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“AVE MARIA, GRATIA PLENA.”



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Amongst Women Blessed.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

DARK was the world, the hours with death
were shod;

No hope!—tho' roses bloomed beneath the sky;
No joy!—tho' brimming cups were lifted high;
The slaves that brought them writhed beneath a
rod

That threatened death; and at a Cæsar's nod
Vice virtue was, and holy truths were lies;
When women grow unholy all hope dies,
And there is left naught but the power of God:

Aspasia, Cleopatra, these thy love,
O ancient world! how wretched was thy fate!
Mercy and pity, purity were dead,
And all sweet acts that these are motives of.
Men looked to God and cried, "Too late! too
late!"

Then came the Virgin, angel-heralded.

My Pilgrimage to Genazzano.

BY CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

I.

THE Augustinian Abbot at San Carlo
al Corso in Rome had most kindly
provided me with a few lines to
the Abbot of the Augustinian Hermitage at
Genazzano. The very friendly director of the
Albergo Alamagne in the Via Condotti had
assured me that I would be called at a season-
able hour; and so, to make sure of a rest, I
hastened to a kind of prophet-chamber upon
the roofs among the tiles that overhang the

Piazza di Spagna, and scarcely closed my eyes
the whole night through. I was afraid the
porter might forget me; I was afraid I might
oversleep myself, or miscount the slow strokes
of the bells that struck the quarter hours in
the campanile of the Trinita di Monte at the
top of the Spanish steps; I was afraid it might
storm, and so prevent my reaching the shrine
of la Madre Nostra del Buon Consiglio. How
can one hope to sleep upon the eve of a little
pilgrimage which he has been looking forward
to, lo! these many years?

The bells chimed more and more faintly as
the night progressed; the noisy rattle of the
wheels died away on the pavements far below
me; a few large stars looked calmly and stead-
ily through my uncurtained window, as if to
assure me that the heavens were propitious.
And then there came a sharp rap at my door;
for, behold, it was time for me to arise, and
gird up my loins and set forth for one of
the sweetest and the prettiest and the most
secluded of the holy places of Italy.

How dark it was! I had to feel my way
down the long winding stairs to the street,
and awaken the porter, who had already fallen
asleep in his cot by the door—since he had
called me and set his mind at rest. The street
was like a tunnel. Alas! in these degenerate
days not many votive lamps shed their hope-
ful ray upon the dusty shrines of the past.
There was no coffee, no roll, to be had so early.
There was little prospect of securing a *vettu-
rino*, for the carriage-stands were not yet
occupied. Evidently I had begun my pilgrim-
age, and had begun it alone and in the dark.

It was a long walk to the stati
feared I might miss my train; but I struck

out bravely, for I know the streets of that dear old city—even in their new guise—as well as I know the streets of any city under the sun or the stars. Presently I took heart; for in the distance I saw a dim light moving aimlessly hither and yon—like a Will-o'-the-wisp,—and I thought it might be some half-awakened cab-man with his half-awakened horse. Such it proved to be in very truth; and as soon as I had fished him out of the distance and the dark, we all jogged merrily on toward the station, where, of course, we arrived an age too soon.

Still no coffee and no roll! Only a gathering throng of sleepy folk, that clustered about the shut windows of the ticket-office in silent resignation. The train I was to take was the train for Naples. It was to pass the lovely fields that grow more lovely as they ripen in the southern sun; it was to pause for a moment under the shadow of Monte Cassino; it was to thread a hundred hamlets of the highest historical renown, and at last come to a breathless halt beside the shore of the Vesuvian Sea. All this I thought of as I waited patiently in the dull station until my turn came and I was able to purchase a ticket for Valmontone.

It is saying enough for Valmontone when one says that it is not much; but let it be borne in mind that in Italy even the desert is something—something out of the ordinary; something worth casting one's eye upon with kindly interest. If Valmontone is not much, the way thither is considerable. It is a good two-hour ride to begin with—and the sun rises somewhere along the route; and it lies in a country that is fruitful and flowerful and birdful and beautiful. This land was the ancient Latium. It lies between the Tiber and the Volscian mountains. It was the Elysian fields of the gods and goddesses of mythology. Their temples crowned every height; their legends haunted every hollow. The *Floralia* was celebrated there, upon the very rock where Genazzano now sits securely. The Sabine Flora was chiefly honored in that locality.

As I journey thither the dawn breaks. In the first glimmer of day I skirt the solemn Campagna; it is solemn; even the full-throated larks can not lighten its sad spaces, its sadder people, its saddest pictures of decay—those

ruins of the Claudian and Anio Novus aqueducts. But yonder under the eastern sky I mark the pale walls of the monastery on Monte-Cavo, and the cloud-like, clustering villas in Frascati, Rocca di Papa, Castel-Gandolfo, Albano, Ariccia, and Velletri—dotting the ample slopes of the Alban hills.

And later, when we are all hungering and thirsting in concert, with one accord we fall upon the modest booth of a *contadina* at a primitive way-station, who speedily provides us with gourd-like flasks of wine encased in delicate wicker-work, and small loaves of coarse bread, for a modest compensation. Then we break bread in the train—an omnibus train that deliberates on its way to Naples, and is overwilling to stop on the slightest provocation; and between the bread and the wine, and the sunrise and the smiling spring landscape, we are much happier, no doubt, than erring mortals deserve to be.

Thus we come to Valmontone, and a handful of us dismount; the train lingers, as if it thought we might change our minds and go on with it—for this is the insinuating manner of the almost too obliging omnibus; but as we stow ourselves more or less uncomfortably away in the rather contracted interior of a dusty diligence, the train blows the feeblest of whistles in a childish sort of fashion, and creeps reluctantly down the iron road.

We were a queer lot, I fear, on that bright morning: a patient mother with a peevish child; a patient father, who looked and acted as a widower should look and act, and whose seven-year-old boy was quite the ideal half-orphan and the pet of our diligence; then there was a withered old couple that looked on and listened with feeble interest—they belonged to another and no doubt a more interesting if not better age; two stalwart huntsmen with guns and ammunition; two spruce young military officers, perhaps off on leave of absence and homeward bound; and such a pastoral-looking husbandman, whose brown throat was bare, and whose untrimmed locks were faded, and whose hands were like mailed hands they were so hardened with toil and exposure; and with him a son not more than eighteen years of age,—a son who was just down from the Capital for a little vacation, and who showed his unbounded affection for

his father in the fearless, impulsive Italian fashion. He held a cigarette in his fingers; relighted it at frequent intervals, but was so fond of discoursing that he had no time to smoke; so the wisp of paper burned itself away during the journey, while the lad talked on with immense spirit to a diligence full of delighted auditors.

This was Young Italy, the son of older Italy, and the grandson of the Italy that is no more and never shall be again. With what gusto he pictured life in the Roman Capital! He had brought one of the sensational biographies of Padre Agostino, illustrated with poor woodcuts in the most shocking taste, to the olive-browed sire, who was bred among the olives of Olevano, and who perhaps had never set foot within the walls of Rome.

Thus we toiled up hill and spun down hill, while the brakes groaned, and the wee baby moaned, and the lively lad raised his voice at one or two, showed his fine teeth, de-voured his pastoral papa with big, fond eyes, and relighted his cigarette for the twentieth time.

The dust rose, the day grew hot and tiresome, and the way seemed almost endless. Sometimes we got down and walked, and then the bells of the horses tolled all the way up the long hill. The olive orchards afforded us no shelter, the shrines no comfort; two hours and a half, added to those we had endured in the slow early train, made a morning that was beginning to wear out our patience.

Just then we came to a fork in the road. Another diligence was already there awaiting us, and into it hurried all our company save three—two others beside myself. We waved a friendly "*Addio*" and resumed our journey. The diverting element had departed, but I could now stretch my legs; and after we had rounded a fair hill my eyes fell upon a little city founded upon a rock,—a little city that looked like a carving, a bit of ornamental stone-work, so grey it was, so picturesque and so perfect, and pronounced a feature in a landscape that was itself perfectly and pronouncedly Italian. "What is its name?" I asked of the patient woman whose impatient baby was at last lulled to rest. In the sweetest and the proudest voice imaginable she replied: "Genazzano!"

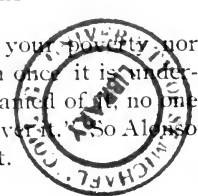
At last mine eyes beheld it, the chosen city, the refuge of the miraculous effigy of Our Lady of Good Counsel! Above us and about us swelled the Volscian foot-hills—indeed, as far as the eye can see, from this point, roll the Alban, the Volscian and the Sabine billows, green-crested in the reawakening spring; and in their midst, upon the very summit, and spreading to the dizzy edge of a high-towering rock—an island in the air,—stands Genazzano. The outer walls of the little city almost overhanging the deep and narrow valley far below. From most points the approach is difficult or impossible. We slowly climbed the steep grade that leads to the single gate—a warlike gate though a small one, and architecturally quite the suitable background for a dramatic situation,—and there we halted and dismounted. One can not hope to drive into a town so compact and so picturesque as this; it is a pilgrimage city, and all those who seek it should come with staff and script and palmer's shell, and sandal shoon.

Two beggars, only, greeted us,—a jovial pair of dilapidated old fellows, the one blind, the other halt, and both arm in arm inseparable. The *soldi* they gathered were shared between them, and right merrily they blessed the giver. In all the town of three thousand souls I saw no other beggar; and when, as I was wandering to and fro in calm delight, one little child extended its tiny hand in serio-comic supplication, it was at once sharply reproved by its mother, and called away from the juvenile circle where it was playing.

No importuning guides beset me at the gate of Genazzano: I was suffered to wander at my own sweet will, saluted now and again with gracious gravity by the matrons of the town; for the husbands and the brothers and the sons were scattered among the vineyards on the neighboring hills. It was as if the freedom of the city had been silently extended to me; and O how thoroughly I enjoyed it!

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

"Do not strive to hide your poverty, nor that of your family. When one is understood that you are not ashamed of it, no one will try to make you blush over it." So Alonso Quijano advised his servant.



Footprints of Heroines.

BY THE COMTESSE DE COURSON.

I.—JANE DORMER.

THE recent beatification of many of the English martyrs, and the researches organized for the purpose, have revived in the hearts of the English Catholics of our day the memory of the sufferings endured by their ancestors during the dark and troubled times when the ancient faith, now professed in peace and safety, entailed upon its faithful adherents poverty, imprisonment, torture, and death. The state papers, carefully sifted, have yielded up their dread secrets to the patient student; old family records have been brought to light; and the archives of the English convents and seminaries abroad have contributed many valuable details,—all of which help to complete a picture full of deep and pathetic interest. From these different sources sufficient materials have been drawn to form an accurate account of the condition of English Catholics under the Tudor and Stuart kings,—an account rich in deeds of faith and heroism, of patient endurance and steadfast fidelity.

At every page of these bloody records we find Catholic women nobly bearing their part: now harboring the hunted priests at the peril of their lives; at other times enduring imprisonment and even death with cheerful serenity; while many among them, driven by the penal laws from their own country, sought shelter in the cloisters of France or Belgium, where for three hundred years all the old English Catholic families had their representatives.

Among the brave women whose courage shed a lustre over the English Church in her days of trial we find three who were more especially celebrated. Very different in rank, in education, in mode of life, their paths lay far apart; their characteristics are widely dissimilar; but each in her own sphere faithfully served God and His persecuted Church. The first, Jane Dormer, Duchess of Feria, English by birth, Spanish by marriage, witnessed the last days of Catholic England, and became during the first persecutions the generous benefactress of her oppressed countrymen. The second, Margaret Clitheroe, wife of John

Clitheroe, the butcher of York, after giving help and shelter to the hunted priests, finally laid down her life for the faith. The third, Luisa de Carvajal, a Spaniard of almost royal birth, prompted by her passionate love for the persecuted Catholics of England, abandoned for their sakes her home and her country, and came to live among them as their helper and servant.

Each of these three has found an English biographer. The Life of the holy Duchess of Feria was written soon after her death by Henry Clifford, an Englishman attached to her household; and the original manuscript, in possession of the present Lord Dormer, has lately been reprinted by Father Stevenson, S. J. The history of Margaret Clitheroe, written by her confessor, was published some years ago with explanatory notes by Father Morris, the indefatigable historian of the English martyrs; while the graceful pen of Lady Georgiana Fullerton had made known to the English public the strange and touching career of Luisa de Carvajal.

According to ancient genealogies, when Edward the Confessor came to England to take possession of the throne, he brought with him from France Thomas d'Ormer, a Norman noble who had followed his fortunes during his exile. From Thomas d'Ormer, through a long line of ancestors—all of whom were faithful servants of their king and country,—descended Sir Robert Dormer, head of the family under Henry VIII. He married Jane Newdigate, who, by the Nevilles, was descended from John of Gaunt, younger son of King Edward III. Sir Robert's only child William was twice married; by his first wife, Mary Sydney, he had two daughters—Jane, the future Duchess of Feria, and Anne, who became Lady Hungerford; by his second wife, Dorothy Catesby, he had a son, afterward Lord Dormer, and three daughters—Lady Montagu, Lady St. John, and Lady Constable.

Our heroine was born on the 6th of January, 1538, at Ethrop, her grandfather's country-seat, in Buckinghamshire. She was only four years old when her mother died, and her father appears then to have given her up completely to the care of her grandmother, whose name she bore, and to whom she was ever a true and most loving daughter. When Jane

Dormer first opened her eyes on the world dark and anxious times had dawned for English Catholics. Henry VIII., carried away by his ruthless passions, had already broken with Rome and declared himself head of the Church; all through England monasteries and convents were robbed and ruined; honors and riches were lavished on apostates; for the faithful Catholics an era of persecution had begun, and already martyrs had shed their blood for the ancient faith.

Only three years before the birth of little Jane her grandmother's brother, Sebastian Newdigate, a brilliant courtier and accomplished man of the world before becoming a Charterhouse monk, died the hideous death of a traitor upon the gibbet of Tyborne in defence of the Pope's Supremacy. We may imagine how Lady Dormer, who tenderly loved her brother, often related to the child, grave and thoughtful beyond her years, the tragic tale of her uncle's martyrdom. Lady Dormer herself was worthy to be a martyr's sister; during her brother's worldly career she had wept over him far more bitterly than when she saw him imprisoned and condemned for the love of Christ. Living as she did under the shadow as it were of torture and of death, her thoughts and aspirations were naturally drawn above, to the world where sin and sorrow are unknown; and the little girl who grew up under her vigilant care learned early the emptiness and instability of worldly honors. Sir Robert Dormer, a brave and loyal gentleman, was in those dark days the generous protector of the persecuted Catholics, and from her infancy the child was accustomed to see hunted priests warmly and fearlessly welcomed at her grandfather's house.

The large household at Ethrop was governed by Lady Dormer with a wise and liberal hand. In her brightest days she had given God and His poor a large place in her life; but when, after forty years of a most happy marriage, she was left a widow, the interests of God became more than ever the one object of her thoughts, and the education of her granddaughter the only link that bound her to the world. It was no doubt with a view to strengthen the sensitive child against future struggles and temptations that Lady Dormer trained her to practices of piety almost above

her years: at the age of seven, little Jane used to recite the Office of Our Lady daily. But she responded to her grandmother's teaching with loving eagerness; it seemed as though a special blessing, due perchance to the prayers of her martyred uncle, had rested on her cradle, so extraordinary was her love for prayer and holy things.

In 1553 Edward VI., who in the hands of the Protestants had been made an instrument for securing the establishment of the schism, died at the age of sixteen. In spite of the attempt made by the Protestant party to place Lady Jane Grey on the throne, Mary Tudor, Henry VIII's eldest daughter, by her courage and promptitude, secured the crown which was hers by hereditary right. Very dissimilar are the judgments passed on this Princess, whom Catholics honor as the restorer of their faith, and whom Protestants have stigmatized as Bloody Mary. From her cradle to her grave the fair daughter of Catherine of Aragon had experienced more sorrows than joys. Hailed as Princess of Wales and heiress of England when a mere baby, sought in marriage by all the sovereigns of Europe, she passed at the age of seventeen from the zenith of earthly splendor to the depth of humiliation and suffering. Separated from her mother, whose lonely captivity and death she could neither share nor soothe; persecuted for her faith, insulted by Anne Boleyn, she was cast aside and humbled, while every honor was lavished on the children of the woman for whose sake her mother had been put away.

During twenty years Mary suffered in her royal dignity, her filial love, and her religious faith; she came out of the ordeal a saddened woman, worn out in mind and body, but with the proud consciousness of having preserved unstained her spotless purity of character and her devotion to the ancient faith. When in 1553 she ascended the throne, a ray of joy seemed for the first time to brighten her life, and she gave herself up with enthusiasm to the work of restoring the Catholic Church in England. But even in this great undertaking, the supreme desire of her heart, Mary's joy was mingled with many misgivings. The year after her accession she had married Philip of Spain, and, misdoubting the sincerity of her sister Elizabeth, she passionately longed to

have a child, who should continue her great work. Her ardent desire was doomed to disappointment, and her loving labors for the restoration of Catholicity in England were embittered by anxious fears for the future.

Such was the Queen to whose person Jane Dormer was attached when only fifteen; already two of her aunts had faithfully served Mary Tudor during the sad years of her desolate youth, and it was perhaps through their influence that Lady Dormer obtained for her granddaughter the post of maid of honor to the new Queen. Very soon a warm friendship sprang up between the anxious and saddened woman of thirty-seven and the fresh young girl, grave and wise beyond her years, pure and faithful. Sharing the daily life of her royal mistress, Jane soon learned how many thorns are hidden under the splendor of a crown, and in her ready sympathy and absolute devotion the Queen found rest and comfort.

Jane Dormer's biographer tells us that the Queen and her young companion were in the habit of reciting together the Office of Our Lady; and also that, when staying at Croydon with her cousin, Cardinal Pole, Mary loved to visit the poor people in the neighborhood, without making herself known to them. Accompanied by Jane, she would enter their cottages, inquire into their wants and troubles, and distribute abundant alms.

The marriage of Queen Mary with Philip of Spain, which took place in 1554, was in an indirect manner the cause of Jane Dormer's own marriage. A number of Spanish noblemen accompanied the King to England, and among them Don Gomez y Figueroa y Cordova, Duke of Feria, was distinguished for his personal qualities, high rank, and for the favor with which he was treated by his royal master. It seems that on his arrival Feria was struck by Jane Dormer, whose extreme youth and brilliant beauty were joined to an earnest character and mature judgment, likely to impress the dignified Spaniard. Already several suitors had aspired to the hand of the young maid of honor, among them Edward Courtney, the Queen's cousin; the Duke of Norfolk; and Lord Nottingham, High Admiral of England, who fifty years later used to say that he never met a sweeter or more perfect woman. But none of these proposals touched the young

girl; and Mary, far from exercising any pressure upon her favorite, often said that she did not know a man in the whole world who was worthy of her Jane. Matters changed, however, when the Duke of Feria came forward; and, with the full approval of the Queen, Jane promised her hand to the stately Spanish nobleman, who used to declare that all the honors, riches and pleasures the world could give were nothing when compared to the possession of such a wife.

It was arranged that the celebration of the marriage should be put off till King Philip's return from Flanders, where he was carrying on the war against France. In the meantime Mary Tudor, who from her youth had been frail and delicate, fell dangerously ill; the King was then besieging the town of Doullens, and, with characteristic indifference, he did not offer to return, but sent the Duke of Feria to visit his dying sovereign.

The peace and joy that had been so wanting in the life of Mary Tudor illumined her death-bed, and in her dreams the childless Queen seemed to see angels, under the shape of little children, hovering round her pillow; her past troubles, present sorrows, and haunting fears for the future, were merged into sweet resignation to God's holy will. For her beloved maid of honor she had many tender words; the thought of her marriage seemed to give her unmingled pleasure. Perchance she foresaw dark and hard times for the Catholics of England; and, if so, she rejoiced that the lot of her favorite should be cast in more peaceful and happier lands. To her sister Elizabeth she nevertheless spoke grave words of warning, charging her solemnly to remain faithful to the Catholic Church.

On the 17th of November, 1558, while Mass was being said in her presence, Mary was seen to bow down her head, and at the same time her weary spirit took its flight. In spite of all that has been said and written, there must have been something lovable about this sad, pale Queen, of whose death the Duchess of Feria never could speak without bursting into tears, and whose memory she cherished with passionate loyalty and love.

About a month after the death of her royal mistress, Jane Dormer, who had returned to live with her grandmother, was married in the

Savoy Chapel to the Duke of Feria, appointed by King Philip to be his ambassador at the English court. The bride, then in her twentieth year, was in the full flower of that bright beauty of which her portrait at Grove Park, the seat of the present Lord Dormer, gives a charming picture. The Duke was eighteen years her senior,—a high-minded, Christian nobleman, the trusted servant of his King, and the protector of the poor and weak. Seldom was a marriage so perfectly blessed.

Soon, however, Feria's position as Spanish Ambassador became one of great difficulty. Although under the reign of her sister Elizabeth had made outward profession of the Catholic faith, her sincerity was more than doubtful, and we have seen how Queen Mary's short reign was poisoned by anxious fears for the future of the Catholic Church in England. On ascending the throne the new sovereign threw off the mask; and the Duke of Feria, after straining every nerve for the maintenance of the ancient faith, declined to assist at the Queen's coronation, as it was to be performed according to the Protestant rite. After this his recall became necessary; but before leaving England, at his wife's request, he begged the Queen's permission to take in his train all the priests, monks and nuns who wished to leave the country. The young Duchess knew well Elizabeth's relentless determination, and she remembered too the horrors of the reign of Henry VIII., when the blood of her own kindred had been poured forth for God and His Church. Days of persecution no less dark and terrible were close at hand, and her heart yearned to help her faithful countrymen before bidding adieu forever to her native land. The Duke's request was at first opposed by the Queen and her councillors; but Feria was an important political personage, whom it was wise to conciliate, and when in May, 1559, the Duke set sail for Flanders, he had on board his ship the Charterhouse monks of Sheene, the Bridgettine nuns of Sion, the Dominicanesses of Dartford, and a large number of secular priests.

On arriving in the Low Countries, the Duke recommended the little band of exiles to the kindness of King Philip, who generously helped them to make new foundations. Whatever may have been his political and private sins, Philip II. was a true friend to the Eng-

lish Catholics, and they at least owe a debt of gratitude to this generally unpopular prince.

The Duchess remained in London two months after her husband's departure; but at the end of July she started, under the guardianship of Don Juan de Ayala, who had been sent to escort her. Among those who left England under her protection were her grandmother, Lady Dormer, and many Catholic priests and laymen. We may imagine the feelings of the little band of exiles as the shores of their native isle faded from their gaze. For the young Duchess of Feria all was fair and bright in the future: her husband's heart and home awaited her; but her companions' souls were darkened by many fears. All of them knew, by a sad experience in the past, the exceeding bitterness of religious persecution. Under Mary their hopes had revived; but now, by the ruthless hand of the last Tudor, they felt that England was torn once more from the bosom of Mother Church—and for how long!

Jane Dormer's loving heart responded to her companions' sadness; in the midst of her happiness she too mourned over her apostate country, and the honors that awaited her in Flanders were a painful contrast to the scenes of sin and sorrow she had left behind. At Calais, Gravelines, Dunkirk, Bruges, Ghent, and Antwerp, the young Duchess was received with royal splendor; her biographer tells us that she entered the great Flemish towns on horseback, surrounded by ladies in waiting, who were also riding. At Malines she was the guest of the Archbishop, Cardinal Granville; and here she remained for the birth of her son, which took place on St. Michael's Eve, 1559. Magnificent festivities were given to celebrate the baptism of the baby, whose godparents were the Cardinal Archbishop of Malines and Margaret of Austria, Duchess of Parma, King Philip's sister.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE highest poetical sentiments are found in the people, and in those who are called ignorant and uncultivated, who can not express their thoughts with as much elegance as sincerity; the people, finally, who in Spain, as Trueba observes, describe the Mother of Jesus as "the Mother of the Beautiful Love."

Harry Considine's Fortunes.

BY NUGENT ROBINSON.

CHAPTER I.—“£260.”

UNDER the perfumed blossoms of the luxuriant and venerable hawthorns in the Phoenix Park, Dublin, two young men strolled arm in arm on a lovely evening in May, the Month of Mary. They were about the same age—two and twenty,—and were plainly but neither richly nor fashionably attired. One, Harry Considine, was tall—over six feet,—with the form of a youthful Hercules: ease, suppleness, and strength in every movement, his head setting his broad shoulders with the grace of a Greek statue. His companion was somewhat shorter, and slightly built, the rounded shoulders betraying the “dreary drudgery of the desk’s dead wood.”

“I can not stand it any longer!” suddenly exclaimed Considine, dropping his friend’s arm and plucking a fragrant blossom of hawthorn. “I can not stand it!” he repeated, casting the beauteous flower from him. “I never was meant for indoor work. It gives me no interest. I’m not half bad at figures, but I could tot up a column a yard long under God’s sunshine before I could do a dozen lines at the best upholstered desk that ever a merchant prince stretched his legs under. You see, Gerald,” he added, “I was always in the open air at the farm at home. From sunrise till moonrise I was out after the horses or the cows, or roaming over the fields. Except when I was at school or in bed, I never had a roof over me that I could help except the sky, and now it’s roof all the time—a low roof that seems as if it was pressing down the top of my head. And *gas* even on a May morning—even on a May morning *gas*! Just think of it! It’s profanation! No, Gerald, my boy, I can not stand it! I must try my hand at something else.”

“But what else are you fit for?” queried his companion, in a fretful tone. “Where else could you gain a footing or earn ten shillings a week? It’s better not to throw dirty water out till you get clean in.”

“That’s very true!” sighed Harry Considine. “A fellow must get broken in, I suppose,

like a horse. Oh,” and he struck his clinched hand on his open palm, “if I could only get to America!”

“Bah! That’s the cry of old and young now. Go into a bank, and the clerks are whining to get to America. Go into a shop, and the assistants are howling to get to America. It’s El Dorado, is it? Did James Redmond find it El Dorado? Did Tom Fitzpatrick, who had to black boots, find it El Dorado? Did Joe—”

“Pshaw!” interrupted Considine. “These are the chaps that come back. They had no staying power, no backbone, no grip! What good are they doing here I’d like to know? Isn’t James Redmond living on his old mother, when he should be ashamed to take a shilling from her miserable life-annuity? Isn’t Tom Fitzpatrick a regular sponge, hanging round the public-houses in Grafton Street? Isn’t Joe Dempsey—or *wasn’t* he living by playing billiards in Dawson Lane till his father died and left him four hundred a year? I tell you what it is, Gerald Molloy, no fellow with the stuff of a man in him will remain here, and no fellow with the stuff of a man in him will come back once he has crossed the Atlantic. I see,” he continued, with a burst of earnestness, “that steerage passages are to be had for almost nothing, and—”

“Oh, bother your steerage passages!” burst in Molloy, impatiently. “Let us enjoy this glorious May evening. Just look at the way the sun is lighting up Mount Pelier and the Three-Rocked Mountain! What a magnificent purple is over the valley at Rathfarnham, and how silvery in this light the Liffey looks!”

At this moment, as if to add a little color to the picturesque scene, a troop of red-coated dragoons clattered past *en route* to Island Bridge, the setting sun flashing off their brass helmets; while down one of the elm-lined avenues came the chariot of the Viceroy, attended by outriders and a squadron of lancers, the gaudy pennants attached to the lances fluttering in the evening breeze. Beneath the “perfumed snow” of the hawthorn blossoms were groups of merry city-folk out for their Maying, the work of the day being over. Children frisked and romped; lasses and lads whispered the old, old story; while the steady

elder people enjoyed the glorious May evening after their own more sober fashion.

A game of cricket was being played out in the reserved grounds of the Phoenix Club; an awkward squad of the Royal Irish Constabulary were being marched from the magazine to the depot; a company of the boys of the Hibernian Military School were returning on jaunting-cars from a plunge in the briny at Sandymount; a few swells were cantering their horses on the springy greensward; cars were conveying wearied citizens to country residences at Chapelizod, Clondalkin, and Castleknock; half a dozen lads were playing at hop-step-and-jump; and the faint notes of "God Save the Queen!" came over the hawthorns from the Royal Barracks, mingled with the shriek of the locomotive starting from King's Bridge depot, mayhap with the American mail.

With the two young men who were strolling in the Phoenix Park on that beautiful May evening this story has much to do.

Every person who knows "dear dirty Dublin" is acquainted with that ill-kept but busy thoroughfare called Georges Street. It is through this narrow way that one strikes Wexford Street; Protestant Row, "where there are more pigs than Protestants"; Kevin's Port, famous for its Dublin Bay herrings, and the tongues of the female vendors thereof; Camden Street, and Portobello. The chief attraction of Georges Street is the monster dry goods establishment of Pim Brothers,—a house of great commercial integrity and honor, founded and operated by a Quaker family of that name, one of whom, Jonathan, sat for Dublin city in Parliament. The Pims were "fine employers," and, if not "advanced," belonged to that practical class of Irishmen who borrow "canniness" from the Scotch, and who are diplomatic enough to argue Irish wrongs through the medium of very able but utterly useless essays, read before such influential societies as the Social Science Association and the Statistical Society.

In the establishment of Pim Brothers both Harry Considine and Gerald Molloy were assistants, at the respective salaries of ten and fifteen shillings weekly exclusive of board and lodging; for the Pims were hobbyists on co-operation. Considine was the son of a snug

farmer residing in the County of Wicklow, close to Wexford, whose father had been "out" in '98, and was hanged on the bridge of Gorey for being true to old Ireland. Harry was the third son, and he had five brothers and two sisters. The two elder brothers were on the farm.

"What will we do with Harry?" became the burning question of the hour at Togherbeg; for the lad had done schooling, and there was no room for him on the little Wicklow freehold.

The question was replied to in the person of Mr. Joseph Pim, who came down to Togherbeg to look at a horse.

"What are you going to turn your hand to?" he asked of Harry, who had been detailed to show off the points of the animal referred to.

"I don't know, sir," replied the lad, fiercely crimsoning.

"Don't you think you *ought* to know?" said the practical Quaker.

"Indeed I ought, sir," was Harry's reply.

"How do you stand in accounts and writing?"

"Here's my writing," observed Harry, pulling out a manuscript book into which he had copied, as is the habit of youthful enthusiasts, poems of Gerald Griffin, Davis, Speranza, and other gifted children of poesy.

"Very clean, very neat. Have you been taught book-keeping?"

"Yes, sir, and algebra," added Harry, triumphantly; "and euclid and trigonometry. Father Luke will tell you what I done in—"

"*'Did,'* not done! Give me a penny for correcting you. Yes, I'm in earnest. Thanks,"—as the lad handed him the copper coin. "You'll never forget this lesson, because you've paid for it. I *'have done* so and so,' not *'I done.'* That's bad grammar and offensive to educated ears. My lad, that single error might injure you on the upward path. Could I see Father Luke?"

"Certainly, sir. He drops in to see us every day. It keeps my grandmother alive to hear the sound of his foot."

The result of Mr. Pim's interview with the good priest led to a family council, the outcome of which placed Harry Considine in the seven o'clock train on the following Monday

morning, to enter the great establishment of Pim Brothers, South Great Georges Street, Dublin.

Gerald Molloy, Harry's companion in the Phoenix Park, was Dublin born, the son of a commercial traveller of scanty and spasmodic income. He had been originally intended for the law, but the house for which Molloy's *père* was then travelling having failed, it behoved the lad to add to the now dilapidated income to the best of his ability and power; and Mr. Molloy, having had business and social relations with one of the most respected buyers at Pims', was enabled through the kindly offices of Mr. Dresher to obtain a berth for Gerald in the counting-house of that eminently respectable establishment.

"My son is in the counting-house," Mr. Molloy, who was a weak-minded and vain sort of man, would say. "He is not a counter-jumper—a shop-boy. Oh, no indeed! He is in the counting-house, and never mixes with the herd."

Gerald was a sharp, clever lad, endowed with the bump of caution. He was a devourer of books. He did not care a whit what the book, what the subject, so long as it *was* a book. Everything was fish that came to his net; and from a novel by Sir Walter Scott to a dreary pamphlet on Poor Law Reform by Neilson Hancock, LL.D., Gerald would browse with an earnestness that bespoke the acquisitive mind. Considine scarcely ever read anything, not even the *Freeman's Journal*. "I hear the best of everything," he would say; "and I use my eyes on such books as Dublin Bay, the Mountains, the river Dodder, and Howth Hill."

The Molloy's resided in a shabby little house on the Rathgar Road. Mrs. Molloy had been a Miss Daly of Castle Daly, in the County of Galway, and dearly loved genteel people and blue blood. Emma, Gerald's only sister, belonged to that class known as an upsetting young lady, and if not unamiable was, to say the least of it, somewhat disagreeable at home. She loved finery, and was unhappy when unable to array herself in the same gorgeousness as the fashionable girls whom she encountered at the bands in Merrion or Mountjoy Square, or on Kingstown Pier or Donnybrook Road. Her father and mother both encouraged her

to keep her head very high, and nearly succeeded in spoiling her. Harry Considine, who had been brought out to Rathgar to spend a Sunday, could not get on with her at all.

"She's awfully pretty," he mused as he walked back to Georges Street; "but she's murderingly grand. How was I to know about the Dalys of Castle Daly? And the idea of my being acquainted with Lord Wicklow's family! Why, it's too absurd! It's a pity she hasn't some of her brother's solid sense."

Harry and Gerald had come together on the very first day of the former's appearance at the house. Considine had to wait for Mr. Joseph Pim, and was ushered into the elegantly appointed office, wherein Molloy was perched on a revolving stool.

"Coming to join the brigade?" asked Gerald.

"Yes," laughed the Wicklow lad.

"Can you jump across a counter?"

"I can do a five-barred gate without a run."

"Is this your first break into business?"

Harry, glad of an opportunity of speaking to any one, opened his heart to Gerald, and they became intimates. They were up with the lark, and did their six or seven mile walk before half the assistants were out of bed. They spent their evenings together roving in the green lanes of Clontarf, on the sands at Booterstown, or in the leafy dells of the Phoenix Park. After Mass on Sunday they would start for the Dublin Mountains, or the Hill of Howth in Killiney. But of all their haunts the Phoenix was their favorite, and here we find them on this lovely evening in May, inhaling the fragrance of the hawthorn blossoms, and one of them, Harry Considine, building castles in—
the United States.

They were passing down to the Chapelized gate, with the intention of returning to town by the banks of the river Liffey, when, as they crossed the road, Considine's foot struck against something that responded with a clink. He stooped and picked up a canvas bag tied at the neck with a piece of thick twine.

"A bag of money, Gerald!" he exclaimed.

"Never!"

"I think so"—shaking it. "It chinks. It's very heavy. Yes, it's money. Who could have dropped it? Some one on a car,—some poor farmer perhaps."

He looked up and down the road. Not a human being was within sight.

"Put it up, Harry," said his companion in a whisper. "Hide it away."

"Why should I?"

"Because some rogue might claim it,—some person who is not entitled to it. Hide it."

"It's not so easy to hide," observed the other, endeavoring to stuff the bulging bag into his coat pocket. "I'll give it to the next policeman."

"No, you won't!" cried Gerald. "You'll bring it to the house. It's sure to be advertised for and a reward offered. You'll get the reward if it's advertised; if it's not advertised you'll keep the money."

"Not a farthing of it, and not a farthing of a reward will I touch!" exclaimed Harry, hotly. "What should I be rewarded for? Is it for doing what is right?"

"Anyhow keep it till it's claimed."

"No, I won't. I'll advertise it at once—to-night."

"That will cost money."

"It can't be helped. Perhaps some poor farmer dropped it on his way home. I know what the loss of a few pounds would be to my father. Let us go to the *Freeman's Journal* and *Irish Times*, and advertise it. You will lend me half a crown, won't you?"

"I suppose you'll ask for the expense of the advertisement from the rightful owner?" said Molloy.

"Yes, certainly. That's fair."

They walked to King's Bridge, took the tram-car to Carlisle (now O'Connell Bridge), and turned down Sackville Street.

"Half a crown," said the clerk at the *Freeman's Journal* office. "But, I say, you aren't such a pair of asses as to give up that money!"

"Let me have my receipt, please!" said Considine, in a short, sharp, curt way, very unusual with him.

At the *Irish Times* the clerk suggested an advertisement so vague as to afford no clue whatever to the lost money.

"You see," he confidentially observed, "you have done the right thing, young man,—eased your conscience,—and now you can spend the tin. I'll be round at Mooney's tavern at two o'clock, and I think you ought to 'stand Sam.'"

"Come along!" said Gerald to his companion, as the latter was about to open fire on the clerk. "A row doesn't pay."

And next day the following advertisement appeared in the *Freeman's Journal* and *Irish Times*:

FOUND.—In the Phoenix Park, on Tuesday evening, a bag containing a sum of money. The owner can have the same by describing contents, or on application to H. C., Office of this paper.

The bag contained two hundred sovereigns, fifty-five Bank of Ireland notes in single notes of £1 each, and a cartridge of silver half crowns making £5.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A Mother's Memory.

BY ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

I WENT to the grave of our dearest,—
A rose-bush grew by the stone,
Laden with ripe red roses,
Laden with buds unblown.

The bees buzzed into their sweetness,
And bore their honey away,—
I knelt at the feet of our dearest,
And gathered a bright bouquet;

Gathered a wealth of blossoms,
Glittering, every one,
With a fragrant, delicate cordial,
The vintage of dew and sun.

And, at night, when the friends *she* treasured
Were filling the dear old room,
They spake with a praise unmeasured
Of the roses from her tomb;

But one of them said: "Death closes
The door of the days that were!—
Naught save a spray of roses
Remains to tell of *her*!"

"Not so," her child made answer:
"Death can not close the door
Of the past. It but unfastens
The gate of the Evermore"

"Beyond the gulf that 'reft us,
She lives—this love of ours,—
And the memory she hath left us
Is sweeter than the flowers!"

Favors of Our Queen.

A SINGULAR CONVERSION BY MEANS OF THE ROSARY.

ABOUT forty years ago Mr. and Mrs. G., who had for some time resided in Dublin, were induced to return to their country home on account of the health of Mrs. G., whose medical adviser deprecated another summer spent in the hot city. Their estates were situated in a part of Ireland where "Orangeism" was rampant, and they themselves were strong haters of the old faith. This, however, did not prevent Mr. G. from acting as became an upright and generous landlord to his tenants, Protestant and Catholic alike, and he was consequently greatly esteemed by all.

Not far from his own gates stood a convent of Sisters of Mercy. Their poor schools were attended by many of the children of the tenantry; and, in recognition of the good services of the nuns, Mr. G. was in the habit of paying a visit of courtesy to the convent once a year, somewhat to the annoyance of his wife, who was far more bigoted than himself. The annual visit had been paid. Mrs. G. had perhaps chafed more than usual under the infliction of the enforced act of politeness to Papists, which no persuasions of hers could induce her husband to omit, notwithstanding his ordinary readiness to comply with her least desire.

In order to make up for his unaccustomed obduracy, Mr. G. proposed a winter in Italy, which greatly delighted his wife. Their preparations were soon made, and in a very short time the travellers found themselves at Naples. Here for a time, despite the "popish atmosphere," Mrs. G. forgot her dislike to the faith of the land in her enjoyment of the balmy breezes, and the beautiful sights that met her eye on every side. But a little incident awoke her hatred of Rome in all its intensity.

Strolling one day through the streets with his wife, Mr. G. was attracted by some rosaries made of lava that were exposed for sale outside one of the churches. He was an industrious collector of curiosities, and had a large museum at home. He proposed to add this new treasure to the rest. "What!" said his wife. "Buy that popish thing! Pray don't, my dear; for I could never bear to look at it." So,

after some unavailing attempts to mollify her bigotry, Mr. G. compromised matters by proposing to present it to the Reverend Mother at the Convent of Mercy. He accordingly sent the rosary off, and Mrs. G. rejoiced that she had seen the last of at least one popish charm.

Time passed, and after a few more weeks the travellers, wending their way homeward, arrived in Paris. Seated at breakfast in the hotel on the morning after their arrival, Mrs. G. took up the *Times*, whilst her husband was busily engaged with his letters at the opposite side of the table. A sudden exclamation on her part startled him from his task.

"Oh, here is the announcement of the death of the Reverend Mother of the convent! It is strange indeed that I should see this to-day, for I dreamt last night that I saw her standing by me with the rosary that you sent her in her hand. She said to me: '*You will be lost unless you inquire into the truth of the Catholic Church!*' I will go this very morning and call on my old friend, Madame Châtel."

"Do so, by all means, if you wish," replied her husband, concerned to see the evident perturbation of his wife, and somewhat startled himself by the coincidence of the dream.

Hastening to the house of her Catholic friend, Mrs. G. told her of the strangely vivid dream, and of her desire to speak with a priest.

"There is no need for you to put it off," said her friend. "See! there is one on the other side of the street, and it happens to be Père Ravignan, whom I know well. I will send a servant to ask him to come in."

Père Ravignan was soon seated in the *salon* of Madame Châtel, answering the questions of Mrs. G., and bringing a flood of light to bear upon the ignorance that had so long darkened a mind naturally candid and generous. A few weeks later he had the happiness of receiving not only Mr. and Mrs. G. into the Church, but along with them another family who had accompanied them on their homeward journey.

These conversions made a great stir in County T., where the bigotry of Mrs. G. had been so well known and felt. For a considerable time the neighbors refused to believe in the truth of the report, saying, "They are only amusing themselves by going to Catholic churches, and 'doing in Rome as Rome does.' Wait until they come back to Ireland." When

they did return, however, all the gossips were silenced at the sight of Mr. and Mrs. G. driving off on the Sunday after their arrival, not to the fashionable Protestant church, but to the heretofore despised Catholic chapel, where they knelt amid the crowd of humble poor.

On her first visit to the Convent of Mercy Mrs. G. was told that on the arrival of the lava rosary from Naples the Reverend Mother, assembling the community, had tried to make them guess who sent it; and when at last, all their guesses at fault, she said that it was Mr. G., she added: "And now some one of you must be constantly on the *prie-dieu* before Our Lady, saying the Rosary for his conversion and that of his wife."

A National Flower.

MESSRS. PRANG & CO. have issued artistic little books illustrative of two of the most beautiful distinctively American flowers, and have asked the people of the United States to vote as to their respective qualifications for the office of a national emblem. The blossoms which the art publishers specify are the trailing arbutus and the goldenrod, but they invite the public to designate others which may seem preferable. The polls will be open until the beginning of next year.

All faithful lovers of our Blessed Lady would naturally prefer the lily or the rose the successful competitor; but both France and England have, with the privilege of elder children, already chosen them. Sweden has claimed the mignonette, Italy the marguerite or daisy, Japan the chrysanthemum, the Napoleonists the violet, the Boulangists the red carnation, the Scotch the thistle, the Irish the shamrock, the English Tories the primrose, and the Germans the corn-flower. Still, there is such a profusion of floral wealth remaining that it would seem easy for Americans to choose, and it is only when one carefully examines the merits and demerits of the competitors that the difficulty becomes apparent. The arbutus or New England May-flower, for instance, is a mountain flower with a Puritan pedigree, and would not fitly represent a land of limitless prairies; the goldenrod is not compact enough, and would not "conventionalize," as the

artists say; the clover blossom has a relative in the emblem of Erin; the poppy is Oriental; the nasturtium, hyacinth and narcissus, classical; and the magnolia sectional.

What objection is there to the pansy, the flower of recollection, except that it belongs to the violet family? It is patient, grateful and sturdy, flourishing wherever the sun shines and the rain falls; it lingers late in the autumn and is an early harbinger of spring. It would suit well for decorative purposes, and would, from its endless variety, adapt itself to all occasions and uses. Besides, does it not commend itself to the devout when its other name is remembered—"heart's-ease"?

A Word to Our Readers.

MANY subscribers in renewing their subscriptions to THE "AVE MARIA" are kind enough to say very pleasant things in praise of its management, and to express the hope that the little magazine may long flourish. This is gratifying, and we trust we are properly grateful. But may we venture to remark that a more satisfactory way of showing appreciation would be to try to procure new readers? This would be to honor the Blessed Mother of God, and make her better known and consequently better loved—the primary object of the publication. Editors pass away, and praise of their efforts is less important than so to second them that men better equipped, and many of them, may be encouraged to cultivate the same field.

THE "AVE MARIA," it may be said, has no cause to complain of lack of support: it has zealous, appreciative friends in almost every part of Christendom; but we can not help thinking, all things considered, that its circulation should be much greater than it is. We hope our readers will agree with us. If so, they have it in their power to give the increase. There is hardly one among them who could not with slight effort procure another reader. Sample copies of this, or any number of the magazine that may be preferred, will be sent to any address; and all are invited to furnish the names of persons in any part of the world likely to be interested in such a periodical as we publish.

Notes and Remarks.

There are some points connected with the Feast of the Visitation that are of interest to all devout Catholics. The Feast was instituted by Pope Urban VI., and published to the Christian world by Pope Boniface IX. in the year 1389. The occasion of its institution was a dangerous schism which arose in the Church on the accession of the former Pontiff, and the object of the Feast was to obtain the restoration of unity through the intercession of the Virgin Mother. Readers of the history of the Church during this century will remember that it was on this feast-day in the year 1849 that General Oudinot de Reggio took possession of Rome and restored it to Pope Pius IX., who, as a token of his gratitude to the Blessed Virgin, raised this Feast to the second class, on May 31, 1850.

The contemplation of the mystery of the Visitation has suggested works of the most precious devotion and the most magnificent art. It led St. Francis de Sales to establish his Order of the Visitation, of which St. Jane de Chantal was the first superior, and Blessed Margaret Mary Alacoque one of the brightest ornaments, the latter being chosen by God as His instrument to quicken among mankind the devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus. One of the best known paintings of the Visitation is by Rubens, on the inside cover of his "Descent from the Cross," preserved in the Church of Our Lady at Antwerp. Another valuable representation of this mystery is that cut by Albrecht Dürer in whetstone, which is now in the possession of the Seminary of Bruges.

Very gratifying to Catholics is the sympathy of Protestants the world over for the brave priest who lately died a willing exile among the lepers of the Sandwich Islands. In England Father Damien's name is on every tongue, and everyone seems eager to honor his memory. The *London Times* has pleaded for his *beatification* without the usual delay! Every periodical in the country has had a tribute to him, and his photographs are selling by the thousand among Protestants. The Prince of Wales presided at a large meeting of Father Damien's sympathizers at Marlborough House, and a committee was formed to collect and administer a Memorial Fund which was inaugurated by an Anglican clergyman, the Rev. Mr. Chapman. It was decided (1) to erect a monument over Father Damien's grave at Molokai; (2) to found a leper ward, to be known as the Damien Ward, in connection with one of the London hospitals; (3) to endow a travelling

studentship for the study of leprosy in various parts of the world, and to send a commission to India to investigate the subject of leprosy in the hope of finding a means to alleviate, if not to eradicate, this terrible disease.

What abundant fruit Father Damien's sacrifice has borne! A wicked and perverse generation has received a sign, and Christianity has had no more eloquent witness to its divinity in our day than the martyr of Molokai.

Cardinal Taschereau does not propose to let honors and adulation become necessary to his happiness. In a circular issued to the clergy of the Archdiocese of Quebec before beginning his pastoral visit, His Eminence forbids the custom of lining roads with young trees and erecting triumphal arches of the same, "as it is destructive of immense quantities of valuable young timber, and as, moreover, it is exceedingly difficult and expensive to procure decorations in older parishes." He also prohibits fireworks, cannonades, and fusillades in his honor, as "another cause of useless expense." The faithful clergy and laity of Quebec will find fitter marks of respect to pay to their chief pastor, and their regard for him will probably not be lessened by his outspoken dislike of ostentation.

The Diocese of Natchez, of which the Rt. Rev. Thomas Heslin has just been consecrated Bishop, comprises the whole of the State of Mississippi, the Catholic population being about 15,000. Bishop Heslin is a native of Co. Longford, Ireland, and was born in 1847. He was formerly rector of St. Michael's Church, New Orleans, and was known as one of the most zealous and efficient priests in the Archdiocese.

The Comte de Paris, who has never been ashamed to practise his religion, is forty-eight years old. In spite of Boulanger—or, rather, because of Boulanger—he may be King of the French sooner than is generally expected: the present Republic having "no hope in heaven and a very doubtful hope of earth." The Comte's mother was a Lullieran princess, but one of the gentlest of creatures, who rejoiced when her boys made their First Communion, and who loved the ceremonies of the Catholic Church. She encouraged the devotion of her children. The Comte is thus described by a writer in the *Figaro*: "The blonde beard in which his mobile face was at one time set has disappeared, and he now wears a moustache only. His hair is turning grey, but his tall figure is as robust and supple as ever. He rises at half-past five in summer and at six in winter, and, lighting his lamp if necessary, begins the labor of the day.

He has a little breakfast with his family at eight, then he returns to his work. His correspondence is extensive, and he makes a point of replying to all his letters. At noon the dining-room door is opened for *le grand déjeuner*. Immediately after this repast the Comte gives audience to his visitors, and this goes on sometimes until seven o'clock."

Seven converts, all Anglican clergymen, were received into the Church on Trinity Sunday by Cardinal Manning. The *Pilot* informs us that some years ago they associated themselves, under the direction of the Rev. Mr. Townsend (one of their number), into the Oxford Mission, for the conversion of the natives of Northern India. They took vows as they are taken by Catholic religious communities, and gave themselves up without reserve to hard and self-denying missionary labor. God rewarded their sincerity by giving them the substance instead of the shadow.

It is pleasant to read of the innocent and appropriate manner in which the French-Canadians of Chicago celebrated the *fête* of their patron, St. Jean-Baptiste. After the religious ceremonies there was a procession in which two thousand people paraded, as part of the allegorical representation of Canadian history; and the display was said to compare favorably with those in the large cities of the Dominion. The tricolor of France and the American flag waved side by side in the French Quarter, and the people were exhorted by their leaders and the clergy not to let their love for *la belle France* prevent them from being loyal Americans as well.

It ought to be recorded to the credit of the French capitalists of Nîmes that, although some of the property of that diocese has been seized by the French Government, none of them have offered to buy it. It remains on the hands of the Government.

One who has recently gone over much of the ground traversed by Father Marquette, La Salle, and the other intrepid explorers of the Northwest, tells of the mementos of their journeys which are still reverently preserved in the valley of the Illinois. There is a little cannon near Starved Rock with which La Salle used to salute the rising sun, and there is a crucifix believed to have been worn by Marquette himself. It is of the double-cross form, with Christ Crucified upon the obverse and the Blessed Virgin and her Child upon the reverse side. The tiny ring which fastened it to a rosary has been worn through, showing how it was lost. Then there are finger rings

of silver, corroded and worn, engraved with the letters I. H. S.; and a cross, and the camp kettle of La Salle bearing the mark of the Rouen manufacturer; and rude Indian rosaries carved from pipe-stone or native metals; and a jewelled sword, or one that was jewelled once, of which no one knows the owner.

The day of fortunate "finds" apparently is not yet over, observes a writer in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, who a short time ago bought, at a well-known shop in the west end of London, a sketch in red chalk representing a "Nativity," measuring about thirty square inches. Beneath it was inscribed "Raphael d'Urbino," and the two corners bore the famous collectors' marks of "B. R. H." and "Sir I. R."—being those of Benjamin Robert Haydon and Sir Joshua Reynolds. "Eighteen pence" was all that was asked for the sketch, which is valued at many hundred dollars.

The progress of Christianizing Western Bengal is satisfactory beyond the wildest hopes. It is remarkable that English writers have either failed to notice or entirely ignored the strides made in India by the Catholic Church. Whole districts are embracing the faith; the Jesuits, Father Huyghe and Father de Smet, recently added five thousand new Christians to the fold in the province of Chota-Nagpoor.

Cardinal Lavigerie, following the example of Mgr. Freppel, protests forcibly against the application of the French conscription laws to the Catholic clergy. He says that French priests have never refused to accept the responsibilities of patriotism; he claims the dangers of the battlefield for priests, but he will not admit the obligation of carrying arms.

Among the names of the English committee who countenanced the sacrilegious statue to Giordano Bruno, atheist and blasphemer, are Algernon Charles Swinburne, poet of unnamable filth; Bradlaugh, openly immoral and infidel; and Huxley, who puts Science in place of Our Lord.

The annual report of the Church of the Immaculate Conception in New York, of which the Rev. John Edwards is rector, has reached us. It shows a condition of constant progress, particularly in the matter of schools,—Father Edwards being one of the most consistent and strenuous advocates of Catholic education in this country.

"Laicization" was a word lately invented in France to express the tearing of hospitals and institutions of charity from the care of the religious. *Les Annales Catholiques* announces that another,

now "delaicization," is becoming fashionable. At Mâcon, for instance, the trustees of the principal hospital passed a resolution recalling the Sisters. And there are indications that this movement will become general. In fact, a glance over the religious world shows us that a reaction against materialism is setting in.

A complete and well-preserved collection of Italian plants was lately discovered by the sub-director of the Herbarium at Oxford. The collection was made in 1605 by a Capuchin named Gregorius à Reggio, who was able to indicate the names of the plants and the localities where they were gathered. The *Athenæum* in a notice of this interesting discovery says that nothing is known of Gregorius, "though he must have been a good botanist."

M. Louet, Mayor of Plumieux, in Brittany, declined to officiate at the civil marriage of a man divorced from a living wife. He was dismissed from his office, and the whole communal council has expressed its sympathy by resigning. All honor to these true Bretons!

The contents of the volume of THE "AVE MARIA" just concluded will be ready in about ten days. Those who preserve the magazine for binding—it is gratifying to notice that their number is constantly increasing—are expected to apply for these additional pages, which are sent free to all who desire them.

New Publications.

MANUALS OF CATHOLIC PHILOSOPHY. LOGIC.
By Richard F. Clarke, S. J. New York, Cincinnati and Chicago: Benziger Brothers.

This is another of the "Stonyhurst Series" of Manuals of Catholic Philosophy, two volumes of which—"The First Principles of Knowledge" and "Moral Philosophy"—have already been given to the public. The present volume, though not the first to appear in the order of time, is, as the student will readily understand, the first in the order of thought. For Logic, or the Science and Art of the Laws of Thought, is at the very foundation of all philosophy; in fact, it enters into the other branches of the science and into all sciences; for we can not think a thought without Logic having control over it. How important, then, is that science which determines the laws by which the mind should be directed in the proper exercise of those grand intellectual faculties with which it is endowed, and by which one is made acquainted with those processes of thought

in which the mind engages in its investigation of truth, and in the exposition and destruction of sophistries and false reasonings that lead into error! It becomes, therefore, a matter of prime importance to place in the hands of the young student a text-book of Logic in which such correct principles are taught, that thus he may not only be provided with a safe guide for himself, but also be the better equipped for the contest with the false theories now so extensively disseminated.

For this purpose, a good solid foundation for proper mental culture must be laid at the outset; and as a means to this end nothing could be better adapted than the text-book of Logic, which the Rev. Father Clarke has prepared. In his preface the reverend author sums up in one sentence the many points of excellence to be found in his book, which it would require pages to describe. He says: "It is the object of the present Manual of Logic to lead back the English student into the safe paths of the ancient wisdom, to point out where it is that the speculations of modern philosophizers have quitted the well-trodden high-road of truth, and to at least indicate the precipices of inconsistency and self-contradiction to which they conduct the unhappy learner who allows himself to be guided by them." And the student who has read and carefully studied the contents of this volume will realize how well and successfully Father Clarke has attained the object which he proposed to himself in this work.

The need of a good Catholic text-book of Logic in English has been long felt in our colleges and academies. There are indeed Latin treatises that are excellent, and have proved productive of much good, thanks to the indefatigable labors of competent instructors; but the books themselves are quite unsuited for young students, apart from the mere difficulties of the language. Their strange phraseology, the technicalities of their style, "the cut-and-dried method they pursue in their advance from principles to conclusions," their complete separation from modern habits of thought and speech, render them unintelligible to ordinary students without an elaborate explanation on the part of the teacher. All these difficulties are removed by the present Manual, wherein this important branch of study is put in a more simple and attractive form. The scholastic system—the only safe system—has indeed been closely adhered to throughout the work, but the scholastic terms have been carefully explained and rendered into words which readily convey their true meaning.

The work may well be recommended as the best treatise on Logic in English that has thus far appeared. Father Clarke has brought to its prep-

aration the resources of a more than ordinarily gifted mind, correct literary taste and expression, and a deep philosophical acumen and power, joined to the advantages resulting from years of practical experience in the class and lecture room. We have no doubt that his "Logic" will long remain a standard work in our colleges, and we earnestly trust that it will speedily meet with the extended circulation it richly merits.

CAMPION. A Tragedy in a Prologue and Four Acts. By the Rev. G. Longhaye, S. J. Translated into English Blank Verse by James Gillow Morgan. London and New York: Burns & Oates.

Father Longhaye's dramatic works deserve to be better known. Attention was drawn to him by the author of "The Theatre and Christian Parents" several years ago; but it led to nothing, except an ephemeral interest and an attempt to translate "Les Fils d'O'Conor" for a boys' school. It is a pity that Catholic preceptors who hold, with Racine and Madame de Maintenon, that the dramatic art should be a part of education, should content themselves with vulgar farces or Shakespearean parodies, when plays of real dramatic worth specially written for their purpose are at their service.

Father Longhaye is well known in France. He has been mentioned with respect by competent critics, and he occupies a niche of his own in recognized dramatic art. To the American reader, his plays are best expressed in the form Father Morgan gives to "Campion." In French they are trammelled by the recurrent rhyme of French tragedy,—a rhyme which not even the modulations of Coquelin could make endurable to the English-hearing ear. Father Longhaye's dramatic expression is admirably, almost literally, re-expressed by Father Morgan. The dignity, the pathos, the dramatic force of "Campion" gain rather than lose in the translation. For instance, *Campion*, the martyr, says in French:

"O milord, vous approchez la reine:
Eh bien! que votre voix porte a Sa Majesté
Ce cri d'un prêtre au sein de son éternité;
Vous tenez de plein droit le sceptre héréditaire,
Vous tenez dans vos mains l'âme d'Angleterre,
Et quel terrible compte en rendez-vous un jour?
Du centre d'unité, de lumière, d'amour
Pourquoi la détacher, cette âme généreuse?
La ferez-vous ainsi plus pure, plus heureuse?"

The sentiment in this speech is high, nobly passionate; but the rhyme is irritating. Father Morgan re-expresses it:

"So let thy voice bear to Her Majesty
This weighty message which a humble priest
Sends from the threshold of Eternity:
'Thy crown is thine by right of heritage,
And England's soul thou bearest in thy hands.

A dread account thou needst must one day give.
Why wrench that soul entrusted to thy charge
From out the centre of unfailing Light,
Of unity, of love, of lasting Truth?
Wilt thereby render it more glad, more pure?
Doth it behove a wise man or a king
To poison faith within a nation's breast?"

This scene between *Campion* and *Leicester* is dramatically strong, and *Father Morgan*, unlike most translators, has not weakened it. We hope that "*Campion*" may be followed by the other plays of *Father Longhaye*, who is both a Jesuit and a man of genius,—and that is a dazzling combination.

THE POPE AND IRELAND. By Stephen J. McCormick. San Francisco: A. Waldteufel. New York, Cincinnati and Chicago: Benziger Brothers.

The talented editor of the San Francisco *Monitor* has given us in this volume some new light on an old question—viz., the relation of the Popes to Ireland. He shows by a complete array of authorities, old and new, that the bulls in regard to Ireland attributed to Pope Adrian IV. and Pope Alexander III. are nothing but forgeries; and this, not by means of a dry historico-theological treatise, but in a series of sprightly and interesting articles, which the most inveterate newspaper reader will not find too heavy for him. The sketch of the union existing for seven centuries between the Catholic Church and Ireland is admirably drawn; and, taken as a whole, we may say that the book is one of the most interesting we have read for some time.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands, as if you were bound with them.

—HEB., xiii, 3.

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

The Rev. Patrick Farrelly, the venerable rector of St. Michael's Church, Galena, Ill., who died last month, aged ninety years.

Sister Mary Michael, of the Sisters of Notre Dame, Baltimore, Md.; Sister Mary Gertrude, O. S. F., Glen Riddle, Pa.; and Sister M. Barbara, of the Sisters of Charity, Cleveland, O.

Mr. Louis P. Kilpatrick, who departed this life on the 13th ult., at Aiken, S. C.

Mrs. Mary Chausse, of Vermilion, Dakota, who passed away last month.

Mrs. Sarah Meagler, whose happy death occurred on the 27th of May at Newark, N. J.

Michael J. Kerwin, of Newark, N. J.; Mr. E. Moran, San Mateo, Cal.; Mr. and Mrs. Hennessey, Dorchester, Mass.

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



Our Mother All the Same.

'TIS Our Lady of the Roses,
 Or Our Lady of the Snow,—
 One when the spring uncloses,
 One when the cold winds blow;
 But whether winds are calling,
 Or roses burst in flame,
 Or April rains are falling,
 'Tis Our Mother all the same!

The José-Maria.

BY E. L. DORSEY.

I.

That was a very black day for the inmates of the little grey cottage just beyond Gloucester,—the day the *Elizabeth Jane* came stalking in like a ghost out of the clinging mist: the first ship home of the long-looked-for fishing fleet. It needed only a glance to discover that there was something wrong with her; for her flag hung at half-mast, and her anchor was let go without the usual cheer. The groups on shore looked at one another with pallid faces, and hearts beat fast in the grip of fear; for no one knew just where the blow would strike.

But not even these anxious ones shrank from the truth as nervously as the stalwart skipper of the *Elizabeth Jane*; for he had to break it to the little woman who stood somewhat apart from the others, with two babies hanging to her skirts, and a sturdy, barelegged boy standing at her side. He would rather have faced the fiercest "norther" that could rage; for his news was that her husband, Eliakim Barlow, A. B., had met with the fate of so many who go to the Grand Banks for the "catch,"—that he would never hand and reef and steer again, nor look on the faces of his children, nor answer any hail from mate or friend, "till the sea gives up its dead."

It was a story old in the monotone of a hundred years of happening on that coast, but as new and awful to the widow as if she had

never started up from her sleep a score of times, shrieking aloud, with its terror foreshadowed in her dreams.

And the way of it was old, too. He had gone in the dory early one morning to look at the trawls—young Dan Frost with him,—and the fog had come down on them, and then—well, well! God help the sailor-man adrift on the great Atlantic, with the fogs smothering his chances for life, and the mysterious tides that ebb and flow about the Banks clutching at him, and dragging him to his death!

The captain got through his story somehow, but he combed the sweat from his forehead with his horny hand and shook his bushy head when he finished; for, instead of shrieking and fainting, she listened in absolute silence, after the first gasp of anguish; and then turned in a dazed, blinded way, and stumbled unsteadily back to the hut, where everything was scrubbed to shining neatness, and some humble attempt had been made at decoration to welcome the sailor's return. She sat in the corner all evening, looking stonily in front of her, till the two little children cried at her knee, frightened by her silence and the strange look in her face. But though she patted the little tow-heads mechanically, it was one of the neighbors who put them to bed and hushed their sobbing; while another kindly heart tried to comfort her with words and sympathetic tears, shed half in memory of a similar grief, and half because of the dry, stricken eyes of the other.

But not then nor for years after did poor Idella Barlow know the relief tears bring; and the old wives shook their heads and whispered to one another that she'd been "called," and would soon follow her husband to the heaven of such grieved hearts,—the heaven "where there is no more sea."

Far into the night the women came and went, and 'Liakim's shipmates stood in couples and threes about the doorway, their sou'westers off in the presence of that silent grief. But in a few days the ripple was past; other ships came staggering in from the flying death of the great deep, and some never made port at all; and in many of the fishermen's huts the fierce struggle for bread choked the cries of the widow and orphan, and numbed sympathy and heart-break alike.

Ah! those women of Gloucester know what is meant by that strange verse in the Old Testament: "Weep not for him who dieth, but for him who goeth into a far country; for he shall return nevermore." The wind means death to them, the mist is a shroud, the sea is a vast grave, and the fish—they have a song about the fish, learned from their Scotch sisters, and one verse runs:

"Buy my caller herring!

They're bonnie fish and wholesome faring.

Buy my caller herring, new-drawn from out the Forth.

When you are sleeping on your pillows

Dream you aught of our poor fellows,

Darkling as they face the billows,

All to fill our woven willows? (creels)

Buy my caller herring!

They're not brought here without brave daring.

Buy my caller herring. You little know their worth.

Who'll buy my caller herring?

O you may call them vulgar faring!

Wives and mothers most despairing,

Call them 'Lives of Men.'*"

That was a dreadful season; and, though Dick did all a boy of twelve could do, affairs grew worse, until one day the end came. He missed his mother, and only after a long search found her on the shore, dressed in her poor best, and gesticulating and talking to herself.

"*He ain't dead. It's all a mistake. Seth Baxter's, a reel good man, but he ain't got 'Liakim's message straight. He didn't stay in the dory. He got aboard his own ship that was anchored off the Banks, an' went a-cruise to the West Injies; fur the left lung was a lee-tle tetchted. An' now he's a-comin' home, an' we're goin' to be reel comf' table. I kin see the topsails of the Idella—yes, thet's what he calls her,—the Idella o' Gloucester. Them's the topsails arisin' over theer, an' I shouldn't be a mite s'prised ef he made port to-night.*"

She spoke so confidently that Dick looked seaward quite bewildered, but he only saw two little white clouds drifting and shifting on the horizon; and then he looked again at the face of his mother, and her glittering eyes, bright color and strange, eager look bore in upon him the awful fact that she had "gone lunny." He would have liked to sit down and bury his face in her apron and cry; but he was the man of the family now, and not only had

* *Their* "faring" is the cod, but it is the principle that makes them akin.

to keep up his courage but to think, and think quickly, what had best be done.

"Don't you see, Dick?" she said, waving her hand and nodding. "Daddy's comin', an' then you kin go to school, an' Mollie an' Ginnie" (these were the twins, whose "given names" were Mary Ginevra and Ginevra Mary) "kin have some little shoes an' some new dresses, an' I'll take it easy fur a spell. Gimme some of them hollyhocks here; your daddy al'ays liked to see me with 'em in my hair when I was a gell. Gimme the red ones; he says they look best with my kind o' hair. Don't stand starin' like a stockfish, boy! Theer's the posies—under your nose theer."

Dick *did* look like a stockfish as he gaped in astonishment; for the "hollyhocks" his mother pointed to were nothing but a bunch of sea-weed—kelp or pulse—of such a dull sage-green that only a mad fancy could have imagined it a bright flower. And his dismay grew when, snatching up the weed, she shook down her hair—streaked through all its black tendrils with broad bands of white,—and twined it fantastically in and out, the "Jacob's-tears" and bits of sea-grass fluttering in the wind that blew softly in with the turning tide.

"Theer!" she said. "I guess thet'll do. Now I'd better go home an' cook a mess of picked-up cod against his comin' in. He says I kin beat any cook he knows a-doin' thet."

And she walked by his side, talking on and on till they reached the hut; and then Dick shot off as fast as he could go to the summer hotel to ask the gentleman he had been rowing about all day to come down and look at his mother, for he had heard him called Doctor; and on his way he asked the Widow Bascom to go up and stay with her till he got back.

It was a long tramp there and back, but the Doctor had taken a fancy to the boy in the fishing and rowing excursions they had made together, and he came without a word. And Dick never knew till long after that he had called in one of the most famous nerve physicians of the day, and that he had been given gratis that which money could hardly purchase. Doctor M—— prescribed a sedative, and said, "Humor her, but *watch her.*"

Luckily, the madness ran in the one groove, and every day its phases were repeated with the regularity of clock-work: the morning

would see her hopeful, the afternoon excited over the imagined sails she had sighted; the evening was busily and happily filled with household cares; but the night would leave her prostrated with the disappointment. The only change apparent was in bad weather. Then she grew restless, and could not be kept in the house at all, but would stand for hours exposed to the force of the storm, her eyes shielded under her hand, peering through rain and fog for the ship that was never built by mortal shipwrights; and any effort to take her home or to restrain her resulted in violent struggles and screaming attacks that exhausted her terribly.

The town committee took up the matter finally, and made arrangements to put her in the Asylum for the Pauper Insane, to put the twins into the poor-house till further provision could be made for them, and to bind Dick out to Seth Baxter as cabin-boy aboard the *Elizabeth Jane*. But the morning the properly commissioned authorities came to put their well-meant plans into execution they found the hut closed, the key hung on the door, and a badly spelled but honestly meant card asking that the "furncher will be soled to pay the rent, as we ain't got enny munney fur it."

Some one remembered vaguely hearing of a brother of Idella's, who lived "down South, in Jersey or Virginia or some place about there." Some wondered at the silent flitting, the majority commended it—for there is nothing a native-born American fights so shy of as a poor-house,—and all agreed that "thet boy had a hefty load to kerry." As indeed he had.

II.

Of late years this brother had been almost as vaguely remembered by Idella herself (for when she was born he was a bearded man sailing round the Horn and trading in the marts of China and the East Indies) as his name and whereabouts were by the good folks of Gloucester; but there was one member of the family who cherished him as a hero, and this was Dick. Ever since he had first heard of him, and though the material on which his imagination had to feed was scanty, he had erected him into such a substantial being that it seemed perfectly natural to bear down on him when, by the doctor's aid and connivance,

they gave the slip to the well-disposed public officers who wished to provide for them at the public expense.

So one fine afternoon, as Jonas Judkins sat in front of his house in the town of Lewes, Delaware, comfortably smoking his pipe, with one or two brother tars, a small, ragged urchin darted up to him and piped shrilly: "A crazy woman's a-askin' fur you at the deppo" (depot); then ran to the curbstone to enjoy the effect of his announcement.

It was not what he expected; for Jonas, serene in the consciousness that he didn't know any crazy women, and *did* know little Tic Stokes and his ways, said nothing, but went on smoking with a disregard of the youngster peculiarly galling to the bearer of really stirring news.

"I say, Mr. Judkins, this is honest Injun. Thar's a crazy woman a-askin' an' a-hollerin' fur you at the deppo, an' a boy 'bout as big's me a-tryin' to hush her up, an' two little baby gals a-whimperin', an' a whole lot o' people a-tryin' to—"

"I think," said Jonas slowly, taking his pipe from his mouth and blowing aside the smoke, "that a good rope's end laid on that boy *lively* would be a blessin' and a kindness; and I, fur one, don't never grudge a kindness to a widder's son that ain't got no father to bring him up the way he'd ought to go."

And the other skippers took *their* pipes out of *their* mouths and grunted: "Aye, aye!"

Whereupon Master Tic, sorely alarmed for his wiry legs and muscular back, bawled:

"Deed an' 'deed an' double 'deed, cross-my-heart-an'-die-like-a-dog, ef it ain't so!"

Now, this along the coast is a stronger proof of truth than an affidavit, and so Jonas knew; wherefore, laying down his pipe, he got up and walked toward the boy, saying harshly,

"Stop your foolin', you little sprat, and tell me what you're drivin' at." (He had no notion he was rhyming.)

"Thar's a crazy woman at the deppo," began Tic, whimpering and ducking away from the big sailor; "an' she's a-askin' fur you an' a-cryin'—look here," he broke off suddenly; "I ain't agoin' to tell you no more. I done give you the fac's oncet, an' I ain't agoin' to do it agin, with you a-swaggerin' an' a-bullyin' me that a-way. 'Tain't fair, so thar!"

And he dug eight surprisingly dirty knuckles in two aggrieved eyes.

"Thet's so," said Jonas. "Here's a penny an' my 'pology along with it. But you're such a little liar," he added, with the frankness peculiar to primitive peoples, "I never know when to believe you. Thar was a boy onct that hollered wolf—"

"I say there, Cap'n! There's a queer racket at the deppo. You're wanted, and wanted *bad*, I should say," broke in a new voice.

It was one of the firemen off the evening train just in from Wilmington; and, as he was a steady-going young fellow, of verbal habits quite different from those of Master Stokes, Judkins with a puzzled "I vum!" started for the little Gothic cottage which did duty as a station. He pushed his way through the crowd gathered in a compact ring at one end of the platform, and saw a woman wringing her hands and plucking at the arms of a boy who held her with a strength far beyond his years. Two little girls clung to each other near by, crying in a silent, suppressed way, as unnatural as it was pathetic.

"I want my brother!" she was panting—"my brother! Won't somebody go tell him his own sister's here?—the one he brought the vases and shoes to from Chiny, tell him. Go quick, fur they're a-tryin' to drag me away! I can't git word to my husband, an' ef Jonas don't come, 'Liakim an' the children'll never know wheer I've gone to. I've lost my boy and my little gells"—sobbing most pitifully,—"an' I do want my brother. Please go tell him!"

And then she would begin all over again, repeating it until it was incoherent, and she would have to stop from exhaustion. And all the time the boy held her close, with set teeth, saying now and then, "Theer, marm, theer! Don't take on so. He'll come presently."

"Who's a-wantin' me?" asked Jonas, in his clear, sharp voice.

"Be you Cap'n Jonas Judkins?" cried the boy, with new courage and hope lighting his face and tightening his tired arms.

"Yes. What of it?"

"Then you're my uncle, an' we've come to live with you."

"The Dickens you have!" Jonas was on the point of saying; but the forlorn group

struck him silent for a moment, and then he said instead: "An' who are *you*?"

"I'm Dick Barlow; an' this here's marm, your sister; an' these is the twins."

"Lord, Lord!" muttered Jonas, with an inaudible whistle. "That *can't* be Idella! Why, she was a baby only t'other day, an' th's here's a old woman with white hair and a handful of children! What's gone o' your father?" he asked aloud, eying Dick sharply.

"He's—he didn't never come back from the Grand Banks. He went out to the trawls, an'—the—fog—"

And poor Dick, too proud to cry, too miserable to go on, stopped, choking.

"Sho now!" said Jonas. "Thet's too bad. What sort of a skipper did he hev?"—and a spark of fire burnt in his grey eyes.

"A good un," answered Dick. "He sounded the horn an' tolled the bell an' fired the old flintlock all day. Then when it got dark he sent off the blue lights. But it come on to blow that night—"

"Humph! Then he done his duty, an' theer ain't no call fur wrath fum me. But we must get away fum here. Hi there, Marshall! Fetch up one o' your teams. An' you git out!" he said unceremoniously to the crowd, who listened as eagerly to the conversation as they had stared before. "Come Idella," he went on, not ungently; "come along home."

"Is 'Liakim theer?" she asked, looking out toward the breakwater against whose black breast the spray surged.

"I shouldn't be surprised," he answered, desperately—though nothing would have surprised him more; for 'a lie, big or little, yaller or brown, stuck in his craw,' as he always said of himself.

"Then I'll go," she said, promptly. "You're his mate, I presume?" she added, with an interested look. "How is he? And how does the *Idella* go? She's a pretty ship, an' it was reel clever (good) of him to name her after me. Did he have any luck out theer in the West Injies? I hope so, fur then he kin stay to home a spell."

"What's she a-talkin' about?" asked Jonas, dismayed. And when Dick tapped his forehead behind her back, and whispered to him to agree to everything she said, he hurriedly told him: "Here, boy, *you'd* better take your

ma in tow, and I'll manage the youngsters."

And he swung Ginevra Mary and Mary Ginevra up in his arms pretty much as a big mastiff might pick up two miserable stray kittens, and made for the dayton Marshall had brought, at a pace that set their little heads bobbing furiously, and impressed them with the fact that this big uncle was another sort of "steam-car" (locomotive), differing only in degree from the one that had shrieked and puffed all day long, trailing them so fast across the country that their eyes were dazzled, and jarring them so that every bone in their thin little bodies ached.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A Legend of the Cathedral of Cologne.

Several years before the foundation stone of the famous Cathedral was laid, there lived a man who was far in advance of all his contemporaries in the cultivation of human knowledge. This was Albertus Magnus, of the Order of St. Dominic.* At this period Conrad von Hochstaden occupied the archiepiscopal throne at Cologne, and had for some time been engrossed with the thought of erecting a vast and majestic cathedral. With this object in view he caused the friar to be summoned before him, and directed him to design a plan for the erection of a building which should eclipse in splendor all then existing structures.

Albertus cogitated day and night in his lonely cell over the grand idea which had been entrusted to him; he prayed fervently and continuously that God would assist him. But, notwithstanding all his meditation and prayer, a mist seemed to enshroud his imagination; no picture that he could reduce to shape would present itself. His heart was bowed down with anxiety as in the silent watches of the night he sat immersed in thought and reflection; and yet the shadowy outline of a superb temple floated before his mind and seemed to fill his thoughts. When he was tired out with the strain of mental ex-

ertion, he would cast himself upon his knees and implore the Blessed Virgin to assist him in the task which he was unable to accomplish alone. In this way weeks passed by.

On one occasion, when Albertus had been sitting by the flickering light of his lamp, deeply immersed in the construction of a design, after offering a fervent prayer for help, he became overpowered with sleep. It may have been midnight when he awoke. His cell was filled with a heavenly radiance, and the door leading to the hall of the monastery was standing open. Albertus rose in terror from his seat; it seemed as if a flash of lightning had passed before his eyes, and he became aware of four men dressed in white cassocks entering his cell, with crowns of burnished gold, glistening like fire, on their heads. The first was a grave old man, with a long, flowing white beard covering his breast; in his hand he held a pair of compasses; the second, somewhat younger in appearance, carried a mason's square; the third, a powerful man, whose chin was covered with a dark curly beard, held a rule; and the fourth, a handsome youth with auburn locks, brought a level. They walked in with grave and solemn tread, and behind them, in all her celestial beauty, came Our Lady, carrying in her right hand a lily stalk with brightly gleaming flowers. She made a sign to her companions, whereupon they proceeded to sketch, with practiced hands, a design in lines of fire upon the bare walls of the cell. The pillars rose on high, the arches curved to meet them, and two majestic towers soared into the blue vault of heaven. Albertus stood lost in contemplation and admiration of the glorious picture thus presented to his gaze.

As suddenly as it had appeared, the heavenly vision again vanished, and Albertus found himself alone; but the plan of the splendid edifice, which had been drawn by the four celestial architects, under the direction of the Virgin Mother, was traced upon his memory in ineffaceable lines. Very soon after this he presented a plan of the Cathedral of Cologne to Archbishop Conrad. The most high-flown aspirations of the prelate had been surpassed beyond measure. The foundations of the building were soon afterward laid, and future generations carried on the erection, until completed as we now see it, a wonder of the whole world.

* Albertus, born in the year 1193 at Lauingen in Suabia, was descended from the noble house of Bollstedt. He died at Cologne on the 15th of November, 1280, in his eighty-seventh year, much respected and admired for his piety and learning.

A Song from the Heart.

To the Heart Immaculate.

By F. J. LISCOMBE

Andante con espress.

First system of musical notation. The piece is in 3/4 time with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The tempo is *Andante con espress.* The first measure is marked *Legato. p*. The system consists of two staves (treble and bass clef) with a grand staff brace on the left. The music features a flowing melody in the right hand and a supporting bass line in the left hand, with various chordal textures.

Second system of musical notation. The first measure is marked *cres.* and the second measure is marked *f*. The notation continues with two staves, maintaining the melodic and harmonic structure established in the first system.

Third system of musical notation. The first measure is marked *p* and the second measure is marked *rit.*. The word **FINE.** is centered above the second measure. The system concludes with two staves, ending with a final chord.

Fourth system of musical notation. The first measure is marked *cres.*, the second measure is marked *f*, and the third measure is marked *dim.*. The system consists of two staves, providing the final musical phrases of the piece.

The Ave Maria.

First system of musical notation for 'The Ave Maria'. It consists of two staves (treble and bass clef) with a grand staff bracket. The music is in a minor key. Dynamics include *f* (forte) and *rit.* (ritardando). The phrase *dim. e rit.* (diminuendo e ritardando) is written above the second measure.

Second system of musical notation. It features a *Lento.* (Lento) tempo marking above the first measure. Dynamics include *pp* (pianissimo) and *mf* (mezzo-forte). The instruction *Marcato al Basso.* (Marcato al Basso) is written above the bass staff.

Third system of musical notation. It includes a *rit.* (ritardando) marking above the bass staff. A *b* (basso) dynamic marking is present above the bass staff.

Fourth system of musical notation. It begins with a *p* (piano) dynamic marking above the bass staff.

Fifth system of musical notation. It includes a *f* (forte) dynamic marking above the bass staff. A *rit.* (ritardando) marking is present above the bass staff. The system concludes with a *pp* (pianissimo) dynamic marking above the bass staff.



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

A Hidden Church.*

BY ARTHUR J. STACE.

STANDING to gaze in Concord's troubled Place
 (Troubled by rush of wheels and hurrying feet),
 Clotilda's spires, across the river, greet
 Your grateful eyes, pointing the path of grace.
 You seek them, pass the bridge. High walls efface
 The wished-for view. You thread the mazy street,
 Whose labyrinthine coils your loss complete,
 Till perseverance finds the missing trace.

So, in the busy, troubled marts of trade,
 A gleam of heaven sometimes cheers the view,
 And heaven's self is nearer than we knew.
 Follow the beckoning gleam, nor be dismayed
 Should obstacles to thwart you seem designed.
 Is it not written: Those who seek shall find?

The Feast of Our Lady of Mount Carmel
 in Havana.

BY E. IDA WILLIAMS.

HULIA WARD HOWE, in her book
 "A Trip to Cuba," speaks of the
 Cubans as a people enveloped in a
 profound melancholy; and that was before
 the devastating war had in a measure impover-
 ished the country. Yet I, who first set foot
 there after her brave sons had shed their blood
 for liberty, formed a very different opinion of
 them; nor has it changed in my several trips
 there since. From personal experience, I do
 not think that the Cubans equal the French

in gaiety, but no people that I have seen ap-
 pear more ready for a "good time" than these
 whom it has pleased our author to describe
 as melancholy. Balls, processions, musical en-
 tertainments, informal evening and *matinée*
 dances are frequent and most enjoyable. How-
 ever, notwithstanding the festive taste of the
 race, merry-making is set aside for religious
fêtes, and the devotion of the Cubans is as
 deep and sincere as if Terpsichore had no part
 in their lives.

Our Lady of Mount Carmel is Patroness of
 the village of Carmelo, lying less than two
 hours' ride by rail from the city of Havana.
 This village is exceedingly pretty and pictur-
 resque. The architecture being very similar,
 the variety is given by the colors upon the
 outside of the houses; cream with blue lines
 marking off the bricks, deep Roman yellow
 squared with red, and light blue lined off with
 several shades darker of the same hue, have a
 charming effect. The gardens, too, are beau-
 tiful, and the flower-beds are laid out with
 great taste.

Henry Ward Beecher once said: "Religion
 is the bread of life,—you make it the cake.
 You never have it but when you have com-
 pany, instead of treating it as bread, to be
 used every day and every hour." Alas! his
 words are too true. Americans are Sunday
 Christians, if Christian at all; and well might
 the faithful of every land emulate the Cubans,
 who take their religion into everything. They
 cross themselves in a storm with every peal of
 thunder and flash of lightning; they scarcely
 give an order to their servants without ac-
 companying it with an "Ave Maria" or "Dios
 Mio"; and the priests bless everything, from

* Seen from the Place de la Concorde, Paris.

the house in which they dwell to the book from which they pray.

The Feast of Our Lady of Mount Carmel is a day of great rejoicing at Carmelo, and the celebration during my visit was very edifying. The church, in course of erection, not being ready for use, the car-house served for one temporarily,—the floor covered with carpet, the walls hung with crimson damask, and a very handsome altar extemporized; the front having the appearance of silver, and the top almost banked with flowers. Above, at the right and left corners of the altar, were sculptured angels, and at equal distances were disposed in silver candlesticks twenty-eight lighted candles.

After a few moments of silent devotion the vestry door opened, and four priests in white and gold brocaded vestments came out, preceded by an indefinite number of acolytes bearing lighted candles, and one swinging a censer of sweet-burning incense. They passed solemnly down the aisle to receive the throne and Our Lady; and, meeting it at the door, to the music of a sacred march by a well-trained band, they slowly returned to the altar.

The throne was borne upon the shoulders of four sailors, as symbol that Our Lady is also Patron of Navigation. It was an open floral dome, the supporting columns of which were wound with white illusion and studded with roses. In this regal bower was the image of the Blessed Virgin in a rose-colored gown, with a white spangled mantle falling to her feet; a crown of gold and gems ornamented her head; also that of the Divine Infant, whom she carried on her left arm, while in her right hand, extended, were several Scapulars. At her feet burned numberless candles covered by cut-glass bell-shaped shades. The effect was more than beautiful, and involuntarily, as it were, the immense congregation dropped on their knees. After the recitation of the Rosary, the "*Ave Maria*" was sung by the choir, and the procession passed out to the street.

It was twilight when we started from the church. The incomparable blue of the Cuban sky still held the glorious hues of the setting sun. The faint rose, like the blush of morning, had almost faded; rich gold had become pale yellow, and was vanishing in fleecy clouds, fading from dark smoke to limpid white. The

quiet sea, upon the banks of which Carmelo is situated, had given its hue to the heavens, and ether-like clouds in every shade of azure rose as mighty walls, bringing out figures engaged in battle and in prayer; and these, with the rapidity of a kaleidoscope, formed themselves into creatures both of land and sea, and then floated away, like great birds, into infinite space. Every house had hung out the bunting of its kingdom, and the red and yellow Spanish flags floated upon the soft breeze in honor of Our Lady.

The procession was preceded by some dozen of the civil guard, handsomely mounted; then came a body of acolytes, the first two bearing lighted candles; then some smaller boys, also with candles; following them came the throne and Our Lady; behind this, priests in gorgeous vestments of white brocade with trimmings of gold gimp and embroidery; after these, borne by sailors, were two vessels all of flowers,—the sails of solid white roses, the masts of red ones; then followed a large concourse of people—old and young, rich and poor, white and black, indiscriminately mixed together,—all with one intent: to do honor to Our Lady. They carried candles, banners, standards, and a silver crucifix. Finally, at the rear, came the band of music and a small battalion of soldiers. As they passed, each house did honor in its particular way. Some fired a salute, others sent up rockets and Roman candles, while others burned lights of various hues. It was evening now: the moon and stars lighted the sky, and the myriad candles illuminated the streets like midday.

The procession lasted about three hours; it passed down the main street (which runs directly from the village of Carmelo through the village of El Vedado), and, turning northward to the main avenue at Calle de los Banos, retraced its way to the Carmelo church; after which all adjourned to the house of the President of Arrangements, where they had refreshments and enjoyed a dance till morning.

CALUMNY hurts three persons—him who utters it, him who hears it, and him of whom it is spoken; but the last, happily, not always, or not for a long time.—*Spanish Popular Sayings.*

Harry Considine's Fortunes.

BY NUGENT ROBINSON.

CHAPTER II.—ALDERMAN RYAN, J. P.

CONSIDINE found several letters awaiting him at both newspaper offices when he called next evening. The greater number were from rogues and dishonestly-disposed persons, who wrote vaguely and put wily queries with a view to obtaining a clue to the lost sum of money. One person threatened the severest penalties of the law unless the money were instantly handed over, adding that the finder was known. This caused Considine and Molloy a hearty laugh.

"Here we are!" exclaimed Harry, as he read aloud the following epistle. "Here's our man!"

47 RUTLAND SQUARE EAST, May 25.

To H. C. Office of the Dublin *Freeman's Journal*.

Last evening, at half-past seven o'clock, I left my country house, 114 Middle Abbey Street, for a drive on my private jaunting-car, with my wife and daughter. I took out of my safe the sum of £260—made up of 200 sovereigns, £55 in one-pound notes, and £5 in silver,—put the money in an old canvas bag and tied it up with a piece of twine. My coachman entered the Phoenix Park by the Park Gate Street entrance, and passed up to the Phoenix, then turned down by the Chief Secretary's, and past the Hibernian Military School, to the Chapelizod gate. The money was beside me on the car cushion, and I suppose it fell off while I was walking on the sod with the ladies. If you return me £200 I will not ask for the loose money.

HENRY JOSEPH RYAN, Alderman,
Justice of the Peace for the City of Dublin,
Tobacco Importer.

"Let us go back to Pims' for the money," said Harry. "The sooner Alderman Ryan gets his own the better."

"You will only let him have two hundred?"

"I will let him have every penny that I found, and will throw the bag and cord in," laughed Considine.

"But this is business! The man is willing to let you have this bonus of sixty pounds."

"Because he imagines that he is dealing with a sharper."

"A shaper would not advertise the find."

"Yes, he would, with the idea of making terms with both the owner, the law, and an elastic conscience."

The east side of Rutland Square is gloomy in the extreme. I doubt if the sun ever "gives it a good shine," as a child would say. The houses wear a dirty, dingy, bankrupt appearance. The hall doors require paint, the windows cleaning, the brasses polishing. Opposite is the Rotunda, the arena in which some of Ireland's most famous oratorical gladiators have fought the glorious fight,—a building hallowed by the burning fervor of patriotism.

"Is Alderman Ryan in?" asked Considine of a very ill-dressed man-servant bearing a gentle aroma of the stable.

"He is at his dinner, sir. Do you want to see him particular?"

"Well—yes."

"Corporation business?"

"No."

"Justice of the Peace business?"

"Not that either," said Harry, with a smile.

"Tobacco?"

"No."

"Well, I'd advise you to step back in half an hour if you want to get at him in good-humor."

"All right."

The two young men entered the Rotunda gardens through the favor of a friendly nursemaid, the possessor of a key, and strolled under the noble old elms that might have shaded the fevered brow of Henry Grattan. Cavendish Row, with its palatial houses—inhabited, when Ireland was a nation, by the nobles who formed her House of Lords,—was lighted up by the rays of the setting sun; and as they gazed at those superb mansions, the two young men fell to talking of Ireland before the Union; of her glories in the past, of her hopes in the future; of the light for her in the West.

"If I could only get to the States!" sighed Considine, as they returned to the residence of Alderman Ryan.

"He's to be had now," observed the servant confidentially, ushering them into a small room on the right-hand side of the hall.

There was a great pretence of books in the apartment. A portrait of a gentleman of dark complexion, in a choking stock and a frilled shirt, stood over the mantelpiece. A chromo of a tobacco estate in Cuba faced the window. Samples of the fragrant weed were scattered

everywhere. In the place of honor, in a corner all to itself, in a golden frame set in crimson plush, was an illuminated address from the burgesses of the ward, congratulating the Alderman on his triumphant election. Stuck in a tape-adorned rack were numerous summonses from the Town Club to attend various committee and other meetings of the Municipal Council; while the annual reports of the Corporation shone conspicuous in elaborate if not gorgeous bindings.

A portly gentleman of cadaverous hue, black hair, side whiskers that would do credit to a Spanish bull-fighter, and a mouthful of showy teeth, received the two young men. He did not bow, he did not move a muscle; he gazed at them, and after a pause induced himself to utter the single word, "Well?" interrogatively. Considine was for hurling the bag of money into the middle of the Corporation reports, and, with a contemptuous "There!" flinging himself out of the Alderman's presence. Molloy perceived this and opened fire.

"You are Alderman Ryan, sir?"

"Justice of the Peace. Yes."

"You lost some money last evening in the Park?"

The Alderman lighted up considerably at this. Assuming a most magisterial air, he exclaimed in the tone of one addressing a vast assemblage:

"Let me warn you both that I have only to touch the gong"—laying a very white finger on a silver bell—"to place you both in the hands of a policeman. I am a Justice of the Peace for the—"

"There is no use in telling us that again!" burst in Considine. "I found money last night in the Park, near the Chapelizod gate. I advertised it last night. This is your letter!"—flinging it on the table. "This is your money!"—banging it after the letter. "I will trouble you to count it, and see that it's right." And he sturdily added: "I'll sit down till you have completed the operation. Sit down, Gerald!"

In his pleasure at the restoration of his lost treasure, and his hurry and excitement in opening and counting it, the Alderman paid no heed to Considine's utterances; so the two men seated themselves and stared grimly as the trembling white fingers tossed over the

notes, turned over the chinking sovereigns, and tumbled over the ponderous half crowns.

"Quite correct," said the Alderman. "You have done a very honest and respectable thing. You must be honest and respectable youths. Be good enough to name the reward you expect. In fact"—shoving the gold toward them,—"*help yourselves.*"

This was so unexpected, so unlooked for, that Considine was completely dumfounded.

"I said in my letter that I would give the finder the odd sixty pounds. Take thirty pounds a piece," said the Alderman.

"You are very good, sir, and—" began Molloy, when Considine burst in:

"I found that money, and I don't want any reward. I'm thankful to you all the same."

"I am a man of my word," said Ryan, expanding his chest till his capacious white waistcoat creaked. "No man, woman or child can say that Alderman Ryan, J. P., ever went back of his word. Take your money."

"No, sir. I have done nothing but what I ought. All I will take is two half-crowns, the price of the advertisement."

"Really, Harry!" interposed Gerald. "I—"

"Don't bother me!" retorted Considine, rising, proceeding to the table, and helping himself to the coins in question.

"Are you in business?" demanded the Alderman.

"I am doing business in Pims', in Georges Street."

"A very respectable house. I—ah—presume that you would have no objection to—ah—bettering your condition?"

"None at all," replied Considine.

"Just favor me with your name and address. Write it down. Sit here. I shall return in a moment."

"Well, of all the drivelling idiots I ever came across you are the beat of them!" cried Molloy. "You have just thrown sixty pounds into the Liffey. Why, man, you could have gone to New York first class for half the money!"

"That's true," said Considine, simply.

"Well, and why didn't you think of it?"

"I did."

"And you said 'No.' Bah!"

At this moment Alderman Ryan reappeared, followed by the servant bearing a great

dish of strawberries, and a couple of decanters with their accompanying glasses.

"Help yourselves, gentlemen!—George! plates and a bottle of champagne!"

"No wine for us, sir. We are teetotalers," observed Molloy.

"Well, you will smoke. I am in the trade, and can give you a cigar that the Prince of Wales would pay ready money for."

"We don't smoke either," laughed Harry.

"So much the better," rejoined the Alderman. "It's a bad habit, a demoralizing one, and leaves many an honest lad with shabby clothes and broken shoes. Why, the money that goes in tobacco would clothe a young fellow!"

"Shall I turn the gas on in the dining-room, uncle?" cried a girlish voice from the now darkened hall.

"I think not. Come in, dear. These gentlemen have found and have brought me the money I lost last night in the Park."

"Oh, how good of them!" And an earnest-looking girl—*petite*, low-browed, starry-eyed, with a smile of radiant beauty,—entered the room, and made an old-fashioned courtesy to the young men.

"This is my niece, Miss Esmonde," said the Alderman. "Caroline, help the strawberries; and, as they do not drink wine or spirits, be liberal with the cream."

The dainty young lady was liberal with both strawberries and cream. She flitted about the table like a good fairy, and placed her uncle's guests at ease by the gracious manner in which she both talked and acted.

She interested Harry on the subject of horses, and Gerald in reference to a new book on the question of animal life in the moon. Both the young fellows came out strong without being aware of it, and a good hour passed, as though old Time had used his wings as well as his scythe.

"You will hear from me, Mr. Considine," said the Alderman as he escorted Harry to the hall door. "I have something in my eye for you, which I hope will prove suitable. I am not an Alderman and a Justice of the Peace for the city of Dublin without possessing *some* little influence. Good-evening!"

"What a delightful young lady!" observed Molloy to his friend as they turned into Great

Britain Street. "I wonder if she has any money?"

"She'd be a treasure without a farthing," was Considine's remark in reply. "What splendid strawberries!"

"Well, Harry, you've just paid Alderman Ryan sixty pounds for them,—that is at the rate of one-pound-four a piece, as I suppose we didn't eat more than fifty between us. A pretty costly dessert; quite in the old classic style,—Sybaritic!"

"I wonder if the Alderman meant business when he said he had something in his eye for me, Gerald?"

"It's all in his eye and—Betty Martin! I wouldn't give you a penny for your chance. No, my excellent young friend from the country, your delicious verdure has cost you a year's salary and more."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Footprints of Heroines.

BY THE COMTESSE DE COURSON.

I.—JANE DORMER.—(Continued.)

TWO months later the Duke and Duchess of Fera, with their son and a brilliant retinue, set out for Spain; but Lady Dormer, who had lovingly tended her granddaughter during her confinement, decided to remain behind. Her task was now fulfilled—her children settled,—and she yearned to consecrate to God in prayer and solitude the last years of her life. She therefore retired to Louvain, where a little colony of English exiles had established themselves. Many of these were holy and active priests, who employed their time in writing books of religious controversy to be distributed in England. Here, among them, Lady Dormer felt that she could still serve her unhappy country. For twelve years more she lived at Louvain, where, says Sanders, she was "a foot to the lame, an eye to the blind, a support to the weak." Her abundant charity extended to all, and during the wars that ravaged the Low Countries she often fed and clothed forty soldiers a day. But her heart went out with still greater love to her own countrymen; and to exiled priests from England or to poor students preparing for the

English mission she was ever a true mother, and her house a home. When she died, in July, 1571, the whole town of Louvain, prelates, doctors of the University, magistrates and students, followed to the grave the remains of her who had become an exile for the love of Christ.

Her heart still sore from parting with her beloved grandmother, the young Duchess of Feria continued her journey through France. At Amboise the travellers halted in order to pay their respects to King Francis II., and to his wife, Mary Stuart, Queen of France and Scotland. At first sight the lovely young Queen conceived an enthusiastic admiration for her guest, whose winning grace and sweetness gained all hearts; in her honor she put off the mourning garments that she was wearing for her father-in-law, Henry II., and a guard of her faithful Scotchmen was appointed to wait upon the Duchess during her stay at Amboise, as though she had been a royal princess. Mary also insisted that her guest, who was attired according to the custom of the Spanish court, should dress in French fashion. Jane sweetly yielded to this girlish caprice, and Mary herself assisted at her new friend's toilet, and with her own hands helped to array her in the latest fashions of the Valois court.

The irresistible sympathy which at once drew together the Queen and the Duchess gave rise to a correspondence that continued through all vicissitudes and changes in the life of each. Mary always signed her letters, "Your perfect friend, old acquaintance, and dear cousin, Maria Regina." And to this warm affection the Duchess responded by a friendship no less faithful and tender. More than ten years later, when she heard that the lovely Queen whom she had seen at Amboise in the flower of her beauty was a prisoner in England, deprived of all save the bare necessities of life, she immediately sent her 20,000 ducats.

At length, in August, 1560, six months after their departure from Malines, the travellers reached Toledo, where King Philip held his court. The Duchess of Feria made her state entrance on horseback, followed by six maids of honor and twenty pages. She was graciously welcomed by the King, and the sight

of him must have recalled to her affectionate heart the remembrance of her beloved mistress, Queen Mary Tudor. The following day she was received by Elizabeth of France, Philip's third wife, who gave her a magnificent jewel as a token of welcome. The King of Portugal, Sebastian, also visited her and presented her with valuable gifts; in short, the first months of Jane's stay in her adopted country were but a dazzling series of festivities, in the midst of which the young English bride, who had learned long since to value at their true price the goods of this world, remained unshaken in her sweet humility.

It is true that some thorns were hidden under these brilliant appearances. The climate of Spain was a sore trial to this child of the North, and all through her life Jane suffered from its enervating influence; her position toward her husband's mother was at first difficult and painful. From family reasons the Duchess Dowager had wished her son to marry his niece, and on hearing of his marriage with Jane Dormer she had transferred to his younger brother certain lands that ought to have been his. Soon, however, the sweetness of her new daughter won over the old Duchess, who never ceased regretting the unjust act she had committed in a moment of anger.

At last the Duke and his wife were able to retire to their country-seat at Zafra, in Estremadura, where for the first time since her marriage Jane found herself really at home. Her first care was to organize her daily life, and as she did so many loving recollections of Ethrop, her childhood, and her grandmother's beautiful and holy life, must have come before her mind. God and His poor held an important place in the household at Zafra, as they had done in Jane's far-away English home. Between her and her husband there existed the closest sympathy of mind and heart. Her biographer, in his quaint language, tells us that "in mirth, the Duchess was to him sweet and pleasing company; in matters of discontent he found in her a lively comfort; in doubts, a faithful and able counsellor; in adverse accidents, a solace." It was a touching sight during Holy Week to see the husband and wife retire to the Franciscan Convent at Zafra, where, in memory of Christ's

bitter Passion, they spent their time in prayer and penance.

The Duke of Feria seems to have been a singularly noble character; gentle and affable to the poor and weak, he was keenly sensitive where his honor and integrity were concerned. On one occasion his wife happened to remark that, although he had always been the special favorite of his sovereign, and had filled posts of responsibility and importance, his personal fortune had never benefited by the marks of favor lavished upon him. "What!" he said. "Would you that I take gifts and bribes, or that my honor remain in the point it doth and should? 'To this day my honor hath not been touched with bribes, and shall I now begin?" The Duchess, whose heart gratefully echoed her husband's noble words, replied: "In God's name let it be; for to uphold your honor, I had rather be poor than give way to the least decay thereof.*"

A warm friendship united the Duke of Feria to Father Ribadeneira, one of St. Ignatius' early companions; and it was in great measure owing to his influence that the first colleges of the Society of Jesus were founded in Spain. His love for his wife made him the special protector of the English Catholics abroad; indeed, his interest in them was so well known that in 1571 a petition was made to the King that the Duke of Feria should be appointed Governor of the Low Countries, where the English refugees had founded a large number of convents and colleges. Philip II. received the petition favorably; the same year the Duke wrote to his wife the joyful news of his nomination, and in after years Jane Dormer used to say that nothing had ever given her and her husband more "extraordinary consolation."

But just when all on earth seemed best and brightest, it pleased God to shatter the happiness of those two noble souls. The Duke of Feria had gone to the Escorial to take the King's final orders before departing; he was there seized with a violent fever, and after a short illness he expired, on the 8th of September, 1571, tended to the last by his wife, to whom on his death-bed he bequeathed three things—his soul, his son, and his honor.

Thirteen years of a happiness as pure and perfect as this world can give had been Jane Dormer's portion; and now, at the age of thirty-three, she found herself a widow, with an only son to educate and vast estates to administer. In his will her husband, after recommending her to the special protection of the King, adds, alluding to the education of his son: "I beseech of the Duchess no particulars; for I know she will do much better than I know how to ask." We shall see that she proved herself worthy of the trust reposed in her.

In the midst of her unspeakable grief, the desolate heart of the widowed Duchess was deeply moved by the despair of the English Catholics of Belgium, who had looked forward to the speedy arrival of the Duke of Feria among them. The most eminent members of the exiled colony, and at their head William Allen, the future Cardinal, drew up a petition to King Philip, imploring him to allow the Duchess to come and live in the Low Countries; and from her English prison Mary Stuart wrote to urge this step upon her friend. But the interests of her son, now her one link with the world, bound the Duchess to her adopted country. Five years after her marriage she had lost a second son, who had lived only a short time, and it was now upon her elder born that she concentrated all her tenderness and all her care.

Our heroine's biographer gives us but scanty details of this boy, whom he calls an "angelic child," and who was most lovingly and carefully educated by his holy mother. We are told, however, that at his father's death he was invested by the King with the important "Encomienda," or command of Segura de la Sierra, belonging to the military order of Santiago. According to the rules of the order, all the youths on whom this honor was bestowed were bound to spend several months' probation in the monastery of Santiago at Urles; but it generally happened that, for some reason or other, they obtained a dispensation from this duty. The Duchess of Feria, on the contrary, insisted that her son should perform his time of probation in the monastery according to the letter of the law; it was to this wise and manly training that Don Lorenzo owed the reputation which he afterward en-

* "Life of Jane Dormer, Duchess of Feria," p. 133.

joyed of a brave and loyal Christian nobleman, such as his father had been before him. Like his father, too, he was appointed by his sovereign to posts of importance and confidence: in 1593 he assisted at the "États Généraux" in France; he then became Viceroy of Catalonia, Viceroy of Sicily, and finally Spanish Ambassador at the court of Pope Paul V. In memory of his mother he always showed himself the protector of English Catholics, and his intimate companion and secretary was the celebrated Jesuit, Father Thomas Fitzherbert.

A widow in the prime of life, Jane Dormer's old age was saddened by the death of her only son. The Duke of Feria was on his way to Rome, when he fell ill at Naples, and died on the 26th of January, 1607, at the age of forty-eight. The strong faith that had supported the young widow in her greatest sorrow enabled the childless mother to bear this new cross with undaunted courage and sweet resignation, and it was upon her son's children that she now poured forth all her tenderness. When the young Duke of Feria, her grandson, came into possession of his estates, he found that, owing to his grandmother's wise administration, the heavy debts which encumbered them had been gradually paid off.

Her activity and vigilance in the management of her children's interests did not prevent her from being full of love and compassion for her farmers and tenants, by whom she was literally worshipped. The following anecdote serves to illustrate the affectionate relations existing between them. On one occasion her son, who was then Viceroy of Sicily, wrote home to his mother, asking her to lose no time in buying for him certain lands that had to be paid for immediately. In the Duke's interests it was necessary that the transaction should be concluded without delay, and a sum of 40,000 ducats had to be forthcoming. The Duchess was then in Madrid, where she easily found 14,000 ducats; for the 26,000 that were still needed she appealed to her tenants at Zafrá, to whom she wrote a letter stating the case, and promising that the money should be repaid in a few months. Her letter was read in the market-place of the little town at two o'clock, and at seven the same evening the whole sum had been collected. When the Duke's steward proposed to give receipts to

those who brought the money, they indignantly replied that the word of their good mistress was enough for them.

In the government of her household the Duchess showed the same combination of ability and gentleness. When her husband died she put aside forever the garments of the world, and adopted a religious habit, which she wore till her death. Always royal in her generosity, she bade adieu to all personal gratifications, and embraced the austere life of a religious. Her household had an almost conventual aspect, and as time went on prayer and good works absorbed her more and more.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Alleged Ante-Mortem Funeral of Charles V.

BY THE REV. REUBEN PARSONS, D. D.

THE thought of abdication, first took possession of the mind of Charles V. in 1535, after the successful issue of his expedition against Tunis; and not, as is generally asserted, at a time when reverses had disgusted him with human ambitions. This is shown by his own remarks to Lourenço Pires de Tavora, Portuguese envoy at his court,* and to the monks of San Yuste.† He was then only forty years of age, and at the height of his power. But not until 1542 did he manifest his design to the Cortes of Aragon,‡ and not before 1553 did he begin the necessary preparations. From among many places which seemed fitted, naturally, spiritually, and artistically, to furnish his tired and then ascetically inclined mind a soothing and profitable retreat, he selected the Hieronymite Monastery of San Yuste in Estremadura;§ and as he did not propose to become

* Mignet, "Charles-Quint, son Abdication, et son Séjour au Monastère de Yuste," p. 6, n. 1. Paris, 1854.

† Sepulveda, "Opera," vol. ii, b. 30; Madrid, 1740.

‡ Ribadeneyra, "Vida del [Padre Francisco de Borja]," c. 13; Madrid, 1605.

§ This Spanish congregation was approved by Pope Gregory XI. in 1374. Its first members had belonged to the Third Order of St. Francis, and they now adopted the rule of St. Augustine. Their chief houses are those of St. Lawrence at the Escorial, St. Isidore in Seville, and this of St. Justus. Another congregation of Hieronymites was founded in Italy in 1377 by the Blessed Peter Gambacorti of Pisa.

a monk, or even to follow the community life, as is generally believed, and as he could not expect the religious to associate familiarly with his retainers, he gave orders, in 1553, for the construction of a becoming habitation contiguous to the monastery. In this edifice he could preserve his own independence, and, while respecting that of the monks, he could occasionally enjoy their companionship; while his proximity to the church enabled him, when so disposed, to join in the offices of the choir.

