.

And somehow, in spite of technicalities, Father Tom managed it so the two men met on the third day; for Manuel spoke the truth when he said he could not go without forgiveness, and he lived on until then, to the amazement of the prison physicians.

At first David refused outright to see him, for his heart was bitter with the load of anguish borne through those three frightful years. But Father Tom “talked to him,” and his mother gave the final stroke that determined him.

“Ye *must* go, Davie,” she said, as she hung on his neck. “Ye must go, boy; for the Mirror of Justice is the Mother of Mercy too.”

And, oh! the thoughts of the two men as they faced each other!

Where is Davie now? Well, his story got about, and there was quite a *furor* of sympathy. Some good soul started a purse, and big hearts and good incomes ran the money up to enough to buy him a half share in a schooner, of which he ultimately became owner and captain. His old skipper wanted him back, but he did not need to be any man’s man now, except his own—and Our Lady’s.

The old mother lived to dandle his children on her knee, and to take them on sunny Sundays, sometimes to Father Tom’s, and sometimes to a quiet graveyard by the shore of the bay, where they would kneel by a small slab of gray granite, and pray for him who slept below. And then, as they rested before starting home, small hands pulled the weeds from the grave, and picked the lichens from the letters of the inscription, sometimes spelling them out as they did so. And the spelling read: “Pray for the soul of Manuel Ignatius Pizarro. Mirror of Justice, defend him!”

* Beware of delayed repentance. A sick-bed repentance is too often a sickly repentance; and a death-bed repentance, alas! is in danger of being a dead repentance.

The Thirteenth Leo.

BELIEF to the soul is so wholly germane—
 The evidence none can deny—
 That those who the true revelation disdain
 Must even believe in a lie.
 And most childish of lies from that region of
 hell
 Where black superstition is queen,
 Is the popular error that some fatal spell
 Lurks under the number thirteen.

And what refutation can better be found
 This delusion so rank to oppose,
 Than the glorious names of this number re-
 nowned
 Which pontifical annals disclose?
 Under John the Thirteenth the fair kingdom
 so vast
 Of Poland confesses her Lord;
 Fierce Attila's tribe seek the Gospel at last,
 And Ravenna to Rome is restored.

Upon Gregory, too, the Thirteenth of the name,
 A splendor undying shall rest;
 All civilized nations his praises proclaim,
 And Science his worth has confessed:
 As long as the seasons in order return,
 And annual cycles be rolled,
 His calendar's merits our children shall learn,
 And his name write in letters of gold.

Two number thirteens in succession to show,
 After Innocent, Benedict reigns:
 The bulwarks against the Mahometan foe,
 Pope Innocent nobly sustains;
 Pope Benedict seeks to quell discord at home,
 And peace-making kindness employ;
 He ends the contentious assaults upon Rome
 By the turbulent House of Savoy.

The Thirteenth Pope Clement, how firm is his
 hand,
 While Bourbons in plotting engage!
 The Order of Jesus they seek to disband,
 He shields it in spite of their rage.
 When subtle Febronius' gall-dripping pen
 The Chair Apostolic assails,
 Pope Clement asserts before angels and men
 His right; and his firmness prevails.

Once more this illustrious number thirteen
 In the Vatican halls we behold;

And the tale, in his smile who now sits there
 serene,
 Of his great predecessors is told.
 Like Gregory learned, like Benedict kind,
 Like Innocent prompt to defend;
 Like Clement, in him will the true teacher find,
 When slandered and banished, a friend.

And like unto John's, may his reign be re-
 nowned
 For nations brought home to the fold;
 May the missionary's labors with triumph be
 crowned,
 And multitudes vast be enrolled;
 May tribe after tribe still receive the Good
 Word—
 The truth ever old, ever young;
 And wherever the name of Our Saviour is
 heard,
 May Pope Leo's be next on the tongue!
 ARTHUR J. STACE, IN *The N. D. Scholastic*.

The Mystery of an Alpine Village.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

(CONCLUSION.)

OUR day's rest at Bâle being over, and
 the business which concerned me there
 transacted, we followed the route indicated
 by Mr. St. Aubyn, and on the 22d of Decem-
 ber arrived at a little hill station, where we
 found a guide, who on the following day
 conducted us to the village we sought.
 It was a quaint, picturesque little hamlet,
 embosomed in a mountain recess—a shel-
 tered oasis in the midst of a wind-swept,
 snow-covered region.

Inn or hostlery proper there was none
 in this place, but the peasants were right
 willing to entertain us, and the owner of
 the largest *chalet* speedily made ready the
 necessary board and lodging. After supper
 the villagers began to drop in by twos
 and threes to have a look at us; and pres-
 ently, at the invitation of our host, we all
 drew our stools around the pine-wood fire,
 and partook of a strange beverage served
 hot with sugar and toast, tasting not unlike
 elderberry wine. Meanwhile my English

friend, more conversant than myself with the curiously mingled French and German *patois* of the district, plunged into the narration of his trouble, and ended with a frank and pathetic appeal to those present that, if there were any truth in the tale he had heard regarding the annual clairvoyance of the villagers, they would consent to use their powers in his service.

When my friend had finished speaking, a man sitting in the chimney-corner rose and said that, if we pleased, he would fetch the grandsons of the original seer, who would give us the fullest information possible on the subject of our inquiry. This announcement was encouraging, and we assented with joy. He left the *châlet*, and shortly afterwards returned with two stalwart, intelligent-looking men of about thirty and thirty-five respectively, accompanied by a couple of St. Bernards, the most magnificent dogs I had ever seen. The faces of these two peasants were certainly not those of rogues or fools. They advanced to the centre of the assembly, and were duly introduced to us by our host as Theodor and Augustin Raoul. A wooden bench by the hearth was accorded them; the great dogs couched at their feet; pipes were lit here and there among the circle; and the scene, embellished by the ruddy glow of the flaming pine-logs, the unfamiliar costume of the peasantry, the quaint furniture of the *châlet*-kitchen in which we sat, and enhanced by the strange circumstances of our journey, and the yet stranger story now recounted by the two Raouls, became to my mind every moment more romantic and unworld-like.

But the intent and strained expression of St. Aubyn's features as he bent eagerly forward, hanging as if for life or death on the words which the brothers poured forth, reminded me that, in one respect at least, the spectacle before me presented a painful reality; and that for this desolate and lonely man every word of the Christmas tale told that evening was pregnant with import of the deepest and most serious kind. Here, in English guise, is the legend of the Alpine seer, recounted with much gesticulation

and rugged dramatic force by his grandsons, the younger occasionally interpolating details which the elder forgot, confirming the data, and echoing with a sonorous interjection the exclamations of the listeners:

Augustin Franz Raoul, the grandfather of the men who addressed us, originally differed in no respect, save that of blindness, from ordinary people. One Christmas Eve, as the day drew towards twilight, and a driving storm of frozen snow raged over the mountains, he, his dog Hans, and his mule, were fighting their way home up the pass in the teeth of the tempest. At a turn of the road they came on a priest carrying the Viaticum to a dying man who inhabited a solitary hut in the valley below. The priest was on foot, almost spent with fatigue, and bewildered by the blinding snow which obscured the pathway, and grew every moment more impenetrable and harder to face. The whirling flakes circled and danced before his sight; the winding path was well-nigh obliterated; his brain grew dizzy and his feet unsteady, and he felt that without assistance he should never reach his destination. Blind Raoul, though himself almost exhausted, listened with sympathy to the priest's complaint, and answered:

"Father, you know well I am hardly a pious son of the Church, but if the penitent dying down yonder needs spiritual consolation, Heaven forbid that I should not do my utmost to help you to him! Sightless though I am, I know my way over these crags as no other man knows it; and the snow-storm which bewilders your eyes so much can not daze mine. Come, mount my mule; Hans will go with us, and we three will take you to your journey's end safe and sound."

"My son," replied the priest, solemnly, "God will reward you for this act of charity."

The fury of the storm increased as darkness came on. Dense clouds of snow obscured the whole landscape, and rendered sky and mountain alike indistinguishable. At length, however, close upon midnight, the valley was safely reached, and the priest

ushered into the presence of his penitent. What the dying man's confession was the blind guide, of course, never knew; but after it was over, and the Sacred Host had passed his lips, Raoul was summoned to his bedside, where a strange and solemn voice thanked him for the service he had rendered.