On October 25, 1555, Charles resigned his crowns of Naples, Sicily, and Milan in favor of his son Philip. On January 17, 1556, he ceded to the same Philip the crown of Spain, and all his other dominions in the Old and the New World; and on September 7 of the same year he resigned the imperial sceptre, presuming, in defiance of the rights of the Holy See, to do so in favor of his brother, Ferdinand of Austria.* On February 3, 1557, Charles arrived at San Yuste, accompanied by only twelve domestics, and here he constantly resided during the remaining nineteen months of his life. He generally assisted at the Office, and at the High Mass which was celebrated every morning in the church. He frequently communicated, and on the Fridays of Lent he joined the monks in taking the discipline. Much of his time was spent in the study of mechanics and in clockmaking; and it is narrated that one day, when he had failed to make two clocks agree, he moralized: "And how foolish it was in me to think that I could produce uniformity in so many nations, differing so much in race, language, and character!"

* Pope Paul IV. refused to acknowledge Ferdinand's claim to the crown of the Holy Roman Empire; for the consent of the Pontiff, the suzerain of that Empire, had not been obtained by Charles V. for his action. Ferdinand, like all presumptive heirs to the Empire, had been elected "King of the Romans" (1532), and had been confirmed by Pope Clement VII.; but Paul IV. declared that a "King of the Romans" could succeed, ordinarily, to the Empire only by the death of its incumbent. The cases of resignation or deprivation, insisted the Pontiff, had always depended on the will of the Holy See, and only the Pontiff could, in such cases, name the new Emperor. Again, the resignation of Charles was null, it not having been made in the hands of the Pope. However, Pope Pius IV. deemed it prudent, in 1560, to recognize Ferdinand as Emperor.

During the early summer of 1858 the health of the Emperor caused disquiet to his attendants. According to two Hieronymite chronicles, which have been followed by most historians, and highly embellished by Robertson, the last illness of Charles V. was preceded, if not caused, by one of the most extraordinary ceremonies which any mind, sane or insane, could conceive. The Prior Martin de Angulo narrates that the monarch observed one day to an attendant that he could not devote two thousand crowns, which he had saved, to a more worthy object than his own funeral; he added: "In travelling it is better to have light in front of rather than behind oneself." It was then, says the Prior, that the Emperor gave orders for the obsequies of his wife, his parents, and himself. Here we must note that Sandoval, whom historians generally cite in proof of this strange event, does indeed report the above remarks as made by Charles V.;* but as he says nothing about the anticipatory obsequies of the Emperor having been celebrated, we may safely conclude that he gave no credit to the tale. In fact, Sandoval tells us that part of these same two thousand crowns saved by the monarch were ultimately used to defray the expenses of the real funeral. But there is another testimony which enters more into details.

An anonymous Hieronymite, whose manuscript was probably copied by Siguena † (another authority adduced in favor of the truth of the story in question), and published also by Gachard, ‡ narrates that while Charles was still in perfect health he caused *Requiem*s to be offered in his presence on three successive days—August 29, 30, and 31,—for the souls of his father, mother, and wife; and that on the last day he called for his confessor, Juan de Regola, and asked him: "Do you not think, Father, it would be well, now that I have done my duty by my relatives, if I were to cause my own funeral to be celebrated, and thus contemplate what will soon be my own condition?" Father Juan replied in an eva-

* "Vida del Emperador Carlos V. en Yuste," vol. ii, § 3.

† "Historia del Orden de San Geronimo," p. 3, b. i, c. 308.

‡ "Retraite et Mort de Charles-Quint," vol. i, Appendix C.

sive manner; but, continues the anonymous monk, the Emperor pressed his confessor as to whether the proposed obsequies would profit him, even though still on earth. "Certainly, sire," Father Juan is represented as answering; "for the good works which one performs in life are of more merit and much more satisfactory than those done for him after his death. Would to God all of us had such excellent intentions as those announced by your Majesty!"

Thereupon, continues the chronicler, "the Emperor commanded that everything should be made ready to celebrate his obsequies that evening. A catafalque, surrounded by torches, was arranged in the church. All the attendants of his Majesty, in full mourning, and the pious monarch himself, also in mourning garments and with a candle in his hand, came to celebrate his funeral and to see him buried." The spectacle brought tears to the eyes of all, and they could not have cried more if the Emperor had really died. As for his Majesty, after his funeral Mass he made the offering of his candle in the hands of the celebrant, as though he had already resigned his soul into the hands of God. Such symbolical action was customary among the early Christians. Then, without waiting for the afternoon of August 31 to pass, the Emperor called his confessor, and told him how happy he felt now that he had celebrated his funeral." The anonymous monk then tells us how the imperial physician, Mathys, discouraged the continuation of the meditation in which Charles was buried, and how his Majesty suddenly experienced a chill. "This was on the last day of August, at about four of the night. Mathys felt the Emperor's pulse, and discovered some change. Charles was therefore borne to his chamber, and from that time his malady rapidly gained force."

When a Hieronymite monk expects us to credit this fantastical story, we need not wonder that Robertson (a Protestant of more than ordinary prejudices, and, what is more derogatory from any claim to impartiality, a royal historiographer in England,) repeats, colors, and renders it more acceptable to the credulous yearners for papistical absurdities, by his own exaggerations and even unwarranted additions. "The English do not love Charles V.," remarks Barthélemy; "Protestants love him

less; and finally, a writer is not a historiographer with impunity. Independence and impartiality can scarcely be found in one who fills that position." Again, Robertson is too apt to deduce conclusions such as are formed by the Voltarian school; though he does not betray the Satanic spirit of these gentry, "he has all their coldness," observes Cantù, "and he reflects in the same manner."* As to the reliability of his "History of Charles V.," one of the most impartial historical writers our country has yet produced—Henry Wheaton, a Protestant,—has ably demonstrated that it is full of errors.†

According to Robertson, the Emperor suffered from gout so intensely about six months before his death, that from that time there appeared scarcely any traces of that healthy and masculine reasoning power which had distinguished him; a timid and servile superstition took possession of his mind, and he passed nearly all the time in chanting hymns with the monks. Restlessness, diffidence, and that fear which ever accompanies superstition, continues Robertson, diminished in his eyes the merit of all the good he had performed, and induced him to devise some new and extraordinary act of piety, which would draw upon him the favor of Heaven. He resolved to celebrate his funeral before his death, and caused a catafalque to be erected in the church. His domestics repaired thither, carrying black candles in their hands, and he himself, *wrapped in a shroud, was laid in the coffin*. The Office for the Dead was chanted by both Charles and the assemblage, as well as the plentiful tears of all would allow. At the end of the ceremony all, save the chief participant in the coffin, left the church, and the doors were closed. Then the poor victim of superstition emerged from his coffin and returned to his apartments. Probably on account of the impression produced on his

* "Storia Universale," b. xvii, c. 20.—We are surprised on finding that Cantù receives this story as truth, comparing the fantasy of Charles with the "melancholy" freak of the Emperor Maximilian I., who, disgusted with his newly-built palace at Innsbruck, resolved on providing a better one; and accordingly sent for a coffin and all the paraphernalia of a funeral, and kept them always with him.

† See his letter to the Secretary of the National Institute at Washington (1843).

mind by the fancied contact with death, he was seized, concludes Robertson, with his fatal illness on the following day.

Were it not for the too pronounced bathos of this Robertsonian climax of Charles coming out of his coffin, climbing down the catafalque, and creeping home stealthily, lest his too lively appearance should dispel the impression supposed to have been produced, this scene would furnish elements most attractive for some ambitious playwright and enterprising manager. As for historical value, the picture of Charles in his shroud and coffin, as well as that of his being left alone in the church after the ceremony, has none; the Hieronymite chronicles, the only sources on which Robertson can draw, are precise in representing Charles as assisting at the ceremony, candle in hand, and as giving his candle to the celebrant at the close.

We shall merely allude to the assertion that during the last six months of his life the Emperor had lost his wonted mental acumen; that, in fact, he was little better than insane. Authentic documents are adduced by Mignet* to show that, to the very last, Charles took an active and directive interest in the affairs of his late Empire; and that he was frequently consulted, especially as to Spanish matters, by Philip II. Let us rather see whether there is any truth in the presumed Hieronymite narration. We say "presumed"; for it seems incredible that any Catholic writer could have penned the tale. Protestant polemics regale us, even unto nausea, with arguments against the reliability of "monkish chronicles"; but if ever any such chronicle merited distrust, nay, to be despised—and there are such,—these by the Prior Angulo and his anonymous Brother are in that category; and if they are authentic, their authors deserved whatever severe punishment monastic discipline and the proper tribunals—ecclesiastical and lay—could inflict on religious who elaborated a baseless charge of sacrilege against an entire community.

To have sung the Office of the Dead for the benefit of a living person would have been a solemn mockery, a profanation; but we are told that the monks of San Yuste offered a

Requiem Mass for the repose of the soul of, and in the presence of, the living Emperor.* However, this reflection on the nature of the ceremony alleged to have been performed would not, of itself, compel us to reject the tale as a fabrication. But there are many good reasons why this course should be taken. The anonymous monk states that the Emperor caused *Requiem*s to be sung on August 29, 30, and 31, for the souls of his father, mother, and wife; that after the last function he ordered everything to be prepared for his own funeral service on that evening; and he expressly states that not only the Office was chanted, but Mass was celebrated at that service. Here, then, we have Mass celebrated, in the Western Church in the sixteenth century, in the evening! This is an absurdity. Nor can it be alleged that probably the Office alone was recited at that time, and that the *Requiem* was celebrated on the following morning, September 1; for the writer says that after the Mass the monarch experienced a chill, and was removed to his apartments; adding also that "this happened on the last day of August, at about four of the night." †

Another intrinsic evidence of falsity is furnished by the magnitude of the sum—two thousand crowns,—which the anonymous chronicler assigns for the expenses of the service in question. If we consider the metallic value of the Spanish crown of that day—eleven francs,—and then note its relative buying capability, we must conclude that the alleged

* "How can we admit that this service was performed? The Church reserves it for the dead, never applying it to the living. Celebrated without an object, it would lose its efficacy with its only motive, and would become a kind of profanation. The Church prays for those who can no longer pray for themselves; she offers for their intention that Sacrifice in which their condition will not allow them to take part. This pious and solemn association with the soul in its passage from transient to eternal life has its merit and grandeur only when it is real. Moreover, Charles V. well knew that it is much better for oneself to pray than to be the object of another's prayers; much better to appropriate to oneself the Holy Sacrifice by Eucharistic Communion than to be indirectly associated with it by a merciful attention of the Church. He had done so a fortnight before, and he did so again very soon." (Mignet, *loc. cit.*, p. 414.)

† "Four of the night" (that is, four hours after the evening Angelus) would be, as moderns measure time, about eleven in Spain, during August and September.

* *Loc. cit.*—See also Stirling's "Cloister Life of Charles V.," 1852.

funeral cost more than twelve thousand dollars,* which is incredible. The only real expenses, since there was no royal pomp, etc., would have been that of candles and the *honorarium*. Sandoval says that these "two thousand crowns, saved by the Emperor," were afterward drawn upon for the real funeral; and that six hundred of them were sent, just before the monarch's death and by his order, to Barbara Blomberg, the mother of Don John of Austria.†

A third reason for rejecting the fable of the mock funeral is found by Mignet in the physical condition of Charles V. at the time when it is alleged to have been held. The letters of his physician and his secretary all show that he could not have withstood the fatigue of four consecutive functions. On the 15th of August, wishing to communicate, he had to be carried to the church, and he received the Blessed Sacrament in a sitting posture. On the 24th the gout temporarily ceased from troubling him; but an eruption in the legs ensued, and he would scarcely have been able to participate in the supposed services of the 29th, 30th, and 31st. Charles V. was not of such calibre, spiritually speaking, that he would have forced weak nature to obey his pious will, having himself carried to ceremonies at which his presence would have been superfluous. He was far removed from those saints who have asked to be laid on ashes to meet their deaths. And his occupations just at this time, as shown by his intimate attendants, manifest no extraordinary detachment from the affairs of earth; still less do they indicate any of that semi-insane religiousness by which Robertson would account for the commission of the freak under consideration. Down to the very day before his fatal attack (September 1) he was engaged in business of state and in matters of family interest. Finally, neither the imperial physician nor the secretary, whose letters enter into the most trivial details of their master's life at San Yuste, especially where his health or religious dispositions are concerned, say anything about this ante-mortem funeral.

Mother Love.

From the German, by Mary E. Mannix.

WEARILY treads the wanderer, staff in hand,
Homeward returning from a foreign land.

Slowly he passes through the city gate,
The self-same keeper smiles behind the grate.

Once they were jolly comrades, true and fast;
Full many a wine-cup hath between them passed.

Now to his brow upsprings the crimson flame—
The whilom friend can not recall his name!

Wounded, surprised, he lifts his tired feet,
And passes slowly down the sunny street.

Behold, his true love waits beside the door!
He cries: "Heart's treasure, I am here once more!"

Alas! the maid, unconscious, stands unmoved;
She knows not e'en the voice of her beloved.

He bends his steps toward his childhood's home,
While to his eyes the tear-drops slowly come.

His mother, spinning, sits within the door.
"Beloved, God bless thee!"—he can say no more.

The wheel o'erturning in her sudden joy,
With happy tears she clasps her wayward boy.

She sees not tangled beard nor sun-bleached hair:
To her his eyes are bright, his face is fair.

O faithless maid! O fickle, careless friend!
Only the mother loves him to the end.

So as we toil along the rugged way,
Left lagging or forsaken day by day,

Out-distanced in the fierce, wild march of life,
Or guiltless victims of unequal strife,

Only our mother closer draws the strands
Forever lying in her gentle hands.

To her our souls are dearer that they hold
Sad tryst with care, and sorrows manifold;

Our stricken hearts are nearer that they bleed;
And if they break—then they are hers indeed.

O hard, cold world! O fickle, faithless friend!
Mary, our Mother, loves us to the end.

OF all the names bestowed upon the Mother of God, none is more touching, says a Spanish writer, than *Mater Dolorosa*, the shelter of sorrow and poverty.

* Barthélemy, "Erreurs et Mensonges," vol. iii, p. 142.

† *Loc. cit.*, vol. ii., § 3. Letter of Quijada to Philip II., October 12, 1558.

My Pilgrimage to Genazzano.

BY CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

II.

THE pilgrim of piety, of poetry, and of passion is no more—there can be no question as to his utter and final extinction. The spirit of holy fervor which inspired him and sustained him has been chilled by the ear-splitting neigh of the steam-horse, and the coldly practical character of the new generation that has come in with the march of improvement.

I thought of this as I strolled leisurely up the Via Colonna, and remembered how the feudal lords of Genazzano had been members of the great house of Colonna; and how one Giordan Colonna, "by the exercise of his *jus patronatus*," called thither the Augustinian Fathers from their small convent without the walls, and gave into their keeping the church and parish of the Virgin Mother of Good Counsel. This was in the year of Our Lord *thirteen hundred and fifty-six*.

I said to myself: "What right have I to come steaming down from the City of the Cæsars and of the Pontiffs and reach the threshold of a thrice-hallowed shrine between dawn and the dinner hour?" Truly I might have come by another and a thousand times better route, had I had more time at my disposal and an escort at my command. I might have come by the way that escapes the horrible though convenient locomotive at Tivoli, and skirts the lovely valley of the Licenza, where, perchance, lay the Sabine farm of Horace; though the true site of the villa and the farm of Horace is ever in dispute among the archæologists.

That pastoral road grows wilder and more beautiful as it wends its way among numberless chapels of the Madonna, until it reaches Subiaco with its memories of St. Benedict. There one finds the three monasteries of St. Scholastica, in the first of which is concealed the grotto where, in A. D. 530, St. Benedict lived his hermit life. Beyond these monasteries is another called S. Benedetto, or *Il Sacro Speco*. It is built against the rock, overshadowed by cliffs and a cluster of ancient oaks;

and within its garden are the roses which were thorns until St. Francis worked a miracle among them.

From Subiaco there are three inviting routes to Olevano, which is not far from Genazzano. This is the route I would advise the reader to follow when he makes his pilgrimage to the shrine of Our Lady of Good Counsel. Or he can drive all the way from Rome, if he will, *via* Frascati and Palestrina. In any case, he can hardly do better than to avoid the railway, that is certainly in nowise calculated to aid one in achieving that state of spiritual exaltation which is so desirable when one is about to approach the Holy of Holies.

Under such circumstances, I am sure, the town of Genazzano would greatly refresh the heart of the pilgrim. It is so sweet, so simple, so serene a spot! The very narrow streets wind in and out among the houses,—the two or three very narrow streets, for the very much narrower passages that diverge from them are unworthy of the name of street; they, indeed, are the merest slits in some cases, or crevices between the grey old houses that seem to dissolve into the original rock, and the grey old rocks that seem to turn into houses under one's very eyes. Indeed, too often it is hard to say whether the rocks are hollow and inhabited—the windows and doors cut out of their flinty walls,—or the town through some mysterious agency has been petrified and become an integrant part of the great foundation stone. At any rate, it is the completest little town imaginable; a fortified city on the smallest possible scale; a wee city in a citadel, but without one visible gun, and with an atmosphere expressive of that peace that passeth all understanding. Let Genazzano shut her one great gate and she would look very much as if she might defy the world,—for by that gate alone may you hope to enter without wings.

There was a very, very small chapel down by the gate; very, very broad steps, cut in the rock, led up to it. Its door was shut, and tufts of grass were sprouting in the chinks thereabout. I thought, "This is not the Chapel of Our Lady of Good Counsel!" and walked on through the quiet but friendly street.

There was another chapel, more pretentious, farther on. Its doors stood open; groups of

aged women sat upon the steps spinning with the distaff-thistle; this distaff, like the wand of the Fates, they held in their left hand, while with their right they deftly drew the thread, that was twisted into shape by the weight of the bobbin to which it was attached; the bobbin, having been spun between thumb and finger, was suffered to swing near the ground and twirl the thread to an even fineness. There is not a spinning-wheel in the land, that I know of; certainly nothing so modern would be tolerated in Genazzano.

I entered this chapel, but I found no shrine of the Madonna del Buon Consiglio. There are but four churches in the whole town, and I had gone nearly the length of it—it is as narrow as a town can be. I said, "I will now begin at the top of the street"—it had risen on an even and easy grade from the great gate at the foot of it; so I went to the upper and the last of the four chapels. Here I found a citizen, who took off his hat to me; and I asked, pointing to the church before which we stood: "Is it the Chapel of Our Lady of Good Counsel?" No, it was not! But the citizen graciously volunteered his services as *cicerone*, and brought me in a few paces to a door in a wall, where he begged me to enter,

The Augustinian Monastery, though by no means small, is not an imposing structure; the church of Our Lady and the monastery are one. I had been shown to the door of the sacristy, where a gentle acolyte received me, and conducted me through several apartments in search of the sacristan. I delivered my letter of introduction, and was speedily made welcome, and assured that the miraculous picture would at once be unveiled for me.

The spirit of serenity possessed the place. Friars were passing to and fro, silently and with the sweetest unconcern. The acolyte who bore me company from the threshold, and who was to assist in the litany which is always said upon the unveiling of the holy picture, seemed graver, with a kind of primitive gravity, than any other acolyte I had ever known; it was as if he lived and moved and had his being in recollection, and dwelt apart from the inhabitants of the highly decorous town.

One of the Augustinian Fathers soon joined us. Having vested himself, we passed solemnly through the church and approached the

Chapel of Our Lady of Good Counsel. It is a beautiful chapel, enclosed in a high and very elegant bronze grating, the gates of which were unlocked and opened to receive us. The miraculous picture is suspended over the altar, and above the chapel is a rich canopy supported by columns of verd-antique. Twenty splendid lamps of silver burn night and day within that hallowed spot, and sumptuous are the embellishments of the shrine. A curtain hung before the miraculous picture; when it was withdrawn I saw the golden screen which still hid it from view. A *prie-dieu* was placed for me directly in front of the altar; the gentle acolyte knelt near by, with smoking censer; the friar slowly raised the golden screen, and I saw with my own eyes the extraordinary effigy of Our Lady of Good Counsel. Then the litany was said; clouds of incense floated about us; a few of the faithful who were kneeling without the grating when we entered the chapel joined heartily in the responses, and the hour was in the highest degree edifying.

Then I was invited to ascend the steps of the altar and examine more closely the miraculous picture of Our Lady. This I did reverently and earnestly. It is, as probably the reader knows, a fresco not more than eighteen inches square. The connoisseurs have never been able to determine the age of this most remarkable production. It is painted upon a crust of ordinary plaster not much thicker than a sheet of paper; for more than four hundred years it has remained where one now sees it—invisibly, mysteriously, miraculously suspended in mid-air. Viewed from the front of the altar, one would not suspect this. Nor is it permitted the faithful to make any critical examination in order to strengthen their feeble faith; but such examinations have been made, and competent authorities have solemnly testified that the miraculous picture rests stationary in mid-air, and comes in contact with no palpable or visible substance. It hangs a few inches from the wall in the rear of it,—the wall of the chapel which was completed after the phenomenal advent of the picture on the 25th of April, 1467.

I do not question the veracity of those who have testified in verification of this fact; I do not for a moment entertain the suspicion that

they may have in anywise been deceived. I heartily recommend the careful perusal of the exhaustive work on this subject by Monsignor George F. Dillon, D. D. It seems to me that his very excellent history and dissertation entitled "The Virgin Mother of Good Counsel" should satisfy the sceptical—if such there be among my readers.

In a little treatise now open before me it is stated in reference to the miraculous picture that "its colors and its delineations are as fresh as ever." If this is true, then they were never very fresh. Leaning upon the altar, where the picture was almost within my reach, and straining my eyes until they fairly ached with anxious eagerness, it was with the utmost difficulty that I could distinguish the outlines of our Blessed Lady and her Divine Child. The picture is almost, if not quite, as dark as a St. Luke Madonna. Even the faces are shadowy—or so appeared to me, notwithstanding the aid of glasses with which I had provided myself. "Pope Innocent IX. ordered the chapter of St. Peter's in Rome to crown with diadems of jewels and gold the image of the Virgin Mother and her Divine Infant in Genazzano," says a chronicler. The diadems serve only to exaggerate the obscurity of the original. The picture seems to be framed, but it is hanging *beyond* the glazed frame which is placed before it for a protection; this also helps to throw the effigy in shadow, and perhaps it is not surprising that one sees so little of the original. Surely too many precautions can not be taken to secure the precious witness of God's providence from all possible harm.

An eminent dignitary of the Church who visited Genazzano some years ago thus wrote of his experience at that altar: "While offering the Holy Sacrifice for some in suffering in whom I took much interest, I was astonished to find that the sweet, pale face of Our Lady became joyous, illuminated, and suffused with a deep crimson or vermilion hue. The eyes became more open and brilliant, and this continued during the remainder of the Holy Sacrifice." Monsignor Dillon says that the miracle above referred to is of frequent occurrence, and is a presage of favors being granted. I would that that shadowy face had shone on me!

Within the church of the monastery is a painting—a Crucifixion of ancient origin. Tradition says that on a certain occasion a scoffer plucked out his sword and pierced the effigy of Our Lord; upon the sword being withdrawn, blood issued from the wound. The wretch, now furious, made a second lunge at the helpless figure, and the sword twisted itself double without touching the canvas. The sword and the picture are still shown the faithful; I saw them both.

It was such a solemn pleasure to linger in that church that I was sorry when one of the friars volunteered to show me over the monastery. The gentle acolyte was dispatched to a neighboring *locanda* to order a good dinner for me—it was to be ready in an hour,—and, following the footsteps of the good Augustinian friar who preceded me, I climbed to the roof of the venerable convent, where we went forth in company to walk upon the battlements.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Our Pet Vice.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

THE author of a celebrated pamphlet, "We Catholics," and the author of a less celebrated but equally clever work, "Mostly Fools," have lamented the lack of fellow-feeling and the apathy on matters of national importance of the Catholics of England. It is strange that in our country similar complaints may apply. Mr. Randolph, in "Mostly Fools," thrusts sarcastically at the exclusiveness of the Catholic aristocracy and gentry of Great Britain,—an exclusiveness and Lady-Vere-de-Vere-ishness which has left them open to the reproach that the only clever Catholics in England are converts. Certainly the names we most often hear connected with public movements in England are those of converts, such as Cardinal Manning, Cardinal Newman, and Lord Ripon.

In England one might find excuse for the torpor of Catholics in the fact that for centuries they were forcibly excluded from public life, and that the old habits of seclusion still cling to them. Again, there is no more firm

believer in caste than the Catholic aristocrat in England; no man more jealous of his privileges, or more anxious to draw around him the sacred circles of rank. He may bend, but he never for a moment places himself on a level with those fellow-Catholics without "blood" whom he occasionally meets at reunions where religion is the only bond.

But in the United States we have no aristocrats—except those few haughty people whose pedigrees, like Becky Sharpe's, improve with age; and we have had no penal laws. There has been nothing to repress us, because we have been irrepressible. And yet the cloud of apathy, of exclusiveness, of sneering criticism, darkens our horizon.

If Catholics have a pet vice, it is that of inconsiderateness in speech. We are constantly saying to ourselves and to others how superior we are to the pagans around us. We do not marry several times under cover of a divorce; our Sunday-school superintendents do not embezzle money and go to Canada (we have no Sunday-school superintendents, but that doesn't matter); and we are too ready to pick out any example of ministerial bad conduct and throw it into the Protestant face. We assert—and everybody admits—that we possess certain virtues on which the perpetuity of the family and of the State depends. We possess these in proportion to the practical heed we give to the teachings of the Church. But, as if by way of indemnifying ourselves for avoiding the flesh-pots of the Egyptians, we wallow in unkindness of thought and word, particularly as regards the affairs of those brethren in the sweet yoke of our salvation.

The Protestant who imagines that Catholics admire one another,—that they are a solid phalanx banded together for the conquest of America, headed by the Jesuits,—ought to attend some informal reunion of Catholics, when conversation and cigar smoke are unrestricted. He would hear nothing against the Pope, and he would discover that there was no discussion of deep religious problems which Protestants are in the habit of approaching with an interrogation point; for in matters of faith Catholics are a unit. Except the Pope, he would find no man mentioned without a "but." He would come away with the opinion that, in matters not considered essential,

Catholics are the most go-as-you-please folk on the face of the earth; and, moreover, that to be a Catholic was at once to become a target for innumerable criticisms; and, moreover, that no Catholic can amount to anything until he has received the *imprimatur* of non-Catholic approval.

"A Catholic paper!" he would hear; "who reads a Catholic paper?" He would be justified in thinking that to be a Catholic writer is to be afflicted with an intellectual leprosy which causes horror and pity. A few minutes ago—we presume that the Protestant enjoys this symposium after some great sacerdotal function,—a few minutes ago he has seen the Right Reverend Bishop treated with every mark of respect worthy of his august dignity, on the steps of the altar: he has hastily driven away because he has another engagement—for bishops in this country have plenty of work. Now, to his horror, he sees every stitch in the mitre torn out; the Bishop's sermon is analyzed—its doctrine unimpeached of course, but its manner much condemned. It is old; the Bishop has a brogue, offensive to pious ears accustomed to hear the voice projected through the nose; or his mannerism would be condemned by a master of elocution; or, again, he appropriated several passages from Bourdaloue or Faber, and so on.

In the meantime the prelate is giving Confirmation to a large crowd in a sultry church, glad that his sermon is over his head; and glad, too, that Bourdaloue or Faber said some things better than he could say them. But the little *coterie*, in its criticisms, does not mention the difficulties that stand in the way of polished literary work when the preacher is obliged to labor like a bank clerk every day of his life. Why, it asks, have we not better preachers? It forgets that our priests have something more to do than to preach. And it also forgets that, compared with preachers of other "denominations," our priests have the advantage: for they speak "as having authority." It is easy to show this,—but a fatal defect in the eyes of the Catholic critic is that our "pulpit orators" have not the Protestant *imprimatur*. In dwelling on the defects of the pulpit, we lose sight betimes of the inestimable benefits of the altar.

Notes and Remarks.

There are many right "reverend" and wrong "reverend" Protestant preachers and lecturers, who are never tired of having a fling at what they consider Catholic misrepresentations of history. "Rev." Joseph Cook, of Boston, has, it seems, been tickling the ears of the Toronto public by discoursing at length on the evils of the "Jesuit aggression." He remarked that many lies were taught to children in Roman Catholic schools, and among these, "in a geography in use in the parochial schools of Boston, the children were taught that the Jesuits were the first settlers in New England." Another lie nailed! thought the audience. How unblushingly these Catholics pervert the plainest truths of history! And the laughter that followed the exposure was loud and long. Now, we think it would be somewhat of a surprise to both lecturer and audience to be informed that one of the most famous authorities on the early history of this country, and one who can scarcely be suspected of a bias in favor of Catholics—Mr. Francis Parkman, in his "Pioneers of France in the New World,"—points out, as a writer in the Boston *Pilot* notices, that the "Jesuit colony" was established in New England more than seven years before Plymouth Rock was heard of. "From which," remarks the *Pilot*, "it follows that it is always well to know what one is laughing at."

In responding to the toast "Our Faith" at the third annual reunion of the Young Men's Catholic Lyceum, Manchester, N. H., held on the 26th ult., the Rev. R. J. McHugh employed these eloquent words, as true as eloquent:

"All the great ages have been ages of belief. I will make bold to go a step further and say that it was our faith—the faith of our fathers from time immemorial, the same glorious faith we pledge to-night,—that made the ages which the world calls great worthy the name. It was this faith of ours, this vivid realization of the supernatural, this deep and earnest contemplation of things spiritual till they become palpable as the material universe, that enabled men, in ages long gone by, to rise superior to their mortal destiny, and fashion works so grand and deathless that we of these late times, when faith is cold and weak in human hearts, can but gaze upon them and admire, but never hope to imitate. It was this faith, laboring not for time or man alone, but for eternity and God, that inspired the brush of Raphael and Murillo, the chisel of Angelo, and the pen of Dante. It was this faith that drew heavenly music from the soul of Mozart, and kindled the fire of matchless eloquence in O'Connell's Irish breast. It was this faith, whose effects are the same in every age, that fired with the most unselfish heroism the heart of man and gave the

world that host of noble souls that fill the gap from John de Matha to Damien of Molokai. Our faith it was that in the Age of Iron, when might seemed right, upraised its ægis over the oppressed, and dared to vindicate the rights of the poor and trampled serf against the tyrannous exactions of brutal masters."

The old palm-trees which give a truly Oriental coloring to the Southern California landscape are especially interesting to the thoughtful traveller; for they tell of the days of Spanish occupation, when the Franciscan friars dwelt in the land, founding missions and leading the Indian tribes to God. The Brothers everywhere planted trees and vines; the olive, with its silver foliage; the first mission grapes, the descendants of which now cover the land; the fig and the palm-tree. There are two of the latter at Los Angeles. They are of the fan species, gigantic in size, and, to the casual observer, as much alike as two peas. They are each ninety-five feet in height and seven in diameter. They are at least one hundred years old, and have seen the City of Our Lady of the Angels grow from a small collection of adobe huts to be the metropolis of that region. Near these trees is a well, of the origin of which the oldest inhabitant has no knowledge, but *savants* think it a relic of the Aztec days.

Millet's "Angelus"—that wonderful picture of devotion, in which sound seems to be painted,—is to remain in France, after all. It was hoped at one time that it should be brought to this country. It was put up at the Secretan sale at Paris on June 30. The competitors were the agents for the Louvre, for the Corcoran Art Gallery, and for the Art Association of New York. After a period of suspense, this exquisite painting was knocked down to the agent for the Louvre,—the price paid being 553,000 francs, or \$110,600.

A large harvest of souls is being gathered in in Turkey and the neighboring provinces. Missionaries from the Propaganda have always regarded the Balkans as a fruitful field; and now that His Holiness has succeeded in allaying to a great extent the prejudices of the peoples of Servia, Montenegro, Bulgaria and Roumania, great results are following the labors of those who have given their lives to the work of spreading the faith among them. Bulgaria, happily, is under the rule of a Catholic prince; and the people themselves are Catholics, but have a political hostility to Rome and everything coming from Italy. It is very satisfactory, however, to be able to record, on the testimony of Father Gorlin, the superior of the Bulgarian Seminary, that this prejudice is fast disappearing. His late report shows that Mac-

edonia has a Catholic population of nearly thirty thousand, with thirty-three churches, twenty-four schools, and forty-five priests. "These figures," adds Father Gorlin, "have their eloquence when it is remembered that at the time Mgr. Bonetti undertook the charge of this mission, Macedonia reckoned two villages, partly Catholic, containing hardly a hundred houses. Our progress is, then, satisfactory, if we consider simply the road traversed during the last thirteen years. But if we cast our eyes over the immense field to be still harvested, the result is small. There are about a million Bulgarians in Macedonia. We have, then, gained about a twentieth of them. It is true, nevertheless, that the harvest is ripening, and that, with the grace of God, whose action among this people is manifest, success will be in direct proportion to the number of evangelical workers, and to the pecuniary resources we may be able to command."

In France a change has taken place in the attitude of the Government toward the Church. M. Carnot has restored the religious ceremony in investing the new French Cardinals. This had been abrogated by that "Liberal" father-in-law, M. Grévy. Even M. Jules Ferry asks for religious peace, and declares that he always was a friend to religion! A very amusing comedy might be written on this, and Molière might well have exclaimed, "We have changed everything!"

Archbishop Walsh's gift of five hundred dollars to the sufferers by the Johnstown floods, and the donation of five thousand dollars by the city of Dublin, show that Ireland, in spite of her own distress, is very grateful. These gifts are as precious in the eyes of the American people as the widow's mite.

There is only one "State priest" left in Germany to recall the dark days of the Kulturkampf. Herr Lizak, of Schrott, has resigned his post and given up the keys of the church, much to the delight of the parishioners.

The London *Tablet* recently copied from the "Proceedings of the Society of Antiquarians" a description of a French MS. book of prayers preserved in Trinity College, Dublin. One illumination represents our Blessed Lady seated on two crimson cushions in a field decked with flowers; by her side stands the Divine Infant. He seems to be contemplating and pointing to the flowers before Him, probably in allusion to the divine command to "consider the lilies of the field." The right hand of the Mother of God rests on the Divine Infant's shoulder, as if for the purpose of

steadying His infantine steps. The left hand holds a red fruit, which may probably be a pomegranate, and, if so, was almost certainly intended as an emblem of the Passion. The figure of Our Lady is somewhat stiff, but is of singular beauty. The subject is set in a framework of delicate floral decoration.

Thomas Ewing Sherman, son of General W. T. Sherman, was raised to the dignity of the priesthood by the Most Rev. Archbishop Ryan of Philadelphia on Sunday, July 7. He is now in the thirty-third year of his age, and a member of the Society of Jesus, which Order he entered about ten years ago; abandoning at the time brilliant worldly prospects, held out to him by reason of a thorough collegiate education and a high social position. In the noble devotion of his talents to God's service he was no doubt encouraged by the beautiful life of his pious mother, who was ever the model of the Christian woman, and whose careful training fostered and strengthened faith and piety in her children.

The new Cathedral of SS. Peter and Paul, Providence R. I., which was consecrated on the 30th ult., is said to be the grandest church edifice in New England. Work was begun on it in 1878 by the late Bishop Hendricken, and at the time of his death the building was nearing completion and entirely free from debt. Bishop Harkins, his successor, in finishing the structure declared that he would go ahead only as fast as contributions were received to enable him to do. Such was the generosity of the Catholics of Providence that within three years the building was completed. It is an ornament to the city, and a monument to the religious faith and zeal of its Catholic residents of which they may well be proud.

One of the best conducted parishes in the West and one of the most flourishing is that of Kalamazoo, Mich., dedicated to the great St. Augustine, and presided over by the Very Rev. Francis O'Brien, assisted by the Rev. Fathers Ryan and de Gryse. No effort is spared for the welfare of the congregation, and the result is excellent schools, literary societies of which the largest city parish might be proud, flourishing sodalities, well attended Sunday-schools, etc., etc. On the 30th ult. the corner-stone of a new hospital was laid, a work in which great interest is shown by all classes of citizens. Kalamazoo was not always free from bigotry, and there were circumstances that once made the lot of its pastor anything but enviable. God has blessed the labors of Father O'Brien; may they be blessed still more abundantly in the future!

New Publications.

ESSAYS, LITERARY AND ETHICAL. By Aubrey de Vere, LL.D. London: Macmillan & Co.

The first in importance of these essays is "Literature in its Social Aspects." After reading Mr. Matthew Arnold's exquisite essays, which seem to be premises without conclusions; Mr. Frederick Harrison's stronger utterances, which, however, in critical places, seem to lack backbone; M. Scherer's and M. Taine's, whose frequent false premises make their conclusions impossible,—Aubrey de Vere's "Literature in its Social Aspects" fills one with a happy sense of safety. A sure hand guides; and that, above all, we ask in a critic. Arnold and Harrison and Scherer and Taine have the admirable qualities of their respective talents; but we feel that we are as little safe with them as we are with Renan,—we can not tell at what moment our luxurious parlor-car may be brought to the verge of a precipice—"the Unknowable."

The closing words of this truly noble and incisive essay give De Vere's dictum on a literary subject which is now agitating those circles in which literature is made. "Literature," Aubrey de Vere says, "has its three distinct periods, which correspond with those of social development. Let us glance at these. It begins by being a vocation or an art; it becomes subsequently a profession; in decline it sinks into a trade." In America, at present, literature is in its second stage. But the professors of it, tired of the restrictions imposed on them by the modesty of their readers, are crying out that the example of Sir Walter Scott, Thackeray and Dickens should be no longer followed; in a word, that the novel and the poem should be made after the fashion of Balzac and Flaubert rather than after that of our great English masters. Recently THE "AVE MARIA" printed Father Hewit's opinion on this subject.

Mr. Aubrey de Vere grandly responds to those who would introduce "realism" into our literature. He says that what Dante did, Boccaccio and the writers of the *novelle* undid by their immorality; "and in Chaucer's poetry a dark stream ran side by side with the clear one.... In ages of less simplicity," he continues, "the same evil again and again recurred, marring the heroic strength of the Elizabethan drama, scattering plague-spots over the dreary revel of Charles the Second, and in France pushing aside the Bossuets and Racines, and sealing a large part of literature by its own confession against the young and the innocent,—that is, against those

who, owing to their leisure, their vivid perceptions, quick sympathies, and unblunted sensibilities, can best appreciate what is beautiful, best profit by what is ennobling, and best reward, by innocence confirmed and noble enjoyments extended, the great writer who has ever regarded them as his glory and crown."

This essay of De Vere's is of the noblest type. There is no line in it that a thoughtful man can afford to leave unread. It was delivered at the request of Cardinal Newman when he was rector of the Catholic University of Ireland. Altogether, the contents of this book are so varied that a separate article ought to be devoted to consideration of each essay. "A Few Notes on Modern Unbelief," "Archbishop Trench's Poems," "Church Property and Secularization," and "The Personal Character of Wordsworth's Poetry," are subjects which no serious reviewer can leave without regret.

FOR A KING. By T. S. Sharowwood. London: Burns & Oates.

"For a King" is a good novel. Mr. Sharowwood has literary art and good taste. His style is charmingly simple and quaint; and, so far as we can judge from our reading of the story, it is absolutely true to the facts of history. King Charles I. and his Queen Maria Henrietta are admirably sketched. There is a human quality about them which makes them as real as the Pretender in Thackeray's "Esmond." It would be a shame to forestall interest by telling the plot. It is enough to say that Maud and Digby are life-like characters, and that they seem in such a difficult, not to say hopeless, position that one is tempted to look at the end of the volume before one has finished it.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands, as if you were bound with them.

—HEB., xliii, 3.

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

The Rev. Francis J. Tewes, rector of St. Mary's Church, Washington, D. C., who died last month.

Mr. Robert Rice, who departed this life in Milwaukee, Wis., on the 20th ult.

Mr. William Davis, of Ottawa, Canada, whose death occurred on the 16th ult.

Mrs. Jane Hall, of Wilmington, Del.; Mrs. Annie Dwyer, Thurlow, Pa.; Mr. Daniel Scannell and Mrs. Mary Walsh, Millbury, Mass.; Mr. Michael Rourke, New York city; and John Smith, Green Island, N. Y.

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



The José-Maria.

BY E. L. DORSEY.

III.

"Cap'n" Judkins had served his trick at life's wheel manfully, and had determined again and again to settle, when "he was turned of fifty," on a farm where cattle and crops and grass and garden "sass" were to spring in abundance all the year round—spontaneously it is to be presumed, for he knew no more about farming than any other sailor. But when "eight-bells struck"—his way of saying he was called for the evening watch of his days—he found the farms he looked at unsatisfactory. He missed something, just what he could not define; but you may guess it from his complaint: "Smells kind o' sweet—yes, but *flat*; an' it's so 'tarnally *still!* Them hay-ricks and them houses hev been their days, an' I bet they'll *stay* their days."

At last, after wandering through devious and sundry farming tracts, he fell upon Lewes, in a day when he had desperately rushed to the sea 'to git the smell o' straw out o' his nose.' And there he found rest; for the blooming orchards, laughing fields, and emerald grazing lands of Delaware run down to the very water's edge; the fish-hawks carry their squirming prey over the corn tassels; the sea-gulls pipe above the peach blossoms, and the masts of the shipping are seen between the tree-tops; while around and beyond the break-water, away to the silver streak, the restless sea heaves or sleeps, raves or smiles, as the great winds of the Lord bid it.

But he bought a boat instead of a farm, and soon became known as the cleverest new pilot that had ever taken out a certificate among the natives; and he had followed this trade for about ten years, when one night—it was in the November before the disaster at the Grand Banks—he was invalided for life. He was bringing in a ship bound from Norfolk to Philadelphia. She had discharged one cargo

and was coming around "in ballast" for another. The sky was queer, and Judkins told the captain a heavy blow was at hand, and that he had better shorten sail. Like most merchant-men, however, she was sailing short-handed; and, though such an order was given, either the sailors were too slow or the wind too quick; for while they were still aloft the gale struck her, some of her top-hamper jammed, and over she went. How they got through that night is a mystery no landsman could understand.

The younger men pulled out of it with no worse result than a few scars and the loss of their sea-chests, but Judkins got an inflammatory rheumatism that stiffened his joints and made him so sensitive to cold that only "fancy work"—summer piloting—was possible. Then he leased his boat, bought a bit of ground, and proceeded to build a small house according to his own plans, all of which were drawn on the lines of a ship. There were cuddy-holes and lockers; swinging tables and fixed berths for winter; hammock-hooks and hammocks for summer; and a flag-staff and "quarter-deck" roof, with a hatchway, such as they have in Nantucket, where every fair evening (and many that were not fair) he took his exercise, with his glass under his arm, and almost tasted the sensation of again being afloat as the wind whistled or sighed about his ears.

And this was the home to which he brought Idella and her children. With Dick's aid he tucked the twins up very neatly and comfortably for the night (after a supper that ought to have given them a violent indigestion) in one of the winter berths, and he even set a bed-board in the edge; for, although it was a fine, starlight night, with only a crisp October breeze frisking among the cat's-paws in the Bay, he felt there was stormy weather ahead for the two poor little lasses, whose father was dead and whose mother was crazy.

The evening passed quietly,—Idella, either from bodily fatigue or the distraction of new surroundings, making no attempt to leave the house or to do her usual work, and falling asleep without her accustomed attack of crying; so Dick and his uncle had a long talk together, which made them good friends—although it was conducted on much the same plan as a cross-examination,—and gave Jonas

a full insight into the history of the family so suddenly foisted on him. After getting all the bearings, and smoking out three pipes over them, he charted a plan of life that verified all Dick's dreams, and bound the boy's heart to him with steel grapples.

For several days these plans worked well, but one Sunday morning a fog crept up the Bay and cast anchor alongside the town, and about ten o'clock Idella was missed. Jonas felt helpless for once in his life; but Dick immediately suggested "beating up" the beach, reminding his uncle how she used to spend hours at home keeping watch for the *Idella of Gloucester*. And he pointed seaward, saying, "She'll make fur thet by her scent."

Jonas thought this reasonable, but suddenly his bronzed face went white and his breath came almost in a gasp.

"Lord," he thought, "the mesh! She ain't gone a-wanderin' theer, I hope!"

A look at the boy's careworn young face decided him to say nothing, however; so he tore off a great wad of tobacco, crammed it in his mouth—to stop it,—and, chewing fiercely at it, led the way toward the beach, followed by Dick, who trotted hard at his heels, like a faithful little dog.

The white, breathless air wrapped them so close they could not see an arm's-length ahead of them; the roar of the sea was hushed—for the fog and the wind never come together,—and only the occasional voice of a sailor in the Bay or the church bells from the town broke the stillness.

Before them out of the dimness started a fantastic shape, which they thought for an instant was the lost woman; but it proved to be Master Tic, who was spinning round and round like a teetotum. He brought up with a crash against Jonas, then carromed against Dick, and sat down, *hard*, on the shell road.

"You little varmint!" said Jonas, angrily; "what you doin' here?"

"I'm a-practisin' my callers-thenics fur school to-morrow," answered Tic, blinking furiously. "Hullo, Dick! 's that you? I seen your ma a while back," he added conversationally, scrambling to his feet.

"Wheer?" asked man and boy, excitedly.

"Agoin' along thar," he answered, pointing up the Bay shore.

Jonas gave a sigh of relief and started off at a great pace, not knowing that Master Tic had entirely lost the points of the compass in his whirling. And they tramped several miles before seeing a sign of life, and then it was only an old net-mender, who was cobbling a seine against the next day's fishing.

"A 'ooman?" he said, peering up at them, and rubbing the wet from his beard with the back of his hand. "Naw, I ain't seen none. Though, toe be shore, she might a-parst me in this here fog close-to. Look an' see ef thar's anyprints on the sand—it's slack-water now"

But there were none, and Dick repeated once more his belief that she had made for "th' open"; and they retraced their way,—Jonas assailed again by fears of the "mesh," and Dick spent but plucky.

Arrived at the causeway that leads across the marsh, Jonas felt obliged to put his anxiety into words. But the boy answered:

"I don't b'leeve she's went that a-way; fur we ain't got no sich thing to home, an' it wouldn't be nateral fur her to go in new tracks. I sorter guess she's followed the bend o' the shore, wheer her feet'll tetch sand all the way."

Poor little fellow, he was wise with the wisdom of sorrow!

"Is that so?" asked Jonas, eagerly. "Then we'll steer 'long the foot o' the Ridge here, an' mebbe come up wi' her afore she's gone fur. I've heern, aye an' knowed, ef people lost in a space, 'thout compass nor log, an' they'd just go round an' round in a circle tell they was wore out."

And they went on and on, through the heavy sand, until Dick began to wonder if he wasn't having one of those dreams in which the dreamer strains every muscle and moves legs and arms in violent effort to get ahead, but for all that finds himself *planté là*. After what seemed an interminable time, Jonas, who was in front of him, stopped suddenly and started back, with a look of discomfiture on his face.

"What's the matter?" asked Dick.

"Nothin'," was the answer. "But we're midway to the Light. What's that noise?"—as a strange, sad wail drifted to their ears.

"Sh-h!" said Dick. "Thet's her now. Hear her a-singin'? Wonder wheer she is? Why, here's a house!" he cried in surprise,

as a small frame building loomed up out of the mist. "Won't the folks just be s'prised when they come home fum meetin' to find marm a-scrubbin' an' a-polishin' their pots an' pans!" And he chuckled. But Jonas shook his head, and the sombre look on his face deepened.

"Who lives here, uncle?"

"Nobody," said Jonas, shortly.

"Land!" said Dick, with wide eyes. "I want to know! Why don't nobody live here?"

Jonas looked around uneasily, and, lowering his voice almost to a whisper, said:

"On account o' the Crawl bein' so near."

"What's the Crawl?"

But Jonas only said: "Belay theer. Let's get your ma out, an' make fur home." And he strode ahead and pushed open the door that hung on one hinge.

Idella knelt at an open hearth, on which burnt a large fire of drift-wood; and she was crooning as she polished a tin plate half-eaten with rust.

"Thet you, Dick?" she called, cheerily. "I cert'n'y am glad you've come in. I thought I'd got lost oncet, an' ef it hadn't a-ben fur the sound o' th' old organ out theer a-swellin' an' a-heavin' I don't b'leeve I'd a-made it. Wheer's the fish, boy, and whatever's gone with the dishes? I can't find a-one excep' this here, an' it's a sight to see."

"Why, marm, we've moved—don't you 'member? An' all the fixin's is up at th' other house."

"Is thet so?" she asked, dubiously.

"Course it is. Don't you see the cobwebs a-hangin' all aroun', an' the sand blowed in at the windows? An' jest look at thet plate. It's a inch deep in rust."

Just then a puff of wind thumped softly in at the door, and the sand that lay drifted over the floor stirred and eddied. Jonas looked at it with a strong repugnance, and said:

"Hurry up theer, boy. The locker's empty"—tapping his stomach,—“an' it must be nigh on to eight-bells."

"Who's thet?" asked his sister.

"Thet's the mate o' th' *Idella*," said Dick,—then he made a pretence of whispering—"an' I think he's hungry, marm."

"O' course he is," she said, briskly; "an' 'Llakim would think hard of me ef I let him go hungry. Won't you come home to take a bite

with us?" she added, turning pleasantly to Jonas. "Will the Cap'n be ashore to-night?"

"N—not to-night," stammered Jonas, tripping again over what seemed a lie to him.

And they started out the door, to find that the fog was stirring and wavering in a wind that began to cut wide lanes and furrows through it before they had gone a mile on their homeward way.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

One Careless Act.

WHAT A LITTLE BIRD TOLD ME.

BY SYLVIA HUNTING.

There was once a little girl (whispered the bird to me) whose mother sent her with a note to the seamstress, telling her to be sure and deliver it on her way to school, as it contained money which it was important the woman should have that morning. The little girl was very thoughtless, somewhat selfish, and altogether indifferent when her own pleasure and feelings were not concerned; so she speedily decided that she would have to walk too fast in the summer sunshine if she went to the woman's house before school that morning. Then, well satisfied with herself, she skipped off with the note in her pocket, and slipped it under the door of the poor woman's cottage as she returned from school in the evening.

"Did you take the note to the seamstress?" said her mother, meeting her at the door.

"Yes, mamma," answered the child.

"What did she say?" asked the mother.

"Nothing, mamma," was the reply.

"Nothing? That is strange," said her mother; "when I was so particular to tell her to let you know if she could do some work for me this week! That is strange!"

The child went off to play, and the mother entered the house to moralize on the indifference of work-people in general. After a few days she gave the sewing to another woman, thereby losing a good seamstress, while the seamstress also lost a valuable patron. But human nature and wounded feelings are not confined to the wealthy and prosperous.

The seamstress had relied on receiving the money early in the morning. She had work in the house which she had promised for that evening to a lady who was about to leave the city. At eleven the sewing-machine agent came for the ten dollars which had been due two months. She did not have it, and he went away reluctantly, but with the promise that he would try to have her time extended till the next day.

When he returned to the office the proprietor was in an irritable mood, and reproached him for not having collected the money.

"She is such a poor woman, sir!" pleaded the agent. "And I feel certain the ten dollars will be forthcoming to-morrow."

"Is this a pauper asylum?" shouted the proprietor. "Send for that machine at once. I'll show you who is master here!"

"I have promised to wait till to-morrow," said the agent.

"Go this moment, or leave my employ!" retorted the irate manager.

"I am no slave," answered the agent. "I will leave your employ." And he left, though he did not know where his bread and butter were to come from thereafter.

In the meantime the seamstress, indignant that the money had not been sent as promised, and too proud to make inquiry about it, started out to endeavor to obtain an advance on the garments she was making, hoping thereby to stave off the necessity of parting with her machine.

The lady received her with freezing coldness. "Well, indeed!" she exclaimed. "I think I see myself paying for work I have not yet received, especially a stranger whom I have never before employed! I believe it is only a scheme, and that you either intend to send home the work unfinished or to keep it altogether. You must have very little custom and be a poor seamstress if you can not pay five dollars a month on a sewing-machine. No indeed, my good woman, not a dollar will I pay you till the work is done."

"But it will not be done at all if my machine is taken away, madam," pleaded the seamstress.

"It is all a scheme of some kind to defraud me!" cried the angry woman. "I shall order the carriage at once and see for myself."

"You may spare yourself the trouble, madam," exclaimed the now thoroughly aroused seamstress. "Send your maid and I will give her the garment. Not another stitch would I put in if you paid me at the rate of a dollar a piece."

When she reached home the machine had been removed.

The sewing-machine agent was a delicate young man. After his dismissal by his employer he walked up and down the street in the blazing sun for an hour, then climbed to his attic room. There the landlady found him about four o'clock, in a raging fever. It was a case of sunstroke. She hurriedly sent for the doctor, a fussy, irascible old bachelor, who, after making his patient comfortable, made a misstep at the head of the stairs and fell to the bottom, badly injuring his head and spine. He was conveyed to his home, where, conscious of his danger, he summoned both priest and lawyer,—the former to hear his confession, the latter to draw up his will.

The lawyer was not to be found in his office. After a search it was discovered that he had gone sailing. A telephone message was sent to the island where the party had expected to land, and the answer that came was, "No business to-day." The message had not been understood. But the doctor was suffering too much to be lenient in judgment; he became very angry, and sending for another attorney, made his will, whereby the original lawyer lost a legacy of several hundred dollars.

The priest had not been remiss, but his light method of treating the doctor's accident served still further to irritate his mind. He refused to make his confession then; and when the good Father endeavored to soften his resentment against the young lawyer by saying there must have been some misunderstanding, his rage knew no bounds. "You are in league together against the old man, now that you have got him on his back!" he exclaimed. Vainly did the priest attempt to show that neither one nor the other could have any possible motive for such conduct. "Go back to your church, Father," he said. "I have not been to confession for twenty years, and if I get up again I shall not go for twenty more. But I shall make my will, nevertheless; and St. Monica's shall not get a penny of my

money." Seeing it was useless to argue further with such an unreasonable man, the priest retired.

And here my little bird flew away. Whether the doctor recovered, and took the young lawyer back into favor, and apologized to the priest, I shall never be able to tell you. Or whether the sewing-machine agent also recovered, and regained his situation, or one equally good if not better; or whether the poor woman's machine was restored to her, or whether she was prosperous or otherwise, I am equally unable to say. But this I know: that the story the little bird told me has its counterpart in everyday life, every day of our lives; that there is no act, good or evil, careless or premeditated, without its consequences, —sometimes so hazardous, always so fraught with ill or beneficent results, that we can never realize too deeply the responsibility that rests upon us as creatures of God, who will all have to answer to Him for our immortal souls, as well as, indirectly, for all other souls whom our actions influence from day to day.

A Legend of Our Lady.

From the Spanish of Fernan Cabellero, by "E."

I.

There was once a man who was very, very poor. He had no bread for his seven children, who were crying with hunger; and the stork was bringing him an eighth baby, and he knew that he had nothing wherewith to clothe it. So he went out of the house, and wandered about until night came on, when he found himself at the entrance to a robbers' cave. The captain came out, and demanded in a voice of thunder,

"Who are you, and what do you want?"

"Sir," replied the poor man, "I am only an unfortunate being, and I have left my home because my children were crying for bread, and I could not stay and see them starve."

The captain took pity on him, and, giving him some food and a purse full of money, said:

"Go home now, and when the stork brings you another child let me know, and I will be its godfather."

Andrew, for such was his name, went home rejoicing. When he arrived he found another little boy, whom the stork had already left

him. Next day he returned and told the captain, who at once fulfilled his promise.

II.

But after a little time the child died and went to heaven. St. Peter, who was standing at the gate, smiled upon him, and told him to enter; but he answered:

"I don't want to go in unless my godfather can come too."

"And who is thy godfather?" asked the Saint.

"A captain of robbers," replied the boy.

"Then, my child," continued St. Peter, "thou mayst enter, but not thy godfather."

The little fellow very sadly sat down by the gate, and waited. After a time the Blessed Virgin appeared, and addressed him thus:

"Why dost thou not enter into heaven, little one?"

The child replied that he did not wish to enter unless his godfather might come too, and that St. Peter had said that was impossible. Then he knelt down and wept so bitterly that the Mother of Mercy was moved to compassion. She handed him a golden cup, saying,

"Go and seek thy godfather, and bid him fill this cup with tears of repentance, and then he may go with thee into heaven. Take these silver wings and fly hence."

III.

The robber lay asleep under a rock, with a gun in one hand and a dagger in the other. When he awoke he saw before him a beautiful child, whose silver wings shone like the sun; he was seated on a lavender plant, and he held a golden cup in his hand. The robber rubbed his eyes, for he thought he was dreaming; but the child said:

"No, thou art not dreaming; I am thy godchild."

And then he told all that had happened. And as the frost melts away when the sun shines on it, so, at the story of the goodness of God and the loving tenderness of the Blessed Virgin, did the soul of the robber dissolve in tears. His sorrow for sin was so sharp and his repentance so keen that his heart was pierced as by two daggers, and he died.

And the child took the cup full of tears, and flew with the soul of his godfather to heaven, where they entered, and where God grant we all may one day enter too.



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Eve's Consolation.

BY MARION MUIR RICHARDSON.

"A MAN from the Lord I have won!" she cried—

When the young dawn broke over wave and plain,
 In that far land wherein the mourning twain
 That nevermore in Eden might abide,
 Lit their lone beacon by Euphrates' tide,—
 And clasped her joy, with all night's bitter pain
 Merged in the glory of a mother's reign.
 So, little darling, nestled at my side,
 You are my own, the gift of the Most High,—
 A man unsullied by the sins of men,
 Within my arms a precious charge to lie
 Ere Life's stern call commands you; then, ah then,
 Mother of Mercy, Queen of love and dole,
 Set thy white seal upon this tender soul!

The Martyrs of Molokai.

BY CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

HEVER since the news of Father Damien's death startled the world into momentary seriousness I have been getting by post and by word of mouth messages of condolence. Out of a grand Roman *palazzo*, not a stone's-throw from the Quirinal, came this cry:

"O weep for Father Damien: he is dead!

... till the future dares

Forget the past, his fate and fame shall be

An echo and a light unto eternity!—

"My dear friend, ever since the sad news came to us these lines have been on my brain, —'Woe is me! Whence are we, and why are

we?' I have no words to express the deep interest I have felt in the devotion and self-sacrifice of that man of men."

And Francesca of Florence—she who wrote the "Story of Ida"—writes now to say: "Since receiving your letter I have heard that your saintly friend has gone to his reward. All must rejoice for him, and no doubt you do so; still, for yourself, the loss out of your life is a great one—too great ever to be made good until you go where he is. You can never hope to see such another; but the memory of such a friendship is a great blessing, and my heart aches when I think of those poor afflicted people who have lost their best friend—though, of course, no one could have wished to keep him to suffer longer."

Other messages have come from near and far, and they have thrown me into a retrospective mood, out of which I find it difficult to extricate myself. As the sky is overcast to-day, so is my heart, and I take a kind of sad pleasure in turning over a bundle of letters—very precious in my eyes—which I have laid away for safest keeping. I wonder if it will be thought indelicate if I quote a little from some of these letters? As they betray a nobility of soul in the several writers that redounds to their lasting credit, and as the letters are not marked "confidential," and are not of a private nature, it seems to me that I may venture to let my readers share with me the pleasure such communications afford. Let us return to the gentle Francesca of Florence, and listen to her for a moment. She says:

"The story of Father Damien is the most wonderful record of Christian life, and of what the grace of God can do. I could not read it

without tears; yet I can give thanks to know that such a man lives [he had been dead three weeks when she wrote that line, and none of us knew it or even suspected it]. What a blessing to you to have such a friend! Thank you a thousand times for a copy of 'The Lepers of Molokai.' It will be kept among my most precious things, and if I am not the better for it it will be my own fault."

Shall I permit you, my reader, to peep into these several pages that conclude thus, "Now you have a long letter in a most horrible English. God bless you!"—shall I? The writer of these lines is the author of "Die Geier-Wally" (The Vulture Maiden); "The Hour will Come," "A Graveyard Flower," etc., etc.; and of her and of her home in Ober-Ammergau I may have more to say anon. She had been reading "The Lepers of Molokai," and with that enthusiasm which is her chief characteristic she says, in a brave attempt at English:

"Your book has made to me a great impression. Oh, this Father Damien has all my love! Your gentle and poetic feather has depicted a character we must love and admire, and to whom whole humanity should feel obliged. How lovely and moving is your epilogue and your words of kindest farewell to the afflicted friend! Yes, indeed, you have recommended him and his unhappy people to the Christian humanity, and you have lift [lifted?], by this description of martyrdom, upon a higher step in patience and resignation, in judgment and admiration, our better veneration for the power of Catholic mind. We readers of this book are with your hero priest, standing upon his highness, with him triumphant of disease and death. I think you will find my best thanks in these words."

Now I must offer a translation, for the writer has not the courage of the noble lady from whom we have just quoted. The letter before me runs about as follows:

"With the liveliest interest I have read your chronicle of the unhappy ones of Molokai, and I thank you right heartily for the information contained in this most remarkable little book. It has touched my soul here and there, as does the descent of Dante into the Inferno—*la perdute gente*,—but at the same time the touching and heroic figure of Father Damien spreads a glimpse of comfort and

glorification over the horrible picture of the deepest human misery. For me to look into that distant world was the more interesting as I have made the fate of one of the victims of the dreadful plague the subject of a novel; and for this purpose was obliged to make myself familiar with the traditions concerning leprosy, lazar-houses, etc., and all the manners and customs which attach to them. I beg to present you with this novel, which has been published under the title of 'Lichentrost' [a compound word most difficult to translate, and probably invented by the poet-novelist; it means 'consolation for those who are fatally ill.' O the possibilities of this comprehensive, cornucopious, all-digesting Teutonic tongue!]

"Unfortunately, I am not sufficiently master of the English tongue to answer you in your own language, but my book should prove to you that yours could hardly find a more grateful reader than

"Yours truly,
"PAUL HEYSE."

As for myself, when I saw in the telegrams of the day that the long-suffering martyr of Molokai had passed to his reward, for a moment I felt as if there were a blank in the life that now is,—a loss to the world which must be felt for an age to come; but in the next moment I was overwhelmed with a thought of the welcome that awaited him in the kingdom of heaven. It was almost too much to think of; it is still enough to make the honors of this life unspeakably foolish by comparison. That his example has not been lost, that he has not suffered in vain, is amply proved by the eulogies that are now emanating from every conceivable source. Of the writers from whom I have quoted above, two are Protestant and one a non-believer—no member of any sect under the sun. It is well for the age that the sacrifice of Father Damien can touch the heart of every one who hears of it; that in the glow which seems to hallow the memory of this archtype all sectarian bigotry and prejudice are forgotten, and the sentiment of grief for the fate of this modern martyr becomes common and universal.

That he was the most humble and modest of men has been amply proven; but I would like to state here that when the first draft of my sketch entitled "The Lepers of Molokai"

was submitted to him for criticism, correction and approval, I called it "The Martyrs of Molokai." I considered Father Damien and his then coadjutor, Father Albert, martyrs. I must ever consider those who sacrifice their lives for the glory of God in His church at Kalawao and Kaulapapa, and the spiritual and temporal welfare of the victims of leprosy congregated there, martyrs, and glorious martyrs. But Father Damien disclaimed the honor for himself and his followers, and forbade me to use the word; therefore, at his wish and with his approval, the sketch is called "The Lepers of Molokai."

Father Damien was not the first priest to die of leprosy at Molokai, but he was the one priest who went there in the beginning and stayed there even unto the end—through sixteen horrible years. In November last a good soul silently passed away; on the 11th of that month Father Gregory Archambaux died of leprosy at Molokai. How well I remember Father Gregory—so we always called him, and I doubt that a dozen people in the whole Kingdom knew his name was Archambaux. I used to see him at Father Leonor's pretty chapel in Wailuku, on the island of Maui. I think I have written something for THE "AVE" concerning that chapel in a sketch called "A Mission in Mid-Ocean."

Often I have ridden up to the grove that shelters the mission house at Wailuku, and dismounted to seek a little rest there. Usually the place seemed deserted; doors stood wide open, windows likewise—one does not care to shut in the heat in that hot land. I used to walk through the small, stuffy, scantily furnished rooms, calling on Father Gregory in a moderately loud voice; sometimes he would reply from a cramped office, hardly bigger than a packing-case, where he was busying himself with the business affairs of the parish—these also must receive the closest attention. Sometimes he would be weeding in the vegetable garden; sometimes inspecting the school close at hand,—a very fine school, in the hands of the good Brothers of Mary. Oftener I would wander over to the chapel and find him there, hearing catechism, teaching the choir children a new hymn, absorbed in the confessional, or tidying the sanctuary with careful and loving hands.

All this time I had noticed, what no one could help noticing, that the uncomplaining Father was a great sufferer. In walking even a short distance he was suddenly seized by a kind of cramp that would sometimes almost throw him to the earth. The pain he suffered at such times was excruciating. Great drops of cold sweat stood upon his forehead, and his face was almost unrecognizable in its convulsions. It was with the utmost difficulty that he refrained from shrieking in anguish. I know not how many times I have seen him so affected, yet I never heard a word of complaint escape his lips. He was always amiable, even cheerful—as I knew him; always glad to welcome a guest to the mission house—there were few calls upon his hospitality; always quick to set forth the best the place afforded—which was seldom more than a sea-biscuit and a glass of moderately good French claret—but claret was a luxury reserved for the honored guest.

The affairs of his parish—a new hospital had been lately opened under the care of the Franciscan Sisters—kept him busy enough; but when I dropped in to interrupt his monotonous routine I found that I could divert his mind for a moment with a little gossip concerning the varying fortunes of his fair and well-beloved France. Probably he thought this a kind of dissipation, and cried "*Mea culpa!*" when I had ridden away and left him to an examination of conscience.

A newspaper clipping which lies before me, in referring to the death of Father Gregory, says: "He had never any exterior wound; but his inward pains were the more excruciating, and he lingered for a long time." Doubtless the fatal seed was sown even when I knew him, though he did not go to Molokai for some time after that; his sufferings were the same in the two places, and I know how terrible they were.

Ah me! martyrs in very truth are they; and the martyrology of Molokai may yet prove to be the one record of the age that shall touch the heart and enlighten the understanding of posterity.

-----◆-----
 REPRESS a certain disposition to treat as enemies those who do not believe, pray, think, act, nor speak as thou dost.

Harry Considine's Fortunes.

BY NUGENT ROBINSON.

CHAPTER III.—INTRODUCING YOUNG LADIES.

ON the following Sunday the two *employés* attended the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass at the beautiful Gothic church of the Dominican Fathers in Lower Dominick Street. Father "Tom" Burke preached. Never had this heaven-inspired orator been more eloquent. The golden tide poured from his glittering tongue, holding the congregation in charmed and holy ecstasy.

"He preached as if he'd never preach again,—
As a dying man to dying men."

"Let us wait for the Ryans," observed Molloy on gaining the street. "I saw the Alderman and Miss Esmonde, and a young lady whom I am sure is the Alderman's daughter, she is so like him."

"Stand at the door with those overdressed silly puppies? Not I, indeed! I consider it profaning the sacred soil of the church. It's an insult to a young lady,—that's what it is!" retorted Considine, with his accustomed warmth.

"We can wait in the street. Let us walk slowly. We might be asked home to lunch. Every man ought to improve his chances. This is a social chance. We have got in the thin end of the wedge. It will cost us nothing. People like these expect no return."

As Molloy spoke, Considine was tapped with a cane on the shoulder. He turned. Alderman Ryan extended his hand.

"Glad to see you, Mr. Considine. And you too, Mr. Molloy. What a noble sermon! I hope Father Burke is not overtaxing his strength. I never overtax mine. My speeches in the Corporation never exceed half an hour. I *could* go on for an hour or two, but, then, I would feel the ill effects. This cane was presented to me by the ward. A beautiful design, sir,"—pushing the handle under Harry's nose. "Wicklow gold. You perceive the round tower, the Irish wolf-dog, and the shamrock? I wish it hadn't been *quite* so national. The address was not liked at the Castle, I can tell you; but my reply was very guarded. One

has to be cautious when one is looking for the mayoralty."

"You ought to have had it last year, papa!" exclaimed a young lady at his side, the living image of her father,—pale, black-haired, and with showy teeth. Her eyes were unpleasantly close to each other, and imparted the unpleasant idea that they would sooner or later fuse together in some mysterious way. She was tall and slim.

"This is my daughter. Jane, this is the gentleman who found my money in the Park."

"Oh!" was all that Miss Ryan deigned to answer.

The Alderman invited the young men to turn in to luncheon. Considine was for refusing, but Molloy, who had walked on in advance with Miss Esmonde, accepted with *empressement*. Miss Ryan did not seem at all pleased that the invitation had been extended, and was cold and silent, if not absolutely rude, during the meal. Her cousin, on the other hand, made up for her deficiencies, and was all that a gracious and sunny nature could display.

"My daughter will have to act as Lady Mayoress," the Alderman observed; "my poor dear wife died in 1860. Jane will be the youngest lady who ever presided in the Mansion House."

"She will take precious good care of her invitation lists," was Miss Ryan's remark, *soto voce*.

"She will be assisted by her fair cousin here," said the Alderman.

"Oh,—I—I hope not, dear uncle! I hope next year to be with—to be in the United States."

"The United States, Miss Esmonde!" exclaimed Harry.

"Yes. I have relatives there."

"We all have relatives there. Who is it that hasn't a relative in America? That's the country! New Ireland—Old Ireland with all the most recent improvements! How I long to get there! The moment I shall have saved my passage money and a ten-pound note I'm off. There is no career for me here. I—but I beg your pardon all for talking so much of myself!" And he blushed a crimson that became him well.

"What would you do if you got there?"

sneeringly inquired, Miss Ryan. "Become President?"

"Do? I would do all that becomes a young and strong man to earn an honest living."

"Fearfully vague!" said Miss Ryan, shrugging her shoulders.

"Mr. Considine," cried Miss Esmonde, "you are right. If you have to fight the battle of life, let it be on the biggest field."

"That he may be able to run away," laughed her cousin.

"No, Jane: that he may have plenty of elbow-room, and plenty of chance for every blow that he strikes."

The beautiful smile had yielded to an exquisite seriousness of expression, that afforded Considine absolute delight to gaze upon.

"Pon my word," laughed the Alderman, "you are doing well, Mr. Considine, to have two young ladies arguing over your future career."

"Thank you *very* much, papa!" exclaimed his daughter, rising and bouncing out of the room, her nose in the air.

"What is the matter with Jane?" asked the Alderman of Miss Esmonde.

"Oh—nothing, uncle." And turning to Harry: "What part of the States do you yearn for most, Mr. Considine?"

"The great West,—that peaceful ocean where even the smallest may live. Do you know, Miss Esmonde, that when my brothers and sisters used to be listening to fairy stories, I always asked our old nurse for some tale of American life? For she had a brother somewhere on the Mississippi, and the name of that river, to me, bore all the mysterious ecstasy of a charm."

After luncheon the gentlemen repaired to the Alderman's study, where he entertained them with a full and detailed account of his election to the Corporation, reciting passages from several of his speeches, and generally indulging in reminiscences of that great and important event in his life.

"I shall now let you into the secret workings at the Castle in regard to my being honored with the magistracy for the city of Dublin."

And the Alderman, with a preliminary "Ahem!" was about to commence, when a tremendous clattering was heard in the Square,

and a yellow chariot, with a gorgeous hammer-cloth, attached to a superb pair of bays in brassy harness that glittered again, and driven by a coachman in yellow livery with a powdered wig, the footman resplendent in powder and silk stockings, dashed up to the door.

"Here's the Lord Mayor, papa, and the Lady Mayoress!" shrieked Miss Ryan from the drawing-room lobby. "Come up at once!"

Alderman Ryan leaped to his feet, cast a hasty glance over the wire blind into the street, and exclaiming, "Gentlemen, I must say good-day to you," fairly bolted up-stairs.

The Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress ascended to the drawing-room, and the *employés* of the Pim Brothers passed out into the Square.

"What a stunning turn out, Harry!"

"It's awfully showy, just right for a Lord Mayor. But that off horse is gone on the off foreleg." And, stepping up to the coachman, Considine informed the gorgeous functionary that the horse was unfit for work, and that it would be well to let the animal have a week's respite.

The look of contempt cast upon Harry by the bewigged occupier of the gilded box would have made the fortune of a melodramatic actor.

"Say, William," addressing the resplendent footman, "just ask this young man if his mother knows he's out, will you?"

"I tell you it's a crying shame to have that horse at work!" said Considine, angrily. "And if I were the Lord Mayor—"

"You were the Lord Mayor! Ho-ho! Just you go and take a bite of a trotter!" And, lightly tipping his horses with the whip, the coachman took a spin up the Square.

The young men started for a walk to Rathfarnham, as they were engaged to dine at Molloys' on the Rathgar Road. They could not account for Miss Ryan's uncourteous bearing, and contrasted the graciousness of her cousin.

"I tell you what it is, Harry," exclaimed his companion. "If I were a marrying man, I'd marry Miss Esmonde without a sixpence before I'd marry Miss Ryan with ten thousand pounds—though I don't know," he reflectively added. "Ten thousand would make up for a lot of deficiencies; and if a man were to

make a study of his wife, he would know how to avoid the shoals and quicksands of her tantrums."

They were walking at a slapping pace. Harry suddenly pulled up.

"Do you know, Gerald, that you've got a fearful lot of mean ideas? But I don't believe you would put one of them into actual practice. The idea of marrying a girl for her money, and then watching her temper to save yourself annoyance! Fie! fie!"

The Sunday dinner at Mr. Molloy's was invariably a roast shoulder of mutton and a rice-pudding. Mr. Molloy, when not engaged in decoying unwary shopkeepers through the country to order alpacas, merinos, and other such like goods (he represented a Bradford house), always carved, while his conversation was a mixture of regrets at chances missed, and of bounding hope in chances yet on the chequered board of existence. No matter how Utopian the scheme, Mr. Molloy was ever ready to take it into consideration; and if the question of seeking the office of Prime Minister were gravely put to him, he would begin to trace out the road by which it could be most readily reached.

Mrs. Molloy, a somewhat faded lady, addicted to cheap and showy garments, seldom spoke save on some fashionable or aristocratic subject, that of the doings at the vice-regal court being the *pièce de résistance*.

Miss Molloy's whole idea in life was to be presented at court. This idea haunted her. The first item of news pounced upon in the morning paper was under the heading of "Fashionable Intelligence." She was acquainted with one young lady, a Miss Tiffin, whose father, having served the office of High Sheriff, had caused his daughter to be presented at the drawing-room. Miss Tiffin from that moment became an object of veneration to the silly Miss Molloy. She imitated her movements, her accent, her dress, and never tired in detailing the singularly interesting incidents in connection with the presentation.

Miss Molloy admired Considine after a fashion, but he was not socially in a position to command attention. She could not quote him as she did Mr. Evans, a clerk in the Hibernian Bank; or Mr. McEvoy, a clerk in the Custom House. The cup of her happiness was pretty

well filled when she was escorted down Rathmines Road by Mr. Tuke, of the City of Dublin Militia, and—in uniform! She would have cut Harry Considine that day if he had happened to be passing.

Her brother's description of Miss Esmonde deeply interested her. "People who live in Rutland Square are worth knowing," she observed. "Gerald, you must cultivate them for my sake." On this particular Sunday she put the two young men through their facings as to the fashion of the garments worn by the young ladies in Rutland Square,—the cut, material, and trimming. "They are very nice people, Mr. Considine, and move in a very select circle. Next year Miss Ryan as Lady Mayoress will go to the Castle as a right. Oh, dear! *why* don't you go into that horrid Corporation, papa, and get elected Lord Mayor?"

"It might come to pass yet, my child. There are *such* chances on the board. Now, if I had only joined Fritsby in that little venture in American bacon in '60, I should be living in Merrion Square, with a country house at Bray or Killiney. Or if I had thrown up Calico & Printem's agency, and taken Russell & Tomford's, Tomford would have taken me into partnership as he did McCann. I think I see my way now, though. I can steer through Scylla and Charybdis without a pilot, and—who knows?"

"I *do* want to go to the Castle, papa! Why it's quite easy, and it gives one *such* a tone. There are Mr. Dempsy's two daughters. Surely you are as good as Mr. Dempsy. He's only in the glue trade, and—"

"Yes, my dear, but he's a Justice of the Peace."

"Yes, my dear," echoed Mrs. Molloy; "but he's a Justice of the Peace."

"Well, papa, you get made a Justice of the Peace. Go and boldly ask the Lord Lieutenant or Lord Chancellor or Lord Mayor, or whoever it is that has the giving of it, to make you one. *That* will entitle us to go to the Castle."

"I'll turn it over in my mind," said Molloy.

"If *my* family's influence would be of service, James, you can command it. They'll help you in any way but in money, for they have none. Surely if a Daly of Castle Daly

asks the Lord Lieutenant for such a trifle, his Excellency will be only too glad to oblige."

"It's worth thinking of," observed Molloy, slightly scratching his head. "I could write a pamphlet against the National party—a stirring thing from the Castle point of view,—get a few copies printed, send one to each of the chief officers of state; call for more Catholic magistrates to preserve law and order, and put down veiled sedition and all that sort of thing. Yes, that's one way of getting at the J. P."

"Capital, papa!" cried Emma. "Set about writing the pamphlet at once. I'll copy it out for you for the printer. Gerald will help us."

"I could agitate at ward meetings between my journeys, and step into the Corporation. Then I should be sure of the J. P.; for when an educated man joins those boors, they have sense enough to confer every honor upon him. Yes, I must confess there is a charm about the Castle and the vice-regal court, and it is worth a struggle to get one's foot on the magic carpet. What say you, Considine?"

"What do I say, sir?"

"Yes."

"Do you want *my* opinion?"

"Why, certainly."

"Then, Mr. Molloy," said Harry, knitting his brows and clinching his hand, "I consider the vice-regal court the meanest sham in existence. It is a hotbed of corruption. It decoys men from the path of honor, and makes them lickspittles, toadies, and flatterers. It produces a false state of society, and raises barriers in families that lead to discord and enmity."

"Pooh! this *is* an impeachment!" said Mr. Molloy, nervously.

"Take the case of Mr. Byrne, the respectable grocer in Kevinsport. One son is behind the counter; the second son is a doctor, and because of his M. D. goes to the Castle. He comes with stories of the mock grandeur of the court; the jackass is dazzled, he begins to feel ashamed of being the son of a tradesman, and turns his back on his family. All for what?"

"Oh, this is some of Mr. Considine's democratic American notions!" cried Emma, with a giggle.

"There are people in this country who are

entitled to go to this sham court—the old county families, the officials, the—"

"That's as much as to say *we* are not fit to go!" burst in Miss Molloy. "Let me tell you that my mamma is a Daly of Castle Daly, and is third or fourth cousin to Lord Ventry's niece. *There!*"

"It's time to be going, Harry," laughed Gerald.

"Oh, it's this horrid American way of thinking that is spoiling our people!" cried Emma. "Because, forsooth, they have no court, no titles, no nobility out there, *we* are to copy them! Oh pshaw!"

"Don't be too hard on America, Emma," said her father. "I have my eye on it. Johnson, who travelled for Spidnooks of Capel Street, is travelling there now at a thousand pounds a year, and two guineas a day expenses. He is called a 'drummer' in the American language. Now, a thousand a year, and two guineas a day for the pleasure of seeing a new country and a new people is just the sort of thing that would suit me, and, as a matter of fact, I have my eye on the United States."

"You will never induce *me* to go there," said Emma.

"There is a Daly of Castle Daly somewhere in the West," observed Mrs. Molloy. "He is engaged in agricultural pursuits, but facetiously calls himself a 'cowboy.' The idea, a Daly of Castle Daly a cowboy! He-he-he!"

As Mr. Molloy was bidding his guests good-night at the front garden gate he remarked to Harry in a careless tone:

"By the way, Considine, that pompous ass, Alderman Ryan, is under an obligation to you. Do you think I could get the sale of his tobacco on commission in the South and West of Ireland? You see, tobacco comes from Virginia, and Virginia is in the United States. After a little I could be sent out to Virginia to look up the tobacco growing and all that sort of thing. Yes, I see a road to become a drummer in the United States. I'll think it out to-night and let you know my line of action."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SAV nothing good of yourself: you will be distrusted; say nothing bad of yourself: you will be taken at your word.—*Abbé Roux.*

Footprints of Heroines.

BY THE COMTESSE DE COURSON.

I.—JANE DORMER.—(Conclusion.)

ALTHOUGH Spain was her adopted country, and its customs and language were familiar to her as her own, Jane Dormer's heart remained faithful to the land of her birth, and an immense compassion now mingled with her love for England. In the midst of her peaceful and honored life, surrounded by all the splendors and consolations of religion in a Catholic country, her heart yearned toward those who suffered for the faith in England, and her tears would flow when she thought of the tortures, the prisons and the cruel death of countless confessors and martyrs. In her own family she numbered many sufferers for the faith, among others her sister Lady Hungerford, who, driven into exile, took refuge at Louvain, where she lived for many years entirely supported by the Duchess of Feria, who, adds her historian, deprived herself of many things in order to give more to her sister. All the English, Scotch and Irish that came to Spain received from her abundant alms; when they were ill she fed them from her own table, and every year she curtailed her expenses in order to give more largely to others. Although English Catholics had the first place in her heart, and she deemed it an honor and a privilege to help them, yet the mere fact of being an Englishman was sufficient to excite her sympathy, and she once caused thirty-eight English prisoners to be set free, though, quaintly adds her biographer, they were not all saints by any means.

Loving her country as she did, Jane Dormer could not accept the fact of its total separation from Rome; she remembered that under Henry VIII. all had seemed hopeless, and that Mary Tudor had happily restored the ancient faith. Like many other Catholics, she founded great hopes upon James I., heir presumptive to the English crown; and it seemed to her impossible that the son of Mary Stuart should not give peace and freedom to the faith for which his mother had died. In 1596, when only King of Scotland, James sent an ambassador, Lord Simphill, to Spain. The Duchess

became acquainted with him, and it was probably through him that she wrote King James a long letter, dated 1600, which is preserved in the Advocates Library at Edinburgh. After reminding the King of her great affection for "the blessed Queen," his mother, she develops the many urgent reasons that make it imperious upon him to embrace his mother's faith.

Although England and her religious interests held the first place in the heart of our holy Duchess, she nevertheless gave largely to the churches and convents of her adopted country. Both she and her husband had a great affection for the Order of St. Francis, and she often said that her first act, whenever England returned to the true faith, would be to build a Franciscan convent in her native land. Meantime she founded a convent and a monastery of the Order, of which she was a Tertiary, on her husband's estates in Estremadura. Numberless other religious houses, hospitals and churches were restored or adorned by her care, and it was through her generosity in a great measure that Father Parsons, S. J., was able to found the English Seminary at Valladolid.

The Duchess reached the age of seventy-one without changing her austere mode of life. She rose at daybreak, and, after making two hours' meditation alone in her oratory, she heard two Masses; the rest of the day was divided between prayer and works of mercy. She loved to visit the poor, those especially who having known better days had fallen into want and misery. Her delicacy and tact in dealing with difficult cases were no less admirable than her open-handed generosity. The remainder of her time was given to needlework, in which, like her friend Queen Mary Stuart, she excelled; with her own hands she embroidered a magnificent set of vestments for the English Seminary of Madrid. Toward the end of her life her failing sight obliged her to give up the delicate and intricate embroideries in which she had delighted; but to the last she continued to work for the poor, while her maids read aloud to her the Meditations of St. Augustin or the Lives of the Saints.

In 1609 she broke her arm, which was so badly set that she was obliged to remain many months in bed, and the year after (1610) her general health seemed to decline. The following sentence, which about this time

she wrote in her prayer-book, was constantly on her lips: "Lord, Thou knowest what is best for the health of my soul; I beseech Thee so to succor my corporal necessities that I may not lose the spiritual." Among her most frequent visitors was the venerable Father Ribadeneira, the intimate friend of St. Ignatius, who had formerly accompanied the Duke of Feria to England, and had therefore known Jane Dormer in the days of her brilliant and happy youth. Toward the end of September, 1610, the venerable religious fell dangerously ill, and the Duchess having dispatched her faithful English secretary, Henry Clifford, to visit him, he sent her back the following message: "Tell the Duchess that we shall soon meet again in Paradise." These words gave her such pleasure, relates Clifford, "that she made me repeat them to her over and over again."

Father Ribadeneira died on September 22, 1610, at the age of eighty-five, and three months later the holy Duchess was called to her rest. During the last days of that pure and beautiful life the great ladies of Madrid, the president of the council, priests and prelates, gathered around the death-bed, where the young Duke of Feria and his wife kept loving guard. For all the Duchess had gentle signs of welcome; but when one of her English kinsmen, Sir Robert Chamberlain, came to kiss her hand, she suddenly revived and spoke to him these earnest words: "Cousin, you see my speech begins to fail, but I wish you to stand strong and firm in the Catholic faith. I know well that Catholics suffer great troubles in England, but take care you lose not the goods of heaven for the goods of earth."

The next day Lady Digby, wife of the English Ambassador, came to see her; the Duchess had almost lost the power of speech, but her eyes brightened as those assembled round her bed made way for the Ambassador, who affectionately bent over her. Raising herself, the dying woman looked long and earnestly at her visitor, and, gathering all her strength, "Lady," she said, "believe me, I do tell it you dying, that there is no salvation out of the Roman Catholic Church." Lady Digby retired weeping bitterly, and the Duchess, exhausted by this last effort, fell into a kind of trance.

Toward the end of the day her faithful English secretary having asked her if she wished for anything, she replied in her native tongue: "Health in heaven, which I hope will quickly come; for we are in the Vespers of Our Lady of Peace, who in peace will receive my soul to-night." Shortly afterward, having lovingly blessed her grandchildren, and great-grandchildren, she gently expired. It was nine in the evening, the 23d of January, eve of the day when the Diocese of Toledo celebrates the Feast of Our Lady of Peace. Around her bed were two Jesuit Fathers, two Franciscans, one Dominican, and her chaplain; her English secretary and Father Creswell, an English Jesuit representing the country she had left fifty years ago, but which she loved so truly to the end.

The body of Jane Dormer, clad in the Franciscan habit, was interred near her husband and son in the Monastery of St. Clare at Zafrá. This long journey in winter, across the bleak Sierras, had troubled the good Duchess before her death, and more than once, relates her biographer, when the weather was unusually severe, she used to say, anxiously: "If I should die now what trouble should I not give my servants!" To which Henry Clifford would reply: "Fear not: she that gave no trouble in life will not give it in death." Words which, as he remarks, were fulfilled; for the long journey of nine days was performed in fine weather and in perfect security.

Surrounded by the prayers and ceremonies of the Church and the love and tears of her faithful vassals, the mortal remains of Jane Dormer were laid to rest under the shadow of the magnificent church she had founded, near the husband she so dearly loved, and in the midst of the people for whose happiness and welfare she had lived and labored. The closing words of her will, addressed to her grandson, fitly resume her own beautiful life, while meant to express her wishes for the heir of her house and name: "Be, my son, very charitable and an almsgiver; have about thee honest and virtuous company; exercise thyself in the acts of a Christian gentleman, as thy ancestors have done; govern thy vassals with the love of a father; take compassion of the poor, favor the good, repress the wicked, and do justice with equality."

II.—MARGARET CLITHEROW, THE MARTYR
OF YORK.

When on the 17th of November, 1558, Queen Mary Tudor breathed her last, the hopes of the Catholics of England died with her. In spite of her outward professions of faith, the Princess Elizabeth, heiress to the throne, was generally suspected of a strong inclination toward the Protestant creed, in which she had been reared, and which she had abandoned from motives of policy under the reign of her sister.*

The new Queen, daughter of Henry VIII. and of Anne Boleyn, was twenty-six at the time of her accession. Her intellectual powers were remarkable, her talent for government almost amounted to genius, and she possessed the hereditary courage of her race; but to these great gifts she united the vices that had characterized her father. Cruel, false and revengeful, utterly devoid of moral principle, she ascended the throne firmly resolved to maintain the spiritual supremacy that her father and brother had enjoyed. To attain this end, however, it was necessary to proceed with caution; for the people of England, after having been driven into schism under Henry VIII., had returned to their allegiance to Rome under Mary with a hearty enthusiasm. To draw the nation into apostasy once more, Elizabeth and her advisers, Burghley and Leicester, had recourse to bribery, deceit and persuasion, as well as to violence.

The year after her accession the Queen began by re-establishing the laws of Henry VIII. that abolished the supremacy of the Pope, and proclaimed herself sovereign head of the Church; at the same time the Book of Common-Prayer was alone authorized for general use. By degrees severe regulations were issued to enforce these laws; all men who aspired to fill any public employment were called upon to recognize by oath the Queen's spiritual supremacy, and a heavy fine was imposed upon those who failed to assist at the Protestant service; thus the Catholics were cruelly and unjustly debarred from all public offices, and speedily impoverished by repeated fines and forfeitures.

* "Troubles of Our Catholic Forefathers," J. Morris, S. J. Third Series.

It was on the Feast of St. John the Baptist, 1559, only six months after the death of Mary Tudor, that the first penal laws were put into force; but for some years longer many priests, in the North especially, continued to say Mass. Among the Catholics, some fell away from ambition or from fear; others outwardly conformed to the new worship while remaining Catholics at heart; many sought for religious liberty beyond the seas, while the greater number stayed on in England, staunch to the ancient faith, and resolved to endure all things for its sake. In 1571 an act of Parliament was issued, by which any one who introduced within the Kingdom a bull or brief obtained from the Pope was liable to the pain of death. The same statute contained severe penalties against those who brought into England any beads or *Agnus Deis*. In 1581 all persons who failed to attend the Protestant Church were fined £20 a month; any person who persuaded another to embrace the Catholic faith, who gave or received absolution, was declared guilty of high treason. Four years later, in 1585, all priests who landed in England were declared traitors, and liable to be put to death as such, while penalties equally severe were issued against those who received or entertained them.

These barbarous laws weighed upon the Catholics of England for more than two hundred years. They had not yet reached their full development when, in 1553, a child was born, who was destined to be one of their fairest and most heroic victims. Margaret Clitherow was the daughter of Thomas Middleton, a prosperous merchant of York. At the age of fourteen she lost her father, and shortly afterward her mother was married again to Henry May, who later became Mayor of York. It was probably with her stepfather that the young girl resided till her own marriage with John Clitherow, a butcher in comfortable circumstances, who possessed a handsome house in the quarter of York called the Shambles. To this house he brought his young wife, then aged eighteen, and whose great personal loveliness, if we may believe her contemporaries, was only equalled by the purity and goodness of her soul. It was in this quiet home, the commonplace type of a wealthy tradesman's abode, that she passed the fourteen years of her married life,

—a life simple and uneventful enough as far as externals went, but rare and precious in the sight of God.

Margaret had been brought up a Protestant, but three years after her marriage, after many months of prayer and study, she decided to embrace the Catholic faith, in which alone she recognized the truth. Her husband remained a Protestant, although one of his brothers, William Clitherow, was a Catholic priest; but he seems to have left his young wife full liberty to act up to her religious convictions. He gave her leave to bring up her children in her own faith, and some years later he even allowed their eldest son Henry to go to a Catholic college abroad. If he did not openly countenance the generous hospitality extended by Margaret to persecuted priests, he let it pass without reproof, and probably closed his eyes to the fact.

Notwithstanding this singular toleration, so rare in days of fanaticism and bigotry, John Clitherow's unguarded speeches occasionally wounded his wife to the quick. We are told that on one occasion, when they were dining together at the house of a neighbor, the general conversation turned upon Catholics and their religion. John Clitherow, somewhat elated by the good cheer set before him, loudly declared that, although Catholics fasted, prayed, gave alms, and "punished themselves" more than others, he found that they were of as evil disposition as other men. Hearing these words, Margaret, the only Catholic present, burst into tears; whereupon her husband roughly comforted her, declaring that he could wish for no better wife, and that she had but two faults—one, that she fasted too much; the other, that she would not go with him to church.

When Margaret Clitherow first became a Catholic, the penal laws had not attained their full severity; but, as we have seen, new and more stringent clauses were added to them, and these were executed to the letter with ruthless severity by Lord Huntingdon, who in 1572 became Lord President of the North. Under his iron rule the Catholics of Yorkshire were liable any moment to see their houses invaded by pursuivants, who searched every nook and corner; and if a priest was discovered, imprisonment, tortures, and

even death were the penalty of both guest and host. Neither threats nor bribes were spared to induce children and servants to betray their parents and masters, and the testimony of one child was regarded as sufficient to bring a Catholic to the gallows. Under any pretext, the so-called Papists were dragged before the Council of the North, where, by means of bribes, threats, insidious and cunning questions, every effort was made to lead them to compromise themselves or others. Those who remained staunch to the ancient faith were thrown into prison, where they were obliged to pay rent, and where extortionate prices were charged for their food.

The history of the Yorkshire prisons in the days of persecution forms one of the most glorious and harrowing episodes of that heroic age. Country-gentlemen, whose useful and quiet lives had been passed in their ancestral homes; delicate and noble women, tenderly reared far from scenes of roughness and cruelty; venerable matrons, young girls, and mere children, languished for years in these foul dungeons, until hunger or jail-fever set them free. It was not, however, till 1582 that the blood of martyrs was shed at York, although at that date more than twelve priests had already been executed in different parts of England.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Before Confession.

BY THE REV. MATTHEW RUSSELL, S. J.

HOW art Thou pleased, O Lord, with me?
 How stand I in Thy sight?
 Now give me grace my soul to see—
 To judge myself aright;
 Give me the grace to feel and know
 The evil of my sin,
 And bid those contrite tears to flow,
 That may Thy pardon win.

Ah! I have wandered far astray,
 In spite of all Thy care;
 Had not Thy pity tracked my way,
 My lot were now despair.
 Such sins of thought and word and deed,
 'Mid graces such as mine,
 Should make my very heart to bleed,
 As on the Cross did Thine.

My daily faults and sins, my waste
 Of many a priceless day—
 And are my bygone sins effaced?
 I can but hope and pray.
 All, all the evil I have done,
 The good I've failed to do!
 Ah, when my earthly course is run
 How much of it I'll rue!

But now once more I would be shriven
 By one to whom the Lord:
 "Whose sins thou shalt forgive, forgiven
 They *shall* be at thy word."
 Lord, help me now my sins to tell
 With grief and loving fear,
 And make me henceforth serve Thee well,
 To prove my grief sincere.

Dear Jesus, melt this heart of stone,
 And cancel all its stains;
 Forgive the past, forever flown;
 Forgive what else remains;
 Forgive the sins of all my years,
 Forgive them o'er and o'er.
 My God, accept these grateful tears,
 And bid me sin no more!

My Pilgrimage to Genazzano.

BY CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

III.

SO we walked upon the battlements above the monastery, and looked down upon the humble roofs of the little city that clustered about it, and upon the deep valley that surrounded the high rock of our foundation—making a kind of island of it,—and upon all the splendid hills stretching away on every hand to the horizon. The sun shone with the ardor of summer; the olive boughs glistened like sprays of silver; the warm, sweet air was musical with larks. Up and down, up and down, among the domes of the chapel, we paced—that gentle Augustinian and I,—discussing upon the history of the miraculous picture, which, spellbound in space, remains a prodigy after more than four centuries of inquisition. It is a thrice-told tale, familiar to you all, mayhap; but it is worth repeating: the marvellous never becomes threadbare.

It came to pass that when the Empire of the Cæsars was given into the hands of Constantine, the first of the Christian emperors,

he delivered unto St. Sylvester the villa and the grounds at Genazzano, where games and festivals were formerly held in honor of the Goddess Flora; these he gave as a perpetual endowment for the churches founded in Rome. It, however, remained for St. Sylvester's immediate successor, St. Mark, to purge the place of the abominations of paganism and to establish the temple of the Living God. There he gathered together a Christian people, and in their midst, near the ruins of the altars of the false gods, he built the first chapel which is known to have been dedicated to the worship of the Blessed Virgin, under the title of Our Lady of Good Counsel. What more natural than that the feast of Our Lady should be appointed for the very day on which, in former years, the idolatrous people had been wont to celebrate the impious rites of Flora? That day, the 25th of April, was formerly the chief festival of the Genazzanese.

Well, in the course of time—a very long time indeed—the Chapel of Our Lady of Good Counsel was more or less neglected. The faith was spreading, and perhaps losing something of its original earnestness. Newer chapels and richer ones had been erected in honor of St. John, St. Paul, and St. Nicholas. How easy it is to neglect the old for the new! The rather primitive shrine of Our Lady of Good Counsel fell into disfavor and was almost unvisited.

Then came the Colonnas to be the feudal lords over the land. Pier Giordan Colonna, called "a wise and pious prince," gave the unfortunate little chapel into the keeping of the Augustinian Fathers; but they were poor in all save faith, and they found it so difficult to restore the fallen fortunes of the crumbling shrine that they were almost in despair. With them was a caretaker named John di Nocera, and his wife, a holy woman called Petruccia. In the year 1436 the caretaker was called to his reward, and old Petruccia was left alone to pass her days in the much neglected chapel. Its decay distressed her beyond measure, and she resolved to give her little all—a widow's mite—toward its restoration. The work was begun, but, of course, soon ended; at this time the walls of a chapel dedicated to San Biagio were but six feet above the ground, and there all progress was indefinitely suspended.

In her eightieth year, alone in the world and penniless, Petruccia was now the patient and long-suffering victim of insolent jeers; for the heartless, who looked upon her faith as fruitless and her charity as improvidence, could not disguise their scorn. But the brave spirit within her never fainted, and, turning upon her tormentors, she said: "Fear not, my children: misfortunes are sometimes blessed; and I assure you that before I die I shall see this church completed." Prophetic soul! Great was thy faith; but little thou knewest how soon and how gloriously thou wast to receive the reward of it!

It was Saturday, the 25th of April, 1467. The Feast of St. Mark was being celebrated with much splendor in the poor little incompleting Chapel of Our Lady of Good Counsel. After High Mass the faithful adjourned to the Piazza of Santa Maria, where a great fair was in progress; thousands of people were present—pilgrims from all the cities of Latium, who joined with the ardor of the Italian in the sports of the hour. From this crowded Piazza one could easily see the low, unfinished wall, which remained a monument to the fruitless generosity of good old Petruccia. And she, too, was there, her heart filled with a vague joy; for she felt—she knew not why—that at last her hour had come. And here we must leave her for a little time in the enjoyment of a glorious anticipation.

Reliable Spirit of the Past, guide thou my pen!

Albania was early Christianized, and was once entirely Catholic. Croja was its capital, but Scutari was a place of more importance, being the chief city of defence in the provinces of Scutari and Jannina. It is built upon a height, near a lake bearing the same name, and close upon a point where the river Bojana is joined by the Drina. The Turks, who had long besieged the strongholds of Albania, at last subjugated the people; they then destroyed the capital, but spared Scutari on account of its admirable situation.

At the foot of the mountain, under the shadow of the Fortress of Scutari, stood a beautiful little Chapel of the Annunciation. It was the chief sanctuary of Our Lady in Albania, and was a pilgrimage church of

great renown. The secret of its fame was this. Two centuries before—at the very time when Dalmatia and Italy were filled with awe and wonderment in consequence of the translation of the Holy House from Nazareth to Loreto—a picture of Our Lady and her Divine Child was miraculously conveyed from the far East, as it was supposed, to the small Chapel of the Annunciation at Scutari. Albania was at once filled with new devotion, and the chapel became a famous shrine—the most famous between the Adriatic and the Black Sea.

But devotion languishes in the hearts of men; it languished there in Albania, while the Turks were doing their utmost to overthrow the Christian Government. So long as George Castriota—better known in history as Scanderbeg—reigned, he was devoted to the sanctuary of Our Lady. He has been pronounced a model of Christian perfection, and it was not until his death that the Turks, whom he held at bay for twenty years, were able to rush in and seize the land. Then it was that the faithful began to emigrate to the neighboring Christian lands. Among these were two citizens of Scutari, named Georgio and De Sclavis, devoted clients of Our Lady. With inexpressible sorrow they were paying their last visit to the shrine which they were compelled to abandon to the scorn of the merciless Turks: it was on the eve of their departure from their native land. Conceive of the torture of those steadfast souls, who in this final hour were asking guidance of her whom they had loved with a passionate and enduring love! Then it was that she spoke to them; they seemed to hear her very voice; both received at the same moment the same impression. She said to them: "Fly from this unhappy land; and fear not, for I will lead you and protect you in your exile."

On the morning following, being now in readiness for flight, they entered the sanctuary on their way out of the city, and lo! while they knelt before their beloved image they saw it delicately detach itself from the wall—where it had remained secure for two centuries,—and, floating upon the air like a plume from the down of the dandelion, it was enveloped in a gauze-like mist, through which it remained faintly visible to their eyes; and, passing like a vapor through the open door of

the chapel, it ascended heavenward—though never for a moment quitting their sight,—and passed at an easy pace toward the sea.

They followed it in rapture night and day; a pillar of fire by night, a cloud by day, it led them on and on from shore to shore. Hunger and thirst they knew not; neither were their feet weary nor their eyes heavy, but only a rapture filled their hearts to overflowing. They followed it over land and sea; they knew not the hills which they surmounted, nor the vales they threaded, nor the waters over which they passed as upon floors of crystal. They knew not the strange people who turned to watch them as they strode ever onward, unconscious alike of time and place; unfearing, unflinching, unfatigued; two mystics from the mystical East following with the faith of infancy in the invisible footsteps of the Divine Mother.

Thus they came into Italy, and knew it not; and walked in the shadow of Italian groves and temples, all unconscious of their extraordinary beauty; and listened not to the murmur of fountains, or the tinkle of lutes, or the songs of the sweet-voiced singers; for their eyes beheld only the image of Our Lady, swathed in a film of glory, and their hearts were lifted up far, far beyond the beguilements of this beguiling world. And at last they came to the gates of a great city, and they knew not that it was the Eternal City; for Rome was as a legend in the knowledge of the Albanians, and these pilgrims were of the simple children of Scutari.

At the gates of Rome the pilgrims were detained by sentries; and while they waited, beheld the glorious image of Mary disappeared from their view! In vain they sought it hither and yon; those of whom the seekers made inquiry only laughed and shook their heads, for they pitied and distrusted the followers of Our Lady. "These be dreamers," said they one to another; "come away and leave them to their dreams." So the pilgrims went to and fro in the great city, and sought diligently in every place and inquired of every one they met; and with a faith which was tried to the uttermost, but remained unshaken even unto the end, they still sought throughout the land for the image of Mary; and, alas! they sought in vain.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Catholic Congress.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

THE programme of the Catholic Congress to be held at Baltimore in November has been partially announced. There are many who doubt the usefulness of Catholic congresses in this country; but even *they* must admit that, however unnecessary they may deem addresses of sympathy with the Holy Father from a country where Catholics are united without a shadow of a doubt in thorough sympathy with him, a movement of this kind shows vitality. And any show of vitality in the Catholic body is much to be desired. Therefore, there should be no cold water thrown on the project since it has taken shape; there should be no keen and frost-like criticism when the programme is finally settled. Now is the time for suggestions. Things have not crystallized yet, and the Catholic layman who lets them crystallize with flies in them without having expressed his opinion ought afterward in decency to hold his peace.

The *Catholic Review* has pointed out one defect in the proposed programme which it is easy enough to remedy. There is only one Catholic editor on the committee, and he, so far as we can see, has not been awarded a paper. Now, there is no question more important to us all than that of literature and the press. Our separated brethren—wiser than we in many practical matters—rarely have a conference in which literature and the press are not considered seriously and given precedence of other subjects. The Baptists and the Methodists carry on a great propaganda by means of their book concerns and their press, generously subsidized. They understand the vital strength of the written word in our days. The great question of the press deserves careful consideration in the Catholic Congress. It is expected that each question will receive careful analysis from the lay point of view; and no social question deserves more scrupulous attention than that of making and distributing Catholic periodicals.

A Catholic practical press man—one now an editor—ought to go over the ground. He should tell the Congress why the Catholic

paper, as a rule, has not the circulation it ought to have. He should be frank and direct, as befits a practical man talking to practical men. High claims and fine writing and complaints are not needed. What is wanted is an analysis of the obstacles which lie in the way of the circulation of a paper of high principles. If the speakers at the Congress are not specialists, the whole thing will be in the air, and the delegates had better stay at home.

Another practical matter which we do not see mentioned in the programme is, How shall the great mass of Catholics be encouraged to be thrifty? Among a certain class of our people there is a prejudice against life-insurance, whether justly or not; the idea of the necessity of thrift in other ways seems not yet to have been grasped by them; and the co-operative Catholic insurance societies are not as large as some people, whether justly or not, think they ought to be.

The object of the Congress is a noble one. It deserves enthusiastic encouragement and intense interest. It will tend to produce harmony of thought and action,—to make Catholics better known to one another. "It is hoped that the ablest men in the country will take part in the discussions, and make the Congress a credit to Catholics"; so writes the gentleman who conceived the plan of it. All ecclesiastics and laymen are invited, but cards of admission to the floor must be obtained from the ordinary of each diocese.

Thoughtful laymen are anxious to get at some practical means of strengthening Catholics religiously and socially. The Congress will not concern itself with dogma: that has been settled for it; it will have the more time for things in its own line. The success of the Congress will depend on the thoroughness and directness with which burning social questions are considered; for the discussions will be suggested by the drift of the papers read. Now is the time to make suggestions. In a month or two we shall have no right to do anything, but put our shoulder to the wheel.

SORROW is only one step in a long journey, one step in a long growth. It is the furnace from which the steel emerges hard; another process softens it. Many a brave soul finds itself first, God afterward.—*Arthur S. Hardy.*

Notes and Remarks.

One hears so many extraordinary utterances—more often, it must be said, extraordinarily vapid than wise—from Protestant ministers that they have ceased to excite attention. However, it is no wonder that the audience at the commencement exercises of Fordham College looked at one another in surprise when Chancellor Pierson, of the University of New York, said, addressing the graduates: "I am a Protestant, but for all that I believe in the Roman Catholic Church. It is the conservative power of the day. It has always and everywhere favored education, and the world owes to it the preservation of learning at a time when destruction awaited it. I welcome these young men into the world gladly, for they are the representatives of that American Catholicity which will be an honor to America. I beg of them never to be ashamed of their faith. I can assure them of a welcome in every Protestant assembly in the land so long as they stick to their own religious principles and never blush for them."

Mirabile dictu! A Protestant minister urging Catholic young men to be proud of their faith! Like many another Protestant, Mr. Pierson has probably begun to be ashamed of his own.

Evazin Josef Jerzmanowski, of New York city, who was lately decorated by Leo XIII. with the Cross of the Order of San Silvestro, and named Commander in the same, is a descendant of one of the oldest families in Poland. He became an American citizen in 1879, and has distinguished himself for his great though unostentatious charity, particularly to the poor of Poland and to Polish emigrants to America.

A beautifully painted Madonna was among frescoes lately discovered on the old façade of the Roman Capitol.