"Friend," said the dying man, "you will never know how great a debt I owe you. But before I pass out of the world, I would fain do somewhat towards repayment. . . . May God hear the last earthly prayer of a dying penitent, and grant you a better gift and a rarer one than even that of the sight of your outward eyes, by opening those of your spirit! And may the faculty of that interior vision be continued to you and yours so long as ye use it in deeds of mercy and kindness such as this!"

The speaker laid his hand a moment on the blind man's forehead, and his lips moved silently a while, though Raoul saw it not. The priest and he remained to the last with the penitent, and when the gray Christmas morning broke over the whitened plain they left the little hut in which the corpse lay, to apprise the dwellers in the valley hamlet of the death, and arrange for the burial. And ever since that Christmas Eve, said the two Raouls, their grandfather found himself, when the sacred time came round again, year after year, possessed of a new and extraordinary power—that of seeing with the inward senses of the spirit whatever he desired to see, and this as plainly and distinctly miles distant as at his own threshold. The power of interior vision came upon him in sleep or in trance, precisely as with the prophets and sibyls of old; and in this condition, sometimes momentary only, whole scenes flashed before him; the faces of friends leagues away became visible, and he seemed to touch their hands. At these times nothing was hidden from him; it was necessary only that he should desire fervently to see any particular person or place, and that the intent of the wish should be innocent.

To the blind man, deprived in early child-

hood of physical sight, this wondrous power was an inestimable consolation; and Christmas Eve became to him a festival of illumination, whose annual reminiscences and anticipations brightened the whole round of the year. And when at length he died, the faculty remained a family heritage, of which all his descendants partook in some degree, his two grandsons, as his nearest kin, possessing the gift in its completest development. And, most strange of all, the two hounds which lay couched before us by the hearth, appeared to enjoy a share of the penitent's benison. These dogs, Fritz and Bruno, directly descended from Hans, had often displayed strong evidence of lucidity, and under its influence they had been known to act with acumen and sagacity wholly beyond the reach of ordinary dogs. Their immediate sire, Glück, was the property of a community of monks living fourteen miles distant, in the Arblen valley; and though the Raouls were not aware that he had yet distinguished himself by any remarkable exploit of a clairvoyant character, he was commonly credited with a goodly share of the family gift.

Thus ended the tale, and for a brief space all remained silent, while many glances stole furtively towards St. Aubyn. He sat motionless, with bowed head and folded arms, absorbed in thought.

One by one the members of the group left the *chalet*, and soon there remained only our host, the two Raouls with their dogs, my friend, and myself. Then St. Aubyn found his voice, and in slow, tremulous tones said to Theodor:

"You will have everything prepared for an expedition to-morrow, in case—you should have anything to tell us?"

"All shall be in readiness, sir. Pierre [the host] will wake you by sunrise; for with the dawn of Christmas Eve our lucid faculty returns to us; and if we should have good news to give, the start ought to be made early. We may have far to go, and the days are short."

He bade us good-night, and the brothers left the house, followed by the two hounds.

Pierre lighted a lantern, and, mounting a ladder in the corner of the room, invited us to accompany him. We clambered up this primitive staircase with some difficulty, and presently found ourselves in a bed-chamber not less quaint and picturesque than the kitchen below.

Dawn, gray and misty, enwrapped the little village when I was startled from my sleep by a noisy chorus of voices and a busy hurrying of footsteps. A moment later some one, heavily booted, ascended the ladder leading to our bedroom, and a ponderous knock resounded on our door. St. Aubyn sprang from his bed, lifted the latch, and admitted the younger Raoul, whose beaming eyes and excited manner betrayed, before he spoke, the good tidings in store.

"We have seen him!" he cried, throwing up his hands triumphantly above his head. "Both of us have seen your son, sir. Not half an hour ago, just as the dawn broke, we saw him in a vision, alive and well, in a mountain cave separated from the valley by a broad torrent. Courage! he will be restored to you. Dress quickly, and come down to breakfast. There is no time to lose."

Everything was now hurry and commotion. All the village was astir; the excitement became intense. At sunrise we sat down to a hearty meal, and amid the clamor of voices and rattling of dishes, the elder Raoul unfolded to us his plans for reaching the valley, which both he and his brother had recognized as the higher level of the Arblen, several thousand feet above our present altitude, and in mid-winter a perilous place to visit.

"The spot is completely shut off from the valley by the cataract," said he; "and last year a landslide blocked up the only route to it from the mountains. How the child got there is a mystery."

Our little party was speedily equipped, and, amid the lusty cheers of the men and the sympathetic murmurs of the women, we passed swiftly through the little snow-carpeted street and struck into the mountain path. We were six in number—St. Aubyn and myself, the two Raouls, and a

couple of villagers carrying the requisite implements of mountaineering; while the two dogs, Fritz and Bruno, trotted on before us. At the outset there was some rough ground to traverse, and considerable work to be done with ropes and tools; for the slippery edges of the highland path afforded scarce any foothold, and in some parts the difficulties appeared well-nigh insurmountable. But every fresh obstacle overcome added a new zest to our resolution, and at length we found ourselves on a broad, rocky plateau. We sat down to rest on some scattered boulders, and gazed with wonder at the magnificent vistas of glowing peaks towering above us, and the luminous expanse of purple gorge and valley, with the white, roaring torrents below, over which wreaths of filmy mist hovered and floated continually.

As I sat lost in admiration St. Aubyn touched my arm, and silently pointed to Theodor Raoul. He had risen, and now stood at the edge of the plateau overhanging the lowland landscape, his head raised, his eyes wide open, his whole appearance indicative of magnetic trance. While we looked he turned slowly towards us, moved his hands to and fro with a gesture of uncertainty, as though feeling his way in the dark, and spoke with a slow, dreamy utterance:

"I see the lad sitting in the entrance of the cavern, looking out across the valley, as though expecting some one. He is pallid and thin, and wears a dark-colored mantle, lined with sable fur. The spot is fully three miles distant from the plateau on which we now stand. But I do not know how to reach it. I am at fault!"

He moved his hands impatiently to and fro, and cried in tones which manifested the disappointment he felt. We gathered round him in some dismay, and St. Aubyn urged the younger Raoul to attempt an elucidation of the difficulty. But he too failed.

"It must be under ground," he said, using the groping action we had already observed on Theodor's part. "It is impossible to distinguish anything save a few vague

outlines of rock. Now there is not a glimmer of light—all is profound gloom."

Suddenly a sharp bark from one of the hounds startled us all, and immediately arrested our consultation. He was running excitedly to and fro, sniffing about the edge of the plateau, and every now and then turning himself with an abrupt jerk, as if seeking something which eluded him. Presently the other hound joined in this mysterious quest, and the next moment, to our admiration and amazement, both dogs simultaneously lifted their heads, and uttered a prolonged and joyous cry.

"They have the clue!" exclaimed the peasants, as the hounds leapt from the plateau down the steep declivity leading to the valley, scattering the snow drifts of the crevices pell-mell in their headlong career. In frantic haste we resumed our loads, and hurried after our flying guides with what speed we could. When the dogs had reached the next level, they paused and waited, standing with uplifted heads and dripping tongues while we clambered down the gorge to join them. Again they took the lead, but this time the way was more intricate, and their progress slower. We followed them along a narrow winding track of broken ground, over which every moment a tiny torrent roared and tumbled.

Suddenly a great agitation seized St. Aubyn. "Look! look!" he cried, clutching me by the arm; "here, where we stand, is the very spot from which my boy fell. And below is the valley."

We stood still, and looked down into the valley, green even in mid-winter, where a score of goats were browsing in the sunshine. Here my friend would have descended, but the Raouls bade him trust the leadership of the dogs.

"Follow them, sir," said Theodor, impressively; "it is the good God that conducts them. See! they are advancing."

We hastened after our canine guides, who, impelled by the mysterious influence of their strange faculty, were again pressing forward. Soon we lost sight of the valley, and an hour's upward scrambling over loose

rocks and sharp crags brought us to a chasm, the two edges of which were separated by a precipitous gulf some twenty feet across. This chasm was probably about eight or nine hundred feet deep, and its sides were straight and sheer as those of a well. Our ladders were in requisition now, and with the aid of these and the ropes all the members of our party were safely landed on the opposite brink of the abyss.

We had covered about two miles of difficult ground beyond the chasm, when once more, on the brow of a projecting eminence, the hounds halted for the last time. It was a wild and desolate spot, strewn with tempest-torn branches,—a spot hidden from the sun by dense masses of pine foliage, and backed by sharp peaks of granite. St. Aubyn looked around him, trembling with emotion.

"Shout!" cried one of the peasants; "shout! the boy may hear you."

"Alas!" answered the father, "he can not hear; you forget that my child is deaf and dumb."

At that instant Theodor, who for a brief while had stood apart, abstracted and silent, approached St. Aubyn, and grasped his hand.

"Shout!" he exclaimed, with the earnestness of a command; "call your boy by his name."

St. Aubyn looked at him with astonishment, then in a clear, piercing voice obeyed.

"Charlie!" he cried; "Charlie my boy, where are you?"

We stood around him in silence and expectancy, a group for a picture. St. Aubyn in the midst, with white quivering face and clasped hands; the two Raouls on either side, listening intently; the dogs motionless and eager, their ears erect, their hair bristling round their stretched throats. A minute passed thus, and then there was heard from below, at a great depth, a faint, uncertain sound. One word only, uttered in the voice of a child, tremulous and intensely earnest: "Father!"

St. Aubyn fell on his knees. "My God! my God!" he cried, sobbing; "it is my

boy! He is alive, and can hear and speak."

With feverish haste we descended the crag, and speedily found ourselves on a greensward, sheltered on three sides by high walls of cliff, and bounded on the fourth, southward, by a broad stream some thirty feet from shore to shore. Beyond the stream was a wide expanse of pasture stretching down into the Arblen valley.

Again St. Aubyn shouted, and again the child like cry replied, guiding us to a narrow gorge or fissure in the cliff almost hidden under exuberant foliage. This passage brought us to a turfy knoll, upon which opened a deep recess in the mountain rock; a picturesque cavern, carpeted with moss, and showing, from some ancient, half-effaced carvings, which here and there adorned its walls, that it had once served as a crypt or chapel, possibly in some time of ecclesiastical persecution. At the mouth of this cave, with startled eyes and pallid, parted lips, stood a fair-haired lad, wrapped in the mantle described by the elder Raoul. One instant only he stood there: the next he darted forward, and fell with weeping and inarticulate cries into his father's embrace.

We paused, and waited aloof in silence, respecting the supreme joy and emotion of a greeting so sacred as this. The dogs only, bursting into the cave, leapt and gambolled about, venting their satisfaction in sonorous barks and turbulent demonstrations of delight.

And now came the history of the three long months which had elapsed since the occurrence of the disaster which separated my friend from his little son. Seated on the soft moss of the cavern floor, St. Aubyn in the midst and the boy beside him, we listened to the sequel of the strange tale recounted the preceding evening by Theodor and Augustin Raoul. And first we learned that, until the moment when his father's shout broke upon his ear that day, Charlie St. Aubyn had remained as insensible to sound and as mute of voice as he was when his accident befell him. Even now that the powers of hearing and speech were restored, he articulated uncertainly and with great

difficulty; leaving many words unfinished, and helping out his phrases with gesticulations and signs, his father suggesting and assisting as the narrative proceeded. Was it the strong love in St Aubyn's cry that broke through the spell of the disease and thrilled his child's dulled nerves into life? was it the shock of an emotion coming unexpected and intense after all those dreary weeks of futile watchfulness? or was the miracle an effect of the same divine grace which, by means of a mysterious gift, had enabled us to track and to find this obscure and unknown spot?

Little St. Aubyn had been saved from death, and sustained during the past three months by a creature dumb like himself—a large dog exactly resembling Fritz and Bruno. This dog, he gave us to understand, came from "over the torrent"—indicating with a gesture the Arblen valley,—and from the beginning of his troubles had been to him like a human friend. The fall from the hill-side had not seriously injured, but only bruised and temporarily lamed the lad; and, after lying for a minute or two a little stunned and giddy, he rose and with some difficulty made his way across the meadow slope on which he found himself, expecting to meet his father descending the path. But he miscalculated its direction, and speedily discovered he had lost his way. After waiting a long time in great suspense, and seeing no one but a few goat-herds at a distance, whose attention he failed to attract, the pain of a twisted ankle, increased by continual movement, compelled him to seek a night's shelter in the cave subsequently visited by his father at the suggestion of the peasants who assisted in the search. These peasants were not aware that the cave was but the mouth of a vast and wandering labyrinth, tunnelled, partly by nature and partly by art, through the rocky heart of the mountain.

A little before sunrise, on the morning after his accident, the boy, examining with minute curiosity the picturesque grotto in which he had passed the night, discovered in its darkest corner a moss covered stone,

behind which had accumulated a great quantity of weeds, ivy, and loose rubbish. Boy-like, he fell to clearing away these *impedimenta* and excavating the stone, until, after some industrious labor thus expended, he dismantled, behind and a little above it, a narrow passage, into which he crept, in the hope that it might afford him an egress in the direction of the village. The aperture thus exposed had not, in fact, escaped the eye of St. Aubyn, when about an hour afterwards the search for the lost boy was renewed. But one of his guides, after a brief inspection, declared the recess into which it opened, empty; and the party, satisfied with his report, left the spot, little thinking that all their labor had been lost by a too hasty examination. For, in fact, this narrow and apparently limited passage gradually widened in its darkest part, and, as little St. Aubyn found, became by degrees a tolerably roomy corridor, in which he could just manage to walk upright, and into which light from the outer world penetrated dimly through artificial fissures hollowed out at intervals in the rocky wall. Delighted at this discovery, but chilled by the vault-like coldness of the place, the lad hastened back to fetch the fur mantle he had left in the cave, threw it over his shoulders, and returned to continue his exploration.

The cavern gallery beguiled him with new wonders at every step. Here rose a subterranean spring, there a rudely carved gargoyle grinned from the granite roof; curious and intricate windings enticed his eager steps, while all the time the death-like and horrible silence, which might have deterred an ordinary child from further advance, failed of its effect upon ears unable to distinguish between the living sounds of the outer world and the stillness of a sepulchre. Thus he groped and wandered, until he became aware that the gloom of the corridor had gradually deepened, and that the tiny openings in the rock were now far less frequent than at the outset. Even to his eyes, by this time accustomed to obscurity, the darkness grew portentous; at every step he stumbled against some un-

seen projection, or bruised his hands in vain efforts to discover a returning path. Too late he began to apprehend that he was really lost in the heart of the mountain. Either the windings of the labyrinth were hopelessly confusing, or some *débris*, dislodged by the unaccustomed concussion of footsteps, had fallen from the roof, and choked the passage behind him.

The account which the boy gave of his adventure, and of his vain and long-continued efforts to retrace his way, made the latter hypothesis appear to us the most acceptable, the noise occasioned by such a fall having, of course, passed unheeded by him. Then, thoroughly baffled and exhausted, the lad determined to work on through the Cimmerian darkness, in the hope of discovering a second terminus on the farther side of the mountain. This at length he did. A faint, star-like outlet finally presented itself to his delighted eyes; he groped painfully towards it; it widened and brightened slowly, till at length he emerged from the subterranean gulf which had so long imprisoned him, into the mountain cave, wherein he had ever since remained. How long it had taken him to accomplish this passage he could not guess, but from the sun's position it seemed to be about noon when he again beheld the day. He sat down, dazed and fatigued, on the mossy floor of the grotto, and watched the mountain torrent eddying and sweeping furiously past in the gorge beneath his retreat. After a while he slept, and awoke towards evening, faint with hunger, and bitterly regretting the affliction which prevented him from attracting help.

Suddenly a huge, tawny head appeared above the rocky edge of the plateau, and in another moment a St. Bernard dog clambered up the bank and ran towards the cave. He was dripping wet, and carried, strapped across his back, a double pannier, the contents of which proved on inspection to consist of three flasks of goat's-milk, and some half-dozen rye loaves packed in a tin box. The friendly expression and intelligent demeanor of his visitor invited little St.

Aubyn's confidence, and reanimated his sinking heart. Delighted at such evidence of human proximity, and eager for food, he drank of the milk and ate part of the bread. The creature went as he came, plunging into the deepest and least boisterous part of the torrent, which he crossed by swimming, regained the opposite shore, and soon disappeared from view.