We applaud this, from the *London Register*:

"Mr. Swinburne sowed his political wild oats in his youth at the expense of other countries, whose revolutions he fostered, principally, we can not but think, because he had the vocabulary at his hand ready-made; and he is one of many poets and other men who do not so much find words for their emotions as emotions for their words. By this time he must be convinced that the Mazzini-Victor-Hugo vocabulary has had its vitality somewhat written out of it. In no other way could we explain the fact that Mr. Swinburne had crowned himself an officious if not official laureate of the Unionist cause; in no other way, unless we are to take his frantic hatred of the Catholic religion—which explains much in politics—as the motive of his passions in Italian affairs, and of his

very different passions in affairs Anglo-Irish. This explanation, if not so literary as the first, would seem to hold good in the face of the outburst of blasphemy with which the poet celebrates the feast of Giordano Bruno. In two sonnets published in the *Athenæum* he screams at the Catholic Church as 'child of hell' and 'grey spouse of satan,' with other parts of speech equally shrill. Unionism is not to be envied in its poet."

Miss Mary Anderson is now in London, her health having much improved. Miss Anderson is a great favorite with what is called "good society" in London; her career shows that individual virtue will overcome the prejudice existing in many minds against a profession which unhappily too often reflects the immorality of the times. Miss Anderson is a devout Catholic; she assists at Mass every morning, and her piety does not in any way interfere with her deep interest in her profession. The stage is a power in social life, and all thoughtful men should encourage every promise of its rising to a higher level.

Mr. Stead, whose revelations of vice in London shocked the world and earned the support of Cardinal Manning and other influential Englishmen, protests against the expulsion of religious from the hospitals of Paris. He says plainly that the morality of the hospitals has suffered, and that if Boulanger is ever elected in France it will be by the votes of outraged Frenchmen, who see that the religious policy of the Republic means anarchy.

Five nuns of the Third Order of St. Dominic lately arrived in Cuenca, Ecuador, to take charge of a leper settlement there. The same Sisters also conduct a large hospital for lepers at Trinidad.

The Rt. Rev. Joseph P. Machebœuf, the venerable and beloved Bishop of Denver, Colorado, departed this life on the morning of the 10th inst., after a short illness. The deceased prelate was in the seventy-seventh year of his age, and the greater part of his life had been spent in the apostolic duties of a missionary in the "wilderlands" of this Western country. He was born in France, and was ordained priest at the age of twenty-four. From 1838 to 1850 he labored on the missions of the State of Ohio, after which for nine years he assisted Bishop Lamy in New Mexico, going to Colorado in 1860. He was consecrated Bishop of Denver in 1868, continuing his labors in the vineyard of the Lord with the same ardent zeal and self-sacrificing devotion that had characterized his life as a simple priest. Two years ago the infirmities of advancing old age obliged him to seek the assist-

ance of a coadjutor bishop. His death was not unexpected, as he had been suffering from injuries sustained by being thrown from his carriage. We may well believe that a life so wholly devoted to the service of the Lord as was that of Bishop Machebœuf has been speedily rewarded with that blessing which awaits the good and faithful servant. *R. I. P.*

The first Provincial Council of the Bishops, or Vicars-Apostolic, of Japan will be held on March 19, 1890. This memorable assembly will take place at Nagasaki, near the tomb of Mgr. Petitjean, the first prelate in the country; and four bishops with their clergy will meet in the very church which was the birthplace of the revival of Christianity in Japan. The occasion also marks the twenty-fifth anniversary of the discovery by missionaries of those Christians who had preserved the faith implanted in the land by St. Francis Xavier.

The conversion of the Rev. Mr. Townsend is considered a great blow to English Church missions in India. He is a good Sanskrit and Bengalee scholar, and a weekly journal he published in Calcutta was as eagerly read by educated non-Christian Hindoos as by the Anglican community.

General Boulanger professes himself a Catholic, and, as a matter of fact, he attends Mass every Sunday at the French chapel in London. He denies certain anti-Catholic utterances lately attributed to him by a member of the French Senate.

The Salon medal of honor has been awarded to Dagnan-Bouveret for his "Bretonnes au Pardon"—a group of Breton peasants seated on the grass, and listening to one of their number, who is reading, probably, the story of one of the saints.

The first book ever printed, as our readers are aware, was a Latin Bible. The printer, needless to add, was John Gutenberg, who lived about a century before Luther was born. He is everywhere acknowledged to be the inventor of what is called the "art preservative of all arts." Dr. Shea reminds the Catholics of New York and vicinity that a fine copy of this precious first-printed book—printed with great difficulty and expense—is preserved in the Lenox Library, and may be seen any day. "It is clear and beautiful in its sharp type, its black ink, its solid paper, and it is something that every Catholic can point to with pride."

A copy of what is known as the Koburger Bible, in excellent preservation, is in possession of Gen.

Charles W. Darling, of Utica, N.Y. It was printed in folio by Anthony Koburger, of Nuremberg, in 1483, the year of Luther's birth. In twenty-six years he printed no less than thirteen editions of the Bible, twelve in Latin and one in Greek, all large folios, and extremely beautiful specimens of the art. But his *chef-d'œuvre* was this German Bible, which is profusely illustrated with extraordinary and complicated woodcuts.

How can non-Catholic Americans, with copies of these precious Bibles preserved in their midst, assert that the Sacred Scriptures were unknown or unappreciated in ante-Reformation times?

The Italians of New York purpose to place a statue of Columbus in Central Park as a contribution to the celebration of the quarto-centennial of the discovery of America. The design calls for a statue not less than one hundred and fifty feet high, to be made of Carrara marble.

The venerable Mrs. Tyler, wife of John Tyler, tenth President of the United States, who died recently at Richmond, Va., was a fervent convert to the Church. She was a woman of superior intelligence and great refinement. The White House has never known a more accomplished mistress.

Princess Clementine, of Bulgaria, the energetic mother of Prince Ferdinand, has received from the Holy Father the Cross for valiant women,—“*Pro Ecclesiâ et Pontifice.*”

New Publications.

HENRY VIII. AND THE ENGLISH MONASTERIES.

An Attempt to Illustrate the History of their Suppression. By Francis Aidan Gasquet, O. S. B., Sometime Prior of St. Gregory's Monastery, Downside, Bath. John Hodges, Newcastle Street, Covent Garden, London.

This is one of the most important of recent contributions to the history of a very interesting period. If it be true in general that “history for the past three centuries has been a conspiracy against the truth,” it is especially true of all English history of the Catholic Church and the monastic orders. To the average English non-Catholic it is almost as unquestioned as an axiom in mathematics that monasticism in the early part of the seventeenth century was falling into pieces of its own rottenness, and that the suppression of the monasteries by Henry VIII. was an act which the best interests of the state and of religion, not less than the national sentiment, imperatively demanded. Encased in a triple

shield of prejudice must indeed be the man who can rise from the perusal of these volumes without relinquishing such an opinion. Father Gasquet writes not indeed like a partisan: on the contrary, he is temperate and measured to a degree that sometimes causes surprise; but all his statements are so clearly proven, they are supported by authorities so unquestioned and unquestionable, that they can not fail to bring conviction to any one who sincerely desires to ascertain the truth.

The work opens with a charming pen-picture of monastic life in mediæval England. This is followed by a brief sketch of the difficulties which had lain in the path of the Church and the religious orders for more than a century prior to the age of the Tudors, and which had, to a certain extent, impeded the action and weakened the influence of both upon society. The ravages of that dread visitation of Providence, the Black Death, in the latter part of the fourteenth century had been specially disastrous to the clergy and the monks, of whom it is computed that two-thirds were carried off in the space of a year. From the effects of this blow the monastic orders, even after the lapse of a century and a half, had not fully recovered. Add to this the unsettled state of men's minds consequent on the Greek schism of the West and the agitation of Wycliffe and the Lollards, and the demoralization which necessarily accompanied the great civil strife between the Houses of York and Lancaster, and is it to be wondered at that malevolent critics should be able to discover blemishes more or less serious, not indeed in the Church of England or the monastic orders as a whole, but in some churchmen and monks of the early sixteenth century?

During the Hundred Years' War between France and England the monarchs of the latter country had several times, for alleged reasons of state, found themselves, or pretended to find themselves, obliged to seize the temporal possessions of foreign religious bodies. Wolsey, to carry out some of his more ambitious projects, had extorted from the Pope permission to apply to other uses the revenues of certain religious foundations; and when the breach between the Papacy and Henry VIII. occurred, these acts constituted precedents, of which the grasping and unscrupulous monarch was only too happy to avail himself. The hostility of Henry to the religious orders is shown to have owed its origin to two causes: 1st, they refused to acknowledge his spiritual supremacy; and, 2dly, their wealth tempted his cupidity. To overcome the constancy of the monks fines, imprisonment, confiscation, torture,

death were resorted to, but in vain: their only effect was to join Forrest, Houghton, Peto, Cook, Whiting, and others less known, to More and Fisher as worthy to wear the crown of martyrdom.

On this phase of the difficulty the world has long since made up its mind, and consequently we are not sorry that the author does not dwell on it at any great length. He attaches himself with special effort to show the hollowness and insincerity of the charges brought against the monasteries, and which have until quite recently been generally accepted by the English-speaking world. An historian who will not be suspected of partiality to the monastic orders or of undue hostility to Henry VIII., Mr. Froude, acknowledges, in speaking of one of the larger monasteries which had been the object of his study, that "St. Bede or St. Cuthbert might have found himself in the house of the London Carthusians, and he would have had few questions to ask and no duties to learn or to unlearn. . . . A thousand years of the world's history had rolled by, and these lonely islands of prayer had remained anchored in the stream,—the strands of the ropes which held them wearing now to a thread, and near their last parting, but still unbroken." The tribute which Mr. Froude pays to the Carthusians is shown to have been equally deserved by the other orders.

From a careful study of contemporaneous records the author demonstrates to evidence: (1) That the great majority of the religious houses were not and could not have been the haunts of idleness and dissipation, which the prejudice of after generations has been pleased to consider them; (2) that no honest investigation of the condition of these houses was made by Henry's orders,—the infamous Thomas Cromwell having deputed his equally infamous tools, not to learn facts, but to find pretexts for harsh treatment of the members of religious orders; (3) that the testimony of these interested and unscrupulous commissioners is self-contradictory, utterly unworthy of credence, and would not be accepted by any impartial tribunal,—an enemy, as Burke states it, being always a bad witness, and a robber much worse; (4) that distorted, malicious and false as were the reports privately sent to Cromwell, they did not make out a case against the monasteries which Henry dared to submit even to a body so subservient as his parliament.

That the suppression of the monasteries was by no means a measure demanded by the national sentiment is shown by the difficulty which Henry and Cromwell experienced in obtaining for it the sanction of a House of Commons composed almost exclusively of members nominated by the

Crown, and by the repeated popular uprisings which took place in favor of the monks and the ancient faith. The work ends with a brief presentation of some of the evils which resulted from the dissolution of the religious houses. Pauperism as distinguished from poverty—the impassable chasm which in England separates class from class, rich from poor; the destruction of all checks upon the exactions of landlords; the appropriation by grasping lords of the tithes intended for the support of the Church and of the poor; finally, the loss of the foundations at schools and universities established for the children of the deserving poor,—such are seen to be among the results that necessarily flowed from the selfish, unjust and tyrannical action of Henry toward the monasteries of England.

This brief outline of the argument of the two bulky volumes—so well deserving of a more extended notice—will, we earnestly trust, inspire some few interested in historical studies with a desire to peruse a work which, in the language of one of its non-Catholic reviewers, "has forever dispelled the old scandals, universally discredited at the time, and believed in by a later generation only through prejudice and ignorance." Father Gasquet's style is clear, simple and forcible; in his treatment of a subject which would so easily lend itself to dramatic situations he has carefully avoided all straining after effect; he has told his tale in an earnest, straightforward manner, which must carry conviction with it. He has thrown down the gauntlet at the side of truth, and we are quite certain that even those who would most willingly break a lance with him will think twice before stooping to pick it up.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands, as if you were bound with them.

—HEB., xiii, 3.

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

Sister Mary Olympia, O. S. F., Philadelphia, Pa., who was called to her reward on the Feast of the Visitation. Sister Mary de Sales, of the Order of the Visitation, Frederick, Md., whose precious death took place the day following.

Mr. Patrick Murphy, a prominent and highly respected citizen of Philadelphia, Pa., who departed this life on the 1st inst.

Mrs. Anna Darnin, of Belleville, N. J., who piously yielded her soul to God on the 24th of May.

Mr. Dennis Reilly, whose happy death occurred at Easton, Pa., on the 2d inst.

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



Johnnie's Travels.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TYBORNE."

I.

"Mother, just look at what the ladies have given me!" cried Johnnie. "A franc, two-franc piece, and half a franc in gold!"

"A ten-franc piece, you little goose!" said his mother. "They have been good indeed. My poor children, let us thank God. We shall have food for a week, and I had not a penny in the house."

"Mother, did you hear what the lady said to the other lady,—that in Paris I should get a lot of money?"

"Hush, child! Paris is too far off."

Paris was indeed far off from the village in the Pyrenees, where dwelt the Widow Janet and her five children. Johnnie, the oldest and the only son, was nine years old. A friend had given him two white mice, and the little boy, with much pains and ingenuity, had trained the tiny animals to perform certain tricks. His mother, who was a dressmaker, had made him some little dresses and hats for them. At first they only formed the daily delight of Johnnie and his four sisters, who called them Countess le Blanc and her lady's-maid Zoé; but by degrees they were shown to neighbor after neighbor, till their fame had reached a grand house in the neighborhood, where some ladies from Paris were staying and finding it extremely dull. They heard of the white mice, and made Janet's cottage the object of a drive; the white mice had done their best, and the ladies had been generous.

Johnnie was quiet only for a minute, then he began again.

"In Paris, mother, I should keep myself and help you. I should get gold pieces and send them to you."

Janet sighed and said nothing.

"There, mother, there's Farmer Green passing! I'll go and ask him." And Johnnie flew out.

Farmer Green was in his cart; Johnnie jumped up, and the farmer drove on. Johnnie told his story; the farmer listened and grunted, then set the child down and said:

"Tell your mother I'll come to see her to-morrow."

Next day the farmer kept his word. He was one of the best friends the poor widow had. His advice was that Johnnie should go to Paris. "Yes, yes," he said to the weeping mother, as she clasped Johnnie in her arms, "I know it is hard for you, but what is to be done? You would not like to see your boy die of hunger, and his sisters as well. The winter is at hand, trade is bad; we shall have a hard time. Johnnie is tall for his age; he is strong, courageous and bright. He could support himself by showing his mice. All the village boys are going off this winter to seek their fortunes. Colas' son is gone, and Catherine's two boys are going. Surely it is better than begging at home."

Janet wept on.

"I wish I could prevent it," said the farmer. "I wish I could help you more. I will do what I can."

"O Farmer Green, you are the best friend we have! You are too good. Yes, I will take your advice. I will let the child go, though it breaks my heart."

"Well," said the farmer, "in a week's time I shall have to go as far as Bagnères-de-Bigorre, to the fair there; if you like I'll take Johnnie before me on my horse, and that will help him on fifteen miles."

"Thank you, thank you!" said Janet. "I will make the sacrifice, and Johnnie shall be ready."

The farmer took his leave, and Johnnie hung about his mother, telling her how soon he would get rich, how much money he would send her from Paris, how his sisters should have new frocks and white bread to eat. His mother seemed not to hear him.

"In a week," she said; "only a week! Poor child, and I wanted to send him to school! O Johnnie, you know so little about our good God, and if you were to forget Him! Let me hear you say the 'Our Father.'"

Johnnie knelt down and said devoutly a *Pater*, then an *Ave*, and lastly the Creed; and he promised his mother that he would never

forget to say these prayers night and morning. During the week that followed she taught him the short acts of faith, hope, charity, and contrition; and he promised to go to confession every month, and to hear Mass every Sunday and feast-day. And when the last evening came Janet made up the little bundle of clothes, and put into it a small prayer-book—one of the treasures of her girlhood.

The parting moment was hard enough. Johnnie asked his mother for her blessing. Janet fell on her knees and placed her hands on the boy's head. "O my God!" she said, "Thou alone canst truly give a blessing. Bless this child. Thou knowest that my heart is full of terror; I fear lest he should meet with an accident or be taken ill, and above all lest he should fall into sin. O my God, preserve him soul and body! Preserve him from falling into temptation and from bad example. Never let him learn to tell lies or fall into any vice, but may he grow up to love and obey Thee!" Then the afflicted mother drew the child to her breast in a long, loving embrace.

Johnnie mounted behind the farmer with his tiny bundle, the mouse cage well furnished with bread and cheese and containing the two mice, also their toilet-box with the dresses and hats they wore when performing. It was hardly dawn; the horse and its riders soon disappeared in the mist, and Janet's straining eyes could see no traces of them.

II.

Bagnères-de-Bigorre is a pretty town, and Johnnie was astonished to see all the fine houses and churches and shops; but he had no time for sight-seeing: he must begin business. So he sat on some steps opposite a large house, dressed his mice and prepared for a performance, which should arrest the attention of the passers-by.

He heard the voice of a lady from a window of the big house: "Why, there is our little boy from the village and the famous mice!" Johnnie started up.

"Come here, my little fellow," said the lady. "How long is it since you came here?"

"This morning, ma'am, if you please."

Several ladies were now standing at the open window. Johnnie, looking in, saw it was a large room, with a long table covered with

glasses and plates; and many ladies and gentlemen were seated at the table.

"Do you care to amuse yourself for five minutes?" asked the hostess, turning to the company. "Yes!" they cried. And she ordered Johnnie to be admitted.

There was a famous performance. The ladies and gentlemen were much amused. When at the end Johnnie held out his cap, money fell fast into it. The lady who had called him in, holding a coin in her fingers, then asked: "Why did you leave your village and your good mother, child?"

"O ma'am, flour is so dear this year there is no bread for the poor! I had to leave mother to earn money for her."

The lady dropped the coin into his cap.

The child gave a jump. "O ma'am," said he, "that is the half franc in gold you gave me, but mother spent it in bread! How did it get into your purse again? Did the baker give it to you?"

There was a peal of laughter. The lady opened her purse and showed Johnnie she had many gold pieces. "Now tell me," said she, "what are you going to do with the money I give you?"

"O ma'am, send it to my mother, of course!"

Every one laughed again, and one gentleman threw in a gold five-franc piece, saying, "Now you will know there is more than one gold piece in the world. I like children who work for their mothers."

It was too much for Johnnie; he put down his cap, and danced round the room, singing at the top of his voice. Then all of a sudden he stopped, tottered, and would have fallen had not a gentleman caught him.

"It is nothing," said Johnnie, feebly. "It is joy. I am too happy."

"*Too happy!*" said the young doctor who had caught him. "Tell me, my boy, have you eaten this morning?"

"No really, I think not. Mother gave me some bread; I put it in my pocket and forgot it. I was too miserable to eat."

"But now you are too happy. You can eat," said the doctor, smiling. "Pack up your fortune and come with me, and you shall have a good breakfast."

Johnnie's first care was to look for Farmer Green; but as he did not know the town, he

could not succeed in finding him. So in the afternoon he waited for him on the high-road.

"Oh!" said the farmer when he saw him, "so you are tired already,—you want to go home?"

"No indeed, sir. I only want to ask you to take this money to mother."

The farmer took the money. "What!" he said, "over nineteen francs! Is it possible?" He cast an uneasy look at the child.

"Farmer Green," said Johnnie, "tell mother that I gained it all at the Hôtel de France." And then he related his story to the farmer, who promised to repeat it faithfully.

"And how much have you got for yourself?" he asked.

"Nothing," said Johnnie. "I had such a good breakfast I don't want anything."

"Well," said the farmer, "I'll take all your first earnings to your mother, and here is my parting gift to you." And he gave the little fellow a two-franc piece.

Next day Johnnie left Bigorre, but he did not travel by the railroad; no, nor by coach nor by steamboat; he did not mount on a horse nor a donkey; no: he went the cheapest way—on foot, his luggage on his back.

One evening as he was drawing near Bordeaux a carriage passed him, and something fell from it. Johnnie picked it up and found it to be a beautiful little cloth cloak lined with fur. "Stop! stop!" cried Johnnie, running after the carriage. But the coachman did not hear him, and the carriage went on and on.

"What do you want, little fellow?" asked a man on horseback.

"To stop that carriage, sir," panted the child.

"Well, *you* can't stop it certainly," said the rider; "but I'll try." So he put spurs to his horse and galloped off.

The carriage stopped; up came Johnnie. "Here it is," said he, holding up the cloak.

"That's famous!" cried the coachman. "I should have caught it from my mistress if it were lost. Thanks, my good boy. Where are you going?"

"To Bordeaux," answered Johnnie.

"So am I," said the man. "Jump up and I'll take you there."

So Johnnie had a ride of eighteen miles.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The José-Maria.

BY E. L. DORSEY.

IV.

It was not only nearly but quite eight-bells* when they started; and before they reached the causeway the short October day had drawn to its close, and the three figures toiling along were the only signs of life in the strange and desolate surroundings.

Sixteen miles of sand-walking is no joke, so poor Dick suddenly sank in a little boneless heap, and cried out—as steadily as he could, for his panting breath and trembling, aching muscles:

"Git ahead, uncle. I'll follow 'long's soon's I git rested a bit."

It was good advice, and Jonas was in favor of it; but Idella sat down by him, and, patting his hand, asked:

"Be you tired, Dicky boy? Well, so'm I. An' it's a good idee to rest. It's pleasant here too, bain't it?"

"Whew!" muttered Jonas, "that *is* a crazy idee! I wisht to glory she hadn't took up wi' sich."

And the deepening shadows lent so much of their sombre mystery to the scene that "pleasant" it assuredly was not. The sun was dropping below the horizon, red and rayless, tangled in the last wisps of the fog; an equally red and rayless moon floated on the water-line of the eastern sky. The sea heaved in long grey rollers, gashed with a wavering line of crimson light—"fur all th' world," said Jonas to himself, "like the man-eater† we once hauled aboard th' old *Alby-tross* off o' Hayti, an' slashed wi' our cutlasses tell he thrashed and bled to death, wi' his wicked

* The watches are divided into periods of four hours each, except the two dog-watches, which are only two hours long—4 to 6 and 6 to 8 p. m. All are counted off by the strokes of the ship's bell, one stroke for each half-hour. A sailor's time-table is as follows:

- 1 bell—12.30, 4.30, and 8.30, a. m.; 12.30, 4.30, and 8.30, p. m.
- 2 bells—1, 5, and 9, a. m.; 1, 5, and 9, p. m.
- 3 bells—1.30, 5.30, and 9.30, a. m.; 1.30, 5.30, and 9.30, p. m.
- 4 bells—2, 6, and 10, a. m.; 2, 6, and 10, p. m.
- 5 bells—2.30, 6.30, and 10.30, a. m.; 2.30, 6.30, and 10.30, p. m.
- 6 bells—3, 7, and 11, a. m.; 3, 7, and 11, p. m.
- 7 bells—3.30, 7.30, and 11.30, a. m.; 3.30, 7.30, and 11.30, p. m.
- 8 bells—4, 8, a. m., and 12, m.; 4, 8, p. m., and 12, m.

† Man-eating shark.

grey eyes a-gleamin', an' his jaws a-snappin' like castanets when the Kachuky's* a-bein' danced."

From the shoal water rose the masts and cross-trees of seven vessels that went down with all hands aboard in the big gale of '77; the broken cordage still dangled about them, swaying back and forth in the wind as if ghostly fingers were "hauling home"; and high above them—invisible in the growing night—the sea-birds whistled shrilly, sounding for all the world as if the dead boatswains were piping their men up from Davy Jones to sail one more race with Ruin.

Between these mournful bits of wreckage and the silent little group of three lay the "Mesh," its ooze laced with the broad silver ribbons of the tide, now flowing in so swiftly that, even as they watched, the wide brown slashes were changed into a shivering waste of water. Back of them rose the lofty dune, that trailed its blight through the rich land; and thrusting from its tidal wave of sand were scores of blasted pines, that reflected in multiplied outlines the sea-wrecks opposite. The wind grew brisker, and the soft whiz of the sand could be heard scudding by.

"Look a-heer, boy!" said Uncle Jonas, somewhat harshly. "Be you goin' to set their all night?"

Dick looked up, surprised at the tone, but scrambled stiffly to his feet, and in his sturdy way began to make the best of things.

"What was it you called this place a piece back, uncle?" he asked.

"Called what place?"

"Why, this here place."

"There's a hull lot o' names," answered Jonas, reluctantly. "Some folks 'round here calls it the Sand Crawl, and some calls it the Whirlin' Dune, an' some calls it the Sand Mountain; but I tell you theer ain't any name that'll fit it—'thout you cail it the Devil's Own."

And he spat out angrily the last shreds of his great tobacco wad.

"Land o' Goshen!" said Dick. "What's the matter wi' it, uncle?"

"*Ev'rythin'!*" was the reply. "Look at them dead men a-layin' out theer. A. B.'s

ev'y mother's son of 'em, 'cept the cabin-boys; an' even they died like little men here afore our eyes, an' not a boat could be got afloat to save 'em. Look at this here Mesh. What is it but th' old Hoornkille Flats, that's red wi' the blood of the massacree that wiped out the Dutch, an' chock-full o' quicksands that suck down all they can git hold of? Look at that crawlin', smotherin' devil theer! Is it like any sand that ever God's sea throwed up afore? Certain'y not! Did y'ever see sand that knowed how to chart and navigate afore? Certain'y not! Did y'ever see sand that gripped whatever it took a-hankerin' fur, an' wrapped around it, an' squeezed th' life out o' it, an' chewed it and mauled it, an' then spit it out when it was through wi' it? I bet a cookie you never did—no, nor anybody else neither, 'cept them that's seen this here—"

Aversion and anger seemed to choke him. But Dick had heard quite enough for the Ridge to become invested with a ghastly fascination, and he went the rest of the distance in a fashion that could have been most accurately described by the phrase "*barbe à l'épaule*," if his sharp little chin had not been years too young for a *barbe*.

And certainly, as the moon shook loose from the mist and began to climb up the sky, getting brighter and cleaner the higher she went (the way with all of us), it was an impressive object, lying, like one of the great dragons of legend, stretched over two miles of ground, and ending far away seaward in a lofty bluff (not unlike a head reared for a better view), on the crest of which burnt the Henlopen Light—a fiery eye that watches unwinkingly over the fate of all the poor Jackies afloat in these waters.

A dozen questions stirred in the boy's mind, but he was by this time semi-unconscious with fatigue; the last part of the journey was made mechanically, and he had to be steered into the home-door by his uncle; then he was vaguely aware of hot coffee and cold milk being poured down his throat—inside and out,—of being pulled and hauled at, and finally of being let blissfully alone to sleep, which he did from seven o'clock until nearly the same hour next morning.

This "next morning" was an era in Dick's life. He began school that day. He had a

* *Cachuca?*

brand new suit of clothes, including a hat and shoes; and when he saw the sunshine he felt there was something so personally jolly in it that the Sand Crawl, with its gruesome associations, passed for the time from his memory. His breakfast was eaten standing, with his precious satchel of more precious books on his back; and as he crossed the threshold there rose from the curb-stone to meet him Master Tic.

"Thought I'd go 'long an' interduce you," he said. Then he doubled over in noiseless and prolonged mirth. "Jimminy!" he gasped as he straightened up, "won't thar be a circus? Oh, no, I reckon thar won't. Not much!"—this last derisively addressed to the world at large.

"What's up?" asked Dick, briefly.

"Well, you see, thar's Froggie Mason—call him Froggie 'cause he swells 'round so—he said he'd giv you a good lickin' the day you fust come to school, so's to stiddy you an' make you know your place. An' I'm just a-laughin' fit to bust to think how 'stonished he'll be when you git that grip onto his wool you got onto mine the fust day I tried can-traptions wi' you." And again he shut up like a jackknife, while his suppressed laughter made the tears stand in his eyes.

"It's a pity 'bout thet fightin'!" thought Dick; "fur I wanted to git a merit mark straight along; but ef thet's the way it's a-goin' to be, why thet's the way it *will* be." All he said aloud, however, was, "Is thet so? Bring on your Froggie, an' I'll do my best fur the credit o' the family; fur you know, Tic,

"Hardest whacks
Is stiffest fac's."

At which Tic rubbed his grimy paws with glee, and smacked his lips as if he were about to eat something very appetizing.

So it happened that when Everard Comegys, schoolmaster, entered the school enclosure he saw the boys in a solid triple ring, their necks well craned toward a common centre, and the girls darting about like petrels before a gale; and he knew there was a battle *à l'outrance* going on.

"What is this?" he asked, sternly.

There was a sudden gap in the circle, but one of the big boys seized him imploringly by the arm and begged:

"Don't stop 'em, please, Mr. Comegys! That little Yankee beggar has just got Froggie's head in chancery, and is polishing him off finely."

"Stop this fighting instantly!" commanded the master, though his pleasant mouth twitched under its young moustache; for it was only last year he had quit that sort of thing himself, and had got the diploma that entitled him to his present dignity.

He laid a forcible hold on the two collars and pulled the combatants apart—that is, he pulled Dick; Froggie fell willingly away, for he had been terribly punished: his nose streamed blood, his eyes were shut up, and of such a color that neither raw oysters nor raw beef would save them from rainbow hues; one cheek stood out as if he had a small apple stuffed in it, and his forehead was decorated with several large lumps.

"Who began this?" Mr. Comegys asked, looking curiously at Dick, who stood passively enough in his grip, although his eyes were on fire and his hands clasping and unclosing in excitement.

"I hit him fust, ef thet's what you mean."

"Froggie sassed him fust," piped a small urchin, who in his first knickerbockers felt very much of a man indeed.

"Who are you?" asked Comegys of his captive.

"Richard Barlow, o' Gloucester, Massy-chusetts."

"Ah, the new scholar! Barlow, this is a bad way to begin."

"No, sir," said Dick, respectfully enough; "it ain't neither."

"Ah!" said Comegys, rather taken aback. "How do you make that out?"

"He called my mother names," said Dick, his breast swelling.

"What's this, Mason?"

"Well, she *is*," whined Froggie through a most dilapidated nose. "*Ain't* she a crazy Jane?" he asked, appealing to two of his satellites.

"Ef you say thet again," shouted Dick, "I'll bang you tell the bark's off your hull body!"

"Mason," said Comegys, as the situation flashed on him,—"*Mason*, I thought you wanted to be a gentleman?"

"Am one," stuttered Mason. "My father's the richest man in Lewes—"

"And not all his money can gild you into a decent fellow so long as you think it fun to joke about the misfortunes of others. It is bad enough to laugh at their blunders and faults, but when you jest at a person on whom the hand of God is laid you are a brute. I am ashamed of you!" he added, in a voice that made Mason wince and the other boys look suddenly as if the fight might have two aspects; and they dispersed quietly, and took their seats fully five minutes before the bell rang.

That five minutes Comegys spent talking with the new scholar, who attracted him strongly, and who outlined his pathetic story without the least idea it was pathetic, and wound up with,

"Marm *is* queer in her head, but ef she was as crazy as skeezicks I'm not a-goin' to let nobody say so to *me*. I'm all the man she's got to fight fur her now—daddy's slipped cable,—an' I'm goin' to fight *hard*."

Question followed answer, and later in the day, when the schoolmaster saw the boy's intelligent face kindle as the different lessons went on, he made up his mind to "give him a good chance"; and Friday evening, as the pent-up tide of children rushed roaring into the street, he said:

"Barlow, if you'd like to hear a little talk I'm going to give the boys you might come to me to-morrow evening. There are eight or ten who will be there; they come at six and go at half-past seven. And they are the boys that have so many questions to ask during school hours that I can not interrupt recitations to answer them all."

"How d' you remember 'em?" asked Dick, his eyes shining.

"Oh, I don't. Each one puts down on a slip of paper the thing he wants especially to know, and then they put all the slips in a box on my desk; and then we shake the box up well, and one boy, who is blindfolded, draws the first slip his fingers touch; then that question is answered first, and the second slip drawn is answered next, and so on."

"Thank 'u, sir!" said the boy, heartily. "I'd like that fust-rate. My, you must know a heap!"

"Not more than you can learn," answered Comegys, laughing.

"Is *thet* so?" asked Dick, his sad little face laughing too. "Sure you ain't pokin' fun?"

"Sure."

"Well, then," cried the boy, with an outburst of resolution, "I'll just hang on tell I learn it—ev'y bite, sup, an' crumb!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Why the Blessed Virgin is Praised at the Seven Hours.

A writer of the fifteenth century tells us why Our Lady should be praised at the Seven Hours of the day.

At the time of Matins, which ends before sunrise, we are reminded of her by the morning-star which then appears, because she is the Star that guides us upon the troublous sea of life.

At Prime, the first morning hour, a star heralds the sun, as she came before Our Lord.

At the hour of Tierce laborers have their food, and Our Lady brought to us Him that is the Bread of Life.

At Sext the sun waxeth hot, as by means of Our Lady the Everlasting Sun hath showed the fervor of His love to man.

At None the sun is highest, and the highest grace and mercy were brought by means of Our Lady.

At evening time the day faileth; as when all human succor faileth, Our Lady's intercession helpeth.

Complin is the end of day, and in the end of life we need Our Lady most.

Mary as a Name in Baptism.

In very early days in England it was not customary to name girls Mary, and the contrary habit did not prevail until the fifteenth century. Probably both of these customs were the result of great reverence,—the love for Our Lady prompting the reluctance to call a sinful creature by her sweet name, and the same spirit in another form impelling people to give their children the holy name of God's Mother when presenting them to Him at the baptismal font.



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Mother of Nations.

BY AUBREY DE VERE.

WHAT marvel when the crowds forsake
The ancient for the novel?
When kings on virtue turn their back?
In sense when nations grovel?

Who, when the spring makes green and soft
The lime-grove to its centre,
Thinks of the pine that bore aloft
The snowy roofs of winter?

Mother of Nations! like thy Lord
Thou sitt'st! No angers fret thee
When realms created or restored
By thy strong hand forget thee!

A Light among Novelists.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

THE novel is the literary expression of our time. Sermons are preached through novels, new sects defended through novels, new theories promulgated,—in fact, if any man or woman has a message to the world, it is delivered by means of the novel. Cardinal Newman and Charles Kingsley, Cardinal Wiseman and Oliver Wendell Holmes, have each used the novel as a lever, dropping their more natural forms in prose or poetry.

The modern novel is, as a rule—I speak of those novels that are worth serious attention,—excessively modern. The theories of evolution, the aspirations of "United" Italy, all

kinds of pagan ideas about love and marriage, are introduced. There are few novels in which some allusion to the Church is not made; for the modern novelist, being primarily an observer, can not get away from its influence. But what we ask for in a novel is generally left out. It does not satisfy us to note that the author admires the incense as it curls above the tabernacle, or the effect of moonlight on an old cathedral. We had all that in Macaulay, who had the mental tendency of a great novelist, and we saw how little it amounted to when an appreciation of the real meaning of the Church was needed.

Mr. Mallock, whom we looked to for a novel that men might read, has failed us. His "Romance of the Nineteenth Century" was a descent into the pits of realism. Another author, who unites some of his subtlety to the manliness without the coarseness of Walter Savage Landor, is F. Marion Crawford.

Mr. Crawford is an American; he is a nephew of Julia Ward Howe, and consequently related to a great number of the Brahminical race. His uncle, Samuel Ward, was a diplomatist who did not believe, with Talleyrand, that the secret of success in his profession was the art of using a snuff-box and sitting against the light. Mr. Ward believed in the influence of the dinner; and we see traces of his gastronomical knowledge throughout his nephew's books. Mr. Crawford is a cosmopolitan; he has been a journalist in India, and various other important things in other parts of the world. It is rumored that he would be pleased to have the mission to Greece, in order to complete his foreign studies.

Mr. Crawford has written one book which

shows him at his weakest; it is "To Leeward,"—a novel too much after the popular French school. "Mr. Isaacs" was his first novel. It took the public by storm. It had a new flavor. There was mystery in it: it dealt with the magic of the Fakirs. Its style was clear, terse, devoid of fine writing. Its novelty made it a success, and Mr. Crawford became a novelist who produces books almost as fast as Robert Louis Stevenson. Fortunately, Mr. Crawford is one of the few writers not ruined by his versatility. A *versatile* is generally too thin. He needs to concentrate himself on one thing in order to attain bulk.

So far Mr. Crawford has avoided the perils of versatility,—possibly because he began to make literature late in life, like Sir Walter Scott, with a vast amount of experience to draw upon. "An American Senator" seems to have been hastily written. We shall pass that. It was of "contemporary human interest,"—or, at least, the author presumed it was. "Zoroaster" was an historical novel of the time of Daniel and Nabuchodonosor,—full of color, rich in epithets, like a gorgeous panorama.

"Dr. Claudius" is a study of character somewhat in the line of "Mr. Isaacs," written in good taste, having in it plenty of clever epigrams. "Paul Patoff" is a study of Russian life, with one of the most unpleasant characters possible as its central point: that of a woman who hated her son. Parts of "Paul Patoff" are like the "Arabian Nights." Madame Patoff would be a monster if she were not insane. Mr. Crawford, in all his works of fiction, never fails to hit modern Agnosticism when he can do so with good taste. In "Paul Patoff" Mr. Griggs makes a good point in answer to the American "scientist," Professor Carver, who says that when Christians argue against "scientists" they always fall back on faith and refuse to listen to reason. "When you can disprove our position," answers Mr. Griggs, "we will listen to your proof. But since the whole human race, as far as we can ascertain, without any exception whatsoever, has believed always in the survival of the soul after death, allow me to say that when you deny the existence of the soul, the *onus probandi* lies with you and not with us."

"A Tale of a Lonely Parish" is a quiet

story of English life, whose strong human interest accounts for its success. Mrs. Goddard is a selfish creature, but Mr. Crawford does not seem to see that fault in his heroine. As a work of literary art, this, perhaps, is the least worthy of our author's productions.

"A Roman Singer" is an idyl in prose. It is, in the construction of its style, a charming imitation of the Roman dialect. One receives a shock when the hero, at the Elevation, prostrates himself before the heroine whom he has just seen, and not to the Blessed Sacrament. This is a grave blot,—intended, no doubt, to show the impulsiveness of the Italian character. Aside from this, there is no irreverence, and the author goes out of his way to reconcile the machinery of his story to the discipline of the Church.

But it is with Mr. Crawford's later works that we prefer to deal, and they come from the press almost as thickly as Milton's "Leaves in Vallombrosa." The novels we have mentioned appeared in quick succession. "Greifenstein" was noticed in THE "AVE MARIA" about three weeks ago. "Sant' Ilario"—probably a sequel to "Saracinesca,"—is now in press, and doubtless before the critic has time to digest it a new book by Mr. Crawford will be announced. Mr. Crawford, by the way, is fortunate in his publishers. It is a luxury to hold one of Macmillan's volumes, so carefully are they brought out.

Mr. Crawford's three most important publications are: "Marzio's Crucifix," "Saracinesca," and "Among the Immortals" "Marzio's Crucifix" is almost worthy of the author of "*I Promessi Sposi*," the incomparable Manzoni. It is a simple story of Italian life, showing how bitter, how cruel, a Latin may become when the *formulas* of unbelief fill his mind. It throws a bright light on the condition of mind of many unbelievers in Italy and France,—a condition hard for saner people to understand.

"Saracinesca" is Mr. Crawford's great work up to the present time. It has all the qualities of a good novel—dramatic action without exaggeration, natural play of character, truth to nature and experience, and that artistic quality, or perhaps, we might say, that moral quality, which makes the reader feel safe in Mr. Crawford's hands. Corona is tempted,

but she conquers temptation by prayer. Mr. Crawford must have known good women, whose minds have been moulded by Catholic influences, and who also possessed the quality of *distinction*, so rare in fiction. He knows Roman politics, and is the first writer in the English language to present a conservative view of the subject. We have had too much of Italian *carbonari* aureoled in Liberal red fire.

The Duke d'Astradente, the old and the young princes of Saracinesca, Valderno and Del Ferici; represent differing political opinions. The old story that Rome is neglected by the Pope comes up in conversation. Del Ferici speaks of the time when there were rows of villas on the Campagna. "Here is the same climate, the same undulating country," he says. "And twice as much water," answers Saracinesca; "you forget that the rivers in it have risen very much." Saracinesca shows that conditions have so changed that the reclamation of the Campagna is impossible save by a body of devoted men, like the Trappists. Del Ferici, who is a Liberal, declaims against the old-fashioned state of things, in which an educated few governed an ignorant mass. Saracinesca, alluding to universal suffrage, asks why an intelligent few should be governed by an ignorant crowd? Schoolmasters—as one can see by the example of France—do not necessarily make good rulers of the people.

Saracinesca says that the good governor may not be able to name all the cities and rivers of Italy off-hand, but that he should know the conditions of property from actual experience. "Education of a kind which is any value in the government of a nation means the teaching of human motives, of humanizing ideas; of some system whereby the majority of electors can distinguish the qualities of honesty and common sense in the candidate they wish to elect." Mr. Crawford shows how magnificent are the effects of the Christian religion on characters naturally noble, and how it saves from shipwreck characters not naturally noble. His description of the Rome of Pius IX. and the Rome of the spoliators might have been written by Macaulay at his best.

"Among the Immortals" is a series of dialogues after the manner of Walter Savage

Landor's "Imaginary Conversations." It is conservative in spirit, elegant and witty in diction, and Landor never gave us such a strong and delicate picture as that of Julius Cæsar. We will close our notice of Mr. Crawford with the remark that "Among the Immortals" is the best book of its kind since Mallock's "New Republic."

My Pilgrimage to Genazzano.

BY CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

(CONCLUSION.)

IV.

ONCE more we return to the piazza of Santa Maria, in front of the unfinished Chapel of San Biagio in the Church of Our Lady of Good Counsel at Genazzano.

It was four o'clock in the afternoon. The joyous festivities were at their height, when out of the air rang music such as never greeted mortal ears before: angelic choirs hymning in a harmony that ravished the soul and won breathless attention from the listening multitude. They turned this way and that in amazement, the astonished listeners; for there was nothing visible, only the heavens seemed flooded with melody; and, looking upward, they beheld a cloud descending,—a cloud charged with light, and emitting radiant beams that shed new splendor over the devoted town. Softly and slowly the cloud descended; thousands of spectators, yea a whole city full, were able to testify as eye-witnesses to the very truth of this phenomenon. The cloud passed above them, and, settling upon the unfinished wall of the chapel, in the presence of all those enraptured beholders, it vanished away; but there, where the cloud had been, near the unfinished wall, remained suspended in the air the picture which we now see,—the picture which I saw in its admirable environment of gold and precious stones.

Still resounded through luminous space the chorus of the angelic choirs, while winged choristers bore the rapturous refrain in finer strains through the endless vistas of heaven. Then from the tower of the Church of Our Lady pealed the joy-bells as they never pealed before; no hand was upon the bell-rope, for

the astonishment of the people had held them spellbound in a fever of admiration; but the bells whirled jubilantly of their own accord, and the happy delirium was caught by steeple after steeple, until all the bells of the little city were clanging, clanging, clanging, in a tumultuous storm of music and a very frenzy of irrepressible delight.

While the wonder grew the people cried with one voice: "*Evviva Maria! Evviva Maria! Evviva la Madre nostra del Buon Consiglio!*" On the instant miracles were wrought: the lame walked, the blind saw, the deaf heard, and the dumb opened their mouths to join in the chorus that was spreading hourly, and has been spreading ever since even unto the ends of the earth—"Evviva Maria! Evviva la Madre nostra del Buon Consiglio!"

The rest is soon told. The fame of the miracle speedily reached Rome. Georgio and De Sclavis, hearing of it, hastened to Genazzano, and at once recognized the beloved image of Scutari,—the lost was found again.

These faithful knights of Our Lady never deserted her; they settled in Genazzano, and ended their days in peace within her gates. Only during the last century did the family of De Sclavis become extinct in the direct line. That of Georgio exists to this day, and is one of the most populous and popular in the town. But a few years ago the mayor and notary of Genazzano was a direct descendant of the pious Georgio of Albania.

As for the faithful Petruccia, she lived to see her dearest wish accomplished, and died in the fulness of her days. Her ashes rest by the side of the altar she helped to raise, where a marble tablet records her many virtues.

Shall we glance for a moment at the catalogue of the illustrious clients of Our Lady of Good Counsel? Pope Paul II., reigning Pontiff at the time of the translation of the wondrous image, aided the Augustinians in the erection of the convent which encloses the church and chapels beloved by Petruccia. By his order the circumstances of the apparition were investigated, and by him the first pilgrimages to Genazzano were approved. Pope Sixtus IV., the successor of Paul II., showed his devotion to Our Lady of Good Counsel by erecting a vast church and convent for the

Hermits of St. Augustine in Rome,—for it was to their care Our Lady had graciously confided her sacred image. St. Pius V. instituted the title "Help of Christians" in her honor, and her sanctuaries he enriched. Urban VIII. made a majestic pilgrimage, with all the pomp and splendor worthy of a pontiff, to the sanctuary at Genazzano. It was by the order of Innocent XI. that the chapter of St. Peter's in Rome crowned with diadems of jewels and gold the image of Our Lady and her Divine Child at Genazzano. The sanctuary was endowed with many spiritual privileges by Gregory XIII., Benedict XIII., Clement XII., and Clement XIV.

Benedict XIV. established by apostolic authority—and his Brief approving of the Pious Union—the devotion to Our Lady of Good Counsel in every land. This Pontiff was the first to inscribe himself as a member of the now almost universal Pious Union. Under other pontiffs the Mass and Office in honor of Our Lady have been approved; and Pius IX., in 1864, following in the footsteps of Urban VIII., made a memorable pilgrimage to this glorious shrine. Our Holy Father Leo XIII. is a member of the Pious Union; a beautiful copy of the sacred image at Genazzano, enthroned above the high altar which Pius IX. erected in the Pauline Chapel, is the object of his special devotion.

The Church of St. Augustine in Rome was erected in honor of Our Lady of Good Counsel by Cardinal d'Estouteville. The magnificent altar and reredos, the pavement and ornamentation in varied colored marbles, and the columns of verd-antique which enclose the original picture at Genazzano, are the gifts of Cardinal Albani. Cardinal Jerome Collona gave the precious ornaments in metal and coral which are used to decorate the shrine on high festivals. In the register, kept in the sacristy at Genazzano, one reads the names of archbishops, bishops, and prelates from all parts of the civilized world.

And the saints of God,—those whom we love best, those who seem to have been angels from the first? These also have favored the beloved image of Genazzano, and found favor in its eyes. St. Alphonsus Liguori was devoted to Our Lady of Good Counsel, and upon the desk where he composed his great works he

kept a copy of her image. It was a copy of that same sacred image, exposed for veneration at Madrid, which used to speak to the angelic St. Alòysius Gonzaga, and to Our Lady of Good Counsel he ever had recourse in time of trial and temptation.

All this one thinks of in that dear spot, that seclusion which has thus far escaped the general tumult and disorganization of United Italy. The Italy of the Holy Roman Church is dead,—it is even buried and almost forgotten; but in the corners of that fairest land under the sun there are a few shrines left intact,—a few shrines where the faithful seek and find consolation; where the dust is not suffered to gather, and where the votive blossoms bloom perennially.

I love to think of these places, still hal- lowed by the love of the pure in heart. Gen- zano is one of them, Loreto is another. I love especially to think of Genazzano on the day of its great *festa*; for I know that the town is filled to overflowing with those whose piety and devotion have brought them thither. And as I write these lines, alone in my chamber, with the summer sunshine gladdening all the land, I hear the voices of ten thousand hopeful pilgrims joining with one heart in the lovely Litany:

Virgin most prudent! in our doubts and perplexities; in our tribulations and anguish; in our discouragements, perils, and temptations; in all our undertakings, in all our needs, and at the hour of our death,—counsel and protect us! By thy Immaculate Conception; by thy happy Nativity; by thy admirable Presentation, thy glorious Annunciation, thy charitable Visitation, divine Maternity, and holy Purification,—counsel and protect us! By the sorrow and anguish of thy maternal Heart, counsel and protect us! By thy precious death and by thy triumphant Assumption, counsel and protect us! O bright Star! O pure Star! most sweet Star,—obtain for us the gift of Good Counsel!

OUR judgments are inspired by our acts more than our acts by our judgment.—*Roux.*

WE are more conscious that a person is in the wrong when the wrong concerns ourselves.

How many sacrifice honor, a necessity, to glory, a luxury!

Harry Considine's Fortunes.

BY NUGENT ROBINSON.

CHAPTER IV.—“BY THAT LAKE WHOSE GLOOMY SHORE.”

AUGUST came round, and with it the Bank holiday on the first Monday. Harry Considine took advantage of the act of Parliament to run home, and started on Friday evening. Three clear days with his dearly loved people, and in the purple hills of Wicklow! His honest, affectionate heart glowed with rapture at the very thought.

He took the 4.30 train from Westland Row, spun out to Kingstown, the Hill of Howth in its purple mantle of heather seven miles off across Dublin Bay; then came Dalkey, the beautiful Loreto Convent standing like a carved gem beside the blue waters of the Sound; and, after passing through a short tunnel, the radiant loveliness of Killiney burst on his enraptured gaze. The scimitar-shaped bay, with its lace-work of foam and its tawny sands. The beauteous vale of Shangaragh embosomed in richest of foliage, with here and there a golden corn-field like a jewel. The two Sugar Loaves standing on guard at the entrance to the Glen of the Downs—that picturesque defile leading into the County of Wicklow,—and clothed to their summit with Tyrian dye. The chain of Wicklow hills linking with the Dublin mountains; the white farm-houses surrounded by the yellow corn-fields, and dark brown potato patches. In the distance the town of Bray, the spire of the Catholic church lifting itself in exquisite tracery to the turquoise sky.

Around Bray Head, through devious tunnels, over cobweb bridges, sped the train, passing Graystones, where the bold Djouce Mountain confronted the gaze, defiantly protecting the hooded valley of Luggelaw. At Wicklow station Harry met an old school-fellow, who travelled as far as Rathdrum for the pleasure of his company. At Rathdrum a number of English tourists alighted for the purpose of taking jaunting-cars to the far-famed Seven Churches, where the fun with the witty and comical “jarvies” was fast and furious. From Rathdrum the train swept

through the sweet Vale of Avoca, passing under the trees of Avondale, the residence of the man for whom every true Irish heart has a "God bless you!"—Charles Stewart Parnell.

At Avoca two of Harry's brothers came to meet him—"Billy" and "Jim,"—fine, good-looking, dark-complexioned young men, with enormous bones, and every physical indication of strength and endurance. The greeting between the brothers was of "the right sort," and the boys never stopped asking and replying to questions till the train drew up at the little station of Ballymast, where the entire family of Considine was congregated on the platform. Then there was crying and kissing and hugging and hand-shaking, as though Harry had arrived from Australia or India or the North Pole. Honest and pure hearts are always affectionate, and the Considines were clean-hearted, clean-lived people.

A gig driven in hot haste dashed up to the station. This gig contained a white-haired, sun-kissed priest.

"It's Father Luke!" cried Harry, as, leaping from the platform, he rushed over to his loved, valued, and respected pastor.

"Ah!" said the dear old priest, after he had wrung the lad's hand again and again, "God's light is in the windows of your soul, Harry,—your eyes. Purity and truth are shining like lamps before a shrine. You are not tarnished by your city life, the Lord be praised!"

Of course Father Luke was taken into the family coach, while two of the younger Considines proudly mounted the priest's gig.

At the farm all the "boys" and girls were at the roadside to greet "Master Harry," while a score of dogs yelped and howled and caracoled for very joy at his well-known voice.

This is to return home. This is the welcome that a Christian home extends to one of its returning children. All is joy, all is delight, all is thankfulness. God has protected the lamb while out of the fold, and God is thanked in the joy that springs up in virtuous hearts.

The next day saw Harry Considine in the confessional, and the Sunday morning's light beheld the entire family receiving the Bread of Life from the hands of Father Luke Byrne.

Harry's brothers had a hundred and one things to show him—horses, fillies, foals, pigs, sheep. A "big leap" was tried, and hurdles

were crossed, and five-barred gates cleared. There were the new drainage works, and the new stables, and a patent loose box for "Faugh a Bealagh" (a racer), and the new road. Then there were visits to pay to the O'Byrnes of Bellyturveen, and the O'Tooles of Inchanappa, and the Kellys of Ardmore. And, then, Judy Considine, the eldest girl, had captured young Rody O'Hara, the son of a neighboring farmer; and as a natural sequence Rody could not do half enough for Judy's Dublin brother. There was fishing galore, and a tandem drive to the Seven Churches proposed, and a dinner at the O'Hara homestead.

Two days fled with electric rapidity, and Monday only was left.

"We must have a picnic to Glendalough!" cried young O'Hara, a motion seconded by the Considines to a man.

"I can take eight in the two wagonettes."

"I can take ten," added Billy Considine.

"The O'Tooles will join, and so will the O'Byrnes, and the two Flynn girls, and young Breen and his sister, and our cousins Polly and Mag and Joe and Paudheen."

"And Harry will drive tandem, as he is so fond of it. We can put Stoneybatler and Bully's Acre under the dog-cart."

"And Father Luke must come."

With such determination, and such special means at their disposal, it is needless to say that the picnic to the Seven Churches was carried *nem. con.*; and after hearing seven o'clock Mass, and a subsequent "county breakfast," at which the good Padre assisted, a cavalcade consisting of no less than nine vehicles started, amid the cheers of the farm hands and the enthusiastic greetings of the neighbors along the road. And what happy, innocent mirth on that drive! How gallantly the young gentlemen leaped from the vehicles to gather blackberries and flowers for the young ladies! How graciously and merrily the ladies made button-hole bouquets for the gentlemen! What fun when an itinerant photographer "took in" the whole party, everybody assuming a grotesque attitude except the engaged couple, who looked as serious as if they were going to be drowned in the lake!

Sweet, sad Glendalough looked sweet and sad as when St. Kevin kept vigil in his eerie, rock-bound chamber. The party had no need

of a guide, for the poetic legends of Glendalough were written in their hearts. They traversed the rocky way beneath the ruined entrance arch. They entered the tiny, ivy-embraced, gray stone churches, and mused on the Faith that has erected all over the world such glorious edifices in His Name. They gazed in awe at the round tower, and each one knelt and uttered a short prayer at the foot of the ancient cross.

What fun there was in laying the snowy table-cloths and in extracting the contents of the hampers! Who was busiest, who was most witty, who was the youngest of the entire party? Why, Father Luke, of course; and to see him placing a pair of fowls here, a tongue there, and salad everywhere, caused the picnickers the most unbounded delight. What appetites that party were possessors of! How the chicken and ham and cold beef and green-apple pies disappeared! What rattling of knives and forks and spoons and plates!

This was a real old-fashioned picnic, where everybody helped everybody else, and fingers were just as good as forks—aye, and better. No servants to grimly set the tables, no hideous formality, no prefaced dishes warranted to give dyspepsia. Each family had brought its dinner cold, and there were "lashin's and lavin's," as the poor people of the valley discovered to their benefit and satisfaction.

After dinner there was some delightful singing. Young O'Byrne was the possessor of a pure tenor, Harry Considine a rich baritone; Miss Healy, of Balbriggan, was an exquisite contralto, and Miss Molly Considine, of Asnagelagh, a charming soprano. The rich young voices of the quartet in some of the choicest of Moore's Melodies made such music in Glendalough as may never be forgotten by those who had the good fortune to listen to it. But the song of the day was Father Luke's—"By that lake whose gloomy shore." The pathos, the tenderness, the feeling thrown into every word sank into the hearts of the assembled company,—sank gently like melodious dew, delighting the senses like a perfume.

"I have no voice," said Father Luke.

"Neither had Tommy Moore, sir," retorted Mr. Considine; "yet he was the most sought for singer of his day."

Some of the party repaired to the lake with

the intention of climbing up to St. Kevin's Bed, a veritable hole in the gray, pilgrim-polished rock. The Bed is approached by boat, also by clambering over a rough and somewhat dangerous goat path on the mountain side. The picnickers chose the boat, the gentlemen taking the oars. The quartet was on board, and if skylark never warbled o'er the gloomy lake, those human larks gave forth delicious melody, that repeated itself in a winsome and gracious echo.

Another boating party had already arrived at the foot of the rock in which St. Kevin's uncomfortable couch is situated; a gay and frolicsome party,—a little too frolicsome perhaps; for Billy Considine, who knew Glendalough by heart, gravely observed:

"If those people are not more careful, they'll be into the lake."

A gentleman attired in the extreme of ridiculous fashion was assisting a young lady up the rock, his yellow gloves in strange and harmonious relief against the cold, gray granite. Another young lady was in front, climbing on her own account. She was careful and steady enough, but the pair that followed were indulging in skippings and prancings, which called forth the observation from Harry's brother:

"It's no place for tomfoolery. The rocks, from the thousands of hands and feet that have clambered over them, are polished and slippery as glass. I slipped once and fell into the lake. Luckily, I caught the gunwale of the boat, or I was gone,—for I can not swim."

"Harry will have to save us if we follow the example of poor Kathleen—O heavens!" Miss Considine shrieked, and all eyes turned to St. Kevin's Bed.

The gentleman with the lemon-colored gloves, while executing a feat only safe for a goat or a chamois, suddenly slipped. In his fall he caught his companion by the skirts. With a scream she threw up her hands instead of holding by the rock, and in an instant rolled slowly but surely down the side of the polished rampart into the cold, sullen waters.

In a second Harry Considine flung off his coat, made the Sign of the Cross on his forehead, and leaped overboard. A few rapid strokes brought him to where the girl had gone down, disappeared. Here he gently paddled and waited,—the suspense of the on-

lookers being dreadful. The body reappeared, and with a wild shriek the terrified girl called him by name. It was Jane Ryan, Alderman Ryan's daughter. Guardedly keeping the drowning girl from him despite her heart-rending appeals, he swam round and caught her from behind; then he drew her toward the rock, and landed her, half dead with terror, on the little plateau, whither her lady companion, Miss Esmonde, scrambled with inconceivable rapidity to receive her.

"God bless you!" cried the girl, her eyes suffused with tears. "You have saved her from an awful death. We came down on Saturday to Jordan's Hotel. My uncle and aunt are there now. Won't you come over till they bless you? Jane, you must get into the boat, and have dry clothing. Where's Mr. Spencer?"

Spencer was the gentleman of the yellow gloves, who was half immersed in the lake, and holding on for dear life to a very prickly thorn-bush that had torn his clothes to flitters. He was howling for help at the top of his lungs. Billy Considine rowed for him and lugged him on board, where, instead of thanking God for preserving his life, he gazed gloomily at his tattered and water-stained gloves, muttering,

"Ruined, by Jove! Four bob thrown into the river! Too bad!"

Strange to say, Miss Ryan scarcely thanked her gallant rescuer. She murmured a prayer, and, rising, was helped to her own boat by Harry and her cousin.

"Papa will be very grateful to you, Mr.—" She had forgotten his name.

Mr. Spencer was transferred to the other boat. "Just look at my gloves!" he said.

But Miss Esmonde turned away from him with disgust.

Harry got a change of clothes at the cottage of Mr. Fitzgerald, the manager of the Luggarune mines at the opposite side of the lake, with whom he was well acquainted, and in less than half an hour the whole catastrophe ceased to be talked of.

"Do you know what I think?" asked Miss Considine of her devoted lover, as they drew back in the lovely gloaming.

"What, dearest?"

"That Miss Ryan is in love with Harry."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Lesson of the Smallest.

BY ANGELIQUE DE LANDE.

HERE must come to every toiler many an anxious, boding hour,
When there seems no hope of union 'twixt the seedling and the flower;
When the heart and flesh grow weary, when the hands drop weakly down,
And the Cross in heavy shadows hides the radiance of the Crown.

Have you failed to climb the mountain towering proudly to the skies?

Are you still within the valley, gazing up with longing eyes?

Do you weary of the struggle, seems the goal too far away?

Are you tempted, O my brother, to desert your post to-day?

Come with me o'er yon blue ocean, taking flight on Fancy's wing;

See this wondrous coral island where there reigns perennial spring;

Clad in robes of tropic beauty, by the hand of Nature drest,

Like a rosy infant smiling on its mother ocean's breast.

Whence this beauteous child of ocean, whose the handiwork we trace?

'Tis the work of countless millions of a tiny toiling race;

Well and patiently they labor, carrying out their Maker's will;

Dying, all their task completed, others come their place to fill.

Ah! no need to point the moral: we may each the lesson heed.

He who guides the coral-polyp will supply for all our need;

If His hand in benediction rest upon our heads at night,

We are blest, though toil unceasing mark our course since morning light.

THE fruit of happiness comes only of that which dies to itself. Set happiness before you as an end, no matter in what guise of wealth, or fame, or oblivion even,—you will not attain it. Renounce it, seek the pleasure of God, and that instant is the birth of your own.—
"But yet a Woman."

Footprints of Heroines.

BY THE COMTESSE DE COURSON.

II.—MARGARET CLITHEROW.—(Continued.)

THE first martyrs of York were two venerable priests—Father Kirkman and Father Lacy,—condemned to death in August, 1582, for the sole crime of their priesthood. They were sentenced to the hideous death of traitors, by which so many holy confessors were to gain the crown of martyrdom under the Tudor and Stuart kings. After having been drawn on a hurdle to the place of execution, they were hanged, cut down alive, disembowelled and quartered. The execution took place in the midst of a wild, marshy common called Knavesmire, at some little distance from the city; and this lonely spot, hitherto regarded with horror as the place devoted to public executions, became henceforth dear and precious to the Yorkshire Catholics. Three months later it was again sanctified by the martyrdom of Father Thompson, a priest from Rheims. As he was being bound to the hurdle he was asked how he felt. "Never in my life did I feel more joyful," was the prompt reply.

The following year (1583), in the month of March, Father William Hart went gloriously through the same bloody ordeal. He had distinguished himself by his charity toward the Catholic prisoners in York Castle, whom he visited in disguise. On one occasion he narrowly escaped being seized, and only saved himself by leaping down from the wall and wading through a moat, where he was up to his neck in mud and water. Six months later he was apprehended, tried and condemned for the crime of his priesthood. The holy joy with which he welcomed death breaks out in a letter written to his mother on the eve of his execution. "My most loving mother! . . . tell me, would you not be glad to see me a bishop, a king, or an emperor? How glad, then, may you be to see me a martyr, a most glorious and bright star in heaven! The joy of this life is nothing, and the joy of the after-life is everlasting."

Father Richard Thirkeld, who was executed at Knavesmire two months after Father Hart (in May, 1583), was brought to the bar at the

same time as several other Catholic prisoners, and it was a touching sight to see them beg the priest's prayers as they passed before him. One good old woman, relates Challoner,* was still more courageous; for, coming up to the bar, she knelt down before Father Thirkeld and asked his blessing in the open court.

Two years later a double execution took place. Father Hugh Taylor, a holy priest, was put to death at the same time as a brave country squire, Marmaduke Bowes, of Angram Grange, who, under the pressure of persecution, had outwardly conformed to the new religion. However, the faith of his ancestors was still alive in his heart; and when Father Taylor, weary and homeless, knocked at his door, he gave him a hearty welcome. Shortly afterward Bowes heard that his late guest had been arrested and was to be tried at York; in an impulse of warm-hearted charity, he saddled his horse, rode into the town, and, without even pulling off his boots, went straight to the Castle, hoping to save the priest. But here he himself was seized, questioned, and condemned by right of the statute lately passed, which made it felony to harbor or relieve a priest. God rewarded his generosity by the crown of martyrdom; having bravely confessed his faith, and expressed great repentance for having lived in schism, "he died very willingly," says Challoner.

While Christ's confessors thus bravely trod the bloody path of the Yorkshire Tyborne, a woman's heart, throbbing with holy envy, followed them with ardent interest. Most of these confessors and martyrs had been Margaret Clitherow's friends, and, at one time or another, had found a refuge in the quiet home in the Shambles, where at the peril of her life she loved to receive the ministers of Christ. We may imagine, then, with what mingled feelings of exultation and suspense she followed them through their struggles; how her prayers accompanied them along the *Via Dolorosa*, and how fervent a thanksgiving burst forth from her anxious heart on hearing that the goal had been reached in safety and the victory won.

Her soul since her conversion had rapidly advanced in perfection, and the heroic spirit that breathed through the smallest details of

* "Missionary Priests," p. 79.

her daily existence made her life, so simple and commonplace in appearance, a fit preparation for the glorious end that was to crown its labors. She rose early, says her biographer, Father John Mush;* and on rising she spent an hour and a half in prayer; after this she heard Mass whenever, as was often the case, a priest was hidden in her house. Sometimes it happened that she was able to hear several Masses the same day, and on these occasions "she would go about her worldly business laughing for joy." The rest of her time was spent in the exact performance of those humble duties that make up the sum of daily occupation in a small household.

When the business of the day was over, she used to spend an hour in prayer. Her penances equalled those of any cloistered nun. She observed a strict abstinence three times a week; on Mondays, Wednesdays and Saturdays she made but one meal, and on Fridays she fasted on bread and water and took a sharp discipline. She generally went to confession twice a week, and each time her slight imperfections made her weep so bitterly as to excite the astonishment and reverence of her confessors. At the same time she was the most vigilant and devoted wife and mother, ever active and willing to help others, combining admirably the cheerful performance of her daily duties with an inner life of rare sanctity and penance.

When the lonely mound on Knavesmire common became hallowed by the blood of Christ's martyrs, Margaret Clitherow loved to go there to pray. The spot being half a mile beyond the city walls, she was obliged, from motives of prudence, to go there only at night. She was accustomed, says her confessor, to perform this pilgrimage barefooted, and, kneeling beneath the gallows, she spent hours in prayer. It was a picture worthy of the annals of the early Church: the dark night, the wild and lonely common, the hideous gallows, and beneath their shade that solitary figure absorbed in meditation,—the fair young face illumined with heavenly brightness, and the pure soul raised above the woes of earth to those realms of peace where Christ's soldiers triumph with their King. Did angel voices whisper in the ear of

that kneeling woman tidings of bitter struggles close at hand, and bid her seek in these midnight vigils strength to endure to the end?

As the penal laws became more stringent, Margaret's charity toward the hunted priests seemed to expand, and her joy was unbounded when any of them sought shelter under her roof. But it may be imagined that this heroic spirit, like all things out of the common, was liable to be misinterpreted by lukewarm Catholics, and, in spite of her great charity, she was often harshly judged even by those whom she had befriended. She bore these trials with her accustomed meekness, and rejoiced exceedingly at being deemed worthy to suffer for the sake of Christ. More than once the attention of the Council of the North had been drawn to her uncompromising zeal for the Catholic faith; but, although she was several times arrested and imprisoned, her captivity had, so far, never lasted more than a few weeks. Margaret herself was convinced that severer trials awaited her, and when on the 10th of March, 1586, her husband was suddenly summoned before the council, she said to Father Mush, who was then hidden in her house: "They will never cease till they have me again, but God's will be done."

The same day, a few hours later, the quiet home in the Shambles was invaded by a band of armed men, who, says Father Mush, "raged like madmen," and searched every room, corner, chest, and coffer in the house. Fortunately, the priest, who was warned in time of their approach, succeeded in making his escape in an almost miraculous manner. But a Flemish boy, whom Mrs. Clitherow had educated with her own children, terrified at the threats of the pursuivants, led them to the secret chamber where the church linen, plate and vestments were concealed. These were seized and carried off with many a rude oath and brutal jest; and Margaret herself, after a brief appearance before the council, was committed a prisoner in York Castle. Here she was joined two days later by her sister, Anne Tesh, a Catholic like herself, who was accused of having assisted at Mass. The sisters passed their time in such peace and happiness that Margaret used to say: "Sister, we are so merry together that, unless we be parted, I fear we shall lose the merit of our imprisonment."

* "Troubles of our Catholic Forefathers." Third Series.

The Flemish boy, who was the ultimate cause of the death of his benefactress, continued his revelations, and on the 14th of March Margaret Clitherow was summoned before the assizes, on the charge of having "harbored and maintained Jesuit and Seminary priests, traitors to the Queen's Majesty." To the question whether she was guilty or not, the prisoner replied: "I never knew or maintained those who are not the Queen's friends." Being asked how she would be tried, "Having made no offence," she answered, "I need no trial; if you say I must be tried, I will be tried by none but by God and your own consciences." They then brought forth the chalices, vestments and altar breads found in her house, and turned them into ridicule. The martyr gazed with loving eyes upon these symbols of the faith she so passionately cherished; and when the judge asked her ironically in whom she believed, her voice rang loud and clear through the crowded court: "I believe in God the Father, in God the Son, and in God the Holy Ghost; and that, by the passion, death and merits of Christ Jesus, I must be saved."

As she still refused to state how she wished to be tried, the judges had her removed for the night to the house of John Trewe, on Ouse Bridge. She walked there with a firm step and smiling countenance, scattering money on either side to the beggars who came to see her pass. The next morning she was again brought to the bar and asked if she consented to be tried by jury; but, having reflected that the witnesses against her must, in that case, be her own children and servants, she was unwilling to tempt them into sin, and she repeated the answer she had made the day before: "I refer my cause only to God and your own consciences. Do what you think good."

In spite of the honest protest of Wiggington, a Puritan clergyman, who observed that a woman ought not to be condemned to death solely on the slender evidence of a boy, the judge, at first divided between his sense of compassion and his fear of seeming lenient to a Papist, ended by pronouncing the sentence. This sentence, as it was solemnly uttered amidst deep silence, was enough to strike terror into the bravest heart; it condemned Margaret Clitherow to the *peine forte et dure*,

—or, in other words, to be pressed to death, with her hands and feet tied to posts, and a sharp stone under her back.

When the fearful words rang through the court all eyes turned upon the prisoner. She stood there, brave and modest, her fair face slightly flushed; her beaming eyes, lifted to heaven, seemed to look beyond the clouds of earth on some bright vision of inexpressible joy. When the judge asked her if she had anything to say for herself, she replied: "God be thanked! All that He sends me shall be welcome. I am not worthy of so good a death as this is. I have deserved death for my offences to God, but not for anything that I am accused of."

The Sheriff Fawcett then approached, and, by the judge's order, bound her arms with a strong cord; at which trait of resemblance with her crucified Lord she brightly smiled. They then led her through the streets, to the house of John Trewe, on Ouse Bridge, where she had spent the previous night; and some of the judges had the curiosity to go and watch her as she passed. They marvelled at her firm step and joyful countenance, saying, "She must be possessed of a smiling devil." But others were heard to remark that she must receive comfort from the Holy Ghost.

When John Clitherow heard of his wife's condemnation, we are told that he wept so vehemently that the blood "gushed out in great quantity. . . 'Alas!' he exclaimed, 'will they kill my wife? Let them take all I have and spare her; for she is the best wife in all England, and the best Catholic also.'" Margaret herself, after hearing her sentence, asked to see her husband again; but on being told that her request could be granted only on condition of yielding some point on the subject of her religion, she gently replied: "Then God's will be done; for I will not offend God and my conscience to speak with him."

As the day of execution drew near, she seemed to detach herself more and more from the thought of her dear ones on earth. A minister, named Harwood, having reproached her with having no love or care for her husband and children, the martyr answered: "As for my husband, know you that I love him next unto God in this world. And I have care over my children as a mother ought to

have; I have done my duty to them to bring them up in the fear of God. And for this cause I am willing to offer them freely to God that sent them me, rather than yield one jot from my faith." These words, which her contemporaries have handed down to us in their quaint simplicity, give us the key-note of the wonderful calm that seemed to envelop the martyr during her last days on earth. Her love for her husband, her motherly anxiety for the children whom she was leaving so young and helpless in the midst of heretics,—all these natural feelings and fears were merged in the love of God and trust in His providence.

After a few days' imprisonment, John Clitherow was set free by the council, and commanded to leave the city immediately, and on no account to return within six days. From this the martyr's friends gathered that the day of her execution had been fixed and was fast approaching.

On the 23d of March the sheriffs of York proceeded to the narrow prison on Ouse Bridge, where since her condemnation Margaret Clitherow had spent her time in prayer, and informed her that her execution would take place the following Friday, which happened to be Good-Friday and the 25th of March. The spot chosen was the Tollbooth, six or seven yards from the prison. Margaret received the news with her usual sweetness; after the departure of the sheriffs, she said to a friend who came to visit her: "I feel the frailty of my flesh that trembles at this news, though my spirit greatly rejoices. For God's sake, pray for me."

Since her trial the martyr had observed a strict fast, eating very sparingly only once a day. She now redoubled her penances and prayers, spending the greater part of her time on her knees, and with her own hands she made herself a long linen garment like an alb, which she intended to wear for her execution. Nothing troubled her peace and serenity; not even the unceasing attacks of the Protestant ministers, who came to argue with her, and whom she answered with unvarying readiness and patience.

At last the morning of the twenty-fifth of March broke over York. Margaret, with a natural craving for companionship at this the most solemn hour of her life, had begged that

one of her maids might watch with her during her last night on earth. This being forbidden, the wife of her jailer, Yoward, remained with her, and it is to this woman that we owe the record of these last hours. She related afterward how Margaret, having put on the linen habit she had prepared, spent three hours on her knees, on the bare stones, absorbed in silent prayer. Toward morning she asked her companion if she would be present at her death, adding that she wished some good Catholics could be there to remind her of her God. Mrs. Yoward replied that nothing would induce her to be present at such a cruel scene; but she added: "I will procure some friends to lay weights upon you, so that your agony may be over the more quickly." To this Margaret answered: "No, no; God forbid!"

When, at eight o'clock, the sheriffs came to fetch their prisoner they found her waiting for them. She was standing ready: her feet bare, the linen garment she had made hanging on her arm; her head "carefully trimmed up," says her biographer, "in sign of joy;" a bright smile on her lips, and in her lovely eyes a look of tender, ardent expectation, as though, according to her own words, she was going to her marriage feast. "All marvelled," says her historian, "to see her joyful countenance."

On arriving at the Tollbooth the prisoner found, besides the sheriffs who had accompanied her, a Puritan minister, four sergeants, several women, and lastly some beggars, who had been hired to act as executioners. Margaret's first act was to kneel down, and, unheeding the interruptions of her persecutors, she prayed aloud for the Catholic Church, the Pope, the princes of the Church, and lastly "for Elizabeth, Queen of England, that God turn her to the Catholic faith, and that, after this mortal life, she receive the blessed joys of heaven."

One of the sheriffs, moved by the victim's angelic calmness and serenity, was now weeping bitterly; the other, Fawcett, turning to Margaret, "Mrs. Clitherow," he said, "you must remember and confess that you die for treason."—"No, no," she answered, in a louder voice than usual and with a ring of indignation,—“no, Mr. Sheriff, I die for the love of my Lord Jesus!” Being then commanded to take off her garments, she let the women pres-

ent dress her in the long linen habit she had made for the purpose; then, "very quietly," says her biographer, she lay down on the ground, her face covered with a handkerchief. A door was laid upon her, and she joined her hands above it; but upon an order from the sheriff the sergeants parted her hands and tied them to two posts, so that her body made a perfect cross. Heavy stone weights were then flung upon the door. Once only the martyr's voice was heard—"Jesus, Jesus, Jesus, have mercy on me!" Then no further sound came from that shapeless, quivering mass, upon which seven or eight hundred weights were piled, until the bones burst through the skin. It is supposed that fully a quarter of an hour elapsed before life was extinct; but after her first call upon Jesus, no sound passed the martyr's lips; and none could tell the exact moment when the Lord she had so fervently invoked came to bear away her soul to the haven of eternal peace.

The mangled remains were buried the same night under a mass of rubbish. A well-authenticated tradition relates that about six weeks later the faithful, having discovered the burial-place, succeeded in removing the precious body from its unhonored grave; but the secret of this second burial, carefully kept during the days of persecution, has been lost, and no tradition or record exists to tell where Margaret Clitherow's holy relics at last found a resting-place.

The Convent of St. Mary's at York possesses a withered hand, which an unbroken tradition of two hundred years declares to be that of the martyr of York. It was probably separated from her body on the occasion of her second burial.*

One wonders sadly whether the blood of his saintly wife obtained for John Clitherow grace to die in the bosom of the Church. This is all the more probable from the fact of his brother William being a priest, and it is thought that a certain Thomas Clitherow, who in 1600 was imprisoned in York Castle for his religion, was another brother.

Upon Margaret's three children their mother's martyrdom brought a visible blessing. Her eldest son Henry, whom she had sent to the English college at Douay, became a priest;

his name appears on the list of the English college at Rome in 1590. William, her second son, was ordained priest at Soissons, France, in 1582. In 1618 he was imprisoned in York Castle for his priesthood, and shortly afterwards banished from the kingdom.

Anne, the martyr's only daughter, was twelve years old at the time of her mother's glorious death; and one of Margaret's last thoughts on earth was for this beloved child, to whom she sent her hose and shoes, to signify that she was to follow in her footsteps. Anne Clitherow proved herself worthy of the trust. In 1593, when still a mere girl, she was imprisoned in Lancashire jail for the faith; three years later she joined the English Augustines of St. Ursula's Convent at Louvain, in Belgium.

We can fancy how the memory of their mother's heroic death must have surrounded Margaret's three children through life, bringing them special graces from Heaven; and investing them with a kind of sacred interest in the eyes of their fellow-Catholics, to whom they were a perpetual reminder of the love that is stronger than death, and of the faith that endures to the end.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

God Help the Boys!

THE boy is a factor in social life. This is admitted theoretically, but not practically. We are always saying that the boy is father to the man, and uttering similar truisms; but the boy is very much neglected. He does not receive the consideration he deserves.

The girl is cultivated, nourished like a pet plant in a greenhouse. Her wishes are consulted. The mother's solicitude for the boys of a family takes the form of feeding them well. They are supposed to be creatures who need only the coarser things of life; and in many instances the result is that the fond mother brings up a group of selfish, uncultivated bipeds, who manage to give her deeper wounds than Cleopatra's asp could inflict. Moreover, they become inconsiderate husbands and careless fathers. And the person most to blame is that very mother whose life would be cheerfully given up at any moment to have them become true men.

* "Life of Margaret Clitherow," by L. Oliver.

Why is it that we complain of so many mixed marriages, which, in the majority of cases, mean losses to the Church? Why is it that Catholic girls very often marry non-Catholics, or do not marry at all? Why is it that "nice" young men are more scarce in the average Catholic social circle than "nice" young girls? Why?

It is very easy to deny that these questions are based on facts. And it is the habit of some people to admit in private conversation the existence of certain things which they are ready to deny when these things are mentioned in print. It is impossible to solve social problems unless we admit their existence and discuss them freely. Let us, then, try to find an answer to the questions we have asked.

We all know that in this country women are more liberally educated than men. We are not talking of the men who go to college—because in our Republic they are in the minority, as they are everywhere,—but of the men who go into business after eight or ten years spent at school. Women read more, they learn something of music, they take advantage of every bit of knowledge that might bring them nearer to higher civilization. Young men educated in the public schools spend their eight or ten years there without attaining those rudiments of cultivation which any boy educated in Germany acquires in the first six years of his school life.

But our business is not with the boy of the public schools: it is with the boy of the parochial schools. Why is it that he is so inferior in many respects to his sister of the academy? Why is it that she does not like to see him come into the parlor on those sacred evenings when she is performing "The Shepherd's Morning Song" (with variations)? Why is it that he flees from the literary circle of which his accomplished sister is the centre, and finds comfort and refreshment in the smoking of cigarettes, discussing the latest prize-fight, or the learning of new clog dances on the nearest corner?

There can be no doubt that the piano music and the part-songs and the talk about current literature are better for him than the coarse jabber of the street. And if we could get our boys to spend their evenings with their sisters and their sisters' friends in such amusements,

we should have better men, fewer drunkards, and fewer mixed marriages.

But our boys are neglected. The girls do all the singing in church; they learn music; they are taught by the Sisters that gentle manners are necessary in good society; they are taught to be self-respectful; they are not dragged up: they are brought up. But the boys—God help the boys! And God help all who think that a little catechism and a full stomach are all they need!

Readings from Remembered Books.

WHAT LED TO A CONVERSION.

THE wife of a Protestant clergyman who had recently entered the Church, thereby sacrificing all his earthly prospects, was induced to see Bishop Grant. Her husband's conversion had been a terrible trial to her, but the grievance that made her cup of wrath overflow was, not being allowed to take her children to church with her on Sundays. It was impossible to reconcile such a violation of a mother's natural rights with either reason or religion. She had heard much of Dr. Grant's kindness of heart, and, making sure that he would take her part against this tyranny, she consented to see him on the occasion of his next visitation to the Isle of Wight. The hope which lured her to this fatal step was, needless to say, quickly dispelled. The Bishop remained more than two hours talking to her, and striving to justify his cruelty; but it was all in vain: she would not be pacified. She did not want to hear anything about the Catholic religion; she knew quite enough of it already.

"I scolded him and interrupted him and was as rude as ever I could be," says Mrs. X; "and he not only bore it, but seemed perfectly unconscious of any rudeness on my part. I was too angry to answer any of his arguments; I would hardly listen to him, and kept repeating that I did not want to know anything about his Church or her doctrine. He sat there meekly while I went on rating him; I saw his lips moving quickly every now and then, and I knew that he was praying for me. In spite of myself, I was greatly struck by his humility, but I did not show it by a word; I was rude and indignant to the last. He let the boat hour go twice; he seemed to have forgotten everything but me and my soul. When at length he rose to go, he said in the meekest way: 'Well, let us kneel down together and say a little prayer, that you may receive the light when it comes.'"

But this she refused to do. "No, I really can not," Mrs. X said; "I am too angry; my heart is too full of bitter feelings to join you in prayer."

"Then I will just say a prayer by myself," observed the Bishop. And he dropped on his knees as simply as a child, and for the space of a minute or so prayed as those who have once seen him pray will never forget,—his hands clasped, his eyelids quivering, his lips moving in rapid utterance, every fibre of his body thrilling in unison with the act of his soul.

"I could not help wondering at his meekness and humility," says Mr. X; "and as I looked at him on his knees, I remember asking myself what any bishop of my own Church would have done if I had treated him for five minutes as I had been treating this Catholic Bishop for more than two hours. When I think of it now I can not understand how my heart was not smitten on the spot, but it remained as hard as a stone."

She had not even the grace to accompany him down-stairs. He met her husband on the way, and in answer to his eager question, "Well, my Lord?" Dr. Grant said calmly: "Oh, she will come all right by-and-by—she will be a Catholic." "It was certainly by some supernatural light that he foresaw this," says Mrs. X; "for there was nothing in my manner or words to justify the prophecy."

In the course of the year it was fulfilled; and on receiving the glad news from her husband the Bishop says: "I laid down your letter, and said a *Te Deum* as soon as I read the joyful tidings. How happy you will be in teaching your children by your united example, as well as by your words! And how delighted you will be to kneel day by day at the Holy Sacrifice to adore the boundless mercies of the Sacred Heart of Our Lord, and to ask His dear and Immaculate Mother to show you how to love and imitate Him! May the goodness of our Blessed Lady in praying for you both be ever blessed!"—"*Life of Bishop Grant*," *Kathleen O'Meara*.

ON WANTING TO BE SOMEBODY.

Moderation and contentment have been from time out of mind recommended and descanted upon as antidotes to ambition; and we all of us need these antidotes, because, with very few exceptions, we are all of us extremely subject to the passion. The man who carries letters would choose to be post-office clerk; the man before the mast, a coxswain; the coxswain, a first lieutenant. In the army there is the same feeling, and with equal strength; and in statecraft everybody knows that there are so many applicants for certain places that the minister is puzzled how to bestow his favors. When Richelieu gave

away a place, he said that he had made "one man ungrateful and had offended fifty." The fifty were the bold and ambitious nobodies who wanted to be somebody, and went away disappointed. "Fain would they climb," and without any fear of falling. What was true then is equally so now. Abraham Lincoln, a man of much quaint word-wisdom, being applied to by a dozen generals wanting commands, and a hundred captains asking for companies, "Truly," said the puzzled President, "I have more pegs than I have holes to put them in." And we may be sure that no minister or king ever found a want of such pegs readily shaped and rounded.

Any soul, however moderate in its desires, can be whipped, pricked, and stirred up into being ambitious. And when once the fiend is raised, there will always be a great trouble to lay it again; for ambition is one of those passions that swell and grow with success; it commences with the lowest rung of the ladder, and is never satisfied till it reaches the highest. Had Alexander found out another world to conquer, he would have looked up to the stars after winning it, and have prayed to be allowed to mount, merely for the insane purpose of worrying the quiet, and perhaps gelid, inhabitants.

If moderation and ambition do not dwell together in the same breast at the first, they can not do so afterward; for, unless curbed with the strongest will, and held down with the most determined restraint, ambition will not let any other passion dwell with it. A young cuckoo, hatched in the nest of a hedge-sparrow, by mere force of nature, grows bigger and bigger, till, by its increased size, and being the most forward and the most hungry, it obtains most of the food brought by its anxious and deceived stepmother, and gradually elbows the smaller and weaker birds out of the nest. One can see the starved and callow fledglings lying on the ground beneath their parent's nest. So it is with ambition. It will make a bad and lazy man industrious and virtuous. It will transform a spendthrift into a miser; it will inspire men with supernatural activity and quickness. And at the same time it will make a generous good man a grasping and hard-hearted tyrant. "It is," writes Jeremy Taylor, "the most troublesome and vexatious passion that can afflict the sons of men. It is full of distractions; it teems with stratagems, and is swelled with expectations as with a tympany. It sleeps sometimes as a wind in a storm, still and quiet for a minute, that it may burst out into an impetuous blast. It makes the present certainly miserable, unsatisfied, troublesome, and discontented, for the uncertain acquisition of an honor

which nothing can secure; and besides a thousand possibilities of miscarrying, it relies upon no greater certainty than our life; and when we are dead all the world sees who was the fool!" . . .

"All the world sees who was the fool!" It is the old story. Restless ambition, vaulting over obstacle after obstacle, overleaps itself and falls on the other side. We need not draw lessons from kings and conquerors: everyone of us has his little ambitious aim, his desire to distinguish himself and to make himself the chief man. It matters not much whether we endeavor to be Pitt in Parliament, or an orator in a public-house, the same love of praise, the unquiet wish to be talked about, to be first, inflates the breast of both. Yet, ambition is generally thought to be a high and glorious passion; it is one which all women love, because all women share it; but its gorgeous trappings merely disguise it. "If we strip it, we shall find that it consists of the mean materials of envy, pride, and covetousness." The desire of fame may be the last infirmity of noble minds, but it is an infirmity nevertheless.

Lord Bacon, in an essay on ambition, seems to have written only for kings, advising them when to use ambitious men; for such men, he says, "will be good servants"—active, ardent, full of work, and stirring. But when they have arrived at a certain point, then they are dangerous and should be put away. "A soldier without ambition," he adds, "is like one without spurs." In fact, the "pomp and circumstance of glorious war" are the very food this selfish passion is most fond of. What woman cares for the hundreds who have been smitten down by camp fever, who have been bent double by ague, cramped with cold, broken and diminished in war,—who are legless, armless, handless, lying in the bloody trench, or trodden into the crimson mud,—when she reads her son's name in the *Gazette*? What man, except a few piteous souls, thinks of the misery which shall descend like an inheritance after a glorious battle? The heart stirs, the eye flashes, the pulse quickens, and a thousand men are broken and scattered, and a thousand others are exulting victims, and the ambition of some one or some dozen has a sweet incense burnt upon its altar!

Or, in a lower case, a man may have an ambition to be rich, great, and much talked of; and by the sacrifice of his own peace of mind he gains the empty decoration of a name, or adds field to field, to look back with regret upon the hot and weary path he trod, and the sweet home-pleasures, refreshing both to body and soul, from which he turned away in his hurry, or passed by with contempt. After all, a man had better be content

with his position, acknowledging that a greater than he is has placed him there; and such content will give a man a great deal of wisdom. . . .

We should be content to do good where we find ourselves called to do it—in our homes and at our waysides. We may depend that, did we listen to these calls upon us, we should find opportunities enough of doing good and serving God; and it is wiser to follow these quiet and hidden impulses than to look for any grand and prominent exhibition of our benevolence. Public benefactors reap too often their own poor reward of a still wider publicity; a newspaper advertisement is sounded before them instead of a trumpet. . . . And how many a pure impulse to do good by stealth, which at "first blushed to find it fame," has degenerated into the hungry craving of being talked about!—"The Gentle Life."

A UNIQUE PHENOMENON.

I have often been struck with the facility with which the Catholic religion adapts itself to the character of every nation. I have had some opportunity of observation; I have seen the Catholic Church on three out of the four continents, and have everywhere noticed the same phenomenon. Mahometanism could never be transplanted to the snowy regions of Russia or Norway; it needs the soft, enervating atmosphere of Asia to keep it alive; the veranda, the bubbling fountain, the noontide repose, are all parts of it. Puritanism is the natural growth of a country where the sun seldom shines, and which is shut out by a barrier of water and fog from kindly intercourse with its neighbors. It could never thrive in the bright South. The merry vine-dressers of Italy could never draw down their faces to the proper length, and would be very unwilling to exchange their blithesome *canzonetti* for Sternhold and Hopkins' version. But the Catholic Church, while it unites its professors in the belief of the same inflexible creed, leaves them entirely free in all mere externals and national peculiarities. When I see the light-hearted Frenchman, the fiery Italian, the serious Spaniard, the cunning Greek, the dignified Armenian, the energetic Russian, the hard-headed Dutchman, the philosophical German, the formal and "respectable" Englishman, the thrifty Scotchman, the careless and warm-hearted Irishman, and the calculating, go-ahead American, all bound together by the profession of the same faith, and yet retaining their national characteristics, I can compare it to nothing but to a similar phenomenon that we may notice in the prism, which, while it is a pure and perfect crystal, is found on examination to contain, in their perfection, all the various colors of the rainbow.—"*Aguecheek*."

Notes and Remarks.

A very remarkable and edifying incident occurred recently at one of the hospitals in a German city. One of the Sisters had been for a long time suffering from that dread disease, consumption, and was in such extremity that the doctors gave up all hope, and declared that the end was near. The superior was inspired to begin a novena to Our Lady of Lourdes. All the inmates of the hospital joined in the devotions, while the poor invalid each day drank a little of the Water of Lourdes. On the morning of the ninth day she declared that she was cured. She arose with the other Sisters, went with them to the chapel, where she assisted at Mass and received Holy Communion. Throughout the day she joined in all the exercises of the community, and took a long walk without experiencing the least fatigue. Since then all traces of the disease have disappeared, and she has continued in excellent health, to the great wonder of the doctors and all who had known her.

The Rev. Father Wendelin writes from Molokai announcing the safe arrival of the bell (secured through the generosity of subscribers to THE "AVE MARIA") for the new church built by the late Father Damien in the leper settlement. Father Wendelin, who has succeeded to the self-sacrificing apostolate of Father Damien, tenders, in the name of the martyred Priest of the Lepers, his sincere thanks for the gift; and in his own expressive words speaks of it as "the coming of a mighty voice, to call the faithful that labor and are burdened to Him who will refresh them."

A decree of the Sacred Congregation of Rites, just published, raises the Feast of the Sacred Heart to the rank of a Double of the First Class. The faithful are again exhorted to practise "this most salutary devotion" as a great means to obtain the increase of faith and the peace of Christian people.

There is a society in Paris called the *Ceuvres des Libérées de Saint Lazare*, whose object is to rescue unfortunate women from the temptation to renew a life of crime upon their release from prison. The founder of this society, Mademoiselle de Grandpré, saw that the time for direct action, in order to prevent these unfortunates from sinking back into crime from sheer inability to find work by which they might obtain food and clothing, was their first moment of liberty, which is the turning-point in the lives of so many women and men. The first duty of the society is

to make immediate provision for these persons, so that it does not leave them one day or one hour uncared for, or subjected to the temptation of returning to their former companions in vice, who watch for them at the very prison doors, eager to drag them back to misery and crime. As soon as a woman is discharged she is taken to one of the society's little houses outside the city of Paris. There are only six inmates in each of these houses, and the woman is at once set to some necessary household task, not too laborious, but sufficiently engrossing to occupy her mind. In this safe and pleasant shelter, decently clothed and fed and tenderly cared for, she passes her moral convalescence, and not till she has acquired some degree of self-confidence and cheerfulness is she sent out into the world. Then she only goes after she has obtained work that will enable her to earn an honest support.

Tenderly reverent is the allusion to the Blessed Virgin in a recent address by Viscount Halifax, defending ritualistic practices in the Church of England. "Shall we allow," he asks, "the figures of Our Lord on the Cross and of His Blessed Mother to be torn down from above the altar of St. Paul's?" "We rejoiced that the dean and canons of St. Paul's had placed above the altar of the great church representing the Diocese of London the figure of Our Lord on His Cross and of His Blessed Mother, in order that, as we look on the one we may think of all He has done for us; and as we look at the figure of God's dear Mother we may recall her who is crowned with all glory and honor, and who alone of all God's creatures has dared to say, 'From henceforth all generations shall call me blessed.'"

There is good reason to hope that the "Angelus" will become the property of the American Art Association, on account of the withdrawal of the request to the French Chamber of Deputies for a credit to purchase it. The famous picture, it will be remembered, was sold at the Secretan Sale for \$110,600, but Millet was paid only \$500 for it. The oblong canvas measures $21\frac{1}{2} \times 25\frac{1}{2}$ inches.

In calling the attention of its readers to Cardinal Gibbons' paper on "The Dignity, Rights, and Responsibilities of Labor," in the current number of the *Cosmopolitan*, the *Pilot* remarks: "Cardinal Gibbons holds the esteem of his fellow-countrymen, irrespective of creed, by many claims, but by none more strongly than by his championship of the cause of labor."

In the death of Mgr. James A. Corcoran, which sad event occurred at Philadelphia on the 16th

inst., the Church in America has suffered a great loss. He was born at Charleston, S. C., in 1820. His ecclesiastical studies were made in Rome, where he was ordained priest in 1842. Returning to Charleston the following year, he organized the diocesan seminary, in which he became professor of theology. This office, together with that of pastor of the Charleston Cathedral, he held till 1851. He was chosen secretary of the Second Plenary Council of Baltimore, 1866, and was the chief theological adviser of the late Council. Mgr. Corcoran was present at the Vatican Council, 1869-70. After his return from Rome he was appointed professor of moral theology in the Seminary of St. Charles, Overbrook, near Philadelphia, Pa. The deceased prelate was distinguished for deep and varied learning. After Archbishop Kenrick, he was the greatest theologian this country has produced. He was also regarded as one of our best Hebrew and Syriac scholars. Mgr. Corcoran was the founder and editor of the *American Catholic Quarterly Review*, the leading Catholic publication in the United States. He is said to have been a man of singularly amiable character, charitable, gentle, and unassuming. May he rest in peace!

Great interest is manifested by the Catholics of England in the recent discovery at the British Museum of the Anglo-Saxon charter of Edward the Confessor to St. Mary's Abbey at Coventry, Warwickshire. This abbey was founded in 1043. The document bears witness to the piety of King Edward, and his devotion to the service of God and "His dear Mother," and is a valuable relic of Catholic times.

The Jesuits have made an establishment in Berlin. No objections to it were raised by the Government. A Jesuit would eventually find a way to the moon, if there were any good to be done there.

The Sisters of Notre Dame are rejoicing over the introduction of the cause of their holy foundress, Mother Julie Billiart, who has just been declared venerable by a decree of Leo XIII.

A picture scarcely second to the "Angelus" is Millet's "Sower," in the Vanderbilt collection in New York. This painting, with its shadowy figure of the peasant flinging seed to the earth in the early morning, expresses the mystery of the sombre old earth's awakening to fruitfulness and life, and the greater mystery of the resurrection of our bodies, glorified and immortal. The rhythmic march of the prayerful and hopeful

sower, as he does what has been man's appointed work from the fall of Adam, is expressed as though by the sweep of noble music.

Still another painting by Millet, which is sometimes ranked before the "Angelus," is in the gallery of Mr. W. T. Walters, in Baltimore. This is the moonlight scene called the "Sheepfold," in which a shepherd, who has thrown his heavy cloak about him, opens the gate of the fold for his flock. The atmospheric qualities of the picture are very remarkable. Another Millet of great beauty was owned last year by Mr. William Schaus. It represents an old-fashioned French farm-house, with droves of sheep brought together for shearing, and has a wonderful golden tone.

Any academy or select school for young ladies in or near New York, Boston, Chicago, or Cincinnati, needing an accomplished and experienced teacher of vocal or instrumental music for the coming scholastic year may apply to us until the 20th prox. As the applicant has the ulterior view of self-improvement in music, salary is not an object. The highest testimonials as to competency and character can be furnished.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bonds, as if you were bound with them.

—HEB., xiii, 3.

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

Mr. Hermann Fendrich, a prominent and highly respected citizen of Evansville, Ind., whose death, which is sincerely mourned by all who knew him, took place on the 26th ult.

Mrs. Annie Young, whose fervent Christian life was crowned with a happy death at Martinez, Cal., on the 3d inst.

Miss Bridget Gallagher, a devout Child of Mary, whose precious death occurred at Davenport, Iowa, last month.

Mr. Michael Anderson, of Kingston, Canada, who departed this life on the 11th inst.

Miss Mary Toohey, and Miss Catherine Haggerty, fervent clients of the Blessed Virgin, both of Bridgeport, Conn., and lately deceased.

Mrs. A. McFall, of Sacramento, Cal., who piously yielded her soul to God on the 5th inst.

Edward Judd, of Bridgeport, Conn.; Mrs. Isabella Buren, Louisville, Ky.; Mrs. Eliza Beegan, Fort Wayne, Ind.; Nicholas Maher, Sr., Blairsville, Pa.; Dennis Mallen, Roanoke, Va.; also S. H. McKinn, St. Louis, Mo.

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



For a Child of Mary's Autograph Album.

BY A. B. O'N.

"**B**EHOLD the handmaid of the Lord!" she said—

A Jewish Maiden in the long ago;
"What path soe'er He wills, my feet shall tread;
No other will than His my soul shall know."

Wouldst thou, fair maiden of a later age,
Partake one day of Mary's rich reward?
Keep pure life's album; on its every page
Write first, "Behold the handmaid of the Lord!"

Johnnie's Travels.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TYBORNE."

III.

Johnnie had been a fortnight in Bordeaux, and was getting on very well. He had made a little hoard,—not that he often received more than pennies and half-pence; but he got a great many of these, which the baker changed for him into francs.

One day he had given an exhibition of his mice to some of the young workwomen of Bordeaux. He had received a good handful of pence, and went to take a walk on the beautiful quays of the city. He sat down presently and began to undress his mice.

"You great stupid!" said a voice in his ear; "don't you see that big gentleman looking at you? Show off your mice to him, and he will give you a franc, I am sure."

The speaker was a big, ragged boy, with an evil face. Johnnie felt a horror of him; but as there was a tall gentleman, leaning on a gold-headed cane, looking at him, he displayed his mice. The gentleman was much amused, and gave his whole attention to the mice. But what is this? Johnnie's eyes almost start out of his head. A hand is gliding over the gentleman's waistcoat, and dragging out his gold watch and his purse.

"Help! help!" cried Johnnie, letting his mice fall. "A thief! a thief!"

The people rushed out of their shops. There was a tumult, and the ragged boy, throwing himself against Johnnie, hissed in his ear: "You have spoilt my game!"

He was gone, and at last the old gentleman found out he had been robbed of his purse and his watch. He seized Johnnie by the collar and accused him of being the thief. But, happily for him, a shopman had seen all from his window, and came forward in Johnnie's defence.

The crowd dispersed, and the one thought of terrified Johnnie was to get out of Bordeaux as soon as possible. So he went to a baker's to buy some bread, and then he found he too had been robbed. Twenty francs that he had been saving up for his mother were gone. Only a few pence remained.

Johnnie left the shop, and sat down on the parapet of a bridge to cry. Just then he saw two policemen leading between them the ragged boy.

"Ah, you idiot," cried the prisoner, "I have paid you off, as I said! Where are all your fine francs now? Ha, ha, ho! It will teach you to leave wiser folk than you are alone another time."

The policemen pitied Johnnie, but assured him they had searched their prisoner and found nothing on him, and they dragged the bad boy away. Poor Johnnie burst out into bitter sobs. "Oh, the bad fellow! the black-hearted boy! He has stolen my mother's money. I am glad he is caught. I am glad he is going to prison. I hope he'll never get out." But before long his passion began to cool. He saw in imagination the cold, dark prison and the wretched boy.

"Oh," sighed Johnnie, "he is worse off than I! Mother taught me I was never to steal; perhaps that bad boy has no mother. Oh, dear God, I thank Thee for taking care of me this day! I forgive that boy; please forgive him too. Make him sorry; make him cry, and then he'll be good again."

Johnnie wiped away his tears; his heart was light. The sun had set and the stars came out; Johnnie threw a kiss to the stars as he and his sisters used to do at home, because mother said there was God's throne.

IV.

The journey from Bordeaux to Paris is long, and more than four months had passed since Johnnie left his village. However, at last he was really in the great city.

It was evening, and all the streets and shops were lighted up. Crowds of people were about, and poor Johnnie was well knocked and pushed. He hid himself in a corner. "Oh, what a lot of people there are!" said he; "and no one to love me, and no one to care for me! Oh, when shall I see mother again?" And he sat down and began to sob.

He saw he was sitting in the corner of a large portico which opened into a courtyard and a house,—or, as it seemed to Johnnie, many houses ran round the court. Suddenly a door in the wall of the portico opened behind him.

"Get up, you little monkey!" said a good-natured voice. "What is it all about?"

Johnnie scrambled to his feet. He saw a very stout woman, with a red but kindly face.

"What are you crying for?" she said.

"For mother," gasped Johnnie.

"Come in and tell me all about it."

So she brought him into her little room and heard his story, but before he had gone very far she stopped him to say, "Supper is ready and you shall have a share." Delicious indeed was a plateful of hot stew to the half-starved child. Bread, and sometimes a bit of cold sausage, had been his fare during his long journey. When the meal was done Johnnie finished his story.

"And have you no money at all?" asked Mrs. Porter.

"Oh, yes! I have threepence half-penny now," said he. "I have never been one day without gaining enough to pay for my lodging and some food; and often I had lodging for nothing."

"Well, I'll give you a room here all to yourself for a penny a day, and then you'll be safe."

"Oh, will you really, ma'am?" exclaimed Johnnie, transported with joy.

"Wife," said the porter, "how could you put a bed in that closet?"

"Bed! Why, I shall give him a good sack of straw. As if he could not sleep on straw! Oh, I have not forgotten my country days yet,

my dear! And the straw and the room will be clean, and the boy will be out of bad company."

So Johnnie took possession of a kind of closet on the fifth story, with a window the size of a pancake; a sack of straw, an old blanket, and a broken stool for furniture. He installed himself there with his mice, feeling, he said to himself, as happy as a king.

V.

Johnnie had a great fear of losing himself in Paris, and so he did not go beyond the streets of the neighborhood in which he lived; and as this was a poor part of the city he did not gain more than the few pence needed for his daily expenses. After a time he made the acquaintance of a little girl about his own age, who lived on the same floor as himself. Her eyes glistened when she saw the white mice, and Johnnie had a performance solely for her benefit. Sophie, of course, heard all Johnnie's story, and asked him how much he was now gaining.

"Alas," replied Johnnie, "so little I am putting nothing by for mother!"

"But you should not stop about here," said sharp little Sophie; "you should go to the Tuileries Gardens and the Champs-Élysées, and all the grand streets."

"Oh, I dare not!" said Johnnie. "I should be lost."

"Well, so you might," replied Sophie. "Ah, I have an idea! I go every day to the Rue Bonaparte to learn dressmaking. Close by are the Luxemburg Gardens, and such lots of children play, there. You can come with me, and in the evening I will go to the gate of the gardens for you. I'll go and ask mamma if I may."

Her mother consented, for she liked Johnnie's face and she trusted Sophie. So the children went together, and Johnnie had great success. What a delight it was to count the money with Sophie! The first evening he had two francs. He soon learned his own way in the gardens, and also began to understand the lay of the streets of Paris.

Johnnie was now on the way to fortune. But one day Sophie had red eyes.

"What is the matter, Sophie?" asked Johnnie.

"Papa is ill," replied the little girl; "and the doctor says he must go to the hospital. He

says he will be cured there in a fortnight by vapor-baths and all sorts of things, and if he stops here he will be in bed all the winter; but mamma and I can't bear to part with him."

"Is he really going?"

"Oh, yes: this afternoon for sure."

Two days afterward came Shrove-Monday, and as on that day and the next there are gay doings in Paris, Johnnie hoped to gain much. As he was coming down-stairs he heard Sophie talking to another little girl on the fourth story.

"Impossible, dear Sophie!" said a voice. "I would do it in a minute, but my mistress would be so angry. We are so busy on account of the grand balls to-morrow. We have seven dresses to finish for one princess; she will change her costume seven times during the masked ball. And such dresses! How did your mother fall ill?"

"She caught cold coming from the hospital yesterday, and to-day she is feverish and has such a cough. I know she will have bronchitis. I wanted to stay with her, but she won't let me; she says I must go to work." And Sophie turned sadly away.

"Sophie," said Johnnie, "I'll take care of your mother. I'll keep up the fire and give her a hot drink, and I'll be ever so quiet."

Sophie began to cry. "You are a good boy, Johnnie; but how can you stay in on Shrove-Monday? You might gain a lot of money."

"Never mind; let me be nurse. I took care of my sister Angela when she was ill, and mother said I did very well."

Sophie consented, and when she came back in the evening she found her mother asleep and Johnnie sitting by the fire.

Next day Mrs. Tourla was no better; but she insisted on Sophie's going to her work, and Johnnie again stayed in. The doctor came, declared the malady to be bronchitis, and that the invalid required much care. During these few days Johnnie found out how poor his new friends were; for while the father was at the hospital he had no wages. When the busy days were over Sophie had leave from her mistress to stay and nurse her mother, and Johnnie could go out. A few hours after he was gone a noise was heard in the corridor. Sophie ran to the door, and saw Johnnie bending beneath the weight of a load of goods.

"Come and help me, Sophie; this wood is for you. Get it into your room, and then I will tell you all about it."

The wood was piled up by the fireplace, and Johnnie began to empty his pockets. There came out bread and cheese.

"See here," said he; "I went into a baker's shop to buy some bread, and there I saw a soft white kind of roll, and I said to the baker: 'Give me that; and don't charge too much, as it is for a sick person who can hardly eat anything.' There was a lady in the shop, and she said: 'Why, my little man, you ought to give that sick person beef-tea.' 'Ah,' I answered, 'that's too dear.' Then she took out of her pocket a little red ticket, and said: 'Take that to the butcher, and he'll give you some meat; and as you will need a fire to make the beef-tea, here is a white ticket for wood.' And she went away, and the baker explained to me what the tickets meant, and then he gave me a bit of cheese. So I have brought the wood, and here is the red ticket for the meat."

"Let me see," said Sophie; "it is printed. I'll read it. 'In the name of our Blessed Lord, give the bearer two pounds of beef.' And here is the name and address of the butcher."

"How good God is!" said Mrs. Tourla. "I was longing so much for some beef-tea."

"That's famous!" said Johnnie. "I'll be off to the butcher; and you, Sophie, will start the fire."

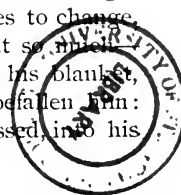
As he was going out he made a sign to Sophie, who followed him. "I know how to make beef-tea," he said; "mother taught me when Angela was ill. And you must go and see your father at the hospital."

Sophie came back from the hospital radiant.

"Father was sitting up," she declared; "he will soon be well, and you are looking so much better, mamma."

VI.

One fine morning Johnnie went out, meaning to go to the Champs-Elysées, but he had hardly reached the bridge when it began to rain—such pouring, drenching rain that before he could find a refuge he was wet through; and, unhappily, he had no clothes to change. He would not have minded that so much if he would have rolled himself in his blanket;—but a worse misfortune had befallen him: he had popped the nice, all dressed, into his



pocket, and, alas! the rain had penetrated even his pocket. The fine dresses and hats were all spoiled, and the white mice had turned green, they were trembling also with cold. Poor Johnnie was crushed. He could see no hope for the future. Returning to his lodging, he threw himself on the floor; it was not worth while to take off his wet clothes.