But next day, at about the same hour, the dog reappeared alone, again bringing milk and bread, of which again the lad partook. And when, as on the previous day, his new friend rose to depart, Charlie St. Aubyn left the cave with him, clambered down the bank with difficulty, and essayed to cross the torrent ford. But the depth and rapidity of the current dismayed him, and with sinking heart the child returned to his abode. Every day the same thing happened, and at length the strange life became familiar to him; the trees, the birds, and the flowers became his friends, and the great hound a mysterious protector, whom he regarded with reverent affection and trusted with the greatest confidence. At night he dreamed of home, and constantly visited his father in visions, saying always the same words: "Father, I am alive and well."

St. Aubyn now turned towards the peasants grouped around us, and in their own language recited to them the child's story. They listened intently, from time to time exchanging among themselves intelligent glances, and muttering interjections expressive of astonishment. When the last word of the tale was spoken, the elder Raoul, who stood at the entrance of the cave, gazing out over the sunlit valley of the Arblen, removed his hat with a reverent gesture, and, after making the Sign of the Cross, remained for some time in silent prayer.

"The dog," he said, "is Glück, who lives at the monastery out yonder. The good God showed him the lad in this cave, when we, forsooth, should have looked for him in vain. I know that every day Glück is sent from the monastery, laden with food and drink, to a poor widow living up near the ravine. As her portion is not always

the same from day to day, but depends on what they can spare from the store set apart for almsgiving, she would not notice the diminished bread and milk."

There was silence among us for a moment, then Augustin spoke.

"We must ford the torrent," he said; "the bridge was carried off by last year's avalanche; but with six of us and the dogs it will be easy work."

Twilight was falling, and already the stars of Christmas Eve climbed the frosty heavens and appeared above the snowy, far-off peaks. Filled with gratitude and wonder at the strange events of the day, we betook ourselves to the ford, and by the help of ropes and sticks our whole party landed safely on the valley's side. Another half-hour brought us into the warm glow of the monks' refectory fire, where, while supper was prepared, the worthy Brothers listened to a tale at least as marvellous as any legend in their ecclesiastical repertory.

In Memory.

THE REV. JOHN BAPST, S. J.

BY ANGELIQUE DE LANDE.

THEY told me he was dead, that man of men,
Whose reverend form and face
Were graven on my heart by memory's pen,
The years could not efface.

And I—I could not grieve: my tears were blent
With recollections sweet,
While I recalled the happy moments spent
A learner at his feet.

Reared in a cold, half-hearted, joyless creed,
My soul unsatisfied,
I came to him, and told him all my need,
And would not be denied.

Doubt and despair crouched powerless at his
feet,
And dormant faith awoke,
And hope and love drew near, with footsteps
fleet,
At the first words he spoke,—

Sublimely simple, like his Master's own,
 Yet with rare wisdom fraught.
 Who could resist the magic of his tone,
 Or spurn the faith he taught?

When every other door was closed in wrath,
 When Friendship's self grew cold,
 He led me up the rugged mountain path
 Into the sheltered fold.

The pastor's love of souls, the martyr's zeal,
 The father's counsels kind,
 The impartial judge, from whom was no appeal—
 All were in him combined.

Oh! I have seen a halo round his face
 Like that the saints do wear,
 And in my soul have felt an added grace
 At his prevailing prayer.

Even *now* I see his form and features mild
 Framed in the college door,
 His smiling welcome, "Here's my little child,"
 I seem to hear once more.

"Great priest of God! confessor of the faith!"
 Thy night is overpast!
 We may not grieve, for thou hast conquered
 death,
 And entered heaven at last.

But for thy little ones still left below,
 These children of thy care
 Who walk life's ways with weary step and
 slow,
 Oh! lift thy hands in prayer.

For thy great heart, that beat so warmly here,
 More warmly beats above,
 And holds communion with thy children dear
 In an undying love.

Our Aid in Every Need.

A FERVENT client of Our Lady of Perpetual Help has sent us the following simple narrative, hoping that its publication may have the effect of quickening and spreading devotion to the Blessed Virgin under this sweet title. No doubt a shrinking from publicity deters many from relating similar experiences of the powerful patron-

age of Her who is so justly called the Help of Christians:

Some years ago there resided in one of our Western cities a young married man with fair prospects in life, enjoying good health, and possessed of a virtuous wife and several dutiful children. He was an artisan of more than ordinary skill, and stood high in the estimation of his employers. A fairly good Christian, he attended church regularly, but there were no special devotions practised in the family; and the sublime maxim, "Seek ye therefore first the kingdom of God and His justice," was forgotten at times in the struggle for greater success in life.

Suddenly, like a dark cloud, adversity came upon the happy household, and so great was the humiliation of being in reduced circumstances, that the husband left home to seek employment where he was not known. But his search was fruitless, and after some time, having gradually expended the savings of other days in travelling from place to place, he became a veritable tramp. Night and day he was constantly the prey of the harrowing reflection, "This greater affliction has come upon me through my own fault."

More than a year had gone by, and the prospects of his being again happily united to his family were faint indeed. In this sad condition he was seized with an inspiration to pray for help to the Mother of Grace. Remembering the words of St. Bernard, that none ever had recourse to Her in vain, he began the recitation of the Litany of Loreto, praying that he might be united to his family, and promising henceforth to be a faithful member of the Church.

The influence of the Blessed Mother with Her divine Son is equalled only by Her desire to help those who pray to Her. Soon the petitioner obtained a most desirable situation—one that enabled him shortly afterward to send for his family; and in a few years he not only regained what he had lost; but added to it a hundredfold, so that to-day he is a prosperous man, the owner of a fine homestead. He

has been blessed also in his children, who, though grown to maturity, still keep up the salutary custom in which they were trained, of daily asking the divine blessing through the intercession of the Virgin Mother.

A Singular Grace.

THE following account of an extraordinary conversion is furnished by a priest, who can vouch for its truth, he being a grandson of the lady so singularly favored:

One day, early in the present century, a Protestant lady not long resident in Montreal was in an upper room of her house, in company with her maid servant, who was engaged in some domestic labor. While they were thus occupied the faint, sweet tinkle of a bell was heard in the street below, and Mrs. M—, going towards the window to look out, saw a priest in *soutane* and surplice, preceded by two boys—one bearing a lighted candle, the other ringing a little bell. The *cortege* was followed by a few very devout-looking persons.

The lady turned to ask her maid the meaning of what she saw, but the latter had fallen on her knees, her head bowed in prayer. Turning once more to the window, Mrs. M— found that she could not see distinctly. Everything was enveloped in a haze, which soon became total darkness. On rising from her knees, the maid explained that she had knelt to do homage to Our Lord, who, in the Blessed Sacrament, was being carried to some sick person in the neighborhood.

Debarred from her usual pursuits by the fearful calamity which had so suddenly befallen her, Mrs. M— pondered much over the occurrences of that morning, and we may be sure often spoke on the subject to her pious Irish maid. Before long the light of faith penetrated her soul, and she asked admission to the Catholic Church. Shortly after her baptism her sight was restored to her, and she lived to bring up her family in that religion to which she was ever after a devoted adherent.

Catholic Notes.

In closing another volume of our little magazine, we take occasion to present our cordial thanks to all who have in any way promoted its circulation, or contributed to its success. The Blessed Virgin will know how to reward them, and in Her sweet name we venture to ask a continuance of the patronage so generously bestowed. We promise to do all in our power to deserve it, and to render THE "AVE MARIA" more worthy of its grand object. The prospects for the New Year are very bright. May it be a prosperous and peaceful one, rich in merits and blessings to all. Not in the language of mere compliment, but in the spirit of faith, we wish our readers and friends

A HAPPY NEW YEAR!

The Rt. Rev. Mgr. Navarre, of the Congregation of the Sacred Heart, Vicar-Apostolic of Melanesia, and Administrator of Micronesia, who was lately elevated to the episcopal dignity, was the first missionary to penetrate into the wilds of New Guinea. The principal port of this distant land is called Port Leo, in honor of the Holy Father, who established the Vicariate in 1884. A large river not marked on the maps, which was discovered by Mgr. Navarre, is named after St. Joseph. Some of the islands comprised in the Vicariate of Melanesia were evangelized many years ago by the Marist Fathers and priests of the Congregation of the Milan Seminary, most of whom fell victims to their zeal.