Sophie knocked at his door, for her mother, seeing the rain, had said: "Johnnie must have got wet; bring him in to the fire."

There was no answer to the knock, and for a long time they supposed he had taken refuge somewhere and had not returned. Later on Sophie went to knock again, and this time heard a low moaning.

"Johnnie!" she cried, "open the door!"

No answer.

"Johnnie, if you don't open the door, mamma says she will come. Now, you won't let mamma catch a fresh cold by coming into the corridor?"

Thus entreated, Johnnie opened the door, and was dragged by Sophie to her mother's fire. With his damp clothes, his tear-stained face, he was a pitiful object. He sobbed out his troubles.

"Now, Johnnie," said Mrs. Tourla, "the first thing to do is to change your clothes. My husband's things are too large for you. Never mind, here is a black petticoat, and a chemise and a cloak. Run off and put them on, and then bring the mice."

When he came back dressed in Sophie's clothes she could not restrain a burst of laughter, but Johnnie was too sad to laugh. He held in his hand the two little green mice.

"They are nearly dead!" he sighed.

"Not at all," said Mrs. Tourla; "but why in the world did you leave these wet things on them? They want undressing as much as you did, and, fortunately, have their own little coats underneath ready-made."

"They have turned green," said Johnnie, sorrowfully, as he took off the ruined garments of the Countess and her maid; "and, then, their clothes are all spoiled."

"We'll soon mend all that," said Mrs. Tourla. "Sophie, give me a little warm water and soap. Now, then, Johnnie, wash them gently; see, the green is disappearing fast. Go on, go on,—there, they are whiter than ever.

Now hold them in your lap before the fire. How you shiver, my poor lad! Sophie, make some wine-soup."

Johnnie and the mice soon revived under this kindly treatment, and then Mrs. Tourla said: "As for the costumes, I think I can make others just as nice."

"Can you really? I thought no one but my mother could do that."

Another burst of laughter from Sophie. "Why, *I* could make them," she said; "and I should rather think mamma can."

"Now it is time to retire," observed Mrs. Tourla.

"Johnnie," said Sophie, "to-morrow I must go back to work, and, as you can't take out your mice, will you stop with mamma, do the errands, and keep up the fire? She is not straggling yet."

"Yes, indeed I will."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The José-Maria.

BY E. L. DORSEY.

V.

Dick was the first "on deck" at the school-master's on the evening named, and felt quite oppressed by the evidences of learning he saw—the quantity of books, the two globes, the small case of crucibles and retorts, and the diagrams and charts on the walls; for Comegys was an enthusiast on the subject of teaching, and in this his first year was soaring high on the wings of faith and hope. But he received Dick so pleasantly that he soon began to feel like a live boy again, and to ask a question here and there; and by the time the little "Seth Thomas" on the mantel made it six o'clock there was enough noise going for a small tea-party.

Dick studied the boys who dropped in with some interest, and recognized in all of them hard diggers—fellows that always knew their lessons, and rarely relaxed themselves during study hours even with crooked pins or "sand poppers." (This last is a fiendish instrument that will silently and suddenly discharge a pint of sand at, in, on, or down any given point the marksman chooses.) But at the very last

minute in darted Tic, as unkempt as usual, but wearing such a wide grin one almost forgave him for being bareheaded, barefooted, and barelegged. In this last respect the bareness was unequally divided; for while the right leg was clad to the calf, the left leg could boast of nothing from the knee down except one frayed streamer, which he calmly tore off and pitched into the master's elegantly be-ribboned waste-basket.

The studious ones glared incredulously at Tic—the laziest boy in school; the boy who couldn't or wouldn't learn; the boy who would stand before a blackboard scratching dolefully at his head, or rubbing his nose, or scraping one bare foot up and down the other bare leg by the ten minutes; but never, *never* by any chance scratching anything on the board with the chalk, as his mother and his teacher expected him to do. Well, it certainly was just like his "cheek" to come in here with *them!*

But Comegys' welcome was unmistakable.

"Ah, Stokes! I'm very glad you came. Sit down; we're going to begin—or, better still, you do the drawing for us."

And, according to programme, the questions were read, answered, and discussed, until one slip came out which puzzled the schoolmaster greatly. It was: "Wot is a werlen doom?"

"This must be your own, Stokes," he remarked at last.

"Nope," said Tic. "I didn't write none. I would-a, but I lef' my Spen-*si*-re-an pen an' my cut-glass inkstand at home in my escree-ter" (*escritoire?*).

And then something must have happened to one of Tic's eyes. It seemed to get out of order; for it winked suddenly and violently several times in several directions, while the other remained perfectly still.

"It's—it's mine!" said Dick, hot and flurried. "I'm afraid it's wrote bad."

"Well," said Comegys, cheerfully, "it isn't as well written as it will be a month from now, nor quite as well spelled. But suppose you help me a little with it, eh?"

"I mean," said Dick, "the werlen doom out theer by the Mesh—mebbe you'd call it the Crawl,—that eats up all it wants, an' spits out the chews, an' goes wheer it's a mind to, an' ought to be called the 'Devil's Own,'—my uncle, Cap'n Judkins, ses so," he added,

breathlessly, as Comegys still looked puzzled.

"Oh, yes!" he said; "I know now what you mean, and that *is* a very curious thing. It's the only real whirling dune I ever heard of. Dune, Dick,—d-u-n-e. What is a dune? A hill of sand tossed up by the wind in the desert, or by the sea on the coast, or by both the wind and the sea, like this one. Most of them shift within given limits—move as the wind moves, grow as the tides set, or form in low ridges or flat wastes; but this one whirls about a centre of its own at the same time it is moving ahead. The motion is something like a cyclone, only the dune advances about twelve feet a year, and the cyclone one hundred miles an hour. And there's another strange thing about it: although it leaves such a tremendous trail behind it, the 'head' never diminishes in size, but goes on shouldering its big, strong way into the sea, as if it was bound to reach Cape May Light, as it will some day—"

"When?" broke in Dick, without the least idea of being impolite.

"Long after we are in the fix of 'Imperial Cæsar'—'dead and turned to clay,' Dick," answered the master, pleasantly if somewhat pedantically (he was very young). "So there you are, on the dune question. Its motion gives it the name of 'the whirling dune,' and its slowness the name of 'the Crawl.'"

"But what does it eat?" asked Dick, who naturally only understood about half of the explanation.

"It doesn't *eat* anything, but whatever stands in its way gets swallowed, and—"

"Yep," piped Tic, suddenly; "my maw says when she was 'bout as big's me thar was a oak grove out thar by th' Light—a 'mighty nice place fur picnics an' junketin's,—an' now thar ain't nothin' of them trees left 'cept the dead tops a-stickin' 'bout a foot out o' th' ground."

"So I have heard," said the master, kindly; and then continued: "Whatever stands in its way gets swallowed; and, as the whirling goes on steadily and the pressure of the sand is so immense, the trees and bits of drift-wreck and lumber are apt to bear some trace of this grinding and gritting when they are thrown out; the trees are sometimes stripped of their bark, the drift-wood is splint—"

"Them's the 'faug-marks,' an' you may bet your sweet life the 'spit-outs' is got 'em on *always!*"

Two of the other boys nodded at this, and even Willson, whose geography was faultless and whose grammar nearly so, said: "That's about so, Mr. Comegys." Whereupon Tic, for the first time in his life, finding himself backed by a respectable majority, was so elated that he lost his head a bit, and not only took the floor but the conversation as well.

"Hear that now? An' Mr. Com-mergiss it *docs* eat up what it wantster, an' it's got a *mean* [bad] temper. Don't you 'member that little white house th' old Portugee used to live in? Well, the Crawl was a-headin' on to that 'bout—'bout a hundred year ago,—no, it couldn't a-ben that long, but it was a awful long time ago. An' the man that owned it moved it on rollers, an' disappointed the Crawl of its snack [lunch]; so thar ain't no luck thar sence. *He* got killed in a battle, an' the woman that come, she died; an' the Stuart boys, they got drowned; an' th' old Portugee he went crazy, an'—"

Tic's voice had a dramatic ring to it, and he was talking to those in whose veins ran the blood of sailors,—sailors who see such strange sights as they float in the face of God, between His wide sea and wider sky, that they find it easier to believe in the supernatural than not; so a visible sensation was gathering when Comegys said:

"That all did happen, Stokes; although *not* because the Crawl wanted to make a meal of the little house and was disappointed, but because Gillette was a man-of-war's man; the woman had consumption, and the two boys were upset in a squall. Did you ever hear the rest of that story? Well, here it is. Fred and Jan Stewart were splendid swimmers, so they managed to get back to the boat and climb up on her keel; but Jan was swept off, and Fred plunged after him, catching him by the collar as he washed past, and holding on through thick and thin. They must have been pitched against the boat more than once; for one of Jan's arms was broken, and Fred's whole forehead was black; but they came ashore just that way—Fred gripping Jan's collar. Every one said he could have saved himself if he had let Jan go, but that was just what he

wouldn't do. And I think to die in trying to save somebody's else life is the very best death a man could ask."

And these sons of a volunteer life-guard, such as is to be found on every shore where sailors risk their lives so willingly for fellow-men, answered in chorus, "Aye, aye, sir!" as readily as their own fathers would have done.

"As for the old Portuguese," concluded Comegys, "he had a sunstroke first, and a hard life afterward."

"Mebbe," said Tic; "but that ain't all. Thar's a ghost in the hut *now!*" And he looked around triumphantly.

"What nonsense!" said the master. "What sort of a ghost? One of Marshall's white calves, I reckon?"

"No, siree! It's a 'ooman; an' she sings an' hollers like this here" (an unearthly falsetto yowl), "an'—an'—*she rattles chains!*" (this last in a sepulchral whisper).

"But it goes wheer it's a mind to, don't it?" broke in Dick, desperately. *He* knew who the ghost was, and what she rattled.

"No. It's only a great hillock of sand that shifts and moves by some law we do not quite understand, deflecting here and keeping straight ahead there, for natural reasons. It couldn't think for itself or plan for itself, you know. And don't you remember, the ridge doesn't move or whirl, it's only the head out there by the Light?"

"I'm mortal glad o' that," said Dick. "I thought it went a-rampagin' an' a-gallivantin' wheerever it took a notion—like the sear-pint."

"Not at all. Look here, boys, suppose I take you over some Saturday? There's a chance in the trip for a lot of historical information, and we can have a good time besides," said Comegys, pleasantly. "The Light is scores of years—find how many—older than the State; it has never been out but once—find out when; and nobody knows how deep the foundation is. Look up all you can find on the subject."

He had timed his words so well that "subject" and 7.30 came together; and the boys trooped off with their interest pretty well roused between the ghost, the proposed trip, and the three points of local history raised by the master.



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The Saint of the Holy Rosary.

DEAR Lord, I know not why it should be so,
 Or if 'tis right I should love one saint more
 Than all the rest on whom Thou didst bestow
 A crown, when their work in this world was o'er.
 Yet dear St. Dominic has gained so much
 Of my best love, and of my earnest thought,
 That all the other saints have failed to touch
 My heart with their life's lessons as they ought.

Forgive me, generous Lord! and grant that I may
 gain

Some share of Dominic's surpassing grace.
 Help me to bravely meet life's every pain,
 That I may some day meet him face to face,
 And share with him, and his dear, white-robed
 priests,
 And with Thee, Lord, Thy everlasting feasts.

E. P. R.

Bruno and Campanella.

BY THE REV. REUBEN PARSONS, D. D.

THE Italian Government has permitted the erection of a monument to Giordano Bruno in the capital of the Christian world. We understand that the work is sufficiently artistic to bring no great discredit on the mistress of the fine arts; but, since its sole reason for existence is based on an insecure foundation, we are not surprised that the details of its design are not all true to history. It has been erected only because of the presumed fact that Bruno was done to death by the Papal authorities. To render it more impressive, and to illustrate the event-

ful career of its subject, it presents to our contemplation some bas-reliefs of other alleged "martyrs to truth," such as Huss, Servetus, Arnold of Brescia, and Campanella.

Now it is by no means certain that Bruno was put to death. We know that in 1592 he was arrested by the State Inquisitors of Venice on the charge of heresy;* that after six years of imprisonment he was delivered to the Holy Office, or Roman Inquisition, tried, (and perhaps) condemned to the stake on February 9, 1600. But was the sentence executed, or, as frequently happened in similar cases, was Bruno burnt merely in effigy? A letter purporting to be from an erudite German then in Rome, Gaspar Schopp,† describes the execution, but many good critics have denied the authenticity of this epistle. Again, Schopp is alone in his assertion. The Vatican Archives contain documents of the trial, but not of the condemnation, nor is there any account of the execution; whereas, in every

* His denouncer, Giovanni Mocenigo, to whom he had taught his system of artificial memory, accused Bruno of styling the Trinity an absurdity; of calling Transubstantiation a blasphemy, and of finding truth in no religious system. He had said that Christ seduced the Jews, that He died unwillingly, and that the apostles worked no miracles. According to him, there is no distinction of Persons in God. The worlds are infinite and eternal. There is no punishment for sin; the soul, produced by nature, passes to another creature. This world shows no true religion; the Catholic is the best, but it needs a reformation; and he (Bruno) will effect this with the aid of the King of Navarre. (Henry IV.)

† Convinced of his errors by the study of Baronio's "Annals," this Lutheran scholar became a Catholic. Invited to Rome by Clement VIII., he wrote many pamphlets in defence of Catholicism, the Papacy, etc.

similar case, both of these are detailed. Again, the "Relations" of the foreign ambassadors resident at the Holy See, which never omitted any such items, say nothing of this event. Not even in the correspondence of the Venetian Ambassador, the agent of that Government which must have felt an especial interest in the fate of Bruno, since it had initiated his downfall, do we find any allusion to the alleged catastrophe.*

Cantù cites a MS. of the Medician Archives (No. 1608), dated at Rome on the very day of Bruno's trial, which narrates the burning of an apostate friar a few days before. Here some mention of Bruno's condemnation would naturally occur, but there is not a word. Finally, the celebrated Servite, Friar Paul Sarpi, who never missed an opportunity of attacking what he feigned to regard as Roman intolerance, Roman treachery, etc., although he continued this course for many years after the trial of Bruno, † and although his own position of antagonism with the Roman *Curia* perforce kept him on the lookout for instances which might inculpate Rome and justify the recent rebellious conduct of Venice toward the Holy See, never alludes to the alleged fate of Bruno. The same silence is found in Ciacconio, Sandrini, Alfani, Manno, and Ossat, all of whom would scarcely have

* The "Relations" of the Venetian ambassadors to the home government are rightly regarded by historians as the most precious, both for detail and accuracy, of all available sources for a knowledge of the events of the time.

† As late as December 6, 1611, we find Sarpi describing the execution at Rome (by strangling) of the French Abbé Dubois, for libels against the Jesuits, and claiming that the unfortunate had received a safe-conduct before journeying to Rome. At the same time he greatly decries Schopp, whom he describes as "meriting a greater punishment than burning in effigy."

But he was very litigious, and was given to paradoxes. In his presumed letter he says of Bruno's errors: "The Inquisition did not impute Lutheran doctrines to him. He was charged with having compared the Holy Ghost to the soul of the world; Moses, the prophets, the apostles, and even Christ, to the pagan hierophants. He admitted many Adams and many Hercules. He believed in magic, or at least he upheld it, and taught that Moses and Christ practised it. Whatever errors have been taught by the ancient pagans or by the most recent heretics were all advanced by this Bruno." (Cantù, "Illustri Italiani," art. "Bruno.")

omitted to notice so important an event, had it really occurred. And how is it that the old "Martyrology" of the Protestants is also silent on this matter? Truly, Bruno was less a Protestant Christian than he was a Buddhist; but in those days, as in our own, any person of Christian ancestry who antagonized Rome, and did not avow himself a Jew or a pagan, was claimed for their own by the Protestants.

The Bruno monument places Huss, Arnold of Brescia, Servetus and Campanella, in the same category with the Philosopher of Nola. There may be some general reason for so treating the Bohemian fanatic and the cut-throat of Brescia.* The comparison of Bruno with Servetus, the victim of Calvin, may be tolerated, with a smile at the designer's ungrateful disregard of the feelings of Protestants. But Campanella and Bruno! "Hyperion to a satyr!" Bruno was a Christian only by baptism; Campanella was ever a devout Catholic. Campanella, a martyr to science! His devotion to science caused him no trouble more annoying than some cloister squabbles; politics, mere politics, involved him in serious difficulty. As well ascribe the fate of Savonarola to his zeal for morals. Campanella, a victim of the Inquisition! His only relations with that tribunal came from its interposition to save him from the Neapolitan courts, which would have consigned him to the scaffold for high treason to the Spanish crown.

Campanella was born at Stilo, in the Kingdom of Naples, in 1568. At the age of fourteen he entered the Dominican Order, and in the course of time became very distinguished in the public disputes on philosophical questions, which were then the fashion of the day in Italy. But his attacks on the peripatetics † procured him many enemies in his own Order, and in 1590 he sought the protection of the

* See our article on Arnold of Brescia in THE "AVE MARIA," Vol. xxvii, No. 19.

† "Italy produced the first school of philosophy of a modern character; for the school of Telesius soon followed that of the platonist Marsilio Ficino, and that of the peripatetic Pomponazzi. . . . How is it that the names of Campanella and Bacon are so diversely regarded: the latter as of one who opened the modern era, and the former scarcely remembered? Campanella devoted himself to all the knowable; Bacon confined himself to the natural sciences." Cantù, "Filosofia Moderna," § i.

Marquis Lavello, one of his Neapolitan admirers. During the next eight years we find him disputing at Rome and Florence, and teaching in the Universities of Pisa and Padua. In 1598 he returned to Stilo, and it was soon rumored that he was occupied in projects for the subversion of the Spanish domination. He frequently preached, and wrote that the year 1600 would unfold great changes in the Kingdom; that recent extraordinary inundations, earthquakes, and volcanic eruptions, prognosticated a coming reformation in both civil and ecclesiastical matters; that he was to be an instrument of Providence in all this, for he "was born to abolish three great evils—tyranny, sophism, and hypocrisy; everything was in darkness when he struck the light."* He reasoned on several recent astronomical discoveries, and announced that his studies showed him the near advent of the reign of eternal reason in the life of humanity.† Great revolutions, he said, occur every eight centuries, the latest previous one having been the Incarnation of the Word.

Whether Campanella was the instigator or a tool was never made known; but a conspiracy was formed against Spanish rule, and four bishops and three hundred friars of various orders were the leading spirits. Of the three processes of the trial now extant, one tends to show that the design was to establish a republic in Calabria; the second insists that the Kingdom was to be given to the Holy See; and the third indicates a wish to hand the country over to the Turks; but it is noteworthy that in the process finally extended in the Holy Office at Rome nearly all the previous witnesses retracted. When the conspiracy was discovered the viceroy's forces captured nearly all of the leaders. The laics were hung, and the "*privilegium fori*" consigned the ecclesiastics, Campanella excepted, to the Inquisition;‡ the viceroy insisting on this exception, probably at the instigation of

Campanella's private enemies. Confined in Castel Sant' Elmo for twenty-seven years, the Holy See again and again vainly endeavored to procure his release; but Pope Paul V., who sent Schopp to Naples for that purpose, succeeded in obtaining permission for him to correspond with his friends, and to receive every convenience for literary work. Finally, Pope Urban VIII. availed himself of the accusation of magical practices made against the philosopher, insisting that such a charge placed the case within the sole jurisdiction of the Inquisition; and he succeeded in obtaining the friar's extradition.

Campanella was at once enrolled in the Papal household, and an annual pension was assigned to him. Caressed by all that was learned in Rome, he passed several years in happy study; but in 1634 the Spanish residents, who continued to detest his name, made an open attack on the French Embassy where he was visiting, and tried to obtain possession of his person. He was saved by the Papal police, but by the advice of the Pontiff he at once betook himself to France. Cardinal Richelieu received him with open arms, and made him a counsellor of state. He was also elected president of the French Academy, lately founded by Richelieu. To the day of his death, on May 21, 1639, he continually corresponded with Pope Urban VIII. What is there in this career to indicate the martyr to science, the victim of papal tyranny; in fine, the fit companion of Bruno as that unfortunate receives the ignorant or diabolic homage of so-called liberalism?

We have said that Bruno is wrongly styled a Protestant. We never find him representing himself as either Calvinist, Anglican, or Lutheran. While he resided in Geneva, the headquarters of Calvinism, he attended, he says, "the sermons of the Italian and French religionists. But when I was warned that I could not remain there long if I did not adopt the creed of the Genevans, I went to Toulouse." He stayed but a short time in Toulouse, "the Rome of the Garonne," only long enough to receive the doctor's cap, and to surprise both the Catholics and the Calvinists by his teachings. The year 1579 found him at Paris, satisfying Henry III. that his phenomenal memory was not the effect of magic, and lecturing at

* "Poesie Filosofiche."

† "De Sensu Rerum et Magia," iv, 20.

‡ Writing to Cardinal Farnese, Campanella says that his clerical comrades pleaded guilty to the charge of "rebellin in order to be free to become heretics." Had they answered only to the charge of treason, he says, "all would have been executed, without any appeal to the Pope."

the Sorbonne. As yet no sign of Calvinism. During the three years that he spent in England he greatly lauded Queen Elizabeth, "the unique Diana, who is to us all what the sun is to the stars," but he manifested no leaning to Anglicanism. At Oxford he taught the movement of the earth, and was obliged to depart. Arriving in Germany, he was well received at Wittenberg, and he highly appreciated the toleration accorded by the Lutheran professors to him, "although of a different faith."* In fact, Bruno taught everywhere the Pythagorean system of the world, and an Eleatic pantheism dressed in Neo-Platonic forms, advancing both with a pride, or rather a vanity, which must have appeared ridiculous.

He announced himself to the Oxford dons as "doctor of the most elaborate philosophy; professor of the purest and most harmless wisdom; recognized by the principal academies of Europe; unknown only to barbarians; the wakener of sleeping geniuses; the tamer of presumptuous and recalcitrant ignorance; a universal philanthropist, as all his actions proclaim. One who loves an Italian no more than an Englishman, a man no more than a woman, a mitre no more than a crown, a lawyer no more than a soldier, the hooded no more than the hoodless; but who loves him the most whose conversation is the most peaceful, civil, and useful; one who cares not for an anointed head, or marked forehead, or clean hands, but only for the mind and for the cultured intellect; one who is detested by hypocrites and by the propagators of insanity, but who is revered by the upright, and applauded by every noble genius." Could Cagliostro have excelled this as an advertisement?

But if Bruno was neither Catholic nor Protestant, his forced associate in the Roman monument was a profound Catholic, albeit an exceedingly intolerant one. He would have no disputes with an innovator. He would ask: "Who sent you to preach, God or the devil? If God, prove it by miracles." And if he fails, said Campanella, "burn him if you can. . . . The first error committed (during the Lutheran movement) was in allowing Luther to live after the Diets of Worms and Augsburg; and if Charles V. did so, as they

* "Non vestræ religionis dogmate probatum." Thus in his work, "De lampade combinatoria."

say, in order to keep the Pope in apprehension, and thus oblige him to succor Charles in his aspirations to universal monarchy, he acted against every reason of state policy; for to weaken the Pontiff is to weaken all Christianity, the peoples soon revolting under pretext of freedom of conscience."* He counselled the King of Spain to have always two or three religious—Dominicans, Jesuits, or Franciscans,—in his supreme council; and every commanding general, he said, should have a religious adviser.† Such sentiments must sound strange to the *Italianissimi* of to-day; but they came naturally from Campanella, who thought that "the same constellation which drew fetid effluvia from the cadaverous minds of heretics, brought forth balsamic exhalations from the exact minds of the founders of the Minims, Jesuits, Capuchins, etc."‡ He advises all Governments to allow no Lutherans within their limits; because, he contends, these sectarians deny the free-will of man, and can excuse crime by the plea that they are fated to sin.§ As for the Calvinist dogma of predestination, "it renders all princes wicked, the peoples seditious, and theologians traitors."||

The following passage,* if read by the committee before it accepted Ferrari's design for Bruno's statue, would probably have caused its rejection: "The Papacy belongs to no one in particular, but to all Christendom, and whatever the Church possesses is common to all. The Italians ought to encourage the wealth of religious corporations, because it belongs to them all, and lessens the strength of Italy's rivals. . . . No Italian sovereign should aspire to a rule over the others, but all, whenever the direct line of succession becomes extinct, should proclaim the Roman Church heir to their dominions. Thus in course of time an Italian monarchy would be established. The Italian republics ought to make a law that whenever they fall under the rule of tyrants their Government devolves on the Roman Church."

In reality, Campanella aimed at a reforma-

* "Civitas Solis," c. 27.—"Della Monarchia Spagnuola," c. 27.

† "Aforismi Politici," *passim*. ‡ *Idem*, 70.

§ *Idem*, 84, 87. || "Lettere," *passim*.

* "Discorso II. sul Papato."

tion of the world, and by means of Catholicism. His enthusiasm desied a near conversion of the nations, as prophesied by St. Bridget of Sweden, the Abbot Joachim, Dionysius the Carthusian, St. Vincent Ferrer, and St. Catherine of Siena, the last of whom had predicted that the sons of St. Dominic would carry the olive of peace to the Turks.* He declared that the day of Antichrist was near, if not already come,—“it is now here, or will come in 1630;” and he “was born to combat the schools of Antichrist,” which schools were everywhere active; for “where Mohammed and Luther do not rule, there dominate Machiavelli and politicians.” †

Two Schools.

CLARA VALLEY, Sept. 15, 18—.

DEAR AUNT MARY:—I am very glad I decided to come here instead of going to Allen Seminary, which is nearer to this school than I thought: we can see the chimneys of the house from the convent grounds. I don't care what the girls at home think, I was right in feeling that this would be a lovely place in which to spend a couple of years.

The grounds are not surrounded by great high walls, as you feared, but slope gently down to the road—which, though private property for upward of a mile, is considerably travelled. They are beautifully kept, and we are allowed to roam about during recreation hours, but are not permitted to go beyond the gate, unless when visited and accompanied by parents or near relatives. The girls all seem to be very nice and pleasant; I have not yet met any “old fogies” or “Miss Prims,” such as Estella Gray told me her friend Miss Thomson had assured her I should find here. You know the Milton girls think *me* a little old-fashioned; while, thanks perhaps to the training of my dear Aunt Mary, I am forced to consider *them* rather too independent and progressive. But I hate to be critical, and I sha'n't say any more about that.

* Campanella's words as given in a contemporary account of the Calabrese conspiracy, published in 1845 by Capialdi. — Cantù, “*Illustri Italiani*,” art. “*Campanella*.”

† “Letter to the Pope and Cardinals.”

You will like to hear something of our daily life. We rise at six, and after prayers and Mass, which occupy three-quarters of an hour, go to breakfast. This consists of tea, coffee or milk, as we please; good home-made bread and delicious butter, and plenty of both; beef-steak, ham or chops (only one kind of meat each morning), and stewed fruit. Recreation for an hour after breakfast, during which time most of the girls look over their lessons for the day; then classes till twelve, when we have dinner. Soup, roast of some kind, potatoes, one other vegetable, and salad, with pie, pudding or fruit for dessert, make up the bill of fare. Recreation again till half-past one, when studies are resumed till half-past three. Then follows a recess of fifteen minutes, after which the girls go to the chapel for the Rosary—a form of prayer addressed to the Virgin Mother, and which is very sweet and beautiful. (Protestants are required to be present at chapel with the others, but are not obliged to join in prayer with them.) At four sewing for an hour. From five to six study—that is, preparation for next day's lessons. Supper at six, and by this time I assure you we are ready for our cold meat, hot biscuits (how they do fly!), fried potatoes, and peaches, pears, or some other canned fruit. Tea and milk are served at this meal. We nearly all prefer the latter, it is so cool and delicious; and we are allowed to drink two large bowls each. The Sisters have twenty cows, so that there is an abundance of milk. After supper, which is over at half-past six, recreation again until eight, when night prayers are said, and nine o'clock finds us soundly sleeping.

You will open your eyes and perhaps shake your head disapprovingly when I tell you that we do not have separate rooms, but large dormitories, with rows on rows of little white-curtained beds ranged along the walls and down the middle, with room at the head of each for a chair and table with toilet appliances. At first I thought this arrangement would be very unsatisfactory, but I do not find it so. On entering the dormitory strict silence is observed; there is no rule so rigidly enforced as this. And—would you believe it?—one could almost hear a pin drop in that room where fifty persons are disrobing for the night. We all steal behind our curtains and are in

bed in a twinkling, a novice walking up and down the aisles until we are ready. When fifteen minutes have passed she says in a loud, clear voice, *Louez soit Jésus-Christ*, which means "Praised be Jesus Christ"; and we all answer, *Ainsi soit-il*—"Amen." Two Sisters sleep in each dormitory, so that we are under constant *surveillance*, and could not very well be fractious or frolicsome if we would. Any infringement of discipline here is at once reported to the Mistress of Class, and if repeated two or three times the offender is liable to dismissal.

All this may seem to you very hard and straitlaced, as I am afraid it did to me the first day or two; but, being a natural lover of system as you are, and knowing from your own experience as a teacher how difficult it is to preserve order among so many girls, you would be the first to approve of the plan if you could see it in operation. And it is such a gentle, kind watchfulness, so free from anything that savors of coercion or tyranny, that one does not feel it.

The dormitories are lovely in the day-time. The ceilings are very high and the rooms well ventilated, having ten windows on each side and four at either end. Between the rows of beds a strip of red and black carpet shows off the polished oaken floor to great advantage; and the sheer, white curtains on brass rings—so beautifully ironed that every fold hangs perfectly even—are drawn back on each side just enough to show the snowy spread and pillow-shams. Sacred pictures adorn the walls,—no cheap daubs, but fine engravings. One of the Child Jesus is very lovely. There is also a print of St. John and the lamb, which is very beautiful; and the Madonna stands at one end—a lamp ever burning on the pedestal before her, and fresh flowers always blooming beside her,—watching over us all. Don't laugh now, Auntie! Why shouldn't she? If she was really and truly His Mother, she must be ours. We have that from the Bible—from the foot of the Cross.

The bell is ringing for study; the hour for letter writing, which we are allowed on Thursdays and Sundays, is over. Next time I will tell you many things I have been obliged to omit here. So far I am very happy, and feel confident I shall like the place better every day.

Your own

JULIA.

ALLEN SEMINARY, Sept. 15, 18—.

DEAR MATTIE:—I am sitting by the window looking across the country at a white cupola nearly hidden by tall trees—the monument which marks the spot where Julia Hayes is voluntarily buried. I can not understand how she could ever have chosen that pokey old school, where those horrid nuns rule over the unfortunates committed to their charge with iron hands in velvet gloves. I do not believe they are *really* cruel; for there is a girl here who once went to school there, and she says they were not unkind, but strict, terribly strict.

One ought not to be surprised at Julia, when one considers, after all. You know what a precise, particular old maid Miss Mary Hawthorne is, and Julia has been so long under her tuition that she is going to be her exact counterpart. Don't you remember how demurely the shy thing would walk from school, as though she were trying to avoid the boys? And yet, somehow, they were all crazy about her. She is pleasant enough in company—not a bit stiff, and quite amiable; but I never *could* see why the young men of our town raved about her as they did. And she never seemed to know it.

Well, I don't mean to fill up my letter with a dissertation on Julia, so here goes for some description of the school—*our* school.

The place is not nearly so delightful as one would think from reading the prospectus. The "shaded grounds" do not comprise more than an acre, all told; and that acre is shielded from public view by a high hedge. The French teacher says: "The young ladees are so *vera* bold sometimes, it is *nécessaire*." It makes one feel like being immured in a convent,—which, by the way, has no fence around the grounds; but as they are very extensive, and the house at such a distance from the road, there is no need. However, high walls can not separate young hearts, etc., as you will learn later on, perhaps,—that is, if I have time to get that far in my recital to-day.

The course of study here is not difficult, many branches being optional, and one can escape from almost any lesson by pleading a headache. You may be sure mine aches dreadfully on German days, which come twice a week, and are presided over by a frightful old

Herr who wears *two* pairs of glasses. There is a girl here from the South, very pretty, rich, with lots of dresses and lovely things generally; she doesn't seem to study much and is rather quiet, but she *is* devoted to German. She spent some time in Europe, and that accounts for her being so far ahead of the rest in that delightful language. Dear me, how I ramble!

There are ten teachers in the house, all told, and they take it—easy, Mattie mine. The old doctor makes a feint of saying prayers in chapel every morning; but half the girls lie in bed till the second breakfast bell rings, and then have to hustle to be ready.

We are two in every room—tiny mites of cells they are; but we have lots of good times, all the same. Lights are supposed to be out at ten, but we often talk till midnight; and when we are sure the Gorgons are asleep (the two head teachers) we steal into one another's rooms and have a good time. The day-scholars smuggle in cake and candy and all sorts of dainties; we have such miserable fare here that one is obliged to eat chocolate creams if one doesn't want to starve to death.

Stars and garters! I wish you could see and taste the milk! One cow provides the lacteal fluid for forty growing girls and ten teachers, not to mention the venerable doctor, and his still more venerable wife, who is a tartar, by the way. We won't speak of the servants; for I don't believe they get a drop—even of the milk of human kindness;

Baker's rolls every morning—not light, Vienna rolls that make one's mouth water to look at, but horrid, crumbly things ten weeks old. I know they buy them cheap at some city bakery once a fortnight at most. Stringy meat and ten-cents-a-pound coffee—that's breakfast, with a pat of butter about the size of a nickel. Dinner is a little better, for we can fill up with soup, even if it is weak, and made like circus lemonade, out of the same lemons "ten times running." Gingercakes for dessert nearly every day—what do you think of that? It looks a little mean to talk about the food, but it is a fact, and all the girls make the same complaint. Still, it's a comfort to know that from faithful statistics all boarding-schools share the same distinction; and, this apart, we do have glorious times.

We take a walk every day at half-past three,

under the supervision of the Gorgons—one in front and one behind,—when we mail our letters, make such sundry purchases as are possible at the village shops, and flirt a very little when we get a chance. There is a woful lack of masculine beauty here; even around the post-office one does not see the customary admiring throngs three rows deep, and wall-flowers standing on tiptoe. But a baseball club *en route* for Oxford stranded in the village last week for half a day, delayed by an accident to the train I believe, and we were fortunate enough to catch some furtive glances from the athletes.

An amusing incident occurred yesterday. A young fellow, very nice-looking he was—sh—what is that? Miss Gorgonia, I bet, prowling around to see if lights are out! Mine ought to have been out hours ago; but instead of writing to-day when I had permission I devoured a lovely book of "Ouida's" that one of the day-scholars brought in and was afraid to leave over night. My room-mate, Sallie Storm—who is a storm indeed,—will annihilate me if Gorgonia wakes her up from her beauty sleep, which she has been enjoying for the last two hours. So out goeth the lamp, and good-bye till next time!

Ever yours, ESTELLA.
(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Footprints of Heroines.

BY THE COMTESSE DE COURSON.

III.—LUIA DE CARVAJAL Y MENDOZA.

WHEN, a few years ago, the well-known pen of Lady Georgiana Fullerton introduced Luisa de Carvajal to English readers, the book came upon them like a revelation. The Spanish biography,* from whence she gathered her materials and which appeared shortly after Doña Luisa's death, had probably been little known in England, or, at any rate, had long since been forgotten; and the English Catholics of our day were ignorant even of the name of her who, for the sake of their suffering ancestors, had become an exile, a

* "Vida y Virtudes de la venerable virgen Doña Luisa de Carvajal y Mendoca." Published at Madrid, in 1632, by "el licenciado Luis Munoz."

prisoner, and almost a beggar. Hers was in truth a strange vocation, and we can understand that it excited the surprise and disapproval of many of her contemporaries. It would be difficult, however, even in the Lives of the Saints, to find a spirit more humble, more heroic, more utterly detached from self, than that of this high-born Spanish lady, who to a mystic love of the Cross, so characteristic of the saints of her country, united a sweetness and gentleness that never failed to win those with whom she came in contact.

Her parents, Don Francisco de Carvajal y Vargas, and her mother, Doña Maria de Mendoza y Sacheco, belonged to the highest nobility of Spain. Its bluest blood flowed in the veins of their daughter; and we shall see how to the last, in the midst of every kind of penance, she remained keenly sensitive to what her Spanish historian calls "the point of honor,"—a sensitiveness that came to her as a natural inheritance from a long line of ancestors.

Luisa de Carvajal was born on the second of January, 1568, at Xaraicejo, in Estremadura, where her parents possessed considerable property. She was joyfully welcomed by her pious mother, who, having had five sons (only one of whom grew up to manhood), ardently longed for a daughter. She attributed the birth of her little girl to the intercession of St. Peter of Alcantara, the great Spanish Saint of the sixteenth century, whose prayers she had asked, and who had assured her that her desire would one day be fulfilled. Maria de Mendoza was a singularly holy woman, distinguished especially by her ardent love of the poor, whom she treated as honored and beloved friends. Under her gentle training, Luisa grew up surrounded by an atmosphere of piety, charity, and love for all high and holy things.

One trait especially was remarkable in this child so tenderly reared in the comfort and splendor of a happy home. When only four years old she showed an extraordinary love of suffering; and used, when a mere baby, to take off her shoes and stockings, and walk barefooted in imitation of the Discalced Friars, who often visited her parents. Whenever she met one of them she ran to kiss his feet. Being asked one day why she did so, she replied: "The feet of the discalced are made of gold."

In 1572 Don Francisco de Carvajal was appointed by Philip II. Governor of Leon, and this change marked the end of Luisa's happy childhood. Soon after her arrival at Leon, Maria de Mendoza was attacked by a violent fever, caught from a sick person whom she had nursed; and after a brief illness she died in peace and holiness, at the early age of twenty-seven. Ten days afterward Don Francisco, who had never left the bedside of his dying wife, succumbed to the same disease. After receiving the last Sacraments with much piety and settling his worldly affairs, he calmly breathed his last, leaving his little daughter to the care of Isabel Aillon, a faithful but stern duenna, who for many years had been attached to his household.

Accompanied by this trusted retainer, the little orphan was removed to Madrid, and placed under the guardianship of her mother's aunt, Doña Maria Chacon, who was governess to King Philip's children, Don Diego, and the Infantas, his sisters, and who occupied apartments in the palace. Here Luisa spent four years, sharing the daily life of the royal children, carefully watched over by Isabel Aillon, and cherished by her aunt, who fully appreciated the treasure confided to her care.

One day, struck by the rare promise of holiness in one so young, she said to her daughter, Madalena de Ragos, a Dominican nun: "Mark well that little girl. A day will come when her relatives will have reason to be proud of her." The sweetness and obedience of Luisa, her love of prayer and unvarying docility, had already made her a general favorite. Her tenderness of heart was such that the sight of the sufferings of others moved her to tears. The first time she witnessed a bull-fight she fainted away; and from that day she carefully shunned those bloody sports so popular with her countrymen.

When Luisa was eleven years of age another change took place in her life. The death of Doña Maria Chacon caused her to be transferred to the care of her mother's brother, Don Francisco Hurtado de Mendoza, Marquis of Almacan, of whom Luisa's Spanish biographer draws an enthusiastic picture. A distinguished Latin scholar, a statesman and a poet, the Marquis of Almacan enjoyed the friendship and admiration of his sovereign. For seven

years he filled the post of Ambassador at the Court of Germany, and afterward became Viceroy of Navarre. Neither the important political duties, of which he acquitted himself with singular success, nor the theological studies in which he delighted, prevented him from devoting several hours every day to prayer and meditation. Doña Luisa's biographer tells us moreover, that on the eve of his Communions he used to watch part of the night, fast rigorously, and inflict upon himself bloody disciplines and other severe penances. Just, disinterested, kind and charitable to all, he was, as may be imagined, much beloved by his dependants; and his three children, trained by so holy a father, became themselves models of sanctity.

His only son, Don Francisco, afterward Viceroy of Catalonia, practised the virtues of a religious in the world; and of his two daughters, the elder, Isabel, Marchioness of Caracena, gave admirable examples of piety; Francisca, the youngest, became a Discalced Carmelite at Madrid. The Marchioness of Almacan was herself a good and pious woman, charitable to the poor, and, in the main, kind to her little niece; but she took an inveterate dislike to Luisa's stern duenna, Isabel Aillon, who with all her sterling qualities was probably not always a pleasant inmate of the vice-regal household; and the little girl's position between her aunt and her governess was sometimes a painful one.

Her chief consolation and support in the midst of these trials was the affection and confidence of her uncle, who, whether at Pampeluna, his usual residence, or at a country place some leagues distant, where he spent the summer, made her his constant companion. From the first he recognized the rare gifts of this singularly beautiful soul, and his passionate desire was that Luisa should become a great saint. After the death of Isabel Aillon, which occurred when her pupil was about eleven, the little girl became still more exclusively her uncle's special charge; and he assumed the direction of her interior life, as well as of her daily occupations.

The Marquis of Almacan was certainly a very holy and, in many respects, a remarkably intelligent and learned man, but scarcely, perhaps, a prudent one; and throughout his

treatment of the niece he so passionately loved runs a strain of that stern spirit that characterized, as we have said, the saints of Spain. Regarding Luisa as called to a far more perfect life than his own daughters, he encouraged her to spend much of her time in his private oratory, where he himself used to give her her points of meditation. Her favorite subject was the Passion of Our Lord, upon which she would sometimes dwell for hours, so absorbed by the contemplation of the sufferings of Christ that she became insensible to all that went on around her. From these long hours of solitary mental prayer she used to come forth with a radiant face, her heart burning with the flames of divine love. "He gave His life for me," she used to exclaim; "oh, that I could give mine for Him!"

Her uncle allowed her to satisfy this passionate thirst for suffering in ways that appear to us strange and imprudent, but which were blessed by God, in consideration, no doubt, of the pure intention that guided both the Marquis and his niece. With her uncle's full approval and encouragement, Luisa fasted severely long before she attained the age of twenty-one; she curtailed her hours of sleep in order to meditate longer; she slept on a mattress stuffed with pieces of wood, and made frequent use of disciplines, hair-shirts, iron girdles, and other terrible instruments of penance.

When the young girl was about seventeen, in addition to these external penances which had become habitual to her, her uncle submitted her to a strange ordeal. He probably feared lest the slightest breath of self-complacency might tarnish the purity of her soul; or perhaps he discerned among so many heroic virtues a tendency to that exaggerated love of the "*punto d'onor*," as her biographer calls it, which throughout her after-life was her great temptation. At any rate, while marveling at his system, we may safely believe that his motives for adopting it were excellent.

With Doña Luisa's full consent he submitted her to the absolute authority of two duennas, who subjected her to the cruelest and most humiliating treatment. For the honor of the Marquis of Almacan, we prefer to think that when these two women scourged, reviled, and trod under foot the delicate girl, who

never by word or sign betrayed her suffering, they exceeded the permission given to them. Be this as it may, Luisa came out of this extraordinary trial so perfected and purified, so united to God, so full of supernatural joy, that, in the words of her English biographer, "It is allowable to suppose. . . . that Providence thus prepared her to become in after days the friend, the servant, and the companion of martyrs."

Curiously enough, although so completely trained by her uncle, who was at once her spiritual and temporal adviser, Luisa's stamp of piety was very different from his, and, except in her extraordinary love for suffering which, as we have seen, was manifested from her babyhood, she was singularly gentle, simple, modest, and so undemonstrative as sometimes to puzzle the Marquis. In his ardor and enthusiasm, he would have liked, says Luisa's biographer, to have her beg permission to undertake extraordinary acts of devotion; whereas, her habit was to "speak little, to do much, and to be always ready to obey." She responded with unreasoning and prompt obedience to all his plans for her advance in perfection, however strange and difficult these plans might be; but she seldom took the initiative, save in deeds of love and charity to the poor. In this, however, she was as eager to help and assist her beloved poor as she was ingenious to conceal her acts of mercy; and she contrived, without exciting attention, to give part of her food daily to a poor woman and to an old priest, who lived close to her uncle's palace. One of the pages, whom she had taken into her confidence, was always on the watch to remove her plate with its untasted meats, and to convey them to her *protégés*. Her uncle, who discovered the stratagem, and also her aunt and cousins, adopted the same pious practise, and set apart each day a portion of their food for the poor.

Another of Luisa's joys was to accompany her aunt on Sundays and feast-days to the hospitals of Pampeluna; she passed like an angel of consolation through the sick wards, lovingly bending over each poor patient, her sweet face beaming with happiness, and her gentle voice speaking words of strength and comfort to all.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Stella Matutina; or, a Poet's Quest.

BY EDMUND OF THE HEART OF MARY, C. P.

I.

} GREET thee, sober Autumn of life's year!
 } A heartfelt welcome thankfully I sing.
 Little for me thy wonted look of sere:
 I rather hail thee as a second Spring.
 Thou hast not boyhood's freshness; dost not
 bring
 Its rose and lily with their virgin hue:
 Yet comest like a breeze of fragrant wing
 From Eden wafted—breathing of a dew
 That falls for evermore where God makes all
 things new.*

Ah, Eden! There's an echo in us all
 To that sad story. Yea, thro' every clime
 And age and creed some record of a Fall
 We trace, some legend of a Golden Prime:
 How fondly cherish'd in the lore sublime
 Of Greece and Rome amid the lingering light!
 The river's course, where most of weeds and
 slime,
 Still here and there has gleams of pure and bright,
 And bursts and wellings up that tell its native
 height.

'Tis thus, methinks, the individual life
 Looks back to that fair morning of its day
 When cloudless sky and sunny air were rife
 With health and hope that promised no decay:
 When the pure world within us could array
 The world without in such a sweet untruth:
 Ere pass'd our childish innocence away,
 And left us wiser with a poison'd youth—
 Of Eve's forbidden tree the pleasant fruit, in
 sooth.

And how we dote on childhood! Dote and weep
 With such a tender yearning of regret,
 Would seem some mystic consciousness asleep
 At our soul's core, which may not all forget:
 The hinting of a past we have not met
 On earth, but which can hold us in its spell
 Till the lip quivers and the cheek is wet:
 Some fair dream-haunting state, where all was
 well:
 Some realm of Lethe-zoned Elysium, whence we
 fell.

Ay, fell. How clear *that* lesson from the past,
 Ev'n to the schoolboy with his musings wild!

* Apoc., xxi, 5.

And most, I ween, when memory turn'd aghast
 To mourn in vain the bosom undefiled,
 The guiltless loves and longings of the child:
 How *then* 'twas blessèd freedom not to know;
 And woman sweetliest in the mother smiled,
 And seem'd a swordless angel placed to show
 Where stands the Tree of Life—not that which
 beareth woe.

Harry Considine's Fortunes.

BY NUGENT ROBINSON.

CHAPTER V.—PROMOTED FROM THE RANKS.

TUESDAY found Harry Considine back at his post, all the better for his country trip, not a whit the worse for his ducking. Molloy was intensely interested in the movements of his friend, especially as regarded the mishap at St. Kevin's Bed, the very recital of which caused him to silently wring his fingers, while his face became pale as death.

"Have you heard how Miss Ryan is? Did she catch cold? Has she suffered from the shock?" he eagerly asked.

"How could I hear, Gerald? I left home this morning by the 4.45. The last I saw of her was when she left in the boat. She seemed all right, a little like a drowned rat though. Oh, you should have seen a chap called Spencer, he—"

"Was that fellow with her?" demanded Molloy, in a tone of excessive irritation.

"He was, yellow gloves and all."

And Harry proceeded to give his friend a laughable description of the wretched Spencer's howlings while in the water, and his despair at finding his yellow gloves destroyed after his being rescued.

"Just like him. A doll! a blockhead!" said Molloy, bitterly. "What Jane Ryan sees in that tailor's block I can't for the life of me make out. When are they coming to town?"

"I haven't the most remote idea."

"It would be a good move to telegraph to Jordan's Hotel to inquire for her. What would it cost? Too much. A polite note for a penny will pay better. Perhaps they are in Rutland Square. Don't you think that *you* ought to call and inquire this evening?"

"No. It would look like a reminder that I had fished the daughter of the house out of

the lake, and a what-are-you-going-to-give-me for my trouble sort of visit."

"I can go?"

"Certainly. I will call out and see your people and tell them the news."

It was after dinner, two o'clock, and Considine was endeavoring to please the exacting taste of an elderly rouged lady, who was engaged in the pursuit of matching a colored ribbon that suited her Vanity Fair complexion, when one of the floor walkers informed Harry that his presence was required in the counting-house.

"For-ward!" cried the walker, in that urbane tone of command peculiar to gentlemen holding this fatiguing and onerous position.

Considine, wondering very much what was on the *tapis*, hurried to the office, where he found Alderman Ryan closeted with Mr. Joseph Pim in the private corner allotted to that stirring member of the great firm.

The Alderman rushed over to Harry, seized him by both hands, and, in a voice choking with genuine emotion, gasped:

"Noble fellow! Brave youth! God bless you."

"Mr. Considine," said Mr. Pim, "you have covered yourself with glory. You have done honor to our house. You are, I see, as brave as you are frank and loyal and honest. I am seldom mistaken in my estimate of men and the motives of men. I have not been mistaken in you. The Alderman here is desirous of taking you from us. He offers you a situation and a salary which would eventually be yours here; but this is an age of rapid promotion, and, however I might wish it, I could not, and would not, pass you over others equally deserving."

Harry was silent. His thoughts were mixing themselves up in a sort of merry-go-round.

"Yes, Considine," cried the Alderman, "I have consulted with Mr. Pim here, and I am going to take you into my own counting-house at a salary of two hundred and fifty pounds a year."

"Two hundred and fifty pounds!" Harry's lips involuntarily repeated.

"I had other ideas in regard to you after your sterling honesty in that money bag transaction. In fact, I was using my influence as

Alderman and Justice of the Peace for the city to secure a clerkship in one of the Corporation committee offices, for I *have* a little influence, ha, ha! but your noble, chivalrous, heroic conduct in saving my darling child from—”

“Any of the fellows there, sir, could and would have done it. I happened to be first, that’s all,” said Harry, modestly.

“I recognize the one fact, sir, and that is, that you, Henry Considine, saved my child. It doesn’t matter to me if there were a regiment of swimmers with every life saving appliance known on the spot; you, sir, leaped from the boat—” Here the Alderman became highly dramatic, suiting the action to the word, and flourishing his arms around like the sails of a windmill. “Leaped, I say, from the bank, sprang into the still, dark waters, cleaved the wavelets with manly stroke, swam on his mission of life and death to where my child had sunk beneath the cruel tide, and when she providentially rose—for which the Lord God be blessed!—seized in a grasp of steel, and placed her in a haven of security. This fact, my Lord Mayor and gentlemen,—I mean,” he stammered,—“this fact stands out in brilliant light before my mind’s eye,—this act of daring, of devotion; and I would be the veriest ingrate that ever wore a head if I did not instantly recognize such chivalrous conduct, and endeavor to repay in kind a portion of a debt which I shall owe this brave young gentleman while I continue to breathe the breath of life.”

Here the breath of life did fail the worthy city father, and he sank back on an office chair, snorting like a grampus, and mopping his perspiration bedewed forehead.

“Mr. Considine,” said Mr. Pim, in a low tone, “I most sincerely congratulate you on your good fortune—a just reward for your pluck. Here is a cheque for twenty pounds to outfit you, and believe me to be sincere when I tell you that the oftener you come in to see us the more we shall be pleased. Gentlemen, you will, I am sure, excuse me as we are now engaged in stock-taking.”

“Certainly, Mr. Pim, certainly. By the way, the debate on the Land Question comes on in the Corporation on Monday, and promises to be exciting. I can secure you a seat in the gallery.”

“Alderman,” laughed Mr. Pim, “when you have cleaned our streets I shall come to the debate, but not till then. You have given us the finest water supply in Europe. Follow this up by cleaning the streets.” And the hard-headed Quaker laughed himself out of the office.

“The ladies are still at Glendalough, Considine, but they will return to-morrow. You will commence your new duties on Monday morning. Your salary dates from the day you saved my child. Come in and see me before Monday. Come up to the Square and see Jane.”

Harry Considine did not know whether he was on his head or his heels. Twenty pounds in his pocket! Two hundred and fifty pounds a year salary! Nearly five pounds a week! Was it real? Was it a dream? Was the picnic to the Seven Churches and the rescue of Jane Ryan a myth? No: there was the cheque signed Pim Bros. & Co. on the Bank of Ireland. That was real, crisp, tangible. There was no mistake about *that*. Then the rest *must* be reality. Two hundred and fifty pounds a year! What would he do with it—with this affluence, this wealth?

“I’ll bring my sister Peggy up to the nuns at Loreto Abbey at Rathfarnham, where she will be splendidly taught, and I can walk out and see her every Sunday. I will buy mother a new shawl; I’ll get it here at wholesale price. I’ll get father a suit of India rubber, that will protect him against wind and weather. Billy must have a gun, Jim a pony; Tom and Joe and Larry something that will make their hearts dance for joy. What a wedding present I can make Sissy! And there’s Father Luke. I know what to give him: a set of desks for his little school. Tim Fogarty of Glenmalure will make them, and never say a word. I must write home. I feel like writing to every one of them. What a pity that Emma Molloy is such a silly girl, her pretty head filled with such trumpery! I’d like to give her something. She’s spoiled by that horrid vice-regal court. Oh, if I were in Parliament I’d never cry stop till I got a following and swopt it away! Two hundred and fifty pounds a year! Why, there’s not such a salary paid in the Hibernian Bank, except to the Secretary. Nearly five pounds a week! That poor cripple that seems to think

himself my pensioner won't lose by my promotion."

Considine asked permission to leave for half an hour.

"Why, you are free!" said the head of his department.

"Not till Saturday night, sir. I will work up to the last moment as in duty bound."

And where did Harry Considine spend the half hour? At the Virgin's altar, in Clandon Street chapel, imploring the intercession of our Blessed Lady, and praying for God's grace to bear his good fortune.

Gerald Molloy heard the news in piecemeal, and it was only when the store was closed that he was enabled to get at Harry for the details.

"Two hundred and fifty pounds a year: four pounds sixteen and a penny farthing a week. Why, Harry, you *were* born under a lucky star! I suppose you'll be setting up an expensive bachelor establishment now, and come the swell on us."

"Not much, Gerald. I mean to educate my sister Peggy at Rathfarnham Convent, and I'm going to write to Fatler Luke Byrne to-night, to see if his cousin, a dear little old maid, won't take me as a lodger. She lives at Drumcondra. I don't know where."

"You will save you coin then?"

"Yes, and with the one intention."

"Of marrying Jane Ryan?"

"Pshaw! Miss Ryan is not for me, or I for her. No, Gerald. I will save my money to go to the United States."

"What rubbish! With such chances! Why, man, if you play your cards properly you will be taken in as partner by and by. You will marry Miss Ryan; you will succeed the Alderman in the business, and perhaps in the Corporation; and you will die a rich, honest citizen, to whom a monument will be raised in Glassnevin. Oh, what I would give for your chance, Harry! You will be always at the Square. You will never be left out of any of their entertainments; you will see *her* as often as ever you please, you—"

"Do you know, Gerald," interrupted Considine, "I think you are soft on Miss Ryan."

"Pshaw!" was the reply, as Molloy turned away, crimsoning even to the roots of his hair.

"There's nothing to be ashamed of in honorable love, Gerald."

"Pshaw! The idea of a fellow in my position aspiring to Miss Ryan! It's too ridiculous. It's a farce."

"Not a bit of it. Didn't you hear her father say that he crossed Carlisle Bridge with a sixpence and two half-pennies in his pocket? If a man truly and honorably loves a girl let him work for her truly and honorably. Let him keep on the straight path, with the one light ever burning for him; and, depend on it, sooner or later he will be rewarded."

And Harry laid his hand on the shoulder of his friend, as if to impress the strength of his reasoning.

Molloy was silent. After a pause he suddenly exclaimed:

"Would you help me, *supposing* I was spooney on—"

"Don't use slang in speaking of so grave and so gracious a subject!" interrupted Considine.

"You are right, Harry. Suppose I was in love with Miss Ryan, would you help me to— to win her?"

"I would."

"Will you?"

Considine looked into his companion's eyes ere he replied, then he said simply, "I will."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A Word Concerning the New University.

THE critical Catholic paralyzes the movements which he condemns for not having more vitality. He points out the canker in the bud, and, instead of helping to remove it, turns his eyes to the stars, and regrets that human nature is not more star-like. The most exasperating and fatal critics are those who, while refusing to take an initiative themselves, keep up a fusillade of doubts on men who do take an initiative. Optimism has done good in the world; pessimism has never done anything, except to dampen enthusiasm. And without enthusiasm the world is dead.

St. Bernard knew well the vices and sins of his times, but he was not a pessimist; he was not always pulling down and never building up. St. Francis de Sales, like all great men, was a constructionist. The sneer is of the devil,

not of God. Constant criticism is a sign of conscious inability or habitual sloth rather than good intentions, or intellectual acuteness. There is criticism which is stimulating. This criticism may prevent mistakes by pointing them out. But criticism after the fact is like *ex post facto* laws.

Let us take the greatest of the religious movements now occupying the attention of Catholics,—a movement to which even the redemption of Ireland ought to be to Americans of lesser importance,—a movement to which just now free trade or protection is only a trifle. This movement is toward the higher education of priests and laymen. It means a bound from the trammels of intellectual poverty. It means a *status* in this country, which, to be frank, Catholics have not yet attained. It means an emergence from the chrysalis state of brick and mortar. It means not only education, but culture.

For years the critical Catholic has complained that priests are not as ornamental as they should be; they do not go well, as a rule, with the pictures of Botticelli, and, though they know their philosophy and theology, they are not quite "modern" enough to hold their own when an æsthetic hostess invites them to dinner. The critic, in fact, while admitting the education of the priest, has bewailed his lack of culture, and complained that all the American people needed to be induced to enter the Catholic fold was "cultured" priests. It has never seemed to strike the critic that the "culture" of the American people is not overwhelming; nevertheless, his wails filled the air.

Now a means of remedying all defects in Catholic educational training is about to be provided. The Catholic University is a fixed fact,—the Holy Father has done everything in his power to make it so. The time for criticism is passed. The "what?" or the "why?" is now a childish impertinence. Enthusiasm in word and act is now demanded. The straight line from one point to another has been drawn by Leo XIII. All we have to do is to follow it, and to hold up the hands of that noble enthusiast who has made the ideal real, and who will save us from our own lack of what the French call *esprit de corps*, but which is better expressed by Christian fellowship.

Notes and Remarks.

The Holy Father has never protested more emphatically against his position under the Italian Government than in his allocution delivered at the Consistory on the 30th of June. His words have excited universal interest, and made the Roman question uppermost in all serious minds. No sane man would longer say that the Pope is free in Rome, while the conviction seems to be forcing itself upon the minds of European sovereigns that he ought to be free and independent. Affairs have evidently reached a crisis in the Eternal City. It is not at all likely that Leo XIII. will abandon Rome, but a change in his position can not be very long delayed. Crispi is having his day, as Gambetta and the rest had theirs, but that day is drawing to a close. Though Justice walks with a leaden foot, she strikes with an iron hand.

Among the poetic tributes to Father Damien, of which there have been many, the following sonnet in the current number of *Macmillan's* is notable for fervency and artistic expression. It was contributed by H. D. Rawnsley :

No golden dome shines over Damien's sleep :

A leper's grave upon a leprous strand,

Where hope is dead, and hand must shrink from hand,

Where cataracts wail toward a moaning deep,
And frowning purple cliffs in mercy keep

All wholesome life at distance, hath God planned

For him who led the saints' heroic band,

And died a shepherd of Christ's exiled sheep.

O'er Damien's dust the broad skies bend for dome,

Stars burn for golden letters, and the sea

Shall roll perpetual anthem round his rest :

For Damien made the charnel-house life's home,

Matched love with death ; and Damien's name
shall be

A glorious benediction, world-possess.

The Ladies of the Sacred Heart are rejoiced at the prospect of the early beatification of their holy foundress, Madame Madeleine Sophie Barat, who died on the 25th of May, 1865. A preliminary decree to this effect has already been issued. She was declared Venerable by the present Pope on the 18th of July, 1879.

The Ladies of the Sacred Heart are among the most celebrated of the female teaching orders. They number 6,000, and have about 150 convents in all parts of the world. Madame Barat consecrated herself to God at the age of eighteen ; and at eighty-five she was governing, with unimpaired faculties, more than one hundred houses

of her institute in Europe and America. She was a woman of extraordinary gifts, and many of her traits resembled those of the great St. Teresa. The Order was founded at Amiens in 1801-1802; it increased with wondrous rapidity, and foundations were made in different parts of France, from which it spread over Europe, and also to America and the Colonies. The first establishment in the United States was at St. Michael's, near New Orleans, in 1818.

A Latin inscription in Gothic letters has just been placed over the centre porch of the Cathedral of Cologne, of which the following paragraph is a translation. It is an interesting summary of the history of the "eighth wonder of the world":

This Metropolitan Church, the grandest architectural monument of this city and the glory of all Germany, was begun in the year 1248 by the Bishop, Conrad von Hochstaden. The choir was blessed in 1322 by Archbishop Heinrich von Virneburg. Continued during the two following centuries, this work was hindered and interrupted since the sixteenth century by the misfortunes of the times. At last, in 1852, our august King, Frederick William IV., laid the first stone for the completion of the edifice, which was blessed by Johannes von Geissel, Coadjutor of Archbishop Clemens Augustus. After the formation of the Cathedral Fabric Society, aid came from all parts, and the Cathedral itself was consecrated in 1848 by the aforesaid Archbishop Johannes. The erection of the two towers was begun during the episcopacy of Paul Melchers. The celebration of their completion took place in the presence of our august Emperor and King, William I., the most munificent protector of the work, on October 15, 1880, in the third year of the Pontificate of Pope Leo XIII.

Zealous and sincere Anglicans must have been greatly exercised to read in a recent issue of the *Whitehall Review* the statement that "the Church of England teaches contradictories." The truth of the assertion is thus illustrated: "In one church you find the whole sacramental system as taught by the Roman Church more or less accurately preached and proclaimed, and the symbolic ritual practised as exemplifying to eye and ear these verities. Within a stone's throw you find another church, where all these points of doctrine and practice are proclaimed to be pernicious and soul destroying; while in a third there is Broad Church toleration of, or indifference to, all or any dogma, if not a denial of what is common to the belief of High and Low Church people."

Another difficulty with the Anglicans equally perplexing is the question of authority. Assuming the validity of the orders, "Whence comes the permission," asks the writer in the *Whitehall*,

"to exercise the powers conferred by these orders? A judge, a magistrate, a bishop, can exercise their powers in certain places only. But the Anglican clergy use their powers anywhere and everywhere, not only without leave of the bishops, but often in spite of episcopal disapproval. . . . Is it not a curious anomaly to find ministers of the same church, not only contradicting one another, but invading episcopal territory, and pronouncing the bishop of the same territory to be in heresy? . . . And then comes a further question: Not only, who is right? not only, who is wrong? but—who is to decide?"

Mother Teresa Dease, who died recently at the Mother-House of the Sisters of Loreto in Toronto, was a religious distinguished alike by her devotedness and piety, her intellectual acquirements and her saint-like gentleness of manner. She was the foundress of the Order of Loreto in America,—a work which she accomplished under untold trials about forty years ago. At the urgent solicitation of Mgr. Power, the first Bishop of Toronto, Sister Teresa, accompanied by four other religious of Loreto, left the mother-house at Rathfarnham, Ireland, on the 5th of August, 1847, to found a house of the Order in Canada. On their arrival in Toronto they received the shocking intelligence that their friend and benefactor, Bishop Power, had just died, a martyr to his zeal, while ministering to fever-stricken emigrants. As the Diocesan See remained vacant until 1850, the Ladies of Loreto were left entirely dependent on their own slender resources; but they persevered, and were blessed in every undertaking; and under the energetic and prudent guidance of Mother Teresa, the Order advanced, step by step, to the grand proportions it now assumes in the Province of Ontario. It is said of the departed *religieuse* that it was impossible to hold converse with her without being deeply impressed with the rare beauty of her character. Her charming, modest demeanor won all hearts.

The Boston correspondent of the *Critic*, writing of Mr. John Boyle O'Reilly and his selection as poet on the occasion of the dedication of the national monument to the Pilgrims at Plymouth, says:

"O'Reilly's generous sympathies make this celebration of the deepest interest to him, and his fervor of feeling will flame and glow in his verse. His ideas have a broader sweep than those of most agitators for political rights. His devotion to freedom is not circumscribed by the limits of a nation, but is wide and universal as humanity. There is a philosophic grasp and insight in his poetic utterances on really great themes which invest them with permanent

value and significance; and the fact that an Irishman and a Catholic is to be the poet of the great New England celebration attests the hold he has gained on the hearts of the descendants of the Pilgrims."

The *London Weekly Register* considers the enormous sale of Father Damien's photograph a sign of the spiritual earnestness of our times. The portrait of the Martyr of Molokai is becoming familiar to the public everywhere. The demand for it is greater than for that of any professional celebrity or society beauty. How such a preference would have surprised the single-hearted missionary, who desired to remain unknown to the world!

Mrs. Mary A. Livermore, who was prominently connected with the Sanitary Commission during our Civil War, and who subsequently gained notoriety by her advocacy of Woman's Rights, in a recently published book containing a narrative of "experiences during the War of the Rebellion," pays a noble tribute to the labors of Sisters, of which few persons have an adequate idea. Mrs. Livermore writes:

"The Mound City Hospital was considered the best military hospital in the United States. . . . The most thorough system was maintained in every department. There were an exact time and place for everything. Every person was assigned to a particular department of work, and held responsible for its perfect performance. A Shaker-like cleanliness and sweetness of atmosphere pervaded the various wards, the sheets and pillows were of immaculate whiteness, and the patients who were convalescing were cheerful and contented. The Sisters of the Holy Cross were employed as nurses, and by their skill, quietness, gentleness and tenderness, were invaluable in the sick wards. Every patient gave hearty testimony to the kindness and skill of the Sisters. Mother Angela was the matron—the *Supérieure* of these Sisters,—a gifted lady of rare cultivation and executive ability with winning sweetness of manner. . . . If I had ever felt prejudice against these Sisters as nurses, my experience with them during the war would have dissipated it entirely. The world has known no nobler and no more heroic women than those found in the ranks of the Catholic sisterhoods."

The following extract also serves to show the general esteem in which the Sisters were held—themselves and their devoted services. Order, comfort, cleanliness and good nursing, prevailed wherever they were employed:

"I found everywhere at this time the greatest prejudice against Protestant women nurses. Medical directors, surgeons, and even ward-masters, openly declared that they would not have them in the service, and that only the Sisters of the Catholic Church should receive appointments. I sought for the cause

of this decision. 'Your Protestant nurses are always finding some mare's-nest or other,' said one of the surgeons, 'that they can't let alone. They all write for the papers, and the story finds its way into print, and directly we are in hot water. Now, the Sisters never see anything they ought not to see, nor hear anything they ought not to hear, and they never write for the papers; and the result is we get on very comfortably with them.'"

In a letter to the *Freeman's Journal* Judge Morrison gives an interesting account of the Rosario Chapel near Santa Fé, New Mexico, and of the annual procession so faithfully observed by the pious Mexicans. The original statue of Neustra Señora Conquistadora is preserved in the Cathedral.

"One hundred and ninety-seven years ago Don Diego Vargas led an expedition from Mexico to reconquer the Indian Pueblos, who had revolted against the Spanish rule and laid siege to Santa Fé, which was defended by all the warlike tribes that could be hurried in to resist the Spaniards. It seemed impossible that the small force, scarcely numbering 300 soldiers, could prevail against the 10,000 warriors who held the city and the adjacent heights; but Vargas was one of those invincible souls who are never deterred by difficulties, and we are told by the Very Rev. James de Fouri, in his 'Historical Sketch of the Catholic Church in New Mexico,' that after a day's desperate fighting, without any definite result, Vargas made a solemn vow, in presence of his weary troops, that if the Holy Virgin by her intercession would obtain victory for him, he would build a chapel on the spot on which he was then encamping, and that a statue of the Blessed Mother, which he had carried with him from Mexico, would be borne in solemn procession from the principal church of the city every year to the Rosario, as he proposed to name his chapel; that Holy Mass would be celebrated during nine days, and then, with the same solemnities, the statue should be borne back to its shrine. The next morning Vargas attacked the Indians again; by noon the entire force disappeared, and never returned to Santa Fé. True to his promise, Vargas built a small chapel, which was dedicated to Our Lady of the Holy Rosary. The Sunday after the Octave of Corpus Christi was chosen as the memorial day, and faithfully indeed has the vow of the conqueror been kept by all successive generations of his people."

"Cardinal Newman," says the *London World*, "has returned to Birmingham in improved health—being, in fact, as active at eighty-nine as he was when he and the century were a decade younger. Though his mind is as clear as ever, his hands have forgotten their cunning. He writes only with great effort, and now the difficulty is increased by a slight failure of eyesight."

New Publications.

A SHORT CUT TO THE TRUE CHURCH. By the Rev. Father Edmund Hill, C. P. Notre Dame, Ind.: Office of THE "AVE MARIA."

Most of the readers of THE "AVE MARIA" have already seen these articles, which now appear in the shape of a pretty and convenient little volume. There are so many books nowadays recording the experiences of converts, or setting forth arguments and truths which they would fain bring home to others, that it may be as well to state some of the points which differentiate this volume from others that cover the same ground. Its principal characteristics are conciseness and clearness, lucid order of subjects, and the fulness with which both sides of the case are presented. We must say that many works on conversion to the Church are either too heavy or too dry, sometimes both; but the book before us is entirely free from these defects. The writer is logical, but he is at the same time enthusiastic; he is cool, but he pleads his cause as a lawyer pleads in a matter of life and death. But what is perhaps, after all, the best feature of the book, and one which renders it of almost unique value, is that no difficulty, however slight, is passed over; no argument against the view that the author champions but is given its full weight. The method of argument is above all clear and candid, suppresses nothing, and admits frankly the weight of evidence that there is on the other side. "Read anything you like, but read the books I give you as well," said an old priest to one who was on the threshold of conversion, and who asked whether it would be advisable for him to read certain anti-Christian works.

Father Hill believes in stating the case of his opponents as they themselves, if fair-minded, state it, so that there be no doubt about what the real matter of argument is. It is easy to see that the book is the work of a scholar, one who is familiar with the Latin and Greek classics, and a master of Biblical hermeneutics, and we hope and trust that many scholars will read the book. It is written for them as well as for the unlearned. May many of them find in its pages an entrance into the school of Christ,—that happy school which Peter of the Cells describes, "where He teaches our hearts with the word of power; where the book is not purchased nor the master paid! There life availeth more than learning, and simplicity more than science. There none are refuted save those who are forever rejected, and one word of final judgment, 'Ite' or 'Venite,' decides all questions and all cavils forever."

ST. BASIL'S HYMNAL. Published at St. Michael's College: Toronto, Ontario.

St. Basil's Hymnal, containing music for Vespers of all the Sundays and festivals of the year, three Masses, and over two hundred hymns, together with litanies, daily prayers, devotions at Mass, prayers for confession and Communion, together with the Office and Rules for Sodalties of the Blessed Virgin Mary, is a compilation admirably adapted to sodalties, individually and collectively. It is a pleasure to the director of a choir and the leader of sodality singing to find so good a collection of Masses and hymns as is here given. The simplest child, with the most rudimentary knowledge of sight reading, can follow them and sing them acceptably.

The great fault of Catholic choirs is the foolish ambition they show to sing Masses and anthems far above the comprehension of the individual singers; and such mischief do they make of Haydn, Beethoven and Mozart, such absurd parody of La Hache, Mercadante and Marzò, that musicians in the congregation suffer tortures, and are almost driven from the church. Simple music perfectly sung is far more effective and acceptable than masterpieces of vocal art wretchedly given by average choirs.

The music in St. Basil's Hymnal is all good, some of the hymns especially so; those in the collection of the Blessed Virgin Mary are all very melodious, and may be sung in two, three, or four parts. Sodalties especially will value the book not only for the music, but for the devotional services and prayers it contains. O. H.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands, as if you were bound with them.
—HEB., xiii, 3.

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

Mr. Henry Ellis, of Washington, D. C., whose happy death occurred on the 11th ult.

Mrs. Patrick Farley, who departed this life at Newark, N. J., on the same day, fortified by the last Sacraments.

Mrs. Adolphine Weld, who peacefully yielded her soul to God at Oakland, Cal., on the 9th ult.

Mrs. Bridget Fitzpatrick, of Philadelphia, Pa., who died a most edifying death on the eve of the Feast of Mt. Carmel.

Mr. John McKee, of Trenton, N. J.; Matthew Tierney and Maurice Hurley, New York, N. Y.; Mrs. Mary Walsh, Mrs. Bridget Mulhern, Mrs. Mary Kenna, Mrs. Catherine Roach, Mrs. Honoria Brayton, Mr. Michael McCaffrey,—all of Albany, N. Y.; also Mrs. Catherine McNierney, Troy, N. Y.

May they rest in peace!



Our Anchor.

BY MAURICE F. EGAN.

A WATER-LILY floats upon the mere,—
 A water-lily white and gold and sweet;
 Though shadows pass, it floats and has no fear,—
 Though little billows rise and murmuring meet.
 'Tis anchored by its stem, and so are we
 Held by God's love, though times go stormily.

The José-Maria.

BY E. L. DORSEY.

VI.

And that trip to Henlopen was taken in due time, but, although there was plenty of fun and a fair amount of information got out of it, Dick's awe of the dune was increased rather than diminished; for as they rushed up the swelling mound with a whoop and a yell the keeper of the Light ran out, and, with warning gesture and strangely hushed voice, told them to "be quiet and move slow, fur sometimes jest one word sharp-spoken 'ud fetch a ship load o' sand a-tumblin' down off'n the edge o' the whirl; an' he *had* seen things buried out o' sight in a wink."

"Don't it do it a-puppus?" Tic had asked, his face so pale that the freckles actually seemed to *hover* above its surface.

"No—yes—I dunno," said the keeper. "Thar come times when I b'levee it *doos*." And he rubbed his forehead so worriedly that Dick felt a tightening in his throat and a whirring in his little heart. "When the Equinoctials is on the whole thing gits to wrigglin' an' heavin', tell it look 's ef it had come alive, and was a-cruisin' off on its own hook. Then agin it lays thar like one o' them anny-condors in the jog-afies—a-gapin' to bolt a meal. See what I mean?" And he pointed to where the white shaft of the light-house stood erect and lonely in the deep bowl of the dune's whirl,—

a bowl whose upper edges lipped hungrily toward the tower on a level with its second story windows.

"How much longer can the light burn afore it's eat up?" asked Dick.

This shocked the keeper back to reason.

"Land o' glory, boy, th' *light* won't never be eat up! Th' *shaft*'ll go mebbe; but th' *light*'ll burn, please God, tell His bo's'n St. Gabr'el pipes fur all them poor chaps out yander to tumble up an' bear a hand aloft!"

"What d'ye mean, then?" asked Dick.

"Why, that th' sand roller thar'll curve over 'fore long an' break—same ez them salt rollers down thar,—an' a' other 'll rise an' break, an' a' other, tell th' lantern ain't more 'n a story high out o' th' smother. Then th' inspectors'll come along an' h'ist her up agin clar o' th' sand, like they ben a-doin' fur two hundred an' fifty year. Ev'y thirty year or so they splice her topmast, an' time's most up fur another rise."

And after this, although Dick believed the master thoroughly with his *reason*, his *imagination* took to giving him nightmares. He would dream that the dune had left its bed in the sand, and crawled to the windows behind which his mother and the twins slept, and that it lifted its head and peered in, smacking its lips and gritting its fangs in a way that gave him the shudders. Or he would dream *he* was the light-house tower, and he could feel the stealthy Crawl winding its coils closer and closer around him, till he would spring up, fighting for breath. By daylight the phantasm and the feeling disappeared; but the mysterious quicksands that changed their *locale* with every gale, the half-ruined house to which his mother wandered whenever a brewing storm brought on one of her "spells," and the desolation of bare branches and death-dealing sand,—they were always there; so, whether he saw the dune under the snows of winter or the moons of summer, or sunning its tawny length under the noondays of August, or *frothing* under the winds of March, it came to be the shadow of his healthy, busy boyhood.

With fine Yankee reticence he kept this to himself, however; and so it happened that Mary Ginevra and Ginevra Mary, having nothing to dread from it, took first to following their mother to the "Portugee's cabin";

and finally, the next year, they set up their dolls and housekeeping in the same spot, gradually accumulating great treasures in shells, broken bits of bright glass, crockery, and dilapidated tin-ware.

Jonas had mended the door and windows one fair day, and the twins that spring tried to stake off a garden; but the clams' shells that marked its outlines had to be dug out so often that they gave it up in disgust, and sat among "pretend roses and *laylocks* and pinks," when the dolls needed sunning. And here they met with their first personal adventure.

It was the day Miriam Ethelinda, the oldest and dearest of the dolls, had been rescued from a violent death, Ginevra Mary having laid her in her sea-weed crib the Saturday before without properly hunting for the pin that marked the whereabouts of her nose; she had therefore been sleeping for a whole week on her face, which made her breathing very bad indeed; and the two distracted little mothers dived in and out, like a pair of dabchicks, trying to revive their beloved rag darling.

"What have we here, eh?" said a big voice above them. And they looked up to see quite the pleasantest face they had ever known—dark skin, red cheeks, black eyes, curly black hair, the whitest of teeth, and a pair of bright gold ear-rings, shining against a sturdy neck that rose from out a sailor-shirt, embroidered with a spread eagle on one side, and a red white and blue flag on the other.

"A sick do—baby, I mean, mamzelles. Is it not?"

They nodded.

"Let me see: I am a good doctor, and I have a little something will cure her at once."

And his brown fingers went into his pocket, and came out filled with candied almonds.

By this time he was sitting down, tailor fashion, gravely examining Miriam Ethelinda.

"Yes, yes: she has a fever, but I give her one little pill, so—"

"Oh!" said Ginevra Mary; and Mary Ginevra said, "Don't!" And then they *both* said: "*That's* the back of her head you're poking at, 'tain't her mouth at all. *It's* here."

And then they explained.

He didn't laugh a bit, but said: "I tell you, she has a fever, yes; but it's a sort of fever

that can't be cured by taking the little pills herself: *you* have to take them for her—one each, till they are gone, so."

And he popped the candy in' each little mouth, till even a far sicker doll must have felt quite cured.

Then he said: "Now tell me your names."

And when they had generously responded by giving him not only theirs, but the names of the whole family as well, and its entire history, he told them he had two little sisters at home, who were just as old as they were and had the same names—one was called for St. Genevieve, and one (here he lifted his cap) for the Holy Virgin. *His* name was René, and his ship was just in from France. He was walking over to look at the Light, and might he call on them again?

And that was the beginning of the friendship which prospered daily for a week; and then the *Rosette de Lyons* was cleared, and all that was left in Lewes of René Lenoir was a picture directed to "*Les petites desdemoiselles aux Sables*," and the loving remembrance of two childish hearts.

The picture was a cheap but very pretty lithograph of *La belle Jardinière* of Raphael, and there was much discussion about what should be done with it. Jonas didn't care much, but thought it was "kind o' popish." One of the ministers and several of the elders advised its being destroyed as "dangerous." Comegys told them it was a good copy of a famous picture, and added:

"And, then, you know when all is said and done, you can't get away from the fact that the Virgin Mary *was* the Mother of Christ, just as much as my mother is mine and your mother is yours."

"That's so," began Jonas, when—

"You sha'n't have our pretty Lady!" suddenly declared the two Ginevras. "René give it to us an' nobody else!"

And, seizing it, they marched off to the Ridge with it, where, by the aid of sundry pins and tacks, they fastened it on the wall of the cabin, and it soon became a part of their lives and a companion in their plays.

They acquired a habit of saying, "Good-morning, pretty Lady!" or, "How-de-do, Ma'am!" and "Good-night, pretty Lady!" arguing with each other that "'cause she was

God's Mother they'd *ought* to be polite." And they fell into a way of referring disputes to her with varying results. And Idella's tired eyes found rest in the soft color and sweet face; and several times the children caught her standing before it, looking at it and muttering,

"*You'd* ought to know 'bout 'Liakim. My Dick 'ud tell *me*, an' seems to me your Son 'ud tell *you*—ef you asked Him."

That phrase, "Mother of Christ," seemed to have caught on some point of the distraught brain; and the two Ginevras, after hearing this repeated twice or thrice, began to discuss it themselves.

Mary Ginevra believed her father was dead.

"Course he is. Don't uncle and Dick b'leeve it?" she'd say, conclusively.

But Ginevra Mary was made of sterner stuff, and flatly denied the premises.

"That don't make him dead," she would answer. "I wonder if the Lady yonder does know?"

And then she began what she rarely omitted—to pop down on her little knees, either before the picture, or (when the winter broke up their journeys to the cabin) by her bunk or hammock, and to say,

"Pretty Lady, Mother of Christ, please ask the Lord Jesus to send daddy home ef he's alive; an' ef he ain't, please to let us know he's dead—*reel* dead!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Johnnie's Travels.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TYBORNE."

VI.

The next day Johnnie worked hard for Mrs. Tourla; she also had the kindness to dry his clothes, one by one, by the fire. As he swept the room, kept up the fire, and washed the plates, Mrs. Tourla sat down to needlework, but to Johnnie's disappointment she had white work, and there was not a sign of any new clothes for the little mice, who were having a fine holiday in the straw.

"She has forgotten!" thought poor Johnnie. Once he announced, partly to remind her, that he would go and feed his mice.

She said: "By all means, my child." And the hint was lost on her.

At last came the evening and it brought Sophie home, and she had a newspaper parcel in her hand.

"Here you are, Johnnie!" she said, tossing it to him.

Johnnie seized the parcel and opened it. "Oh! oh! *oh!*" he cried. It contained bits and scraps of such splendid materials—silk, velvet, *tulle*, ribbon, lace, gold and silver braid. Johnnie looked from the treasures to Mrs. Tourla, tears in his eyes. "And I thought you had forgotten. I am a bad boy."

"Indeed you are not," said his friend. "It was very natural, and I knew very well what you were thinking about; but I had promised Sophie to let her surprise you."

"Oh, how lovely!" exclaimed Johnnie, again examining his treasures.

"I have forgotten something that is also lovely," echoed Sophie. "Mamma, I told Madame Verte about the mice, and she says I may stay at home to-morrow and help you."

Johnnie's eyes shone with joy.

"Johnnie, I wonder how it was the mice never got wet before?"

"I always stood in the big doorways when it rained," he answered. "It was while crossing that big square and bridge that I got so wet. I won't cross the bridges again; I shall go to the Champs-Élysées by another way."

"Find it out! find it out!" exclaimed Sophie, laughing. "You will be a very clever boy."

"The river cuts Paris in two," said her mother; "to go from this side to the Champs-Élysées you must cross a bridge."

Johnnie was silent.

"I have an idea!" cried Sophie, clapping her hands. "Mamma, could not I make an oil-skin bag to hold the costumes?"

"Well said, Sophie; that's a capital thought. Now, Johnnie, you are re-established."

Johnnie jumped for joy, and Sophie and he raced round the room.

Johnnie did all the errands the next day, while Sophie and her mother worked for the mice. He was to see nothing till evening, and then what a display met his eyes! For the Countess a dress with long train of cherry-

colored *moire*, a black lace mantle, and black velvet bonnet trimmed with gold braid. For the maid a dark blue petticoat, and over it a light blue apron with yellow stripes, a black velvet bodice, and a little lace cap with blue ribbons.

Johnnie was speechless. Words failed him to express his joy and gratitude. At last he said:

"Oh, my good, kind Sophie! my dear Mrs. Tourla! I never saw anything like it. Now I shall get plenty of money for my poor mother!"

"Bring the mice and dress them," suggested Mrs. Tourla.

They looked so beautiful in their costumes that Johnnie was wild with delight.

"If you promise not to die of joy," said Sophie, "I want to announce that I have plenty of scraps left; and mamma and I intend to make another set of costumes, but we shall do them by degrees in the evenings."

When Johnnie went away that night Sophie said to her mother: "Mamma, how sweet it is to give happiness to others!"

"Yes, darling, indeed it is. But, Sophie, do you know who is worse off for clothes than the white mice?"

"Johnnie himself, mamma."

"Yes, indeed; and I made a shirt for him yesterday, when he thought I had forgotten him, out of an old one of your father's, and I want to make him some trousers out of an old pair papa will not want this winter."

"And I think Madame Verte would give me some holland for him. She often gives things to the poor, and you could join some strips of it together and make them into a blouse. Mamma, you are so clever, your fingers are just like fairy fingers."

Mamma spread out her fingers, and said she thought fairies were only the size of Hop-o'-my-Thumb.

The kind friends kept their word, and on the Sunday after Mr. Tourla came back from the hospital Johnnie donned his new clothes.

Good Madame Verte gave enough holland for two blouses and calico for a couple of shirts; also three pairs of woollen socks. So Johnnie had more clothes than he ever possessed in his life, and he had saved up twenty francs to send to his mother. Mrs. Tourla remarked that he ought to send a letter with it.

What was to be done? Johnnie did not know how to write.

"Tell me what you want to say, and I'll write for you," said Mrs. Tourla. "Here is paper, pen, and ink. Now let us begin."

"I don't know what to say or how to begin."

"Imagine this paper is a little fairy, who is going to your mother and will repeat to her all you have said. Now, then, speak away quite simply."

"Oh, little sheet of paper!" said the child, clasping his hands, "tell mother that Johnnie is so happy to send her a little money. Tell her it is not his fault it did not come sooner. (He never had any money to send except at Bordeaux.) But, mother dear, I forgave that bad thief who robbed me, as you taught me to do, so I won't say any more about him. But I must tell you that God has sent me a mamma who is as good as you, and whom I love very much, but not as much as you, my own dear mammy; and He has sent me a little sister also, named Sophie. Oh, she is so good! And they take such care of me! I live close by them; don't be afraid about me, mother.—Is that really a letter?" asked Johnnie.

"Yes, a very good one; go on."

"Mother, I so often think of you and of my sisters. The mice are well. They send you their compliments, and also to my sisters. Mammy, I send you twenty francs. I say my prayers every day, and go to Mass on Sundays; I have not done anything that you would be ashamed of." (Here Mrs. Tourla could not resist giving him a kiss.) "Please, mammy, pray for my new mamma and sister; for I don't know how to thank them. I will ask God to bless you, mother, and my dear little sisters, and all the neighbors, especially good Farmer Green. That's all," declared Johnnie, drying his wet eyes.

"Now I shall put your address; that your mother may answer you."

"Oh, what a good idea!" said Johnnie, clapping his hands.

VII.

Mr. Tourla was pleased with Johnnie, and soon grew very fond of him. He declared it a dreadful pity that he did not know how to read and write. He could spell out a few words in the large print of his prayer-book, and that was the extent of his learning.

Sophie offered to give him lessons on Sunday after Mass. Johnnie consented with gratitude, but when he found out what lessons meant his zeal abated very much. The lesson was conducted much in the following manner :

"Now, Johnnie," Sophie would say, "pay attention; learn these few words."

Silence for five minutes. Johnnie jumps up. "It is five, now I ought to go out with the mice."

"Nonsense! It pours down rain. Do you know your lesson?"

"Oh, no: I haven't time to learn it."

"No time. Why?"

"I think—I think that the mice are hungry; I must go and feed them."

He opened the door.

"Johnnie, if you don't come back directly I shall be angry with you!"

"Oh, I'll come back!"

"Johnnie wants to stretch his legs," said Mr. Tourla. "Poor child! he is so used to run about from morning to night."

"How shall we ever get him to learn? Oh, papa! I hope we shall. Here he is. Now, Johnnie, take your book; there is only a quarter of an hour left. At twelve we have dinner."

Silence again for three minutes. Johnnie yawns.

"Sophie, where is your mamma gone?"

"Hush, Johnnie! She's gone to High Mass."

"Have you enough charcoal? Hadn't I better go and get some down-stairs?"

"We have plenty. Learn your lesson."

Silence again. "Oh, Sophie, how wet your mamma will be!"

"Hush! Hush!"

"Are you sure she has an umbrella?"

"Yes, yes: a great big one. Do learn your lesson, Johnnie!"

Johnnie springs up. "Twelve o'clock! I hear it striking. Hurray! Oh, how hard we have worked! I can not do any more; I am more tired than if I had walked twenty miles."

"That's because you didn't learn your lesson," said Mr. Tourla. "If you had you would not be so tired, I'm sure."

"I don't like lessons," said Johnnie, frankly; "and I don't see the good of them. I can get on very well without reading and writing."

"Can you?" said Mr. Tourla. "Take my word for it, you can not."

A few days afterward, when Johnnie went into his friends' room, he found them all talking very eagerly over a newspaper that Mr. Tourla held in his hand.

"Johnnie," said Sophie, "you say there is no use in learning to read. Come and listen to papa."

Mr. Tourla read out of the paper some news from Bordeaux.

"Yesterday there was a great crowd in the Rue de Dijon. A lady was robbed in the street. Happily, the thief was captured, for he caught his foot in the train of the lady's dress. His pockets were searched, and found to contain her watch and chain; also a bracelet, some lace, and—a little linen bag with a good many francs in it, and tied with a red string!"

"Oh!" cried Johnnie, "what kind of linen bag? Did it have 'Jane' in letters of red cotton on it? Oh, please tell me!"

"Papa, you are tired of reading; let Johnnie finish for himself."

"Sophie, you know I can't read."

"But I thought you said reading was of no use; you could get on very well without it."

"I am sorry I said that," declared Johnnie. "I will learn my lessons in future."

"All right," said Mr. Tourla, smiling; "I will finish then."

"When the policeman saw the boy he said that this lad had been in prison before on another charge of stealing a watch, and that a poor little boy declared he had also stolen a linen bag from him with some francs in it; but this bag was not then found on the thief. It was clear he belonged to a gang of thieves. So he was taken off to prison, and before night the police had arrested the gang, and discovered a quantity of stolen articles. They will do their best to find the owners."

"Thank you, sir, very much," said Johnnie. "Good-bye, sir; good-bye, Mamma Tourla; good-bye, Sophie."

"Why, where are you going?"

"To Bordeaux," said Johnnie. "I shall start first thing to-morrow. I want to claim my bag. I shall be back soon."

"What!" said Mr. Tourla; "walk a hundred miles there and a hundred back, when you could get the money in far less time without leaving Paris?"

"How could I do that?"

"Write to the Head Inspector of Police at Bordeaux and describe the bag, and tell your story. He will send you the money."

Johnnie said sorrowfully, "I don't know how to write."

"I will write for you," said Mr. Tourla. "I will go to the police here, and they will tell me just what to do. But first give me an exact description of the bag and I will make notes."

"It is a linen bag," said Johnnie, "with letters on it; because Alice wanted to give mother a surprise on her feast, and so she went every day to a neighbor to learn how to mark, and then she put 'Jane' in large red letters on the bag."

"What color is the bag?"

"Yellow, like the stuff for shirts."

"How large?"

"As large as my two hands."

"How much money was in it?"

"Six francs and eighteen half francs,—no coppers."

"All right, my boy. I will see about it to-morrow."

Mr. Tourla succeeded so well that in less than a fortnight the bag was restored to Johnnie with its contents, minus one franc; and in gratitude for this great blessing Johnnie began with all seriousness to learn how to read and write, and of course in a short time he was rewarded by the signs of rapid progress. Then with what delight did he send off his regained treasure to his mother!

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

An Illustrious Servant of the Blessed Virgin.

Juan Donoso Cortès was among the most distinguished men of the Spain of our day. He was born on the 9th of May, 1809, during the French invasion, at the village of Valle de la Serena. The village possessed a celebrated statue of the Blessed Virgin, known as Our Lady of Safety. The new-born child was presented at this shrine, and received in baptism the name of Francisco Manuel Maria de la Salud. His mother's devout instinct wished to place him under the protection of her who

is the Seat of Wisdom. It was as if she understood to what great dangers the faith of her child would one day be exposed, and the need he would have of extraordinary learning to combat doctrines which were just penetrating into Spain at the time of his birth. Cortès himself recalled the circumstance with peculiar delight. A tender and filial confidence in Our Lady was always the special feature which marked his devotion.

His studies were rapid and brilliant. At sixteen years of age he had finished the ordinary course with the greatest applause; while his unwearied application to the study of history, philosophy and literature, testified from the first his vocation to the career which he afterward pursued. But all this time, strange to say, neither the majesty nor mercy of God, nor the triumphant truth of the Church had strikingly revealed themselves to him. His soul was sleeping, so to speak. He had studied too hard and prayed too little. The hour of awakening came for this predestined soul only a little before the year (1848) which seemed to be sounding the death-knell of all the kingdoms of the Continent.

Juan had a brother named Pedro, younger than himself by a year, and the faithful companion of his early studies—one whom he had loved very tenderly from infancy. Their companionship did not create a union of opinions, but yet their differences never harmed their mutual affection. "I love Pedro," Juan used to say, "as much as it is right to love a human being—perhaps even more."

In 1847 Pedro fell mortally ill. Juan, who was then in Madrid, hastened to his brother's side. The sufferings and danger of the sick youth naturally turned the conversation on that land "where all is peace," and Pedro was exhorted to prepare his soul for its everlasting enjoyment. Juan recounted to his brother how he had met in Paris a fellow-countryman, whose faith, charity and simplicity, had impressed him very forcibly. "His conversation made me reflect," said Juan, "that in the character of a truly virtuous man there are degrees of integrity of which I was altogether ignorant. The noble simplicity and virtue of this man exercised an extraordinary influence on me, and I could not help telling him so. 'The fact is,' replied my friend, 'we are both virt-

uous men, but there is this great difference: that I have endeavored to be a fervent Christian, and that you are a lukewarm one."

On hearing this, the dying Pedro turned to his brother and said: "Yes, Juan, he told you the truth." And thereupon, with the double authority of love and death, he began to explain the meaning of his words. Divine grace spoke at the same time to the great heart which had been slumbering so long. Pedro died the following day, but not without bequeathing to his brother the two great blessings of enthusiastic faith and ardent charity. Donoso Cortès, when afterward Spanish ambassador, told these details himself, with the greatest simplicity and candor, in one of the drawing-rooms of Paris.

"It was truly an extraordinary grace," said one of his hearers, "that God should enlighten you so suddenly—in the midst of your career, and when you least thought of seeking Him. There must have been some special incident in your past life by which you merited such a favor."

"I can not recall any," replied Cortès; but, reflecting a moment, he added: "Perhaps it was a certain sentiment of mine that was agreeable to God. I have never seen a poor man receiving assistance at my door, without feeling that I beheld in him a brother."

The world lavished its gifts upon Donoso Cortès. As minister plenipotentiary in Paris, he occupied the first place in Spanish diplomatic circle. He was a Senator, and decorated with the Grand Cross of the Order of Charles III., a gentleman of the Queen's Chamber, and a member of the Royal Historical Academy. While still a young man he had already attained most of the highest honors of the Kingdom. His political works were admired even by his opponents for their literary merit, and he was regarded as one of the ablest champions of the Church.

But God had been still more lavish of His gifts to this illustrious man. The peace and happiness which he had felt at the first moment of his conversion seemed to fill his heart more and more, and became daily more visible in his words and in his countenance. There was no sacrifice he was not ready to impose upon himself to alleviate the misfortunes, not only of those who were dear to him, but of all

who sought his aid. He made it a point every week, and sometimes oftener, to visit the needy. The Little Sisters of the Poor especially enjoyed his munificence, and they declared that none of their patrons was more devoted and more liberal.

The piety of Donoso Cortès increased, and was strengthened up to the last day of his life. He appreciated his faith like a man of genius and practised it like a child. This perfect faith was shown in a very touching and edifying manner during his last illness, a sudden and terrible affection of the heart, which attacked him in the flower of his manhood and bore him off in a few days.

He died with prayer on his lips, recommending his soul to Our Lady, his Guardian Angel, to his patron saint, and to the merciful God whom he had loved and served, and whom he was resolved to serve with daily increasing fervor so long as life should last. His last words—the last, at least, which could be understood by his sorrowing attendants—were: "My God, I am Thy creature. Thou hast said: 'I will draw all things to Myself.' Draw Thou me. Receive me."

The Legend of the Snowdrop.

A pretty legend is related in connection with the flower we call the snowdrop:

When Eve, so the story runs, was weeping because of the dreariness of the earth after she had been driven from Eden, she longed to see a flower once more, but none grew in the place of her banishment. The snow fell steadily, and Eve, calling to an angel who was calmly floating through the chill air, told him of her woes; whereupon he, pitying her, caught a flake of snow, breathed upon it, and, behold! the snowdrop was born. And there was never a flower in the Paradise which she had lost that was as beautiful to her longing eyes as that fair blossom. And the angel, being on an urgent mission, departed, but the snowdrop of consolation remained.

THE brilliant sunflower has been named St. Bartholomew's Star, and is gayest in its brilliant beauty as the feast of that Martyr-Saint draws near.



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Stella Matutina; or, a Poet's Quest.

BY EDMUND OF THE HEART OF MARY, C. P.

II.

BUT manhood came at last; and, with it, grace
 And mercy undeserv'd, and timely ruth.
 Again the angel smil'd from woman's face;
 But now led on thro' pureness unto truth.
 And he that follow'd (deeming it, forsooth,
 No bootless quest, for aught the common mind,
 With wit sarcastic or with jest uncouth,
 Might urge as wisdom) set himself to find
 A fair ideal—for him, the queen of womankind.

And something he beheld, of that he sought,
 In many: much in few: but ah, in none
 The perfect all!

Friends, guessing at his thought,
 True-hearted spoke: "*Your* prize was never won.
 You look too high. We live *beneath* the sun,
 Frail mortals all and sinful. Nor, indeed,
 Could we be happy for a sennight's run,
 If wedded to perfection—we who need
 The sympathy which chimes with penitential
 creed."

Then he: "You counsel sagely, but divine
 Amiss. No longer question of a wife,
 But rather of a higher love, is mine—
 If higher you allow." "Ay, higher *life*,"
 Quoth one—of "Oxford" leanings, and at strife
 With all the rest—"or life and bride in one.
 Enlist you, then, and march to drum and fife!
 Join the brave few who have at last begun
 With Church alone for spouse. It will be nobly
 done!"

But here the poet lightly laugh'd, and said:
 "Your pardon, friend. No phantom spouse for
 me!

I seek a Queen—to worship, not to wed:
 One to be serv'd with purest chivalry."
 "How!" scoff'd the other. "And 'no phantom
she?"
 What mean you?" "This: that if Christ's Faith
 be true,
 It needs must yield in full reality
 The sweet ideal I have dared pursue.
 Or... back to Pagan eld for taste of 'pastures
 new!'"

"Yea, better again be Pantheist with the Greek;
 Evolve me a new goddess, to combine
 Each perfect womanly loveliness, and speak
 My priestly vows at her symbolic shrine!"

"Such jest," rejoin'd his monitor, "is sign
 Of levity profane." "Nay, jest afar!
 A love which is religion... this of mine...
 Is born of truth, not bred as fancies are.
 Tho' yet unseen the day, I hail the Morning Star!"

A Great Missionary of Our Own Time.

BY HILLIARD ATTERIDGE.

THOUGH of late years there are some
 signs of improvement, it is unfort-
 unately true that Catholics, and
 especially English-speaking Catholics, know
 very little about, and take a very slight inter-
 est in, the wonderful work that the Church is
 doing in heathen lands. The want of interest
 comes from want of knowledge. I remember
 not long ago hearing a well educated, and on
 most matters well informed, Catholic say that
 it was a pity there had been no successful
 Catholic missionary in India since the days of
 St. Francis Xavier. Now, not to speak of the

men of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries—priests like De' Nobili, De Britto and Beschi,—there have been in our own day, and there are at this moment, eminently successful Catholic missionaries in India.

The southern missions number their converts in the last twenty years by tens of thousands, and in the North the Kol tribes are simply flocking to the Catholic Church. Let us take one career but lately closed as the type of the modern Catholic missionary in India, for he was only one of many such. Last December, on the eve of the Feast of St. Francis Xavier, there died at Trichinopoly a bishop whose name will be remembered centuries hence as that of a great missionary, though probably it will sound strange to most of those who read these pages. Indeed his death was barely mentioned in the Catholic papers at the time. A few notes on his life and work will show what manner of men are laboring in our own day in "the Indian vineyard," as St. Francis Xavier used to call it.

Like so many of our most successful missionaries, Alexis Canoz, the late Bishop of Trichinopoly, was a son of Catholic France. After his college course he entered the Society of Jesus, and having volunteered for the Mission of Madura, then newly committed by Pope Gregory XVI. to the care of the Jesuits, he sailed for the East soon after his ordination. He landed in India on December 18, 1839, and began a missionary career that was to extend to well-nigh half a century. European names are strange and unmeaning to the natives of India, and the missionaries often adopt a Hindu name, or the Indian form of some name already famous in the history of the missions. Father Canoz took the name of Saveriar, the native form of Xavier, and chose for the patron of his life-work the great Apostle of the Indies.

The old Mission of Madura, founded by Robert de' Nobili in the seventeenth century, had been the most fruitful of the South Indian missions, until it was all but ruined by the suppression of the Society of Jesus, and the disastrous events which followed it. To quote the words of a great authority on all matters relating to India, Sir W. W. Hunter: * ". . . In

the absence of priests to sustain the courage of the Christians every occasional or local persecution told. Many native Christians lived and died without ever seeing a priest; they baptized their own children, taught them the prayers, and kept up daily worship in their churches."

It was by this means that a little flock held together through more than sixty desolate years, relatively a longer period in India than in Europe or America; for in India the average duration of life is lower, and generation succeeds rapidly to generation. Thus when the new mission began, even the children of the men who had known the old missionaries were dead and gone; the traditional teaching handed down from father to son had become confused and obscure; the Protestant missionaries had gathered round their mission stations numbers of nominal Christians descended from the disciples of De' Nobili and De Britto; and of those who had kept steadfast to the faith once taught by St. Francis Xavier, and who still could understand the prayers they said, there were only hundreds where a century before there had been tens of thousands. Left so long without priest or sacrament or sacrifice the Church of Madura had almost disappeared.

Of the men who in the last fifty years built up the new Mission of Madura on the ruins of the old, Alexis Canoz stands in the foremost place. As Saveriar Swami (that is "Father Xavier"), he began his work in 1840 among the villagers of the Maravi country. The Maravi is a portion of the plain of Madura toward the sea-coast opposite to Ceylon; Ramnad was once its capital, and it was the scene of the missionary life and glorious death of Blessed John de Britto. It is a country of low-lying fields with here and there tracts of unreclaimed jungle. There are numerous villages, and the domed mosques and the sculptured pagodas, or gate towers of the temples, show that the villagers are partly Hindus, partly Mohammedans. The climate of the Maravi is not a very healthy one, and in those days the Jesuits, newly arrived in India, had not learned by experience the necessary precautions to take against the two scourges of the country—fever and cholera.

Father Canoz had hardly arrived in the Maravi when one of his colleagues, the saintly

* "The Indian Empire," p. 374. First Edition.

Father Alexander Martín, was stricken down with fever, and died after a brief illness. His tomb has become a sanctuary, visited each year by thousands of native Christians, and the scene, it is said, of numerous miracles. Only a few days after Father Martin's death, Father de Bournet, the only companion of Father Canoz in the district, died after an illness of a few hours; and the young missionary found himself alone in charge of a flock scattered through a hundred villages.

He set to work, travelling from place to place under the burning sun; saying Mass in mud-built chapels or in reed-roofed cottages; instructing, with the help of catechists, the half-educated Christians and the new converts; baptizing children; anointing and hearing the confessions of the dying. At last the day came when he too was seized by the deadly fever. For a week he lay between life and death; his Superior, Father Bertrand, who had hurried to his side on hearing of his illness, acting at once as priest and physician. He recovered and rapidly regained his strength, and from that time until a few days before his death he enjoyed robust health. He never spared himself; he was always at work, but he seemed never to be fatigued, and he was always in the best of spirits. This cheerfulness was no doubt partly the outcome of a happy natural temperament, but it was also, in part at least, the result of a life of singular union with God and constant conformity to His will, that no anxiety or trouble could discourage or depress this true missionary.

After having spent four years in the Maravi country, Father Canoz was named Superior-General of the Madura Mission on May 8, 1844. The Mission extended over an enormous tract of country, from the Ghauts to the eastern sea-coast, and from the Cavery River to Cape Comorin. Two years later Gregory XVI. erected the Mission into an apostolic vicariate, and named Alexis Canoz its first vicar-apostolic. The humble priest begged earnestly to be spared this promotion; in his case it was no mere formal *nolo episcopari*. But his successful government of the Mission as its superior had marked him out so clearly as the man for the post that the Sovereign Pontiff insisted upon his accepting it. He was

consecrated bishop at Trichinopoly by the vicar-apostolic of Verapoli, assisted by the vicars-apostolic of Pondicherry and Coimbatore.

As superior of the Mission, Father Canoz had founded a college at Negapatam, hoping by means of educational work to gain a hold upon men of the higher castes, to prepare the sons of native Christians for official positions, and, later on, to find among them native candidates for the priesthood. Unfortunately, it had been built upon an unhealthy site, and he had hardly been named bishop when he heard that cholera had broken out in the new college. He hastened to Negapatam, where several, both of the Fathers and of the students, were at the point of death. At imminent peril to his own life, the Bishop was to be found night and day at the bedsides of the sick and dying. The first victim was the rector, Father Audibert; Father O'Kenny and Father de Saint-Ferréol followed in a few days. On July the 30th, Father Barret, a missionary newly arrived from France, landed at Negapatam; next day, the Feast of St. Ignatius, he died of the cholera, before he had been twenty-four hours in the Mission. The college was closed, to be reopened a few months later in a larger building and in a more carefully selected situation.

Every good work has its period of trial. Within four years of its foundation the new building was burned to the ground. It was a terrible blow to the Bishop, who rightly regarded the college of Negapatam as one of the chief hopes of the Mission. He was at Trichinopoly when the news of the disaster reached him. One of the Fathers entering his room after Mass saw the Bishop seated at his table, with his eyes fixed on the crucifix, and an expression of deep grief on his face. He did not seem to notice his visitor, but sat silent, absorbed in thought, until the Father ventured to ask him what had happened. The Bishop pointed to a letter just received, and replied calmly: "I have just heard that the college at Negapatam has been burned down. Only the ruins are left. The chapel, the library, the furniture,—all is destroyed. The Fathers and the pupils are left without shelter. But God's will be done!" The same day he set off for Negapatam. The college was soon re-

built. Its time of trial was over. Each year its students won new successes, and it gave some thirty native priests to the Church in India. A few years ago the institution was removed to Trichinopoly, where it has now nearly a thousand students.

From 1858 to the summer of 1860 Mgr. Canoz was absent from Madura. During this time he resided at Bombay as administrator of that vicariate, which then extended from the neighborhood of Goa to the Punjaub and the Afghan frontier. On the Feast of St. Francis Xavier, 1859, he was at Goa on the occasion of the public veneration of the relics of the Saint. It was the first time since 1782 that the shrine had been opened. Mgr. Canoz described the event and his own feelings in a letter to the Father General of the Jesuits, which was published at the time in the *Annals of the Propagation of the Faith*:

"I can not describe [he wrote] my emotion, and the feelings of joy and happiness which I experienced, when I pressed my lips upon those holy feet, which traversed such distant regions and so often trod this Indian land, bringing to so many different nations, plunged in the darkness of idolatry, the good tidings of peace and salvation—*Quam speciosi pedes evangelizantium pacem, evangelizantium bona!* . . . I prayed with all the fervor of which I was capable for the Church and for its head; for all the Society and for him who governs it; for our missions of India and China, uniting in my heart Madura and Bombay, and asking for all our missionaries the apostolic spirit of St. Francis Xavier, and for the infidel peoples the grace of conversion. . . . I myself helped to raise the precious burden, and to place it on a platform in front of the shrine, where we were able to contemplate at our leisure the body of the Saint. It is vested in a rich chasuble, embroidered with gold and adorned with pearls, given by the Queen of Portugal in 1699, when St. Francis Xavier was declared Defender of the Indies. One can still distinguish the features of his heroic countenance, which the lapse of three centuries has not destroyed. The skin of the face is a little darkened. The mouth is slightly open, so that one sees the teeth. The head is raised a little and rests on a cushion. The left arm, covered with the sleeve of an alb, is stretched out

across the chasuble; the hand is uncovered, with the fingers slightly apart. The right arm was cut off in 1616 by order of the Father General Acquaviva, and sent to Rome, where it is venerated at the altar of St. Francis in the Gesù."

It will be noticed that although he was then actually in charge of the vicariate apostolic of Bombay, Madura came before it in his prayers at Goa. He was allowed to return to his beloved mission before the end of the following year; and he spent the rest of his life there, being absent from the vicariate only twice for a few months: when he visited Europe to obtain help for Madura, and to assist at the Vatican Council.

As a missionary in the Maravi, and as superior of the Mission, vicar-apostolic and bishop, he personally received into the Church no less than 20,000 converts. During his long episcopate he had the joy of witnessing and presiding over the steady growth of the Mission. Entire villages embraced Christianity. In some districts the whole life of the people is that of a Catholic country. A native clergy has been formed to aid in the work of evangelization. The college of Trichinopoly has become one of the great educational centres of the South, and its former pupils are to be found holding high civil positions in various parts of the Madras Presidency. There are two orders of native nuns; they direct the orphan asylums, nurse the sick, and yearly baptize thousands of children of pagans at the point of death. Each year more than a thousand adults are received into the Church; and all this is accomplished with very scanty resources, and in the face of the difficulties raised by the presence of the rival emissaries of the Protestant sects,—a difficulty with which the missionaries of two hundred years ago had not to contend. All things considered, there has not been such a rapid advance of Catholicity in India since the days of St. Francis Xavier, and the immediate future is full of promise. There if anywhere the fields are white for the harvest.

When Leo XIII. established the hierarchy in India the Mission of Madura became the Diocese of Trichinopoly, and Mgr. Canoz was named its first bishop. One by one the vicars-apostolic appointed by Gregory XVI. had

passed away, and when the new hierarchy was established he was the sole survivor of the illustrious band who had founded again in our own day the missions of India. His active labors ended in the very district where he had begun his missionary career. In September, 1888, he made his last pastoral visitation of the Maravi country. He went from village to village, visiting churches and congregations, where in his first days in India there was hardly a Christian family to be found. In all, he confirmed 2,439 persons during this journey in the Maravi. Everywhere the Christians came in crowds to welcome him. Triumphal arches, the ringing of bells, the beating of drums, the firing of cannon, made his journey something like a royal progress. He returned to Trichinopoly a little fatigued with this expedition to the southern portions of his diocese, but to all appearance still hale and strong, notwithstanding his great age and nearly fifty years of missionary labor.

On November the 28th he appeared for the last time in public. That day he presided at a distribution of prizes at the college. The next evening he fell ill; at first it was not supposed to be anything serious, but as the evening went on his illness increased, and he suffered great pain. He was courageous and cheerful through it all, and, after reading the Office of St. Andrew, he said with a smile: "Well, St. Andrew had the strength to pray upon his cross, but I am quite upset by this little sickness." On the two following days the pain almost disappeared, but the doctors declared that the illness was more serious, and it was evident that the Bishop's strength was failing fast.

On Sunday morning, the eve of the Feast of St. Francis Xavier, he was told that he had only a few hours to live, and he received the last Sacraments. He was calm and collected to the end. He gave some directions about his papers and the affairs of the diocese; he blessed three times the assembled Fathers of the college; and a little before 2 p. m. he died, invoking the Sacred Heart of Jesus. Can we doubt that he had gone to keep the Feast of St. Francis in heaven, and to meet there thousands of souls who, under God, owed to him their salvation? That afternoon he was laid out in his episcopal robes, his hands, crossed

on his breast below his long white beard, holding his rosary and crucifix.

Under the Indian sun a funeral can be delayed at most for a few hours. The next day, which in other years had been a day of rejoicing at Trichinopoly, was devoted to the solemn obsequies of Alexis Canoz. But such obsequies did not, after all, accord ill with the festival of St. Francis Xavier, for the funeral was like a triumph. Of the 100,000 inhabitants of Trichinopoly, fully 15,000 are Catholics; and very few of them were absent from the vast throng that long before dawn had gathered round the Cathedral. Hindus, Mohammedans and Protestants were there too, for all, whatever their creed, had learned to love and revere the saintly prelate, who was now to be borne to his grave. The marshalled lines of the 17th Madras Pioneers held back the crowd, and kept a lane open through it from the Bishop's house to the Cathedral doors. At seven o'clock the body was borne from the house to the church. It was carried by native Christians of high caste, while others held over it a canopy decked with garlands of flowers. The band of the Pioneers played a funeral march. Before and behind the canopy came the Fathers of the Mission, Europeans and natives, in their surplices. As the procession passed through the crowd hundreds of flowers were thrown upon the bier by the by-standers.

The body was placed before the high altar. The church was bright with lights and flowers in honor of the feast, and it was crowded in every part. The European Colony in Trichinopoly was fully represented; the Government officials were there, and the officers of the garrison, but the great mass of those in the Cathedral were natives. After the last Gospel, Father Santiago, one of the native students of the college, whom Mgr. Canoz had himself raised to the priesthood, ascended the pulpit, and told in the Tamil language the story of his life and work. But the best testimony to the successful labors of the dead Bishop was the sight of the Cathedral thronged with native converts, listening eagerly to this panegyric of their Father, spoken in their own tongue by one of themselves. After the sermon the last absolution was given, and the body was reverently placed in the coffin. Then there was such a scene as it is hardly possible to

describe. The people in the church broke out into sobs and cries. They wept aloud, and the storm of grief that had burst out in the church spread to the crowd that was waiting outside. Amid the tears and the loud lament of gathered thousands the first Bishop of Trichinopoly was laid to rest in his Cathedral.

Such was the life and death of this missionary of our own time. Coming years will show how deeply and securely he laid the foundations of the church over which he presided for so long a period. All but unknown in his own day, except to those, comparatively few, who follow from week to week and year to year the record of the Church's growth in distant lands, he will be better known to future generations. In the history of the Indian missions his name will deservedly rank with the great names of a glorious past,—names whose glory is surely not dimmed, but rather heightened, by the fact that there are men found in these our days, in the missionary army of the Church, of whom it may be said that they "fight as men fought in the brave days of old."

Footprints of Heroines.

BY THE COMTESSE DE COURSON.

III.—LUIA DE CARVAJAL Y MENDOZA. (Continued.)

WHEN Doña Luisa attained her fifteenth year her uncle spoke to her about her future life, and in particular he urged her to consider the proposal of marriage that had been made to her by one of her cousins, a Knight of Santiago, who seemed, in his eyes, to possess every advantage that could make his suit acceptable. But the young girl, in her earnest and modest way, refused even to deliberate on the offer; and when the Marquis pressed her further she turned pale, tears filled her eyes, and her distress was so evident that her uncle let the subject drop. At this time the thought of her vocation became Luisa's constant preoccupation, and the object of her ardent prayers.

After a vice-royalty of seven years, the Marquis of Almacan returned to Madrid, leaving his family at his ancestral Castle of Almacan;

and it was during these months of comparative solitude, when separated from her uncle, who was at once her confidant and her adviser, that the young girl, alone with God, prayed more earnestly than ever for light to discern the path she was to follow. With an overwhelming longing to suffer for God, to belong to Him alone, to lead a life of humility and poverty as near as possible to His own life on earth, she yet had no inclination for the life of a nun, and it seemed to her that Providence did not call her to it.

Her keen sensitiveness to the point of honor, or, as her English biographer translates it, to "consideration," made her realize that a life of poverty, obscurity and humiliation, such as she conceived it, in the world would be a far greater sacrifice than a religious vocation, which, in Spain, was esteemed honorable as well as edifying. Hence the violent struggle that ensued in her soul between her desire to do that which she deemed most painful and most perfect, and the innate pride of birth, that made her shrink from common, vulgar poverty, and from the ridicule of her acquaintances, who, while they would have admired her for entering a convent of Carmelites or Poor Clares, would certainly blame her unmercifully for embracing the life of a servant or a beggar. The Marquis himself did not understand her, and the drift of all his arguments was ever the same: marry or become a nun.

With her usual docility, Luisa took herself to task, and endeavored to see things with her uncle's eyes; but her efforts were vain: the mysterious voice that echoed within her heart would not be silenced, and, after forcing herself to dwell on the security, peace and perfection of a religious vocation, she felt herself drawn with renewed violence to her strange ideal—a life of solitude, of ignominy, of complete abandonment of all that the world esteems, of utter conformity with Christ's humiliation and suffering. Some time elapsed, however, before she could carry out her design.

When she was twenty-four the Marquis and his wife died within six months of each other, and for two years afterward Luisa was kept back by negotiations on business matters with her brother Alonzo. At length, at the age of

twenty-six, in spite of the affectionate pleadings of her relatives, she turned her back on the world, and with a resolute spirit and a trusting heart entered on the steep and narrow path she had cut out for herself.

Although it clashed with the ideas generally received in Spain, the life embraced by Luisa de Carvajal was not altogether unprecedented even in her own country; and Lady Georgiana Fullerton quotes the example of several holy women who, without entering convents, led lives of solitude and poverty in the world; such was Doña Sancha Carillo, the spiritual daughter of John of Avila; such, again, was Marina de Escobar, who from her little room, in her father's house at Valladolid, exercised a wonderful influence over her countrymen and her sovereign. Nevertheless, such examples were rare; and when Doña Luisa, accompanied by three or four women of humble birth, retired to a small house in the Via de Toledo at Madrid to begin her new existence, her friends and relatives did not scruple to express freely their surprise and disapproval.

For thirteen years, from her twenty-sixth to her thirty-ninth year, the servant of God lived, either at Madrid or at Valladolid, in the strictest poverty. Her furniture was of the barest and most common description: her own bed consisted of a few planks, with a mattress stuffed with straw; her dress was of rough serge, and a coarse linen hood covered her head. The members of the little community attended themselves to the household work, each in her turn. The daughter of the Carvajals, brought up in refinement and splendor, must have been sadly puzzled when her turn came to clean the house and cook the dinner.

With her passionate thirst for penance, Luisa had put herself under the obedience of one of her former maids, who had joined the little congregation; and, anxious probably to second her mistress' aspirations toward perfection, this good woman rebuked her unceasingly, and submitted her to such severe fasts that Luisa owned one day to her favorite companion, Inez, that she nearly cried from hunger; but she added: "The more I suffer, the more I feel that Our Lord gives me grace to profit by it."

The same Inez, who afterward became an Augustinian nun, seems to have followed Luisa chiefly from a deep personal affection, and she occasionally remonstrated with her for leading a life so strange and so generally criticised,—a life that exposed her to the contempt of her relatives, and even put her in danger of "being run over by their carriages." "Oh, my Inez! how little you understand the spirit of this life!" was Luisa's gentle answer.

So in poverty, humility and prayer, the years passed by; Luisa's passionate love of suffering had now found an outlet; and if sometimes, in past times, she had dreaded being too much cherished and praised, she now reaped, in its fullest measure, the harvest of humiliation for which she had yearned. As she passed along the streets in her poor garments, or even mingled with the crowd of beggars who sought for alms at the gates of monasteries, she was unmercifully insulted and ridiculed; some declared that she was insane and ought to be shut up, others wondered how her relatives could permit a lady of her rank to lead so strange and eccentric a life. Nevertheless, gently and silently, in spite of hostile criticisms and unkind remarks, her influence for good made itself felt around.

Although so hard to herself, she was tenderness itself where sinners were concerned, and few could resist her loving exhortations. Those whom she brought back to God and to their duties never forgot her teaching; and by degrees her authority, so sweetly and modestly exercised, extended to the great ladies of Madrid, many of whom, like the Duchess de l'Infantado, Doña Aldonca de Zuniga, daughter of the Count of Miranda, and the Duchess of Medina de Rioseco, became her friends, and learned from her lips precepts of wise and fervent piety.

Luisa's reluctance to speak about herself was such that comparatively little is known of her inner life and of the wonderful favors with which God rewarded her detachment. We learn, however, from the testimony of the Fathers of the Society of Jesus, who were her confessors during her stay in Madrid, that from time to time visions and ecstasies, such as were enjoyed by the greatest saints, became her portion; but it is characteristic of Luisa

that she attached far more importance to the practise of virtue, and to the correction of her slightest imperfections, than to the enjoyment of these wonderful spiritual favors.

To casual observers it seemed that the servant of God had found her permanent vocation in the heroic life of penance which she led with such quiet and unwearied perseverance during thirteen years. Yet it was not so, and under her calm exterior Luisa was pursued by a desire so ardent as to cause her positive anguish, so wild as to make her reluctant to speak of it save to her confessors. She felt that her present life was but a preparation for another vocation, the thought of which had pursued her since the days of her girlhood, and which, as years went on, assumed a more definite shape.

We have seen that an ardent love for penance and suffering was at all times Luisa's chief characteristic, and this master passion of her soul is repeatedly expressed in the poems she has left us. Alluding to the glories of martyrdom, she exclaims in one of her sonnets:

"Esposas dulces, lazo descado!
Ausentes trances, hora vitoriosa!
Infamia felicissima y gloriosa,
Holocausto en mil flamas abrasado!"*

In her lonely meditations before the tabernacle, at Pampeluna and at Almacan, her thoughts, after dwelling on the happiness of those who were deemed worthy of the martyr's palm, reverted naturally to the land where at that time Catholics were called daily to confess their faith, and to endure imprisonment, tortures, and death. By degrees the thought of England became closely interwoven with her prayers and penances. Before she was twenty-one she happened to read an account of the martyrdom of Father Edmund Campion, written by Don Zuan de Mendoza, the Spanish Ambassador in London, and this increased her ardent longing; henceforth her prayers and acts of charity and penance were offered up for the suffering English Catholics, and, alluding to her instruments of penance, she used often to exclaim: "It is not these light chains I

want: it is the heavy irons of the English martyrs."

Her biographer does not give us the reasons that prevented her, after her uncle's death, from carrying out her desire to work and suffer for the faith in England; but in the meantime she kept her eyes and heart steadily turned toward this cherished object, and as time went on circumstances occurred to strengthen her purpose and to facilitate its execution.

In 1595 an account of the martyrdom of Father Henry Walpole, who was executed at York after being tortured nine times, fell into her hands; she read it over and over again, and henceforth her longing to go to England assumed the shape of an irresistible vocation. Her confessor, who probably recognized God's holy will in this overpowering desire, took her to see any English priest that happened to pass through Madrid. During her long and frequent illnesses, when her weakness was such that she seemed insensible to all external influence, her companions had but to talk of the persecutions in England to revive and rouse her. At the same time her confessors, and many religious persons of great wisdom whom she consulted, were not unnaturally alarmed at the difficulties and dangers of such a journey.

Luisa listened sweetly and humbly to their objections, inwardly convinced that God's will would manifest itself in her behalf; and, in fact, after long deliberations, much deep thought and fervent prayer, her advisers, among whom was the famous Jesuit, Father Luis de la Puente, decided "that it would be rash to disregard the marks of a true vocation in the project submitted to them; that it might, after all, be for the good of religion. . . . The animating effect of her ardent faith and charity, the sympathy she would show to the afflicted Catholics, would no doubt tend to confirm them in the steadfast practice of religion."*

About the same time as her directors arrived at this grave decision a treaty of peace was signed between King James I., who had just succeeded Queen Elizabeth, and King Philip III. of Spain, and a long and wearisome

* "Sweet fetters, desired bonds!
Distant struggles, victorious hour!
Most happy and glorious infamy,
Holocaust consumed amidst a thousand flames!"
—"Life," p. 143.

* "Life," p. 155.

lawsuit, which made Doña Luisa's presence imperative at Valladolid, was brought to an end; two circumstances that appeared to her a manifestation of God's holy will in favor of her project. She was now free to dispose of her fortune, and by her will, dated Valladolid, the 22d of December, 1604, she devoted the whole of it to the foundation of an English Jesuit noviceship in Belgium. Two years later her intentions were carried out. Father Persons established his English novices in a large house at Louvain, and Luisa had the consolation before her death to see numerous confessors and martyrs come forth from the foundation, which remained as a lasting proof of her loving solicitude for the English mission.

She now prepared all things for her departure: she wrote a farewell letter to Father Ojeda, Rector of the Jesuit College of Madrid; bade adieu to Inez, her faithful companion; took leave of her brother, her friends, her relatives; prayed for the last time in the churches of her beloved Spain; and finally, on the 27th of January, 1605, she set out on her distant journey. Her friends had endeavored in vain to soften the inevitable hardships of such a voyage: she accepted nothing from them but a mule to ride on; and her escort consisted of a chaplain, three men servants and one woman, who were returning to England, and whose services had been secured for her by the English Jesuits of Valladolid.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

In Memory.

BY MARY E. MANNIX.

IF there be heaven on earth it must be here,
If there be saint on earth it must be thou"—
So mused I once, not many months ago.

The trees are putting forth new foliage now,
And she who made St. Martin's shades more dear
Has put on immortality; her brow

Is crowned with incorruption, softly flow
Tears, human tears, but unbaptized of woe;
For she went forth without a sigh, so near
Her God already that nor why, nor how,

She questioned. It was only hers to go,—
A pilgrim winning to the promised land,
A daughter clinging to her Father's hand.

Harry Considine's Fortunes.

BY NUGENT ROBINSON.

CHAPTER VI.—PEGGY CONSIDINE IS TAKEN IN HAND.

HARRY lost no time in sending for Peggy, a bright, gray-eyed, black-haired, red-cheeked lass of fourteen, whom he placed with the good Sisters at the picturesque Loreto Abbey, Rathfarnham, distant from Dublin about five miles. Every Sunday, rain or shine, found the loving brother at the convent gate; and when occasionally Peggy would be allowed to walk outside the convent walls he would take her for an eight-mile stretch—she was strong of limb and full of health,—up to Mount Pelier, or for a charming ramble in the direction of Dundrum or romantic Enniskerry.

He dearly loved his sister, and his love fell like refreshing dew on a fruitful soil; for Peggy's chief object in life was to please Harry, and every prize she worked for she won for *him*. It was a charming sight to behold Harry's tall and manly figure protecting the child form beside him, as they wandered lovingly along the wild mountain roads, sometimes hand in hand, sometimes the girl leaning upon him, sometimes his arm encircling her shoulder. Both looked forward to Sunday with pure, unalloyed delight, and the good nuns had ever a pleasant greeting for the gentle and devoted brother.

Harry had taken up his abode at Erin Terrace, Drumcondra, with a Miss Clancy, a relative of Father Luke Byrne, a cheery little old maid of the quaintest pattern. He had a roomy bedroom and a tiny sitting-room; and, as Miss Clancy went to the Castle market every day, his food was of the best and most wholesome kind, and extremely cheap.

Miss Clancy would occasionally honor him by inviting him to tea, when their conversation invariably turned upon Father Luke. Miss Clancy's tea was bought at Campbells in Sackville Street, and the brown-glazed, earthenware pot was covered with a gorgeous "cozy," worked by Peggy Considine, during the mysterious process known as "drawing." Upon one memorable occasion Miss Clancy accompanied Harry to Loreto, when she devel-

oped so much candy from a Brobdingnagian reticule as to lead Peggy to imagine that it was a conjurer's trick, and that the sugar sticks could not by any possibility be real.

Miss Clancy did not admire Gerald Molloy. "He is too calculating for one so young," she chirruped; and indeed she was like a gay little bird. "When one so young commences to calculate the chances in life, the risk lies in his own calculating. He was at me about the rent I pay for this house before he sat down in it, and calculated that the landlord would let me off £10, if I complained of the condition of the footpaths. I have no patience with young calculators, that is, young people who have old heads on budding shou'nders."

The worthy little lady took Harry as a lodger purely to oblige Father Luke, as she had an annuity of one hundred and fifty pounds, one half of which always went to the poor. Her only dissipation was a panorama; the very moment the papers or dead walls announced the arrival of one she was, to use a homely metaphor, "like a hen on a hot gridle"; and she knew no peace of mind until she was able to discuss its merits after having saturated herself with it.

As for Harry, he never tired talking of her, especially to the girls at Rutland Square,—a house in which he was always welcome, and of which, through the persistent kindness of the Alderman, he saw a great deal. A few days and Considine had mastered the work of the office, simply because he flung his whole mind into it, and herein lies the true secret of success. Do your best! Let every mental energy be focused, as it were, upon the particular object in hand, and in ninety and nine cases out of one hundred success smilingly attends the effort.

He was being perpetually bidden to Rutland Square. The Alderman, in virtue of his office, entertained a good deal, in addition to which he was naturally hospitable and fond of society. Never a dinner party but Harry was invited, while at the evening entertainments he was supposed to represent the house. To many of the latter Harry obtained invitations for his friend Gerald, and also succeeded in introducing Emma Molloy, a circumstance which afforded that young lady the liveliest gratification.

Emma was something like Peggy Considine—gray-eyed, with a profusion of black hair, growing low on the forehead, a *retroussé* nose, and a very beautifully carved mouth. Poor Emma, however, spoiled her lovely tresses by marrow oil, and her ivory skin by pearl powder, while her manner was repulsive on account of its hideous affectation. And yet she was the prettiest girl in the room wherever she went, and everybody said: "What a pity!"

Miss Ryan, since her bath in Glendalough, had been much more civil to Considine, but there was a streak of ice in her tone that chilled him. If not absolutely cold, it was a sort of stand-off manner, relieved occasionally by an earnest warmth that loomed up like a flash of light in darkness.

Harry was always deferential and polite to her. Intimate? No. With her cousin he was on terms of pleasant intimacy, and it was through Miss Esmonde that the Alderman's daughter usually conversed with him. "She dislikes me," he thought. "She looked down on me as a mere counter-jumper, and now regards me as a sort of adventurer. It's too bad."

There were moments when Considine felt inclined to rebel, to fling her coldness back to her, and demand why it was that he was so unpleasing to her.

"I am not a fop!" he argued. "I don't wear lemon-colored kid gloves. I don't try and say 'shawn't' for 'sha'n't,' 'cawn't' for 'can't,' or talk of the 'Cawstle.' I don't squeeze my toes in pointed boots, or wear ridiculous shirt collars. It is because I am plain Harry Considine that Miss Ryan is down on me. Well, I'm sorry, awfully sorry; but I won't wear primrose gloves, and I won't say 'Cawstle.'"

Whenever he got a chance he put in a good word for Gerald Molloy. More, he "coached" his friend in the art of pleasing the idol of his affections: giving him instructions how to act, speak, and the subjects that were most likely to please.

"Hang it!" Gerald would sullenly say. "She is always talking about *you*—how you spend your evenings; what sort of rooms you've got; your visitors; how you spend your Sundays."

One particular Sunday Harry was walking with his sister Peggy along the River Dodder, under the grim gray walls of Lord Ely's es-

tate, a lordly domain acquired with the title by a vote given to the infamous Castlereagh, for the Union. This portion of the Dodder is most romantic and picturesque, and a favorite promenade with the good and sound-of-limb citizens of Dublin.

Harry was seated by Peggy's side, his arm around her shoulder. He had just plucked some luminously green lichens from the interstices of granite bowlders supporting a mill weir, over which the feathery foam leaped and twisted in frothy delight, and was engaged in examining them when a carriage drove slowly by.

"Those people *are* staring!" exclaimed Peggy.

"Why, it's the Ryan family!" replied Harry, vigorously doffing his hat.

To his intense astonishment, Miss Ryan, who had been staring with might and main, instead of acknowledging his bow, dropped her parasol, and maintained it as a sort of screen before the occupants of the carriage till the vehicle passed away in the distance.

"How singular!" muttered Harry.

"What?"

"That Miss Ryan should not have saluted me."

"If it was the lady in gray with the crimson parasol, she was too much occupied in staring at *me*," laughed Peggy. "And so *that's* Miss Ryan! How pale she is, and what black hair! Who was the other girl?"

"Miss Molloy, sister of Gerald."

"*She* is immensely pretty, Harry."

"Yes, indeed she is."

A few days subsequently Caroline Esmonde gravely asked Considine who the young lady was to whom he paid such *marked* attention, near Lord Ely's gate on a certain Sunday.

"That is my sister Peggy."

"Oh, I'm so glad! Why don't you bring her to see us?"

"She is at Loreto Abbey, Rathfarnham, at school, and the Sisters don't like the pupils to be distracted from their studies."

"Are they allowed to receive visitors?"

"On stated days, yes."

"Do you see her often?"

"Every Sunday."

"You must take Jane and me some Sunday; won't you?"

"With great pleasure, Miss Esmonde."

Peggy did not receive the news of the intended honor with anything like pleasure.

"I only want you, Harry," she said. "Wouldn't it be awful if those young ladies should want to come with you every Sunday!"

When the visit came off, however, Miss Considine was quite pleased. Jane Ryan had been most gracious to her, and had said all sorts of nice things, and had proposed the most enchanting plans for the Christmas holidays. She asked permission to come again, and kissed the dear little maid at parting.

"I like your sister ever so much, Mr. Considine," said Jane.

"I like Miss Ryan exceedingly, Harry," said Peggy.

Somehow or other, Caroline Esmonde was not thought of in the visit, although she had been most gracious and tender and charming.

And thus the kaleidoscope of their lives turned and turned, revealing new colors at every move, some of them exceeding beautiful.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Two Schools.

(CONTINUED.)

CLARA VALLEY, Oct. 8, 18 —.

DEAR AUNT MARY:—Time flies fast, and everything goes on smoothly. I am making progress in drawing and music, and find no difficulty in keeping up with the highest grade of studies. We have very few drones in our hive. The Sisters make study pleasant, and are so interested in everything we do that one must be a dullard or ungrateful not to try to do one's best.

There is a dear little music teacher here, Sister Hilary, who was formerly a Protestant like myself, but very prejudiced, which you know, dear auntie, I never have been. The only daughter of a spiritualist father and a Swedenborgian mother, you will realize that her religious sentiments must have been somewhat mixed. I scarcely think she had any decided opinions on the subject of religion, save a strong objection to everything Catholic. Through the intervention of a relative, herself a Presbyterian, she came here as a pupil

during the absence of her parents in Europe, whither her father was obliged to go for his health.

She refused to kneel in chapel, would put her fingers in her ears during night and morning prayer, and while catechism was going on. One day she went so far as to throw a rosary which she found on her desk across the study-hall. For this she was put in retirement, where she reflected that she had been guilty of unladylike conduct, and dutifully asked pardon. She soon became attached to one of the nuns, a convert, who never mentioned religion to her, but who, as she *naïvely* puts it, "prayed for her all the time." Her change of mind or heart, as our Methodist brethren would say, was very sudden.

One day, passing the chapel, she saw through the half-opened door that the sanctuary lamp had gone out. (This is a light which is kept continually burning before the tabernacle where the Blessed Sacrament reposes.) She felt impelled to enter and relight it. She knew where the tapers were to be found, knew also that the sacristan, who was keeper of the wardrobe, would be, in virtue of her charge, busily employed at this hour in sorting clean clothes. After a moment's hesitation she entered, lit the lamp, and was about to leave the chapel when something literally pushed her on her knees. A storm of tears followed, and a little later one of the Sisters found her hysterically sobbing. From that moment she was at heart a devout Catholic. Her parents made much difficulty about it, and wished to remove her from the school; but, after obtaining her promise that she would not become a Catholic for a year after graduation, they allowed her to remain.

The year came and passed, finding her unchanged. Subsequently her parents died, and she entered the convent. I think she is the happiest, brightest, loveliest creature I ever saw, and a universal genius. Harp, piano, guitar, organ, are playthings to her. She has a splendid voice; drawing and painting seem second nature; she is a marvel at plain sewing, and a mistress of all kinds of embroidery and knitting: she can make angels of cotton batting, old men out of hickory-nuts, and the cunningest figures of soap,—just common soap; models beautifully in clay, and

has arranged the finest herbarium I ever saw. She writes verses worthy of Mrs. Browning, teaches the higher mathematics, and spends all her spare time on favorable nights with the (girl) astronomers.

You may wonder if Sister Mary's account of her conversion does not appear very absurd to me, as no doubt it will to you; but, I assure you, I have the fullest confidence in the statement. It may not have been, as she considers it, a supernatural occurrence, but it certainly was prompted by an interior voice, and that must have come from the soul. And why, if there be a true church, a real messenger of truth, why should it not be that which has existed from the beginning of Christianity? Admitted that Catholic ministers sometimes have led irregular lives, it is not proven that they have ever taught new doctrines. I have become more fully sensible of this since I have heard the clear expositions given with date and page, some of them out of the mouths of the enemy,—*i. e.*, non Catholic writers. And who can bring the life of such a reformer as Martin Luther as argument against the lives of the Catholic clergy?

But this is dry stuff for you, who are not averse to a little harmless gossip. Let me give you an instance of the strict discipline which prevails in the convent. As I told you before, we are not permitted to go beyond the gates, and it is unheard of that any one should so defy the rule. The other afternoon, just as the bell rang for studies, the town bell also rang for a fire. Two girls, more adventurous than the rest—new scholars, by the way,—rushed down the path and into the road, in spite of the remonstrance of the others. When the roll was called and they were missing, Sister Bernard, the class mistress, looked very grave; and on their return half an hour later, shamefaced and fearful of reprimand, they were told that they would be deprived of noon recreation for three days, and that a second similar offence would be punished by expulsion.

We are also forbidden to give commissions to the day scholars without special permission. Yesterday a girl from the village, who had been frequently warned of the consequences, undertook to smuggle in some French confectionery to three of the boarders. One of the

Sisters was passing while the transfer was being made, and the culprits were at once sent to Mother Superior. The boarders, being new girls, were dismissed with a reprimand; and the old offender expelled, although her father is Mayor of the village, and a very influential man. By such uncompromising means true order and regularity are preserved.

They have an excellent arrangement here, by which the older and younger pupils are separated during recreations, even though they may be together in studies. For instance, there are girls of twelve in the more advanced classes, where the majority are sixteen, and even older; there are also several large girls in the lower classes, but they are entirely separated during free time. Thus the younger ones have amusements suited to their years, and do not become unduly precocious. A nun is always present during the hours of recess. Conversations on dress, amusements, etc., are not entirely discouraged, as one would suppose from the popular idea of a convent school.

We are permitted to indulge in all sorts of harmless pleasantries; once a month social entertainments are given, at which the nuns are our guests. We are taught how to enter and leave a room, receive visitors, etc. An occasional song or literary selection, and sometimes *tableaux*, fill up the evening. We have also French *soirées*, where the conversation is entirely in that language; and recitations are given with now and then a little drama. This ensures ease and facility in conversation.

This letter is already too long; next time I shall tell you of our trip to the woods.

Affectionately yours,

JULIA.

ALLEN SEMINARY, Oct. 9, 18—.

DEAR MATTIE:—Sometimes I get dreadfully tired of this pokey old place, that is, when there is no fun going on; but we do have "high old times" occasionally, and then we girls pull the wool over the teachers' eyes with a vengeance.

One day last week a fire broke out in the village, and a crowd of us slipped through a hole in the hedge (the gates are kept locked, owing to certain escapades of the dear girls), and away we flew to help extinguish the

flames. The latter part of the sentence may be interpreted in two ways; for several had "flames" in the vicinity, country fellows of course, but still desirable enough to save us from *ennui* in this forgotten place. And the way we do extinguish them is to be admired. We were not long without escorts, and we took a ramble in the woods, for the fire amounted to nothing. About five o'clock we began to grow timorous, but a plot was soon devised by which we hoped to escape reprimand.

Mary Temple, the very demurest girl among us, but the slyest rogue you ever saw, pretended to have sprained her ankle; and we all marched slowly to the house, condoling with her and helping her along. Miss Cratchett, who had been sent in search of us, and whom we caught last week flirting with the gardener (a handsome fellow), knew we had her in our power, and, while she may have doubted the reality of the sprain, fell in with the scheme at once. She dared not do otherwise. We managed to sneak in without observation; the principal and principaless had gone to a garden party, and our little outing passed over without a fuss.

The girls are raving about the violin teacher, a Hungarian refugee, or something of that kind. As for me, you know I never rave, though he *is* handsome, and has the most melancholy eyes. They say he is a count in disguise, some have even called him a prince. However that may be, I was sketching the convent, that is as much as I could see of it from the music room window, the other afternoon, when he came in to await a pupil. "I take ze libertee," he said (he does speak such delightfully broken English),—"I take ze libertee, Mees, to say you have great talente for ze drawing." Of course I blushed and looked flattered. "But why, why do you see-lect zat gloomy place for a sub-ject? Once, once was I chosen to be priest by my *parentes*; but never, never could I be such a ting! I run away from my *collaije*. I come to zis countree, where I find ze lovely eyes and ze beautiful voices."

Think of it, dear Mattie, condemning such a handsome fellow to the horrible fate of a Catholic priest! I asked him how long he had been confined in the novitiate,—I know that is what they call it, for I've read "Danger

in the Dark," which thoroughly exposes those institutions. He told me seven years, from fourteen to twenty-one—"ze sweetest years of ze life." Poor fellow! What frauds those priests are! I had always understood that a knowledge of Latin was necessary, that they conducted all the services in that language. But I was soon undeceived by Professor Krouck.

The next morning I was reading a French novel (a translation) in which the words "*In fide vivo*" occurred. I knew they were Latin, and profited by the occasion to exchange a few words with the Professor, asking him what the quotation meant. To my surprise, he did not know. "Excuse me," I said, "I thought they taught Latin in all Roman Catholic colleges—that it was part of the theological course for the priesthood. He laughed bitterly. "Ah, my dear young *ladce!*" he replied, with a lovely glance from his expressive eyes, "you mistake, greatlee. Veree leetle Latin do ze priests know. It is all gibberish zot zey pray, all gibberish." What impositions they practise, to be sure!

We are looking forward to a trip to town next week. Mlle. — (the great *cantatrice*) is to be there with her troupe, and the powers that be have promised that all who have the thing needful to spare may go on. Flora Vale and myself, with two or three others, have made arrangements through two of the day scholars to have cavaliers in waiting at the depot, who will accidentally take the same train, and endeavor to sit as near us as possible. We can make eyes, if nothing else. If it were not for those same day scholars we should be minus many sumptuous enjoyments which are now ours. For instance, we subscribe to the circulating library (forbidden), get French confectionery every day (forbidden), send and receive local notes to admiring swains (forbidden), and have sundry letters to absent friends sent without the supervision of the Gorgons. The teachers wink at these peccadilloes, for the reason that most of them are guilty of like infractions of law and order—ah! there is that charming M. Krouck stalking up the gravel walk with his violin under his arm. He is looking up. I must contrive to meet him in the corridor. More anon.

ESTELLA.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Notre Dame de Sainte-Espérance.

BY GEORGE PROSPERO.

MANY amongst the crowds of visitors who each year visit the splendid Cathedral of Notre Dame in Paris are unaware that by crossing the Petit Pont leading to the old Rue St. Jacques, on the left bank of the Seine, and turning into the equally old street of St. Séverin, they will come across the ancient Church of St. Séverin. All lovers of beautiful architecture will be amply repaid for thus turning aside from the beaten track, usually marked out to tourists, as St. Séverin is one of the finest specimens of the Gothic style of architecture remaining in Paris; whilst devout servants of our Holy Mother will be especially delighted at finding—in the eleventh chapel of the right aisle—the lovely oratory of Notre Dame de Sainte-Espérance.

St. Séverin was a celebrated Abbot of Agaunum, in the canton of Valais, in Switzerland, who, at the special request of Clovis, left his peaceful monastery to repair to the court of the French King, then stricken with a grievous malady. Scarce had the saintly monk touched the royal patient than his illness disappeared. St. Séverin was then an old man, and rather than again undertake the journey back to Agaunum, he decided on remaining in Paris, where he entered a monastery—if so it may be termed,—containing but a few cells and an oratory, which then existed on the site of the present church. There the holy man dwelt for the remaining period of his life, and there he devoutly breathed his last in 508.

We thus see that the spot on which the Church of St. Séverin was erected later on had been hallowed by the presence of the Saint himself. The little monastery in which he lived was destroyed by the Normans in the ninth century, but immediately afterward a chapel was built upon the spot. The foundation of the actual *église* was laid in 1210, and it was considerably embellished at various periods. To the Church of St. Séverin belongs the signal honor of being the first church in France in which a chapel was erected to glorify the Immaculate Conception. This was in the year 1311.

For more than a century this sanctuary stood at the left entrance to the choir, but in 1495, the apsis and the aisles being rounded and enlarged, the shrine was transported to the chapel in which we see it now. A society was formed under the name of *Confrérie de l'Immaculée Conception*, and before long it was enriched with numerous indulgences. Persons of all ranks and conditions belonged to this association, from the highest to the lowest in the land, and many good works were performed by them; the rich making costly offerings, whilst those less favored with the fleeting treasures of this earth visited the sick in their homes and at the hospitals. In all ancient *confréries* the corporal works of mercy were especially marked out to be practised by the members.

The Feast of the Immaculate Conception was celebrated at St. Séverin—a parish church since the eleventh century—with the greatest pomp and splendor. Public criers went through the streets for some days beforehand, announcing the coming *fête*, and distributing pictures of the Immaculate Virgin, together with a short account of the various indulgences to be gained by those who came to participate in the celebration of the beautiful feast, thus testifying the love and veneration with which their hearts were filled toward Mary Immaculate. The parish of St. Séverin continued to edify Paris, and the *confrérie* prospered more and more until the Revolution; then the church was closed.

Strange to say, when the church was reopened the famous confraternity was not reorganized. It existed in name, but that was all, as no new members came to give it new life. When the holy Abbé Flanicle became *curé* of St. Séverin in the year 1840, his first thought was to place his ministry, his new parish and the clergy attached to it, under the patronage of Mary, *Mater Sanctæ Spei*. Deeming the best manner of bringing his parishioners together, beneath the standard of the Queen of Heaven, was to re-establish the pious association, he announced his intention of forming the *Confrérie de l'Immaculée Vierge, Notre Dame de Sainte-Espérance*.

The foundation of this association was like the dawning of a new existence for the parish of St. Séverin, which once more became, and continues to be, a source of edification to all.

The association is now an archconfraternity, and the Sovereign Pontiff allowed Bridan's lovely marble statue of the Blessed Virgin, holding the Divine Infant in her arms, to be crowned as its patroness. The statue is truly beautiful, and the Infant Jesus, holding an anchor in His hands, seems to invite each and all, whatever may be the sorrow lying heavy on their hearts, to come with confidence to Notre Dame de Sainte-Espérance. Truly Mary has shown herself lavish of favors, as the walls are covered with *ex-votos* attesting graces received. Not one spot remains on the walls of the sanctuary, and now the votive offerings have to be placed in the large church. No shrine of Mary in Paris, save Notre Dame des Victoires, can boast so many of these significant marble slabs.

St. Séverin lies in the heart of the famous Quartier Latin, long celebrated for its wild students, who have not the reputation of being devout clients of the Queen of Heaven. Our Lady of Good Hope has not been quite forgotten, however, and many of them have sought her aid on the eve of passing an examination on which, perchance, their future depended. Numerous *ex-votos* prove her protection was not sought in vain, and many of the inscriptions are touching in the extreme. Few could visit this sanctuary without feeling consoled, and encouraged to continue faithful in their devotions to the Blessed Virgin, whose aid it is so sweet to invoke under the title of Notre Dame de Sainte-Espérance.

Something for Parents.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

THERE is an unacknowledged opinion in the minds of some Catholics that religion comes by nature,—that it is an inherited thing. If a man has a "Catholic name" it is understood that his children who bear that name must be Catholics. Now, although we say colloquially that a man is "born a Catholic," no man is born so naturally. It is not until he is regenerated supernaturally through the Sacrament of Baptism that he becomes a child of Christ and heir to the kingdom of heaven.

But we do not remember this sufficiently.

We presume that we have such an abundance of zeal, that it must inundate our children. Other peoples' children may lose the faith—indeed we often wonder at the carelessness of persons less firm, less supernaturally and naturally gifted than ourselves,—but *our* children, no matter what the temptation may be, must always remain good Catholics. Therefore we send them to a "colorless" school, we take no trouble to see that their reading is supervised; secure in our faith, we allow ourselves great latitude in criticizing matters pertaining to it, and we let our children associate with whom they will.

We awake some day to find an immense gulf between us and our children. They have wandered away. Their Catholic name, the faith of their forefathers, their having been "born Catholics," amount to nothing. They have no Catholic instinct; it has never been cultivated, and the responsibility of this lack of cultivation rests on their parents. They have been taught their catechism on Sunday; they are not ignorant of the fundamental doctrines of the Church, but there is a coldness, a suspicion, a blighting spirit of criticism in their position toward the Church. This easily leads to complete indifference, and when a Catholic becomes completely indifferent in religious matters he is worse than an infidel.

It is not easier to define what the "Catholic instinct" is than to define what any instinct is. It is that aroma from the gift of faith which neutralizes the odors of evil. It is a *parfum de Rome*, not an *odeur de Paris*. It is that sensitiveness which makes even the unlearned detect false doctrine, or a tendency to false doctrine, without knowing exactly why. It keeps us safe; it makes us trustworthy; it prevents intemperance in the assertion of the truth; it makes us obedient without the necessity of our explaining to ourselves why we should be so. On the heart full of Catholic instinct the truths of religion fall like the "gentle rain from heaven." It saves us from mistakes of over-zeal or under-zeal. It is grace cultivated and conserved. We know its effects, and our great publicists have owed more to this instinct than to their scholarship. It is like the bloom on a plum, however: it easily vanishes, and it is hard to restore.

One of the chief effects of religious education is the creation of this instinct. And one of the most essential reasons for the struggle for Catholic schools is the need of this instinct for the preservation of the Church and society. Thoughtful men of all opinions have reacted from the materialism which has controlled the counsels and literature of the world for the last thirty years. Rénan, sitting in the place of skulls, admits that he would give worlds to hear the sound of the Angelus as he heard it in his youth; the disciples of Darwin are not so dogmatic as they were; Bismarck has learned by hard experience that the suppression of Christianity means the encouragement of anarchy. We Catholics ought to learn from the tendency of the times, from the example of these men, the corroboration of the words we sometimes hear with unheeding ears,—that the gates of hell shall not prevail, and that the varying winds of men's doctrines and opinions make a hurricane loud but impotent. The calm is God's, and the victory is ours through Him.

But how are we to ensure the inheritance of faith to our children, if we do not train them from the beginning? The little non-essential but beautiful customs of faith should be encouraged from the earliest infancy. The public school may teach what the text-books call facts, but they ignore the great Fact of all. The basest result of modern teaching is to make us minimize the weight of parental responsibility. No power can absolve the parent from the duty of keeping his child's heart pure for its Creator.

Let us look into our children's face and then into the face of death. On our death-bed, rushing to judgment on the wings of time, which school would we choose for them,—which education? Let us answer that now, not in the spirit of the world, but in the spirit of God. Are they weeds to be let grow on waste place, to blossom, and to scatter evil seed? Or are they precious flowers, to be tendered with strenuous care, even in the heat of the day and with many sacrifices? Those who look on them as weeds reap the seeds of poison, and suffer the penalty even in this life.

DEATH should set the seal of silence upon lips that can not praise.—*Louisa M. Alcott.*

Notes and Remarks.

The Diocese of Kingston, Ontario, has been raised to the rank of a metropolitan see, and Mgr. Cleary, its Bishop, named first Archbishop. A new diocese will soon be founded in the Province of Ontario, in which there is great rejoicing over the promotion of Mgr. Cleary, a prelate eminent for the acquirements and virtues that adorn an exalted position.

Another noteworthy ecclesiastical change in Canada, where the Church is making great progress, is the transfer of Bishop Walsh from the Diocese of London to the Archdiocese of Toronto, and his promotion to the pallium. Mgr. Walsh has been a distinguished figure in the Canadian episcopate since his consecration in 1867 as Bishop of Sandwich, and will be a worthy successor to the lamented Archbishop Lynch.

The Sisters of Holy Cross, who lately received the approbation of the Holy See and a new constitution, held their first General Chapter at the close of the annual retreat. Mother Mary Augusta was elected Mother General. She was formerly the Mother Provincial, succeeding the late Mother Angela, under whose energetic government the community was widely established in the United States. Mother Augusta will be assisted in her office by Mothers Genevieve and Annunziata, both of whom are eminently qualified to discharge the important duties that will devolve upon them. The Sisters of the Holy Cross number about five hundred members, and conduct flourishing schools, successful hospitals and orphan asylums, in various parts of the country. They have a promising future, and a field for the exercise of their devotedness which saints might envy them.

Cardinal Manning, notwithstanding his advanced age, continues to work as he did twenty years ago. His vitality and intellectual vigor are wonderful, considering that his Eminence has just completed his eighty-first year.

The call for the Catholic Congress, signed by Messrs. William J. Onahan, Henry J. Spaunhorst, and Daniel H. Rudd, recites the various reasons that make opportune the holding of an assembly of Catholic laymen. The fact that the celebration of the centennial anniversary of the establishment of the Catholic hierarchy will draw to Baltimore in November a great crowd of priests and laymen, led the committee to choose that city as the place of meeting, and two days in that month for the time. The Congress will be

Catholic, local and race prejudices will not color its discussions or resolutions in the least. The three gentlemen who sign the call differ no doubt in many matters,—for one is of Irish descent and most zealous for the welfare of Ireland, the second has been closely identified with German-American movements, and the third is a gentleman of the colored race. They unite under the banner of the Cross as Catholic citizens of America. The project of holding the Congress has been approved of by his Eminence Cardinal Gibbons, and by other archbishops and bishops.

The Congress will be open to all Catholics, subject to an admirable regulation. "To provide for due order, and so that necessary regulations shall prevail, as well as for the purpose of insuring general representation from all parts of the country, it has been decided by the committee in charge to issue cards of admission to the floor of the hall, which cards will entitle the person named therein to the full privileges of the Congress. These cards will be placed in the hands of the bishop or administrator of each diocese. Catholics who desire to attend the Congress will make application accordingly to the ordinary of their diocese for the necessary introduction." To the call, besides the three principal names, are appended a long list of representative Catholic signatures.

The devout throngs that annually repair to the little Chapel of the Portiuncula at Notre Dame, to gain what is known as the Indulgence of the great Pardon, would be remarkable at any European shrine in any age of the Church. The pilgrims come from neighboring towns and villages, some of them at a considerable distance from Notre Dame, and from First Vespers of the 1st of August until sunset of the Feast of Our Lady of Angels the little chapel is crowded with devout worshippers. Masses begin at an early hour and continue till nearly noonday. The Communion rails are crowded at each one. At eventide solemn Benediction with the Blessed Sacrament fittingly concludes the spiritual exercises. The Chapel of the Portiuncula is connected with the Professed House of the community, and for many years has enjoyed the extraordinary spiritual privilege attached to the Chapel of Our Lady of the Angels at Assisi. It is the favorite shrine at Notre Dame, and the Feast of Our Lady of Angels is among the greatest days of the year.

In the course of an eloquent and well-merited tribute to the memory of the late Monsignor Corcoran, the *Catholic Standard* refers to his great devotion to the Blessed Virgin as one of his most marked characteristics. Never did the lamented

prelate seem more earnest, or more inspired, as it were, than when speaking or writing about her who is the Immaculate Mother of our Divine Lord. He could not even allude to her without becoming aroused and filled with holy ardor. Thought about our Blessed Redeemer was inseparable in his mind with thought about His Immaculate Mother. He loved especially to meditate upon the countless references to her and her exalted office, which he found in the Sacred Scriptures, the Breviary, and the Church's Liturgies. Some of the most beautiful passages in his writings were written when thus thinking of the Blessed Virgin and our Divine Lord. This is illustrated by the following extract from an article which he wrote on "The Syriac Grammar":

"The Christian who is sincere, whatever his creed, should have but one ruling motive in seeking acquaintance with the Syriac Scripture, viz.,—to secure an important auxiliary in determining the literal sense of Holy Writ. But for us Catholics who worship God, not only 'in spirit and in truth,' but with the whole outward man, who have been taught to give Him the homage of all our senses, and to make even of material things so many helps to devotion, there are other strong inducements. There is for us an ineffable sweetness in hearing and repeating intelligently not only the interpreted words, but the very identical articulate sounds which were hallowed long ago by the lips of our Blessed Redeemer. We recite daily the *Magnificat*, the canticle in which the Blessed Virgin sings of the 'great things' that God, the all-powerful, had wrought in her; and her words, even through the medium of Latin or English, stir our inmost hearts. But how much warmer and more lively the emotion of the soul, how much sweeter the *mel in ore*, and *melos in auribus*—'honey in the mouth, and melody to the ear,'—to use the words of St. Bernard, could we read or recite, or hear those inspired words, not only according to their sense, but in the self-same sounds that fell upon the ears of the enraptured Elizabeth when the blessed lips of the Bride of Light gave utterance to that glorious outburst of deep humility and triumphant thanksgiving!"

In a note Monsignor Corcoran tells his readers that "The Bride of Light" is a favorite term for the Blessed Virgin in the Liturgy of the Church of Antioch, and that she is also styled therein "Mother of Light," "Mother of Glorious Light," and "Mother of Light Everlasting."

The late Father Curley, S. J., whose name for more than fifty years has been associated with Georgetown College, D. C., was one of the most remarkable men of the century. He ranked among the leading scientists of the day, though his modesty and simplicity of character prevented, to a great extent, due recognition of his merits. His favorite science was astronomy, and many of the

results of his studies are recorded in the "Annals of Georgetown Observatory,"—a work which has gained great applause in the scientific world, and has always been found to be absolutely correct in its assertions. One of his achievements in the field of science was to determine for the first time, with strict accuracy, the longitude of Washington. His life was the manifestation of the harmony ever subsisting between true science and religion, and showed how the former may be made to serve as the handmaid of the latter. For more than fifty years he ministered at the altar of God, having celebrated his sacerdotal golden jubilee on June 1, 1883. He was in the 93d year of his age when death came to crown a life which was truly a memorable one, and which was blessed by an abundance of works, productive of the greatest good for the minds and hearts of his fellow-men. May he rest in peace!

We are glad to be able to introduce a new contributor to our readers this week. Mr. Hilliard Atteridge, who recounts a story of missionary life in our own time as wondrous as it is edifying, has been writing several years for the London press, and is numbered among the contributors to the *Dublin Review*, the *Month*, and other English Catholic periodicals. We invite the attention of all our readers to the admirably written account which Mr. Atteridge furnishes of the career of Mgr. Canoz, one of the greatest missionaries of modern times.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bonds, as if you were bound with them.
—HEB., xiii, 3.

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

Sister Mary of St. Benedict, a venerable religious of the Sisterhood of the Holy Cross, St. Mary's, Notre Dame, Ind., who was called to her reward on the 28th ult.

John C. Barr Esq., a widely known and highly respected citizen of Pittsburg, Pa., who passed away on the same date. Mr. Barr was distinguished in literature and politics. He was beloved by those who knew him intimately and esteemed by all.

Mrs. Rachel A. Tarleton, a devout client of the Blessed Virgin, whose happy death occurred at Anderson, Cal., on the 18th ult.

Miss Anna McInnes, a fervent Child of Mary, who departed this life on the same day at East Boston, Mass.

Mrs. James Grant, of Belleville, Ont.; Miss Margaret Lynch, Wilmington, Del.; and Patrick Donovan, Lynchburg, Va.

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



The José-Maria.

BY E. L. DORSEY.

VII.

Wrecks and rescues, sun and storm, winter and summer were told off by God's great *depsydra* the sea, and one morning Dick waked to find his sixteenth birthday had come. Such a big Dick he had grown to be—tall, brown, hard-handed, with muscles he was secretly very proud of, and a faint little fuzz on his upper lip that he was very much ashamed of, and a steady, *ready* look in his grave grey eyes that gave Jonas great satisfaction; for he had at last made up his mind, after four years of closest watching and careful weighing for and against, that he could "tie to" Dick,* and that the very thorough training he had given the boy in practical seamanship was so well bestowed that he deserved a good rating. So that morning he made him speechlessly happy by presenting him with his own chronometer, and found a curious pleasure in thinking that when he went on the Black List there would be such a fine fellow to step in his shoes.

The twins had their presents ready too, for they were now quite young ladies—being all of ten years old,—with their hair plaited in tight little pigtails, tied, one with a red cord and one with a blue ("to tell t' other from which," their uncle said), and fully able to do many useful things about the house, and watch over their mother with a quaint fussiness and a great paddling to and fro that readily explained the name by which Jonas often called

* On the Mississippi River, when the great lumber rafts are drifting down stream, there is often occasion to lay over night at some point, and if the occasion is emphasized by a gale of wind or unusually high water it becomes a very important matter to find deep-rooted strong trees to which to attach the stayropes. It is often a difficult matter, and such trees when found are accounted great blessings; so in the slang of the river a true friend and honest man is called "a good man to tie to."

them—the Sand Pipers. And these presents they hid mysteriously behind their backs in one hand, until with the other they had given him sixteen smacks, agreeably diversified with hair pulling and pinching "to make it even;" and of course Dick said there never were two better little sisters nor two better presents; for Mary Ginevra had made him a large crab net, and Ginevra Mary had made him a needle-book in the shape of a dropsical butterfly, with red flannel wings and a green pincushion body. And Idella had either understood something of what they told her, or had caught the infection of good wishes; for she had made a great cake, and came into breakfast dressed in the prettiest gown Jonas had given her, and with a bunch of red hollyhocks stuck in her white hair, and her great black eyes a shade less sad. It was such a very special day that everybody felt aggrieved at the abrupt ending of its pleasures.

About 12 o'clock, just as a delicious mixture of smells began to come in to Dick from the kitchen (where he was not allowed to even look), a boy came running up from the station waving a yellow envelope.

"Ketch!" he yelled, and whirled it into the window.

Dick saw it was addressed to his uncle, and knowing it must be something startling, for he had never had a telegram in all his experience, he snatched up his hat and hurried down town.

On the coping of the quaint old churchyard, where so many sailors are buried that their brother sailors like to muster there, and smoke their pipes and spin their yarns, he found Jonas sitting with three or four cronies. But uncle and nephew were Yankees, and neither spoke nor looked surprised at the yellow envelope, which the former opened, deliberately read, and then quietly tucked away in his pocket in the midst of a slow cracking of ponderous jokes by his mates.

"Plum duff ready, boy?" he asked. And when Dick nodded, he rose, brushed the ashes from his coat and started off with him.

As they walked along Jonas said: "Why don't you ask 'bout this tely-gram?"

"None o' my business, I guess, uncle."

"Right!" growled Jonas, with unqualified approval; "so I'll tell you. What 'ud you say

to givin' up your day ashore an' goin' out to speak a ship?"

"I'd say 'yes.'"

"Right again, by hookey! So I'll tell you some more. 'Member hearin' me talk 'bout Jack Hendershott?"

"The diver?"

Jonas nodded.

"Yes, *sir*," said Dick, with some excitement.

"Well, it's him."

"Is it from Californy?" asked Dick.

"No: right fum New York."

"He *was* there."

"Yes, an' I thought tell you give me this he was theer now. Read it."

And Dick read:

"If you want to speak the *Madison* from N. Y., clear Lewes at 12.

"J. HENDERSHOTT."

"Wonder what he's up to now? The last I heard of him he was off to raise the treasure of the *City o' Pekin*. She foundered with a half a million o' gold in her, and a pretty lot o' Indian diamonds an' the mails, an' a hull lot o' passengers. It's cur'ous, for I ain't seen nothin' o' that job bein' done, an' Jack Hendershott's no lubber to leave a good bit o' work *undone*, particularly gilt-edged work like that. No: we ain't got time to go home. It's hard on twelve now an' the tide 'll serve."

"Aye, aye, *sir*!" said Dick. "Hi here, Stumpy! here's a penny ef you tell Mrs. Barlow that me and the Cap'n have gone out."

"A'right!" sang out "Stumpy," a short but fleet-footed youngster.

And without another word he followed his uncle aboard, mechanically looked into the biscuit locker and the water-butt; and, after the sails were set and the boat running free, took his place at the tiller in the silence Jonas loved so well.

VIII.

About daybreak they heard the short quick throb of a steam-engine, and in due time the *Madison* was spoken, and Jonas was aboard and steering her into the breakwater.

She was an old-fashioned side-wheel steamer, and for some reason had taken the pilot boat in tow. No sooner was her anchor let go than Jonas came aboard with a weather-beaten man, whom he called "Jack," and treated in a way that proved him a special friend.

He was about Dick's height, but of the build peculiar to successful divers. He looked rather worn though, and his eyes were tired, and his face pallid as if from recent illness.

As they came alongside the landing he said:

"Now, matey, ef you'll tell me a decent place to hang my hammock, I'll be—"

"Stow that, Jack Hendershott!" interrupted Jonas, gruffly. "Ef it's come to that, after the cruises and bruises we've weathered together, it's time to say good-bye. You'll come to my house, or you'll walk out o' my 'quaintance, once fur all."

"Sho' now, Jonas!" said Hendershott, evidently touched and gratified. "I'll be in the way of your wimmen-kind."

"Not by a jug-full," was the answer.

So Dick shouldered his bag and went ahead, securing a welcome from his mother in advance for the stranger, by telling her he was a sailor-man they had "picked up outside."

And she cooked a dinner that made the two men sniff appreciatively from the moment they entered until it was served. In the midst of the meal, when the business of eating slackened and that of conversation began, Jonas suddenly looked up and said:

"By the way, Jack, what about the *City o' Pekin*?"

Hendershott dropped his knife and fork, pushed back his chair with a hasty gesture, and, warding off the question with his hands, answered in great agitation:

"Don't never say that word agin, Judkins! Don't never breathe it,—don't *look* it even!"

"Didn't you find nothin'?" began Jonas, in surprise.

"*Find* nothin'? It was what I *did* find that I'm a-tryin' to forgit. In the name o' God don't raise the dead afore His time—right, here on the edge o' this new contrac' too!"

The last words were muttered as he wiped his forehead on quite one of the most startling "bandanas" the Presidential Campaign had evoked.

"Course I won't," said Jonas. And then with ready tact he began to ask about the *Madison*, and her crew and outfit, till Hendershott had entirely rallied from his mysterious horror of the *City of Pekin*.

All the rest of the day the two men were closeted together, and after nightfall they

went off to the house of one McPherson, a pilot grandson of the pilot grandfather who had saved the troop-ships that famous night, when the Henlopen Light for the first and only time was put out by the British in the vain hope of crippling our little Continental Army.

And after that the three heads were so often in council, and there was such secrecy maintained aboard of the *Madison*, that the sharp wits of the summer visitors, the natives and the local reporters, soon dug out the fact that there was a plan afoot to locate and raise the treasure of the *José-Maria*, a Spanish galleon that had gone down in a Norway squall in the Old Kilm Roads more than a hundred years before, with her prize crew of Englishmen on board, and two hundred Spanish prisoners chained between her decks.

The Northern and Western papers took it up, and at first fairly sparkled with barbed jests, and the diver and his friends were made the butts of much ridicule. But presently it became known that the *Madison* belonged to a responsible company; that a Charter for the work had been granted by the United States Treasury, which had such confidence in the enterprise that it bargained for the receipt of the brass armament of the wreck and a percentage of the treasure; that McPherson had the charts left by his grandfather, which located the exact position of the wreck; that the company had its agents abroad for two years hunting in the Admiralty Office at London and the State Archives at Madrid for proper identification of the vessel; that they had the very list of the gems, the bars of silver and gold, the money, and even the rolls of silks and brocades that lay in her hold and lockers, for the Captain of the prize had mailed them at Lewes a few hours before he sailed out to his death. And later, when the doubters still clung to their disbelief, McPherson admitted to a New York *Herald* reporter that his grandfather was aboard the *José-Maria* steering her out when the squall struck her, and that he and thirteen Spanish prisoners, who were on deck taking the air at the time, were washed ashore clinging to gratings, oars—anything they could lay hands to; and if they didn't believe there was such a ship, why they needn't. But, there was her

English Captain's monument, set up by that Captain's "relict"—as the stow calls the widow—six months after they sent her word the body had come ashore out of the wreck, and been buried in the queer old churchyard named above,—that churchyard where the graves heave up like a chop-sea, and the headstones set askew, as if "the watch below" were stirring in their narrow berths, dreaming of the call of "God's bos'n—St. Gabriel."

Then the whole town caught the infection,—the very children in the streets talked about it; the tone of the press changed, and not a week passed that some big journal did not send its special artist and special correspondent; the Vigo Bay Expedition was cited in support of the expectations entertained of this one, until every ship must have been passed in review. Hendershott was sketched in armor and out of armor, on shore and off shore, under the water and in mid-air, diving in the scanty attire of an Indian pearl seeker; the *Madison* was represented as a side-wheeler, a screw-propeller, a frigate, a wrecking tug,—anything the facile pencil of the "special" chose to make it; and one reporter, more enterprising than the rest, published a tabulated statement, with an affidavit attached—secured from New York's great jeweller,—of the gradual rise in the value of rubies during the past hundred years, and the consequent enormous increase in the value of the sunken cargo, which included hundreds of these precious stones.

Hendershott's contract gave him twenty thousand dollars the day the treasure was recovered, and his wages were enormous compared to the length of his hours; for he only worked at slack-water (making two descents a day), and he was the object of open envy and congratulation among the longshore men, fishermen, and sailors. But he did not seem to appreciate his luck; indeed he shrank visibly from the work, and got paler and more "peakéd" every day.

At last he came to Jonas one morning and said:

"Old man, it ain't no use to kick agin this any more. I got to give it up. Look thar."

And he held out his hand that was trembling as if he had a chill.

"No, it ain't drinkin'; I've quit that since I took to divin'"—this in answer to Jona's

quick look. "I'm a-goin' to make a clean breast of it, tell the comp'ny, an' then git. It's all along o' that *City o' Pekin*." And he groaned. "I wanted some money bad; fur my Kit, she was a-goin' to be spliced (married) to as snart a sailor as ever stepped, an' I wanted to give her a good send-off; an' Jack junior, he got a offer of a berth as first-mate, but a big bonus was wanted, an' so I jumped at the job of the *City o' Pekin*, fur I knew it 'ud pay. It was easy work, fur she'd settled on an even keel. Pretty deep? Yes; but my lungs always hev been out o' common strong, an' it wasn't more'n child's play a-locatin' of her cargo. I broached her amidships, an' things come tumblin' out lively. Fust I got at the mail-bags an' the bullion; an' then the orders come to go to the purser's safe and the passengers' cabins, an' git out the jewels an' sea trunks, an' sich. *An' I went!*"

"Well?" said Jonas.

"Well," continued Hendershott, drawing a deep breath and mopping his damp face; "I never mistrusted nothin' wuss'n bones, fur she'd ben down six months, an' fishes is hungry customers an' clean pickers; so I tramped down the gangway, an' theer, at the fust door—swayin' up an' down in the stir of my movin', jest like it was a-sayin' 'how-de-do!'—was the awfulest thing I ever sighted, man or boy, in any sea I hev sailed a-top of or dove underneath of. It *hed* been a young man, but it was swelled tell it was like nothin' words kin tell, an' the face was set in a look so—so—so *hidjus* I can't git it out o' my head sleepin' or wakin'; an' when I git down below in the divin' out yander I don't darst to turn the eyes in my helmet fur fear o' seein' him a-bobbin' and a-bouncin' at my back, an' I hev to keep a-movin'; fur I feel as ef he was a-goin' to grip me from behind ev'y minute"*

"Jack Hendershott, that's a tough yarn you're a spinnin'. How could a man *look* any way, an' he six months drowned, wi' the fishes a-polishin' the blubber off his bones?"

"Thar warn't a bite or a scratch on him—an' the fok'sle a-scamble wi' crabs too. That look o' his'n hed tarryfied 'em off, an' he was kep' thar by his foot bein' jammed. The gratin' hed slipped an' then sprung back,

ketchin' him in a trap he dida't have no time to git loose fum. Somethin' like a grip-sack was at his feet, thet's the reason I know 'bout his bein' caught thar. I made one grab at it fur the comp'ny's sake, an' then I signalled 'up,' an' left fur home thet night. Thet's the yarn. You kin chaw on it', an' spit out what you don't want when you're done, but thar ain't no more divin' fur Jack Hendershott, thet's *flat!*"

And he meant it.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Johnnie's Travels.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TYBORNE."

VIII.

Time passed and the summer heat came. The Tourlas and Johnnie used to go to the Tuileries Gardens in the evening for fresh air. One evening in particular Johnnie left his friends under the trees, and went to see if he could gain anything by his mice. He came back very late full of his adventures.

"I went up to a big shop," he said; "but no one was inside, all were being served on the pavement outside at little tables, and they were eating white and pink stuff out of glasses."

"Those were ices," remarked Sophie.

"Well, then, there were such pretty carriages moving slow'y along, and ladies lying back in them, and they had glasses with the pink and white stuff in them."

"Yes, yes: ices, I tell you."

"Well, I glided among the tables, found a corner and began to make my mice play. I was hoping some one would see them, when up came a big man, with a white apron, in a rage."

"You vagabond!" he said; 'be off with you this minute! We haven't half room to turn, and you come blocking up the place!'

And he laid hold on my shoulder and shook me, and I thought he would have killed the mice; when all in a minute he stopped, for there was a man dressed so grandly, all velvet and gold buttons,—so grandly!"

"A livery servant," said Sophie. "Well, what did he do?"

"He pulled the big man and said: 'The Countess wants you to send that child to her.'

* This was the real experience of a diver.

—‘The Countess,’ said the big man, smiling all over; ‘of course, with the greatest pleasure. Come along, my child.’ And he led me so gently, as if he were very fond of me, up to a carriage in which a little old lady, with white curls and such a nice face, was sitting. So the big man bowed low, and said perhaps the Countess would take an ice? ‘No, thank you,’ said the lady; ‘my husband has gone into your shop to order fifty ices for to-morrow. Please see that they are good, because they are for children.’—‘Be sure of that, Countess,’ said the man; ‘I will see to it myself. Here is the Count.’

“And then there came up a tall man with white hair, and a nice face too, and he said to the lady: ‘It’s all right. I have given the directions. We can go home now.’—‘Wait a minute!’ cried the lady. ‘Where is my boy with the mice?’—‘Here I am, ma’am,’ I said. ‘Well, child,’ said the old lady, ‘will you come to-morrow at eight o’clock with your mice? I will give you five francs.’”

“What good luck!” cried Sophie. “Where does the old lady live?”

“Oh, dear!” said Johnnie, “I have forgotten the street.”

“Forgotten! Oh, Johnnie!”

“Yes, it is number ten or six, but I can’t remember the street.”

“Oh, *try* to remember, Johnnie!”

“The old lady said I would be sure to forget.”

“Then why didn’t you ask her to repeat it?”

“I didn’t dare to do that, because she took out her spectacles and a little book, and she wrote on a leaf, tore it out and gave it to me.”

“And you have actually lost that paper!”

“Oh, no: I have it quite safe.”

“Then what does it matter if you forgot?”

“Because it’s all written in little dark words, not like ink. I can’t read it.”

“Give it to me,” replied Sophie, somewhat impatiently. And she soon read out:

“To-morrow, at a quarter past eight, Rue de la Paix. Ask for the Count de Besson.”

“How clever you are, Sophie!” exclaimed Johnnie.

Great pains were taken next day with Johnnie’s toilet, and in good time he started for his destination. He entered a courtyard full of flowers. The porter’s lodge seemed to

him so magnificent that he thought the Count might live there. Before he could ask a question an elegant young man stepped in.

“Where does the Count de Besson live?” asked Johnnie.

“Second story, staircase opposite,” replied the porter, pointing the way.

As Johnnie’s feet touched the carpeted stairs he said to himself: “I shall tell Sophie people have staircases with velvet steps.”

“Where are you going to, you little wretch?” suddenly cried a rough voice.

Johnnie turned round and saw the porter. “I am going to the Count de Besson.”

“And do you think that carpeted staircases are for the like of you? Look at your feet! The mark would be on every step.”

“I didn’t know the steps were not made to walk on,” said Johnnie.

“You stupid! the best stairs are for the gentry, and the servants’ staircase for such as you. At the other end of the courtyard you’ll find that; be off with you!”

Johnnie found the staircase, and went to the very top of the house; then he remembered that the Count lived on the second story, but he was puzzled how to find it. So he went right down to the bottom, and again climbed the first and second flight. At last he saw a young woman with a white apron.

The servant bade him follow, and Johnnie was ushered into a big *salon*. The blaze of light dazzled him for a minute, and when he could see he thought he was dreaming. The room was full of children, beautifully dressed and dancing to the sound of music. After a time the music stopped, and then Johnnie was brought forward to display his mice. The children were delighted, and the show was repeated again and again. At length the voices of the elders declared the amusement was over for the present, and the attention of the children was drawn to a number of trays brought in by servants. On these trays were glasses, each full of “pink stuff,”—*i. e.*, strawberry ices.

Johnnie drew into a corner, and presently the good old lady with the white curls brought him an ice. Johnnie thanked her, looked delighted, but did not taste the ice.

“Don’t you like it?” said the lady; “it will soon melt.”

"Will it?" answered Johnnie. "I thought I could take it home to Sophie."

So Johnnie had to eat his ice and found it delicious.

After the ices, the mice were shown once more; then the children went to their supper, and Johnnie was dismissed with a big five-franc piece, and an order to the servant to give him some cake and negus.

He stood in the kitchen eating and drinking, and the servant who gave him the refreshment was called away. Presently a little figure entered—a lovely boy dressed in blue velvet and lace, with long brown curls. Johnnie knew it was the grandson of Count de Besson.

"I wants de micey," he lisped.

"What did you say, please?"

"I wants de micey."

"Oh, sir! dear little sir, that is impossible!"

"Ess, the micey wid de red coatee: I wants it. I *vill* have de micey!"

"Oh, dear, good little sir! I really can't give them to you, for by them I earn my bread and that of my mother."

"Ess you can—ou *must!* It is mine feastie to-day, and everybody give me something—all I like. Give me de micey!"

Johnnie only shook his head.

"Ess! Ess!" And little Master Jack stamped his foot. "Ou must refuge nothing to child on their feasties."

"Oh, dear little sir! there are many little children who have no feast."

"Vot is ou feastie-day?"

"Oh, little sir! I have none."

"No, no: ou has a feastie! Vot's ou name?"

"My name is Johnnie."

"But dat iss *mine* name too, and to-day iss my feastie, and so it iss ou feastie too. Vot did ou have give ou?"

"Nothing, sir. I have no good grandpapa and grandmamma; I have no father, and my mother is so poor that I send her all the money that I can earn by showing my mice."

"Nopody give ou anyting: no sugar, no nice tings? I will give ou some tings. Here is someocolat, and my purse, wid the money; see, I give to ou."

"Oh, no, little sir! I can't take the purse. I can't indeed. I'll take the chocolate, and thank you very, very much, but not the purse"

"But ou *shall!*" cried the child, forcing his purse and chocolate box into Johnnie's pocket.

Just then the servant returned.

"Make him to go dis minute!" cried little Master Jack.

And the servant gave Johnnie a push, which sent him on to the staircase, and shut the door.

Johnnie was so frightened that he took to his heels, but soon stopped short, for he was on the velvet staircase, and he was afraid of the porter; then he knew very well he ought not to keep the purse. He hid himself behind an immense palm-tree in a pot that stood on the first landing place, and began to consider what he should do. He was afraid to go up or down, so there he crouched, trembling.

(CONCLUSION IN OUR NEXT NUMBER.)

Concerning Roses.

Sir John Mandeville tells us that a noble maiden, accused of grievous wrong, lived at Bethlehem. Being doomed by her slanderers to death by fire, she prayed to Our Lord to help her; whereupon the burning brands heaped around her slender form became red roses, while the sticks not kindled were changed to white ones. "And these," says the quaint old chronicler, "were the first roses, both white and red, that ever any man sought."

Naturally, the rose became the flower of martyrs. It was a basket of roses that St. Dorothea sent to the notary of Theophilus from the gardens of Paradise; and the angel chose a crown made of roses with which to adorn the martyr, St. Cecilia. Another legend tells how roses sprang up on the bloody field where the noble Roland fell.

The origin of the moss-rose is said to be as follows: A certain angel was charged to sprinkle dew upon the roses while they were asleep, and one day, being wearied with his office, he laid down beside a rose-bush to slumber. When he awoke he said: "Most sweet rose, what shall I give thee in return for this refreshing shade and delightful odor?"—"A new charm," answered the rose. Then the grateful angel, after thinking a moment, bestowed upon the rose the mossy garment which its descendants wear to this very day.



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The Assumption.

BY WILLIAM D. KELLY.

A CROSS an azure arch of starlit-skies,
Full-orbed and fulgent, moves the harvest-
moon,

Lulled by the lullabies the night-winds croon;
The flowers have folded fast their drowsy eyes,
The meadow land outstretched in slumber lies;
And the soft splendor of the night's still noon,
Which garish day will shadow all too soon,
Enwraps the dreaming world it beautifies:

On such another night long years ago,
Methinks, Madonna, did the angels come,
Winging their downward way to earth below
From yonder glorious, silver, starry dome,
And bear thee backward with them when they went
To be the Queen of that bright firmament.

Footprints of Heroines.

BY THE COMTESSE DE COURSON.

III.—LUIA DE CARVAJAL Y MENDOZA.

(Continued.)

AS may be imagined, the little party encountered many difficulties and dangers in the course of a journey which, at the time of which we write, was one of great fatigue and of some peril. They began every morning by hearing Mass, and in her daily Communion Luisa found a provision of strength for the labors of the day. In spite of her feeble health she contrived to pursue her journey without interruption, riding from

early morning till nightfall, and enduring all discomforts with an uncomplaining patience that excited the admiration of her companions. At length Paris was reached, and the holy traveller must have imagined herself back in her native Spain when she crossed the threshold of the Carmelite Convent of the Rue d'Enfer, where she spent a week. Here, together with Madame Acarie, Luisa de Carvajal found the little band of Spanish Carmelites who, a few years previously, had been brought to France by Cardinal de Bérulle, to lay the foundations of the reformed Carmelite Order in Paris.

We may imagine with what sympathy the Spanish nuns listened to their holy country-woman's past experiences and to her plans for the future; how Madame Acarie, whose interest in the English Mission was warm and constant, entered into the motives of her heroic enterprise; and how Luisa herself, after her long, solitary journey, enjoyed the unconstrained intercourse with these holy souls, whose encouragement and sympathy soothed and cheered her.

From Paris she went on to St. Omer, where she remained a month, in the house of a cousin of Father Persons, while arrangements were made to convey her to England,—no easy matter in those days, when the coast was carefully guarded, and spies paid by the Government were constantly on the watch. Although their chief object was to prevent the landing of priests, yet, as a Spaniard and a Catholic, Luisa would have been exposed to no small inconvenience, and even danger, had public attention been attracted to her arrival in England.

At length, under safe escort, she embarked in a vessel which she had engaged for the purpose; and after a stormy journey, during which the ship was driven by adverse winds toward the Dutch coast, she landed at Dover on one of the first days of May, 1606. Here, as Lady Georgiana Fullerton truly observes, the English reader, eager to know of the persons and places visited by our heroine, must inevitably be disappointed at the scanty details furnished by her Spanish biographer, who, writing only eighteen years after her death, at a time when the persecution was still raging, was necessarily obliged to observe the strictest caution and reserve. We are left, therefore, to imagine the feelings of Luisa de Carvajal as she rode through the smiling meadows of Kent to a house in the country, belonging to Catholics, where she rested some time before proceeding to London. We may safely believe, however, that with her ardent love of God, she must have felt a sharp pang at the sight of the old parish churches, whence that God had been expelled.

It is difficult to say which was "the devout house," where, her Spanish historian tells us, she was hospitably received; where she found a beautiful chapel, filled with relics and sacred pictures, and where every day several Masses were celebrated. Lady Georgiana thinks it may have been Battel or Battle, near Hastings, the abode of Magdalen, Vicountess Montague, and a well-known resort for priests and Catholics. However, Luisa spent a month in this peaceful abode, and during her long vigils in the secret chapel she gathered strength for future labors and conflicts. Her stay was abruptly brought to a close by a notice given to the master of the house that the next day the pursuivants would arrive to search the premises, and in consequence of this friendly warning the little group of Catholics hurriedly dispersed.

Luisa proceeded to London, where she was received by a lady who consented to give her hospitality until she found an abode of her own. Just at that time the great city was convulsed by the storm that followed the discovery of the gunpowder plot,—the act of a handful of men, maddened by oppression and cruelty, but for which all the Catholics of England suffered. Her hostess, alarmed at the

sanguinary measures taken against Catholics, refused to shelter her any longer; and Luisa would have found herself homeless had not the Spanish Ambassador, Don Pedro de Zuniga, having heard by chance of her being in London, obliged her to accept his hospitality.

Out of humility, she had refrained from making her arrival known at the Embassy; but she now had to yield to Don Pedro's prayers, and, in the company of two pious English girls, she created for herself a solitude in some rooms that were cut off from the rest of the house. Here she began to lead a life very similar to that she had led in Madrid, save that when she went abroad it was not to visit the glorious shrines and crowded churches of her native land, but to comfort the persecuted Catholics, whose hiding places she soon found out. She used also to visit the prisons, and to minister with loving devotion to the wants of the captive priests.

But these first months in London were terribly painful to her, and her Spanish biographer tells us that she continually shed torrents of tears at the sight of the sufferings of the Catholics. The injustice and oppression with which they were treated, the refinement of cruelty that made their persecutors stigmatize them as traitors to their king and country,—these things, far worse than what she had imagined, caused Luisa exquisite pain, to which was added a crushing sense of her inability to cope with such manifold evils. Her friends at the Embassy added to her troubles by their endeavors to make her leave England, and at times she felt as though her vocation was in truth an illusion. In her perplexity, she wrote to consult several learned and holy persons, begged the prayers and advice of her confessors in England and in Spain, and had many Masses offered. To these fervent prayers God sent answers that dispelled Luisa's doubts.

Fray Juan de San Augustin, chaplain to the Spanish Embassy, after strongly advocating her return to Spain, arrived at the conclusion that by remaining at her post she might be of use to many souls, while attaining herself to a rare degree of perfection. Father Persons, Prefect of the English Mission, Don Juan de Ribero, Patriarch of Valencia, a remarkably holy prelate, also were convinced that God

wished her to employ her life for the service of His persecuted English Church; lastly, Pope Paul V., through Father Perez, a Spanish Jesuit, expressed his strongest approval of the work she had undertaken, and desired her to persevere in it.

Her perplexities set at rest, Doña Luisa returned with renewed zeal to her charitable ministrations among the imprisoned Catholics. At the end of a year of hard study she had acquired sufficient knowledge of English to converse and write correctly; and the English Jesuits, who were her confessors during all her stay in England, tell us that her example and her exhortations greatly encouraged the faithful. "It would seem," writes one of them, "as if this lady had been sent here for the express purpose of shaming our want of courage." Her ardent love of the Church, uncompromising zeal, and utter contempt for the honors, riches and comforts of this world, which she had voluntarily abandoned, braced up the fainting hearts and failing courage of those who were in daily peril of losing those goods which she held so cheap.

Her Spanish biographer gives us, on the whole, few details regarding the first period of her stay in London. We learn that she often knelt to pray at the foot of an old stone cross, which had been spared at the Reformation on account of its exquisite workmanship, quite heedless of the insults that were hurled at her on all sides; that she used to buy the caricatures of the Pope in the shop windows, tear them up and trample upon them, saying aloud in her broken English that she wondered how people could like such wicked pictures. Soon, however, her confessor forbid her these open demonstrations, as they might get her into trouble uselessly, and hinder her in the pursuit of important works of zeal and charity.

One of her greatest joys in the first months of her exile was that, yielding to her representations, the Spanish Ambassador consented to have the Blessed Sacrament reserved in his chapel; and soon afterward the French, Flemish, and Venetian Ambassadors followed his example. Thanks to Luisa, the untold blessing of Our Lord's perpetual presence was thus extended to different parts of London, and, in the words of her English biographer, "Since

Elizabeth's accession the Blessed Sacrament had never been, comparatively speaking, so openly honored."

After more than a year's residence at the Embassy, Luisa removed into a small house of her own, in spite of the entreaties of Don Pedro de Zuniga, whose kindness to his holy countrywoman never varied. This house seems to have been dark and close, but it was in the immediate neighborhood of the Embassy, where Luisa could hear Mass and receive Holy Communion every day. Here she continued her life of charity and zeal, visiting the prisons, and endeavoring by all means in her power to help the bodies and souls of her persecuted fellow-Catholics. All her spare time was devoted to the study of books of theology and controversy, of which she, who refused herself the merest trifle, bought a large number. We remember that the Marquis of Almacan was well versed in theology, and from her girlhood Luisa had been used to hear subjects of this nature discussed in her presence by eminent and holy men. Her own knowledge of theology was so remarkable in a woman that the priests and prelates, who had approved of her remaining in England, based their decision in great measure upon the beneficial influence she was likely to exercise by her knowledge of the Bible and her skill in controversy.

These gifts were especially valuable at a time when Protestants endeavored, by many deceitful and plausible arguments, to persuade the Catholics that the oath of allegiance might be taken without compromising their conscience. Several holy priests had doubts on the subject before a Papal Brief decided the matter, and among them was Father Robert Drury, who was arrested in 1607, and offered life and liberty if he would take the oath. Luisa, who had probably known him at Valladolid, where he studied for five years, went to see him in prison, and discussed the point with him for two days.

Father Drury was quite willing to die, and his hesitations were solely on account of the Catholics, whose terrible woes wrung his heart; however, he ended by realizing that even for seculars the oath was necessarily sinful, and that there was no choice for them but to reject it. Luisa, whose arguments had

contributed to lead him to this decision, writes thus on the subject to a friend in Spain: "He showed me more affection than ever when I went to visit him; and I tried by every means I could to cheer and confirm his courage, so that he should not suffer himself to be overcome by the vehement persuasions wherewith they endeavored to induce him to subscribe to the said oath of allegiance." On the morning of the holy priest's execution Luisa was there, and her heart must have rejoiced at beholding his radiant countenance, which, says Challoner, "was more like that of an angel than of a man." At the last, the martyr recommended his mother to Luisa's care,—a trust which she faithfully and lovingly fulfilled.

The following year she probably witnessed the execution of George Gervase, a secular priest, who suffered at Tyborne; and of Father Thomas Garnet, who died with these words on his lips: "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do!" In him Luisa felt a peculiar interest: he was the first martyr trained within the walls of the novitiate she had founded at Louvain, and her heart must have beat with something of a mother's pride as she beheld his glorious triumph. In December, 1610, a similar consolation was given to her. Father Roberts, a Benedictine monk, and Father Somers, a secular priest, were condemned to death together, and the execution was appointed to take place during the same month. Luisa knew both these holy men well, and during their imprisonment she contrived to visit them often, and to send them little delicacies, such as pear tarts made in the Spanish fashion.

Father Roberts was recovering from a recent illness when he was sent for to hear his sentence; his hands trembled so that he could hardly fasten his coat, and, turning to Luisa who stood by, "See how I tremble!" he said. She replied by a few bright words of encouragement, at which the holy man "smiled and bowed his head in thanks." By bribing the jailers, Luisa obtained that the two confessors should, contrary to custom, be allowed after their condemnation to spend the night in the part of the prison where the other Catholics were confined. Here she joined them, and on beholding the two priests she

fell on her knees and kissed their feet, wishing, as she herself expresses it, "to show the just and high esteem in which the Spanish nation holds the martyr's name and state."

Many friends of Luisa's had accompanied her, and together, with the other Catholic prisoners, they all sat down to supper. It must have been a singularly touching scene, such as Luis Munoz describes it in his life of our heroine: the dark and loathsome London prison, darker than ever on that dreary December evening, but brightened and made beautiful by the supernatural joy of those who were assembled within its walls. At the head of the table sat Luisa, who had been obliged to take the place of honor between the two confessors; her pale face beamed with unearthly beauty, and her voice thrilled through the hearts of all when she entreated the martyrs to obtain for her a death like their own. In the course of the evening Father Roberts having asked her whether his great glee might not scandalize those present, she reassured him: "You can not be better employed," she said, "than by letting them all see with what cheerful courage you are about to die for Christ."

The two martyrs suffered the next day with admirable courage, and at the request of Father Scott, also a Benedictine, Luisa gladly consented to receive their precious remains in her house. They were conveyed there with some difficulty and no little danger; and in a letter addressed to her cousin, the Marchioness of Caracena, Luisa relates her devout preparations on the occasion. "I will not put off telling you," she writes, "that yesterday I had the honor of providing, for the second time, winding-sheets for our two last martyrs. My unworthy hands consigned them to their shroud and sewed the linen. I wish it had been cloth of gold, though in the eyes of the divine mercy what is offered to Him, or to His own for His sake, has the value of the finest gold."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE church bells ringing from a lofty steeple seem like the voice of God, sounding above the clamor of the world.—*"Spanish Popular Sayings."*

Harry Considine's Fortunes.

BY NUGENT ROBINSON.

CHAPTER VII.—TO THE LAND OF THE WEST.

MR. MOLLOY Sr., by a series of strategetical, diplomatic and artful manœuvres, had induced a confiding firm—that of Wilkinson & Toft—to allow him to test the vast field of the United States as a market for a certain class of Irish woollens, which he averred would be “run upon” by every man, woman and child of Hibernian extraction under the Stars and Stripes in possession of a dollar.

“Why, gentlemen!” he enthusiastically argued, “I have only to announce my coming with this genuine article to have a deputation to meet me at the quay at Harlem.” His ideas in regard to the river fronts of New York were somewhat hazy. “I have only to hang out a strip of it from my windows at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, to have all the ships in the Bay salute it. It will be recognized as the commercial flag of old Ireland, and will be placed cheek by jowl with Irish harp and shamrock. I see orders to the tune of a million dollars rolling in. Why not? Is it not reasonable to expect an abnormal sale? The Irish race love their home, and everything that reminds them of the old sod. Now I ask you, gentlemen, what could possibly remind an Irish man, woman or child of the home in the Irish hills, or the Irish valleys, or the Irish bogs, more than this Irish frieze? Why, my journey will be a triumphal progress! The poor people are wearing—what? I ask *you*, Mr. Wilkinson; I ask *you*, Mr. Toft. You do not reply. *I* will. The Irish in America have been compelled to encase their frames in shoddy. Now, does it not appeal to the meanest capacity, that—?” and so on, and so on.

After grave deliberation the firm were talked into entering the field against shoddy; and Mr. Molloy, on a dull November day, was bidden adieu at the King's Bridge Terminus by his wife and daughter and son, Harry Considine being of the party, provided with an armful of books for the delectation of the excited and joyous commercial traveller.

Mrs. Molloy, between bursts of grief, im-

pressed upon Harry her solemn conviction that Mr. Molloy was destined to so astonish and captivate the American people as to step at once into the front rank of American commercial men, and take his stand between the Astors and the Vanderbilts. “Mr. A. T. Stewart went to the States under much worse auspices, and I'm told he left millions!” exclaimed the hopeful lady.

“If it were to Australia, New Zealand, Africa,—any other genteel country where they have titles and gentry, I wouldn't mind so much,” sobbed Miss Molloy. But the idea of papa's going to that dreadfully vulgar and democratic America! Oh! it's too bad; it's awfully hard to bear!”

Mr. Molloy was armed to the teeth in honest expectation of having to defend his scalp against the wiles of the red man even in New York, and his state-room was filled with canned meats to protect him against the terrors of starvation. He spoke of San Francisco as “Frisco,” and supposed it nearer Gotham than the Hub; in a word, he was as ignorant about “the States” as are the vast majority of Britishers, and gaily conceited in his opinions on subjects of which he knew absolutely nothing.

“Yes, Considine,” he observed; “I shall make American hay while the American sun shines. In a new country like the States a man of education, experience and manner *must* control; and I hear the blacks are in the majority. Well, a black you know *must* yield to the odic influence of a white. I shall make a mark, and a deep one, you my depend upon it. The vast high-road of commerce has many sunny resting-places, and ‘yours truly’ will rest a good deal.”

“Mind!” cried Mrs. Molloy, as the train was moving slowly out of the depot,—“mind that you inquire everywhere for Marmaduke Daly of Castle Daly! He's out West somewhere.”

Mr. Molloy proved but an indifferent correspondent, and scraps of letters would arrive at Rathgar Road from the most out-of-the-way places, with the most peculiar names. These epistles were most unsatisfactory, since, instead of giving news of himself and his doings, they were entirely devoted to asking questions about home, home life, and the goings on of the neighbors. Mr. Wilkinson sent

repeatedly to Pims to ascertain from Gerald if there were any recent tidings from his father; and, meeting the young man one day in the Kingstown train, ruefully informed him that orders for Irish woollens were "simply nil."

"Your father is hopeful. *We* are not; in fact, we never were, and we want Mr. Molloy to return at once. Will you please tell him this from us?"

At length, after a silence of several weeks—a silence as alarming as it was vexatious,—arrived a long letter from a place called Clam Farm, Oyster City, Nebraska, blowing a clarion note of triumph.

"Here I am at Clam Farm!" it ran, "as snug as a bug in a rug, with as decent a fellow as ever stepped in shoe leather, and surrounded with everything that any reasonable body could desire. The house is, to be sure, made of wood, and there's only a stove where there should be a grate, and windows are more plentiful than blinds, and the hogs are as familiar as on the Bog of Allen; but there's a single word that confronts you at every turn, though it's not written up, it's in the air, and that glorious word is *Independence!* Yes, my dears, I'm in clover, and with whom do you think? Guess now. No, you can't! Well, the owner of five thousand acres, a thousand head of cattle, ten horses, two hundred sheep, and fifty pigs, is Marmaduke (as you *will* call him, his name's Peter) Daly of Castle Daly, who gave me an Irish welcome, and won't let me stir hand or foot. This letter is not polished, or gilt-edged, or venerated; for, somehow or other, with the blessed feeling of independence I feel natural, and say exactly what I feel, instead of studying a sentence and groping about in the dictionary for a word with the longest tail. Here, please God, I will pitch my tent. Here, please God, you and Emma will come. Daly is going to sell a dozen hogs to send you the money to come out; and I tell you what it is, you'll look back on the Rathgar Road, and the mean, miserable cringing after so-called fashion when you get here with such a laughing contempt as will serve to amuse you for many a long day as well as a farce."

The letter went on to give a most graphic description of Clam Farm and its daily life. Mr. Molloy also went into details as to how

the ladies were to travel, proposing to meet them in New York, together with Marmaduke Daly.

"Gerald may fling Pim's Counting-House to the Hill of Howth. This is the place for him. He can start a store in Oyster City, and in a few years be a rich man. This is the place for Harry Considine, too. I see that that pompous goose, his boss, is nominated for Lord Mayor."

Mrs. Molloy was very much gratified that her kinsman had turned up trumps, but she regarded her husband's suggestion as to settling in Nebraska as simply outrageous.

"Bury ourselves in the backwoods, just as our daughter is coming out and gaining a foothold in aristocratic society! It's the letter of a lunatic. Let Marmaduke Daly send us money if he is so fond of us, but his money won't buy us out of civilization."

"Whoever goes to Clam Farm, *I* won't be one!" cried Emma. "The idea! Papa must be mad. This horrid relative of mamma's has turned a Democrat. Imagine, a Daly of Castle Daly a Democrat! It's enough to make all the Dalys since the days of Brian Boroihme turn in their coffins. What does papa mean, I'd like to know? Does he imagine that we are to go out to that terrible place and vegetate? Does he imagine that *I* can live without society?—I who am now getting into the pick of the Corporation? Why, next year, when Alderman Ryan is Lord Mayor, I shall be at *all* the Lady Mayoress's balls; I shall be in the 'house set'; I shall be in the vice-regal quadrille; I may be presented at court. No, no: papa *can not* mean what he says! It is some hideous joke. I will write him a letter that will set him right. I suppose he wants mamma and me to farm, to milk the cows and churn butter, and feed poultry. Faugh!"

Gerald considered Peter Daly's offer a splendid chance,—just one of those chances that will turn up betimes on the board of life.

"How can you think of refusing, mother?" he said. "My income won't keep us, and father, as you know, has sent no money home for the best reason in the world—he hasn't any. He sent back Wilkinson & Toft all their monies in his possession, and wrote them a letter, which they are very much pleased with, promising to repay them the expenses

they were put to in sending him out, as it was at his earnest instigation that the venture was undertaken."

"I can live on bread and tea and stirabout!" cried Emma.

"Bosh!" said her brother. "There is no girl in Rathmines has a better appetite, or a better appreciation of good food. Why not try Nebraska, and—"

"I won't try it!" burst in his sister.

"A trip to the United States is *the* most fashionable trip going. It is the most correct form, and—"

"I won't go a step till the year after next, anyhow!" interrupted Emma. "I won't miss the Ryan's year at the Mansion House. I might go after that. Oh! no," she added; "the American trip is all very well for my Lord this, and my Lady that. Everybody knows that they go for pleasure. Everybody would know that *we* went of necessity. And only imagine"—here she elevated her pretty nose in the air,—“our passage money paid for by pigs! Ugh!”

Gerald, aided by Considine, worked round his mother, not, however, before she had written her husband a letter taxing him with insanity in proposing such a project,—a letter backed up by a twelve-page epistle from Emma, pitched in the same key, but more ear-piercing in its tone.

"As for Mr. Marmaduke Daly," ran her postscript, "he ought to be ducked in the canal for proposing such a thing. Does he know *our* position in society? Does he know what we would be obliged to sacrifice?"

These letters were duly received by Mr. Molloy, who at first burst into a tremendous passion, and was for giving permission to wife and daughter to retire to the classic regions of the South Dublin Union as an alternative; but better counsel speedily prevailed, and in sending them a draft for one hundred pounds he said:

"Just try it for a few months. If you don't like it, you and Emma can go back. I promise you I shall not oppose you, and the reason I do so is that I feel that both of you will become as enamored of the country as I am. Cable when you leave, naming the boat, and Daly and I will go on to New York to meet you. Emma will be delighted with New York;

it's as bright as Paris. I see my way to the State Legislature, and, later on, to Congress. No one except American born can be elected President. I am engaged on a new system of harrowing. Daly is delighted with it. I should have been a farmer all along, but better late than never. I am young enough still, and with energy sufficient to hold my grip as I climb the ladder. Young heads turn giddy sooner than old ones."

Pending the receipt of this letter, the two ladies went amongst their friends, spreading the doleful intelligence. Mrs. Molloy was naturally elated at the flourishing condition of her kinsman, and let her acquaintances become aware of the fact on every available opportunity.

Considine happened to be making a call in Rutland Square when Mrs. Molloy and her daughter were announced.

"I don't see anything to be so worried about, ma'am," said honest Harry, after the excited lady had impeached her husband for the twentieth time. "The country is superb; the climate magnificent; the—"

"Oh, of course *you* are against us, Mr. Considine!" cried Emma. "Why shouldn't you though? You are dying to go to America. Don't deny it."

"Deny it? I would go to-morrow, Miss Molloy, if I had the chance."

"What do you call a chance?" sharply demanded Jane Ryan.

"Well, somebody to pay my travelling expenses. In earnest, Miss Ryan" he added; "as soon as my dear little Peggy's education is finished, please God, I'll save money to go out"

"And I suppose if you got a chance of going this minute you would stop there."

"Undoubtedly."

"And leave your family, friends?"

"I would bring out my family."

"Easier said than done."

"I could name five men of my own acquaintance in Wicklow who have done so." Miss Ryan was silent.

"The very name of America is hideous!" cried Emma; "let us talk of something else. Do you know who I saw at Mitchels, in Grafton Street, yesterday? Mr. Spencer."

That evening at dinner Miss Ryan said to her father:

"Papa, are you still thinking of buying that ranche with Alderman Finn and Mr. Wilmot?"

"Well, yes, I think so. Why, dear?"

"Because you might give Mr. Considine a run out to see it. I think that would gratify him more than anything else you could do for him. He ought to be a good judge in farming matters."

"Oh, the thing's only talked about as yet. We wouldn't think of sending any one out for three or four months."

"Well, but won't you give him the chance if it comes off?"

"I—think not, dear. He is more useful here."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Stella Matutina; or, a Poet's Quest.

BY EDMUND OF THE HEART OF MARY, C. P.

III.

WHEN turn'd the poet, with all-reverent mind,
To fields he had been early taught to shun:
Where poison-flowers ('twas said) perfume'd the
wind,

And musical, but deadly, waters run.

"The old idolatry still lives, my son,
In those fair-seeming gardens. Ah, beware!

A sorceress woos thee with her names of 'One'
And 'Catholic' and 'Holy.' Flee the snare!
Ev'n as thy fathers fled to breathe pure Gospel air."

Rear'd in the great Elizabethan Sham,
His creed had well-nigh dwindled to a ghost....

Now fed with mist of Isis or of Cam,
Now left to cater for itself and boast
The right of choosing what it favor'd most
And tranquilly dispensing with the rest.

Yet like a sentinel he kept his post
For faith in Christ—the Master highest, best,
And Blessèd Saviour-God of fallen world confess'd.

So now unto the old historic Church
He turn'd him blithely: glad that he had heard
Her unquench'd voice still challenge earnest
search,

With claim (no longer to his thirst absurd)
To teach inerrantly Christ's living Word.
"O ancient Church, I hear thee charged," he said
"(A charge, 'twould seem, right learnedly
preferr'd),

With bringing back the worship of the dead,
And heathen hero-rites—now paid to Saints in-
stead."

But she, with gentle dignity, replied:

"My child, was never a more foolish lie.
What are the Saints? Christ's members glorified.
He gives them crowns and sceptres: * what can I
But do them fitting homage? There, on high,
They share His very throne,† and so complete
The triumph of His own Humanity:
For doth not each His victory repeat
Over the rebel hosts that writhe beneath His feet?"

"What are the Saints? My sons and daughters,
borne
To Christ my Spouse. Dost think them gone
before
To let their Mother toil and weep forlorn,
Nor rather help and comfort her the more?
If I, then, bid my children here implore
The timely aid of brethren strong in prayer,
Who watch the vessel from the hard-won shore
And beacon into port—what tongue shall dare
This cult with impious rites of demon-gods com-
pare?"

Two Schools.

(CONTINUED.)

CLARA VALLEY, Oct. 11, 18—.

DEAR AUNT MARY:—I have so much to
write that I do not know where to begin.
This is an extra holiday, granted by the Arch-
bishop of L—, an uncle of the Superior,
who yesterday paid us a visit, and in whose
honor we had a fine entertainment last even-
ing. Word was received on Sunday to expect
him, and after class on Monday afternoon the
mistress of studies summoned the larger girls
to arrange *tableaux*, etc., for the next even-
ing's festivities. We were allowed to remain
up an hour later than the others, and by ten
o'clock, when the Sisters' retiring bell sounded,
with Sister Mary's valuable assistance, we had
arranged a lovely programme. It consisted
of songs, instrumental pieces on the harp and
piano, with a couple of recitations, and three
tableaux from the Old Testament: "Rebecca
at the Well," "The Finding of Moses," and
"Esther before the King."

Everything went on as usual next day, no
one would have thought there was an enter-
tainment on hand, if it had not been for the
hurrying to and fro of the men and boys, who
do the outside work of the convent, getting the

* Apoc., ii, 26.

† *Ibid.*, iii, 21.

exhibition hall in readiness. During dinner recreation we had a grand rehearsal, and studies were again resumed until three, when school was dismissed, and we filed up to the attic, or "wardrobe-room," to change our dresses for the evening.

The dark blue cashmere uniforms, which we wore to-night for the first time, look very rich and beautiful. True, there is a sameness about them which might not please every eye; but the adoption of a uniform makes it impossible for one to outshine another in dress, and thus striking contrasts are avoided. Consequently there can be no heart-burnings on this score, at least. The dresses were generally brightened by colored ribbons, worn in a knot on the left shoulder, with a silver medal attached. These ribbons indicate to which of the various societies the wearers belong. Dark red and light blue combined show that the recipient is in the first degree of general excellence; these are the colors of two Societies—that of the Sacred Heart and of the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin. Some wear either one or the other color, as members of either Sodality. The children of the primary classes are distinguished by pink ribbons, as belonging to the Sodality of the Guardian Angel; while non-Catholics, like myself, who are considered in very good standing have dark blue for their distinctive color. This, I am happy to say, is mine.

The Archbishop arrived at four p. m., and at five we were summoned to the chapel, where Benediction was administered by His Grace, after which we were presented in the large parlor. He is a tall, strikingly handsome, intellectual looking man, with charming manners. When I was introduced he surprised me by saying, with a smile, "They tell me, my dear child, that you are a daughter of the late Colonel R—; I knew him well, and think I can safely say that, though not professedly a Catholic, he was what we call 'within the pale.' He was truly one of Nature's noblemen,—such a man as we do not often meet nowadays." This was news to me, as it will also be to you, Aunt Mary, and makes me feel as though I would like to have some further conversation with the Archbishop, as I hope to have this evening. But to resume my account.

Supper was hastily dispatched, and immediately after we assembled in the exhibition hall, where we were soon joined by the Sisters, the Archbishop, and his travelling companion and Secretary, Father Ray, and our pastor, Father Humes. Everything went off without a hitch in the programme, and at the conclusion the Archbishop made a nice little speech, thanking us for the pleasure we had afforded him, and asking Mother Superior to grant us a holiday, which she readily did.

It is a lovely morning, and we are to start for the "Virgin Woods" at ten o'clock. We will take a light luncheon there, and, returning about four, will have dinner at five, as is customary on all holidays, when something in the way of a treat is always provided. To-day the girls predict turkey, for some of them have seen celery and cranberry pies in the pantry. Good-bye till Sunday, when I shall finish with an account of our trip to the woods.

SUNDAY MORNING.

I wish you could have been with us that day at the "Virgin Woods." Our way led past the graveyard of the Sisters, where we paused a few moments to pray. It is a lovely spot. Each grave is marked by a small wooden cross, and roses bloom luxuriantly all over the place. You may not understand why we should pray there; but, no doubt, you are aware that Catholics believe in Purgatory, or a middle state of souls, suffering for a time on account of their sins; and also believe that prayers and good works by those on earth are efficacious in releasing them from suffering.

Don't you consider it a very consoling and satisfactory doctrine? Consoling to think that, as "nothing defiled can enter heaven," there is a place set apart where sin may be atoned for until the soul is sufficiently purified to ascend to Paradise? and satisfactory, as well as logical and natural, to believe that heaven is not opened as readily and speedily to the death-bed repentant sinner as to him who has always tried to serve God? You are so reasonable, Aunt Mary, that you can not fail to see it in this light. Moreover, the Bible speaks of prayers and offerings for the dead. How sweet it is for those who believe thus to feel that their loved ones, unable further to merit reward by reason of their transition state, may still be benefited, consoled, and their

time of probation shortened through the intercession and good works of friends and relatives left behind in this world! But this is not a description of our walk and picnic. Pardon the digression. I know you so well that I can see you, half smiling, half frowning over the page, and though you should dismiss it with a little impatient "What ails the child?" you will think it all over to-night before you sleep.

Well, our way led for a mile through a leafy lane, lined on either side by tall beech and elm-trees, with here and there a group of maples or poplars; a tiny stream, flowing from a spring in the uplands miles away, ran along one side of the road, now widening into a broad silver ribbon, now seeming like a thread, then tumbling into hollow pools, where long-continued friction had made a depression in the surface of the pebbly soil. Gradually the trees grew thicker, leafy maples and oaks, hundreds of years old judging from their enormous size, now seemed to displace the elm and beech-trees, and we soon found ourselves in the heart of the woods. The light October frosts had crisply touched the foliage, and the leaves were turning from green to crimson. But why describe all this to you, who are such a lover of the woods, where you are no doubt wandering this pleasant Sunday afternoon?

After rambling about for a while we suddenly came upon a large white statue of the Virgin niched in the trunk of an old oak. A Virginia ivy encircled the tree, dropping its tendrils like a crown over the forehead of "Our Lady," as the children and nuns call her. Sister Mary intoned the Litany of Loreto in Latin, and we all joined in the lovely hymn. Some day I will explain the meaning of this litany to you. It is at once a prayer of supplication and an anthem of praise and love. After the singing was finished we scattered about in various groups till luncheon time. This over, we gathered beech nuts and bright mosses until three o'clock, when we prepared to return. The walk back was delightful, and we reached home thoroughly satisfied with our outing. As you will anticipate, we had excellent appetites for the fine turkey, mashed potatoes, sweet potatoes, stewed tomatoes, celery, lettuce, cranberry sauce, custard,

cranberry and pumpkin pie, that awaited us at the dinner table.

I have never spent a happier day. By the way, I had almost forgotten to tell you that as we were leaving the "Virgin Woods" I saw a group of young men and girls climbing a fence which separates the convent grounds from Hope Farm (the Sisters have three hundred and sixty acres), one of whom looked very much like Estella Gray. And yet this could scarcely be; for, by the prospectus of Allen Seminary, the pupils are forbidden to receive visits from or go out with young gentlemen.

After dinner I had an interview with the Archbishop, who told me much of my dear father. He had known him during the war. But for him the church at C— would have been fired by the soldiers, as nearly all the Catholics in that place were Southern sympathizers. The Archbishop said he had once heard my father say that, when she was old enough, it was his purpose to send "his little daughter" to a convent school. Maybe it was an inspiration from that dear dead father which brought me here. The good Archbishop gave me his blessing, and promised, at my request, to pray for me. He also gave me a little silver cross, which I have attached to my watch-guard. I had intended to write more, telling you about our monthly examination; but one of the girls has come into the study-hall, where I am writing, with a wild story of a great *cantatrice* just from Europe, who is to give us a concert, and I can not think for the noise. It is probably some mistake or exaggeration.

Good-bye, write soon; and believe that, although I very often long for a sight of your dear face, there is no happier school-girl than

Your affectionate

JULIA.

ALLEN SEMINARY, Oct. 16, 18—.

DEAR MATTIE:—We have been enjoying ourselves *this* week, I can assure you. Sunday evening his High Mightiness, our esteemed Principal, got a telegram announcing the arrival of Bishop-Elect, or post-Bishop, Waddilone, I forget which it is, but I know they were "boys together" and graduated at the same time, and now the Rev. Waddilone is going as a missionary to the heathens in

Mexico. I once thought they were all pious Roman Catholics there, but now I am told they are only a little better than heathens.

N. B.—Florence Howe, my room-mate, has just come in, and is looking over my shoulder. She says it is a mistake about the Rev. Waddilone being a bishop. He was thinking of accepting a call to that office, but concluded the duties were too "odious"; and finally decided on the Mexican mission (no pun intended), where he will not have to travel about much, and will have a better time altogether. The colporteurs will do all the travelling, and he is to have general charge of affairs. I believe his wife is delicate, and he does not like to leave her long alone. Still, it doesn't make any difference to us, so long as we have had a jolly time by reason of his visit.