The bishops appointed to solicit subscriptions for the new American Catholic University have addressed a circular to the clergy of the United States, calling upon them for aid in this meritorious work. The prelates state that they intend to visit, during the months of January and February, a few of the larger cities; more than this their pressing home occupations will not allow them to do. They, therefore, rely upon the reverend clergy, and ask them to petition, in their several districts, subscriptions to the fund. "The design is not to take the pennies of the poor, whose means are sufficiently drawn upon for local charities; it is rather to appeal personally to men who may be accounted comparatively wealthy, many of whom, no doubt, will be glad to find

the opportunity to take part in this great work of religion." Furthermore, they ask, in a special manner, contributions from priests themselves. "Who so much as they understand the benefits to follow from the Department of Divinity in the University, to the chairs of which will be called the ablest professors in America and Europe? And who are to be accounted so willing as they to make sacrifices in aid of religion?" The sums contributed may be sent to any one of the Rt. Rev. committee—Bishops Ireland, Keane, and Spalding. A receipt will be forwarded immediately. After the next meeting of the directors a more formal receipt, or diploma, will be sent, signed by his Eminence Cardinal Gibbons, President of the Board, and the Rt. Rev. J. J. Keane, rector of the University. Names of all contributors, furthermore, will be duly inscribed in the book of subscriptions, which has already been opened, and which will be preserved for all future time in the archives of the University as a memorial of the piety and generosity of Catholics in our own times.

Here is a little romance—in real life. Forty-four years ago the pagan Druses were besieging a little Catholic Maronite town in Syria, and threatening the inhabitants with extermination. Despair was almost driving the hard-pressed Maronites to abandon their defence, when a Christian woman appeared on the ramparts, and, holding aloft her little grandchild of two years old, cried aloud: "As long as there is one baptized within the walls, we will never surrender!" Strange to say, the sight and words of the woman produced such an effect on the superstitious Arab mind, that the savage besiegers quietly withdrew, and the little town was saved. Two years ago Leo XIII. erected a new see in Syria, that of Paneas, anciently Cæsarea Philippi. The actual Bishop of the new see, Mgr. Jeraigiry, is the very child who was so marvellously the cause of the saving of the Maronite town. He had been educated for the priesthood in France.—*Catholic Standard*.

There is an association of women at Paris who are engaged in a work that deserves to be widely known throughout the Christian world. The society is called the *Œuvre des Partants*, and the members furnish the outfit and pay the travelling expenses of the young

missionaries going from the Missions Étrangères every year. It costs, on an average, 2,000 francs to provide a missionary with outfit and travelling chapel, and land him on the scene of his apostolic labors. Last year twenty-five were sent off at the expense of this admirable society. The annual report of the work recently published is full of the most touching proofs of that faith and piety which still entitle France to claim the proud and blessed title of Eldest Daughter of the Church. The Director of the Missions Étrangères constantly receives anonymous gifts from poor servant-girls, begging to be remembered in the prayers of the missionaries. One letter, written in wonderful spelling, accompanied a pair of socks. The writer said: "I implore the missionary who will receive these socks to remember a poor servant-girl who knitted them with great joy, thinking they would cover the feet of an apostle of the Gospel." Another poor woman presents anonymously her little store of silver spoons and forks to be melted down for a chalice, and begs that a prayer will be said for her only son, who "is wandering away very far from God."

The death of the Rev. John J. Riordan, for several years pastor of the mission at Castle Garden, New York city, is widely mourned. He passed away on the morning of December 15th, after receiving the last Sacraments at the hands of Archbishop Corrigan. Father Riordan's work is so well known to our readers that it will not be necessary for us to do more than briefly allude to it. While serving as assistant pastor at St. Peter's, New York, his duties frequently brought him into contact with the immigrants from Europe, who arrived almost daily in large numbers at Castle Garden. To the spiritual welfare of these often friendless and homeless people he resolved to devote his life. Having obtained Cardinal McCloskey's sanction, he left St. Peter's, and began to establish at Castle Garden a Catholic Bureau, where advice and protection could be accorded to those immigrants who stood in need of them, irrespective of creed or nationality. The mission, which was known as that of Our Lady of the Rosary, was last year erected into a church, a new parish being created, and Father Riordan placed in charge. Besides his work at Castle Garden, Father Riordan also interested himself in the colonization of Cath-

olics in the West, and helped to establish in comfortable homes thousands of able-bodied and industrious Catholic citizens. Truly his memorial will abide for many generations. May he rest in peace!

A month ago a new church was consecrated at Svendborg, on the Island of Fünen, in Denmark. Mgr. von Euch, Prefect-Apostolic, assisted by five priests, performed the ceremony. So tiny is the Catholic body in Denmark—barely 4,000 in number—that the event was one of great importance. The altar-piece is a fine copy of the Sistine Madonna, of the same size as the original in Dresden.—the gift of Count Moltke-Hoidtfeldt, the Danish Minister in Paris, who was converted to the Catholic Church during the past year. This remarkable conversion, and many other cheering signs, seem already to promise a “second spring” for the Church in this once intensely Catholic land. It was only three and a half centuries ago, in 1536, that all the Danish bishops were cast into prison on one and the same day, and the Church suppressed throughout the land. The penal laws against the Church were not repealed till 1849. At the present day the growth of religious toleration is quite astonishing. The Danish press, on the whole, is extremely fair, and often sympathetic. At the consecration above alluded to, the majority of the town council were present, and the admirable discourse of Mgr. Euch, who dedicated the new church to the national saints—St. Canute, the King, and his son, Blessed Charles the Good,—produced an excellent impression.—*London Tablet.*

The death, on the 17th of November, of the venerable Mgr. André Ræss, Bishop of Strasburg, marked the close of a life memorable in the history of the Church by reason of its length of days and great merits. The deceased prelate was in the ninety-fourth year of his age, and the forty-seventh of his episcopate. The period of his lifetime was characterized by great political and religious movements, which called into active and fruitful exercise the many noble powers of mind and heart with which he was gifted. He saw the light at the very crisis of the great French Revolution, when the profession of Christianity was as great a crime in the eye of the State as it was in the time of Diocletian. He was baptized in

secret by a priest who had found shelter with his father as a farm hand. His seminary life, passed under the direction of the Venerable M. Liebermann, gave indications of the zeal and devotion which marked his character, and which were to prove such efficient factors in the fulfilment of the great and arduous duties of the offices that awaited him. It happened, during the time of his preparation for the priesthood, that an epidemic broke out in the garrison of French soldiers in his city. The youthful levite at once ventured, with several of his brave companions, to nurse the sick and dying. He almost fell a victim to his devotedness, being himself attacked by the plague, and for weeks he lingered between life and death. After his ordination, in 1827, he became professor in the seminary, and afterwards its director. In the fulfilment of the duties of his office he gave frequent proofs of his high literary and polemic abilities, and met with marked success in the training of youthful minds, and in defending the grand truths of the Christian religion. In 1840 he was consecrated coadjutor Bishop of Strasburg, to which see he succeeded two years later, and continued to direct it until he was relieved of his charge in his ninetieth year. The last few years of his life were passed in much suffering, but it was borne with characteristic patience and fortitude; and when the angel of death came to summon him before his Lord, he was prepared and ready to obey the call.
R. I. P.

This being the season of gift-making, we suggest that a subscription to some Catholic periodical would be an appropriate present for relatives and friends, absent or near. Besides the good it would be likely to effect, it would be a reminder throughout the entire year of the thoughtful kindness of the sender. There are not a few persons who order THE “AVE MARIA” to be sent as a New-Year gift to friends and relatives in different parts of the United States; and the number of foreign subscriptions which are paid in this country shows that a subscription to a Catholic periodical has been found an acceptable gift.

The index, with title-page, of our concluding volume will be ready next week. It will be sent free as heretofore, but only to those who order it.

 Obituary.

"It is a holy and wholesome thought to pray for the dead."

— 2 MACH., xii., 46.

The following persons, lately deceased, are commended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

The Rev. Dr. Hallinan, an able and worthy priest of the Diocese of Little Rock, who breathed his last on the 12th inst.

Sisters Mary of St. Gaudentia and Mary Jane of the Angels, of the Sisters of Holy Cross, who lately passed to their reward.

Sister Helena (Flynn), Visitandine, who yielded her pure soul to God on the 17th inst., at W. Washington, D. C.

Sister Mary Clare, of the Convent of Poor Clares, Newry, Ireland, whose precious death took place a few months ago.

Sister Mary of St. Vincent, who departed this life on the 2d inst., at the Convent of Notre Dame, Worcester, Mass.

Mrs. M. M. Phelan, whose fervent Christian life was crowned with a saintlike death, at St. Mary's Academy, Notre Dame, Ind., on the 10th inst.

C. Sherman Kendall, of Bayou City, La., whose happy death occurred on the 1st ult. He was a young man of great promise, and his early death is deeply mourned.

Mrs. Maud H. Harris, who died suddenly on the 13th inst., at Williamsburgh, Iowa.

Miss Rose Dissette, of Buffalo, N. Y., whose exemplary Christian life closed with a happy death on the 3d inst.

Mr. Denis Shea, who met with a sudden death in Boston on the 7th ult. He was a man of blameless life, and is mourned by a large circle of friends.

Miss Jane F. Brothers, a young lady of rare talent and virtue, who passed away in New Haven, Conn., on the Feast of the Presentation.

Mr. Thomas S. Kelly, an old friend of THE "AVE MARIA" in Mobile, Ala., where he was highly respected. His death was the fitting close of a well-spent life.

Miss Stephanie Langellier, a devout client of Our Lady, who was called to a better world on the 26th ult., at Versailles, Conn.

Francis Kirk, of Glasgow, Scotland; Mrs Daniel Haveland, Carroll, Iowa; Edward Cummings, Philadelphia, Pa.; Miss Sarah Hennessy, Oswego, N. Y.; James Ryan, Newburyport, Mass.; Mark J. McGrath, Chicago, Ill.; Mr. Martin Cleary, Philadelphia, Pa.; Mr. John P. Hammell, of the same city; Timothy Ryan, Baltimore, Md.; Mrs. Sarah Herbert, Michael and Edward McAlester, Washington, D. C.; Patrick Burns, Brooklyn, N. Y.; and Mary Loftus, North Adams, Mass.

May their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace!


 The Hair-Bracelet.

 A NEW-YEAR STORY.

I.

It was the brightest, sunniest of New-Year days. Mrs. Hofer sat at her parlor window admiring the aspect of nature, and moralizing on the opening year. Suddenly a gentle tap at the door roused her from her serious but pleasing cogitations.

"Excuse me for disturbing you, madam," said a trembling and tearful voice; "I have come to tell you that I must leave Bloomsbury with as little delay as possible." And Gretchen, the lady's favorite and confidential maid, sobbed aloud, and buried her face in her hands.

"Leave Bloomsbury! What on earth has happened? Has anything occurred to pain you?" inquired Mrs. Hofer, motioning the girl to a seat beside her.

"My dear mistress," said Gretchen, trying to suppress her tears, "several times during the year I have noticed that whenever any articles—ribbons, lace, or jewelry—were missing from your daughters' dressing-room, Miss Wilhelmina seemed to think that I knew more about them than I ought—and even—even—"

"Pure imagination!" cried Mrs. Hofer, interrupting the girl. "You know, dear, you are naturally sensitive; and as your position with me is somewhat inferior to the one you would hold had your worthy parents lived, it makes you suspect the girls of ideas they could never entertain. May it not be so?"

Gretchen shook her head. "When I tell you, madam, that Miss Wilhelmina accuses me of taking her costly hair-bracelet, and orders me not to enter her room again, you will agree with me that it is not mere sensitiveness on my part."

"Did Wilhelmina presume to be so uncharitable as that? Please tell Barbara to send the girls to me at once. Now dry your tears, child, and go and pray to Our Lady of Good Counsel for yourself and for me."

As Gretchen withdrew, Mrs. Hofer soliloquized: "The idea! To think that a child of mine should be so heartless—ah! here you are!" as the two girls, rather shyly, peeped into the room, as though a little doubtful concerning the reason for this unusual summons. "Come in, children, and let me know immediately what has happened that my good and faithful Gretchen is not only in tears, but has made up her mind to leave the house."

"Why, mother, she has stolen my lovely hair-bracelet, and—"

"Stolen! *stolen!*" echoed Mrs. Hofer, with emphatic astonishment; "is it possible, Wilhelmina, that I hear aright? It was not at the convent you learned to speak thus of your neighbor. Besides, Gretchen's character places her above suspicion; she has lived with us from childhood, and is scrupulously honest. Why do you dare even to think such a thing?"

"Well, mamma," replied Wilhelmina, "when I returned from Laura Bruner's *soirée* last night, I laid the bracelet carefully on the toilet-table, and when I went to put away my things this morning it was missing."

"Did you search carefully in the drawers, on the carpet—"

"Yes, everywhere, mamma; and Gertie looked with me."

"There *is* a mystery about it," said Gertrude; "but I am sure our little Gretchen knows nothing about the trinket. What could *she* want with a hair-bracelet, Wilhelmina?"

"The large diamond in the clasp is surrounded by precious pearls; it could be disposed of for a large sum—"

"Let me hear no more of these unworthy suspicions," said Mrs. Hofer. "My astonishment at this grave accusation is equalled only by your boldness in forbidding her to enter your room before consulting me."

"Did you not allow us to have Gretchen for our waiting-maid?" inquired the proud Wilhelmina, little abashed by her mother's firm and serious tone.

"On the whole I admit that I *am* the one to blame," said the good lady, "for allowing matters to come to this pass. Gretchen Förster is not wholly dependent on wages. She came to live with us at the dying request of her widowed mother, and has acted with grateful affection and devotion in aiding me to bring up my children, so that I have been blind to her gradual descent into a position which she does not deserve, and which neither I nor your father ever intended she should occupy."

"Well, mamma, why did Gretchen blush so when I accused her?"

"Because she is innocent, and was altogether shocked. In future you will be your own waiting maids. If Gretchen insists upon leaving us (and I can not blame her if she does), she shall be placed in the position which her intelligence and refinement render her capable of adorning."

Mrs. Hofer motioned her daughters to withdraw. Wilhelmina stepped defiantly out of the room, while Gertrude went to console their life-long friend, Gretchen.

II.

Two weeks later Mrs. Hofer's mother visited Bloomsbury, and, after exchanging the customary salutations with her daughter, she expressed great surprise at having just seen Gretchen at the Convent of Notre Dame. "There she was," she observed, "seated at an embroidery frame, bringing out a gorgeous pattern on a rich damask chasuble. When I spoke to her she seemed somewhat embarrassed, and while I was selecting altar-linen for the chapel on the railroad, she took the opportunity to leave the hall, as if wishing to avoid an interview."

"Gretchen is a pupil there," explained Mrs. Hofer. "She always wanted to learn fancy needlework, but something generally broke off our plans. You know, mother, how devoted she has been to me ever since the girls went to the Academy." And the lady

related the unpleasant episode that had recently led to their separation. "Gretchen has a little sum of her own, which has been accumulating interest; and Colonel Hofer thought it but right to put \$2,000 more for her in trust, considering the valuable assistance she had rendered us. My daughters were getting to look upon her generous care as their due, and Gretchen was too amiable to allude to Wilhelmina's imperious manner. The latter is losing the good dispositions she brought from the convent, I am sorry to say."

The girls now entered the drawing-room, and affectionately saluted their kind and indulgent grandmother, who inquired very particularly after their health and their occupations and amusements.

"I have received a parcel of new and interesting books," said Mrs. Laner; "and if you will ride over to Willowbank with me, you may take your choice of them."

"Thanks, dear grandma—a thousand thanks!" exclaimed Gertrude; "perhaps I may find some that will interest my poor invalids." And she ran up-stairs for her hat and shawl.

Wilhelmina remarked: "I have some music to practise, so I will not go; but thank you, grandma." And she took the old lady's hand caressingly.

"Very well," responded Mrs. Laner. "But now, dear, your mamma has been telling me about the loss of your hair-bracelet, and I think you have been hasty in the opinion you formed of the matter. I read recently that in Pittsburg a score of overcoats were missed from the corridor of a boarding-house; and a servant was suspected, and was just about to be arrested when a gentleman noticed a large Newfoundland dog walking away with a hat, which he held by the rim. Softly following the sly creature, he traced him to a hole in the floor of the stable, where he found all the stray overcoats piled up for a soft bed."

"Really, that is quite enlightening!" rejoined Wilhelmina, sarcastically.