We were all thrown into a great state of excitement by the announcement. President Allen and her High Mightiness, the Madame, announced that all school duties were to be suspended during the two following days, in order to prepare and rehearse a programme for the grand occasion. For *tableaux* we had "The Beheading of Mary Stuart," "The Martyrdom of John Rogers," and an allegorical representation of the States of the Union, represented by young ladies in white, each bearing the flag of her respective State, with the Goddess of Liberty extending her hands above them in a fatiguingly maternal way,—as I happen to know, for I was the goddess. But I am anticipating. My! how we fussed, and hurried and skurried during those two days! Costumes were to be arranged. The girls say they have piles and piles of things for *tableaux* at the convent, but we had to furnish everything. Then there were also dresses to be selected and got ready for the sociable which was to follow the entertainment. Everyone vied with the other, and I tell you we were nearly all gotten up regardless, except a few dowdyish girls, that never do have anything to wear on any occasion. I think it's a shame to let half a dozen like that reflect disgrace on the school, don't you?

When the evening came with the missionary and his spouse we were tired to death. But for all that we were obliged to file in to the assembly hall, and listen to a long discourse from Rev. W— about the ancient

friendship of Waddilone, Allen and company,—the good they both had done, and still expected to do, in the "service of souls," as he called it, though each had chosen a different field—he the conversion of the benighted heathen, and our own dear president the Christian training of young hearts. Waddilone may be a religious man, I am sure he ought to be from his calling, but I can't see that his friend Allen is seriously working in that line. It looks to me as though his specialty was in giving the least and poorest fare I ever saw for the most money. We do have a fearful table!

After he had besought us to remember him in closet prayer, and also not to forget the benighted Roman Catholic Mexicans, who sat in darkness almost at our very doors, he subsided; and the Rev. Mrs. arose and treated us to a homily, in which she said she fancied she saw missionary aspirations in some of our bright young faces. Heaven save the mark! I hope she did not mistake the loving glances I darted at Professor Krouck, who sat in the deep window seat opposite me, for what she calls "soul aspirations fanned by the holy flame of sacrifice." For my part, I can't see what great sacrifice she is making.

She was followed by our own Allen, who delivered an eulogy on Waddilone, which I thought never *would* come to an end; and then "Waddy" wound up with Benediction. He did do it beautifully. He is a handsome man with a fine figure, and his gestures and poses were *simply perfect!* He has a sonorous voice, well modulated. I could not help thinking while I listened what a fine baritone he would make on the opera stage. I am afraid the rest of the girls were not so impressed; for I counted twenty-one with bowed heads, almost convulsed with giggles.

After tea—and a poor, skimpy tea it was—we went up-stairs to dress, and such a borrowing of hair-pins, crimping-irons, and powder puffs, such a squeezing of dress waists that wouldn't meet, and tying of sashes, pinning of bouquets and scattering of Frangipanni and Cologne, you never saw! At last we were ready; we of the States' *tableaux* were not obliged to change our dresses for the grouping, but many of the others had to dress two or three times.

The old things didn't amount to much, but everybody said they went off well. The girls were in shrieks of laughter over John Roger's wife and nine children; John himself, personated by the tallest girl in the school, looked too funny in a long coat and white choker. John Knox, waving Mary Stuart's head aloft after the execution, reminded me of some one finding an infernal machine, and holding it at arms-length, for fear it might go off. A huge dumb-bell, covered with a black cloth, was made to do service for the head of poor unfortunate Mary.

To come to the sociable. All the *élite* of our fourth-rate town were there in best bib and tucker, but they were principally old and middle-aged people. Still, half a dozen young fellows are not bad—half a loaf is better than no bread, you know; and we managed to entertain ourselves and them to our own satisfaction, under the very noses of the Gorgons.

I will do Mrs. Allen the justice to say that she does not consider occasional sociables at the Seminary a bad feature, as "they teach the young ladies to be at ease in society, and serve to initiate them in the art of entertaining. Besides, we only admit the brothers and friends of our best pupils, which makes it a sort of family gathering, as it were." I overheard her making these remarks to Madame Waddilone. The good lady did not know that two of her masculine guests were commercial travellers, sojourning in — for a night, and wheedled into the sacred precincts through the medium of a handkerchief waved from an upper window, and a note dropped in passing the hotel during our afternoon walk. They were charming fellows; a Mr. De Quincy Ross, and his friend, Archibald Fairlie. They have promised to be at the concert, if possible.

At ten o'clock we had "slight refreshments" Hem! I think they were. The thinnest bread, the faintest *soufflon* of butter, a lady's-finger and macaroon each, and the weakest lemonade. We were all starved; we are *always* starved! And, to add insult to injury, an hour later, after the guests had departed, one of the girls saw Bridget, the dining-room girl, carrying up a huge tray to Mrs. Allen's sitting-room, filled with all sorts of good things.

At half-past ten the distinguished company

dispersed, and we girls went hungry to bed, though we had a tolerably nice time, all in all. During the evening Florence and I made an engagement to take an afternoon stroll with our new friends on the following day. We told them that there was more than half a chance of our not being able to compass it; but they insisted that where there is a will there is a way, and, as we are always ready for a harmless frolic, it was not hard to persuade us.

But this letter is long enough. I shall tell you all about it in my next, when I hope to be able to give a full account of the concert and the lovely time I know we shall have. Write soon to

Your loving ESTELLA.
(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Story of the Assumption.

BY L. W. REILLY.

AFTER the ascension of Christ into heaven, sixteen years passed before the Blessed Virgin died.* She went from Mount Calvary, on the night of the crucifixion, to the home of St. John on Mount Sion. There she remained as long as the Beloved Disciple stayed in Palestine. She passed her days in prayer, in rehearsing for the instruction of neophytes the mysteries of which she was the chief witness, and in visiting the dolorous Stations of the Cross.

Although she was perfectly resigned to the will of God, she longed, with even a more intense longing than St. Paul and other saints, "to be dissolved and to be with Christ;" for

* The Blessed Virgin died, according to the Abbé Orsini, in the night which preceded the 15th of August. The year of her death is very uncertain. Eusebius fixes it in the 48th of our era; thus, according to him, Our Lady lived sixty-four years; but Nicephorus (lib. xi, c. 21) formally says that she ended her days in the year 5 of the reign of Claudius: that is, in the year 798 of Rome, or 45 of the Christian era. Then, supposing that the Blessed Virgin was sixteen years old when our Saviour came into the world, she would have lived sixty-one years. Hippolytus of Thebes assures us in his chronicle that Mary gave birth to our Saviour at the age of sixteen, and died eleven years after His crucifixion. According to other authors, Our Lady died at the age of sixty-six.

separation from Him was for her, who had been so close to Him for years, a slow martyrdom. Yet the days lengthened into months, and the months into years, and still she was left on earth—in the world but not of it, “walking the ground, but with her heart in heaven.”

In the year 44 the first persecution broke out in Jerusalem. It was violent and bloody, and numbers of newly-professed Christians gave up their lives for the faith. Then St. John, fearful lest any harm should happen to the Mother of the Lord, took her to Ephesus.

Beside the Icarian Sea Mary remained for about five years. In her exile from Palestine she was comforted by the companionship of Mary Magdalen, who, shortly after the Blessed Virgin went to Asia Minor, followed her thither and abode with her there. The sky above her new home was beautiful, the climate was delightful, and the Christians of Ephesus vied with one another to make her stay among them pleasant; still, she pined for the City of David and the scenes of Our Lord's life and death.

One day Mary's heart was more than usually full of memories of Bethlehem and Nazareth and Jerusalem. So lonesome was she, and so strongly did she crave a sight of Jesus, that tears filled her eyes. Even while she wept Gabriel stood before her.

“Hail, full of grace!” he said; “Mother of Jesus, Son of God.”

Mary recognized the Angel, and her very heart leapt for joy.

“The Son of the Most High, who is at the right hand of the Eternal Father,” continued Gabriel, “sends me to call thee to Him. Return to Jerusalem. There He will meet thee.”

Mary said: “Behold the handmaid of the Lord.”

And immediately the Angel left her.

When St. John was told what had occurred, he was troubled at the coming loss of the Mother whom the Lord had given to him. Still, her happiness was his first care. As she was eager to go, he made haste to prepare for the journey back to Judea.

As soon as they arrived in the Holy City they called on St. James, the Bishop of Jerusalem. When he learned that the Blessed Virgin was about to die he sent word to all

the faithful in the city, and they came to bid her good-bye, and to ask her prayers when she should be with her Son.

Finally, the hour approached that had been foretold by the Angel as Mary's last on earth. To be ready for it she retired to that upper chamber, wherein the Holy Ghost had come upon the Apostles, and there she made her final preparations for her dissolution. When the moment predicted was close at hand she laid herself on a couch, and tranquilly composed herself for the sleep of peace. St. John was at her right hand. St. James gave her absolution. Then she requested those about her to send greetings to the other Apostles, assuring them that even to the last she had thought of them, and would be mindful of them in the other life.

Lo! as she spoke, from the four corners of the earth, nine of the Apostles, including Matthias, appeared in the room, brought by the power of God. It was a great comfort to the Blessed Virgin—the sight of those old and faithful friends. After they had been welcomed, Mary spoke her last words. She addressed all those who were present, talking of faith and hope and charity, of suffering and sanctity, of time and eternity, of God's infinite love, of the bliss of heaven. As she was speaking her face became transfigured, so that Peter whispered to John: “How much she resembles the Lord!” The likeness was truly striking at that moment. Her voice grew lower, and finally she ceased to speak; and while those about, thrilled to the soul with her wonderful discourse, wept silently because soon they should see her face no more on earth forever, she closed her eyes and engaged in secret prayer. The room was noiseless. It was night.

Presently a sound as of a mighty wind was heard, a strong light illuminated the apartment, and an exquisite perfume filled it with subtle sweetness. The Lord had come. Surrounded by legions of angels and a multitude of saints, He appeared to His Blessed Mother, radiant with the majesty of the Divinity, His wounds glittering like jewels, His garments like robes of light. His face beamed with love for her, and His hands were stretched out to her in welcome. She alone saw him,—she alone of the group at the couch, although the others felt His presence,

and were filled with awe and ecstasy at His nearness to them. Mary gave one look at His beloved countenance, and for joy at seeing Him again her soul burst its bonds and left her blessed body.

On the following day the Apostles bore the precious remains of the Blessed Virgin to the Valley of Jehosaphat. There, in a tomb hewn in the rock, they laid her; there for three days and two nights they remained, in company with the Christians of Jerusalem and the surrounding country, and singing alternately with a choir of invisible angels canticles in honor of God and of His Virgin Mother.

Toward the close of the third day the one Apostle who had been absent when Mary died arrived from a heathen country that was toward India, where he had been preaching the faith, when word was borne to him mysteriously that the Mother of the Lord was dying. When the thought came to him to hurry back to be present at her death and to attend her funeral he doubted that God would have him transported to Jerusalem, so he did not share to the full in the miracle that had brought the others to her bedside in time to receive her last words. But, even as it was, his appearance so soon afterward was a mystery. When he came to the place where they had laid her he was overcome with emotion, and broke out into lamentations for her death. He recalled her virtues, what she had been to the Church, her goodness to him. He begged to be permitted to see her face once more. So pitifully and so persistently did he beseech Peter and the other Apostles, especially John and James, to grant him this favor that eventually they agreed to open her tomb.

Slowly the stone that closed the sepulchre was unsealed and moved aside. The last rays of the descending sun fell back upon the place where the body had been laid, but, lo! when the Apostles entered the tomb they found only the winding-sheet of the dead! But Mary was not there—she was celebrating the first Feast of the Assumption in heaven.

THE folly which we might have ourselves committed is the one which we are least ready to pardon in another.

WE are never well served except by that which we support well.

The Secret Reason Why.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

AMONG educated Americans there exists a condition of mind which leads them to say, "I have great respect for the Catholic Church. If I ever join any church, it shall be the Catholic Church." But it leads them no further for various reasons, and the reasons are seldom expressed by them in words.

There is no doubt that the American mind is becoming more and more tolerant—almost sympathetic—to the claims of the Church. Fifty years ago there was no more ignorant or narrow-minded creature on the face of the earth than the average American, if the records can be believed. He was without traditions, without cultivation, without experience; his common sense was his one saving quality. But since 1876 the average American has steadily improved in quality. Foreign travel, and the humanizing influence of peace, have made him more broad-minded than the average citizen of any other country.

The paralyzing effects of a wholesale system of education, which holds prizes only for mediocrity, has not yet succeeded in spoiling him. It helps to make him indifferent to all forms of religion, and it adds to his natural keenness in certain directions; he is more capable of judging of men than of creeds; and his belief that a straight line is the shortest distance from one point to another makes him pitiless in his criticism of modern Protestantism. If he go to Europe, he is not so easily scandalized as his Catholic brother by the religious familiarity of the Italians or the apparent frivolity of the French. He generally comes back with a good opinion of the Pope and a wholesome contempt for his insulters, and a considerable amount of sympathy for priests, who seem to be the only sane and conservative men among people who are constantly in revolt for the sake of revolution.

But the broader he becomes the less likely is he to become a member of the Church. And if he would have the honesty to analyze his opinions—or, rather, feelings,—he would find that he has not better "reasons" for neglecting to investigate the claims of the Church than

two which we find among nineteen given in the London *Tablet*. He is nominally a Protestant because "people should always stick to the religion in which they were born," and because "it is so convenient to believe only as much or as little as one likes." He forgets that, according to his first reason, St. Paul, St. Denis,—all the Jews, all the Greeks, all the Romans, would have stifled Christianity in the beginning—if that were possible,—by remaining in the religion "in which they were born." As for the other reason, it is too silly to think of for a moment.

As for the ladies, they get below the surface of religious matters earlier in life than their fathers, husbands, and brothers. And many—who does not know some among his acquaintances?—seem to stand on the very threshold of the Church. Their reasons for not passing it are, too, seldom acknowledged; but they may be found clearly expressed in the list given by the *Tablet*, which introduces its bit of "mind-reading" with this preamble:

"The following leaflet was picked up the other day in manuscript in the neighborhood of the offices of a well-known firm of Protestant publishers. Whether it was to have been submitted to the firm with a view to subsequent publication, or whether it came out of the firm's waste paper basket it is impossible to surmise."

The reasons, slightly changed for our American *locale*, are these:

"Because it is so respectable. Because it is so nice not to be obliged to go to church on Sunday unless one likes; and at any rate to be able to go comfortably in the afternoon, instead of having to bundle off at some ungodly hour in the morning to Mass, as Catholics have to do. Because I could not give up dear old 'Hymns Ancient and Modern.' Because I should not like to be obliged to go to confession. Because the Irish are so horrid. Because Catholics put artificial flowers on the altar. Because I hate fish. Because if I were a Catholic I should have to subscribe to such a lot of things. Because the Catholic services involve so much kneeling down, instead of sitting with one's nose in one's knees, which is far more comfortable and better for one's clothes. Because the priests abroad look so sly. Because Galileo said 'it moves.' Because Latimer said something (I forget exactly what) about putting out a candle. Because if I 'went over' there would be such an awful row at home."

Of course the offering of this list to one's nominally Protestant acquaintance of the fair sex might give offence. But if they could be induced to examine their conscience with this list before them, it is possible they would look for better reasons and not find them.

The Blessing the "Hail Mary" Brought.

WE have taken pains to transfer to our columns the following incident, related in the "Life of Monseigneur Dupanloup,"—a deeply interesting and edifying book, by the way, which we would earnestly recommend to all our readers. The incident is given in the words of the saintly prelate himself. It was published in THE "AVE MARIA" during his life-time, but the story is well worth repeating:

"There are moments in a priest's life when a certain grace lights up the soul, and leaves an infinite sweetness which one can never forget. One day I had one of these revelations; it was at the death-bed of a child who was very dear to me,—a young girl to whom I had given her First Communion. I had the habit of always recommending to my children fidelity in one powerful prayer—the *Ave Maria*; and this child, who was then only twenty, and whose marriage I had blessed the year before, had been faithful to this practice and said her beads daily. The daughter of one of the most eminent marshals of the Empire, adored by her father, mother, and husband; rich, young, beautiful, enchanted at having just given birth to a son,—well, in the midst of all this happiness she was to die, and it was I who was to break to her the terrible news.

"I went in. Her mother was weeping, her husband in despair, her father broken-hearted—even more than the mother; for I have often remarked in great sorrows that a really Christian woman bears her anguish better than the bravest warriors. I scarcely knew how to begin to speak to the poor, little dying wife and mother. To my utter surprise, she met me with a bright smile on her lips! Death was hastening on. She knew and felt it. And yet she smiled, though with a certain sadness after a moment, although joy floated above it. I could not help exclaiming, 'O my child, what a terrible blow!' But she, with an accent which moves me even now when I think of it, replied: 'Do you not believe that I shall go to heaven?'—'Yes,' I replied; 'I have the firmest hope that you will.'—'And I,' she answered quickly, 'am quite sure of it.'—'What gives you this certainty?' I exclaimed. 'The advice you gave me formerly. When I made my First Communion you advised us to say the *Ave Maria* every day, and to say it well. I have obeyed you; and for the last four years I have said the Rosary every day of my life, and that makes me sure of going to heaven.'—'Why?' I could not help adding. 'Because I can not be-

lieve,' she replied, gravely—'and the thought has been present to me ever since I knew I was to die,—that I have for four years said fifty times each day, 'Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us sinners, now, and at the hour of our death,' and that she will abandon me at the last. I feel sure that she is near me at this moment; that she will pray for me and conduct me to heaven!'

"These were her words; and then I saw what I can never describe—a really heavenly death. I saw this frail and tender creature, suddenly carried off in the flower of her youth, from all that makes life dear to one—leaving father, mother, husband, whom she adored and who equally adored her, her poor little baby boy, so dear and so earnestly wished for—all this, I say, she left, not without tears, but with a kind of radiant serenity; consoling her parents, encouraging her poor husband, blessing her little child, and in the midst of embraces which vainly strove to keep her on earth, seeing nothing but heaven, speaking only of heaven, while her last sigh was a smile, as if she already beheld the eternal beatitude."

Notes and Remarks.

The death was announced last week, by cable, of the venerable Cardinal Massaia, distinguished for missionary work in Eastern Africa. He was born at Piovà, Italy, in 1809. After completing a brilliant course of studies he entered the Order of Minor Capuchins, and was sent as a missionary to Africa. A bishop for forty years, devoted to the evangelization of the heathen with an unquenchable zeal, surmounting every difficulty, he was called to the Senate of the Church in November, 1884.

Cardinal Massaia's career was a remarkable one. From the year 1847, when he was laboring at Guala, in the province of Agame, his life was threatened by the Chief Ube, from whose persistent pursuit he only escaped by a series of providential circumstances; in 1849 he was bitterly persecuted by the chief of the Warrokallis, and in June of that year he was imprisoned at Nagadras. In May, 1854, as he was passing through the western provinces of Abyssinia, on reaching Dunkut, disguised as a merchant, he was recognized by the Arabs, who were on the point of murdering him. That same year he was once more thrown into prison at Nagadras. Ten years later he began another term of harsh captivity, on August 25, 1861; November the 30th he was accused of magic before the kinglet of Ennerea, who plundered him of everything and exiled him. In the following June he was accused of

conspiracy against the Goggias, and, in spite of clearing himself, was expelled and forced to return to Gaudra. On the 27th of June, 1863, he was arrested on the eastern frontier by the soldiers of Theodore II., who robbed him of everything, and brought him before the king. The latter threw him into prison for a month. In short, this noble missionary has not escaped one of the trials enumerated by St. Paul. Such eminence in virtue struck with admiration even those bitter foes of the Church, the Italian (so-called) Liberals. But Mgr. Massaia gave them an eloquent rebuke. When the Minister of Public Worship offered him a decoration with the same hand that had plundered the Propaganda, the humble Franciscan, by refusing, gave him to understand that to pretend a wish to honor the missionaries of the Church, was a mockery, unless her rights and interests were first protected.

It is astonishing how much can be learnt and unlearnt by the simple method of examining one's conscience. We were reading somewhere lately of an Anglican clergyman, who, though convinced of the truth of the Catholic religion, hesitated about acting on his conviction. A prudent priest, to whom he had addressed himself, advised him to make a retreat. He did so, and at the end of his retreat said simply: "Now I know what made me hesitate: it was my salary of £300 a year." The optimists are always exhorting us to look forward and be hopeful; the pessimists, to consider the past and be cautious; but it is well to look into one's own heart sometimes and be wise.

A statue has been erected in Paris to Coligny, who was a conspirator, a traitor, a renegade. The massacre of St. Bartholomew, bad as it was, might be looked on as a case of murder in self-defence if Catherine de Medici herself had been above suspicion. It was a political crime. But if the admirers of the French Calvinists will read French history they will find that these gentle Calvinists under Des Andrets, the gentle Jeanne d'Albert, and other pious Protestants, had committed murders, in the sacred name of religion, only exceeded in horror by the massacre of priests during the French Revolution.

Agnostics will have it that the evidence in favor of Christianity is insufficient, that it is not scientific. They constantly denounce faith, although in common with all mankind they are constantly exercising it. An able reply to their objection will be found in the current number of the *Dublin Review*, in an article on "Faith and Reason," by the Rev. John S. Vaughan. After showing that

much proof in life is only authority, that innumerable facts do not admit of any other proof, that trustworthy authority is as sufficient and solid a basis of truth as any direct evidence admissible, he points out that such a reliable authority exists in proof of the truths of the Gospel:

"Christ is our guarantee, and our reliance upon Him rests upon the testimony of (1) Miracles; (2) Prophecy; (3) His personal character, and the influence of His name even at the present day; (4) The nature of His doctrine; (5) The marvellous development and spread of His teaching in spite of its character, so opposed to man's corrupt nature, so mysterious to his limited intelligence; (6) The innumerable martyrs who have died in testimony to the truth; (7) The biographies of the saints, each of which, even taken singly, is inexplicable without the solution offered by faith; (8) The history of the Church since Christ's time; and especially (9) The history of the Papacy from Peter to Leo XIII."

As Father Vaughan observes in conclusion, "Long and learned treatises might be written upon each point in succession. And while any one taken singly would be enough to satisfy an unprejudiced mind, their collective force, when focused, is irresistibly strong and cogent."

"The Angelus" will be exhibited at the galleries of the American Art Association in New York as soon as it reaches the United States. It is not generally known that Millet's original design of the famous work is in the art collection of Mr. Walters, of Baltimore, who also owns "The Sheepfold," a painting scarcely second to "The Angelus."

The nearest descendants of the ancient Aztecs live in Southern Mexico. Their country has never been explored. A band of Jesuit and Passionist missionaries who have just set out hopes to find a city beyond the vast tract of forest. It is supposed that this unknown tract is peopled by twenty-five thousand inhabitants.

The *Riforma*, Signor Crispi's organ—Signor Crispi, by the way, is the most virulent hater of the Papacy in Europe,—begs the Pope to remain in Rome, lest His Holiness should compromise the interests of the Church!

A writer in the *Critic*, reviewing a recent publication, presents a reflection that may prove useful to those who are prone to carp at the outward display made by foreign bishops and other ecclesiastical dignitaries. It is well said that one holding so commanding a position should recognize that to his office pertains something of *Noblesse oblige*. The writer speaks of Victor

Hugo's peasant-bishop of "Les Miserables," and says: "Fénelon, enacting the Grand Seigneur in his magnificent halls at Cambrai, having his tables spread day by day for stranger and traveller, prince and poor parish priest—yet himself leading the simplest life, and faring on the plainest food,—to my view attained to a more perfect ideal. One loves, one delights in the portrait of the poor *curé*, sheltering the thief who stole the only treasure he had allowed himself to possess, and turning his palace into a hospital for the aged and infirm; but the Christianity of the great Archbishop embraced a wider range. We in Europe cling to our dignitaries; and if they, as it were, descend from their pedestals, they throw away the golden opportunities afforded by rank, wealth, and exalted position, and thus, instead of reaping whole fields of grain, pick the few ears that straggle along the hedge-rows."

One of the most commendable organizations in Rome is known as "The Catholic Artists' and Workmen's Benevolent Association." Founded in 1871 by a number of artists, it was subsequently extended so as to embrace members from all classes of society. Its object is the preservation of Catholic faith among the youth of the city, and to guard them against the ever-increasing attacks of infidelity. The society is greatly in want of means to enable it to extend its influence, and its Directors confidently hope that a spirit of Christian charity will be evoked in its behalf throughout the world. Mgr. Jacobini, Secretary of Propaganda, has sent us a number of subscription books, in which we shall be pleased to enter the names of our readers who may contribute twenty-five cents or more to this worthy object. Please mark letters "personal."

The late Rev. Edward Hamill, of Shackelford, Missouri, who was called to his reward on the 4th inst., was one of those pioneer priests who have done so much and labored so self-sacrificingly in the vineyard of the Lord in these "Western wilds." He was in the seventy-fifth year of his age and the fortieth of his priesthood. He was born in Ireland, made his studies in America, and was ordained priest by Archbishop Kenrick, in the Cathedral of St. Louis, June 29, 1849. The forty years of his sacerdotal life were spent in the fulfilment of the arduous duties of a missionary in Northern Missouri. May he rest in peace!

The only king who could be induced to visit the Paris Exhibition was His Majesty of Greece. The Republican Parisians were rather undignifiedly wild with delight over this royal capture.

New Publications.

THE HOLY MASS. By St. Alphonsus de Liguori.

Edited by the Rev. Eugene Grimm, C. SS. R. (New York, Cincinnati and Chicago: Benziger Brothers.

To praise a work written by the great Saint and Doctor of the Church, St. Alphonsus, would be manifestly an impertinence, at least an act of superfluity. We have only to state that his admirable treatise on the Holy Mass has appeared in the Centenary Edition of his writings, to the merits of which we have more than once called attention. The work was especially written for priests—it has been called the Manual of the Celebrant,—however, the greater portion of its contents may be read with profit by the devout laity. The tractate on "The Sacrifice of Jesus Christ," with which it opens, has already appeared in Vol. VI. of the Centenary Edition, intended for general readers. The editor has added to it an account of a striking miracle wrought at Naples in the year 1772, confirming the truth of the Real Presence. A fitting conclusion to this volume is the treatise on the Divine Office. Every page of the admirable work reflects his burning zeal for the glory of God—his desire that the Holy Sacrifice should everywhere be devoutly celebrated and the Divine Office well said.

LIFE OF ST. BONAVENTURE, Cardinal Bishop of Albano, and Superior-General of the Franciscan Order. Translated by L. C. Skey. London: Burns & Oates. New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co.

It would be hard to find a book which contains in an equal compass so much to strengthen faith and excite love as this. St. Francis of Assisi, having received the last proof of his seraphic vocation, the stigmata, cried out for a soul that could understand him. Through the mercy of God the dying Saint's cry was answered. His prayers had brought back to life John, the son of John Fidenza and Mary, his wife. And, later, when St. Francis, suffering the pangs of an unquenchable longing for God, saw the boy, he saw, too, one who would succeed him,—who could comprehend his love of Our Lord. "*O buona ventura!*" (O good happening!) Henceforth the boy was called Bonaventure. The prophecy in the mind of St. Francis when he recognized a like heart in Bonaventure was fulfilled. The government of the Franciscans fell into bad hands,—hands which were laid on their most precious possession—poverty. The story of the struggles of St. Antony of Padua and St. Bonaventure against the ruinous innovations is told with great clearness and simplicity in this little work. Books of

this kind, when as well written as this is, tend to broaden minds as well as to elevate them.

GERMANY'S DEBT TO IRELAND. By the Rev. William Stang, D. D. F. Pustet & Co.

Any book from the pen of Father Stang is sure to be carefully written. The vice of the writers who publish between paper covers is too great a tendency to take loose statements without verifying them. Father Stang not only verifies, but prints his list of reference books, so that one feels safe in his hands. In July the Diocese of Würzburg celebrated the introduction of Christianity into Franconia by Irish saints and martyrs; and Germany has never been backward in acknowledging her debt to Ireland. Father Stang, among other evidences of this, quotes an address of the German Catholics to Daniel O'Connell. He mentions among the earliest of the Irish missionaries Fridolin, Columbanus, Gall, Sigisbert, Trudpert, Killian, Colonat, Totnan, Virgilius, and Disibod; and he gives interesting and authenticated biographical sketches of these saintly men, showing that Ireland brought Germany to the Catholic Faith. Germans in Germany have generously acknowledged their great debt to the Irish race, and *brochures* like this of Dr. Stang must have the effect of drawing the German and Irish races closer together in America, and of eliminating those unworthy prejudices which reciprocally exist because they know each other so little.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands, as if you were bound with them.

—HEB., xiii, 3.

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

Sister Mary Stanislaus, of the Convent of the Visitation, Parkersburg, W. Va.; and Sister Mary Rosamunda, O. S. F., St. Agnes' Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa.

Mr. John B. Ward, of Alameda, Cal., who passed away on the 6th inst., fortified by the last Sacraments.

Mrs. John Byrne, who yielded her soul to God on the 1st inst., at Hyannisport, Mass. She was one of the oldest and best known residents of St. Louis, Mo., where her death is sincerely mourned.

Mrs. R. A. Johnson, of Harrisburg, Pa., who departed this life on the same date, full of years and merits.

Miss Mary Coss, whose happy death occurred at Waterbury, Conn., on the 17th ult.

Mr. Matthew Coveny, of Dover, Ont., who was accidentally drowned on the 25th ult.

Mrs. Mary Madigan, of Schenectady, N. Y.; Mrs. Mary Roach, Lafayette, Ind.; and Mrs. F. J. Curley, Holyoke, Mass.

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



Our Symbol.

IN the ancient story,
 Once a warrior high
 Saw a cross of glory
 Flaming in the sky;
 While around it reaching,
 Writ by Hand divine,
 Ran the holy teaching,
 "Conquer by this sign!"

World and flesh and devil
 Seek our deadly loss,
 We must fight with evil
 Strengthened by the Cross;
 Thus our might renewing
 By the symbol blest,
 "Faint but yet pursuing,"
 Christ shall give us rest.

Sign of our salvation
 Printed on the brow,
 Ever fresh relation
 Of a solemn vow,
 May we always love thee
 As our joy and pride,
 Looking still above thee
 To the Crucified!

In the time of sorrow
 Peaceful we shall be,
 Since from it we borrow
 Lessons, Lord, of Thee;
 In the days of gladness
 We shall do Thy will,
 For Thy Cross of sadness
 Keeps us humble still.

Till the cord is broken
 Of our earthly part,
 Let us wear the token
 Near a loving heart;
 When the eye is glazing
 With the final strife,
 Still upon it gazing
 Pass from death to life.

ONE of the many sweet morals of Ossorio Bernard, a popular Spanish author, is this: "Respect old people, for it is a dilemma of destiny to die or to become aged."

The José-Maria.

BY E. L. DORSEY.

IX.

It seemed to Jonas like a criminal waste of opportunity and money, and he was as glad as his aching bones would let him be when the afternoon brought up an easterly gale, that blew so hard for three days and left the sea so rough for another, that work was suspended on the wreck; for he thought, "Ef you give Jack time, he'll git out o' th' Doldrums* an' sail free."

But he didn't; and before the end of the week something happened that drove everything out of the honest skipper's head except his own great trouble and the iniquity of that machine a sailor hates worse than a typhoon—the Law.

He was sitting smoking his pipe, and wondering if he could venture to broach the subject last discussed to Hendershott; for the diver had not yet written to the President of the Company, and the announcement in the local paper that Doctor De Puy and the Board of Directors would be down the next day but one made it possible he might wait for that opportunity to tender his resignation. He had about come to the conclusion he would keep still, "Jack bein' suthin' like a sperm-whale wi' a harpoon in his innards jest now"—*i. e.*, not only suffering but "sounding,"—when a smooth voice at his elbow said:

"Captain Judkins, I believe?"

"An' suppose I be?"

"May I have a few moments' conversation with you, sir?"

"Take a cheer," said Jonas.

"Out here!" (in some surprise.) "My business is very private, and as it has to do with your affairs I do not imagine you care to discuss it on the front porch in the hearing of your neighbors."

"I don't guess my affairs kin trouble any man much, fur I don't tell 'em 'round; an' ez fur my neighbors, I ain't done nothin' I'm

* A part of the ocean near the equator abounding in squalls, sudden calms, and light baffling winds that keep a ship tossing within a limited stretch for weeks at a time.

'shamed fur 'm to hear," answered Jonas, gruffly; for he had taken an instantaneous and violent dislike to the slender, supple youth who stood before him, with his beady black eyes half closed, a false ring in his careful voice, and a disagreeable half smile on his thick lips.

"The heart knoweth its own bitterness," he quoted flippantly; "and I'm not disputing it, but I *think* you'll be sorry all the same when I'm through that you didn't come in."

"As fur thet," said Jonas, "I can't say tell I hear the sart o' yarn you're a-goin' to spin."

Just then Idella appeared at the doorway, and, after looking fixedly at the young man for a few minutes, she said, quite as distinctly as if she had intended to speak aloud:

"He's a snake. I'll tell Dick to git the meat axe an' chop him in two."

"Come into the house," said Jonas, abruptly; "my sister ain't well, an' you fret her"

"Ain't well!" muttered his visitor, skipping in ahead of him with the agility of a flea. "I should smile! She's as crazy as a June bug."

About an hour later Dick came in and heard high words behind the still closed door; then it was flung open, and Jonas was standing erect, his face red with anger, his voice harsh.

"I don't, don't I? What you a-talkin' about? Why, I bought an' paid fur ev'y foot o' it, an' fur ev'y beam an' j'ist in it, wi' gold an' silver dollars that was tried out o' the whales we caught in the South Seas the las' four cruises of the *Josiah Wilkins*, an' thet we squeezed out o' the tea tradin' we done in China waters! *Title* ain't good? Why, man alive! I've got my papers slick ez a whistle, ef thet's what you're a-jawin' 'bout; an' they're recorded an' signed, sealed an' delivered this ten years."

"That may all be," said the oily youth; "but the title is *not* good, and my clients demand possession. The house of course," he added, in an off-hand way, "will go with the land, as compensation for the unauthorized occupation of it through all these years."

"What?" growled Jonas. "Turn me off my own land, an' take the house over my head? By gum, you won't! nor nobody else neither!"

"It *isn't* your land!"

"It is!" shouted Jonas, advancing.

"Captain Judkins, if you lay one of your fingers on me I'll have you up for assault and battery!" (he had got behind a table.) "You are helpless in this matter; you can't raise hand or foot. The law is on our side. But I tell you what I will do. If you will give me your note of hand drawn at thirty days in favor of my clients for \$3,000 (three thousand) cash, they'll give up their claim. If you can't or won't, they'll demand possession in sixty days. Come, what do you say? I call that a liberal offer, and one that lets you down mighty easy; for my expenses and commission—for I'll be your lawyer too for a consideration—will be all you need pay. What did you say?"

"Git!" said Jonas. "An' ef you ever come within range o' my fists agin, I'll riddle you like a colander!"

"Oh, threats!" said the little man. "They break no bones, but you have to pay dear for them. Thank Heaven, there is a law protectin' honest men!"

"It won't help *you* none then!" said Jonas.

"Oh, insults! Better still. If you are not plucked to the last feather, my friend, it certainly shall not be the fault of yours truly." And with a sweeping bow he left the room.

"Did you hear that land shark, Dick?"

"Yes, sir. What's he drivin' at?"

"I dunno. He come here tellin' me I don't own the land I bought, an' don't own the house I built; an' he showed me a lot o' papers, an' read out of 'em an' talked over 'em tell my head buzzed like a log-reel when the ship's a-makin' ten knots an hour. An' he said his clients 'ud take \$3,000 or the house,—ez ef dollars growed on trees, an' had on'y to be shook down, or ez ef I was a-givin' away houses! He's a fool—no he ain't, he's a knave, an' thinks I'm the fool! But I ain't; so I'm goin' over to Rehoboth on the evenin' train, an' ask Judge Comegys about it. Then ef he says I'm right—an' I know he's a-goin' to,—I'll give that rascal a sockdolager that'll last him tell th' undertaker gits his measure."

But, alas! Judge Comegys did not say he was right; there *was* a flaw in the title,—a small matter that could easily have been adjusted by an honest or a kindly disposed person, but

did offer an opening for the lawsuit Mr. Dixon insisted on in default of the \$3,000 he demanded. And Mr. Burton and Mr. Rodney, the two best lawyers in the town, told him rather than drag through a suit he had better give up the property quietly; he could move the house off, but that had better be thrown in; that of course Dixon had no right to his expenses from him, nor a commission, nor would they permit him to be bothered on the charge of "threatening and insulting language," but that while much the fellow said was "Buncomb" (empty boasting), they considered \$3,000 a really fair estimate of the value of the property; that it was a hard case, but Dixon had him "hip and thigh"; and then each of them offered his services free of cost, and the whole town gave a warm, vehement sympathy that was balm to the angry, sore old heart.

At the close of the third day of advising and suffering Jonas stood at the mantelpiece, gloomily staring into the empty fireplace; his pipe lay neglected, his tobacco plug untouched. Dick sat in the shadow of the room, weighed down by his own helplessness and his deep sympathy. Mary Ginevra and Ginevra Mary were clearing away the neglected supper, and Idella swung contentedly in a rocking-chair singing to herself, unconscious of the trouble round her; but she sang again and again with a sweet, plaintive insistence,

"Wait till the clouds roll by."

Suddenly Jonas started around, crying angrily, "Who struck me?"

Then he reeled and fell, his left side blasted with paralysis.

"Run for Doctor Burton, Ginnie!" shouted Dick, as he caught his uncle in his arms and eased him down; and Mollie, not waiting for instructions, got a pillow and tugged at his sea-boots with such a good-will that they came off (upsetting her each time by the suddenness of it, by the way), and set to work rubbing his feet, as she had once seen Dick rub a sailor-man who was picked up half drowned in the Bay.

Doctor Burton gave them no hope of his recovery from the stroke; he said he might live many years in moderate comfort, but would be of course a helpless cripple; and he left them with a promise to come in again,

and the assurance that as long as their trouble lasted he would do his best to lighten it.

This last "went without saying;" for whenever death or danger or sorrow comes into that end of Delaware, Hiram Burton is one of the first to step out and lead the rescue,—whether it is to take an oar and pull through a raging sea to a wreck, or to take his life in his hand and visit the ships that come into port reeking with yellow fever, or to spend his brain keeping up with the advance of his profession for the sake of his patients, gentle and simple, or to empty his purse relieving distress. There he stands, gigantic of figure and big of heart,—a worthy kinsman of the Cæsar Rodney whose ride was as famous and as vital in its results as that of Paul Revere.

And as Jonas lay breathing slowly and heavily the evening train rolled in, bearing Doctor De Puy and the Directors of the Treasure-Saving Company, on whom Hendershott was waiting in ignorance of his friend's illness; and the black shadow lay over the house, and the future held no outlook for the anxious boy, whose brain ran riot with desperate plans and fruitless contriving for and against the evil days that were rushing so swiftly on the helpless family, whose protector he had once more become.

The night wore on, but still the burning young eyes saw no rift. Toward daybreak the walls seemed to melt away, the sea stretched before him, the Dune behind him; the swelling noise of the breakers raved about him, undertoned by the deep moaning of the shattered waves as they rushed back to begin again their charge on the sands. Once more the old childish nightmare oppressed him—*he* was the light-house tower, and the sand-breakers curved about him, and the writhing coils of the Dune were tightening and tightening on him. His breath came in deep gasps; escape seemed impossible. Then a sweet face floated before him—it was the "Sand-Pipers'" Lady, and her eyes were fixed seaward. Following their gaze he saw a ship struggling in from the open; her foretopmast snapped, its sails bursting away like puffs of white smoke, while the loosened yards hammered ominously at the stump, and the stays jerked frantically. Lashed in the shrouds was a man whose hair and beard streamed away in the storm. Under

the bows of the flying wreck the sea churned and frothed, and the shoals were close at hand.

"Cut loose, daddy, and swim for it!" he cried, desperately; for it was his father's face, with the shrewd kind eyes, and the long beard in which he had tangled his baby fingers "to drive big horse" so often.

Then he woke, and the quiet Sunday morning was rising out of the sea, with the benediction of God for a tired world that "rested on the seventh day" in its calm.

(CONCLUSION IN OUR NEXT NUMBER.)

Johnnie's Travels.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TYBORNE."

(CONCLUSION.)

IX.

At last Johnnie heard a door open, the sound of voices and laughter and farewells, and then the door closed again. Two persons were coming down the staircase. He peeped out. "Oh, it is the good old lady and gentleman!" So saying Johnnie burst out on them.

"Oh, good sir, if you please!" cried he.

The old gentleman started.

"Oh, the little boy with the mice!" (He didn't look pleased.) "So you are not contented with what you had?" he said.

"Oh, sir! I ask nothing. I only want to give you back this." And he displayed the blue velvet purse and the box of chocolate.

"Little Jack's purse," cried grandmamma, "that I gave him to-day!"

"Miserable child!" said grandpapa, sternly; "how did you come by these things?"

"Oh!" sobbed Johnnie. "I didn't steal them, nor pick them up. Master Jack *would* give them to me, because he said it was my feast-day."

Then Johnnie told his story, winding up with, "Indeed, sir, I could not think of keeping these gifts; give them back to him to-morrow, please, and tell his father and mother that he is an angel."

The old gentleman and lady pressed each other's hand. Their eyes were full of tears. Then grandpapa said:

"You are a good, honest boy. Keep them," he continued; "not for the world would I

hinder my dear grandson's act of charity. No: I will not give him back either his purse or his chocolate, and I will say nothing to him about them. Let this first charitable act be a secret between him and his God." Then, glancing upward, he went on: "O my God! I thank Thee. Grant that he may daily love the poor more and more!"

"My boy," said the old lady, "will you make me a present?"

"Oh, yes, ma'am! with all my heart."

"Very well, empty the purse and keep the money, but give me this little purse; I shall treasure it in memory of my dear grandson's good act to-night. Here is a little box which will hold the money." And when Johnnie hastened to comply, she said: "Thank you, my child; you have made us very happy. Be good and honest all your life."

Then the old lady and gentleman went down the stairs, and Johnnie crept after them, and escaped the porter's wrath. He ran nearly all the way home; but the Tourlas were gone to bed, so he had no one to talk to but his mice.

Next morning Johnnie burst in on his friends, and poured his treasures on the table.

Sophie began to count: "Five francs," said she, "and a lot of chocolate. What is in this other little box? Oh, Johnnie! there is gold—one, ten francs and two five-franc gold pieces. Fancy, you have in all twenty-five francs!"

Then the whole story was poured out.

"And now I must distribute," said Johnnie. "Please, Madame Tourla, have the chocolate box, it is very pretty; and, Mr. Tourla, I want you to have the other for your pens; and Sophie and I will divide the chocolate, and the twenty-five francs I will send to my mother."

And Johnnie danced about the room as happy,—ay, happier than a prince; for none are so happy as good, unselfish children. And then he sat down to write with his own hand to his mother.

About a week afterward a letter came for Johnnie from his own dear mother. She told him all his little sisters had been ill, and said she did not know what she would have done without the money he had sent her; for with her sick children she could not work, and Johnnie's money had, she declared, saved their lives.

They were all well now, and Farmer Green had taken Louise to help his wife, who was ailing. Then an aunt of Johnnie's, who had lately gone to live at Bagnères-de-Bigorre, had invited her to come over for the bathing season to help her in her work, for she was a dressmaker and had too much to do. "And here I am," wrote his mother, "with Angela, and Mary and Caroline, and I am earning ever so much. So, my dear boy, don't send me any more money, because we can get on very well now, and I want you to think about yourself. You can't spend all your life showing mice. God forbid! Speak to those kind, good friends of yours about this. May God bless and reward them for their goodness! I ask Him to do so many times in the day."

When this letter was read to Mr. Tourla he said:

"This is famous. I have thought often of the same thing, that you ought to be learning a trade. I really think my master would take you as an apprentice. Would you like to be a locksmith?"

"Yes," said Johnnie; "I would like to be whatever you are."

"And," said Mrs. Tourla, "you could still show your mice in the evenings; and, Joseph," added she, speaking to her husband, "get his master to let him have Thursday afternoons free; because I want him to attend the catechism classes next winter, so as to be able to make his First Communion in May with Sophie."

"I am sure he will do that," said her husband; "he is a good Catholic. I'll take you with me to-morrow, Johnnie, and we shall see what he says."

A few days afterward Johnnie was installed in the workshop, and began to learn his trade; and it would have been hard to recognize in the tidy, bright-faced lad, with his quick step and alert manner, the miserable little beggar with his cage of mice that had crept into Paris only one year before.

The winter soon passed away. Every week, on Sundays and Thursdays, the children preparing for First Communion had attended the catechism classes, and took pains to understand and remember what they were taught. So when the beautiful month of May came round they were found ready for the great

event. Then during three days they attended the instructions of the retreat. Very carefully did both make their confession on the preceding day, and on their return home both knelt before Mr. and Mrs. Tourla to beg pardon for their faults, and then Mrs. Tourla gave Johnnie a letter from his mother; for this good friend had taken pains to write and tell her the exact day and hour when her darling would for the first time receive his God.

What a beautiful sight was that memorable First Communion! Sophie kneeling among the girls, all dressed in white and covered with a veil, and the boys with their broad white ribbon on their arms. No distinction between poor and rich: the son of the noble and of the beggar side by side.

Then the lovely music and the fervent words of the priest, and at last the solemn silence of the awful Elevation. "Surely this is the gate of heaven." And at last came the longed-for moment. The boys went up first to the altar, and by accident, Johnnie being the last of the boys and Sophie first of the girls, they knelt side by side to receive their God.

Two years fled by, and Johnnie had become a skilful workman; Sophie also an excellent dressmaker, and both had grown in health and strength. Time had not dealt so kindly with their companions, of whom we must give the first place to the mice. They became too old for their tricks, and one after the other had peacefully died.

Good Mrs. Tourla had suffered very much from bronchitis, and Mr. Tourla from rheumatism. Both had often been ill together for weeks, and Johnnie and Sophie took turns to sit up with them. They were getting better this spring, but Mr. Tourla was not yet able to go to work.

One day Johnnie suddenly disappeared. It was the day his apprenticeship was finished. He had received a letter from his mother, and he was off.

Sophie was displeased; she could not bear secrets. She knew very well that Johnnie had got some grand scheme in his head, but she would like to have been consulted. Her parents also thought it very strange behavior. At last, however, all was explained. One

evening Johnnie burst in upon them as unexpectedly as he had disappeared.

"Where *have* you been?" they exclaimed, all in one voice.

Johnnie was breathless. At last he gasped out, "To Bagnères-de-Bigorre."

And then he told his story.

At Bigorre had dwelt for many years a locksmith. He rented his shop from Farmer Green, and the letter Johnnie had received told him this old locksmith was dead and the shop to let. Hardly had he read the letter than he saw a placard on the walls: "Excursion trains to Bordeaux. Tickets at a reduction."

Off went Johnnie. He wanted to see how matters lay first of all, and now he came back with an offer to Mr. Tourla.

Farmer Green would rent him the place, and would purchase the stock and good-will of the late occupant, if Mr. Tourla would pay the price back in instalments. The conditions were easy, and the climate of Bigorre well suited for a delicate chest; the baths most efficacious for rheumatic cases.

The Tournas did not hesitate long. The sale of their furniture would provide for the expenses of the journey and leave a small sum in hand. The rooms above the shop were furnished, and Farmer Green had bought the furniture.

A week after Johnnie's return the party set out. Let us follow them some two months afterward.

The shop is in full activity. Mr. Tourla presiding, and Johnnie working with all his heart. Orders are executed with far more dispatch and diligence than in old days, and the shop is becoming popular.

And what a difference in the household! Three good-sized rooms and a pretty garden full of roses, and a little room for Johnnie. A strong friendship has sprung up between the Tournas and the Legras, the family of Johnnie. The story of his travels has become known in the town, and brought many new friends around them.

And so we take leave of Johnnie, feeling sure the good, unselfish boy will prove a brave, self-denying man, and in his future show forth the virtues displayed in "Johnnie's Travels."

Chopin's Power with the Piano.

Chopin even when a mere child could do almost anything he liked with the piano, and all his life, when in happy moods, he was fond of weaving fanciful fairy tales and romances in music that the listeners were able to follow and to understand by the mere tones alone. One evening his father was away, and there arose a tremendous hubbub among the pupils, which Barcinski, the assistant-master, was quite powerless to quell. But fortunately little Frederic came in in the midst of it. Seeing how things were, he good-naturedly sat down to the piano, and, calling the other boys round him, promised, if they kept quite still, to tell them a new and most thrilling story on the piano. This at once quieted them; Frederic extinguished all the lights (he was all his life fond of playing in the dark), and then he sat down to the piano and began his story.

He described robbers coming to a house, putting ladders to the windows, and then, frightened by a noise, rushing away into the woods. They go on and on, deeper and deeper into the wild recesses of the forest, and then they lie down under the trees, and soon fall off to sleep. He went on, playing more and more softly, until he found that the sleep was not only in his story, but had overcome all his listeners. Then he crept out noiselessly to tell his mother and sisters what had happened, and returned with them to the room with a light. Every one of the boys was fast asleep. Frederic sat down to the piano, struck some noisy chords; the enchantment was over, and all the sleepers were rubbing their eyes, and wondering what was the matter!

The Inventor of Spectacles.

In Florence, in a little street, or *chiassuolo*, as it is called, between the Via Cerretani and the Medicean chapel, a memorial tablet has been inserted in the façade of one of the houses, with an inscription in Italian, of which the following is a translation: "To honor the memory of Salvino degli Armati, inventor of spectacles in the thirteenth century, the Guild of Artisans, on the spot once occupied by the houses of the Armati, placed this tablet."



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

Dreams.

BY JOHN PURCHAS.

I.

AS childhood wanes our dreams become less fair,
 Heaven has gone farther off—the child is dead;
 When manhood dawns upon us it doth scare
 God's Mother from her watch beside our bed;
 For I believe that o'er an infant's sleep
 Our Lady doth a gentle vigil keep.

II.

Thus a child's slumber is a holy thing;
 It deems its mother's kiss upon its brow
 Is the soft glancing of an angel's wing.
 Ah! I have no such graceful fancies now;
 Therefore I hold, hearing of one who can
 Dream like a little child, Heaven loves that man.

The Memory of St. Lawrence in Italy.

HERE is an Italian proverb to the effect that on the day of St. Anthony (January 17) the cold is greatest, and on the Feast of St. Lawrence the heat is greatest; but it ends with the comforting assurance that neither the one nor the other is of long duration:—

“ Sant' Antonio della gran freddura;
 San Lorenzo della gran caldura;
 L'uno e l'altro poco dura.”

In the Eternal City there are four churches dedicated to the youthful deacon, who so heroically suffered martyrdom under the Emperor Valerian, August 10, 258. The Romans have a great devotion to him. Any one of these churches would give renown to the city that possessed it. They are: San Lorenzo fuori

le mura (outside the walls), San Lorenzo in Lucina, San Lorenzo in Panisperna, and San Lorenzo in Damus. The first named has a claim to the interest of Catholics the world over, for within its walls is the last resting-place of our late Holy Father, Pope Pius IX. It is one of the seven great Basilicas of Rome.

All around San Lorenzo extends the City of the Dead. Most foreign cemeteries are forlorn places in comparison with our American graveyards. Still, there is much pathos about the part belonging to the poor. The rude iron crosses with lamps swinging before them, the children's graves strewn with their broken toys; but no flowers anywhere, only wreaths of white and black glass beads, enclosing the photograph of the deceased.

In the open space in front of the church is a granite column surmounted by a bronze statue of St. Lawrence. The portico of the Basilica rests upon six beautiful Ionic columns, four of them spiral, and above is a mosaic that glistens like molten gold in the sunlight. The Spotless Lamb is the chief representation, with figures of St. Lawrence, Honorius III., and other saints and martyrs, grouped on either side.

The walls of the portico are covered with ancient, queer looking frescoes—scenes from the lives of St. Lawrence and St. Stephen, who are both buried within. Four grand sarcophagi, covered with sculptures in high relief, may be seen inside the portico; one of them represents a vintage scene, with little cherubs gathering grapes, and contains the remains of Pope Damasus II., who died in 1048. On either side of the main entrance is a marble lion, the symbol that sacred art has given to

St. Lawrence, and with which the "old masters" loved to paint him, as well as with his gridiron. In very old paintings I have seen this emblem of his martyrdom embroidered on his garments.

Within the doorway one is greeted by a long vista of Ionic pillars, separating the nave on either side. The pavement is a fine specimen of the far-famed stone mosaic called *opus Alexandrinum*, the work of the tenth century. The ceiling is bright with patterns in rich colors highly gilded; beneath extends a row of saints, and beneath these again scenes from their lives, all restorations, as is plain from their bright coloring. The two *ambons* (pulpits) in the centre of the nave are of magnificent white marble, richly inlaid with porphyry and serpentine. Near one of them is a spiral Easter candelabrum, glistening with inlaid colored marbles. They each date from the twelfth century.

The end of the nave is spanned by an arch covered with frescoes (578-590), representing the Saviour seated upon a globe. On the right, St. Peter, St. Lawrence, and St. Pelagius; to the left, St. Paul, St. Stephen, and St. Hippolytus. In the background the mystic cities—Bethlehem and Jerusalem. Passing beneath it one enters the first Basilica built in 572 by Pope Pelagius. Twelve beautiful marble pillars with capitals of acanthus leaves and two of war trophies, support a cornice composed of fragments of carved marble. Before a screen inlaid with squares of porphyry and serpentine stands an ancient episcopal chair of marble richly inlaid. The canopy above the high altar is supported by four porphyry columns, where repose the bones of St. Lawrence, and St. Stephen—"the captain of the martyr host."

The Church of San Lorenzo in Lucina is in the very heart of Rome, just out of the Corso; and hundreds of people visit it to gaze upon the picture over the high altar—the famous "Crucifixion" of Guido Reni. To me it is the grandest conception of that saddest of all scenes that I have ever beheld. All is darkness. A brown landscape in the distance; a black sky. Nothing but the Cross with the suffering Saviour in the foreground: no kneeling figures at the foot, no color anywhere, but *awful* loneliness and divine compassion in the noble face.

Who that has visited Florence "*Firenze la bella*" (the beautiful), as the Florentines proudly call her, can forget the Church of San Lorenzo in the *borgo* of the same name, with its wonderful "Tomb of the Medici"? The façade of this most interesting church has never been finished, or, more properly, was never begun. It has a peculiar appearance; but there is nothing unfinished about the interior. On wooden panels of the ceiling one notices the coat of arms of the Medici, the balls being bright scarlet. In the nave are two exquisitely carved bronze pulpits, the work of Donatello. They rest upon four marble pillars, and the bass-reliefs are scenes from the life of Christ. Savonarola preached some of his most thrilling sermons from these pulpits; they are placed facing each other, and were used for disputations. In the sacristy a table-like piece of granite, with the five balls inlaid, marks the tomb of one of the Medici. In a small room off this apartment may be seen a beautiful white marble basin carved by Donatello.

The rose-grown cloisters are as lovely as peaceful. Until the suppression of the monks all the stray cats of Florence congregated there to be fed, at precisely twelve o'clock, daily. The gloom of the church itself is dispelled by the soft colors of the altar pictures, and the beauty of the painted glass windows. In a chapel of the left transept is an "Annunciation of the Virgin," by Fra Filippo Lippi (1406-1469). Oh! the devout sentiment expressed by those old Florentine painters, and by none more so than Fra Filippo, whose portrait of himself has come down to us, so quaintly introduced as a spectator in a corner of his "Coronation of the Virgin" that hangs in the Academy *Belle Arti* in Florence.

Of a very different kind of beauty is the gorgeous Chapel of the Medici, adjoining the Church of San Lorenzo. It was built to receive the Holy Sepulchre, and the earth brought from the Holy Land to contain it is now in the Campo Santo of Pisa. The Sepulchre was recovered by the Mohammedans before it reached the ship, and then the Medici converted this costly tomb into a burial-place. Words are hardly adequate to describe the splendor of this chapel, rich in all kinds of precious stones. The walls are literally incrustated with marble. Below is Egyptian

granite, then petrified wood; next Sicilian jasper (red and white lines), black Oriental jasper and Spanish carnelian. These marbles extend like a wainscot all around the chapel.

The escutcheons of sixteen Tuscan cities are beautifully inlaid on pillars placed at equal distances; Florence is a coral dragon on a background of white chalcedony, and all of them are studded with mother-of-pearl, rose agate, *lapis lazuli*, etc., in rich and varied designs. So highly polished are these columns that the whole chapel is reflected in each as in a mirror.

There are many niches of black marble, but only two are occupied by statues. The first is of Ferdinand I. (Medici) in gilt bronze; the other, also bronze, represents Cosimo II., who was the patron of Galileo, and persuaded him to come to Florence from Padua. In front of the various niches are gold cushions with the ducal crown, both thickly covered with emeralds, rubies, and other gems. The cupola of the dome that crowns the chapel was painted by Benvenuti, a work to which he devoted eight years.

Some idea of the cost of these marbles can be formed from the fact that the small portion of the chapel that was incomplete at the expulsion of the Medici has remained unfinished, the city never having been able to afford the last touches. It all seems so like the descriptions of the New Jerusalem,—the chalcedony, carnelian, and agates of the Bible, that one is filled with admiration at the sublime thought of those Grand Dukes of Tuscany in planning so magnificent a receptacle for the sacred tomb. In a chapel apart are two sarcophagi, upon which repose Michael Angelo's celebrated figures, "Night" and "Day"; while niches above them contain the famous "Meditation," and the statue of Julian di Medici, brother to Pope Leo X. and father to Clement VII.

The Feast of St. Lawrence in Florence is ushered in with fireworks on the eve; the unfinished façade is covered with myriads of small lights in cups of colored glass, arranged to follow the lines of the architecture. Paper lanterns hang from all the windows in the Square, against a background of scarlet or yellow silk, while there is not a macaroni shop in the city that is not decorated in the most marvellous fashion. Ingeniously twisted col-

umns of the raw material support little pavilions of another variety, from which hang deep fringes of vermicelli, tied with scarlet ribbon, or mingled with dried grasses and wild flowers, according to the taste of the owner. Every Florentine family, rich as well as poor, begin their dinner on this day with a large platter of macaroni.

The Cathedral of Genoa is dedicated to St. Lawrence; Naples, too, has a church in his honor, and many other Italian cities. While of Valerian, the mighty and powerful Roman Emperor who sentenced him to his cruel death, what has come down to posterity? Nothing but the story of his capture by Sapor, King of Persia. We are told that "Valerian in chains, but invested with the imperial purple, was exposed to the multitude, a constant spectacle of fallen greatness;" and that "Whenever the Persian monarch mounted on horseback he placed his foot on the neck of the Roman Emperor. . . . When Valerian sunk under the weight of shame and grief, his skin, stuffed with straw and formed into the likeness of a human figure, was preserved for ages in the most celebrated temple of Persia."

"The tale is moral and pathetic," says the historian Gibbon, in conclusion. Does it not teach that only truth and righteousness are eternal? And ought it not to inspire us to imitate, in our humble sphere, the life of this hero of the Church, who suffered martyrdom rather than betray the interests of the poor widows and orphans entrusted to his care? The saints of God, as an ancient poet* sings, are like stars in the dark night of our mortal life.

God's saints are shining lights; who stays
Here long must passe
O're dark hills, swift streams, and steep ways
As smooth as glass,
But these all night,
Like candles, shed
Their beams, and light
Us into bed.

They are indeed our pillar fires,
Seen as we go;
They are that citie's shining spires
We travell to.
A sword-like gleame
Kept man from sin
First out; this beame
Will guide him in.

E. M.

* Henry Vaughan, 1621-1695.

Harry Considine's Fortunes.

BY NUGENT ROBINSON.

CHAPTER VIII. — HARRY HEARS MORE THAN HE BARGAINS FOR.

ON the strength of the hundred pounds, and the promise that if they did not like the country or its mode of life they might return at once to Ireland, Mrs. Molloy and her daughter reluctantly made up their minds to visit the New World.

"I won't stop there, I promise you *that!*" was Emma's constant exclamation. "I won't bring a thing but summer clothes,—not a stitch. I have no notion of being snowed up in a barbarous wooden house with hogs for company. Not much! If Alderman Ryan had not been postponed as Lord Mayor for another year I wouldn't stir hand or foot. The idea of leaving every comfort and luxury and the best society for—what? A wooden house out in the wilds, with red Indians howling around the place all the time! Oh, I have no patience with papa!"

One evening, a few days before the departure of his mother and sister, Gerald came to Considine's lodgings inviting him to dinner. Harry saw that his friend was very much agitated, and that the tenderest cut of the "boiled leg with," as Miss Clancy termed it, was left untasted; the snowy turnips and reddish gold carrots sharing a similar fate.

After dinner was over, the ladies gone, and the cloth removed—Miss Clancy was justly proud of a Domingo mahogany table that shone like a polished chestnut,—Gerald burst forth with:

"Harry, I have resolved upon testing my fate!"

"In what way?"

"By asking Jane Ryan to be my wife. Why do you look so grave?"

"Am I looking grave?"

"Oh, don't fence with me! You are as straight as a knife. Tell me"—and the young man's earnestness amounted to an agony,—
"have I a chance?"

Considine was silent.

"Have I a chance, Harry?"

"It's hard to say, Gerald."

"You ought to know"—and here Molloy commenced to pace the floor,—
"you have been with her a great deal. You are intimate—"

"Not with her!" interrupted Harry.

"With the family. You go in and out as you like, you have told me that you would aid and assist me."

"And I have never missed a chance."

"I believe it, Harry. Well, why can't you say there is hope? She has been always most kind and gracious to me. She has been most attentive to my sister. That's a good sign."

"A very good sign, I should say."

"Well, then, coupling this with a thousand trifles, I don't see why I shouldn't hope."

"Is your sister in her confidence, Gerald?"

"No. I have pumped Emma, but she can give no opinion. Anyhow she is so given up to idle folly, that I don't believe she could undertake anything with a grain of gravity or reality in it."

"I differ with you there, Gerald!" said Harry, hotly. "God has given your sister many gifts, but, alas! she seems to have no object in life save the pursuit of a Will-o'-the-Wisp."

"That's a fact. Emma's a good girl,—a regular brick, but she is in the wrong groove. That time I was laid up with typhoid fever, and mother and father wanted to send her away, not a foot would she stir; and a better little nurse never came out of St. Vincent's Hospital."

"I was right!" cried Harry, smiting the table with his closed hand.

"If Emma were earning her living she'd be another sort of girl altogether. It's awfully hard to talk this way of one's sister; but you are like a brother to me, and I keep nothing back from you. Advise me now, dear Harry, in regard to Jane. I know that she is a rich man's daughter. So much the better. I have no money. I can hardly keep myself, but as there is money in the case," added Gerald, with his usual prudence, "I presume it is better to deal with it. Suppose the Alderman is worth three thousand a year, surely he would not begrudge his only child three hundred a year. This three hundred with my one hundred will make four. We could take a house at Sandymount, or, what is much more probable, he might ask me to hang up my hat here."

Harry could hardly refrain from smiling at this house building with bricks wherein there was not a blade of straw.

"Yes," added Gerald, enamored of the subject; "of course we would live here. Why should I take his only child from him? It would be cruel, unjust, ungenerous! He could in time take *me* into the house as he has taken you. I should imagine that he could make a place for his son-in-law—and—" he stopped short. "This is all nonsense! This is counting my chickens before they are hatched. This is too much in the line of my father. No: I must face the situation, and it's this: shall I ask Jane to be my wife—ask her now, or wait until I feel more secure as to the result? *You* can tell me nothing; Emma can tell me nothing. Who can tell me? Stay, I never once thought of her, Miss Esmonde. I shall ask her. Surely Jane and she are cronies."

"A very good idea," said Harry. "The two girls seem to have no secrets from each other."

"Yes: I'll call to-morrow evening. And don't you go to bed, Harry; for if the result, is good or bad I'll come and let you know."

At about half-past nine o'clock on the following evening Miss Clancy's hall door knocker gave a spasmodic rat-tat-tat, followed by another, ere the good little lady could lay down the Life of our Blessed Lady, which she was engaged in reading, and reach the hall door. Gerald Molloy, his hat pulled down over his brows, brushed rapidly, if not rudely, past her without uttering a word, and, as she afterward expressed it, "took the stairs three at a time."

Considine was writing to Father Luke Byrne—he wrote once a week with the most undeviating punctuality,—when Molloy burst into the room—his face livid, his eyes red, his hair as though he had been engaged in tugging at it, his clothes in disorder.

"What on earth is the matter?" cried Harry, starting to his feet.

Gerald, as if recalled to his senses by the voice of his companion, stood stock-still; then, striding over to the side of the table opposite Harry, faced him, staring into his eyes.

"Are you ill, Gerald?" asked Considine, considerably alarmed. He knew that he had not been drinking.

"No," was the reply, in a tone so hollow as to sound like an echo.

"Then I suppose that you have not been successful," said Harry, very slowly and very sorrowfully.

Molloy placed his hands on the table, knuckles down, and, leaning a little across it, glared at Harry, while he exclaimed:

"Enjoy your triumph!"

"My what?" (in intense astonishment.)

"Your triumph!"

"What triumph?"

"Oh, you don't know!" (this sneeringly.)

"Gerald," said Considine, gravely; "there is something dreadfully wrong with you. What has happened? Won't you tell me—*me*, your friend?"

"Bah! I have no friend!"

"Yes, indeed you have; one who—"

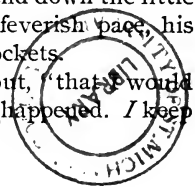
"Cuts me out!" burst in the other. "*Pretends* to ask for me, to help me, and instead of helping me steps in himself! But," he added savagely, "I might have known it. The course was an open one, the prize too tempting. Oh, what an idiot, dolt, jackass, I have been!" And Gerald caught his head in his hands as though he would pull it clean off.

Harry could make nothing of this strange exhibition. He had not the faintest glimmering of what was coming. He was intensely wretched that his friend was suffering, and a dreadful fear was upon him that Gerald had "gone by the head." What could *he* say? What could *he* do? If Miss Ryan chose to say "no," he, Considine, could not make her say "yes." He had feared all along. There was nothing in the young lady's manner which displayed any predilection in favor of his friend. When he spoke of him, as was his invariable custom in accordance with his given promise of support, Jane dropped the subject after very little comment, or refused to talk of Molloy at all.

"I have done *my* best," reflected Harry; "and now to soothe the poor fellow as much as ever I can."

Molloy was walking up and down the little apartment at a rapid and feverish pace, his hands thrust deep in his pockets.

"I told you!" he burst out, "that I would come and tell you what had happened. I keep my word!"



"What has happened, Gerald? Sit down, old fellow, and let us hear."

"And serve you up a banquet, a luscious feast? Thank you, I'd rather not!"

"You have lost your head, Gerald; I don't know what you mean."

Molloy halted, came round to where his friend stood, and, bringing his face close to Harry's, exclaimed: "Look me squarely in the eye, and tell me that you do not know what I mean!"

Considine's eye was as calm as that of a babe's engaged in contemplating some new wonder.

"I do *not* know what you mean," he quietly said.

"Will you swear it?"

"Gerald, I never took an oath in my life; I never told a lie in my life. My word is all I have to give; and, believe me, I value it at untold gold!" There was a superb dignity in the young man's manner as he uttered these glorious words.

For a second Molloy hesitated, then, seizing Harry's hand, he cried in a husky voice:

"I believe you. Forgive me! Sit down, and I will tell you everything."

He seated himself opposite his friend, his elbows on his knees, his chin in his hands. His voice was low, and each word came from him as if it had a special mission to fulfil.

"I went to Rutland Square at half-past eight. I asked to see Miss Esmonde. She was at home, the Alderman and Jane had gone to a Philharmonic Concert. I came to business at once, and asked her plump and plain if I stood well with Miss Ryan. She said that I did. I then asked her if she thought that Jane cared for me enough to marry me; that I was in love with her, and all to that. Miss Esmonde hesitated; I pressed her. Then she said that in *her* opinion Jane's love was given to another. I thought I would have fallen from the chair. I asked her if she was certain of this; and she said she was: that she knew it from Miss Ryan's own lips. I then begged, implored of her to tell me who my successful rival was. Miss Esmonde hesitated for a long,—very long time; then she told me his name. Guess it."

"I can not, Gerald; I haven't the most remote idea," replied Considine.

"Then I can tell you. The name she mentioned was yours."

"Mine!"

"Harry Considine!" And Molloy watched his companion's face with a fierce intentness.

Harry crimsoned to the roots of his hair, then became deadly pale.

"If this is a jest"—he began; "no, no: I beg your pardon. Gerald, I have learned that which you should never have revealed to me. If Miss Ryan has honored me with her favor, I tell you I never sought it, and I also tell you that I never suspected it. That she never by word, look, or gesture, that I can recall, indicated any preference for me. On the contrary, her manner was occasionally cold and repellent. This is sad news to me!"

"Sad!"

"Yes, sad; inexpressibly, unutterably sad; for I never could return her love. Does Alderman Ryan know of this?"

"I do not know."

"May I mention to Miss Esmonde in confidence what you have revealed to me tonight?"

"You may mention it from the base of Nelson's Pillar."

"Oh, no! Gerald, dear old boy, don't talk that way! A young girl's love is a beautiful flower, and must be protected from rude breath of every kind. It springs from the purity of her heart, and is as white as her soul. God and our Blessed Lady watch over the pure white blossom of a pure girl's love. We should speak tenderly, then, of such a flower."

As he spoke Molloy almost covered for shame that he had uttered so light a word. "You are always right, Harry," he humbly said; "always."

"What you have told me, Gerald," said Considine, after a pause, "alters the circumstances of my life."

"In what respect?"

"I will tell you so soon as I shall have consulted Father Luke Byrne. I always take *his* advice."

"And I always take yours, Harry. You advised me to throw up my place at Pims and go out to the States with my mother and sister?"

"I did, most assuredly."

"I didn't act on it, because I was holding on to the delusive hope that has bursted like a soap-bubble to-night. *That's* all over. I will give Mr. Pim notice in the morning, and will sail with mother and Emma on the seventh."

"I wish," said Harry, as he stood at the gate of the little front garden holding Gerald's hand in his,—*"I wish that I was going with you, old boy;"* adding, *"who knows?"*

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Footprints of Heroines.

BY THE COMTESSE DE COURSON.

III.—LUIA DE CARVAJAL Y MENDOZA.

(Continued.)

FATHER SCOTT, who had asked Luisa's hospitality for his martyred brethren, was himself executed shortly afterward. A secular priest named Richard Newport suffered with him; their bodies were thrown into a deep pit, together with those of several criminals who had been put to death the same day, and it seemed an almost impossible task to rescue them from their dishonored grave. Luisa, however, ardently desired to recover these precious remains; and, moved by her entreaties, a young Spaniard, Don Alonzo de Velasco, who was then in London, accompanied by several servants of the Embassy, undertook this dangerous and repulsive mission. In the dead of night he succeeded in reaching the mangled remains of the two martyrs, hidden away, though they were, under the festering corpses of sixteen malefactors, and the precious burden was carried in silent joy to Luisa's house.

It was a strange scene in the heart of the great heretic city. Luisa and her companions, with white veils on their heads and lighted tapers in their hands, stood at the door; fresh spring flowers strewn the ground, and the walls of the little oratory were hung with green boughs. Silently the faithful Spaniards carried their precious load to the foot of the altar, where it was reverently deposited on a red silk couch; and the next night was spent in embalming the bodies previous to their removal to Spain, where in 1832 they were still venerated in the town of Gondomar.

Luisa spared neither time, trouble, nor expense, when the martyrs were concerned. Writing to one of her friends in Spain she thus alludes to a circumstance, evidently similar to that just related: "I spent last Christmas seventeen pounds, each of which is equivalent to forty reals, for the recovery and preservation of the last martyr. The labor of this undertaking and the danger attending it were great." Her devotion extended to everything that had belonged to the martyred priests; and she carefully collected their books, letters and clothing, and preserved them with loving care. Sometimes she sent certain of these relics as presents to her friends in Spain, who fully appreciated such precious gifts.

It may be imagined how the thought of the martyrs haunted her during her walks through the London streets. When she happened to pass along the Tyborne road her tears flowed fast, and she would exclaim: "O holy and blessed pathway, sanctified by the footsteps of the saints on their road to heaven!" More than once her streaming eyes rested on the head or limbs of some martyred confessor, exposed, according to the barbarous practice of the times, on the gateway of the city or on London Bridge. At this cruel sight she would reverently bow her head, and breathe a fervent prayer for the deluded people of England.

By degrees the gentle Spanish lady, whose strange love for England had made her a voluntary exile, became a well-known figure among the Catholics of London. Persecution then raged fiercer than ever; but the courage of both priests and faithful vied with the fury of their enemies; and in spite of banishment, confiscation, torture and death, the ancient faith was kept alive in many an "ancestral home, secluded village, or secret haunt in the great cities of England."

At first, we are told, the London Catholics, trained by the force of circumstance to habits of reticence and caution where their religion was concerned, regarded the Spanish stranger with some suspicion, and their coldness gave her great pain. Soon, however, they learned to know her better; and on her side she came to understand how, living in the midst of persecution, their natural reserve had been necessarily increased. Besides the little band of young English girls who shared her daily

life, many persons of all ranks sought her advice and assistance. At her request, the Spanish Ambassador maintained in his house an English priest for the benefit of the London Catholics. Living under the protection of the Spanish Government, he was more easily to be found than the missionary priests, who were obliged to move from one hiding-place to another; and to him Luisa often brought those who wished to approach the Sacraments, and who were embarrassed how to do so.

She used also to buy, as we have seen, many books of devotion and of controversy; and these she lent to the Catholics, who could not procure them for themselves without considerable expense and risk. Another of her favorite works of mercy was the assistance of the Catholic prisoners, who were obliged to pay for their own board and lodgings; failing thus, they were thrown into the common prison with the vilest malefactors. Luisa endeavored, by bribing the jailer, to secure for them a private room; and except during a short period, when her best friends advised her to cease her visits to the prisons, she went constantly to strengthen and comfort her *protégés*, to whom her presence was a ray of light and joy.

Sometimes she succeeded in penetrating into the cells of the captive priests; and on these occasions she was generally accompanied by some Catholics, who took advantage of the occasion to make their confession. Her house was ever open to all who cared to seek its shelter. Besides the young girls whom she trained to a life of singular holiness, and whose rule of life resembled that of religious women, she generally had one or more priests staying under her roof, and all who wished to see them were lovingly received and hospitably entertained. She sent to foreign convents and seminaries boys who had a religious vocation, and the young girls under her care who aspired to a cloistered life were also sent abroad. The baptism of infants was still another of her favorite works of mercy. She used, her biographer tells us, to go into the neighboring villages for this purpose; and she often met with persons who were Catholics at heart, and who gladly and gratefully availed themselves of her offer to have their children baptized by a Catholic priest.

Luisa's biographer tells us of a few of the converts whom she brought back to the bosom of the Church, and to some of whom she seems to have communicated her generous and uncompromising spirit. Among them were several young men, who became, in their turn, zealous apostles and missionaries. One of her chief converts was a Calvinist minister, who, after having discussed religious subjects with the most eminent controversialists of the day, was for the first time in his life convinced and touched by Luisa's arguments. He was eventually imprisoned for the faith, but his "good mother," as he called her, procured his release and paid his journey to Flanders, where he became a Benedictine monk.

Another convert of a different stamp was an old woman, ninety years of age, who, since the accession of Queen Elizabeth, had conformed to the new religion, though she had been born and brought up a Catholic. Luisa made her acquaintance at Highgate, where she had gone for change of air. The old woman, probably suspecting a desire to converse on religious subjects, kept Luisa at a distance, and repulsed all her advances. Luisa then had recourse to prayer, and some time afterward she was greatly astonished to see the old woman come to her house of her own accord, at the bidding, she said, of a mysterious youth, who had appeared to her in a dream and bid her seek the Spanish lady, and be reconciled to the Church. Luisa sent for a priest, and her *protégée*, whose faculties were perfectly clear, made a confession extending over half a century. She died most piously some months afterward, under the roof of her benefactress.

These are but a few examples of the countless souls to whom the holy Spanish lady brought peace and salvation. But her own humility, the confusion of the times in which she lived, the difficulty of communication between England and Spain, and above all the secrecy that was observed in all things touching Catholics, made it impossible for her biographer to give us a complete account of her apostolic labors. We know enough, however, to convince us that her sacrifice was not made in vain; and that the strange vocation, which at first excited the surprise and disapproval of her contemporaries, was the means chosen by God to win many souls to the true Church.

These conversions were Luisa's one joy, and she writes to Father Creswell, an English Jesuit, at Madrid: "I am working hard to attract as many souls as possible from heresy into the Church. I feel no abatement of zeal in this cause; on the contrary, an ardor that increases every day." After relating to her cousin, the Viceroy of Valencia, her endeavors to convert a lady, the sister of a "Councillor of State," she goes on: "I make her presents of little things from Spain (*cosas de España*), which do not cost much and are thought a great deal of here. She is surrounded with brothers, children and friends, who are violent Protestants. I shall now push matters forward in my visits, and give and take boldly on this matter, even at the peril of my life."

As may be imagined, Luisa's fearless spirit and utter contempt for danger were not likely to escape attention, and she was twice arrested and imprisoned for the faith. On the first occasion, as her Spanish biographer relates, the arrest was caused by her brave defence of the Catholic faith in conversing with some shopkeepers at Cheapside. She was kept in prison for three days, to her own great joy, and finally released at the request of the Spanish Ambassador, Don Pedro de Zuniga, who, in spite of his admiration and affection for his holy countrywoman, seems to have been somewhat distressed at her fearless zeal.

Her second arrest took place some years later. She was living at that time in a lonely house at Spitalfields, in the suburbs of London, with her little band of companions. They were in the habit, relates her biographer, of talking during the hours of recreation over future possibilities of persecution, and of discussing the manner of acting when subjected to it; familiarizing their minds with the thought of chains, prisons, tortures, and death.

(CONCLUSION IN OUR NEXT NUMBER.)

MADAME DE MARBEUF, writing a letter to M. de Talleyrand near the close of his life, slipped a medal of Our Lady into the letter, and he wore it for the rest of his life. On finding this medal, the day after his death, one who had followed his return to God with the keenest anxiety could not help exclaiming, "It is certain that ever after he put on that medal his thoughts turned toward God!"

Stella Matutina; or, a Poet's Quest.

BY EDMUND OF THE HEART OF MARY, C. P.

IV.

"NOT mine," quoth he. "The charge was never mine.

But hearing now the answer clear and keen,
Methinks I catch the Master's voice in thine—
Authoritative, luminous, serene.

Oh, tell me if the vision I have seen
Be found among thy daughters throned above?
If one be there—my heart's ideal queen—
Whom I may choose not vainly for my love,
And chivalrously serve—as thy wise laws approve?"

"If true as fair the ideal thy fancy paints,
'Tis real, be sure, in yonder world. But thou
Within the great Communion of Saints
Must first enrol thee, child, and humbly bow
To faith's whole teaching." . . . "Mother, teach
me now!"

And all his soul went out to her. But she,
To test him more, made answer: "I allow
In this request thy full sincerity;
But dread some fever'd craze of sensuous fantasy.

"What is this 'vision' thou hast found so good—
This fond 'ideal'? And whither doth it lead?
'Twould seem some type of fairest womanhood,
Whereof thy youthful poet-heart hath need,
As now it thinks: yet wherefore? But to
feed

Self-worship and a pride forever blind?
If so, my child, 'tis outcome of a greed
That is but sensuality refined.
The spiritual garb ill veils the carnal mind.

"Nor may we rest in creatures as an end,
How pure they be soever. God alone
Our All-in-all, to Him should ever tend
The heart's affections—most, if it enthrone
(His gift acknowledged) an elected *one*
As dearest after Him. *Then*, like a grace,
Our love leads upward."

"Such a love mine own,"
Broke in the poet meekly. "I can trace
Its dawn within my soul to one sweet woman's
face—

"My mother's. Yet, of purity severe,
That face smiled rarely. To my boyish thought,
When I had lost her, less of love than fear
Clung round her memory. But my heart had
caught

A hunger—that soon grew, and gnaw'd, and wrought

Into my life—for what she would have been :

For what the years (so seem'd it) must have brought :

A perfect mother, ruling like a queen

With chaste and gentle sway o'er passion's young demesne."

Two Schools.

(CONTINUED.)

CLARA VALLEY, Oct. 25, 18—.

DEAR AUNT MARY:—We have been busy preparing for the first examinations of the year. Every two months the studies are reviewed, and these reviews are never oral, but written. We are given a week to go over our lessons (without recitation), and at the end of that time a paper containing twelve questions in each study is given us, which we are required to answer in writing. The text-books are collected, and placed on a large table in the study-hall, so that if any one should be mean enough to peep she will not be able to do so. Don't you think this is a very good method? Our standing is afterward fixed both by referring to our daily studies and the results of the review, and these reports are sent to the parents. I hope mine will please you.

Hard work has not prevented us from snatching and enjoying a half-day of recreation. You will remember that I said something in my last letter about a great singer, whom it was rumored would visit us. I could hardly believe it at the time, but it proved to be true. Madame —, the famous *prima-donna*, received her first musical instructions at Clara Valley. She is an American, having assumed her present Italian name, as they all do for stage purposes. The Sisters were the first to discover her wonderful talent, and advised her to cultivate it to the best advantage. Her father died, making it necessary that she should do something for her livelihood in order to support her mother, who was an invalid. They went abroad, and every one knows what a sensation she produced after the completion of her studies. She stands very high, socially and dramatically, and is a good Catholic. They say she never plays during Holy Week.

She had scarcely arrived in C—, on the grand concert tour which she is making prefatory to her appearance in opera, before she wrote to Sister Superior, telling her she would pay Clara Valley a visit on the following morning; adding, very sweetly and humbly, that perhaps the pupils might wish to hear her sing, and offering to do so if desired. No need to say that the whole school was thrown into a ferment. She came, and we all fell in love with her. So simple and gracious, and charming as she is; entirely unaffected, and yet so lovely and beautiful. And her voice—her marvellous voice! We were all assembled in the exhibition hall, where she sang for an hour: ballads, *cavatinas*, a waltz song, and a glorious *Ave Maria*.

There we sat, a lot of school-girls, drinking in the lovely music, while at that very hour in C— men were crowding on each other's heels, and paying speculative prices for tickets to the first concert. But it is doubtful if she had a more appreciative audience on that gala night. After it was over she begged Sister Superior for a half-holiday, saying she was not so old as not to remember how eagerly holidays were always welcomed at school. It was granted, but postponed until next week on account of the exhibitions. Later, during an *impromptu* lunch served in the parlor, at which the graduates and under-graduates were present, she made a little speech, which so impressed me that I can almost repeat it word for word.

We have a young lady here who possesses a fine voice, and who has some aspirations for the stage. She is somewhat frivolous and giddy, and a very pretty girl. I suspect that Madame — must have divined her character readily; for, after having heard her sing and paid her a nice compliment, she said: "A good voice is a grand gift from God. But, my dear girls, I have had experience, and let me say to you here to-day what I have often repeated to others, that it is only necessity—nay, dire necessity, that should drive one to the stage. Music and song are glorious arts; but the life of a public singer is full of toils, trials, and temptations. Our successes and triumphs are dearly earned, I assure you. And, believe me, that where one succeeds a hundred fail. Mine has been a prosperous career; I have been fort-

unate enough to receive, and I may confess exceedingly enjoy, a fair proportion of fame and applause. But many and many a time my heart has wearied of it all, and I have longed for the time when I could retire forever to the solitude of home; especially do I feel this longing at times like these, when reminded by young faces, as I am to-day, of my own happy childhood and girlhood. My dear girls, so long as you can dwell within the sanctuary of home remain there—it is the only true sphere of woman." Wasn't it lovely, auntie, to see her so unspoiled? She was like a child with the old Sisters, who had known her years ago, and went everywhere through the house, recalling incidents, and asking questions about her old friends and companions. I think the memory of that visit will always be a pleasant one at Clara Valley.

We are already preparing a Christmas gift for Sister Superior. Several of the older girls talked of it among themselves, and finally took Sister Mary into their confidence. A collection was quietly taken up, or, rather, a box was placed on a table in the library, with the request that all who felt like giving something toward the purchase of a Communion cloth, to be embroidered and presented to Sister Superior for the chapel as a Christmas gift, would there deposit their contribution. At the same time Sister Mary said those who could not afford, or were not inclined, to give anything must feel no hesitation about withholding a donation. For this reason the contribution box would be left in the library, where each one might go simply, and thus it would not be known who gave or what they gave.

The collection amounted to seventy-five dollars, which purchased fifteen yards of heavy red silk, with bullion and spangles for the embroidery. This is all of pure gold. Six of the girls and three Sisters take turns at the work, and two are constantly employed. We get up an hour earlier in the morning, and every other day three work during the noon recreation. Mary Damen, a Protestant, whose father is the wealthiest iron manufacturer in B—, has given twenty-five dollars for the lace cloth which covers the silk as it hangs over the railing. We are all enthusiasm to have it completed in due time. The design

consists of alternate bunches of grapes and sheaves of wheat, representing the bread and wine of the Eucharist, which Catholics believe is really converted into the body and blood of Christ by the words of the priest at the Consecration. They do believe it, auntie, whatever their enemies or persons ignorant of their faith may say to the contrary. One can see this by the sincerity with which they confess in order to be in a state of necessary preparation for the reception of the Sacrament, as well as the fervor and recollection with which they receive it.

I often envy them both faith and privilege, and I have already begun to pray that my heart may be enlightened to the truth; for, if I felt convinced that it lay within the pale of the Catholic Church, thither would I direct my steps, within its portals would I stay my feet. But these possibilities lie in the future, and may never be more than dreams. Do not trouble about them; only believe that, whatever befalls, I am

Your own loving
JULIA.

ALLEN SEMINARY, Oct. 25, 18—.

DEAR MATTIE:—A chapter of incidents, and, I might say, accidents. I think I told you in my last letter that we were to have tickets to the concert given by the Fantini troupe, of which Madame — is the *prima-donna*, and that we anticipated much pleasure and "some larks" on the occasion. Well, we had pleasure, but no "larks." Tickets were purchased, and the whole school was on the *qui vive*. But first let me tell you of our expedition to the woods.

According to previous agreement, Florence remained in bed that morning with a terrible headache, and after recitations were over—that is about two—we asked permission to go to the village together for some quinine. This being graciously given, I further requested that we might be allowed a short walk, as Florence thought it would do her good to be out for a while in the fresh air. This was also granted; and, once outside of the gate, we skipped boldly and quickly on in the direction of the woods. They belong to the nuns, but are ever so far away from the convent. I had never been there before, but Florence was quite familiar with the locality, and steered straight in the direction of the path that

leads from the main street of the village, anticipating that in this way we should be most likely to meet our swains. We did meet them *en route*, and strolled leisurely under the trees; for at this stage of the journey we were quite secure from observation.

The young gentlemen were quite charming, paid us many pretty compliments, and said a variety of nice things. They produced a paper of *bonbons*, which we ate seated on an old log by the side of the little brook which runs through the place. Mr. — proposed that we girls take off our shoes and stockings, and bathe our “pearly feet in the snowy waters” — no, I believe he said: “snowy feet in pearly waters.” Florence seemed about to grasp the suggestion, but I gave her a look, and rather indignantly insinuated that I thought the proposal decidedly indecorous. He humbly begged pardon, and all was lovely again.

Florence wanted to go as far as “the shrine,” which is a sort of altar the nuns have arranged for the Virgin; but I had fears lest some of them might be about, for they often go there. Sure enough, I was right. It was not long before we saw the whole menagerie in the distance walking two by two with four black robes at the head, and bringing up the rear with another was Julia, our own demure Julia. She did not see me, for we scooted over the fence in a hurry. Those nuns know very well that we are not permitted to take walks with young gentlemen, and no doubt would be mean and sly enough to tell if they saw us. We parted from our cavaliers at the entrance of the grove, and while Mr. — was doubtful, Mr. — assured us that he would be present at the concert the following evening, when he hoped to meet us, etc., etc. Florence was quite *épris* with him, but I liked his friend better. We were not catechised on our return, as I feared we would be. Florence said her headache was much better, and we went to our room to talk over our adventure.

Mr. and Mrs. Allen accompanied us to the concert. Lovely evening, train on time, good seats, full house, bewildering toilets, and so on, *ad lib.* As Monsieur and Madame sat behind the two rows of young ladies whom they had been so kind as to *chaperon* (no doubt getting in free on the strength of our numbers), we were obliged to mind our *ps* and *qs*.

The programme was charming, the performers first-class, and Madame —, the *prima-donna*, is perfection itself. Lovely, graceful, dignified, elegantly and tastefully dressed, a glorious singer, she received a grand ovation. She wore white satin, high at the throat, and with long sleeves. Why she did this I can't say, for she must have a beautiful neck and arms.

They gave a whole act from Martha, with many other favorite *arias*, and a glorious *Ave Maria*. When she sang this last number she did really look like a saint or a Madonna. Somehow it made me feel very mean and earthy. I closed my eyes, and actually wiped tears from them, when the strain of the orchestra called me back to reality and the commonplace once more. Fancy my embarrassment at seeing M. Krouck casting languishing glances at me from behind the bass-violin over which he presided! He could not have known that the powers that be were with us, they sat too far from him to be readily observed. On this account I felt constrained to ignore his admiration, and am afraid I must have hurt his feelings, for he looked quite melancholy afterward. He is really devoted to me of late, and I think I can make it all right with him when I explain.

Florence and I looked around cautiously for our friends of the day before, but saw nothing of them until the concert was over and we were filing out behind our keepers. There was a halt in the aisle for some reason or other, and lo! just in front of us stood Mr. —, with a very pretty, stylish young lady on his arm. And what do you think she said to him as we waited there? “O Charley, I do wish we could get out! It is so late, and I am sure baby will be crying; he never *is* good with nurse after eleven.” To which “Charley” replied: “Well, if he makes it hot for nurse I sha'n't have to walk up and down with him the rest of the night. He'll probably have cried himself out by the time we get home.” Florence and I didn't wait to hear any more than “You cruel” — our only anxiety was to sink into the earth, or, to speak literally, to sink into the background, where “Charley” could not see us. We succeeded in doing so; he did *not* see us then, but, unluckily, we met them again in the vestibule, where he raised his hat to a lady, who called

him "Mr. Payson." He was about to salute us I think, but we both stared at him. I fancied his lips wore a mocking smile.

Just think of it! If you were not my dearest, dearest friend, knowing every thought of my heart, I should never, never tell it. That man is *married*, and his name is Payson instead of —! Probably the other one is married also. How foolish and unmaidenly we were! I am so disgusted with myself I don't know what to do. (So I became serious, you will say.) I'd hate to be that man's wife! Poor woman! she probably doesn't know a thing about his flirtations. Some one ought to tell her. I believe I'll write her an anonymous letter. But Florence says we had better keep quiet for our own sakes, and I don't know but what she is right. Believe me, I will never do the like again, and have resolved to be cautious in such matters. The fact is, we have too much of a swing here. Perhaps the nuns have the name of being too strict simply because guardians like ours are not strict at all. Dinner—adieu. More anon.

Your faithful ESTELLA.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Proposed Convention of Catholic Editors.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

THE question of holding a convention of Catholic editors at Baltimore is under consideration. Mr. L. W. Reilly, of Columbus, who has won recognition in the field of Catholic journalism, has taken the initiative by sending out a circular to all his fellow-workers,—a circular as tersely expressed as it is well considered. But it seems, so far as I can understand, to be founded on a false premise; and this is, that the committee of the Catholic Congress has refused to put a paper on the Catholic press on its programme. Now, the chairman of the committee has distinctly stated that a Catholic editor had consented to write such a paper. His name has not been announced. It is enough, however, that Mr. Brownson has made the statement.

Although this knocks out a plank in Mr. Reilly's platform, it does not weaken the

structure. His circular has an excellent intention: it means that the time has come when Catholic editors must begin to cultivate fellow-feeling. Outside of the editors of the provincial press—the editors who go into raptures over a monstrous squash, and call down the thunders of Heaven on a rival because he has secured a bigger circus advertisement,—the editors of Catholic papers have been more fractious, less broad-minded, and less generous in war than any others of their craft. One would think that we were all trying to capture another man's few thousand subscribers. One could hardly believe that there are millions of Catholics in this country when one observed the struggles of certain Catholic papers to "down" others. Of course that is all past now; it existed a long time ago, when the present writer was an editor, and sometimes put his little sneer at men much better than himself into print. But let us live in the past for a while, and draw from it a lesson for the present.

In those days—about twelve months ago—there were not more than two Catholic papers in the country with a circulation of over twelve thousand; and yet the wicked advertising directories would insist on inflating their circulation to such an extent that mischievous people would sometimes reply to the outcries of the Catholic press that it is not supported, by pointing to the wicked advertising books with their "watered" circulation. Whether the Catholic editors have a convention in Baltimore or only an informal meeting, they ought to begin by forcing the unscrupulous advertising agent to be honest. After all, it is not the *number* of subscribers that makes advertising pay, but the *quality*.

If Catholic editors do not unite,—if they do not practise that charity to others of their craft which they preach, their occupation will soon be gone. There are not more than four papers in the country which have any real vitality. Does anybody want the names? They can have them in sealed envelopes, accompanied by an oath of silence taken before a notary public,—and this condition of affairs is due, not to the apathy of the public, but to the perversity of publishers and editors; for we must not disguise the fact that the editor is merely an appendage to the publisher, and that the hand that rocks the paper is the hand

that holds the cash—when there is any. It will be understood, of course, that the meeting of editors at Baltimore shall be largely controlled by the opinion of publishers. And this reminds us of another evil which weakens the influence of the Catholic press, and that is, the frequent change of editors. It is the editor who makes the paper, not the publisher, though the opinion of the counting-room ought to have its weight; for, as the Catholic press is unsubsidized, no paper can be independent of “canny” considerations.

Can the editor of *The Shamrock* come out boldly against physical force in the treatment of the Irish question, when he depends on certain physical-force advertisers to pay for a large part of his white paper? Can he rush tooth and nail against a certain abuse, when he knows that he will lose ten subscribers without gaining one? If a prominent gentleman's speech is printed, the prominent gentleman sends for a free copy or two, and in a high and mighty manner condemns the proof-reading. And the Catholic editor submits, and meekly permits himself to be used by that set of professional philanthropists who are always willing to get a free advertisement.

Let there be an informal meeting,—by all means a press association; for, if there be not more unity, more self-respect, more regard for the rights of others, more good-fellowship, more moderation, we shall soon see the writing on the wall: thus speaks a man and a brother!

A French Lady's Noble Work.

IN 1865 the prison of St. Lazare in Paris was honored by the appointment of the Abbé Michel to the post of chaplain. With him lived an orphan niece, whom he had reared, and who had no other home, and she became one of his household in the prison. At first her horror of the inmates well-nigh overcame her; but after a while, having access to all parts of the establishment, she came to pity the degraded creatures. After this to love the poor sinners for whom Christ died was but a step. She read to them, wrote their letters, and was their tender sympathizer and confidante. Finally, as she grew older, Mlle. Grandpré became impressed with the idea that it was

her allotted mission to find homes and respectable employment for these unfortunates as they left the prison. They needed clothing, and she provided for their necessities until her own slender wardrobe was nearly depleted and her purse empty; then she begged of her friends, who responded generously. The point of supply is named the *Vestiare*, and has from its establishment been a flourishing institution. People vie with one another in keeping it supplied with useful garments.

But attention to bodily needs is only one feature of this beautiful charity. The niece of the good Abbé is careful that the spark of goodness and religion in each wretched woman is fanned into a heavenly flame, when it is possible. And when is it not possible when earnest efforts are supplemented by God's grace?

From this comparatively small beginning has grown a society—*Les Œuvres des Libérées*—lately referred to in these columns, of which this good woman is the head. Its object is to rescue unfortunate women from the temptation to renew a life of crime when they are released from prison. All honor to Mlle. Grandpré, the beneficent and ministering spirit of St. Lazare!

Readings from Remembered Books.

THE FIRST MAGNIFICAT.

WITH swift step, as if the precipitate gracefulness of her walk were the outward sign of her inward joy, and she were beating time with her body to the music that was so jubilant within, the Mother traverses the hills of Juda, while Joseph follows her in an amazement of revering love. Like Jesus walking swiftly to His Passion, as if Calvary were drawing Him like a magnet, so the modest Virgin sped onward to the dwelling of Elizabeth in Hebron. The everlasting Word within trembled in the tone of Mary's voice, and the babe heard it, and “leaped in his mother's womb”; and the chains of original sin fell off from him, and he was justified by redeeming grace, and the full use of his majestic reason was given to him, and he made acts of adoring love, such as never patriarch or prophet yet had made; and he was instantaneously raised to a dazzling height of sanctity, which is a memorial and a wonder in heaven to this day. And the inspiration of the Holy Ghost thrilled through his mother at the moment, and she was filled full of God, and her

first act, in consequence of this plenitude of God, was a worshipful recognition of the grandeur of the Mother of God; and all these miracles were accomplished before yet the accents of Mary's voice had died away upon the air.

Straightway the Word arose within His Mother's bosom, and enthroned Himself upon her sinless heart; and borrowing her voice, which had already been to Him the instrument of His power, the sacrament of John's redemption, He sang the unfathomable *Magnificat*, out of whose depths music has gone on streaming upon the enchanted earth all ages since. — "*Bethlehem,*" *Frederick William Faber, D. D.*

THE IRISH HEART.

Many of the reading public will remember the sad accident which occurred in Hartford, Conn., in the year 1853, when, by the bursting of a boiler connected with a car factory, several of the workmen were killed. Among the killed were two Irishmen, brothers, each of whom left a widow with an infant child. These men had been industrious and faithful toward their employers and kind in their own households; so that when they were taken away in such a sudden and shocking manner their sorrowing widows felt a double stroke, in the loss of affectionate hearts, and in the deprivation of many of the comforts which the hand of affection had hitherto supplied.

About six months after the accident the Hartford postmaster received from the Department at Washington a "dead letter," which had been written by these brothers to a female relative in Ireland, enclosing a draft for ten pounds sterling, to defray the expenses of her passage to America.

This anxiety on the part of these children of Erin, who had come to this land of promise, to furnish their relatives and friends whom they had left behind with the means of following them, is a striking manifestation of that ardent attachment to home and its circle of loved ones, which leads them to undergo every sacrifice in order to effect a reunion with those for whose presence they long with irrepressible desires, as they go about, "strangers in a strange land." They have often been known to submit to the severest privations for the sake of bringing over a sister, a brother, or some other relative, without whom the family circle would be incomplete. All this is but one aspect of the "Irish heart," whose warmth of affection and generous impulses should put to shame many who, without their ardent unselfishness, coolly laugh at the blunders and *mal apropos* speeches of its possessors, and attribute that to shallowness which is in truth but a sudden and sometimes conflicting flow of ideas.

"By their works ye shall know them." It is

comparatively easy to utter the language of affection, and to express a vast deal of fine sentiment; and much of this spurious coin is current in the world. But when one is seen denying himself almost the necessities of life in order to accumulate a little fund for the benefit of some one near to his heart, though far away, we feel that there can be no deception here. Like the widow's mite, it has the ring of pure gold.

The letter referred to (which was sent back from Ireland in consequence of some misdirection) was full of kind feeling, and manifested on the part of the writers a firm and simple trust in the goodness of Providence. The postmaster sent word to the widows that this letter was in his possession, and accordingly was visited by the bereaved women, whose tears flowed fast as they gazed upon the record which recalled so vividly the kindnesses of their departed husbands. The little sum enclosed, as they stated, was the result of the united efforts of the two families, who cheerfully joined in this labor of love.

The postmaster informed the widows that by returning the draft to the office from which it was purchased they might obtain the money on it; but they replied that, since it had once been dedicated to an object sacred both to the departed and their survivors, it must go back to Ireland and fulfil its mission.

So these poor stricken women, to whom ten pounds was a large sum (even larger than when the letter was first sent), and who much needed the comforts it would purchase, sent back the draft, and have since had the happiness of seeing the wishes of their husbands faithfully carried out.

This is but one of many constantly recurring instances of generosity and devotion which come to the knowledge of postmasters; and while we have put on record some of the blunders of an impulsive people, our sense of justice has prompted us to make public the foregoing incidents, so forcibly illustrating the warm attachments that grace the Irish heart. — "*Ten Years among the Mail Bags,*" *J. Holbrook.*

THE TRUE BASIS OF THE SOCIAL ORDER.

The doctrine of Right is the only true foundation of the public order. Where shall we seek that doctrine? I answer, in the moral law. The very same ethical law which reigns over the individual reigns over the aggregation of individuals in civil society. And its dictates are truths of supreme authority, which no gainsaying of the largest and loudest multitude can, in the least, invalidate. It is the fundamental fact, not only of individual life, but of the social order. It is the supreme rule alike of private and public existence: the sun of righteousness illuminating

the world of rational being; and there is nothing hid from the heat thereof. For the great thinkers of the ancient world all duties—*officia*—were included in ethics: jurisprudence was a part of moral philosophy. The masters of the medieval school judged likewise. It is from the time of the Renaissance that we may trace the de-ethicizing of public life. Our modern utilitarianism is the logical outcome of its anti-nomianism. Kant has again pointed the world to a more excellent way. For him the State is essentially an ethical society, rooted and grounded in the moral law, of which he finely says that should it cease all worth of human life on earth would cease too. The very foundation of the public order, as he judges, is the rational acknowledgment that there are eternal immutable principles and rules of right and wrong. This is the everlasting adamant upon which alone the social edifice can be surely established. Rear it upon any other basis, and you do but build upon sand. However fair the structure may seem, fall it must, and great will be the fall of it. To talk of the rights of the isolated individual, abstracted from the moral law, is an absurdity. Such an individual does not exist; and if he did exist he could have no rights; for right is the correlative of duty.

What I claim, as my right, due to me, I first feel as my duty, due from me: an obligation laid upon me by One who is higher than I. Hence every vindication of a right means the riveting of a duty. Every increase of liberty, which is an increase of right, requires an increase of ethical discipline. But where, in an age rent by religious divisions and stunned by conflicting philosophies, —where shall men seek the oracle of that moral law? The wise of all ages are at one in their response: "Lo, the shrine is in thy own heart!" "The true Shekinah is man." "The kingdom of God is within you." Under the law of that kingdom we are born: "Thou oughtest and thou canst." Destroy all creeds and all philosophies, and still in the Categorical Imperative of duty there is left the supreme rule, as of religion and of ethics, so of the political order. Make of conscience, with the false prophets of the new gospel, but the crystallized experience of the past, or but a bundle of solar rays stored up in the brain; and, with religion and ethics, liberty, which is the expression of personality, perishes too. For the autonomous *person* has disappeared. In his place you have merely the most highly developed of mammals, which you may class as biped, bimanous, and so forth, and of which that is the whole account; a primate among the other animals, and as incapable as the rest of rational freedom.—"*A Century of Revolution*," W. S. Lilly.

CHOPIN'S DEATH.

The end was indeed near; his sister Louise, Madame Jedezejewicz, and his pupil Gutmann watched by him, and nursed him with the utmost care; and his favorite pupil, the Countess Delphine Potocka, also hastened to his side. It was Sunday, October 15, 1849. His friends were round his bed, weeping at the sight of his sufferings they were so powerless to relieve. All at once he saw the Countess Potocka, and in a whisper asked her to sing. What could she do? With an immense effort she controlled her feelings, and, thinking only of her dear friend and master, gained the strength to sing without faltering Stradella's beautiful "Hymn to the Virgin." Chopin, listening to the lovely voice and music, murmured: "Oh, how beautiful! My God, how beautiful! Again, again!" She sat down to the piano and sang a psalm by Marcello. In the room all was now still, save for that voice intoning the words of faith and supplication; and the watchers, thinking the end was near, fell on their knees and waited, while he lay apparently insensible on his couch. But he lingered on till the next evening, when he received the last Sacraments, and, resting his head on his faithful Gutmann's shoulder, repeated after the priest in a clear voice the words of the Litany. Soon the death agony came upon him; he bent his head and kissed Gutmann's hand. Then, with a sigh, his spirit passed away, and Chopin, whom Schumann calls "the boldest and proudest poetic spirit of the age," was no more—at least for earth.

It was widely known how much he loved flowers, and so many were sent by his friends that his body was literally covered with them. Mozart's *Requiem*, which Chopin had specially begged should be sung, was performed at the Madeleine, Mesdemoiselles Viardot Garcia and Castellan, and Signor Lablache taking the solos, and the funeral march was his own from the B flat minor, *sonata*, scored for the occasion by Reber. When his body was lowered into the grave a handful of Polish earth was scattered over the coffin. Do you remember that cup filled with the soil of his mother-country, which had been given to him nineteen years before, in the days when, a youth with glowing hopes and aspiring genius, he had left Poland to see and conquer the world? He had carefully treasured it all the time, and the earth that now fell upon his coffin was poured from that relic of his long-sundered youth. His heart, according to Chopin's desire, was taken to his native land, and it is now in the Church of the Sacred Cross at Warsaw.—"*The Great Composers*," C. E. Bourne.

HEROISM IN Á SOUTANE.

During the war of 1870-71 the *franc-tireurs* had killed several of the enemy's soldiers at a village near Domrémy, in the Ardennes. The Germans demanded that six of the inhabitants should be given up to be shot as a reprisal. The unlucky six who were destined to meet their death in this way were surrendered about five o'clock in the afternoon, and were locked up in a room on the ground-floor of the mayor's house. The Prussian officer in charge allowed the curé to visit the poor fellows, and give them religious consolation. They had their hands tied behind their backs, and their legs were tied too; and he found them in such a state of prostration that they scarcely understood what he said to them—two had fainted, and another was delirious from fever. Among these poor men was one who seemed to be about forty years of age, a widower, with five young children depending wholly upon him for their support.

At first he seemed to listen to the priest's words with resignation; finally, overcome with despair, he broke into the most fearful imprecations; then, passing from despair into deep sorrow, he wept over his poor children reduced to beggary and possibly death, and wished that they had been given up to the Prussians with him. All the good priest's efforts to calm this broken heart were useless. He went out and walked slowly to the guard-room, where the officer was smoking a large clay pipe, and puffing out great clouds of smoke. He listened to the priest without interruption, who spoke as follows: "Captain, six hostages have been given up to you who will be shot before many hours are over; not one of them fired on your troop, and, as the culprits have escaped, your object is not to punish the guilty, but to make an example of them, that the same thing may not occur in another place. It can not signify to you if you shoot Peter or Paul, James or John; in fact, I should say that the more well known the victim is the better warning he will be to others. So my reason for coming to you is to ask you to allow me to take the place of a poor man, whose death will plunge his five children into great trouble. We are both innocent, so my death will serve your purpose better than his."—"Be it so," answered the officer; and four soldiers conducted the priest to prison, where he was bound like the others. Happily, the terrible drama did not end here; for a Prussian commander, hearing what had taken place, liberated the six hostages in consequence of the priest's heroism.—"*Noble Words and Noble Deeds.*"

Notes and Remarks.