"When I was at school at Torresdale," said Mrs. Hofer, "I remember that the

laundress told me that she had missed several very fine pieces of cambric, and was tempted to suspect the daughter of a woman who often came to help them with the washing and ironing. To her great surprise she saw one day an old cat-bird—that had built her nest year after year in an immense linden-tree overshadowing the grassplot used by the laundresses—fly down and catch up an embroidered collar that was laid out to bleach, and carry it away in triumph. Then a workman climbed the tree, and found the new-made nest, along with two or three old ones, well lined with the costly fabric."

"We should be very careful to guard against forming rash or unfavorable judgments," observed Mrs. Laner.

Just then Gertrude entered, saying, "Grandma, I see the postman coming; will you please wait a moment for the mail?"

"Certainly, dear; but why so anxious, may I ask?"

"I am expecting an invitation to the retreat at the convent, and I wish to know when it begins."

"And Wilhelmina?" inquired Mrs. Laner, sweetly.

"Oh!" said that young lady, "I had enough of those ascetical practices at school to do me for a lifetime!"

The servant entered with letters, papers, and magazines, a bundle of which fell to Wilhelmina's share; she pettishly laid aside a tiny box with her address, and tore open an envelope, saying, "Ah! this is from Laura Bruner. It must be an invitation to her mother's garden party." And in her glee she read aloud:

"MY DEAR MISS HOFER:—You must have been very anxious about the lovely bracelet you dropped here the other evening. It would have been forwarded to you long ago, but, seeing the monogram 'W. H.' on the inside of the clasp, we sent it to Winnie Harper, who tells us that she saw you remove it before playing that waltz of Mendelssohn's. As she lives so far away, it has taken time to get it back and send it to you. Hoping you are well, and with kindest regards to your parents and sister,

"Ever yours,
"LAURA BRUNER."

Wilhelmina dropped the note in her lap, conscious by the silence of the three ladies that she was a subject of triumph to them. It had taken her several minutes to read it, so great was her embarrassment. At last she said: "I remember the whole occurrence now!"

"*Now!*" exclaimed her mother. "Alas that it is so late, my child!"

"Reparation must be made at once," interposed Mrs. Laner; "and, since my carriage is at the door, we will go to the convent, and do all we can to remove the impression of this unfortunate accusation."

Mrs Hofer gladly consented, and they were soon driving out of the grounds, to explain to Miss Förster how and when the missing jewel had come to light, and to express their great distress that she had suffered so unjustly.

III.

Several years elapsed, and brought many changes in the Hofer household. The two daughters of Colonel Hofer had often been warned at the convent boarding-school of the abuse that young persons may make of their accomplishments, after spending much time in acquiring them. Wilhelmina seemed to forget the kind words of her zealous and faithful teachers, and took lessons in music and art only to excite admiration and lead in society. Her medal of the Sodality, and the obligations it implied, were wholly neglected, and she fulfilled, half-heartedly, only the essential duties of Christian piety.

While her sister taught Sunday-school, Wilhelmina occupied a lounge, reading the latest novels. Gertrude would hear an early Mass, and then lend her voice to assist some poor church choir during High Mass, or play on an organ for which a musician could not be paid. She had her private list of poor and invalids, besides contributing to the needy of her own parish; and her good works were performed in such a hidden, silent way, that only those who had a right to know her comings and goings were aware of all the good she was doing.

The admired Wilhelmina gave her hand

in marriage to Major Kessler, and her worldliness had an occasion of display in an ultra-fashionable wedding, with expensive costumes, and high-priced gifts to her bride-maids. Her parents fondly hoped that this important step would lead their daughter to serious reflection, and that an approach to the Sacraments would rekindle piety. But, alas—!

Soon after their marriage, Major Kessler was summoned to the frontier to lead a battalion against some rebellious Indians; and his gay wife spent all her time in a round of amusements, until a heavy cold obliged her to desist, and finally call in the physician. Much to her regret she was unable to assist at the wedding festivities of Gertrude, whose hand was bestowed upon a wealthy banker, famed for his benevolence, who allowed her to follow her inclinations in spending for the orphan asylum the large sums that are too often wasted on milliners, costumers, and caterers.

Mrs. Kessler's physician advised her to try the air of Florida. A hectic fever now displayed its sinister redness on the blanched cheek of the fair young invalid. A professional nurse was engaged, and the patient set out for Florida immediately after Christmas. But, alas! at St. Louis the symptoms of hasty consumption were so unmistakable that she was forced to remain there. The doctor kindly requested some Sisters of Charity to wait on the sick woman, who seemed not to appreciate fully her dangerous condition. These devoted messengers of Heaven soon found it necessary to arouse their charge from her delusive expectations of recovery, and prepare her to meet death with the sentiments of a fervent penitent.

Sister Mary Claude suggested her seeing a confessor, but Wilhelmina wished first to know the opinion of her medical advisers. After a short consultation, they assured her that, at most, she had only a few days to live, and even this might be uncertain. Then the sick woman suddenly realized the follies of her past life, and, with the aid of the Sister, prepared for her general confes-

sion and the reception of the last solemn rites of the Church. Telegrams were sent to her husband and to her venerable mother, and many Masses were celebrated at her request, "to atone for the past," she said, "and gain strength for the final combat." Sister Claude rarely left her side, as the invalid now felt more confidence in her prayerful attentions than in any that seculars, however skillful, could bestow. One evening—it was the first day of the New Year—she said:

"Sister, I wish to dispose of some articles of jewelry that I have with me; will you kindly address the parcels for me? Mrs. Braun will give you the key, and show you the casket; will you not?" she added, with a kind look at her nurse.

The casket was brought out, and Mrs. Kessler's wasted fingers laid out gem after gem, seeming to be on the search for some article of greater value than the rest. At last she took up an enamelled box, and, carefully opening it, drew forth a hair-bracelet, beautifully and artistically woven. "This," she said, "I wish to address to Miss Gretchen Förster, of—why, Sister, what ails you? Bring some water, Mrs. Braun; Sister is ill."

"No, dear madam—it is past—I am Gretchen Förster."

"You!" said the dying woman, in unaffected surprise—"are you really Gretchen, the friend of my childhood, whom I so cruelly wronged?"

"Yes, dear lady, I am the happy, fortunate Gretchen. The painful incident to which you allude was, under God's wise providence, the means of developing and securing my vocation, which I prize above all the treasures of this world. How happy I have been in rendering you my feeble services I can not find words to tell."

"Then, as I know you are too good to retain any ill-will for my heartless conduct, I may die in peace," said Mrs. Kessler. She pressed the yielding hand of the Sister, then continued: "And this bracelet—"

"Shall, if you agree," replied Sister Claude, "be offered as an *ex-voto* to the

shrine of our Blessed Mother, who has answered our prayers in inspiring you to realize your danger of dying unreconciled to the Church."

"With all my heart, dearest and best of friends. And you are really my own—our own Gretchen? I did not know you in that garb."

"And I did not recognize you at first; I had never heard of your marriage, and your sickness had changed you very much." Then, opening a tiny parcel, she went on: "Now I must ask one more favor from you. Here I have your medal of Child of Mary and a Scapular sent by your loving mother to the 'Sister in charge.' I want you to let me put them around your neck."

With faltering voice Wilhelmina replied: "Of course—dear Gretchen—too happy—let me die with these pledges of Mary's love. This is indeed a happy New Year's Day."

That very evening the invalid passed away while Sister Claude was saying her Rosary. Her jewelled bracelet gleams from the neck of Our Lady's statue in the convent chapel.

A Golden "Hail Mary."

Permit me to make a simple suggestion which may become to some, perhaps, of permanent value for eternity. Those who have not only received Catholic baptism, but have also been trained up in the faith have daily said more or less often the "Hail Mary." But as a gold coin is of more value than a handful of coppers, so is one prayer said with piety and devotion worth more than a great number said in a careless and distracted manner. My request, then, is that you should in future say daily, beside your usual prayers, one golden "Hail Mary"—slowly, fervently, with great confidence, and a sincere love of our Blessed Mother. This you will find of great benefit to you now and at the hour of your death. You may easily imagine how willingly our Blessed Lady will implore of Her divine Son a favorable judgment for those who have been devout to Her, and how joyfully She will welcome them to the regions of eternal bliss.—*Alban Stolz*, "Little Crusader."

Ave Maria.