The assertion may be made without thought of contradiction that no man of our time has been more successful in imparting a thorough Christian education to his pupils than Mgr. Dupanloup, when, as a young priest, he was Superior of the Little Seminary of St. Nicholas, at Orleans. The secret of his success, which every educator should possess, lay in the fact mentioned by one of his pupils, that the "father" in him superseded the "master" toward all his students. He loved those "dear boys" with all the ardor of his affectionate heart,—loved them as if they had been his own children by nature as well as by grace. If there was any one thing that he deprecated from the bottom of his heart, it was the idea that boys and young men were to be governed by stern rule backed by unbending authority. He ruled by love, and he sought to win their hearts. He gained their affection and confidence by opening his heart to them. "What!" he used to say to his subordinates, "you have a lot of young souls entrusted to your care, to whom you are to be a father, and you never dream of opening your heart to them? You may resign yourself never to have a cordial understanding with them. In what other way can a superior mould them to his will, leave his mark upon them, as it were, and raise their souls to noble views of their duty toward God, their country, and their neighbor? How otherwise can he be to them a true father?"

The writer of an article on "The Women of Spain," in the *Fortnightly Review*, says: "I remember that some time ago in my native town, Coruña, a meeting of freethinkers was got up. The promoter and president was the professor of very radical opinions, and he gave notice in the newspapers that ladies might be present. When, after the meeting, he was asked why he had not brought his own wife, he answered, horrified: "My wife? My wife is no freethinker, thank God!"

Father Damien was attacked by leprosy in 1885. In writing to his family, some months afterward, he said nothing of what had happened, out of regard for his beloved mother, who was at that time in feeble health. But the news crept into the Belgian papers, and the hearing of it hastened her death. She died in 1886 at the venerable age of eighty-two.

Mrs. De Veuster was a woman of remarkable faith and piety, tenderly devoted to the Blessed Virgin, as was her sainted son. In her company



The Gold Medal.

A TRUE STORY.

It was the eve of Distribution Day in one of the large academies of East P—. A misty rain obscured the glorious mountain landscape, which was visible from any of the long windows, and the shady grove and winding walks surrounding the imposing and beautiful building were deserted, save by the fearless robin or blue-bird, who felt sure of finding "crumbs of comfort," scattered by the willing hand of generous childhood.

At a class-room window a young girl stood alone, expressions of bright thoughts chasing each other over her speaking face. She held a letter in her hand, and softly pressed it to her lips as she murmured to herself: "He left Savannah on Monday, he has been on the ocean a day; then he rested, and now he is due here—this evening! Dear papa, and what a surprise it will be!"

"Why, Rosa, are you talking to your Angel?" interrupted a gentle voice near.

Rosa quickly turned, and the kind face of a *religieuse* smiled on her blushing embarrassment.

"No indeed, Sister!" responded the girl. "I must have looked foolish talking to myself though; but I was counting the time until I shall see my papa. I can hardly wait, Sister; and you know the surprise I have for him."

"Yes, Rosa," said the nun, "the fruit of a long year of self-denial for a very irrepressible, fun-loving girl. The Sacred Heart will surely reward the many little restraints, the many little acts of mortification she has practised for an excellent intention."

"Indeed, Sister," said Rosa, looking very serious and earnest, "this year of discipline and self-restraint has done me a world of good. It has developed character I think, and taught me self-control. This alone, were there no gold medal to crown my efforts, is a reward beyond price."

"More than that, my child," said the nun. "It has made you have recourse to prayer, and, as you often told me, you found yourself freshly strengthened to keep your resolution to be good every time you made a visit to the Blessed Sacrament. This is a great lesson for your coming life. How many times all help will fail us except prayer? And thus your gold medal *has* taught you one great lesson which of itself is a reward."

Just then the quick eye of Rosa descried a carriage rolling up the avenue, and in a moment a tall gentleman had alighted at the academy door; and with bounding step Rosa flew to the parlor, where she was clasped in her father's arms.

Mr. K—, who had come this evening to take his daughter to her home in the Sunny South, was a fond and indulgent parent—a man who idolized his child. No demand of hers was unreasonable, no wish too much for gratification.

Rosa was spoiled indeed, when, two years before, she was placed in this convent school; and her extravagance and wilfulness made her a wonder to the strictly disciplined pupils who were her companions at St. X—. But the girl had a fine nature and a good heart. Slowly she yielded to the influences around her; and when, on her return to school a second year, she announced her intention to compete for the "Perfect Department" medal, many smiled, but there were some who thought she would gain her point.

The year passed by—a year of hard struggles with love of fun and love of ease, of self-repression and self-control; for the competitor for this special medal must be a model of regularity, amiability, and goodness. And the task to poor Rosa was almost superhuman. But her daily efforts strengthened her character, brought out her own resources, taught her forbearance, exactness, and to lift up her heart in prayer to God and Our Lady; and, although more than once she was on the edge of a breakdown, when the close of the year came she had persevered, and found the coveted prize within her grasp. In the meantime her mind had undergone a change: her frivolity disappeared, and her teachers and companions hardly knew *this* Rosa for the Rosa who began her efforts only ten months before.

Once Rosa had said to her father: "Papa, wouldn't you be pleased if I carried home a gold medal for perfect deportment?"

Mr. K——, who thought such a thing about as possible to Rosa as to carry home one of the mountains, smiled and said:

"If you ever bring home a *silver* medal for deportment, Rosa, I'll give you a cheque for a hundred dollars."

"But a *gold* medal, papa! Why, it takes five times as much trying for a gold medal!"

"Well, then, on the same principle, you shall have *five* hundred dollars if you ever bring home a gold medal," replied her father.

Rosa said no more, but thought to herself: "If he only knew!" and then smiled and worked all the harder.

The days rolled on, and now on this evening—with only one sunrise between her and the object of her longing—Rosa was in her father's arms, asking a thousand questions, bestowing a thousand caresses, but studiously avoiding the slightest reference to her "surprise." So fearful was she that her father might know it before her name was called out on the great day, that she went around to everyone, entreating her secret to be respected. And, of course, no one could refuse her.

Her father was delighted at her animation, at her improvement in grace and manner. Could this self-possessed young lady be his undisciplined child? The truth was manifest, and his heart overflowed.

Distribution Day came, and clergy and guests and pupils were seated in the beautiful hall of the academy. Graceful festoons of green adorned the walls and wreathed the white pillars, and great clusters of white and pink roses and trailing vines made the scene fragrant and fairy-like; the music struck a responsive chord in everyone's heart. Mr. K——'s eye rested proudly on his child, who never seemed to him so lovable; not that he dreamed of her success, but there was a stamp of character on her face—a something never there before. The exercises continued—honors, prizes, premiums, were distributed, and then came, with clear, distinct voice, the announcement: "Gold Medal for Perfect Deportment, during the entire scholastic term of forty weeks, awarded to Miss Rosa K——!"

Mr. K—— started as if a thunderbolt had

fallen at his feet. His face grew pale, then red; tears came to his eyes as he saw his daughter, with radiant face and a smile directed to him, advance to the Bishop and receive her gold medal, and then with easy manner retire to her place.

A thousand thoughts passed through the father's mind. He understood all the medal had cost his child; he knew she had won it for him, and for his pleasure, and his emotion was so great he could hardly restrain it.

When all was over Rosa flew to his arms, and in his tremulous voice and dimmed eyes saw how deeply her father's heart was touched. Congratulations poured in from teachers, companions, and friends, as Rosa displayed her coveted prize, while her father seemed never tired hearing her conduct praised.

Soon farewells were spoken; excitement and delightful confusion reigned among the merry girls of St. X——. Carriage after carriage drove away from the familiar scenes of school life, and the halls became deserted.

Mr. K—— and his daughter were left for a few moments alone under some of the shady trees, and once more the medal was admired as it hung on the bosom of the happy possessor.

"You have richly earned your five hundred dollars, my daughter," said Mr. K——. "You shall have a cheque the moment you demand it."

Rosa's face grew serious in a moment. Some expression, inscrutable to her father, settled there. She was silent. At last she said, slowly:

"Papa, I thank you from my heart. You must not think me ungrateful, but I would rather have something else."

Mr. K—— looked astonished.

"Why, daughter, think of all that amount could get for you! What else in this world do you wish for?"

With a caressing gesture Rosa took one of his hands into both of hers, and laid it against her heart.

"Something else, papa!"

"Name it, then, darling, and you shall have it," said her father, a strange feeling in his throat.

"Papa," faltered Rosa, "you haven't been to confession for five years. What would become of you if you were to die suddenly? Wait

here till Saturday, and go to confession, and we will receive Holy Communion together before we leave for home."

Mr. K—— started. At first he felt like rising and going away; then he determined to refuse as best he could, but grace was at work. He looked down and said not a word.

"Papa," pleaded Rosa, her eyes full of tears, "every time it became hard for me to be good, every time that I had to fight with myself to restrain my long-indulged propensities, I thought of this request. I felt sure if I persevered in my struggles to please you, God would bless me, and hear my prayer. And, papa, you have given your word to grant whatever I asked. Surely you will not refuse."

Mr. K—— was conquered.

"No, my child: you have won! I will do what you say. And, after all, you are right. But do you give up your five hundred dollars?" he added, with a smile.

"If it were a hundred times as much," cried Rosa, vehemently, "I would consider it nothing compared to the favor you have granted me, dearest papa! Oh, thank God!"

Mr. K—— was as good as his word. In the seclusion of that convent chapel he reviewed the five years of his life where confession and Communion had never entered, and on Sunday morning father and daughter knelt together at the Communion rail, and all present blessed God that such a glorious result came from the fervent prayer of that childish heart. To Rosa this moment was more to be prized than all the wealth of the Indies.

Young girls, readers of THE "AVE MARIA," this is a true story; it happened in the June days that have just passed by. Have you no darling wish that a year of self-denial could obtain? Sacrifice is precious in the sight of God. He will never be outdone in generosity: "Ask and you shall receive." And, while you strive and pray for an earthly reward, fix your eyes on something noble and beautiful far beyond it, and according to your faith in God will it be done unto you.

MERCEDES.

DECISION of character is one bright golden apple which every young person should strive in the beginning to pluck from the tree of life.—*John Foster.*

The José-Maria.

X.

Hendershott's grief was deep when he got back to the house as the church bells were ringing, and found what a dreadful guest had come in during his absence.

At the account of the lawyer's visit his anger was too deep for words at first, but slowly expressed itself during the day in disjointed sentences, jerked out between clouds of tobacco smoke. About seven o'clock they culminated in: "Broached-to! As fine a sailor as ever stepped; an' by a land shark, drat him!" Then: "Jack junior kin jest wait for that air berth a while longer, an' Kit kin go 'thout her gewgaws. 'Tain't the rank as makes the man, nor the riggin' as makes the gal." Then: "Them dead men's a awful big dose, an' that there *City o' Pekin* gives me the wust kind o' a turn to rickollect, but ef it lands me in Davy's own I'm agoin' to keep on a-divin' for the *Hosy-Mari's* money-chists whether they're thar or not; an' mebbe the pay I'm a-gittin' fum the Comp'ny'll stave off that there hog-fish tell suthin' else kin be done, an' thar's my pipe on't!"

And he solemnly laid his pipe on the table, and smashed it by a blow of his open hand, and next morning went to his diving as usual.

The whole party—president, directors, journalists, invited guests, and diver,—came back highly excited Monday evening. The pumps had brought up a piece of something about the length of a man's forearm. It had been cleansed, and, after being submitted to the microscope, it was declared to be teak-wood.

Now, as the *José-Maria* was entered on the shipping lists of the Admiralty as "built of teak-wood," this was accepted by the most incredulous as an indisputable proof that the wreck located was indeed the one sought; and Hendershott dreamed uneasy exultant dreams all that night of pounding Dixson's head with a bar of solid silver, while a row of dead Spaniards grinned at him through the port-holes of the wreck; and a dreadful, shapeless something wavered up and down and back and forth in the marsh, like a Will-o'-the-Wisp whose light had gone out.

A few days later the grapples caught in

some obstruction that would not give; but before the second turn of the tide a squall came roaring down the Bay, and, after holding for twenty minutes or so, they fetched loose, and when they were hauled up were found to be straightened out and covered with verdigris.

This made a pretty bustle, I can assure you! And the blacksmith's shop, where they were taken after being scraped and washed, was irnged-in ten deep with the tarry sailors, rugged pilots, and ragged small fry, to say nothing of an interested group of the *Madison's* officers, and several of the professional men and county gentlemen, who watched attentively as the great bellows groaned and puffed, the sparks flew wide, and the short, swart smith, with his leather apron, counted the seconds while the irons lay in the heart of the flame.

A young chemist, who was at the Breakwater for the fishing, joined them just as the grapples were lifted out. He gave one look, then said:

"Galvanized with copper, by Jove!"

Then there was a hand-shaking among the officers, and a quiet explaining to the uninitiated that the presence of the verdigris on the irons meant they had gripped either copper or brass, and as the *José-Maria* was the only ship sunk in that part of the Bay that had both in her hull (she carried brass guns and was coppered to her bends), it meant that the lost galleon would soon yield up her thousands and tens and hundreds of thousands of treasures.

But the days came and went, and still the blue clay obstinately held its secret, and the time drew nearer and nearer for the giving up of the house and land. Mr. Rodney had told Jonas that several of their mutual friends had determined to advance the money to clear the property, giving him as long a time as he wanted to return it; but, while the old sailor's face twitched with emotion, he said:

"No: I'm obleeged. But a debt's a debt any way you fix it. It's a rock as 'll bilge the stoutest o' ships. It's always right *thar* in her ribs, an' shiftn' the ballast ain't stoppin' the leak. Let the shark have it when the time comes, an' Dick'll manage somehow fur Idella an' me an' the Sand-Pipers."

These latter insisted on going into the cabin to live, and sometimes Dick was half disposed

to try it; but Jonas held his old horror of the Dune, and told Dick "when the time came" he would tell him what to do.

Meantime Ginevra Mary had begun a siege of Our Lady that was as unique as it was fervent; for it was a strange compound of begging, scolding, and remonstrating.

"See here, my Lady!" she said one day, "please to stop thinkin' 'bout Heaven, an' listen to me for a minute! We *got* to have somethin' done, an' done *spry*, we reelly *have*! The Lord was raisin' dead folks an' curin' cripples when He was livin' in J'rusal'm, so *don't* you think He'd fetch daddy *now*, an' put uncle Judkins on his legs agin, an' *kill* that man—no, I guess he wouldn't do *that* (I forgot He loved everybody, an' we got to too), but *save* him,—scare him *awful*, so he'll run away and never come back?"

And every day found her looking up at the sky, her eyes screwed close, her nose drawn to a button, and her anxiety dropping from her lips in some such phrase as this:

"Be you a-goin' to do it *to-day*, I wonder? My! I wish you weren't so fur off! Maybe ef I could pull your gown you'd turn roun' an' listen *tight*" (earnestly).

God bless her! She didn't know she was pulling her gown, and plucking at her heart-strings as well, by her innocent confidence.

But still the sun shone and the waters danced, and nothing happened till the last day but one of the *Madison's* stay. (Yes, in spite of the bit of teak and the verdigris, there was some quarel about the amount of money assessed for coal bills, and some disagreement between the members of the Board as to whether dredging was not surer than diving. The dredges could be run two-and-twenty hours, and the contents of every scoop run through a screen in full sight; while diving could be done only two hours a day, and then the currents might wash away valuable "proofs" from the diver's very hands. And the upshot of it all was that the work was to be suspended till the following spring.)

That evening Hendershott came home looking ill. He would eat nothing, and sat outside the door with his head clasped in his hands, shuddering now and then uncontrollably, and groaning softly to himself.

Dick found him in this condition, and,

after silently mixing him a glass of stiff grog and filling his pipe, he sat down by him waiting developments. But as none came he jogged his memory.

"Have a pipe, Cap'n, an' some grog?"

Hendershott shook his head dismally.

"Feel bad anywheer, sir?"

"I feel wuss'n ef chagres and cholera was a-pullin' caps fur me."

"Can I git the doctor?" (anxiously.)

"No: it's suthin' I seen to-day, Dick." Then he broke out fiercely:

"I won't, I *darsn't* go down to-morrow! Here I've kep' myself under thinkin' I was a-servin' my old messmate, Jonas Judkins A. B.,—a-layin' in his bed by the will o' the Lord and through that limb o' the law's interferin'. But to-day I seen that as makes it impossible to go over the side agin as long as I breathe—which with these here lungs o' mine 'll be many a-year—so help me! An' now suppose the Comp'ny holds back my pay for breach o' contrac'—they *kin* do it! An' then how's the \$1,800 due me a-goin' to help Jonas Judkins ef it ain't paid to me?"

This was the first mention he'd made of his intention, his motto being, "Don't count your barrels tell the whale's in tow"; so Dick did not quite understand, but he asked:

"What did you see, Cap'n?"

"It was off that cussed wreck. I was a-movin' the pipes o' the pumps to whar a hole had begun to make in the clay when I looked up—I dunno what made me neither,—an' thar, not twenty foot off, an' not more'n ten foot over my head, was two sharks a-playin' ball wi' a dead man."

"Land, Cap'n! What you sayin'?"

"I'll take my davy. They was a-nosin' an' a-tumblin' of him, like you boys do of a football, an' his legs an' arms was a-whirlin' like he was a-fightin' 'em off. It turned me so sick I stepped back'ards an' got onto that hole, an' the suck o' the pump caught my foot an' most pulled it off. I wish't I'd a-ben 'prenticed to a farmer, or a coal mine, or anything that 'ud a-kep' me from livin' this sort o' way!" he went on passionately. "An' now, wi' all I've done an' suffered, here I've got to lose my money!"

"Cap'n," began Dick, softly; "Cap'n?"

"Well?"

"What you have to do to-morrow?"

"Nothin' but put on the armor an' go down fur a lot o' gapin' fools, 'at want to see a diver a-divin', drat 'em!"

"Is that all?"

"All! It's more'n enough when you have th' extensive acquaintance wi' corpses that I've got."

"I know," interrupted Dick, somewhat hurriedly; "but what I was goin' to say was why couldn't I go in your place?"

"By the horn spoon, you're a good un!" cried Hendershott. "Do you mean it?"

"Course I do," said Dick. "I ain't a mole or a—porpuss, an' I've seen all you've been doin' for uncle on the sly, an' just heard this here last—but it ain't no use, he wouldn't take it; an' ef I can slip down 'stead o' you, why, I'm your man twice over! How'll we manage?"

"You leave that to me," answered Hendershott, who looked and moved and spoke like a new man; "I'll fix all that You know thar's the risk o' the pressure, Dick," he said, anxiously.

"All right," answered Dick, his steady eyes smiling; "my bargain's like the 'perish'ble merchandise' notice at the deppo—'held at th' owner's risk.' Don't you fret *your* head, Cap'n Hendershott; I guess a little blood won't count much 'side o' what you been doin' for our folks."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A Great Artist's Sobriety.

Michael Angelo, who lived to the age of eighty-seven, had been most abstemious all his life "Though I am rich I have always lived as though I were a poor man." When he was working he generally dined on a crust of bread and a little wine, which he took without stopping his work. This was his rule up to the time that he began the last of the paintings in the Sistine Chapel, and then, as he was growing old, he allowed himself a frugal meal at the end of the day. With this plain living he was by no means avaricious, but remarkably generous; loading his friends and pupils with gifts, helping the poor, giving dowries to poor girls, and large sums of money to his relations.



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The Ministry of Mary.

THE spirit of Christianity is essentially a family spirit, and finds its highest expression in Our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. The Son of God came into this world to satisfy the demands of the offended justice of His Eternal Father, and through love for Him He lived and died. He left after Him a Church, that is to say, a family, which would realize the designs of the Father in the creation of man. Hence it was that during His life-time upon earth He adopted His Apostles as His brethren, and constantly impressed upon them the necessity of fraternal love. His last prayer for them was: "Father, that they may be one as We also are one."

The day of Pentecost marks the real beginning of the Church of Christ. It was on that day that the little band, assembled together in the Cenacle, received the spirit of the Christian family, the spirit of charity in both its branches—charity toward God, loving God as a father; charity toward their neighbor, loving one another as brethren.

It was the glory of the Church of Jerusalem to show to the world for the first time how this spirit of divine charity can be the parent of all other virtues. What heroism was displayed in the infant Church! What family ever numbered so many members, all at the same time so closely united together? As the Sacred Scriptures say, the multitude of believers had but one heart and one soul—they all persevered together in the same spirit, and the number of believers increased daily.

And so it continued until the holding of the first council, in the year 52 of the Christian era. Up to that time the Church at Jerusalem remained the maternal home of the Catholic family. It was from Jerusalem that the Apostles went forth to evangelize the cities and towns of Judea and Gentile countries. It was to Jerusalem that they returned after each of their missions. The city in which Jesus had suffered was for His disciples the fortress within which they found renewed strength and knowledge. Those who returned there always met some one of the Apostles, and particularly her who, after the ascension of her Divine Son, was the light and glory of the Church—the ever-Blessed Mother of the Lord Jesus.

We may fix upon the time of the first council at Jerusalem as the natural limit to the life of the Blessed Virgin. It was after that event the Apostles dispersed throughout the world. St. Peter, who had transferred his see from Antioch to Rome, then fixed it definitely in the City of the Cæsars, and Jerusalem ceased to be the mother of the other churches. So that, though it may be that Mary lived longer, yet we are naturally led to believe that with this general diffusion of the Church her work was accomplished, and she was then called from earth to be again united with her Divine Son in the kingdom of His glory.

Suarez, always clear and profound in his researches, after weighing well the expressions of the most reliable authors who have discussed the time of the death of Mary, states, as the most probable opinion, that she lived to the age of seventy-two years. This would place the date of her death at the time of the

council at Jerusalem, and with this opinion as a guide it is very easy to discover the principal events that marked the last years of her life in connection with the facts recorded in the Acts of the Apostles.

All the events related in the first fifteen chapters, which include the council at Jerusalem, occurred during the life-time of the Blessed Virgin. She was a witness to them, and took an active part in them. It could not have been otherwise: for Jesus had left Mary upon earth that she might be a mother to the infant Church. She was to see that family perpetuated in the generations of the faithful, each one of whom would become her child, and, as it were, the new fruit of her divine maternity.

With what tender love must her Immaculate Heart have been filled for those newly born to a life of grace through the active ministry of the Apostles! She had all a mother's love for them, and with a mother's care she interested herself in all that concerned their eternal salvation. She had lived for Jesus when He was upon earth; she lived still for Him by devoting herself to those who followed Jesus. And thus, though the most ardent aspirations of her soul were to be reunited with her Divine Son, yet her heart was in peace, because in perfect subjection to the will of God and to the fulfilment of His designs, that she should exercise those functions of mother with which she had been invested on Mount Calvary.

The days that followed immediately after Pentecost were then days of consolation and happiness for Mary. Three thousand men were converted by the first sermon preached by St. Peter, five thousand by the second. Each day one of the Apostles preached the Gospel in a new city. The number of those who believed increased wonderfully. St. Peter was the first everywhere. It was he who preached to the people, who spoke in the Sanhedrim, who performed the greatest miracles. But, at the same time that he maintained the supremacy of his pontificate, he did not forget the other Apostles, his brothers in the episcopate, especially John, the son of Zebedee,—the Apostle whom Jesus loved.

These facts which stand forth so prominently in the history of the infant Church,

will, if we study them carefully, reveal to us the part which Mary took in a movement that began at the foot of the Cross to renew the face of the earth. In all that St. John did the inspiration of the Blessed Virgin may be plainly seen. Could he engage in a work concerning the Church without taking counsel of her who had been given to him as his mother, and whose soul was filled with the ineffable light of the communication of the Holy Ghost? Before setting out upon his evangelical mission he received her blessing, and commended himself and his work to her prayers.

Can we not picture to ourselves Mary, in the solitude of her sanctuary, pouring forth her prayers to Jesus, her Divine Son, while St. John, her son also, follows the work of his apostolic mission? She prays for St. Peter, she prays for all the Apostles. These messengers of God—men burning with the fire of divine love, go forth to carry the name of Jesus to all the people. Mary, though separated from them in body, is their aid in all their labors. By her prayers she obtains for them the spirit that directs them, the light that illumines their souls, the speech that makes them eloquent, the power by which they produce miracles. It is through Mary that Jesus is pleased to communicate to them His burning love and zeal for souls. The Heart of Mary has become the centre of that heavenly fire of which Jesus said: "I have come to cast fire upon the earth, and what will I but that it be enkindled?"

Thus it is that from the beginning of the Church, beside the voice of the Pontiff announcing the good tidings of the Gospel, there arises another voice, humble and suppliant, that ascends to God and asks for light and fruitfulness for the missionary. The ministry of preaching is thus supported by that of prayer, and when these two voices ascend in unison before the throne of God, the Father sends His Spirit to renew the face of the earth. This is the order that is to subsist for all time. Besides those who work in the harvest, there will be those who will pray the Lord to send laborers to gather the ripened grain.

And who are they to whom the special ministry of prayer belongs? They are those

who illustrate in their own lives the sanctity of the Church. They are the angels of the tabernacle of Jesus; those victims of self-sacrifice and self-consecration, who pray unceasingly to the Lord of the vineyard to bless the labors of His Pontiffs and His priests;—in a word, they are the successors of the Blessed Virgin, who live animated with her spirit,—a spirit of love and devotion toward the Church, the spouse of Christ upon earth.

Stella Matutina; or, a Poet's Quest.

BY EDMUND OF THE HEART OF MARY, C. P.

v.

POOR child, hadst thou but known! . . . But mothers age,

However sweet, and pass: sons woo and wed. Comes other love to help man's virtue wage

The holy war." "To me it came," he said:

"Alas! not day's first blush of rosy red;

Yet with a promise of baptismal dew,

To cleanse my spirit from the past, and shed

A freshness o'er it—not of youth, but new,

And potent with a pledge of manhood strong and true.

"All this I hoped to find in wedded love;

And form'd me an ideal wife. But soon

My heart became, like Galahad's, 'drawn above,'

And craved (nor seem'd it rash) a higher boon

Than mortal bride. One summer afternoon,

I spoke with trusted friends: but all and each

Or thought me struck with madness from the moon,

Or moping for some charmer out of reach;

And so they miss'd the music I had long'd to teach.

"The mother had absorb'd the wife, to form

My queen-ideal—perfected womanhood:

No cold abstraction, but a being warm

With all of deepest love and highest good

In sister, spouse, and mother: one who stood

'Mid joys and sorrows here, and now, in Heaven,

Is crown'd with youth immortal.

But I would,

O Church, I had known thee sooner! Have I striven

All blindly and in vain? Is 'much to be forgiven?'"

"Thy mother, then, this 'vision,' this 'ideal,'

O poet! It is well. I see the Hand

Hath led thee to the threshold of the Real

By one sure path thy heart could understand.

Not rash the hope that in the Promised Land]

Thy mother dwells already with the Blest;

Yet must our lov'd ones pay the full demand

Of justice ere they enter into rest;

And till we know them there, to pray is ever best

"As mindful of their need. (If need be none,

Love earns not less requital.) The bright names

I call upon—my children who have won

The honors meet which heresy defames—

Their saintship 'tis the King Himself proclaims

By proofs infallible.

But let me show

This eager soul of thine, which worthily aims

So high, a 'queen-ideal' thou dost not know—

A Womanhood that leaves all other far below."

Harry Considine's Fortunes.

BY NUGENT ROBINSON.

CHAPTER IX.—MISS ESMONDE'S SAD SECRET.

THE seventh came, as every date comes, sure as death, and it witnessed the departure of the Molloy's for the New World.

Mrs. Molloy was all tears; Emma, to whom the excitement of the departure had lent an additional glow to her cheeks, an additional lustre to her dark gray eyes, looked absolutely beautiful in her trim-fitting dark blue serge travelling suit, pleated like a kilt, and showing off her exquisite little figure to modest perfection; for the girl, despite her general silliness, was purity and modesty combined. Her hat was a soft, brown felt, with a blue feather to match the dress; and her gloves were buff, coming up to the elbows.

"New York is, I believe, passable enough!" she exclaimed; "and, depend upon it, I shall stop in it as long as I can. They have a very fashionable street there called Fifth Avenue, and a park; but it is not safe to go into the park without being armed, on account of the buffaloes and Indians."

The two girls from Rutland Square were at the King's Bridge depot to see the Molloy's off. Poor Gerald looked very sheepish, nor did Considine appear to be himself. He was flushed, very conscious, and very cold in his manner, avoiding Jane Ryan as if she had been plague-stricken. He had bought a very handsome bouquet for Emma, and a box of

bombons for her mother; also a quantity of current literature to beguile the tedium of the trip.

Miss Esmonde and Emma had a great deal of conversation aside, during which the former cried as if her heart would break. This display of feeling astonished both Harry and Gerald considerably. It was pitiful to see the latter gazing mournfully at the girl he would have made his wife, while the young lady had no eyes for anybody but Harry, who never so much as glanced her way.

"It's awful shabby travelling second-class, isn't it?" cried Emma. "I don't mind among friends and on the train, but on board the steamer it will be miserable."

"You are going to a country where there is no class," said Harry, impressively.

"That's why I detest it," retorted Emma, with amusing inconsistency.

The young ladies kissed and hugged, and hugged and kissed and cried, Miss Esmonde weeping bitterly as the guard requested the passengers to be seated.

"Good bye, Harry!" said Gerald. "I *feel* that I'll get on on t' other side. I have a hundred and six pounds, seven and nine pence of my savings left to start on. You'll write me regularly. Tell me all about *her*—all she says and does. Let me have pages."

The two young men wrung hands.

"Good-byé, Mr. Considine!" said Mrs. Molloy. "Please call on the Stanleys and Burkes, and Whittys. You need not—ahem! say that we travelled second-class. Tell them that we expect to be back very soon."

Emma gave Harry her hand,—a nice little, soft, plump white hand; she had removed one glove. "*Au revoir*, Harry!" she said—it was the first time she had ever called him by his Christian name,—“you have been a dear, good friend to Gerald and to all of us. I hope we shall soon meet again. Oh, yes: we are coming back! Don't imagine I am going to fall in love with America.”

The guard locked the door, handkerchiefs were waved, and Harry's eyes were eagerly fixed on the face of Emma Molloy, as the train moved slowly out of sight.

"Mr. Considine," said Caroline Esmonde in a low voice, as he handed her into the Ryan brougham, "when can I see you? I want your counsel and advice. This evening?"

"Certainly."

"What can she want me to advise her about?" he mused, as he returned on foot to the office.

"Can it be in reference to"—and he blushed like a school-girl at the very thought—"of Miss Ryan's caring for me? Perhaps! Gerald may have exaggerated things, may have been utterly mistaken. I hope to gracious he was! How charming Emma Molloy looked! Oh, what a pity that she is so ridiculously frivolous, so absurd, so—oh, it is vexatious, mortifying, and grilling! *She* should not be ridiculous of all girls. She has no necessity for affectation. Her exquisite Irish beauty should be set in a framework of Irish heartiness, not have a veneer of cockney vulgarity. What glorious eyes! Pshaw! It *is* mortifying that so good and beautiful a girl should have her nature warped in so narrow a groove."

The revelation made to him by Gerald had caused him intense pain. He was no coxcomb. The idea that a pretty girl was in love with him did not find a responsive chord in vanity. He was too much of a man, too much of a Christian gentleman to feel aught but sorrow that the seed of a good girl's love should have fallen upon barren soil. He did not feel anything toward her but friendship—an eager desire to be of service. It was not a brotherly regard, for he had no special regard for her. Miss Jane Ryan was absolutely indifferent to him,—as indifferent as one of those crusty old dames who sell apples at O'Connell Bridge. Yes, just as indifferent so far as love was in question. She had not touched his heart, not even by a feather brush; consequently, when Gerald brought him the news that his employer's daughter was in love with him, it came like a sting, a pain.

Harry Considine was honor itself, and conscientious to the last degree. His instant resolve was to consult his dearly-loved and valued friend, Father Luke Byrne; but not until he had something absolutely definite from Miss Esmonde. He argued, naturally enough, that Gerald, in his worry and abject despair, might have distorted things, and given a color where no color existed. The situation to a man like Considine was a grave one, and, like the man that he was, he resolved upon facing it squarely.

Miss Esmonde was alone when Harry called according to appointment, the Alderman and Miss Ryan being at a banquet at the Mansion House. She was agitated and nervous, and her voice seemed scarcely under command. She wrung a lace handkerchief through her fingers, bending and twisting them into almost impossible contortions.

"Mr. Considine," she began, "I—I asked you to come here this evening because I need your kind services"—she paused. "Everybody says that you are clever, and good, and honorable, and—"

"Everybody is too good to me, Miss Esmonde!"

"No, no! You see, Mr. Considine, that I live here with my uncle and cousin, and that I am treated as if I were *the* pet of the house. Jane is an angel, and uncle is perfection of kindness; but—but I want to go to my father, —my poor father! Oh, my heart will break!"

And the agitated girl burst into a fit of the most harrowing sobs. After a little she became more calm, and continued:

"My father was a partner with Mr. Ryan, and still owns a share in the business, a very small one. On the death of my darling mother, he, instead of seeking consolation from God—instead of bowing meekly to His will,—he took to drowning his grief in—in—intoxicating drink, and went down the road to ruin. He would make no effort. He would not try to wrench the leprosy from his body and soul, and—and sank dreadfully low. Alderman Ryan sent him to the United States four years ago, remitting him a weekly allowance to keep him from want. Only think of it—my father in want, and I feasting here! O Mary, Mother of Mercy! A few months ago I had a letter from him, telling me that he had resolved upon a new life for *my* sake; that he looked back with horror into the abyss of sin and desolation; that he had commenced to travel on the new, clean roadway, and asked me to pray with all my soul for him. He imposed one condition, which was a bitterly hard one: that I was to say nothing of his reformation to my uncle or cousin, or any of the people here. He said he wanted to be himself again in name and fortune. Oh, how my heart blossomed with hope and happiness!"

Miss Esmonde now drew a letter from her

bosom, and as her eyes fell upon it the fearful sobbing renewed itself.

"Pray compose yourself, Miss Esmonde," said Considine. "All is in the hands of the good God. No one ever applied to Him in vain. No one, remember, ever heartily implored the intercession of His Blessed Mother without being heard."

Miss Esmonde made a supreme effort and controlled herself.

"This morning I received this letter,—a letter that has blasted my hope, that has crushed me to the earth, as if some great weight had fallen upon me. It is from a Chicago asylum for the inebriate. It tells me in letters of flame that my poor darling father is an inmate, and that he is ill."

The girl shuddered, and grew ghastly pale, looking as if she were about to faint.

"You saw me weeping with Emma Molloy this morning. She promised to go and see him, and to write to me. She is a good, noble girl. Oh! what am I to do?" cried Miss Esmonde, in a very agony of grief.

"Have you spoken to your confessor?" asked Harry.

"He is on retreat at Maynooth."

"Any of the good clergymen would advise you."

"I went to see Father Burke this afternoon; he was on a mission. What I want to do is to go to my father. Oh, Mr. Considine! I was near jumping into the train to-day and going off. I envied the poorest and meanest emigrant on the platform. My duty is beside the bedside of my father. I want you to speak to my uncle. I *know* that you have immense influence with him. Very little money will take me. This bracelet if sold"—disengaging a very handsome gold bracelet clasped with diamonds—"will take me there twice over. I would go in the steerage; I would work for the emigrants—I would do *anything* to reach the bedside of my father! Oh, Mr. Considine! won't you plead to my uncle for me? Won't you urge it upon him? Won't you help me in this bitter, this *awful* strait? In any case, I will go!" she added, a look of great determination in her eyes. "I will do my duty as a child, come what may."

"I have misgivings that Alderman Ryan will"—

"He will speak of my father to you in harsh terms. He will tell you in coarser language, in brutal language, what I have just told you. He will speak of ingratitude and the utter uselessness of trying to save a person who will not make an effort to save himself!" cried the girl, passionately. "He will be hideously just in his remarks. But my poor father *did* make the effort. I have his beautiful letter. I can read it in the dark for the grace that shines from every word of repentance. That letter was the plank on the dark waters. The devil tempted him, but, by God's grace and the intercession of His Blessed Mother, we shall save him yet." And she sank upon her knees.

She looked angelically lovely, as, on bended knees, her hands clasped and her eyes lifted heavenward, she implored the intercession of the Mother of God.

Harry Considine, deeply moved, promised to speak to the Alderman the first thing in the morning—to follow up, as it were, Miss Esmonde's pleadings, as she was to place the letter before Mr. Ryan when he came down to breakfast.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Footprints of Heroines.

BY THE COMTESSE DE COURSON.

(CONCLUSION.)

III.—LUIA DE CARVAJAL Y MENDOZA.

ON the 28th of October, 1613, Luisa's house was suddenly surrounded by sixty armed men, who scaled the garden wall and burst into the humble abode. The oratory fortunately escaped their notice, and the extreme poverty of the other rooms excited their surprise and disgust. This attack had been instigated by the Protestant Archbishop of Canterbury, who for some time past was on the watch for an opportunity of checking Luisa's zeal. So stringent were the measures taken against her that when the Count de Gondomar, who had succeeded Don Pedro de Zuniga as Spanish Ambassador, requested that she might be detained in her own house instead of being removed to prison, he was shown an order in the King's writing, in which it was said that even if the Spanish Ambassador should inter-

fere in her behalf, no notice was to be taken of his intervention.

Luisa was calm and cheerful regarding herself, but she confided to the Flemish Ambassador, who had accompanied his Spanish colleague, her fears respecting a Jesuit Father, who had come that morning to hear confessions in her oratory; and when, by a clever stratagem, the Ambassador carried off the disguised religious as though he had been one of his servants, her sole anxiety was set at rest.

Luisa was then removed to Lambeth under a strong escort, and, after being questioned by the Archbishop in regard to her mode of life, she was taken to the public prison; and instead of being placed among the Catholic prisoners, who were very numerous, she was shut up with the common criminals. Here she was visited by Simon de Arizar, Chaplain to the Count of Gondomar, who, to her intense joy, brought her Holy Communion.

As for Doña Constanca de Acuña (Countess de Gondomar), after sending a message to the King that she had resolved not to leave Doña Luisa's side, she drove to the prison, and during the four days that her friend's imprisonment lasted this brave and holy woman never left her cell, even at night. This fact, and the Ambassador's endeavors to obtain her release, drew public attention to the prisoner, whose humility and poverty blinded her enemies to the fact that in her own country she was a person of high rank and importance. The matter was brought before the Council of State, and after some warm discussion on either side, the King gave orders that Luisa should be given up to the Spanish Ambassador, who went to meet her in person. Much to her distress, she was driven through the London streets in the Countess' own carriage, eight or nine other coaches following. "How gladly," exclaims her biographer, "would she have exchanged the gilded coach, with its armorial bearings, for the real triumphal car—the ignominious cart in which the victors conduct their victims to martyrdom!"

Luisa's earthly pilgrimage was now drawing to an end, and if the martyr's death for which she had so longed was denied to her, her life, none the less, was a long and weary martyrdom, fruitful in bodily and mental sufferings. The blessings that crowned her

apostolic labors were her one joy in England. From a natural point of view, we can hardly imagine anything more trying than her life in London, and we can not wonder that her letters to her friends in Spain should bear the impress of all she endured. Writing after her second imprisonment to the venerable Anne of Jesus, Prioress of the Carmelites at Brussels, she says: "They are striving to banish me from this savage desert. Will this be, Señora? This I do know, that those who leave this country are banished from many occasions of suffering."

Her brother, Don Alonzo de Carvajal, having visited her during her stay in London, was so impressed at the poverty, loneliness, and peril of her life, that on returning to Flanders he wrote to tell her that it had required a special grace from God to give him courage to leave her in such misery. Her answer illustrates with great clearness the conflicting emotions that filled her soul:

"Here am I—a woman, weak in health, as delicate or more so, perhaps, than most others, one subject to acute fears and nervous apprehensions, and by nature most desirous of esteem and affection,—in a desert full of raging wolves, in a house poor and obscure, with companions whom I have to support, and by means of what others choose to do for us! . . . Yet you would hardly imagine what is the peace and tranquillity of my heart, how ready I feel to go into the streets, and beg our bread from door to door, in a place where most of the houses are inhabited by the enemies of our faith."

To understand the poverty to which Luisa here alludes, we must remember that before leaving Spain she had disposed of her fortune in favor of the Jesuit novitiate of Louvain. The English Fathers, hearing of her necessities, wrote to beg her to accept part of the income she had settled on the house. This she refused to do; adding, "It is quite intolerable to me to be spoken to on that subject." She regarded herself strictly bound by her vow of poverty, and literally lived upon the alms which were sent to her by her friends in Spain. Of these, she spent next to nothing on herself, her dress being of the poorest, and her food of the scantiest description; but she gladly employed them in behalf of the poor

Catholics, whom, as we have seen, she assisted by all means in her power.

Although the King had consented to set Doña Luisa free, he was resolved that she should not remain in England, and the English Ambassador at Madrid was instructed to make representations on the subject to King Philip III. She was much distressed at the prospect, and wrote to the Duc de Lerma, begging him to represent her case to the King of Spain: "I can assure your Excellency that the vocation to devote myself to England, which I have had since childhood, is agreeable to the doctrine of the Catholic Church; it has been well examined, and found to be a true vocation from God." In spite, however, of her earnest prayers it is probable that circumstances would have been too unfavorable for Luisa, had not God in His mercy spared her this last trial and called her home.

On the 20th of November, a few weeks only after her release, she fell dangerously ill at the Embassy, where she had remained on leaving the prison, and after lingering on for a month she came to the point of death. Her sufferings were so agonizing that it almost seemed as though God wished to make her taste the martyr's chalice, for which she had so ardently longed; but, while her fragile body was racked by pain, her spirit remained calm and peaceful. She received the last Sacraments with fervent devotion, and seemed herself astonished at the extraordinary calmness with which she looked forward to death. There was none of that anxiety about the work she had begun, that had weighed upon her in previous illnesses. In fact, she seemed while yet on earth to have passed beyond the reach of its worries, and already the peace that "passeth all understanding" had descended upon her soul.

Around her bed were kneeling her companions, two Spanish priests attached to the Embassy, and two Jesuit Fathers, one of whom was her confessor, Father Michael Walpole. Now and then she spoke words of counsel and encouragement to her young companions, for whose welfare she had provided with careful forethought; but toward the end she lay almost silent, only ejaculating from time to time in her native tongue, and with an accent of inexpressible tenderness: "*Señor mio! Señora mia!*" (My Lord! my Lady!) A few

Protestants came to visit her; at their sight her apostolic zeal revived, and she addressed to them fervent words of faith and love that must have borne fruit in God's good time. As the day went on the silence of her sick-room was broken only by the voice of one of the priests present, who read aloud the Passion of Our Lord; or by the sobs of her old French servant, who often cried out: "My dear lady, when you are in heaven remember poor Diego Lemetetiel!"

At last the end came, and on the 2d of January, 1614, in perfect peace, Luisa de Carvajal y Mendoza breathed her last. As her English biographer beautifully expresses it: "In a silent corner of the proud, busy, restless city, where she had worked and suffered for nine long years, that heart ceased to beat which no human passion had ever stirred, but which had throbbled with a vehement love of our Divine Lord, and a passionate desire to win souls to God."

According to her last desire, the servant of God was clothed after her death in a religious habit, which she had brought from Spain, and carried into the Ambassador's chapel, where numbers of persons—both Catholic and Protestant—came to take leave of the gentle Spanish lady, who for the love of England had died an exile in a foreign land. Her funeral took place with as much ceremony as though she had died in her native Spain. The foreign Ambassadors and their families, and the principal English Catholics were present. Fray Diego de la Fuente, a Spanish religious, preached an eloquent funeral oration, in which he extolled her virtues.

Eighteen months later, the holy remains were brought back to Spain, where the news of Luisa's death had been received with deep grief by her many friends. By the King's express desire, they were deposited in the Augustinian Convent of the Incarnation at Madrid, where Inez, Luisa's beloved companion during thirteen years, was a nun.

An inquiry was set on foot to examine into the virtues of the servant of God, and her Spanish biographer gives us a full list of those whose testimony was brought forward to prove her rare holiness and perfection. First and foremost among them was this same Inez, whose love and admiration for her holy mis-

triss were unbounded; and who, having lived in her constant companionship for many years, testified that she had never known her to commit the slightest venial sin.

The King of Spain and his pious Queen, the Infanta Margarita, who became a Franciscan nun, the Count of Miranda, President of Castile, Luisa's friend and adviser during her stay in Madrid, numerous Jesuit, Carmelite, Augustinian and Franciscan Fathers, the different Spanish Ambassadors who had known her in London, and many other eminent persons, came forward to attest her heroic sanctity, and the supernatural favors obtained through her intercession. In the words of Father Juan de Pineda, S. J., they considered her as, "in strength of soul, more than a woman; in fortitude and courage, superhuman; in purity of life, an angel; in zeal for the faith, an apostle; in teaching, exhorting and counselling, a doctor of the Church; in defending the faith and bearing witness to it, a martyr, not only in death but in life, by the continual desire of suffering."

Even the English gentlemen who, a few years later, accompanied Prince Charles to the Court of Madrid, were loud in their praises of Luisa; and, says Luis Munoz, the English Catholics, for whom she had labored, greatly desired that she should be canonized. It was also the wish of Philip III. of Spain, who addressed a petition to that effect to the Holy See; the depositions relating to her virtues and to the favors obtained through her intercession were accordingly sent to Rome, where for a time the cause of her beatification was actively pursued.

By degrees, however, it was neglected and then forgotten; and neither England, where heresy still reigned supreme, nor Spain, where for many years revolution and impiety rose in rebellion against the Church, were in a condition to advocate the cause of one who belongs almost equally to both countries. Now, however, that happier days have dawned for Catholicity in England,—now especially that so many of her martyrs have been raised upon the altars of the Church, we may confidently hope that ere long, together with the confessors whose labors she so faithfully shared, the Holy See may proclaim the heroic sanctity of their friend and servant, Luisa de Carvajal.

A Letter from 'Over the Sea.

BY CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

VIENNA, AUSTRIA.

DEAR "AVE MARIA":—When one has made the circuit of the Ring Strasse and admired it—as every stranger is presumed to do,—and discovered that much, too much, indeed very much too much, of its impressiveness is due to an ingenious display of mere stucco, and but skin-deep, one begins to look with narrow eyes at one of the handsomest of modern cities. Certainly Paris, architecturally, is less attractive; but then Paris is the more interesting.

There are splendid structures in Vienna, magnificently massed; there are splendid vistas, that top themselves off with brilliant exclamatory spires. The votive church, for example, is of itself a grand Gothic *Hallelujah!* St. Stephen's is a psalm out of the past, imbued with that spirit of rapt devotion which the world is fast losing. The chisel of the restorer does not strike as deep as the root of its antiquity, and St. Stephen's remains to-day one of the most profoundly religious of Christian temples.

But Vienna is not over-crowded with churches. It is the Catholic capital of a Catholic kingdom, and yet, somehow, the church is not uppermost in one's mind here,—as it is in Munich, I was about to add, and I will add it; for Munich, in spite of its ever-flowing beer and its overflowing beer-gardens, its innumerable concerts, its grand opera, its martial music, and the superabundance of its handsome military, is a very churchy city. In Vienna, on the other hand, one is more occupied with the Volksgarten and the Stadtpark; with the Rathhaus, the House of Parliament, the imperial museums, the new university, the cursalon, the handsome theatres, and the charming *cafés*, than with the churches.

One is not likely to hear in all Europe any better opera than is given at the opera house in Vienna; nor in all the world will he find a theatre more richly decorated, or in better taste, than the Hofburg Theatre. It is true that the mad public pay exorbitant prices merely to see the interior of this palatial

pleasure-house. It is the mosque of the Muses! But both plays and players are of the first quality.

As for the suburb, one has always the Prater; and though the "beautiful blue Danube," when it touches the hem of the Viennese outskirts, is neither beautiful nor blue, the Prater is almost more Parisian than the Bois! And yet I am sure that I shall always associate with the Austrian capital the memory of a church, one of the least of her churches, and of the deep, dark crypt of that church.

We had been looking at the cenotaph of the Duchess Maria Christina, of Sachsen-Teschen, in the Church of the Augustinians—one of the masterpieces of Canova; a pyramid of marble, with its portal standing open. The blackness of darkness is within that portal. A train of mourners swathed from head to foot, the foremost bearing a burial urn, ascends the steps that lead to the portal of the pyramid. I can never stand before this rarely beautiful creation—and I have stood there many times—without longing, almost desperately, to enter and explore. The mystery of death seems to lie just hidden beyond that open portal; but the marble mourners, bowed in an everlasting grief, get no nearer to the threshold than I!

Not far away is situated the unpretending chapel of the Capuchins. How small it is, and how unhandsome! On Sundays and feast-days it is crowded with worshippers, and these stand respectfully, while a cowed friar preaches from a little pulpit that hangs like a bracket upon the wall.

At Christmas all the high altar is transformed into a wild pastoral landscape, with mountains, worshipful Magi, and a manger of the most realistic description. That star in the East is not to be put out by any planet in the whole solar system; it shines with undiminished lustre, night and day, through the blessed season. Meanwhile the *fraters* go to and fro with brooms and sprinklers, cleansing the chapel; their somewhat bucolical robustness and their unfailing good temper put one quite at his ease with them.

One of these good Brothers will direct you out of the chapel into a long, long corridor, which is the main artery of the adjoining

convent. Here there are shrines, and twists and turns, and you are sure to get lost, or to lose confidence in yourself and your Brother and his monastery; but just at this important crisis you come to a bell-rope, which you pull with no gentle hand, and the next moment he who is to conduct you into the crypt you are in search of makes his appearance with a taper, and an air of resignation which makes you quite dissatisfied with your late impatience.

A narrow stone stairway leads down into the crypt of the Capuchins. The darkness increases as you descend, and the slender rays of the friar's twinkling taper seem to be shorn of half their length. At last you reach the resounding pavement that is quite chilly beneath your feet. Thick darkness gathers about you; thicker darkness shapes itself in solid black oblong masses that lie in rows on each hand; these are soon lost in the "ebon gloom that absorbs the feeble light of the friar's taper as a sponge sops up water."

"This way!" said the friar; and we silently departed with him into mysterious subterranean chambers filled with Cimmerian gloom.

Gradually our eyes became accustomed to the all-pervading obscurity, and we beheld numbers of caskets placed in rows upon the pavement of the crypt. They were of all sizes and all fashions; some merely chests of metal of the plainest possible description; some decorated with silver trimmings; a few, like huge sarcophagi, were wondrous works of art—tombs of silver and bronze, surrounded by a multitude of figures in high relief and crowned with royal crowns. These the good Brother called our attention to; he even told us their value; it was almost fabulous; but, for the most part, while he held his taper aloft, he tapped a casket lightly with his key, and named the name of the one whose remains were deposited within, and then passed on to the next.

These dead were all royal, but they lie beneath the heels of the worshippers in the little chapel above them, and the pomp and glory which were theirs in life count them nothing here. Indeed they are as of little value and as wearisome as the platitudes they suggest; and among them all there is not one who can inspire more than momentary pity.

Through the kindness of "a friend at court" I have obtained a list of those who have found their last resting-place in these royal vaults—the crypt of the Capuchins is sacred to the memory of royalty alone. It may interest you to read how many noble heads are laid low, and how many high-sounding titles are relegated to silence and the obscurity of this cavernous tomb. Here is an ample field for the moralizer—and one can hardly resist moralizing over a tiny coffin, when he learns that it contains the ashes of "a nameless prince." But I will spare you; for, after all, each man is, or should be, capable of doing his own moralizing, and of profiting by it also.

The names of the dead which lie in the crypt of the Church of the Capuchins, in Vienna, 1633–1889:

The Emperor Mathias (*obit.*, 1619); the Empress Anna, wife of Mathias; Emperor Francis I.; Archduchess Elizabeth, first wife; Empresses Maria Theresia, second wife; Maria Ludovica, third wife; and Caroline Augusta, fourth wife, of Francis I. Archdukes Joseph Francis and John Charles Francis, sons of Francis I.; Archduke Ludwig Joseph, brother of Francis I.; Archduchesses Caroline, Ludovica, Francesca, Maria Ludovica, and Maria Anna, daughters of Francis I.; Archduchess Amalia Theresia, daughter of Francis II.; Emperor Leopold I.; Empress Margaretha Theresia, first wife; the heart of Empress Claudia, second wife; Empress Eleonora Magdalena, third wife, of Leopold I., Archdukes Johann and Ferdinand Wenzel, sons of Leopold I.; Archduchesses Maria Margaretha, Maria Anna, Maria Josepha, Maria Theresia, Maria Magdalena, Maria Elizabeth, Maria Antonia, and Maria Amelia, daughters of Leopold I.; a nameless Archduchess, daughter of Leopold I.; Emperor Leopold II.; Empress Ludovica, wife of Leopold II.; Archdukes Rudolph, Anton Victoir, Alexander Leopold, and Carl Ludwig, sons of Leopold II.; Emperor Joseph I.; Empress Amalia, wife of Joseph I.; Archduke Leopold Joseph, son of Joseph I.; Emperor Joseph II.; Empress Maria Elizabeth, wife of Joseph II.; Archduchesses Maria Christine and Maria Theresia, daughters of Joseph II.; Emperor Ferdinand I.; Emperor Ferdinand III.; Empresses Maria, first

wife; Maria Leopoldine, second wife; Eleonora of Mantua, third wife, of Ferdinand III. Archdukes Ferdinand Joseph, Maximilian Thomas, Philip Augustine, Leopold Joseph, and Charles Joseph, sons of Ferdinand III.; Archduchesses Maria Anna, Maria Eleanora, and Maria Theresia, daughters of Ferdinand III.; Archduke Leopold William, brother of Ferdinand III.; Emperor Ferdinand IV.; Queen Maria Caroline, wife of Ferdinand IV., of Sicily; Emperor Charles VI.; Empress Elizabeth, wife of Charles VI.; Archduke Leopold Joseph, son of Charles VI.; Archduchesses Maria Amelia and Maria Anna, daughters of Charles VI.; Archduke Ferdinand Maximilian, Emperor of Mexico; Empress Maria Theresia; Archdukes Charles Joseph and Ferdinand, sons of Maria Theresia; Archduchesses Johanna Gabsule, Maria Josepha, and Maria Caroline, daughters of Maria Theresia; Empresses Maria Josepha and Maria Anna; the heart of Queen Maria of Portugal; Archduke Maximilian, Elector and Archbishop of Cologne; Archduke Rudolf, son of Archduke Charles; Archduchess Henrietta, wife of Archduke Charles; Archduke Charles Albrecht, son of Archduke Albrecht; Archduchess Hildegarde, wife of Archduke Albrecht; Archduchess Matilda, daughter of Archduke Albrecht; Archduke Franz Carl; Archduchess Sophie, wife of Archduke Franz Carl; Archduchess Maria Anna, daughter of Franz Carl; a nameless prince, son of Franz Carl; Archduke Ferdinand d'Este; Archduke Charles Ferdinand; Archduke Francis Joseph, son of Archduke Charles Ferdinand; Archduchess Maria Eleanora, daughter of Archduke Charles Ferdinand; Archduchess Maria Christine, wife of Archduke Charles Ferdinand; Archduchess Maria Theresia, daughter of Duke Albert, of Sachsen-Teschen; Duke Albert, of Sachsen-Teschen; Archduchesses Maria Beatrix; Maria Caroline, daughter of Archduke Raimer; Maria Anna, Grand Duchess of Tuscany; Maria Ludovica, wife of the Grand Duke of Tuscany; Caroline, daughter of the Grand Duke of Tuscany; Margaretha, first wife; and Annunciata, second wife, of Archduke Charles Ludwig. Archduchess Sophia Frederika, daughter of Emperor Francis Joseph I.; Archduchesses Maria Antoinette and Henrietta, of Tuscany; the heart of Archduchess Henrietta, of Nassau;

Prince Charles Joseph, Elector and Archbishop of Trier, his heart in a separate urn; a nameless prince; a nameless princess; Napoleon Francis Charles, Duke of Reichstadt (Napoleon II.); Francis V., Duke of Modena; Countess Fuchs, First Lady of Honor to the Empress Maria Theresia; Crown Prince Archduke Rudolf.

These illustrious titles are not given chronologically, nor in the order of their rank, nor as the caskets are arranged in the crypt,—indeed there seems to have been no attempt to classify them there. The scattered families have here, in some cases, been gathered together; but even this kindly effort on the part of the chronicler has, I fear, proved not entirely successful. What does it matter to us, one way or the other? But there are those to whom it does matter—listen!

Not long since the Abbot of the Capuchins was called from his light slumbers at midnight; his astonishment was boundless when he learned that he had been summoned at the prayer of a lady who, at that unseasonable hour, demanded admittance to the crypt.

"Poor creature! she is insane," reflected the Abbot as he went in search of the strange guest. She awaited him in the chapel, lit only by the lamp which burns forever before the tabernacle of the Blessed Sacrament. She was in the deepest mourning, and she was unattended.

"Madam?" queried the Abbot as he approached her. "I am the Empress!" was her sole response, and it was all that was necessary to touch the heart of the Abbot. The two descended into the solemn crypt—where she anon will find the rest she seeks for; and until the gray of the dawn the heart-broken mother was bowed in agonizing prayer beside the body of her unhappy son.

MAN goes to the dogmas; woman is satisfied with sacraments. Her instinct apprehends what his reason is so slow to admit: that God allows Himself to be approached more readily than to be understood.

"THAT which can not be signed ought not to be written," Ferrer de Couto has said, most pertinently.

DIGNITIES are fruitful; dignity, alas! is sterile.

Dead on the Field of Honor.

BY FLORA L. STANFIELD.

A BLOODY field, a gallant chevalier,
 Where banners thick were flying;
 A host of men, each to some far heart dear,
 Upon the brown earth lying—
 This is the picture that I fain would show
 Of sunny France two centuries ago.

Right in advance the stalwart grenadiers
 Their helmet plumes were bearing,
 France had not seen for countless cruel years
 A regiment so daring;
 And at its head the noble Philip rode,
 As pale as the white horse which he bestrode,—

But not with fear,—within that valiant breast
 No craven's heart was beating.
 "Le Roi!" he cried; perchance you know the rest:
 An enemy, retreating,
 Struck at a life untainted by a vice,
 And sent a hero's soul to Paradise!

And ever since, when'er they call the roll
 And Philip's name is spoken,
 "Dead on the field of honor! Rest his soul!"
 Is answered as a token
 That it is glorious to so bravely fling
 One's life away when fighting for the King.

We can not all be Philips; Heaven forbid
 A destiny so gory!
 But some day underneath its coffin lid
 Each face will tell the story—
 Whether it fronted a remorseless foe,
 Or wore a coward's smile when stricken low.

No burnished coat of mail or baron's sword,
 No helmet's lofty feather,
 May be the sign that we are marching toward
 The enemy together;
 But, though the combat's smoke makes vision dim,
 The King knows when we blindly die for Him.

The man who gazes at life's tented fields
 Shut in by window casement,
 Knows nothing of the joy a victory yields
 When bought by self-abasement;
 Or when, as swans in dying sweetest sing,
 One calls to those who follow him, "The King!"

And some poor soul, whose world is bounded by
 The confines of her dwelling,
 May hear at last the ringing battle cry
 That in his throat is swelling;
 And angels, bending pitying gaze upon her,
 Will call to God: "Dead on the field of honor!"

Two Schools.

(CONTINUED.)

CLARA VALLEY, Dec. 28, 18—.

DEAR AUNT MARY:—Christmas has come
 And gone, but the festivities are by no
 means over. If anything could reconcile me
 to being away from you at this time, all that
 I have seen and admired during the last few
 days would go a long way toward doing so;
 and if anything can in some degree compen-
 sate you for the separation, it will be the
 knowledge that for the first time in my life
 I have really enjoyed, felt and understood
 Christmas in its true meaning.

How little we Protestants realize the full
 significance of this blessed time! It is never
 brought home to us, therefore we are not to
 blame. We have festivals, Christmas-trees,
 with Santa Claus and his gifts, all very good
 as far as they go, but they do not go far
 enough—the Babe in the Manger with the
 adoring Shepherds, the Star of Bethlehem, the
 "glorias" of the Angels, the poetry of it, the
 music, the *spirituality* is lacking. But we had
 it at Clara Valley in all its fulness, I assure
 you, and it is something to remember for the
 rest of one's life.

The pupils who do not live too far from the
 convent went home for the holidays, leaving
 about forty to spend the vacation here. School
 was dismissed on the 22d, after the awarding
 of medals and ribbons for scholarship and
 good conduct; and our time thereafter was
 spent in preparations for Christmas—finish-
 ing souvenirs, practising for *tableaux*, deco-
 rating the chapel and the exhibition halls with
 evergreens and holly.

I will first describe the "Crib," as they call
 it, but it was in reality a miniature Stable of
 Bethlehem. It was arranged in the form of a
 grotto; at a distance the roof seemed to be of
 rock covered with snow, but it was really
 made of tarred paper, bent into all sorts of
 irregular projections by the cunning hand of
 our dear Sister Mary; for this was a new crib,
 the old one, that had done duty for ten years,
 having been pronounced unfit for further use
 in the chapel, though still good enough for the
 little girls' recreation-room. Powdered sugar
 and glass were scattered over it and about the

threshold, making a very fair substitute for snow.

The interior was also irregularly shaped, with here and there patches of moss on the surface. The floor was thickly strewn with fine straw. A time-worn manger held the tiny waxen Babe. On one side knelt the Virgin Mother, while St. Joseph, staff in hand, leaned over both as if protecting them. The ox and the ass were there breathing, as it were, into the manger; and in the foreground were the Shepherds, in various attitudes of wonder, admiration, and worship. The figures were imported from Munich, and are fine specimens of art. Fastened by invisible wires to the background of the stable, two angels seemed to hover in mid-air. In their hands they bore a scroll with the legend, "*Gloria in excelsis Deo!*" And above them, also held in the same mysterious manner, tremulously glistened a brilliant star. The grotto was embowered in cedars, with pots of tall lilies showing here and there amid the green. The farther wall of the stable had been scraped very thin, almost to transparency, and behind this a large lamp was placed. Thus the only light came from behind, and faintly illumined, as with a supernatural radiance, the interior of the grotto. The effect was indescribable, and adds another laurel to Sister Mary's crown of genius.

Fatigued after a long day of busy duties, we retired at seven, in order to have some sleep before the celebration of the Midnight Mass, which is always celebrated at the convent, as it is in most Catholic countries to usher in the glorious festival of Christmas. The Protestants were not required to assist, nor even those Catholics who preferred waiting till a later Mass, but we were unanimous in our desire to be present. Sister Eulalia called us at half-past eleven (all but the little girls), and we were soon ready. Solemnly and silently we entered the chapel, where the Sisters were already assembled. I shall never forget it, Aunt Mary; never before did anything impress me so strongly.

Outside the full moon shone brightly on the crisp snow, the trees were a mass of gleaming crystals, and the window panes of the corridor were covered with frosty traceries. Within all was radiance and warmth, the altar a blaze

of lights, the organ faintly preludeing the Mass, and the Sisters silently praying in their stalls. Soon the choir intoned the *Gloria in excelsis*, and so profound was the silence and reverence within those walls that one could almost believe we were kneeling at the veritable manger in the real Stable of Bethlehem. The Sisters and Catholic pupils communicated; it may be that something of the graces they undoubtedly received was imparted to us poor heretics. At least I felt and hoped so. I longed to be with and of them.

Mass over, we returned to the dormitory, and were not again aroused till seven. After breakfast we assisted at two Masses, following each other in quick succession. The rest of the day, with the exception of half an hour for Benediction, was devoted to holiday making, exchanging gifts, etc. Nearly all the girls had boxes from home, mine was lovely. Thanks for all the pretty things, including the mince-pies and doughnuts. They made me homesick.

At eleven o'clock we assembled in the study-hall, where Sister Superior presented everyone with a souvenir of some kind—a thimble, ivory paper-cutter, pocket-book, or some little trifle. By the way, I believe I forgot to mention that the altar cloth was finished in time, pronounced a *chef d'œuvre*, presented to Sister Superior, and used for the first time on Christmas morning. She was delighted with it, said she had seen nothing finer in European convents, famous for their fine work, which was highly gratifying to us, who had labored so hard to complete it. While in the study-hall, on Christmas morning, she told us she had asked the Child Jesus to bless the hearts and hands that had made so beautiful an offering. Was that not nice?

We had a grand dinner in the afternoon. Father — sent a huge box of nuts and confectionery, and came himself in the evening, when we had a magic lantern exhibition. They have the largest lantern I have ever seen; and the pictures were very fine, consisting of views in the Holy Land and Rome, with copies of famous statuary and pictures from the galleries of the Vatican and the Louvre.

Yesterday we attended an entertainment given by the children of the village school, taught by the Sisters. There were songs, reci-

tations, and a huge Christmas-tree. The pastor went about like a real father. They all seem to love him, and are perfectly unrestrained in his presence. To-day we went to the "Virgin Woods," and skated on the pond for an hour. To-morrow we are to have a candy pulling; next day an oyster supper, with *tableaux* and charades. After that a general getting ready for the New Year. Studies will be resumed on the 4th.

During these days we do as we please, under the supervision of the teachers. You will divine that no great mischief can be hatched or performed with such restrictions. We generally please to read, sew, sing, dance a little, and amuse ourselves quietly in one way or another. Our teachers do all they can to make the holidays pleasant. There is not a sour face or unhappy heart among us.

With many good wishes for the New Year, your "little girl" often longs for a sight of you. Barring this, she is a very contented and cheerful

JULIA.

ALLEN SEMINARY, Dec. 29, 18—.

DEAR MATTIE:—I have been horribly homesick during the holidays, and am writing without having received an answer to my last, simply because I am dying to talk to some one at home, and this is the next best thing.

I had expected to spend the holidays with Florence, my room-mate and chum, who lives in T—, about twenty-five miles from here; but at the last moment word came that her three little sisters had the scarlet fever, and her mother thought it best that she should stay at school. So our plans were all upset. We were thinking of having a Christmas-tree; but the girls decided (there are eleven of us) that it would be altogether too childish, and require too much labor for the return. *Tableaux* were spoken of for Christmas Eve, but we would have had no audience. So we just opened our boxes as they came, and resolved to lunch and munch till they were all emptied, trusting to luck for some other enjoyment.

One of the day scholars has been supplying us with French novels, several of George Sand's among the number. You know how unhappily she was married, so one can't blame her much for having had lovers. She couldn't help it if she was fascinating; could she? We

all love to be so. Quite a plain-looking woman, her biographer says. The stories are nearly all full of the most delicious love passages. At first I felt a little squeamish about reading them, I had heard they were so dreadfully immoral, but I can't say that they are so bad as represented.

We have the cutest way of hiding novels here. They are forbidden by the rules, but that doesn't make the slightest difference. We hide them between the covers of an old history and geography, and the teachers think they are text-books. We spent nearly all of our examination time reading this way, and of course our averages were very low; but that doesn't matter to most of us. I will do the academy teachers at home the justice of saying that they were very conscientious if terribly cross; at this far-famed seat of learning one can do almost as one pleases. That is probably because the rates of tuition are so high.

We had the pokiest old time Christmas Day! We slept till eight, and had breakfast at nine. After that we were left to our own sweet wills till dinner time. By the way, Christmas Eve we presented his lordship and her ladyship with a finely-bound edition of Thackeray. It is customary to make "an offering," Miss Podwinkle, the first assistant, told us. They were elaborate in their thanks, but not one of the girls who remained for the holidays received a single thing from either. The stingy old things might have given us even *bombons* or some little trifles.

Mlle. Rameau, who teaches French to the primaries, and a Catholic by the way, stealing over to the convent to Mass on Sundays before day, made a tiny pocket-cushion for everybody. We girls just showered things on her. The dinner was good enough—it was served at two, but it was awfully prosy and lonesome. We all thought of home, and what lots of fun we were missing.

Two of the bravest petitioned for an *impromptu* dance in the parlors for the evening, but Professor Allen thought it was not befitting the solemnity of the day. Possibly he mistook it for Good Friday, or was thinking of the carpets. So we strolled about the corridors in sheer desperation, munching *bombons*, and exchanging confidences. At nine o'clock we

begged to go to bed, though we had permission to stay up till ten. I am sure all our pillows were wet with tears that night. And so every day has dragged its weary length along.

Our walks are no longer interesting, the cold weather keeps the cavaliers of the post-office indoors. Once we went to town in a body to do some shopping. But we were such a spectacle, walking in couples along the streets, with Mrs. Allen in front and Miss Podwinkle behind—such ugly creatures as they are too,—that I for one vowed I should never go again. We had a prime luncheon at the Woman's Exchange—the first good meal I have tasted since leaving home.

One little incident occurred on the cars which was somewhat exciting. Poor Miss Podwinkle happened to sit beside a middle-aged gentleman, who, after looking at her over his paper for about five minutes, suddenly reached out his hand, evidently recognizing her as an old friend. It seemed so funny to see her in pleased and animated conversation with a man that we girls began to giggle. This drew the attention of Mrs. Allen to the group, and she began to walk up and down the aisles as well as she could, holding on to the seats on either side, glaring alternately at our party and the innocent Miss Podwinkle, who was delighted at being the object of a little attention, and so pleased to meet an acquaintance that she never glanced at Mrs. Allen, who vainly tried to terrify her with that stony gaze which she fancies is at once annihilating and becoming. Finally, seeing her efforts of no use, the good lady sat down. Arrived at our station the gallant cavalier continued his journey, after politely helping Miss Podwinkle to the platform.

Once *en route* to the seminary Mrs. Allen burst forth in this wise:

"Miss Podwinkle, did you not see me endeavoring to attract your attention while in the train?"—"No," answered Miss Podwinkle, in surprise. "I was so busily—absorbed,"—"Ah!" said Mrs. Allen, "and that is precisely why I was so desirous of making you look at me. Once I had a mind to address you."—"And why did you not?" replied Miss Podwinkle.—"I wonder you are not abashed at your conduct," continued the Gorgon. "It certainly looks bad, not to mention the ex-

ample."—"What looks bad?" inquired Miss Podwinkle.—"Don't affect innocence, my dear," said her virtuous principal. "I repeat, I am astonished that a lady of your years and position in my school should have given such bad example to the young ladies under your charge as to *flirt* with a strange man on the train, in sight of everybody!"—"Flirt! Strange man!" exclaimed Miss Podwinkle. "You are altogether mistaken, ma'am. That gentleman was the brother of my own brother's wife; I had not seen him for many years. He is the father of seven children and the grandfather of four. Flirt indeed! And I am not aware that there is any rule in your establishment forbidding teachers to speak to their friends, wherever met."—"I beg pardon," replied Madam, coming down from her high horse; for Miss Podwinkle is the drudge of the establishment. "Still, your joy at meeting your friend need not have been so effusive. It quite upset the young ladies, with whom I have also a little crow to pluck."

"Poor things! they need some amusement occasionally," said the valiant Podwinkle, tossing her head. "I'm sure I don't blame them; and let me tell you, Mrs. Allen, that, though I may be employed by you at starvation wages, I am not quite a slave. My mother was a lady, my people are well connected, my father was once President of an Insurance Company! If it does not suit you to have me speak to my friends, who, few though they may be *now* and seldom as I meet them, are the superiors of any persons with whom *you* are acquainted—please look for another assistant!" After this volley she flounced back to the rear of the column.

Our worthy principal seemed subdued. Miss Podwinkle's course was a great surprise; she endures martyrdom from that woman. But the trodden worm will turn at last, and probably the meeting with her old friend put new courage into her heart; or, perhaps, he had told her of a better situation somewhere else, and she felt independent. We were all pleasanter to her that night, having common cause against the enemy; and she really isn't bad when you take her in the right way.

When we got home Mlle. Rameau was hanging up her hat on the rack. Madam inquired where she had been. When Mlle.

timidly answered that she had only attended Benediction at the convent, Madam coolly told her she didn't believe her, and that she wanted no evasions. I am perfectly certain the poor little thing told the truth, and Madam knew she did; but the old Gorgon was out of humor, and attacked Mlle. on general principles.

I'm dying for the girls to come back to get some news! Write and tell me of all the good times you've had.

Your desolate ESTELLA.
(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A Word to Fathers.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

THERE exists a wretched and utterly vile tradition—more common, perhaps, among people of Irish birth and descent than among others,—that children should be brought up principally by their mothers; that, as in the animal kingdom, the dam should have the whole responsibility of looking after the young. This works very well among animals, but not among men. The human child is such a delicate, such a complex, such a wonderful thing, that it can not be suckled like a mere animal, occasionally licked—in both senses,—and left to grow up almost of itself.

It takes two to cultivate a child properly. It takes—although many people seem to doubt this—as much care to make a child healthy, physically and spiritually, as to keep a field of potatoes in good condition. The farmers' journals tell us that the field and the orchard must be watched day by day. Beetles and bugs attack every green plant; the apple falls because a worm gnaws its stem, and it is only fit for the hogs; the rose itself, born so pure and sweet, has its insidious enemies, and needs constant care. Can children need less?

When a father dies, it is not only the material loss that the judicious friends of his widow and children mourn. In fact, the privations of the widow and orphans brought on by death may be remedied. But who can supply for the bereaved children the tender and true, the peculiarly *manly* direction which children can get only from their father? A mother may

do her best—and she can do a great deal—for the education of her children, but her power is limited unless the father co-operate with her.

It is often remarked, as one of the anomalies of life, that the children—more particularly the boys—of good fathers and mothers sometimes “go to the bad.” And this reflection often induces a gloomy view of life, and a tendency to let things go as they will. “What is the use of doing one's best for one's children?” asks the gloomy observer; “they'll be failures, anyhow. Look at the So-and-So's,—everything that wealth could buy, father and mother excellent, but *such* boys!”

But riches can not buy education, though they may buy instruction. One can pay a great astronomer to teach a child all about the great crack in that dead world, the moon; and yet no money can buy the training which will make a boy frank, affectionate, respectful from the heart to his parents, scrupulously honorable, and ready to sacrifice his life rather than to offend God mortally. Schools may be almost perfect—and, thank God! Catholics have some that are thoroughly admirable,—but they can not give an almost perfect education unless the parents—*both parents*—lay the foundation, and really build the structure by precept and example.

The neglect of children by parents is an evil pregnant with woe for religion and society. Riches are piled up by fathers who have no time except for the further piling up of riches. Boys are sent off to school to be out of the way, and to be made, if possible, pilers up of more riches. Girls, subject to fewer dangers, and more capable of cultivation at the hands of mothers, are instructed too, but not educated—as girls should be. For is a father to be nothing in a daughter's life but the bestower of an occasional kiss or *boubonnière*, the signer of cheques, the giver of luxuries; or the man who says a kind word to her when he has time, pays her expenses until she is able to pay her own; but whose work by day and whose newspaper by night seem more real to him than her existence?

What is more sweet, more consoling, than the love of father and daughter? But it will not have all its sweetness and consolation for both, if it be not cultivated. Why did Margaret Roper love the Blessed Thomas More so well?

Not simply because she was his daughter, but because he had cultivated her natural love for him, and trained her every day of his life as we train clematis or honeysuckle.

You and I may be good. We may work hard, that our children may go to good schools and wear clothes as fine as other people's children; we may reprimand when things have gone wrong with us, we may talk to them of our own goodness when the newspapers are dull and time is heavy on our hands; you may even leave them much money when you die—more than they know what to do with,—and, according to our American ethics, a father can not do more than this for his children; and, having had all these things done for them, they may be so ungrateful as to be unworthy members of society. And then our friends will talk of their parents' "goodness."

God never intended parents to be good in that way. He intended that the chief duty of fathers and mothers should be, not the providing of comforts or luxuries, but the careful tending of the precious souls sent to their guardianship.

Notes and Remarks.

Cardinal Lavigerie's letter to Archbishop Janssens has doubtless had the effect intended: that of interesting many of the colored people of America in the fate of their enslaved brethren in Africa. The Cardinal was particularly anxious that our emancipated colored fellow-citizens should be represented at the anti-slavery Congress held at Luzern, in Switzerland.

Bruges is a very Catholic city. At the celebration of the Golden Jubilee of the ordination of its Bishop, and the Silver Jubilee of his episcopate, Mass was offered at the same hour for him in every church in the city, and bread was distributed to the poor. Who will introduce amongst us the beautiful old Catholic practice of giving alms to the poor on every such happy occasion?

Signor Crispi has doubled the guards around the Vatican, and two carriages are kept standing about, evidently occupied by spies watching for the departure of the Pope. The Italian Catholic journals find this very amusing.

The condition of Millet while he painted in Barbizon offers a strange contrast to what his

position would be if he lived to-day, to know that his "Angelus" occupied public attention throughout the world. Of his no less beautiful picture, "The Gleaners," he wrote: "I am working like a slave to get my picture done ['The Gleaners']. I am sure I don't know what will come of all the pains that I give myself. Some days I think this wretched picture has no sense. At any rate, I must have a month of quiet work on it; if only it is not too disgraceful! Headaches, big and little, have besieged me this month to such an extent that I have had scarcely a quarter of an hour of my painting time. You are right. Life is a sad thing, and few spots in it are places of refuge. We come to understand those who sighed for a place of refreshment, of light, and of peace. One understands what Dante makes some of his persons say, speaking of the time that they passed on earth—'the time of my debt.' Well, let us hold out as long as we can."

One of the successors of a man of whom we Catholic-Americans should be proud died lately. Cardinal Guilbert, who followed at some distance our own Cardinal Cheverus in the see of Bordeaux, was born in Normandy in 1812, and was ordained priest in 1836. In 1867 Mgr. Guilbert, whose philosophical and theological attainments, and his love for the poor, had made him respected and beloved, was appointed Bishop. Later, as Bishop of Amiens, from which see he had been translated to Bordeaux, he interested himself greatly in the prospects of young mechanics and apprentices. He was created Cardinal on May 24, of the present year. His death took place on the Feast of the Assumption. His best known books are "The Divine Synthesis" and "God and the World."

The English Protestant papers are regretting the indifference of their *clientèle* to the needs of Irish Catholics for the pure Gospel. It seems that the united subscriptions of Bedfordshire, Huntingdonshire, and Northamptonshire amount to almost five dollars; Birmingham sends nearly thirty-five dollars. The *English Churchman* fears that "the talk about Father Damien has made England fear Popery less."

A correspondent in France informs us of two extraordinary cures obtained by devotion to the Holy Face. The writer says:

"You will be glad to learn of new instances of the efficacy of devotion to the Holy Face. Two wondrous cures have been wrought at the monastery of the Poor Clares at Versailles. Some three years ago one of the nuns was attacked by a tumor of so malignant a nature that the physician declared her only hope

of recovery was an operation, the success of which was most uncertain. Hearing this sad announcement, the Mother Abbess and her Poor Clares united in a novena to the Holy Face to obtain the cure without the operation. On the third day of the novena, when the doctor came to visit the invalid, every vestige of the disease had disappeared, and the physician himself (a practical Catholic) declared that nothing but a supernatural power could have wrought the prodigy.

"The other dates from last April. A young nun was suffering from inflammation of the stomach to such an extent that she could hardly retain a teaspoonful of milk; the physician believed her recovery impossible, and informed the Mother Abbess that death was at hand. A novena to the Holy Face was immediately commenced, at the end of which the young patient rose in perfect health, to the intense joy of the Sisterhood, who render unceasing thanks to Our Lord."

The Catholic Bishop of Middlesborough protests forcibly against "the false principle that what we possess is our own absolutely." He insists that the poor have a right to be saved from starvation by the rich, and shows that Protestantism in England has produced a condition of selfishness hardly dreamt of by the Catholics of pre-Reformation days, when socialism was unknown.

The proposed Catholic editorial convention will not be held in November. Mr. Reilly's experiment as to the feeling of the press in the matter having shown that the attendance would be very small. Mr. Reilly is now connected with the *Catholic Columbian*, of Columbus, Ohio, a sterling Catholic journal.

Donna Lina is the "wife" of Signor Crispi, although that Italian statesman's first wife is still alive. Strange as it may seem, she protested against the demolition of one of the few street-shrines of Our Lady left in Rome. But Signor Crispi refused to listen, and the shrine must go!

The room in which Prince Rudolph of Austria died, at Meyerling, has been fitted up as a chapel. The Carmelites will occupy the country-house there as a convent about the middle of October, by request of the Emperor Francis Joseph.

The following anecdote of Father Damien, related by his brother, is included in a second instalment of reminiscences appearing in the *Month*:

"An old woman of eighty has lately expressed to me her grateful remembrance of a signal service which my brother did her in old times. 'We had,' said she, 'a sick cow, and the farrier left us no hope of saving her. We were in despair at the prospect of losing what was really our main support. But Joseph,

hearing of our misfortune, installed himself in the patient's stable, and insisted on dismissing the butcher, who was there to slaughter her; in fact, he took such tender care of the poor beast, staying all night in her stable without closing his eyes, that the next morning the danger was past, and in a few days she was quite cured. Joseph saved her!' In order to appreciate the greatness of the service, as felt by those poor people, we must remember that a good cow is a fortune to them."

An English Catholic pilgrimage to Jerusalem, the committee of which consists of the Duke of Norfolk, Lord Clifford, Lord Herries, Mr. Arthur Moore, and Mr. W. S. Lilly, will start late in the winter, with the blessing and approbation of Cardinal Manning.

"Toilers in London," by the "British Weekly Commissioners" (London: Hodder & Stoughton), contains some truly pathetic and heart-rending descriptions of the condition of the poor of London. Here is a glimpse of how they live:

"A Commissioner reports a poor woman visited near Shoreditch, whose husband is out of work, and who has not had work herself lately. She weaves fringes for toilet-covers, and is paid two shillings for a piece thirty-six yards in length. Her husband puts the cotton on the loom for her over night, and if she gets up at 4 a. m. and works until 11 p. m. she can make a piece in one day. But lately she has not had any work. When our Commissioner went into her room it presented a strange picture of cleanliness. The floor was white, and the furniture had not a speck of dust upon it. A clean patchwork quilt covered the bed, and the empty grate was spotless. By the table stood two little children, without shoes or stockings, but as clean as the furniture; and the mother was clean herself, although her apron consisted of an old sack, and she wore a piece of sacking over her shoulders. The poor thing burst out crying when our Commissioner spoke about the fringe for toilet-covers, and said that she was out of work. No food had touched her lips that day, and the children had been to school without any breakfast."

Some of the examples of the effect of the atmosphere of the London streets on the poor Irish exiles are almost as saddening as the records of leprosy in Molokai. Their best friend is Cardinal Manning, who practises poverty and loves the poor.

The Holy Father has been much pleased by the protests of the Bavarian and other Catholic workmen's societies against recent insults to religion in Rome.

The alarm occasioned by the announcement of the illness of Cardinal Lavigèrie is fortunately groundless. On August 10 he was slowly getting better at Axenstein, in Switzerland.

New Publications.

DEPENDENCE; OR, THE INSECURITY OF THE ANGLICAN POSITION. By the Rev. Luke Livingston, M. A., Magdalen College, Oxford. Author of "Authority" and "Dust." London: Kegan Paul, Trench & Co.

This book—the work of a distinguished recent convert—was called forth by the criticisms to which the author's previous work, "Authority," had been subjected. It is a contribution of some value to the literature of the controversy which has been almost uninterruptedly carried on, since the Tractarian movement, in regard to the claims of the Anglican Establishment. While, therefore, the work will be of lively interest to only a limited number on this side of the Atlantic, it can not fail to receive respectful consideration from all educated and thoughtful members of the Established Church of England.

It is, in the main, a discussion of historical questions in their bearing on the claims of the Anglican Establishment, and especially on its claim of independence of the Holy See. The decisions of the first four Ecumenical Councils have always been accepted by Anglicans as authoritative; and after a careful study of the records of the fourth of these great councils—the Council of Chalcedon,—the author concludes that no doctrinal points in the teaching of the early Church stand forth with more prominence than the supremacy and inerrancy of the Roman Pontiff. The refusal of the Popes to sanction certain disciplinary canons enacted by the sixth General Council—a refusal persisted in notwithstanding the entreaties and threats of the powerful Emperor Justinian,—and the consequent invalidation of the canons are cited as conclusive proofs that the decrees of general councils were never considered binding on the Universal Church, unless approved by the Holy See.

Two chapters of the work are devoted to the history of Popes Liberius and Honorius. The charge that the former had erred in his teaching—or, rather, had subscribed to erroneous doctrine—is shown to have absolutely no historical foundation. This charge was unknown to contemporaries of Liberius; it rests merely on extracts from such unreliable historians as Sozomen and Socrates, and on fragmentary epistles attributed to SS. Athanasius, Hilary, and Jerome, which are of more than doubtful authenticity. Honorius was condemned by an Ecumenical Council, not because his teaching was false, but because of his negligence in preventing the errors of Monothelitism from making headway. The words of Pope Leo II., to whom the acts of the council

were submitted for approval, leave no room for doubt on this point. Honorius was censured "because he did not at once put out the flame of heretical teaching, but by neglect allowed it to grow strong." He may not indeed have risen to the full height of his tremendous responsibilities as Supreme Guardian of the Faith, but the severity of the censure passed on him bears witness to the general belief that it was the province of the Holy See to guard the Faith throughout the world.

The chapter on Alexander VI., the political ecclesiastic, has a twofold object—first, to prove that, according to the latest and most accurate judgment of impartial historians, Alexander is very far from deserving the infamous reputation which has been given him; and, second, to show that even if all the foul charges brought against him were true, they would in no way militate against the papal prerogatives, since infallibility in teaching, and not impeccability in private life, is the privilege conferred by God upon the papacy.

The concluding chapters of the work—though dealing with facts which can be properly appreciated only by those who are familiar with the workings of the Anglican Establishment and the teachings of some of its most prominent modern leaders—can not but lead the reader to share the conviction which the author sorrowfully states—viz., that the Church of England, like all other religious organizations which have been lopped off from the trunk of Catholic unity, which have substituted private judgment for the authoritative teaching of the Vicar of Jesus Christ, is slowly but surely losing her hold of the dogmatic principle altogether.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands, as if you were bound with them. —HEB., xiii. 3.

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

Mr. Peter H. Hopkins, a well-known and highly respected citizen of Syracuse, N. Y., whose exemplary Christian life closed in a peaceful death on the 13th ult.

Mrs. James Redmond, of New York city, who piously departed this life on the 9th inst.

Miss Anna M. Sweeny, whose happy death occurred on the 1st ult., at Emsworth, Pa.

Joseph C. Agnew, of Davenport, Iowa, who passed away on the eve of the Assumption, after weeks of great suffering borne with exemplary fortitude and patience.

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



The Canary.

BY MAURICE F. EGAN.

HER birdie flew away one day—
The prettiest birdie ever seen,—
It flew away one morn in May,
Because our lovely world was gay,
And in its cage it could not stay.

Its head was gray, its body gold,
With just a little touch of green.
She had kept it safe from cold,
And though she was but six years old,
She could her little birdie hold.

Of course she cried, as you would too,
When her dear little bird had gone;
She searched the barn and garden through,
She tramped out early in the dew,
But no dear birdie could she view.

At last she saw some golden things
Just near the gate upon the lawn,
"My birdie's there,—my bird that sings!"
She found but flowers in many rings,
"Birdies," she said, "but without wings."

And so, in after-time, in May
When dandelions arise from loam,—
She calls them "birdies," and always
She watches, hoping that some day
They may find wings and "peep peep" say.

They never do; she's ten years old,
And yet her bird has not come back,
She keeps for it fresh water cold,
And chickweed in its cage-wires rolled,
And hopes it keeps its coat of gold!

WHEN Linnæus was still a student at the University of Upsala he eked out his scanty income by mending the shoes of his fellow-students; so he, who afterward became one of the princes among scientific men, began life as a shoemaker's apprentice.

"WE should walk through life as over the Swiss mountains, where a hasty word may bring down an avalanche."

The José-Maria.

BY E. L. DORSEY.

XI.

The next morning broke clear and crisp. The little rollers chased each other in shore, and the waters shifted in as many colors as the sides of a dying dolphin.

Dick made his uncle as comfortable as he knew how, gave his mother a big bear-pat on her shoulder as she sat in her favorite rocking-chair; and then, after genially pulling Ginevra Mary's pigtail plait, and pinching Mary Ginevra's fat cheek, followed Hendershott down to the shore, where the *Madison's* boat waited for them.

His veins tingled with the excitement of the coming experience, and with a certain degree of nervousness, which, while far removed from fear, was nevertheless *shiversome*. He felt curious to know how it was to be managed, but his uncle had taught him a saying: "Never reel out your line tell thar's a use fur it. Ef you do, it'll tangle an' muss up. An' that's the way wi' words. Thar ain't much hurt done 's long's they're stowed, but they bain't easy to pick up an' coil down agin."

So he kept his questions "stowed," and (as always happens to those who know when to wait) he soon found out.

The *Madison's* deck was alive with visitors, and among them fluttered the fantastic and pretty yachting suits of several ladies, whose light chatter met with enthusiastic response from the officers and the civilians who danced attendance. One dainty girl about eighteen was evidently the Queen of Hearts; for whatever she ordered was done—and she ordered everything she could think of, and everybody within reach.

As Hendershott came over the side she walked toward him, calling back, with a saucy look, to the midshipman, who had just been fraying his tongue for her benefit:

"I'm going to see now if you know what you've been talking about. I've heard of sailors' yarns before, and I know they are not made of taxable wool either, so you are not restricted in their manufacture." (Her father

was an M. C., whose hobby was Free Wool.) Then: "Captain Hendershott, please tell me everything you know about diving, and all the names of the harness—I mean armor,—and how you feel under the water, and what you see, and all about it. Begin!"

And she folded her arms, and leaned against the taffrail expectantly.

"Yes'm," said Hendershott, with a grin. But as he did not add anything else, she began to question him in detail, and was soon deeply interested. Presently she said:

"How shall I know what you are doing down there?"

"Well'm, you won't," was the answer. "But you kin guess whar I be by th' air bubbles risin'; an' when I'm through I jerk the signal-cord, an' up I come."

"Pshaw! Is that all?"

"Yes'm. Unless"—and he paused impressively.

"Unless what?" she asked. "I *knew* you'd think of something."

"Ef you'd really like to foller it 'long," he said slowly, "I might send my 'sistant down; an' then I could stay up myself, an' tell you 'bout it, wi' a chart of his movin's round. But that's the Cap'n's say-so."

"That will be the very thing!" she cried, clapping her hands. "Captain"—this to the *Madison's* commander,—"oh, Captain! you said I might do *just* as I pleased, didn't you?"

"Of course, Miss Edyth," answered that gentleman, with his hand on his heart and his admiration in his eyes. "My ship and I are at your service."

"Then I *can* send the young diver down, and keep Captain Hendershott up to tell me all about it, can't I?"

The gallant sailor's expression changed slightly at this literal interpretation of his pretty speech; but his word, though rashly given, was pledged, and all he said was:

"If Hendershott says it can be done, it shall; for Hendershott is the biggest man of us all."

A look accompanied this, which, however, Hendershott ignored altogether, and cheerfully sang out:

"O' course it can be done, sir! An' ef Miss here'll step nearer I'll name th' belts an' weights as he's a-puttin' of 'em on."

Which he did with a fluency that entirely hid Dick's awkwardness of movement. Then—still explaining—he helped him down the ladder and into the water without hitch or accident, and, returning, began an elaborate description of the bottom of the Bay, the lay of the wreck, the legends told of her, the efforts made by an English frigate and a 74 line-of-battle to raise her two years after she was sunk, etc., etc.: his tongue wagging with such rude eloquence that the group of visitors were delighted, and the officers thoroughly puzzled as to what could have set the old fellow off on such a new tack; for they had always found him reticent, and hard to "tap."

As the waters closed over Dick, and he sank into their icy depths, his very heart seemed to congeal, and the blood surged and beat in his head so violently as to fill his vision with broad zones and flashes of crimson light, and his ears with a sound like the drone of a wheel. But he clenched his teeth, and steadied himself by the thought of all that was staked on his venture; and when he brought up against the bottom he determinedly opened his eyes, and looked about him through the windows of his queer iron prison.

Around him reached a half obscurity that was like a twilight, only there was incessant motion throughout its extent. Deep-sea fish of familiar shape, but enlarged and distorted by refraction, floated by singly or rushed above him in shoals of varying size, pursuing or pursued. Blue fish chased "Bunkers," only to vanish in turn before their proper foe; "sheep's-head" browsed among the mussels, grinding them in their triple bank of teeth; a sword-fish spitted a porpoise; while far up a shadow took on the form of a shark,—perhaps one of those Hendershott had seen "worrying" the dead man.

Death, death everywhere, and a silence so profound and so mysterious to one accustomed to God's wide sky and broad open sea that, in spite of his courage, Dick's spine prickled, and his scalp seemed to creep under his helmet.

A sense of panic came over him, and he took himself severely in hand:

"What's thirty minutes! Didn't the Cap'n say, 'jus' long 'nough to show the folks how it's done?' Dick Barlow, just s'pose you was a castaway on a desert island, an' know'd

you'd have to wait a handful o' years to be picked up and took home? *That'd* be somethin'. Or s'pose you was a-floatin' on a spar in mid-ocean, an' never a sail in sight? *That'd* be somethin' too. Or you was adrift on a iceberg, same as old Tyson that time, wi' th' North wind a-blowin' a gale? Why, man alive! aside o' those s'posin's, this here's a summer pic-nic, wi' a brass band, an' free ice-cream throwed in! I'm 'shamed o' you, I cert'n'y am! Now, let's do another kind o' s'posin'. As long's you'r' down here, s'pose you take a look at the *Hosy-Mari*, an' s'pose you hello them theer pipes have washed off o' the wreck, an' the pumps ain't suckin' up nothin' but water. I must fix that."

And he scrambled up on the long mound of clay that cased the hull of the wreck, caught the pipes that were hanging over the side, and was putting them down where he stood, when suddenly he remembered what Hendershott had said about a hole that was making.

This he looked for, and found readily, for it was very "sizable." Then he set the pipes over it, holding them near together, and steadying them with his hands; forgetting the enormous power of the pumps above him, and that they were gathering "way" with every stroke of the piston, until an unguarded movement on the "scoop-out's" slippery edge made him lose his balance, and in a trice he was on his back in it, with one of his feet drawn, twisted, held immovably, and a sensation of cracking muscles and bending bones.

Like Hendershott, he too was caught in the "suck"! He turned as nearly over as he could, and, digging his fingers into the clay, made desperate efforts to break loose. He drew up his free knee, and bore away on it again and again, but it slipped from him every time. He tried with one hand to shift the weights toward his imprisoned foot to bear it down, but they were immovable. He struggled and kicked with all the force of his tense young muscles, when to his horror he felt a giving-way under him, and he sank into the hold of the old wreck.

The last thing he remembered was grasping frantically at whatever he could reach to stay his descent, touching something that stirred in his grip, and then giving a cry that thundered back in his ears from the walls of his

helmet; for he thought it must be a bone—maybe the hand—of one of those dead Spaniards who had gone down to their death like rats in a trap, and whose skeletons still hung in chains 'tween decks.

The next thing he knew he was on the deck of the *Madison*, flat on his back, his head on Hendershott's knee, a pretty girl kneeling beside him, and a cluster of kindly faces grouped, apparently, in mid-air—for his sight and senses were still confused.

"Lord, ain't I glad to see your masthead lights agin!" said Hendershott—by which fine figure he meant Dick's eyes,—and he heaved a sigh of relief that was a young breeze. "How d'ye feel, boy?"

"Oh, I'm all right!" said Dick, but his voice was feeble.

"Is he, Doctor?" asked Hendershott, appealing to the ship's surgeon.

"Well, I wouldn't let him go diving again to day, Hendershott," was the answer. "But don't be scared at that blood—there's none of it from his lungs. It's all from his head and throat."

Blood? Dick put up his hand mechanically and passed it over his face. It reeked like a butcher's.

"Who did it?" he asked, wonderingly.

"Nobody, boy; it was the pressure o' th' water, an' th' closeness o' th' helmet. I hadn't oughter let you go down," groaned Hendershott, remorsefully. "Why didn't you pull the cord sooner?"

"Cord?" said Dick. "I—I forgot theer was a cord." And he was going to put up the other hand to rub his stupid head, when he sat up abruptly, and cast something from him. It fell on the deck with a crash quite disproportionate to its size, for it was the object his fingers had closed on.

The whole scene had rushed back on him, and struggling up on his sound foot he saluted the Captain of the *Madison*, and began:

"I get a hold o' that theer, sir,—" when Hendershott interrupted:

"But you *did* pull th' cord, you jerked it so furious we hauled you up a-hummin'." (You see he was not a man-o'-war's man, so to him captains were not such awe-inspiring creatures as they ought to be on their own quarter-decks.)

"No, sir, I didn't," said Dick, modestly but firmly; "I only wisht I'd 'a' thought of it. It'd 'a' saved me from gitin' hold o' that when I broke through."

"Broke through what?"

"The wreck."

"Whew!" said Hendershott, with a gesture of dismay; "his head 's clean gone."

"No, sir, it ain't! Theer's the provin'."

"What?"

"That—that—bone," pointing with keen disrelish to his find.

"Bone!" There was a whole sheaf of exclamation points in Hendershott's voice, and the Captain himself interrupted:

"What do you mean?"

Then Dick told him how he had gone aboard, and the consequences; adding, "An' I thrashed 'round so in the scoop-out that I busted through the *Hosy-Mari's* upper deck—theer must a-ben a old hatch or suthin' handy; an' while I was a-scratchin' tooth-an'-toe-nail to keep from droppin' I didn't know wheer, an' amongst I didn't know what,—that is," corrected truthful Dick,—"I mean, sir, 'mongst them dead Spaniardse's bones, I got a-hold o' one o' 'em. An' theer it is."

"Pretty heavy for a bone," said the Captain, as he balanced it in his hand. "Here, Mr. Bayne, will you test this, please, sir?" Not that he believed Dick's story, for he knew the hallucinations produced by any undue pressure of blood on the brain, but it was his duty to thoroughly investigate everything the pumps or divers brought up, even if it were the last day of his detail.

Then everybody gathered around the boy, and made him repeat it all until he was hot with embarrassment, and overwhelmed with mortification to think he had "ben doin' women's tricks—a-faintin'."

It was a delightful episode to the guests, and they took sides almost violently as to the upshot of the adventure. One faction, led by Miss Edyth, insisted the treasure was actually recovered, and that volatile young person assumed the whole credit of the affair.

"Just fancy," she said to the Captain, "if I hadn't sent him down it wouldn't have happened! I think it's the most romantic thing I ever heard of. Oh, *do* go below, and

see what has become of Mr. Bayne and the bone!"

And he went readily; for Mr. Bayne had been below quite long enough to detect the stone, or bit of drift-wreck, or ancient clam shell, which the find would of course prove to be.

A strong smell of chemicals stung his nostrils, the chief element being the deadly fumes of nitric acid. Burying his nose in his handkerchief, and stirred by an excitement he refused to acknowledge, he pushed ahead to the state-room out of which the vapors floated. There stood Bayne, bending over the washstand, pale and eager, the find in one hand and the bottle in the other. The latter was tilted, and the precious stuff was slowly gathering to drop.

He halted. The globule of liquid grew larger, then flashed a moment in the light and fell. Another and another. Then:

"By the living Lord!" he heard Bayne gasp, in an awestruck tone.

"What is it, Bayne?"

And he, turning, answered solemnly:

"One of the '100 silver virgins' of the *José-Maria's* invoice."

The treasure was found!

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Bells of Cologne.

The bells of the magnificent Cathedral of Cologne are in keeping with that wondrous edifice. The peal includes five mammoth bells composing the gamut F. G. A. B. C. The Emperor bell *Kaiserglocke*, C, cast 1875, weighs 27 tons; *Pretiosa*, G, cast 1448, weighs a little over 11 tons; *Speciosa*, A, cast 1449, weighs 6¼ tons; "Bell of the Magi," H, recast 1880, weighs 3¾ tons; "St. Ursula's bell," F, cast 1862, weighs 2½ tons.

The Emperor bell is larger and heavier than any other bell in Europe. It was successfully cast by Andreas Hamm in Frankenthal, after three abortive attempts. The perpendicular height is 14½ ft.; the diameter at bottom 11½ ft.; the circumference 35½ ft. The bell is suspended by means of a screw to which the hammer is also attached. This screw weighs ½ ton; the hammer, or tongue,

is 10 ft. 10 in. long, and weighs 16 cwt. The metal is 10 $\frac{5}{8}$ in. thick at the mouth, and 4 in. thick above. The casting required the metal of 22 large cannon, captured from the French in the Franco-Prussian war, together with about 5 more tons of tin.

The six arms which form the crown of the Emperor bell are ornamented with angels' heads, and where they are connected with the bell itself they take the shape of lions' claws. Immediately below the crown the following inscription, in three lines, appears:

Guilielmus, augustissimus imperator Germanorum, rex Borussiae, pie memor celestis auxilii accepti in gerendo felicissime conficiendoque nuperimo bello Gallico, instaurato imperio Germanico bellica tormenta captiva aeris quinquaginta millia pondo jussit confari in campanam suspendendam in hac admirandae structuræ aede exædificationi tandem proxima. Cui victoriosissimi principis pietissimæ voluntati obsecrata societas perficiendo huic templo metropolitano constituta F. C. Pio P. IX. Pontifice Romano Paulo Melchers Archiep. Coloniensi, A. D. MDCCCLXXIV.

"William, the august Emperor of Germany and King of Prussia, in pious memory of divine help received in carrying on and most happily terminating the latest war with France, on the German Empire being restored, commanded the captured cannon, weighing 50,000 lbs. to be cast into a bell, which should be hung in this wonderful building, at last near its completion as a House of God. Agreeably to this most pious desire of the victorious prince, the society founded for the completion of this temple had the bell made. Pius IX. being the Roman Pope, Paul Melchers being the Archbishop of Cologne, A. D. 1874."

Over the figure of St. Peter runs the following inscription:

Voce mea cæli populo dum nuntio sortes,
Sursum corda, volant æmula voce sua
Patronus qui voce mea templi atria pandis,
Janitor et cæli limina pande simul!

"When as messenger my voice the people calls,
Their souls ascend, their voices emulous do rise.
Oh, patron! who at my appeal dost open 'this temple's
halls,

Fling wide, celestial janitor, the threshold of the
skies!"

On the side opposite to that bearing the figure of the "Prince of Apostles" is the German escutcheon, with the following verse:

Die Kaiserkrone heiß ich;
Des Kaisers Ehre preis ich
Auf heil'ger Warte steh' ich,
Dem Deutschen Reich' erlieb' ich
Daß Fried und Wehr
Ihm Gott bescheer!

"I'm called the Emp'ror bell;
The Emp'ror's praise I tell.
On holy guard I stand,
And for German land,
Beseech that God may please
To grant it peace and ease!"

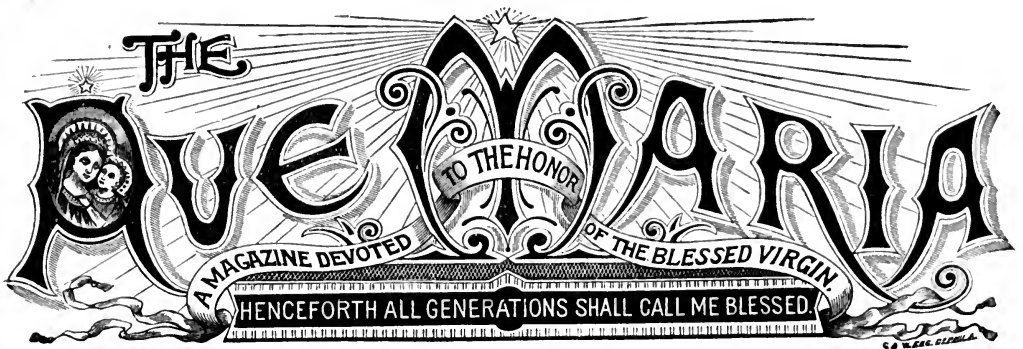
In the first inscription the archiepiscopal arms may also be traced, and the mottoes are surrounded with garlands of Gothic arabesque, which have come out well in the casting. The form of the bell is rendered also less bare by projecting parallel rings of metal cast on to it.

A Horse's Gratitude.

On the plain between Montrouge and Vaugirard, not far from Paris, stand at intervals a few farm-houses, and one of these belonged a few years ago to a famous horse-breeder, who had, among other horses, one of three years old; and this was strong and unmanageable, except by a child five years of age, who petted it, and shared any cakes or sugar-plums that he had with the colt. A servant was left alone in the house with the little boy one day, and was busy with household work while the child played in the courtyard. In one corner of this court a tank was sunk in the ground, and served to hold the rain-water. All at once a cry was heard. The servant ran to the window, and saw the child struggling in the tank. She hurried down calling for help, but when she reached the courtyard she found the child held by his clothes in the colt's mouth, who, understanding the danger by the child's cries, had come, and seizing him by his frock had taken him out of the tank. The child's father, who owned the horse, declared he would never part with it.

EDWARD EVERETT once said, illustrating the effect of small things on character: "The Mississippi and St. Lawrence Rivers have their rise near each other. A very small difference in the elevation of the land sends one to the ocean amid tropical heat, while the other empties into the frozen waters of the North."

NEVER go to bed without feeling sure you have performed at least one act of kindness during the day.—*Spanish Proverb.*



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On Our Lady's Nativity.

BY W. D. KELLY.

THOU who sole obtained of all thy kin
 Exemption from that universal doom
 Which all beside thee at their birth assume
 For guilty portion in primeval sin,
 Words fail us who would sing thy origin:
 The purest lily when its petals bloom,
 The richest gem in royal treasure-room
 That flawless is without, and fair within;
 Or the splendence of the brightest star
 On cloudless night that beautifies the skies;
 Are our best types, and yet to symbolize
 Thy stainless birth, how impotent these are!
 In whose fair form, O Maid Immaculate!
 No trace of disobedience was innate.

The Symbol of Christianity.

BY THE REV. A. A. LAMBING, LL. D.

I.

THE execution of criminals in the early
 ages of the world, and until a comparatively recent date, was marked by extreme cruelty and barbarity. A favorite way of executing among many nations was that of hanging criminals to trees. This practice apparently led to the adoption of crosses for a similar purpose. Execution by crucifixion, of which traces are to be found from the remotest times among the nations of the East and North, was carried into effect in two ways: the sufferer was either left to perish, bound to a tree or an upright stake, sometimes after

being impaled; or, at other times, nails were driven through his hands and feet, and his limbs were also sometimes secured by cords. In time a horizontal bar was fixed to the upright post, and the victim's hands and arms were stretched out upon it. Such, as we learn from the Gospel narrative, was the manner in which our Divine Redeemer was crucified.

The earliest mention of this manner of executing criminals is in the time of King David, more than a thousand years before the beginning of the Christian era. The Old Testament relates that the Gabaonites demanded from the Jewish King seven persons of the house of Saul, that they might be crucified to appease that people for the treacheries and cruelty practised by King Saul against their nation.*

Although the cross was an instrument of torture, there is the most conclusive evidence that it was honored in almost every nation. Says a writer on this subject: "From the dawn of organized paganism in the Eastern world to the final establishment of Christianity in the Western, the cross was undoubtedly one of the commonest and most sacred of symbolical monuments; and, to a remarkable extent, it is still in almost every land where that of Calvary is unrecognized or unknown. Apart from any distinctions of social or intellectual superiority, or caste, color, nationality, or location in either hemisphere, it appears to have been the aboriginal possession of every people of antiquity. . . . The extraordinary sanctity attaching to the symbol, in every age and under every variety of circumstances, justified any expenditure incurred in its fab-

* II. Kings, xxi, 6.

rication or embellishment; hence the most persistent labor, the most consummate ingenuity, were lavished upon it. In Egypt, Assyria, and Britain, it was emblematic of creative power and eternity; in India, China and Scandinavia, of heaven and immortality; in the two Americas, of rejuvenescence and freedom from physical suffering; while in both hemispheres it was the symbol of the Resurrection, or 'the sign of the life to come'; and, finally, in all heathen communities, without exception, it was the emphatic type, the sole enduring evidence, of the divine unity."* The early explorers and missionaries of Mexico, Central America and Peru, found numerous crosses in those countries; and many are still to be seen among the ruins of their cities and temples.†

That the crosses in all the pagan nations of antiquity were nothing more than the Egyptian "Tau," or "Symbol of Life," a deification of the productive powers of nature, with different shades of signification attached to it by different peoples, appears certain.‡ But it is remarkable that what was the symbol of the earthly life among pagans should be the symbol of the spiritual and heavenly life among Christians. From the dawn of Christianity the cross became the symbol of hope, an object of religious veneration; and, in later times, it has also become one of the most common ornaments.