By A. E. TOZER.

p Andante moderato e tranquillo. *Cres.....*

A - ve, Ma - ri - a, A - ve, Ma - ri - a, gra - ti - a ple - na; Do - mi - nus te - cum: benedic - ta

p *Cres.....*

f *mf*

tu in mu - li - e - ribus, et be - ne - dic - tus fruc - tus ven - tris tu i Je - - sus. A - ve, Ma -

f *Dim* *colla voce* *mf*

Ritard. *Tempo*

ri - a. A - ve, Ma - ri - a. Do - mi - nus te - cum: be - ne - dic - ta tu in mu - li - e - ri - bus, et be - ne -

Rit. *Tempo*

p con espress

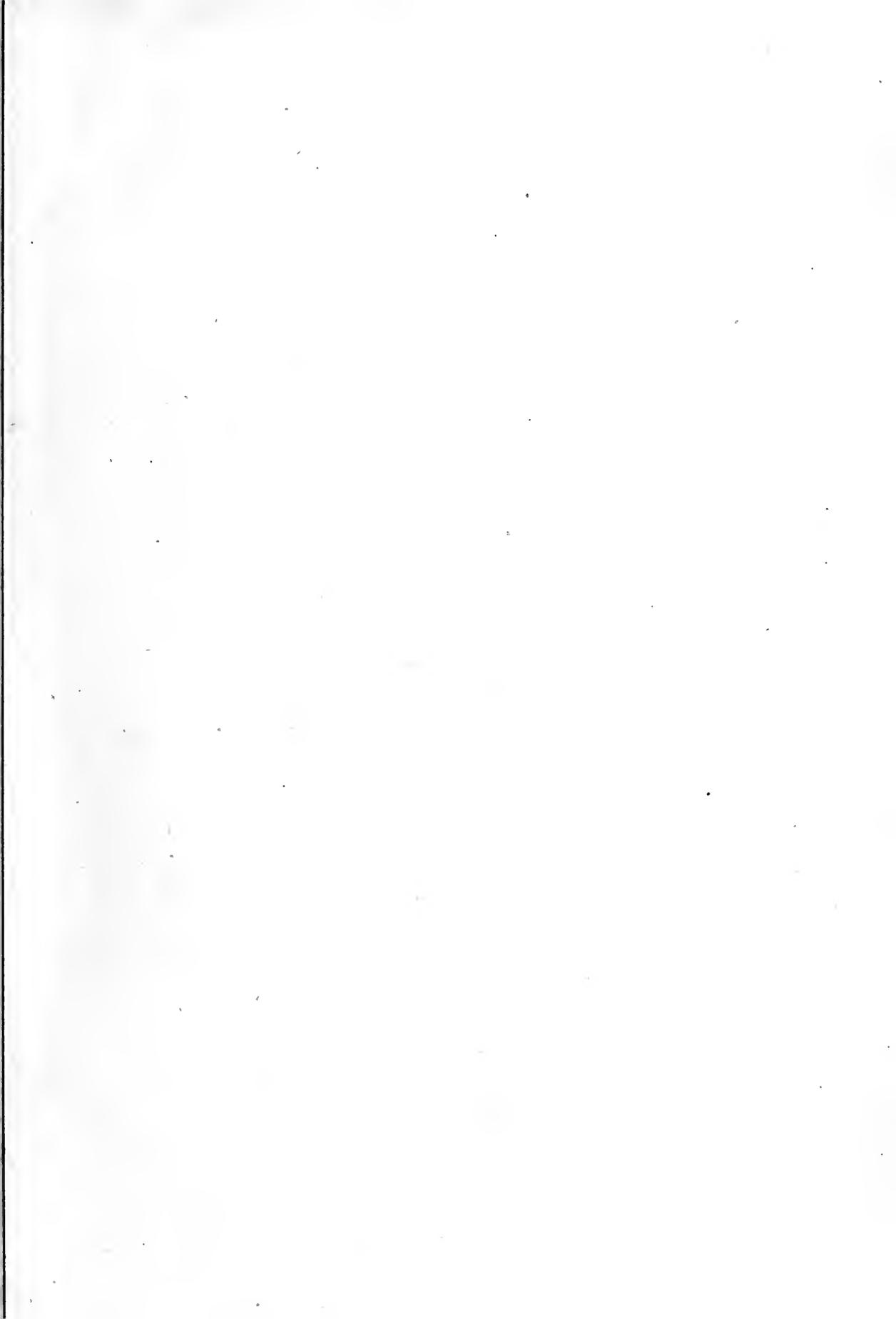
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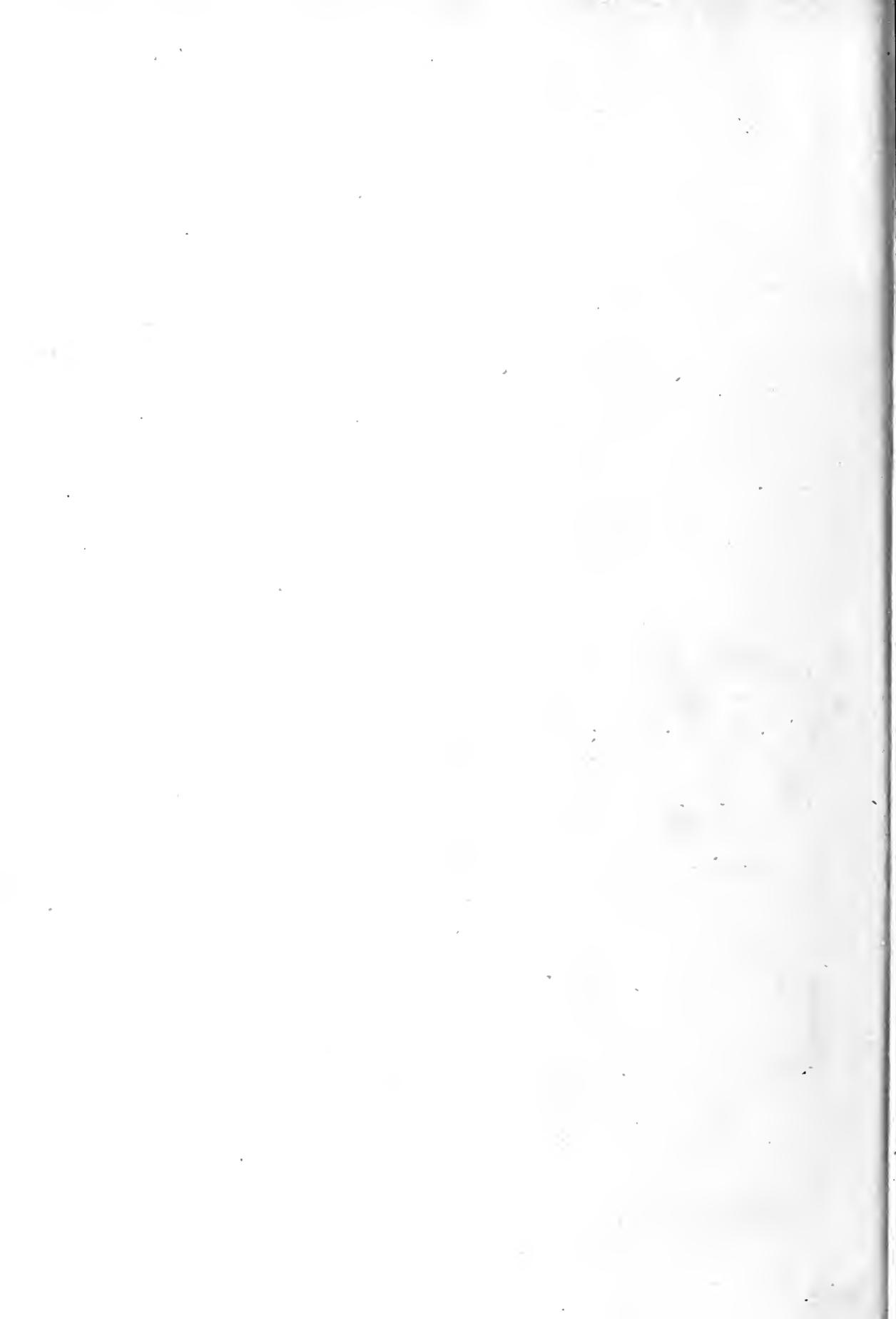
Ped

pp e molto rit.

ri - a, A - ve Ma - ri - - a, gra - ti - a ple - na; Do - mi - nus te - cum. A - ve, Ave, Ma - ri - - a.

pp colla voce.









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Ave Maria.

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