After the discovery of the true Cross in 326, by St. Helena, the mother of the Emperor Constantine the Great, that monarch issued a decree, forbidding the cross to be used thereafter in the execution of criminals. From that time the veneration which the Christians had shown for it in secret from the beginning received a fresh impulse; and since that auspicious day nothing is more characteristic of the followers of Christ than the veneration they show for the sacred instrument of man's redemption.

As a religious symbol, the Sign of the Cross is a sacramental, and the principle one in use among Christians. As made upon the person, it is formed in three different ways. That in

use in the early ages of the Church was small, and was made with the thumb of the right hand, most commonly on the forehead; but it was also made on any part of the body. The constant use of the Sign of the Cross by the first Christians, and much more the fact that they were surrounded by heathens to whom the sacred Sign would have betrayed their faith and put them in danger of persecution, or would have exposed the Sign itself to mockery, rendered it necessary for them to make it so as not to be observed. Next, there is the triple sign, made with the thumb on the forehead, the mouth, and the breast. At present this form is used more commonly by the Germans, perhaps, than by any other people. It is also prescribed in the Mass at the beginning of each of the Gospels, but nowhere else in the liturgy. Lastly, the Sign of the Cross by excellence is that which is made by putting the right hand to the forehead, then under the breast, then to the left and to the right shoulders. The Sign of the Cross shall be considered from two points of view: as used by the faithful, and as employed in the sacred functions of religion.

II.

The devotion of the early Christians to the Sign of the Cross was extraordinary, and it attests the power they found to dwell in it. St. Cyprian, Bishop of Carthage, cries out: "O Lord, Thou hast bequeathed to us three imperishable things: the chalice of Thy Blood, the Sign of the Cross, and the example of Thy sufferings!"* Tertullian bears witness to the frequent use of the Sign of the Cross by the Christians of his early day. "At every motion," he says, "and every step, entering in or going out, when dressing, bathing, going to meals, lighting the lamps, sleeping or sitting, whatever we do, or whithersoever we go, we mark our foreheads with the Sign of the Cross."

St. Basil writes: "To make the Sign of the Cross over those who place their hope in Jesus Christ is the first and best known thing among us." Not to mention others, St. Gaudentius says: "Let the Sign of the Cross be continually made on the heart, on the mouth,

* "Edinburgh Review," July, 1870.

† "Conquest of Mexico," Prescott, vol. iii, p. 368; "Pre-Historic America," Nadillac, p. 320, *et seq.*

‡ "The Gentile and the Jew," Döllinger, vol. i, pp. 67, 68.

* The extracts from the Fathers given in this article are taken, for the most part, from "The Sign of the Cross in the Nineteenth Century," by Mgr. Gaume.

on the forehead, at table, at the bath, in bed, coming in and going out, in joy and sadness, sitting, standing, speaking, walking, — in short, in all our actions. Let us make it on our breasts and all our members, that we may be entirely covered with this invincible armor of Christians." The writings of the Fathers abound in similar passages; but the following, from St. John Chrysostom, is worthy of the prince of Christian orators:

"More precious than the universe, the cross glitters on the diadems of emperors. Everywhere it is present to my view. I find it among princes and subjects, men and women, virgins and married people, slaves and freemen. All continually trace it on the noblest part of the body, the forehead, where it shines like a column of glory. At the sacred table, it is there; in the ordination of priests, it is there; in the mystical Supper of our Saviour, it is there. It is drawn on every point of the horizon—on the tops of houses, on public places, in inhabited parts, and in deserts; on roads, on mountains, in woods, on hills, on the sea, on the masts of ships, on islands, on windows, over doors, on the necks of Christians, on beads, garments, books, arms, and banquet couches, in feasts on gold and silver vessels, on precious stones, on the pictures of the apartments. It is made over sick animals, over those possessed by the demon; in war, in peace, by day, by night, in pleasant reunions, and in penitential assemblies. It is who shall seek first the protection of this admirable Sign. What is there surprising in this? The Sign of the Cross is the type of our deliverance, the monument of the liberation of mankind, the souvenir of the forbearance of Our Lord. When you make it, remember what has been given for your ransom, and you will be the slave of no one. Make it, then, not only with your fingers, but with your faith. If you thus engrave it on your forehead, no impure spirit will dare to stand before you. He sees the blade with which he has been wounded, the sword with which he has received his death-blow."

It was with good reason that the early Christians paid reverence so great to the Sign of the Cross. They had learned from experience that it is the symbol of power, as St. Cyril of Jerusalem writes: "This Sign is a

powerful protection. It is gratuitous, because of the poor; easy, because of the weak. A benefit from God, the standard of the faithful, the terror of demons." Armed with this sacred Sign the martyrs went forth to battle with the wild beasts of the amphitheatre; walked calmly to the stake to be burned; bowed their necks to the sword, or exposed their bodies to the lash. They braved the horrors of the dungeon, or went willingly into exile. Even tender virgins and children defied the power of the tyrant, and suffered death in its most terrible forms; while thousands sought the lonely deserts to practise a life-long penance, with no companions but the wild animals, sustained and encouraged by the same never-failing source of supernatural strength.

By the same Sign the saints have wrought innumerable miracles. It is related of St. Bernard, to give but one example, that he restored sight to more than thirty blind persons by means of the Sign of the Cross. "Such is the power of the Sign of the Cross," says Origen, "that if we place it before our eyes, if we keep it faithfully in our heart, neither concupiscence, nor voluptuousness, nor anger, can resist it; at its appearance the whole army of the flesh and sin takes to flight."

The Sign of the Cross is a source of knowledge. The form of words uttered in making it, together with the action that accompanies them, teaches the principal mysteries of religion. The words "in the Name," instead of "the names," express the fundamental truth of the unity of God; while the mention of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, declares that in this one God there are three Persons, and thus teaches the mystery of the Adorable Trinity. The incarnation, death and resurrection of our Saviour are recalled by the form of the cross traced with the hand. No formula could be more comprehensive and, at the same time, more simple.

The Sign of the Cross is also a prayer. It is an appeal to Heaven, made in the name of Him, who, in submission to the will of the Father, "became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross;" of Him who declared that, "If you ask the Father anything in My name, that He will give you." And hence Christians have learned to begin and end their

devotions with the Sign of the Cross, to render their petitions more acceptable at the throne of Grace.

But especially is the Sign of the Cross a safeguard against the temptations and dangers that threaten the spiritual life. The Fathers of the Church have insisted very strongly on this point, and extracts will be given from their writings. And here I may pause to remark that I have drawn, and shall draw, freely from the Fathers, preferring their own words to their ideas clothed in other language. Their voices, echoing down through the vista of ages, instruct, encourage, admonish, and at times rebuke us for the coldness of our devotion to that Sign which they cherished as a priceless inheritance.

Prudentius instructs the Christians of his day in these words: "When, at the call of sleep, you go to your chaste couch, make the Sign of the Cross on your forehead and heart. The cross will preserve you from all sin; before it will fly the powers of darkness; the soul, sanctified by this Sign, can not waver." St. John Chrysostom continues in the same strain: "Do you feel your heart inflamed? Make the Sign of the Cross on your breast, and your anger will be dissipated like smoke." And St. Maximus of Turin: "It is from the Sign of the Cross we must expect the cure of all our wounds. If the venom of avarice be diffused through our veins, let us make the Sign of the Cross, and the venom will be expelled. If the scorpion of voluptuousness sting us, let us have recourse to the same means and we shall be healed. If grossly terrestrial thoughts seek to defile us, let us again have recourse to the Sign of the Cross and we shall live the divine life."

St. Bernard adds: "Who is the man so completely master of his thoughts as never to have impure ones? But it is necessary to repress their attacks immediately, that we may vanquish the enemy where he hoped to triumph. The infallible means of success is to make the Sign of the Cross." St. Gregory of Tours says: "Whatever may be the temptations that oppress us we must repulse them. For this end we should make, not carelessly but carefully, the Sign of the Cross, either on our forehead or on our breast." St. Gregory of Nazianzen thus defied the demon: "If you

dare to attack me at the moment of my death, beware; for I shall put you shamefully to flight by the Sign of the Cross."

At the risk of appearing to heap up unnecessary proofs of the efficacy of the Sign of the Cross, a few more extracts will be given from the Fathers. We are their successors in the Church and the world, let their devotion to the consoling emblem of man's redemption stimulate us to be their successors in our constant and confiding use of the same sacred panoply. Says St. Cyril of Jerusalem: "Let us make the Sign of the Cross boldly and courageously. When the demons see it they are reminded of the Crucified; they take to flight; they hide themselves and leave us." Origen continues: "Let us bear on our foreheads the immortal standard. The sign of it makes the demons tremble. They who fear not the gilded capitols tremble at the Sign of the Cross."

St. Augustine answers for the Western Church in these words: "It is with the symbol and Sign of the Cross that we must march to meet the enemy. Clothed with this armor, the Christian will easily triumph over this proud and ancient tyrant. The cross is sufficient to cause all the machinations of the spirits of darkness to perish." St. Jerome, the great hermit of Bethlehem, declares his confidence in the Sign of our redemption in this manner: "The Sign of the Cross is a buckler which shields us from the burning arrows of the demon."

Finally, Lactantius remarks: "Whoever wishes to know the power of the Sign of the Cross has only to consider how formidable it is to the demons. When adjured in the name of Jesus Christ, it forces them to leave the bodies of the possessed. What is there in this to wonder at? When the Son of God was on earth, with one word He put the demons to flight, and restored peace and health to their unfortunate victims. To-day His disciples expel those same unclean spirits in the name of their Master and by the Sign of the Cross." Let this suffice, where much more might be said, regarding the use of the sacred emblem of our redemption among Christians. Turn we now to its employment in the ceremonies of religion.

(CONCLUSION IN OUR NEXT NUMBER.)

Harry Considine's Fortunes.

BY NUGENT ROBINSON.

CHAPTER X.—NEW YORK.

"IF not detained at Quarentine the *S. S. Furnersia* will arrive at her dock about 9 a. m."

This was the despatch handed by a smiling waiter to a gentleman seated at breakfast in the Fifth Avenue Hotel, New York.

"Why, we'll only just have time to jump aboard the elevated train and strike the dock!" he exclaimed, after reading the telegram aloud to a male companion, who was breakfasting with him.

This male companion was brown as roasted coffee, wore his gray hair long, and was close shaved except as to the chin, which was adorned with a goatee. His clothes were of shining black cloth, his boots square-toed, and he wore a brilliant diamond brooch in his shirt bosom.

"Come along then, Europe!" cried this gentleman, hastily but dexterously scooping up the contents of a tumblerful of egg. "I'm ready to travel."

The person addressed as "Europe" was none other than our old friend, Mr. Molloy; the person so addressing him, Mr. Peter Daly, whilom of Castle Daly in the County of Galway, but now of Clam Farm, Oyster County, Minnesota.

Mr. Molloy's lines had fallen in pleasant places. "He struck it rich," to use a mining phrase, when he stumbled upon his wife's kinsman. Life had begun to claim a new sensation for Peter Daly. He had been working on farms for over twenty years, on his own for ten, and the longing for kith and kin beyond sea had commenced to flow in his heart like a tide. To pitchfork it out was a sort of King Canute experiment—hopeless, absurd. His relatives in the bygone time had ignored, had "sat upon" him. He was a younger son, without a profession, trade, or calling. He was a loafer among stable boys, and around the inn at the village of Tobbermoloney. His education was of the most threadbare description, and his attainments a good seat on a horse, a good shot, a keen eye for a salmon

or a trout; and a sweet, small singing voice, which he solely devoted to ditties of a mysterious character, in which jolly little foxes and jolly little dogs and jolly little horses became mixed with jolly little jugs of punch.

The elder brother plunged head over ears into debt, the estate went, and with it Peter, who crossed to Boston in a sailing vessel, where he encountered a former Castle Daly gamekeeper, who was *en route* to a farm in Minnesota. With him gladly jogged Peter, and the little knowledge he possessed of farming in the old country rendered him yeoman service in the new. He took off his coat and went to work with a will, simply because everybody else was working.

Peter worked for many a long year at good wages, every cent of which, save what he spent on clothes, he put into bank—he was boarded and lodged;—and having gotten a share in a farm with an astute "down Easter," who thought to "chisel" him, to use Daly's words, he found himself in a position to begin farming on his own account, and on a sound financial basis; and having met a "soft snap" in Clam Farm he purchased it, set the machinery going, and in ten years had "piled up" a snug \$60,000, clear of everybody and of everything. It was while balancing his bank-book, and finding the *Cr.* in so satisfactory a condition, that the tide of yearning for "kin beyond sea" commenced to flow; and lucky it was for Mr. Molloy that, having made inquiries for his wife's kinsman while sojourning at an out-of-the-way place, where he hoped to obtain an order for the celebrated friezes from the denizens of a huge mining camp, the person to whom he addressed himself was the identical Simon Pine, *alias* Peter Daly of Castle Daly.

Molloy did not hesitate to inform the honest farmer that one of his (Molloy's) missions in the New World was the discovery of his wife's relative,—a relative held in the highest esteem and affection in the breasts of all the Molloys.

Striking Daly at the psychological moment—being, as it were, carried with his affections on the top of the tide,—Molloy was welcomed with open arms; and so well did the worthy drummer improve the occasion that he made pretence of sacrificing his profession, in order to bear his dear, new-found kinsman company.

All this tickled the palate of Peter Daly

who instantly resolved upon bringing out Mrs. and Miss Molloy. "I am getting rusty and mildewed, Europe," he would say—he facetiously named the drummer "Europe."—"and I want somebody I care for to be around to oil my mind, and keep the machinery of home affections a-going. I guess there's not a real Daly of Castle Daly over the sod to-day."

Mr. Molloy hastened to reassure him on this point: the clan was alive and flourishing.

"Wait till you see Emma. She's a real Daly! All the marked features of the noble race. Eyes like yours, aye, and the same nose, Peter.—Daly to ground."

Molloy never informed his host of the ill-favor with which his proffered hospitality was received; on the contrary, he led Daly to infer that Mrs. Molloy was in the seventh heaven, and Emma nearly wild with joy.

"Men can tuck half a dozen shirts, a pocket-comb and a toothbrush into a portmanteau, and start for anywhere at an hour's notice," he would say, when Daly wondered at the delay on the other side: "but with women it is totally different. You are a bachelor, Peter, and know nothing about the *jal lais* that occupy women. They won't come till they're ready, so make up your mind to that. But, old chap, won't it be delightful when they *do* come! Emma will play the piano, I'll learn the banjo, and your cousin used to twang the light guitar. Your voice is a real bang up tenor."

"It was, thirty years ago."

"Nonsense, man! You've done nothing to abuse it."

"That's a fact," Peter gravely affirmed.

"And if you practise a little it will be just as good as ever."

Daly did practise from that good hour, and the jolly little foxes and jolly little dogs and jolly little horses once more came to the front in the company of jolly little jugs of punch, and *cruskeen lawms, ad libitum*.

Mr. Molloy, once established at Clam Farm, set himself to work to make his sojourn a permanent one. A man of naturally quick ideas, he opened a battery of suggestions, that swept over Peter Daly's mind with astonishing effect: and after a few weeks had so completely posted himself on the subject of farming as

to leave his host simply "nowhere." If many of his suggestions were utterly impracticable, a few proved worthy of notice; and an ingenious addition to a plough, that added to its powers while relieving the horses, won imperishable laurels for him. In addition to this, Mr. Molloy told a good story, and told it well, was a sympathetic companion, and would talk about the old country, her trials and her sufferings, for long hours together. The neighboring farmers—and they were very few—voted him a "daisy," and came to Clam Farm on the slightest business pretext, in order to enjoy a gossip with Augustus Molloy.

To do the worthy gentleman justice, he was devoted to his wife and children; and, as he painted them with Raffaele and Tintoretto tints, Peter Daly conceived an abiding desire to behold them in the flesh; and having suggested the possibility of their being able to put up with the rough-and-tumbleism of farm life, ended by soliciting Molloy to bring them out. The hogs were sold, the money despatched, and the two worthies repaired to New York, where the opening of this chapter discovered them at breakfast at the Fifth Avenue Hotel.

They reached the Anchor Line dock just as the *Furnessia* came alongside. Molloy was frantic with excitement, leaping from posts to ropes, and unheedful of everybody and everything in his eagerness to obtain a vantage-ground, while he waved violently,—waved a pocket-handkerchief in one hand and an umbrella in the other.

"I see them!" he shouted. "Hi, Mary Anne! Hi, Emma! Welcome to the Stars and Stripes! Hi! hi! hi! Come here, Peter, there's your cousin—that one in the gray cloak, with the white handkerchief to her eyes. That's Emma beside her in blue; and, by the mortal smoke, there's Gerald! Yes, it is my boy. O my God!" added the poor fellow, breaking down, "this is too much happiness, all at once!"

Mr. Molloy kept up a feeble waving of her handkerchief. Emma was crying and laughing, and kissing her hands and straining over the ship's side, while Gerald kept up an excited shouting till he was hoarse.

I shall not attempt to describe the hugging and kissing and rehugging and re-kissing Mr.

Molloy received at the arms and lips of his delighted family. With all their faults, they loved one another dearly, and this was a very supreme moment of bliss in their lives.

Mrs. Molloy hugged and kissed Peter Daly, one of her corkscrew ringlets becoming entangled in his diamond brooch. Emma gave him an honest smack on both cheeks, and Gerald worked away at his right arm as though it were a pump handle.

"I guess I'll look after the baggage, Europe," said Daly, "if you'll take your family to the hotel. Give 'em a square meal, with oysters and ice-cream," he added, in a whisper to Mr. Molloy.

Gerald remained with Mr. Daly, while his father took the ladies away in a carriage. There was nothing dutiable in the baggage, and a dishonest custom-house officer, in a frenzy of vexation and disappointment at not having received a bribe, tossed the contents of each valise out on the dock, and made himself a perfect nuisance.

"Say, friend," observed Daly, "if you'd come out square and toed the mark like a gentleman, I'd have put a *V* in your right hand. As you've behaved like a brute, you've just struck a monument!"

At the hotel they found the remainder of the party at breakfast.

"What a bill of fare!" cried Emma. "Why, it's a lesson in cooking to read it through! What vanity! What a lot of everything! Just listen, manna! See, in eggs alone: Boiled, fried, dropped, scrambled, shirred, poached. What is a scrambled egg, Mr. Daly?"

"You'll soon see, Connemara." He had already christened her; this was a weakness of the worthy farmer's. Not a person of his acquaintance for whom he had not a geographical name. Not an employé who was not identified with some village or townland in the old country.

"Waiter!" he called, in a voice that caused a nervous lady at an adjoining table to drop her knife and fork with a crash, "just bring eggs, scrambled, dropped, shirred,—every way that's on the bill of fare. These ladies have just arrived off the steamer from Europe, and I want to fix them with an iron-clad nickel-plated meal, square as a die. Do you understand?"

Emma was delighted with everything, and ate with an appetite of eighteen, and that, too, fresh off the ocean. Mrs. Molloy, between peckings, talked of Castle Daly and of the old home in Galway,—a subject nestling very close to Daly's heart, and which brought the mist to his eyes more than once. Gerald speculated how much money was to be made out of guests at five dollars a head *per diem*, while feeding them so sumptuously; and entered into the question of the price of food with his father, who only answered him at random.

"Oh, it is so noble of you to care for my dear husband!" cried Mrs. Molloy, grasping Daly's horny hand in a gush of gratitude.

"He *is* a noble fellow!" said Molloy; "a true friend, true as steel."

"My word is my bond," said Peter, simply. "I ain't afraid or ashamed. I come to the front door every time the bell is rung."

Their first visit was to St. Patrick's Cathedral, where they returned thanks to God Almighty for preserving them from the dangers of the deep. They were perfectly entranced with the grandeur and beauty of this sacred edifice, this magnificent house of Christ, and remained to examine its several beauties in detail. The stained glass possessed a wondrous fascination for Peter Daly, who there and then resolved that the little church at Ballymoy, five miles distant from the farm, should have a stained-glass window of its own ere the glorious festival of Easter came round again—a resolution, be it said, that he carried out to the letter.

"New York is really quite a fashionable place!" cried Emma. "I had no idea it was half so nice,—so splendid, in fact, or that it contained so many nice people. I expected to find it full of wooden houses and blacks. I haven't seen an Indian yet. Where are they? Why, Fifth Avenue beats Merrion Square and Fitzwilliam Square, and Upper Mount Street, all put together!"

"I guess our eyes have only had a sort of free lunch. We'll take a few square meals off New York city before we're through," laughed Daly.

"Oh, let us stay in New York as long as ever we can!" exclaimed the girl.

They "did" Gotham most conscientiously, setting out to early Mass each morning to a

different church, and returning to breakfast, Daly issuing the order for the meal, which was of the most elaborate nature. They then drove around to the sights, lunching at Delmonicos, the Brunswick, the Astor House, and all the best restaurants. They did the Brooklyn Bridge, not yet finished though, the monster ferry-boat exciting Emma's astonishment to the uttermost. They did Greenwood Cemetery and Brooklyn generally. They visited Wall Street, witnessing a "worry" between the bulls and the bears on the floor of the magnificent stock-exchange. They ascended to the top of the Equitable Building, and took a bird's-eye view of Manhattan Island. At the Western Union Telegraph Company they gained access to the operating room with its 17,000 connecting wires. They rode on the elevated road out to High Bridge, and paid a visit to the spacious convent at Manhattanville. With the Central Park they were intensely pleased, inspecting everything from Cleopatra's needle to Tommy Moore's statue, from the Cesnola collection to the zoological gardens. Here Peter Daly raised a laugh against himself; for, while intently gazing at the monkeys, he exclaimed, as if thinking aloud: "Dear! dear! What strange creatures we all are, to be sure!"

Emma was fairly bewildered at the number and splendor of the various equipages and "turn-outs" in the Central Park.

"My gracious!" she exclaimed. "Why, I have seen more splendid carriages here in five minutes than I would see in Sackville Street in a year; and the houses—why, they are perfect palaces!"

"This is the place to plant my hundred and odd pounds when I see an opening," observed Gerald. "New York is good enough for me. No wild West, if you please," he added to himself.

A great and glorious sight was the Pontifical High Mass at the Cathedral: the stately celebrants, the graceful acolytes, and the cherub-faced choir boys, in their scarlet cassocks and white lace surplices. When the magnificent organ pealed forth, "lifting the soul to God," the majesty of our religion revealed itself in all its supremacy, and Emma Molloy felt the hot tears coursing down her fair young cheeks, her heart throbbing with holy emotion, with saintly rapture.

For an entire week did Peter Daly board and lodge, and show the sights to the Molloy family. His generosity knew no limits. His great Irish heart was beating to the delicious music of home associations.

One morning he took Emma out alone. "I guess I want to make a present to a young lady friend of mine, Connemara," he said, "and I want you to choose it. Something in the way of wearing attire. A robe of some kind to shield her against the cold. Something that will suit her fancy down to the ground. It's no question of expense, Connemara, mind that!"

Emma suggested a seal-skin sacque.

"You've struck it fine!" he exclaimed.

They turned into a furriers, and examined several superb and costly mantles.

"Is your lady friend tall or short?" asked Emma.

"Neither one nor the other; about middle height, I guess."

"Well, I would take this one," said Emma.

"You see it's a splendid fur, and the lining is substantial and it has a hood, and—"

"That'll do. Say, how much discount for cash, young fellow?" And Mr. Daly produced a roll of greenbacks so "bulgiferous" as to require coaxing and wheedling to induce them to come out of his breast pocket.

"Isn't she a lucky girl!" said Emma, as she tried the sacque on before a large glass; but there was not a particle of envy in her tone or in her mind. She was honestly glad that Peter Daly's friend was about to receive so handsome a gift.

"Wouldn't *you* like something in the fur line yourself?" asked Daly.

"I do not require anything," replied Emma; "nor would I take it from you. You have already done too much for us"—and here she gave the kindest and most grateful of glances,—"God bless you!"

That evening the sacque was tried on Emma at the hotel.

"Oh, my!" exclaimed Mrs. Molloy, "what an elegant present! What a lucky girl your friend is to get such a magnificent gift!"

"I intend her to be a lucky girl, for I believe her to be a good one. Connemara," he continued, "do not take off that cloak until you feel like it. It's yours. There ain't a

mortgage on it. I bought it for you, child."

And for a second the thought of sporting the sacque on the Rathmines Road and under the noses of the Rathford girls, whose seal-skins, of which they were so proud, were frouzy and showing light brown at the seams, flashed through Emma's brain, to fade out under the presence of the flood of gratitude that surged in gracious tenderness.

An entire week was given to doing New York, and then the party started for Minnesota *via* Niagara, Gerald resolving to return to Gotham after he had seen "a bit of the country."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Stella Matutina; or, a Poet's Quest.

BY EDMUND OF THE HEART OF MARY, C. P.

VI.

AS one, long absent, who is nearing home
But off his road, a voice that points the way,
So heard our poet the kind Church of Rome,
Since first she spoke, thro' all her patient say.
And ever, as he listen'd, grew the ray
Of faith within his mind; till now it seem'd
About to brighten into perfect day:
Only not paled his Morning Star, but beam'd
A larger loveliness—a joy he had not dream'd!

"Give thanks, my son. A precious grace and rare
Hath drawn thee to esteem whate'er is found
In womanhood most God-like chiefly fair.
The mother-love, whose tender ways surround
The child, nor less befittingly abound
When her fails the man—this first compels
Thy homage; and, in sooth, 'tis holy ground:
But need I doubt, for thee, the lily dwells
In maiden bower—for thee, the virginal charm
excels?

"Thy smile assures me. Thou canst follow, then.
If God, all-wise, has form'd not man alone,
But woman—as the Spirit-guided pen
Hath writ—but equally woman, to His own
Image and likeness, and in her is shown,
More than in man, parental love Divine;
Not less thro' virgin woman makes He known—
To eyes of chaster worship, such as thine—
A pearl of greater price the mother must resign.

"Now God Himself, while fruitful, virgin is.
If virgin, then, with mother could unite
In woman, *there* were beauty likest His:

That Womanhood would wear a crown of light,
As 'Queen-ideal' for men and angels' sight.
And know'st thou not, O poet—hast not heard—
There *is* a Virgin Mother. Has the blight
Of fatal error, guiltlessly incur'd,
So dull'd thy finer sense to ev'n the Written
Word?"

"Nay, Mistress: I believe in Christ our Lord,
Born of the Virgin Mary." "Ay, and He?"
"The Son of God." "Or God the Son, adored
As Second of the Consubstantial Three?"
"Yea, verily." "Then, His Mother . . . what is
She?"
"Mother of God?" "'Twould seem so." "Seem,
forsooth!

Is here no place for seeming. But to me
The nebulous half-gospel taught thy youth
Has long familiar been. Now learn the fuller
truth."

Two Schools.

(CONTINUED.)

CLARA VALLEY, MAY 15, 18—.

DEAR AUNT MARY:—I have not, as you somewhat playfully assert, forgotten my Presbyterian forefathers, but I have become acquainted with their Catholic progenitors, at least to some extent. Ever since Christmas time my mind has been tending "Romeward," and if I ever was certain of anything, I feel assured now that the Catholic Church alone holds in her hands the keys of the door which leads to eternal life.

Believe me, no one has persuaded me, no one has talked to me,—no one has even hinted that such an inclination on my part was supposed, suspected, or desired; for I have, or had until a few days before I wrote you, kept my own counsel entirely. What was my surprise when I informed Sister Superior of my resolution, and asked to be instructed and baptized, to hear her firmly and positively refuse me both the one and the other privilege!

"My dear child," she said, "I know you are sincere, I believe you will persevere, for you are by nature thoughtful and serious; but my experience with young girls has been long and varied. Religion with many of them is but a whim; sometimes the so-called conversion is due to association with Catholics, or a liking for our Church ceremonies, or an

attachment to some Sister; and we are always very slow to admit such candidates to instruction. We never do so without the consent of their parents and guardians. If this is withheld, they are obliged to stand the test of patience and absence from the scenes of their first inclinations to Catholicity. If, after leaving school, a young lady remains firm in her resolution to become a Catholic despite the opposition of her parents or relatives, we render her every assistance in our power, after she is of age, either to gratify the wish of her heart or still to wait patiently, as the case may be. So I say to you, as I have said to many another: you are young; pray, wait, pray. God never abandons those who trust in Him, and if the great gift is to be yours, it will come in His own good time."

Does this look like proselytizing, dear aunt? Therefore I must needs be patient and pray. Next year, at home with you once more, I hope not only to become a Catholic myself, but to convince you that it is your duty to accompany me into the Church. Sister Superior has promised, with your permission, to let me have several religious works, such as are suitable for converts or those seeking admission to the Church. The "Catholic Christian Instructed" is an excellent work, to be found on sale at any Catholic bookstore. Do buy and read it. You will be surprised at the information it contains. "Shade of John Knox!" I hear you exclaim, "what has come over the child?" But you will not oppose me, all the same; and no doubt you have already begun to decide mentally which of the two Roman Catholic booksellers in town you will honor with your patronage!

To change the subject, we are having a lovely spring; the wild flowers are blooming everywhere, and our garden is beginning to put on a garb of loveliness. This is the month dedicated by the Catholic Church to the Queen of Heaven, Mary the Mother of God. No season could be more fitly chosen. Every evening after tea we go in procession to the shrine at the end of the long walk in the garden, singing the Litany of Mary; a few prayers are said before the statue, another short hymn is sung, and we return to the playground. Flowers are constantly kept blooming before this altar, and the girls vie

with one another to see who can procure the prettiest bouquets.

We had a May-party yesterday, going to the woods just after dinner and returning about dusk. In the "Virgin Woods," as I have already told you, there is another shrine, and we made our devotions there instead of at the grotto in the garden. We gathered wild flowers, botanized a little, fished some, and amused ourselves in various ways. Sister Superior and six of the others accompanied us, and Sister Eulalia, who is quite a mimic, sang a number of comic songs. I wish you and our Protestant friends could see how light-hearted and happy these devoted women are. They are really childlike in their innocent gaiety, nothing like the conventional nuns of Protestant fiction.

You say that Mrs. Gray has asked you several times if I ever see Estella. I never do. You know we were not intimate at home, and the reputation of the young ladies of Allen Seminary for giddiness is so bad at the convent and in the village, where the Sisters also have a parish school, that I would not dare ask permission to visit her. Do not fail to assure Mrs. Gray that Estella's fears for my reason, because of our "enforced seclusion," are perfectly groundless. I have all the liberty I need or desire. It is true that we seldom go to the village, and never save in the company of one or more of our teachers, but there is nothing to be seen there that could make one wish to go oftener. If Estella is as happy in her school home as I in mine she is contented indeed.

Do not let thoughts of me or my "defection" trouble you, dear auntie. I am always

Your own happy and hopeful little girl,

JULIA.

ALLEN SEMINARY, May 15, 18—.

DEAR MATTIE:—Such a time as we have had,—such a commotion, such a sensation, such a rumpus, such a scene!

It was well done on my part to have seen through M. Krouck quite early in our acquaintance. When I found that he was devoting himself to several of the girls, I at once set him down as a professional flirt, resolving that he should not have me on his list of conquests. Moreover, I soon discovered that his personal habits were not the most refined—

dirty fingernails, and wooden toothpicks constantly in one's mouth, are not in accordance with my preconceived idea of the foreign nobility. I suspect he was masquerading all the time. To be brief, I speedily gave him the cold shoulder. However, it was not given to all to be so discreet. There is a silly creature here—I say silly advisedly, for she seems unable to learn anything. Myra Hamilton, a former schoolmate of hers at the Bonworth Institute, says they always called her "the idiot." I do not think her quite so bad as that, but she is certainly deficient in intellect. She is pretty, an heiress, and an orphan, living with her grandmother in the city, and past eighteen. The silly fellow had an eye to the main chance, as you will soon see. We girls had noticed his attentions to Bella, and joked her about it. She would blush and say something silly, but no one ever thought things had gone so far as was discovered the night before last. Let me describe.

Eleven o'clock Miss Podwinkle is awaked from a sound and refreshing slumber by the noise of a pebble striking against a window. She trembles in her bed, listens—hears a foot-fall, a window raised, then voices, then foot-steps once more, and—silence. Wrapping her dressing-gown about her maidenly form, and encasing her number five feet in number seven felt slippers, she hies her timidly to the front hall, doubtful as to what course she would best pursue. Was it fancy or one of the servants' party to a clandestine meeting, possibly in league with robbers? Should she rouse the principal? Bella's door was ajar! Strange! thought Miss Podwinkle, she generally locks it. She peeped in: window open, bed vacant, two forms espied seeking the shrubbery—Bella, in the pink dress she wore all day—and a man! Full moon, splendid view. Undismayed by the sight, Miss Podwinkle stole softly down the stairs. Front door fast, side door unlocked. She steals forth, follows on tiptoe. Voices in the shrubbery. Once more she listens. Can it be—it is the mellifluous voice of M. Krouck. "My angle!" he exclaims, "fly, fly wiz me—now, dees moment! I haf a car-ri-age outside from ze citee. I haf brought him—fly now wiz me!"—"But I can't!" pleads Bella. "I have no wrap, no hat,—nothing but this pink *chambre* frock. Where will you take me in this

plight?"—"We will married be zis night. I haf a friend, he waits in ze car-ri-age. Come, my angle, come!"

Bella had not calculated on anything more romantic than a moonlight walk. She is not such a fool, after all. "I don't want to marry you, not to-night, anyhow! When I'm married it must be respectably at home in the parlor. So please go. I'm sorry I came out."—"Vat! not lofe me, not marry me? Vat for zen you prome-ees to come out here? You make me loose my seet-u-ation, maybe, all for a fooleesh-ness!" said the noble Hungarian, in an angry tone. Here Miss Podwinkle could withhold her indignation no longer. "Begone, you vile foreigner!" she gasped. "Yes, you will lose your situation, indeed! How dare you come here at this hour, trying to abduct a pupil! Come, my dear, this will prove a sore experience for you."

By this time Bella was crying, and her *preux chevalier* stood not upon the order of his going. Miss Podwinkle declares she heard loud oaths from the region of the carriage, which rapidly rolled away. Bella was sent to bed. Miss Podwinkle again retired, and Monsieur and Madame Allen slept on in serene unconsciousness till morning. Bella was threatened with dismissal *if it ever happened again!* Mr. Allen went post-haste to town, but our Hungarian refugee had taken refuge elsewhere. Peace to his memory!

It has been quite an event for us all, things were becoming very dull. Miss Podwinkle is the heroine of the hour. The Gorgons, male and female, are never weary of impressing the necessity of silence on the subject, "for the credit of the school." Please don't say a word of this to mamma! It would give her a spasm.

Well, have you been a-Maying? I know you have, and no doubt have enjoyed yourself immensely. So with us—but—such dull, stupid Mayings you never saw! No beaux, no flirting, no dancing. All wall-flowers, plucking wild flowers—horrid things, that wither in your hand before you get a chance to put them in water! You ask if I shall return next session. Not I. One term here has been quite enough for

Yours faithfully, ESTELLA.
(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Wonders of the Saints.

IT is not generally known that the blood of S. Lorenzo liquefies in like manner (in greater volume, however,) as that of St. Januarius at Naples. This prodigy has frequently been witnessed at Amaseno, formerly S. Lorenzo, a large village of Latium, near Piperno. Aringhi, in his "Roma Sotterranea,"* informs us that an *ampulla* of glass, inclosed in a magnificent reliquary of silver—the workmanship of Bernini and gift of Cardinal Jerome Colonna,—preserved at Amaseno, contains a certain quantity of the blood of the sainted Levite, mingled with ashes, bits of coal, and a piece of burned skin. "The blood contained in the *ampulla*, suddenly liquefies at First Vespers of the feast, August 9, and, as if the Saint would fain rush anew to martyrdom, it seems striving to issue from the vial."

Aringhi further declares that none knew to which saint to attribute this blood, until the fact that it, yearly, liquefied on the Feast of S. Lorenzo, led all to conclude that it must originally have flowed within his veins. This report coming to the ears of Pope Paul V., he ordered the *ampulla* to be opened, and some drops extracted thence, which he presented to the Borghese Chapel, erected by himself in the Liberian Basilica.

A recent writer states that he witnessed this prodigy for the first time on the 9th of August, 1864. He took in his hands the reliquary, which, being in weight over thirty pounds, he with no small difficulty turned, but the blood remained firmly adherent to the bottom of the *ampulla*. Shortly after the commencement of First Vespers a movement in the dark opaque mass was clearly discernible. Thick incrustations slowly detached themselves, one from the other. At the close of Vespers he again took up the reliquary; the mass moved, but the liquefaction was not complete. Finally, on the day of the feast itself, August 10, he perceived the blood, clear and ruddy as if just issued from the veins, the piece of burned skin floating therein; the sanguineous mass so increased in volume as nearly to fill the *ampulla*, which has no cover,

though enclosed within a larger vial of rock crystal.

A similar phenomenon is verified at Barcelona in regard to St. Pantaleon, physician and martyr, at Nicomedia, in Bithynia, under the Emperor Maximian, A. D. 303. He is honored by physicians as their chief patron, after St. Luke. The little town of Lavello, in the Kingdom of Naples, still preserves in its cathedral church a vial filled with the blood of St. Pantaleon, which is exposed yearly to public veneration on the feast of the Saint, July 27,—which blood, it is stated, also becomes liquid on that day, although the entire remainder of the year it is congealed and dried.

A correspondent of the *London Tablet*, who witnessed the miracle of the liquefaction of the blood of St. Januarius in 1876 under extraordinarily favorable circumstances, writes of it as follows:

"Naturally, being near Naples when the Feast of St. Januarius came round, I made up my mind to go and beg the favor of seeing the Miracle of the Liquefaction from a near distance. So I started from Cava at 5 a. m., by express, and arrived at Naples about 7.45 a. m., and made my way at once to the Cathedral and to the Chapel of the Treasury, as that dedicated to the Saint is called, which I found simply packed with people. I squeezed my way in as near the altar as possible; but I soon found it would be useless to stay there, as I should see nothing, and hear more than enough to give me a headache in a very short time. The old women, who are called, or call themselves, the 'Comari of St. Januarius,' had begun their prayers, and were singing and praying aloud, each one as her own devotion prompted, making an uproar and a noise hardly bearable at times. Their harsh, loud, screaming voices, united with the rough Neapolitan dialect, and the simplicity of their invocations involuntarily makes one smile: it is something so strange for us Englishmen to hear such a clamor, such a babel of tongues in a church, and to hear the Saint addressed in all manner of endearing terms at one moment, and in the next instant with almost a threat. But go near those poor people and look into their faces, and you will not laugh then; for you will see that their whole souls are in their prayers, and earnestness and faith are visible

* Tomo I, p. 149.

in every feature of their sunburnt countenances, whether it be of the younger girls or of the gray-haired, wrinkled old women, who cling to the altar rails and pour out a continual supplication to their Saint, and turn round occasionally to cry out to the people to pray more earnestly for the miracle.

"These old women with their families come into Naples from Pozzuoli every morning during the Octave to be present at the miracle, and to take their place at the altar rails on the Gospel side, which they are allowed to have by traditional rite, and which they take care always to secure.

"Well, leaving the old women to their devotions, I elbowed my way through the dense crowd, and, passing the sentry, was let through the gate into the sacristy. I happened to know the sacristan, a Neapolitan priest, who received me most kindly, and expressed himself only too delighted to allow me to see the miracle, and took me into the inner sacristy, where I found some twenty or thirty more strangers waiting—several French priests, some Poles, Danes, and Germans, a party of Americans, and, of course, some English; there were also two Spanish dons.

"After waiting for some time, one of the canons of the treasury who recognized me, although I did not know him, took me by the hand, to give me, as he said, a good place to see the miracle, and conducted me into the sanctuary; for the outer sacristy was full of strangers, and there was quite a rush when the doors were opened. He placed me on the top step, just in front of where the priest would stand who was to hold the blood of the Saint. So I was literally *kneeling at the feet* of the canon who held in his hand the reliquary; and thus had a better opportunity than any one else present of seeing all that passed, noting every circumstance, and of examining the inside of the reliquary and the two vials which contained the miraculous blood.

"The head of St. Januarius enclosed in a silver-gilt bust, with the reliquary containing his blood, are preserved behind the altar in an iron tabernacle, built into the wall of the church. This tabernacle is fastened with two locks, of one of which the Archbishop holds the key, who sends every morning of the Octave a deputy priest with this key to open

his lock. The key of the other is in the custody of six noblemen of Naples, one of whom is deputed on each day to bring it and open the lock, and to close it when the relics are again shut up.

"The canons of the chapel went in procession, and first brought out the head of the Saint, and placed it on the altar at the Gospel side. Then the priest brought out the reliquary containing the blood, and, holding it in his hands, let us see that it was hard.

"You can not imagine the cries and the almost shrieks and screams of the people that were going on all this time. And when the priest held it up, and cried out, *E duro*,—'It is hard,' there was a cry of '*San Gennaro, nostro protettore, nostro padrone! fate ci il miracolo*'; and they began to weep and wail on all sides in the true Neapolitan style. The old women round the altar rails repeated again the *Pater noster*, *Credo*, and *Gloria Patri*, and then made a profession of faith, the tenor of which was 'their belief in the Most Holy Trinity, in the holy Catholic faith, and in all that the Church commanded; and in San Gennaro, who could work the miracle if he would, and save them from many woes.'

"But for five, ten, fifteen minutes, there was not the slightest sign of any liquefaction taking place. I had the best possible opportunities of examining the reliquary, for the canon held it just before my eyes several times for some seconds, whilst another priest held a lighted taper behind the glass to allow me to see plainly the vials inside. The reliquary is an old-fashioned silver one of an oval shape, surmounted by a silver cross about four or five inches long, by which the priest holds it. Thick glass is let into the sides, so that you see the interior plainly when held up to the light; and it is to show you more clearly the bottles inside that a small lighted taper is held behind. One sees two small *ampulle*, or cruets, the larger one containing about an ounce and a half of some obscure congealed substance of a brownish tint, not unlike to that of clotted blood when it has been exposed a long time to the air. It is quite hard; for the priest reverses the reliquary and not the slightest motion is visible in the dark matter, which fills about two-thirds of the vial.

“The other and smaller vial, not unlike a small smelling-bottle, contains a mere stain of blood, and some little pieces of black sticking to the sides, which have never been known to liquefy; these are supposed to be little pieces of sponge or earth soaked with blood, sticking to the sides of the glass.

“Both bottles appeared to be hermetically sealed. Another thing that caught my attention was, that resting on the outside of each bottle was that peculiar fine, thin dust which collects on objects even closed in cases, showing they must have been left undisturbed for a very long time. These vials appeared also to be resting on what seemed to me to be some wadding, dusty and discolored, and between the top of the reliquary inside and the vials there was another similar piece of dark wool or wadding. The reliquary itself is soldered up on all sides.

“Twenty minutes had passed away, and not the sign of any movement appeared; there was the dark brown substance filling up two thirds of the vial, forming a straight line across it, still immovable. The groans, the cries, and the tears of the people increased, their supplications and petitions became louder, and even the most indifferent of those around seemed to be moved. The priest laid the reliquary down on the altar; and began aloud the Apostles’ Creed, and then an invocation to St. Januarius; after that a prayer, begging that God would allow the miracle for His greater honor and glory, and for the good of His people. He then once again took it in his hand, and showed it to me kneeling on the step, but it was the same as at first, not the slightest change having taken place.

“He had taken it all round, had shown it to the many kneeling there, and had then lifted it up for the people outside to see, when he once more lowered it, and put it before my eyes. I was not certain, but it seemed to me that as he held the reliquary upside down the straight line, which was formed across the bottle, was breaking on one side and that the substance commenced to move slowly. I am sure my excited face and the paleness I felt coming over me must have shown the canon what had happened; for he looked at it and said it had commenced. Yes! there it was, slowly moving down on one side of the bottle,

—a few reddish-brown drops; he held it aloft to the people, and cried: *E squagliato*,—“It is liquefied!”

“The organ immediately commenced the *Te Deum*; the choir and the people taking up the alternate verses, sang it with all their soul in thanksgiving to God that He had allowed once again this miracle. I joined too with all my heart, for I can not express to you the strange feeling which crept over me when the canon again showed me the reliquary. I saw the blood flow inside the larger vial as freely as water:—there only remained a dark globule in the centre which was not liquefied—all the rest in the vial was perfectly liquid. Perhaps this globule also became so. I, however, did not see it again; for when I had kissed the reliquary the canon took it round to the others that they might have a like happiness.

“I was sorry,” the writer concludes, “to be obliged to go away; but I assure you I breathed a fervent prayer of thanks to God for the great favor He had granted me of seeing this wonderful miracle,—of seeing so closely the hard, dry blood liquefy, and even as fresh in the bottle as if spilt yesterday, instead of sixteen hundred years ago.”

The entire region of Naples and its environs is fertile in prodigies of the like nature. St. Januarius was martyred at Pozzuoli, in 305, under Diocletian. The traces of his blood still stain the stone on which he was beheaded. It is asserted that at the very hour whereat begins the liquefaction of the blood in Naples, the traces of the same blood at Pozzuoli become liquid and red.

In the Cathedral of the ancient city of Amalfi, “the Athens of the Middle Ages,” are preserved the precious remains of St. Andrew the Apostle, which were brought from Constantinople, with other relics, by Cardinal Capuano (Pietro de Capua) at the end of the twelfth century. On all the feasts of the Apostle the sainted sepulchre distils in drops an oily substance, similar to that which was known to have exuded from his body at Patras, the scene of his crucifixion (November 30, A. D. 62), under the Emperor Nero. St. Gregory of Tours, in his “Glory of Martyrs,” relates that yearly, on the day of his death, a liquor exuded from his tomb which, according as the quantity was more or less abundant, indicated the fertility or

sterility of the following year. He adds that it yielded so agreeable an odor that it might have been taken for nectar, or a compound of the most delicious perfumes; whilst the sick, who drank of it, or bathed their bodies therewith, recovered perfect health. This odoriferous miraculous oil, known as the "Manna of St. Andrew," is still prized for its healing qualities by the devout Amalfesi. It was commemorated by Tasso:

"Vide in sembianza placida e tranquilla,
Il Divo, che di Manna Amalfi instilla."*

The erudite Benedictine, Dom Piolin, in his "History of the Church of Mans," tells us that a miraculous oil, the use of which restored health to the sick, exuded from the tomb of St. Aldericus, Bishop of that See from 832 to 856. The Church of Mans celebrates his feast January 4, though he is generally honored on the day of his death, January 7.

At the translation to the Church of Our Lady, in Buda Pesth, of the relics of St. Stephen, first King and apostle of the Hungarians, on the 28th of August, 1083, forty-five years after the death of that holy monarch, his remains were found, as it were, floating in a species of balm-like liquid which emitted an unearthly perfume. Those present sought to absorb it with sponges, which they intended later to utilize for the relief of the sick; but the more they drew off the more the tomb filled with the like liquid, which prodigy led them to restore what they had removed; when, by a still more astounding miracle, the sarcophagus, already full to overflowing, received all the former liquid without running over. Amongst the distinguished personages healed at that time was the great Countess Matilda, reduced to the last extremity by an illness of fifteen years duration; her attendants conveyed her to the tomb of the sainted King, where she instantly recovered her health.

In the Lives of the Fathers of the Eastern Deserts we read that from the tomb of St. Dalmatius, to whom the Greek Menology gives the glorious title of "Advocate of the Council of Ephesus," by reason of his zeal against the heresy of Nestorius, flowed, from time to time, a liquor which brought healing to the sick, who in a spirit of faith anointed their bodies therewith.

THE "AVE MARIA" of September 18, 1886, Vol. XXIII, No. 12, in an article bearing the title, "An Annual Miracle in a Village of the Apennines," gives several interesting examples of this marvellous "manna," or sweat, exuding from the bones, the tombs, or merely the slab or stones, which have sustained the weight of the remains of sainted servants of God. These remarkable manifestations of extraordinary power with the Most High are not unfrequently continued even to our own day, as in the case of St. Walburga, Abbess of Heidenheim. Her attributes in art are oil flasks, oil exuding from a sepulchre, or she is represented holding a tiny vial, such as all pilgrims bear away from her shrine.

Truly may we exclaim with the Royal Psalmist, "*Mirabilis Deus in sanctis suis!*"

"E."

A Practical Way of Honoring the Blessed Sacrament.

IN European Catholic congresses the means of preserving the wine and bread intended for the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass against adulteration, so common in all alimentary substances, have been often discussed. For long centuries past bequests have been made of fields for the cultivation of wheat specially intended for the making of altar hosts,—"*Ad hostias faciendas ad Corpus Domini.*" An unpublished document of the thirteenth century, preserved at Ligeois, in the Diocese of Limoges (France), bears the following lines:

"Last will and testament of Amelius de Carreiras: I desire, for the sake of public edification, that all should know that I, Amelius de Carreiras, being converted—as likewise my wife Almonda, and my three sons, Doitraime, Albert, and Adhémar,—give for the salvation of my own soul, for the repose of the souls of my father and mother, and for those of my deceased relatives,—give to the Lord our God, to St. Peter, Apostle, and patron of the monastery of Ligeois, first, a portion of the ground of my estate of Alchèse, situated above the castle of Comborn, with quit rent and annual income; second, I give three *setiers* of wheat of my land of Mambroze to the church of Autjac, according to the measures used in said church, to be given for the feast of Our

* "Ger. Conq.," ii, 82.

Lady in September, for the making of the hosts for the Body of the Lord,—‘*Ad hostias faciendas ad Corpus Domini.*’” Then follow other donations for oil and wine. The document is signed by all the family, and confirmed by Reynold de Roffignac, magistrate. This is only one example of what was then a general practice.

It is a pleasure to be able to give a like instance of piety in our own day at Montreal (Gers, France). A lady of fortune—and, what is far better, a humble and fervent Christian,—Madame Tardit, devoted her whole life to the Adorable Eucharist; during twenty years, she selected, grain by grain, the wheat also the grapes that grew upon her own land; during twenty years, she kneaded the flour, like the holy Queen, St. Radegundes; and like St. Wenceslaus, she pressed the grapes, never leaving the care of such holy things to any of her numerous domestics. When she prayed in the oratory of her castle, which was at a distance of two miles from the church, she always had her face turned toward the Blessed Sacrament.

Before her death Madame Cardit begged her children never to neglect to furnish the bread and wine for the Divine Sacrifice in the church of Montreal. She departed this life happy in the thought that this devotion was firmly implanted in their minds, and that it would draw down on them the blessing of the Almighty from generation to generation. This pious lady taught her children to employ their time in this holy work, instead of wasting it in useless visits. The grains of wheat and the grapes are still selected, and made into bread and wine with the same pious care, while the hearts of those devoted to this labor of love are lifted to Heaven in prayer.

This Christian family reminds us of the monks of old, of whom Dom Martène tells us, that they sorted the wheat on a table, washed it, and put it to dry on a white cloth in the sun; the monk who ground the wheat wore an alb; the flour was then placed on a polished table, reserved for this use alone. The priests and deacons of the monastery meantime recite the Seven Penitential Psalms and the Litany of Saints. The lay Brothers assisting in the pious work wore white gloves. The hosts, after being reverently cut into the pre-

scribed shape, were gathered on a tray covered with immaculate linen.

This is what Holy Scripture calls employing oneself about holy things. It is a custom in many schools in France for children to count their daily voluntary privations with grains of wheat; and these grains, ground, kneaded and baked by themselves, are transformed into the sacred Bread of the Altar, which they receive in Holy Communion. They receive thus, with the Body of the Lord, the fruit of their own labor. A double blessing, which extends through their future lives.

There is a tradition at Jerusalem which assures us that our Blessed Lady made herself, every morning, the bread that St. John afterward consecrated in the Holy Sacrifice.

The Work of the Passionists in South America.

A CHANCE FOR THE CHARITABLE.

THE well-known Passionist Fathers Fidelis of the Cross and Edmund of the Heart of Mary have come to the United States to solicit aid for their mission in South America. An outline of the history of this mission will be interesting to the readers of THE “AVE MARIA.”

It is not generally known that there exists in the Argentine Republic—in that portion of it called the shores of the River Plate—a colony of Catholics of Irish birth or descent, to the number of about forty thousand.

Ten years ago a request was sent from some of the leading members of this colony to the General of the Passionists in Rome, for a house of English-speaking Fathers of that Order. In response to this petition, a Passionist from the United States was sent to Buenos Ayres to see if the proposed foundation was feasible. He reported favorably of the project; and, accordingly, Father Fidelis, then in Rome, was commissioned by the General to undertake it. Together with one companion—Father Clement, an Irish-American—he labored for the first year in the face of great discouragement. The chief difficulty lay in the fact that the ecclesiastical authorities did not understand these American priests with their

business-like method of work. But after a year the cloud cleared off, and the Fathers were free to make a decisive attempt.

Now this attempt would have had to be abandoned but for the zeal and generosity of the Irish girls—God bless them!—living at service in Buenos Ayres. These noble-hearted women, to the number of two hundred and fifty, drew up a petition to some of the principal merchants of the city—Catholics and of Irish origin—begging them to help the Fathers buy a piece of land and build a house and church. They bound themselves to devote a certain sum out of their earnings yearly for the support of the foundation; and this promise has been faithfully kept.

The movement met with success. A sufficient sum was soon subscribed to enable the Fathers to purchase a suitable piece of property, and to build a neat chapel with a small house attached to it. And so the foundation was made. But scarcely had it been accomplished when the amiable Father Clement, whose memory is in benediction there, succumbed to sheer exhaustion, and left Father Fidelis alone.

However, in the course of a year, two Fathers and a Brother from the American Province joined Father Fidelis, followed within a second twelvemonth by Fathers Edmund and John Joseph with another Brother from the same Province, and by two Irish Fathers from the Anglo-Hibernian Province. Other religious came at a more recent date from the English Province of the Order, with one more from the United States, one from Italy, and one from Spain. At present the Passionist Mission in South America counts twelve Fathers and four Brothers. Moreover, two other foundations have been made in the Argentine Republic, and a fourth is in process of formation near the port of Valparaiso, Chili.

Now, it is for this last foundation that Fathers Fidelis and Edmund are here soliciting alms. The English-speaking Catholics in Chili are comparatively few and poor at present. (We say at present, because it is probable there will be a large influx of them when the Transandine railway, now in course of construction, shall be finished—a line connecting Valparaiso with Buenos Ayres.) But they are numerous enough, as it is, to need

a church of their own—a church where they can hear English sermons.

This want, then, the Passionist Fathers hope to supply. After collecting, at great cost of time and trouble, means enough to put up a small convent on a piece of ground generously given them, they found themselves without further resource for the erection of the *church*. They could not turn again to their English-speaking brethren, nor yet to the native Catholics—the charity of the latter being constantly taxed for good works among their own people. But one course seemed open to them: to come back to the free and prosperous Church of the United States, and endeavor to interest her clergy and people in their behalf.

Their field in Chili is by no means confined to English-speaking Catholics: for many non-Catholics there are waiting to hear their sermons, and not a few conversions may be hoped for. While, lastly, such is the scarcity of priests in Chili at present, that the native population also—especially the working classes of the rural districts—will benefit greatly by their missions.

In a word, this Passionist foundation in Chili is one of very great importance. To abandon it would be lamentable. The Fathers believe themselves sent to Chili, no less than to the Argentine Republic, at a critical time and for a special work. There is a bright *material* future before both countries; but the outlook for religion is gloomy—unless the foundation of which we speak is supported and others made.

The Governments of both lands are hostile to the Church; and the withdrawal of State support is imminent. Protestant "missionaries" from the United States are not only allowed but encouraged to attack and vilify the faith, and abundant money comes to *them* for the perversion of the poor and the ignorant. Ought not, then, the favored Catholics of the freest Church in the world to do something for the cause of truth in a country where their misguided fellow-citizens are doing so much in the cause of error? The Protestant emissaries profess to represent *American Christianity*; doing all in their power to confirm the Chilians in the notion that the United States are so great and prosperous *because Protestant*. Is it not high time that our Chilian fellow-

Catholics learn the true side of American Christianity, and imbibe the spirit of manly independence which will fit them to do without State support and to make their vote a power to be reckoned with?

Once more: These Fathers have placed their new foundation under the protection of St. Joseph, who is one of the patrons of their Order. The first stone of the convent was laid on the 19th of March last year. And when the church shall be ready, it will be the first in that part of Chili (perhaps, indeed, the first in the whole country) dedicated to the glorious patron of the Universal Church.

Our Blessed Lady, too, has shown them that she has a particular interest in the work. For the first Mass they said on Chilian shore, as they were journeying toward Valparaiso, was the Mass of "Our Lady of the Snow" (August 5th)—the feast of a miraculous *foundation*: and again, the offer of a piece of land was made them on the Feast of the Expectation (December 18th); while the final donation came on the Feast of the Purification—two feasts in which St. Joseph may be said to have a special share.

It is, then, with the more confidence that the Fathers make their appeal for help, since they plead in the name of Our Blessed Lady and in that of her Spouse St. Joseph. The readers of THE "AVE MARIA," we are sure, will generously respond.

Notes and Remarks.

M. de Pressensé, the French Protestant Senator, writes an article in Harper's *Magazine* on "The Condition of Religion in France." He condemns the radical policy of the present Government in regard to the hospitals and education. But, inconsistently enough, lauds the claims of the Gallican church, and writes of Père Hyacinthe as a hero. He gently sneers at Lourdes too. This is especially unworthy of a man like De Pressensé. He ought to know of a fact which is common property in France,—that three hundred physicians have attested the cures at Lourdes. Thirty years ago the celebrated Dr. Vergez, of Montpellier, declared himself assured of the reality of the cures, and of the impossibility of explaining them on any scientific ground. He has been followed in this opinion by the most eminent men in France. Dr. Buchanan, a professor of the Uni-

versity of Glasgow, has recently visited Lourdes. He declares that he is unable to explain the curing of caries, ulcers, etc. Nervous diseases might be cured through the confidence of the patient. Dr. Constantin James, another celebrated physician, who visited Lourdes, as well as all the other health springs of Europe, asserts that he has seen maladies cured at Lourdes which he regarded as beyond the resources of nature and art. M. de Pressensé should be abreast of the age. It is bigotry to deny a miracle because one is prejudiced against it.

The fact that the German people owe to Irish missionaries their conversion to the true faith seems to be better realized in the "Fatherland" than elsewhere. About a month ago the whole of Franconia united in celebrating with great solemnity the 1200th anniversary of the great Apostle of the Franks, the "Scottish" (that is, Irish) St. Kilian. Columban and Gallus preached the faith to the Alemanni, and Kilian and his companions, Coloman (or Colonat), the priest, and Donatus (or Totnan), the deacon, evangelized the East Franks, arriving about the year 650 at "the Castle of Wirzburch in the Austrasian Kingdom," as the chroniclers tell, at the court of a duke, Gozbert, whom they converted. This spot became eventually the centre whence flowed the civilization and the faith of all Franconia. The whole valley of the Rhone and that of Neckow bear traces of the missionary activity of the great Irish missionary, whose name still lingers in Bischofsheim, Kilmaunskopf, Kilianskopf, Kilianshof, Kiliansstein, Nilkhein, and in many other places. The love and veneration for this Keltic apostle is still keen and lively in the hearts of the people of Frankland.

Father Barry's glowing paper in the *Nineteenth Century*, entitled "Wanted—a Gospel for the Century," has attracted the attention of thoughtful persons everywhere. It is a solution of the social problem, and enables one to read his powerful story, "The New Antigone," in a new light. The following is a characteristic passage:

"Take only one article of the 'Credo of Redemption,' divine poverty—detachment of the individual from riches, use of them for the community, for the brotherhood, simplicity of private life, and the enjoyment of the most beautiful things in common. That, and as much more, we should see if we were not blind as buzzards in the New Testament to which we listen, languidly or not at all, in church on Sunday. What right has a believer in Christ to live luxuriously while his brethren are starving on an unjust wage? But he pleads the interests of art and civilization, which he falsely, not to say criminally, pretends that his self-indulgence subserves. Let him then, I say, in the name of Christ, take art and civilization to

the savages, who are waiting for such a renaissance all over the land. Let him harmonize and socialize his riches, and then the next time he hears in church that Gospel of the Beatitudes he will understand what it means, and not be ashamed or dismayed. The Sermon on the Mount was not preached in a monastery; it was addressed to mankind. It does not condemn civilization, which has grown more perfect chiefly by laying to heart some of its precepts. But it does most unequivocally condemn an exclusive society, the doors of which open but to golden keys, while the multitude of God's children are toiling in hunger and cold outside for their masters."

The new Sorbonne was formally inaugurated on the 5th ult., but the plan of reconstruction is by no mean completed. It comprises the demolition of the old Sorbonne, excepting, presumably, the chapel, which contains the tomb of Richelieu. The Sorbonne, which took its name from its priestly founder, Robert of Sorbon, the village in which he was born, was the most renowned and most cosmopolitan university of the Middle Ages. The Angelic Doctor held the chair of theology there for some years, and the names of such illustrious men as Blessed Thomas More and Dante adorn its registers.

The *Catholic News* makes a reply well worth quoting to a certain Mr. Galton, who has been asserting that Catholic missionaries have done nothing for science. Mr. Galton thinks the absence of great missionary collections substantiates his assertion. Dr. Shea observes:

"The suppression of the Jesuits in France and Spain in 1763, and in Italy, Germany, etc., 1773, the destruction of religious houses in 1793, scattered these collections to the winds. But there is evidence enough of the contributions of missionaries to science without leaving North America. New England, in colonial days, had its ministers, its Harvard, Yale, and Dartmouth. Now what work on the geology, botany, mineralogy, natural history, climatology, of New England did New England ever produce? With all its pretended enlightenment, New England was a foe to science and produced nothing. Canada has her missionaries and her convents. She, by her contributions, produced three works on botany. Sarrazin studied the medical properties of the plant that bears his name, the Sarraconia, and described it; the missionary Lafitan discovered in New York and described a plant which he identified with the ginseng of China, and enabled France to create a profitable trade. The first accounts of salt-springs, oil springs, native copper, and tides of the upper lakes, the first study of climate, and the most extended studies of American linguistics, are found in the writings of early Catholic missionaries."

Cardinal Massaia never accepted the grand cordon of the Crown of Italy, which was offered to him by the Italian Government. But there was

no bitterness in his refusal. He thus described the visit of those sent to confer the order: "We chatted about Africa and other things, and I left the *gran cordone* on the sofa. I told their excellencies that the lowness of my state prevented me from accepting it. I added, in a jesting tone, that I would not take anything from a Government that had treated my college so badly."

We direct the attention of all our readers to the article on another page explaining the work of the Passionist Fathers in South America. They are greatly in need of help to support their first foundation in Chili, and it is to be hoped that the appeal which two of their number are now making to the Catholics of our country for this purpose will be so generously responded to as to enable them to undertake others. The two Fathers of the South American mission now in the United States, Fathers Fidelis of the Cross and Edmund of the Heart of Mary, are well known to the readers of THE "AVE MARIA," and none will be more deeply interested in the account of their labors or more generous in responding to their appeal. As the stay of the good Fathers amongst us is limited, they will be enabled to visit only a few of the places where they have friends and well-wishers. Contributions may therefore be sent to our care, and will be duly acknowledged in this column.

The editor of the *Messenger of the Sacred Heart*, in the course of a thoughtful article on Catholic Literature in America, makes a remark which we wish could be read by every Catholic in the United States:

"The mere tradition that the Church is right, no matter who says she is wrong, a lecture heard occasionally, and the weekly skimming over a Catholic newspaper—all this ill balances the heavy weight of non-Catholic opinion daily taken in from newspapers and magazines and the popular books of the day. The ideas which thus enter the mind may not be explicitly anti-Catholic, but they are at best purely natural, unpractical for the Christian life here and regardless of the life to come, belonging to the 'animal man who perceiveth not the things that are of the Spirit.' Where these ideas are the only mental food, it is only a question of time when Catholic public opinion shall cease to exist."

Catholic public opinion ought to be cultivated by every means in our power, and the press is surely not the least of these. Many who recognize it as a power for evil, seem not to realize that it is also a power for good.

The bishopric of Passau is the oldest in Germany, and dates from the third century after Our Lord.

New Publications.

[Second Notice.]

A SHORT CUT TO THE TRUE CHURCH; OR, THE Fact and the Word. By the Rev. Father Edmund Hill, C. P. Notre Dame, Indiana: Office of THE "AVE MARIA."

Father Hill has suffered, it is evident from this little book,—probably the most compact and comprehensive ever written on the subject so dear to his heart. But out of this suffering has sprung a power of insight into the difficulties of others, and a means of smoothing them, which make this little volume unique and precious. "I write," says Father Hill, "for all who believe with me in the Divinity of Christ and the inspiration of the Four Gospels, but are not in the community of Rome." He asks that his readers shall be in earnest. He invites them to use their common sense and their "private judgment—not that of parents, pastors, or masters." Father Hill must have well considered the popular state of mind before he decided to strike this note. It is the true note for our time. To quote Cardinal Gibbons, "What is the use of arguing about Transubstantiation with men who reject the Incarnation?" Father Hill, therefore, addresses himself to those who have acquired the rudiments of the Christian religion. His method of argumentation is one that might be imitated by other controversialists, whose egotism and verbosity, whose impatient disregard of the prejudices of the opposite party, only cause irritation.

Father Hill's little book is the result of deep thought, keen mental suffering, and broad charity. It is as clear-cut as a new arrow. Put into the hands of Christian non-Catholics, it must destroy hallucinations and prejudices; it is a mental *germicide*. It can be read from beginning to end in an hour or two, and, what is better, fully understood. This book—not a book *like* this—has long been needed. It is a straightforward explanation of the truths of faith, and an exposition of the facts of faith. It needs no casuist to interpret it; it has been written with such hard thought and labor that it is the easiest possible book to read.

SANT' ILARIO. By F. Marion Crawford, author of 'Marzio's Crucifix,' "Saracinesca," etc. New York and London: Macmillan & Co.

Mr. Crawford's "Saracinesca" attained a deserved success. It had certain qualities which only the greatest writers possess. It was a study of Roman life, such as no other author had even attempted. Mr. Crawford had the courage not to play to the galleries, and he gave us a contrast of the Rome of Pius IX. with the Rome of to-day,

which has all that is best in Macaulay's famous passages without Macaulay's artificiality. The characters we met in "Saracinesca" again appear in "Sant' Ilario." The book takes its name from the younger Saracinesca, who has adopted one of the titles which belong to his wife.

The women in Mr. Crawford's novels are generally of the highest type—pure, high-spirited, womanly, and well-bred. Corona, the heroine of both "Saracinesca" and "Sant' Ilario," is one of the most admirable of them all. She is incapable of distrusting her husband; when he, after all the evidences of her high qualities he has had, distrusts her, he becomes almost brutal in the eyes of the reader,—so skilfully has Mr. Crawford made her character appreciated. The scene between Faustina and her father is appalling,—so appalling that Mr. Crawford seems for a moment to have stepped beyond the bounds of true art in depicting a father and daughter hating each other for a moment. The Cardinal, like all Mr. Crawford's high ecclesiastics, is done in such a way that one seems to hear him speak. Mr. Crawford shows us Rome just before the breach of the Porta Pia, and we are grateful that he shows it as it was,—not as Garibaldi and Crispi would have us believe it was. He almost promises us a third novel which shall show Rome as it is—Rome despoiled in the name of atheism and "progress."

OLD CATHOLIC MARYLAND AND ITS EARLY JESUIT MISSIONARIES. By the Rev. William P. Treacy.

In the preparation of this work the author has diligently examined many old records and manuscripts, and has presented a new and brilliant addition to the history of Christian missions in the United States. And certainly the early apostles of Maryland deserve that their names and their deeds should be recorded with undying fame. Their apostolate was thrice blessed, and even non-Catholic writers speak loudly in their praise. "Before the year 1649," says a Protestant historian, "they labored with their lay-assistants in various fields; and around their lives will ever glow a bright and glorious remembrance. Their pathway was through the desert, and their first chapel the wigwam of an Indian. They came to St. Mary's with the original emigrants; they assisted, by pious rites, in laying the corner-stone of a state; they kindled the torch of civilization in the wilderness; they gave consolation to the grief-stricken pilgrim; they taught the religion of Christ to the simple sons of the forest. The history of Maryland presents no better, no purer, no more sublime lesson than the story of the toils, sacrifices and successes of her early missionaries."

The work is published by the author at Swedesboro, New Jersey.



The Nativity of Our Lady.

BY THE RT. REV. BISHOP BAGSHAWE.

INFANT Mary! lovely flower!
 Blooming on a royal stem,
 Springing from the root of David,
 King of great Jerusalem;
 Thou, amidst the thorns and briars,
 Choking earth's unfruitful plain,
 Springest up, a graceful lily,
 White and pure without a stain.

Lovely baby! New-born maiden!
 Men and angels' gentle Queen,
 Heavenly grace and God-like beauty
 In thine infant form are seen.
 Yet, O daughter of the Father!
 All thy glory is within;
 And thy spirit's matchless splendor
 God Himself from heaven shall win.

God the Holy Ghost already
 Makes thy soul His temple bright;
 And the fulness of His presence
 Bathes it in celestial light.
 Wrapt in speechless adoration,
 Thou before His face dost lie,
 And the love of all the seraphs
 With thy worship can not vie.

Humblest of all humble creatures,
 Full of grace and full of love!
 God the Son will soon be with thee,—
 God descended from above.
 Thou, among all women blessed,
 Causest all the joys of earth,
 And all heaven in jubilation
 Celebrates thy joyful birth.

Holy Mary! loveliest infant!
 Thou art our dear mistress too;
 Teach our cold, ungracious spirits
 How to pay thee homage due.
 More than mistress!—sweetest Mother!
 Oh, forget not we are thine;
 Make us love thy dearest Jesus,
 Lead us to His Heart Divine!

WHAT companion can be compared to a good book?—*The Spanish.*

The José-Maria.

BY E. L. DORSEY.

XII.

The first impulse and desire of the officers was, of course, to get rid of the guests; but the captain realized the wisdom of detaining them until it would be too late for them to spread the news of the find that night at least. So he sent for the steward and told him to spread as pretty a lunch as he could get up at short notice, and to serve the courses as slowly as possible, then to hunt up a fiddler among the men for a little dance afterward.

The ports were all opened and a ventilator rigged, so as to clear away the fumes of the nitric acid, and then lunch was served.

As soon as they were seated the captain said:

"Ladies and gentlemen, I take great pleasure in announcing to you that we have brought up a valuable bit of the *José-Maria's* treasure. Here it is—an ingot of silver, molded roughly into the semblance of a woman with veiled head and flowing draperies; and here is a copy of the old invoice that the English captain mailed the day he was drowned, which identifies it as one of the '100 silver virgins' forming part of the galleon's cargo. Examine them at your leisure—there's no hurry in the world; but permit me to leave you in charge of Lieutenant Bayne, for I have despatches to send and orders to give."

The statuette was handed down one side of the table and the paper down the other; at the foot they "swung corners," crossed over, and came back on opposite sides—quite as if they had been doing a figure in a quadrille—under a heavy cross-fire of questions, exclamations and congratulations.

Once on deck the captain called Hendershott aft and conferred for a few minutes, jotted down several items, and said, shaking hands with him warmly,

"It's a good day's work for you, Hendershott. You know the bargain was twenty thousand dollars the moment you touched the treasure—"

"The boy must git his share of it," broke in the diver, anxiously.

"That rests with you entirely; for you em-

ployed him, and a man may do what he will with his own. You'll go down at slack-water of course? It's a pity he can't be with you until these—five, you say? Do you want all five of these men telegraphed for?"

"Aye, aye, sir! an' even then the wreck'll be a handful. See them mare's tails* a whiskin' over yonder? Well, that means a blow's a-brewin,' an' you want to clar out the hull afore she gits here."

"Why? She won't be apt to go to pieces, and her copper cradle ought to hold things snug. You see, I am only authorized to employ such outside help as is actually necessary."

"She'll hold fast 'nough in that stiff clay, but the copperin' ain't a-goin' to keep the sea out a-top wheer the boy bust through; an' fust, you know, if a Nor'-easter comes snorin' along here, a current'll set up that'll scoop her same as a big hand would! 'Sides that, the silt'll be runnin' in an' fillin' her up."

"You're right," answered the captain, scratching away vigorously with his pencil for a few minutes, and then handing him a handful of telegrams. "Take the dinky and go ashore with these, will you? See them sent yourself, and bring back the duplicate blanks. And I say, Hendershott, come off as soon as you can; for you've made me feel as if there's a ship-load of pirates alongside, stealing the treasure under my very nose."

So Dick and the diver tumbled into the dinky and pulled ashore right enough, but for the former landing was quite another question. His foot was swollen to the size of a cantaloupe, and striped with great bruises, while the partial dislocation made walking an impossibility.

"Better hev a lift, Dick," said Hendershott.

"Don't see e'er a wagon handy, sir."

"Lemme git one. I'll stand treat."

"No, sir," said Dick; "I guess I bain't as beat as that."

"All right," said Hendershott. "I ain't proud, *you* kin git th' turn-out!"

Dick smiled pretty successfully for a fellow in such pain.

"What you a-grinnin' at?" growled the diver. "Young fellows with bank accounts ought to be willin' to give an' take."

* Long, plume-like clouds that float up in advance of a storm.

"Right you are, sir," said Dick; "an' ef I was one of 'em you should have a coach-an'-four, wi'—"

"You *be*," interrupted Hendershott, gruffly. "What you mean, sir?" (in blank astonishment.)

"Why, you've got five thousand dollars o' your own!"

"Land, Cap'n, I ain't got five cents!"

"S'pose I don't know how to tell the truth?" (with every appearance of indignation.)

"Course I don't s'pose any such a thing!" answered Dick quickly, thinking in *his* turn that Hendershott had lost *his* head.

"Then don't conterdict, but draw on your 'count."

"Wheer is it, Cap'n?" asked Dick.

"In the bank at Philadelph'y."

"Wheer did it come fum?" (thinking to humor his fancy.)

"Fum the Comp'ny, for findin' the *Hosy-Mari's* treasure."

"Sho' now, Cap'n!" said Dick; "thet's all yours."

"Tain't!"

"Why, *I* didn't do nothin'—"

"Cept find it."

"But, Cap'n—"

"Young Dick, shut up! Ef you hadn't gone down to save my skeered old carcass a shiver an' my rep'tation a ruinin' it wouldn't a-ben found at all."

"But, Cap'n, I done it for you, free and willin'."

"S'pose I don't know that? Now belay your chin-music, an' don't quarrel wi' your luck."

"Five thou-sand dol-lars!" said Dick, softly to himself. "That's a mortal lot o'money!"

"Not too much for what's wantin' at home just now," broke in Hendershott.

"Cap'n, it is, an' it 'ud be downright wicked. I can't do it. Make it three thousand, if you will, an' I'll thank you on my knees; fur that'll square up the world for Uncle Judkins, an' marm an' the Sand-Pipers; an' that's all it's needsome to think 'bout."

"Young Dick, I wouldn't ableeved you'd make such a nat'ral born idjit o' yourself—an' you ownin' a chronom'ter o' your own, an' able to take the sun wi' the best, too! Whar's your start money comin' from, when you

want to foot a deck o' your own some day? Whar's—"

"Cap'n, you're—you're—" then he stopped, waving his hand with a large comprehensive sweep not at all inappropriate. "I'm took flat aback wi' all sail set! I ain't got any words that'll—"

"Ef you say another one I'll fetch you a crack over the head wi' these here rowlocks that'll non-compass* you sure. Then I'll app'int myself guardeen an' settle th' estate. You see this here law talk's ben so improvin' I know just what to do." Then he chuckled hilariously as he poked Dick in the ribs and asked:

"What you s'pose that land shark'll say when he sees you a-shovellin' out the dollars? He'd better be a-huntin' up a hole small enough to fit him, an' when he's found it crawl into it quick; fur if I catch up wi' him I'll frazzle him to oakum!" (This last with a growl like an angry old sea-lion.)

Just then one of Marshall's daytons drove by, and Hendershott hailed the driver, explaining Dick's hurt and bundling him in with a strong hand. Then he hurried to the telegraph office, and from there to the house, where between them they told their exciting story.

Jonas said nothing at first, but he gripped a hand of the boy he had raised and of the friend he had grown to through years of blow and shine, holding them in his own sound one; and as he looked at first one and then the other, with a gaze as deep as his emotion, these words shaped themselves slowly into sentences:

"Dick, you're bread on the waters. Jack, the pole-star ain't no truer'n you be. Here I ben a-mutineerin' ever sence th' Lord put me in th' brig,† an' clapped His irons onto my leg and arm. I ben a-callin' it all onjust trouble, an' seein' nothin' but the blackness an' the deadness of it, when I'd ought to ben hangin' hard to th' weather brace an' trustin' to His steerin'. An' just when 'twas 'breakers ahead an' th' wind dead astarn,' along comes God for us all, same as when He was back yander in Galilee 'a-layin' the winds and waves fur them others o' little faith."

And Dick said: "Aye, aye, sir!" very re-

spectfully; and Hendershott, with vague memories of the few times he'd been beguiled to "chapel," gave a deep-throated "Amen." And then they shook hands, and were about settling down when in dashed the Sand-Pipers.

A few words gave them the gist of the news, and then Ginevra Mary showed her metal. With a shrill "Hooray!" she pounced on her open-mouthed twin, and, shaking her vigorously, said:

"There, Ginnie Barlow! What'd I tell you? *She's a-beginnin'!*"

Then she flung her arms around Jonas' neck, crying triumphantly:

"What you think o' my Lady now, uncle? Ain't she a bird, an' a darlin' an' a dear? She'll be helpin' *you* next, I guess."

And she laid her fresh, rosy cheek against his grizzled brown one and kissed him explosively. Then she charged at her mother, who appeared in the doorway, hugging her like a young grizzly, and bearing her down into the nearest chair by her impetuosity.

"Just you wait, lovey! I'm prayin' tigh'ts ever I can, an' so's Ginnie—on'y hers is fits-an'-starts,—fur somethin' you want awful bad. *She* knows, an' I'm most sure she's a-goin' to help us!"

The light of faith shone so clear and strong in her eyes and her tone was so assured that Idella's wandering attention was arrested; she made a puzzled effort to understand, but after a few minutes she smiled gently, and, patting the hot little shoulder that heaved and panted on her breast, said:

"Theer, theer, mother's baby! Don't take on so; daddy'll come soon, an' then ev'y-thing'll be smooth sailin'."

"Won't it, though?" was the fervent answer. Then: "Come 'long, Ginnie!"

And out they both darted toward the Dune, their flaxen pigtails whisking "seven ways for Sunday," with the speed of their flight. In an incredibly short time they were at the cottage, puffing and panting out their thanks to Our Lady before her picture.

Mary Ginevra's included a very sincere apology:

"Scuse me, my Lady, for not bein' as set as Mollie! But she is so brash an' perky 'casionally that I *hev* to go contrary, else she'd ride all over me. I don't mind," she added

* He was trying for non plus, I suppose.

† The ship's prison, the place of close confinement.

hastily, "fur I'm downright fond of her; but I git perniciously sometimes myself—I won't be again though—'bout daddy's comin' home. She shall hev her own way right 'long now as fur as that goes; an', hopin' you *will* 'scuse me, I'll plump my prayers in wi' hers. Could you bring him 'long soon? Fur, O my Lady! waitin' fur what you don't feel sure o' gettin' is hard and lonesome work!"

And a whole college of cardinals could not have gainsaid that last or put it more neatly.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Angelus at Rome.

Among the many striking impressions which a visit to the Eternal City produces upon the religious mind there is one peculiarly beautiful and enduring, it is that caused by the bells of Rome as they ring out the evening Angelus, or *Ave Maria*, as the Italians love to call this sweet prayer to the Queen of Heaven.

Every day the sound of a cannon, fired from the Castle of St. Angelo, announces the hour of noon. At this signal the bells of the city peal forth, inviting, as it were, all the people to suspend their ordinary avocations for a few moments, and, forgetting the things of earth, direct their thoughts to Heaven, and invoke the intercession of her who is the help, the consolation, the safeguard of Christians. But especially beautiful is the sound of these bells at the evening Angelus, which is always recited at sunset. It will be readily seen that this time varies according to the different seasons of the year.

When the *Ave Maria* sounds, all labor ceases, the streets are deserted, students return to their colleges, monks to their convents, the monasteries are closed, and no one can gain admittance under any pretext.

The *Ave Maria* is thus the most solemn time of the day at Rome; it is also the most impressive. There are three hundred and seventy churches in the city, and the sound of their numerous bells, forming a grand harmonious concert of praise to the Queen of Heaven and earth, is of all music the most pleasing to the ear, and the sweetest, most touching to the heart of the devout listener. But this concert of harmonious voices, ever beautiful, receives

additional beauty and grandeur when heard from the magnificent promenade of the Pincio, or from the Forum, or from the Appian Way.

When heard from the Pincio the effect is grand and sublime, for the sounds that predominate are those of the bells of St. Peter's and the largest churches of Rome. From the Forum the impression is more calm and soothing, and leads naturally to recollection and meditation; for there one finds oneself in the midst of the ruins of ancient Rome—and the sound of a bell, when heard amid ruins; saddens and depresses the heart. One seated on the side of the Capitoline Hill, as day draws to a close, sees before him workmen returning from their day's toil, monks priests, and people of all classes,—all blessing themselves and praying as the sound of Mary's bell is heard. The shadows grow deeper and deeper, and forms are mingled and confused in the increasing darkness. Suddenly all the bells burst forth in one glad peal, and the monuments around seem to receive, renew, and send forth again the sound and to prolong its echoes. Soft and sweet come those aerial voices from churches and chapels built upon the ruins of the palaces of the Cæsars, or upon the environments of the Coliseum, hallowed centuries ago by the blood of the first martyrs.

It is at such a moment that one realizes the emptiness of all things earthly, the instability of all human institutions and their grandeur. The power of the Cæsars is broken; the trumpets of war no longer resound with their notes of slaughter; the tiger and the lion have been changed by a mighty hand into the inoffensive lamb—and now, the sweet voices of bells, calling to prayer, are heard through these ruins, imposing still, but sombre and mute like so many gigantic sepulchres. One glory alone remains, and one exalted far above all the glories so dazzling in their splendor of ancient times—the glory of Mary, the Virgin Mother of God, who, through her divinely communicated privilege of the Immaculate Conception, has crushed the head of the serpent, and still continues to destroy the work of his emissaries upon earth.

HE who receives a good turn should never forget it; he who does one should never remember it.—*Charron*.

THE AVE MARIA

TO THE HONOR OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN

A MAGAZINE DEVOTED

HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.

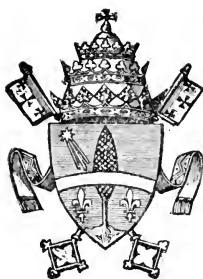
C. A. W. BEE, C. P. M. A.

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Encyclical Letter of Our Most Holy Lord Leo, Thirteenth of the Name, by Divine Providence Pope.

VENERABLE BRETHREN:—Health and Apostolic Benediction. Although We have already ordered many times extraordinary prayers to be made throughout the whole world, and Catholic interests to be laid before God in a more persistent manner, let it not seem surprising to any one if We should at this time judge that this same duty should be again impressed upon souls. In hard times, particularly when it seems that the *powers of darkness* are able to make daring attempts to ruin the Christian name, the Church has been always accustomed to call humbly upon God, her founder and avenger, with greater earnestness and perseverance, seeking aid also from the holy ones who dwell in heaven, and principally from the august Virgin Mother of God, by whose patronage she sees that support in her needs will chiefly be afforded. For the fruit of pious prayers, and of hope placed in the divine bounty, will appear sooner or later. Now, you know the

present age, Venerable Brethren, is not much less calamitous to the Christian commonwealth than the most calamitous ever was. For we see that faith, the foundation of all Christian virtues, is perishing almost everywhere; that charity is growing cold; that the corruption of morals and opinions is emitting a foul odor; that the Church of Christ is attacked on every side by force and craft; that a fierce war is waging against the Pontificate; that the very foundations of religion are tottering under daily-increasing assaults. More is now known than it behoves to put into words, concerning the downward tendency of present times, and what themes disturb the mind.

In so difficult and wretched a state, since the evils are too great for human remedies, it remains that we should seek a total cure from divine power. On this account We have deemed it advisable to excite the piety of Christian people earnestly and continually to implore the aid of Almighty God. Particularly, as the month of October is now approaching, which elsewhere We have decreed should be dedicated to the Virgin Mary of the Rosary, We urgently exhort that the whole month this year should be spent in the greatest possible devotion, and in associated acts of piety. We know that a refuge is prepared in the maternal bounty of the Virgin; we are assured that not in vain have our hopes been placed in her. If she has come a hundred times to aid the Christian commonwealth in times of need, why should we doubt that she will give new examples of her power, if humble and continual public prayers are employed? Assuredly we believe she will display her power the more wonderfully as the time during which

she desires to be importuned is the longer.

But We also propose something else; to which design, as you are accustomed, Venerable Brethren, you will give your earnest attention. Forasmuch as God will show Himself more ready to grant favors when the suppliants are many, and will aid His Church more quickly and bountifully, We have thought this to be highly expedient: that, at the same time with the Virgin Mother of God, the Christian people should be trained to implore the aid of her most chaste spouse, Blessed Joseph, with special piety and trusting souls; that this would be desirable and pleasing to the Virgin herself, We judge from undoubted reasons. Indeed, in this matter, concerning which We are now about to say something for the first time publicly, We know that popular piety is not only favorably inclined, but even, as it were, following a course already entered upon; because the veneration of Joseph, which in former ages also the Roman Pontiffs endeavored to spread by degrees far and wide, and to foster, in these latter days we see everywhere increasing in unquestionable growth, particularly since our predecessor Pius IX., of happy memory, declared, in conformity with the request of many other bishops, this most holy Patriarch the Patron of the Universal Church. Nevertheless, great as may be regarded the veneration for him inherent in the heart of Catholic manners and practices, for that very reason We wish that Christian people should be especially moved thereto by Our voice and authority.

Why Blessed Joseph should be named the patron of the Church, and why the Church should, in turn, expect much from his patronage and guardianship, depend alike on special reasons—namely, that he was the husband of Mary, and the father, as was thought, of Jesus Christ. Hence arise all his dignity, grace, holiness and glory. Certainly the dignity of Mother of God is so elevated that nothing can be raised above it. But, nevertheless, since the marriage tie existed between Joseph and the Most Blessed Virgin, there is no doubt that he approached more nearly than any other to that most excellent dignity by which the Mother of God is elevated far above all other created natures. For the intimacy and alliance of spouses is the closest possible, since, by its

nature, it includes mutual participation in the goods of each. Wherefore, if God gave Joseph as a spouse to the Virgin, He gave him, assuredly, not only as a companion for life, a witness of her virginity, the guardian of her honor, but also as a participator in her exalted dignity, by the conjugal tie itself. Likewise, he, among all others, is eminent by the most august dignity conferred upon him by divine appointment as the guardian of the Son of God, and, in the opinion of men, His father. In consequence of this, the Word of God was obedient to Joseph, and was attentive to his commands, and held him in all honor, as children must necessarily render honor to a parent.

Moreover, from this double dignity, duties would naturally follow, such as nature ordains to the fathers of families, so that indeed Joseph was at once the legitimate and natural guardian, preserver, and defender of the divine household, over which he presided; which duties and offices, he indeed, as long as mortal life endured, faithfully performed. He zealously watched over his spouse and her divine offspring with most ardent love and constant assiduity; he was accustomed to provide, for both of them, the necessaries of life, as food and clothing, by his labor; he guarded them from the danger of death threatened by the King's envy, in the security of the refuge sought for; on the journey and in the trials and bitterness of exile he showed himself continually the companion, the helper, the consoler of the Virgin and Jesus.

Again, the divine household, which Joseph governed as with paternal authority, contained the beginnings of the new Church. The Most Holy Virgin, as being the Mother of Jesus, is thus the Mother of all Christians, since she gave birth to them on Mount Calvary, amid the unspeakable sufferings of the Redeemer; also Jesus Christ is, as it were, the first-born of Christians, who are His brothers by adoption and redemption. From which considerations the conclusion follows that the most Blessed Patriarch should feel that the multitude of Christians are confided to his care in a certain special manner; from which multitude is formed the Church—to wit, this innumerable family spread abroad throughout all lands, over which, because he is the husband of Mary and the father of Jesus Christ, he

rules with a sort of paternal authority. It is therefore conformable to reason, and in every way due to Blessed Joseph, that as he was once accustomed to watch most conscientiously over the family of Nazareth, so also now by his heavenly patronage he should protect and defend the Church of Christ.

These views, Venerable Brethren, you will easily understand to be confirmed by this: that the opinion has been held by not a few Fathers of the Church, in conformity with the sacred liturgy, that the ancient Joseph, son of the patriarch Jacob, foreshadowed, both in person and office, this one of ours; and also by his glory was a prototype of the grandeur of the future guardian of the divine household. Even in addition to the fact that both bore the same name—a name by no means void of significance,—it is well known to you that there were between them other similarities; in the first place, that the former received peculiar favor and benevolence from his lord; and when he was placed by him as a ruler over his household, fortune and prosperity accrued abundantly to the master's house for Joseph's sake. And this was more evidently the case when by order of the King he was placed in command of the whole kingdom with supreme power; but in the time when calamity had occasioned a deficient harvest and a high price of the necessaries of life, he exercised in behalf of the Egyptians and their neighbors such excellent foresight that the King decreed that he should be styled "Savior of the World." So that in that ancient patriarch we may recognize the express image of the latter. For as the one was prosperous and successful in the domestic concerns of his lord, and was later placed in charge of the whole kingdom, so the other, destined to the guardianship of the Christian name, should be believed to defend and protect the Church, which is truly the house of God, and the kingdom of God on earth.

This is indeed why all the faithful, in whatsoever place or circumstances, commend and confide themselves to the guardianship of Blessed Joseph. In Joseph, fathers of families have the most excellent model of paternal care and foresight; spouses have an example of love, unanimity, and perfect conjugal fidelity; virgins have a type of chaste integrity

and a safeguard of the same. Those born of noble lineage may, by the example of Joseph, learn to preserve their dignity even in the decline of fortune; the wealthy may understand what goods they ought chiefly to seek and to collect with their whole strength. But the needy and laborers and all of lower degrees of wealth ought, by a certain special right, to gather around Joseph, from whom they may learn what to imitate. For he, being of royal blood, and united in marriage to the most eminent and holy of all women, and being the father, as was supposed, of the Son of God, devoted his life to laborious work, and by hand and skill effected whatsoever was necessary for their maintenance.

Therefore, if truth be sought, the condition of those of slender means is not abject. For all the work of artisans is not only void of dishonor, but even, with the aid of virtue, may be greatly ennobled. Joseph, content with his own, little as it was, bore with a calm and exalted mind the straitened circumstances necessarily connected with his slender means of livelihood, conformable to the example of his Son, who, having accepted the form of a servant while He was Lord of all, willingly subjected Himself to the greatest need and indigence. The poor and those who earn their living by manual labor, by reflecting on these things, ought to elevate their souls and calm their minds; and though if they can raise themselves above want and acquire better conditions without offending justice, it is allowable, yet neither reason nor justice permits them to overthrow the order of things established by God's Providence. For indeed it is a foolish idea to descend to force, and to whatever of that kind is attempted by sedition and mobs, occasioning much heavier evils by this course itself than those which it is undertaken to alleviate. The poor, therefore, would not confide in the promises of seditious men if they were wise, but in the example and patronage of Blessed Joseph, and in the maternal affection of the Church, which, indeed, every day cares more and more for their welfare.

Therefore principally relying, Venerable Brethren, on your episcopal authority and devotion; nor indeed distrusting that the good and pious will do more and greater things by their own will and free choice than what are

commanded, We decree that throughout October, in the recital of the Rosary, concerning which We have legislated elsewhere, a prayer to St. Joseph shall be added, the form of which is sent to you along with these Letters; and that the same shall be observed in coming years in perpetuity. And to those who shall recite piously the said prayer, We grant to each an indulgence of seven years, and as many periods of forty days, each time.

This also is salutary and deserving of the greatest praise, to consecrate the month of March in honor of the holy Patriarch, by exercises of daily piety, as has been already done in some places. Wherever this can not be readily done, it is at least to be desired that on the approach of his festival, in the principal church of each city a *triduum* of prayers should be made. And in whatsoever places the nineteenth day of March, sacred to Blessed Joseph, is not embraced in the number of feasts of obligation, We exhort all that they should not refuse to keep this day holy in private exercises of devotion, as far as they are able, in honor of our heavenly Patron, as if it were of precept.

Meanwhile, as a sign of heavenly functions and as a testimony of Our good-will toward you, Venerable Brethren, and toward your clergy and people, We most lovingly bestow upon you Apostolic Benediction in the Lord.

Given at Rome, at St. Peter's, the fifteenth day of August, of the year 1889, the twelfth of Our Pontificate.

LEO PP. XIII.

Garcia Moreno's Devotion to the Blessed Virgin.

ON the 16th of September, 1875, the Congress of Ecuador accorded to Garcia Moreno, some weeks after his death, this solemn homage: "Ecuador, by the voice of its legislators, gives to Garcia Moreno the title of savior of his country and martyr of civilization."

The martyr-President of the Republic of Ecuador was a Catholic in the fullest sense of that comprehensive word,—without apology, without reservation; simple and submissive as a child to all the laws of Holy Church, his mother. His resolutions, which were found written on the fly-leaves of his "Imitation,"

and which we should like to reproduce entire, give us an idea of his intimate union with God.

"Prayer every morning, during which I shall ask in particular for the virtue of humility. Every day I will assist at Mass, recite the Rosary, and read a chapter in the 'Imitation,' the rules and instructions thereto annexed. . . . I will try to keep myself always in the presence of God. . . . I will frequently offer my heart to God, particularly before beginning any new work. I shall endeavor, through love for Jesus and Mary, to control my impatience and deny my natural inclinations. . . . I will make a particular examen twice a day, and a general examen at night. . . . I will confess my sins every week."

Such were the sentiments that animated the soul of Garcia Moreno. Those who were intimately associated with him have testified to the scrupulous fidelity with which he performed the different duties of this rule of life. No exercise of piety was ever omitted. In camp, on the march, in the middle of the forest, he recited the Rosary with his *aide-de-camp* and other persons present. He would put himself to great inconvenience while traveling in order to assist at Mass on Sunday, and he himself often served the priest. Frequently, after having journeyed on horseback for a day and a night, he would arrive at the capital utterly worn out, but would nevertheless always assist at Mass before returning home.

He was too familiar with the doctrine of the Church on devotion to the Blessed Virgin to separate in his affection the Son from the Mother. He had a boundless confidence in the intercession of Mary, as is evidenced by the reverence and fidelity with which he wore her medal, her Scapular, and daily recited her Rosary. After the taking of Guayaquil he attributed to her all the honor of the victory. The 24th of September, the Feast of Our Lady of Mercy and the anniversary of this victory, was always held by him as her grand patronal feast.

In order more intimately to unite himself to her whom he called his Heavenly Mother, he resolved to join the congregation, or society, which the Jesuits had established in the capital in honor of the Blessed Mother of God. This was composed of two sections: one for persons of social distinction, the other

for working people. When he discovered in the first a number of his political opponents whom his presence might disconcert, he applied for admission to the director of the latter section. The director having suggested that his proper place was with the others, he replied: "Father, you are mistaken; my place is in the midst of the people." Ever after he assisted regularly at the reunions, at the general Communion, and other exercises of the congregation, happy and proud to be identified with the body of the people, who, in their turn, were elated at having the President of the Republic in their congregation.

Finding himself one day in company with several Irish mechanics, who had come from the United States to establish a mill, he examined their work; then, after having treated them to an appetizing luncheon, he interrogated them as to their religious practices, finally asking them if they knew any canticles in honor of the Blessed Virgin. They replied by singing heartily, in chorus, some very beautiful hymns in praise of Mary. "Irishmen, you love the Blessed Virgin!" exclaimed the President.—"Indeed we love her well," was the reply.—"Then let us kneel down together and recite the Rosary in her honor, that you may persevere in love and devotion." And all, profoundly moved, recited the chaplet so dear to every pious Catholic heart.

Again, his love for the Blessed Virgin and his zeal in her honor suggested means by which, through her intercession, he might gain souls to Jesus Christ. He had at Quito a friend whose good qualities he highly esteemed, and who at various times had rendered him invaluable services, often furnishing capital of which he had need in his undertakings. This friend assisted at Mass, was kind to the poor and afflicted, and occasionally attended spiritual exercises, but had not frequented the Sacraments for a long period. Garcia Moreno often reproached him for his carelessness, but could never obtain anything in reply but vague promises for the future. It is customary at Quito, at the end of the month of May, to offer the good resolutions formed during that season of prayer, written on paper and concealed in a bouquet of flowers. Toward the close of the month Garcia Moreno asked his friend one day if he had offered

Mary his bouquet. The gentleman understood the allusion and evaded it. "Give me your attention a moment," continued the President. "I have presented a fine bouquet, and, as usual, I desire that you may bear the expense."—"You know that my purse is always open to you," replied his friend; "draw on me for what you please."—"You give me your word that you will not deny me?"—"Certainly, certainly," said the gentleman.—"Very well, then. I have promised the Blessed Virgin that you will receive Holy Communion on the last day of her month; you see that without this my draft will be dishonored." His poor friend, somewhat abashed, replied that the President had singular ideas, and that such an act required great preparation. "But I have already warned you in advance," replied Moreno; "you will have ample time for preparation." Touched by this mark of sincere friendship, the gentleman made a retreat of some days, and on the last day of the Month of Mary approached the Holy Table at the side of the President, to the delight of that faithful friend and the edification of all who saw them.

In all his acts, public or private, Garcia Moreno united the name of Mary to that of her Divine Son. At the end of his term in 1869, and before his re-election to the presidency in 1870, he said: "In a few days I shall have completed the period of office which was confided to me in 1863. The Republic has enjoyed six years of repose, and during these six years it has resolutely advanced in the march of true progress. Let us return thanks to God and the Immaculate Virgin."

The thought of Mary always accompanied him. A professor of botany wishing to name a flower not yet classified among the flora of the country, asked his permission to call it "Tasconia Garcia Moreno." "If you wish to please me," replied the President, "lay aside all thought of my poor personality; if your flower is rare, beautiful, unknown in Ecuador, give thanks for the discovery to the 'Flower of Heaven,' and call it 'Tasconia Maria.'" The man who could so far forget self-love could not but be faithful to the interests committed to his care. Impressed by a sense of his own unworthiness to merit aught from on High, he attributed his successes to the

protection of the Blessed Virgin, the blessing of Pius IX., to the prayers of his sainted mother, and a blind sister for whom he had a great veneration.

His table was at all times simple, one might say abstemious. He rarely permitted himself the use of wine, and he neither gave nor accepted invitations. In spite of weakness, excess of fatigue, and the lack of substantial food, he scrupulously kept the fasts of the Church, especially the vigils of feasts of the Holy Virgin.

Not only did he not fear death, which always menaced him in that hotbed of revolution: like the saints and martyrs, he desired it for the love of God. In his letters, his conversations, in his messages to the chambers, he was in the habit of repeating these words: "What happiness and what glory if I could shed my blood for Jesus Christ and His Church!" To attacks, calumnies, persecutions, and plots, he replied by an act of abandonment into the hands of God. He would say: "That is my salary. If my enemies persecuted me because of blameworthy actions of which I am guilty, then I should ask their pardon and should endeavor to amend. But if they hate me because of the love I bear my country,—because above all things I wish to preserve that most precious treasure, the Faith,—because I show that I am in all circumstances the submissive son of the Church,—to these malicious men I have only to reply, 'God dies not!'"

After a visit to the Blessed Sacrament exposed in the Cathedral, the President was returning one day to the Palace of Justice when he was attacked by assassins and fell, pierced by their poniards. "Die, destroyer of liberty!" they cried one and all, striking right and left where he lay. "God dies not!" replied the Christian hero, and expired.

The God who dies not has delivered Ecuador from the tyrants who oppressed it, according to the prophecy of Garcia Moreno. "After my death," said he, "Ecuador will fall anew into the hands of the Revolutionists. They will govern despotically in the name of Liberalism; but the Heart of Jesus, to whom I have consecrated my country, will release it once more from the yoke, endowing it with new life, liberty and honor, under the predominance of true Catholic principles."

Our Lady of the Snows.

I.

THE world is very foul and dark,
And sin has marred its outline fair;
But we are taught to look above
And see another image there.
And I will raise my eyes above,—
Above a world of sin and woe,
Where, sinless, griefless, near her Son,
Sits Mary on a throne of snow.

II.

Mankind seems very foul and dark
In some lights that we see them in;
Lo! as the tide of life goes by,
How many thousands live in sin!
But I will raise my eyes above,—
Above the world's unthinking flow,
To where, so human, yet so fair,
Sits Mary on her throne of snow.

III.

My heart is very foul and dark—
Yes, strangely foul sometimes to me
Glare up the images of sin
My tempter loves to make me see.
Then may I lift my eyes above,—
Above these passions vile and low,
To where, in pleading contrast bright,
Sits Mary on her throne of snow.

IV.

And oft that throne, so near Our Lord's,
To earth some of its radiance lends;
And Christians learn from her to shun
The path impure that hellward tends;
For they have learnt to look above,—
Above the prizes here below,
To where, crowned with a starry crown,
Sits Mary on her throne of snow.

V.

Blest be the whiteness of her throne
That shines so purely, grandly there,
With such a passing glory bright,
Where all is bright and all is fair!
God, make me lift my eyes above,
And love its holy radiance so,
That some day I may come where still
Sits Mary on her throne of snow!

B.

DESIRE not in the least to be revered or honored by men, but rather with thy whole heart and spirit flee from the infection of this pestilence—the poison of praise and the pride of boasting and ostentation.—*Albertus Magnus.*

Harry Considine's Fortunes.

BY NUGENT ROBINSON.

CHAPTER XI.—FATHER LUKE IS AGREEABLY ASTONISHED.

IN accordance with the promise given to Miss Esmonde, Harry Considine, on the following morning, repaired to his employer's private office, after giving the Alderman time to open and read such letters as were laid aside for his especial consideration. He found Mr. Ryan in a state of condensed excitement, paler than usual, and his black hair all in disorder, as though he had been passing his hands violently through it.

"Well, sir?" he sharply observed as Considine entered.

"Can I say a word to you, sir?" And Harry felt that he had come at a sorry and inopportune moment.

"Anything important?" And the Alderman impatiently tossed an unopened council summons to the other end of his desk.

"It is, sir."

"Well?"

"The fact is, sir," said Harry, his courage coming slowly back to him, "I was at your house last night, and was honored by the confidence of Miss Esmonde."

"Humph!" And Ryan tossed one leg over the other.

"She did me the honor, the very great honor, sir, of speaking to me of her father."

"A scamp, a debauched, drunken sot!" bellowed the Alderman, flinging a ruler into the waste-paper basket. "I wish she'd keep her confidences to herself. This prying—"

"I beg your pardon, Alderman!" interposed Considine, firmly. "The confidence was not of my seeking. I wish you to understand that, sir. As to prying—"

"Oh, go on! What is it you've got to say? I didn't mean to offend. Why pick me up in his way?" cried the Alderman, pettishly.

"Miss Esmonde, sir, is desirous of joining her father, and has begged of me to use my humble voice in—"

"Asking you to help her! I see!" The Alderman rose and commenced to pace up and down the office, his thumbs in the arin-

holes of his vest. "Do you know what you ask? Do you know the career of William Esmonde? Do you know that he is a hopeless, hideous, vagabond drunkard, who would take that poor girl's clothes off her back, if she joined him, to sell them for accursed drink?"

"Miss Esmonde told me all, sir; but she also told me that her father had shown signs of reformation, had actually taken a step in that direction."

"Bah! Reform! He couldn't get anything to drink. His money had run out. His clothes, save what were on his body, had been pawned or sold. No, sir: William Esmonde is a hopeless case, and the sooner he dies—rots—the better."

"O Alderman," pleaded Harry, "that is not like *you*! He is in the hands of God. God in His mercy may grant him the grace of repentance and reformation."

"There is no reformation in that man."

"So would many who witnessed the awful scene on Calvary have said of one of the thieves, and yet he repented, and God's grace fell upon him."

Mr. Ryan was silent, wincing under those earnest words.

"What would you have me do?" he at length said. "Send a young and handsome and unprotected girl alone across the Atlantic, —alone a thousand miles to Chicago, for what? To a comfortable home? No. To loving kindred? No, but to an asylum for hopeless drunkards; to visit the bedside of a man who has thrown away everything—wife, child, home, prospects, happiness,—for whiskey."

"He is her father," was Harry's reply.

"An unnatural one."

"And yet she tells me—"

"Don't you mind what she tells you. I tell you who and what the man *was*, what he *is*, where he *is*. As to allowing my niece to set out on this mad and loathsome errand, I'd cut off my right hand first. That will do, Mr. Considine. I regret that Miss Esmonde should have thought fit to bring an outsider into this very unpleasant business." And Alderman Ryan tapped a gong to summon the correspondence clerk.

Harry felt very unhappy at the failure of his mission, but with the courage that was true to his nature he resolved to try again.

"I perceive a something in his manner that means yielding. His view, according to his lights, is correct enough, so far as keeping his niece by his side; but I can imagine the horror in that true woman's heart when the thought comes to her—and it is now an abiding one—that her father is dying perhaps,—dying in a hospital, with no one to say a kind word, no one to cast a look of compassion on him,—dying, and perhaps with the grace of repentance coming to him like a glorious light from afar."

Considine, finding Mr. Ryan alone after luncheon, renewed the subject of Miss Esmonde's father.

"Do not persist, Mr. Considine," said the Alderman, loftily. "True it is I owe you a debt of gratitude I never can fully repay, but there are chords which if struck even by the gentlest hand produce discord."

"I would only say this, sir," urged Harry. "Put yourself in your niece's place. This poor deluded victim of a base passion is her father, the author of her being. She *knows* that he made one effort toward reformation. She imagines that had she been with him when he was struggling with the devil, he would have come out victorious."

"Possibly," said the Alderman, gravely.

"That possibility still exists. The man is ill, prostrate. Miss Esmonde imagines that if she were with him *now*, her care, her watchfulness, her prayers would avail. If her father had never made the effort, had made no sign at all, the case would be hopeless; but there is a chance, and that fair young child would risk everything that her father should have that chance."

"This is moonshine!"

"Oh, no, sir, it is not. Do not cases occur every day of men being snatched from the very jaws of death by devotion and care and tenderness?"

"If he is to recover, he is in the best place for recovery. He'll get no drink in the asylum."

"Very true, but his mind as it regains its throne will have nothing to fall back upon, nothing to—"

"Oh, my niece is of age. She can go if she likes, but I will never consent."

Considine plied him, using every argument

of which he was master,—urging, entreating, and almost imploring. It was Harry's nature to be thorough. He thoroughly identified himself with any task he set before him, flinging all his energy into the scale. This undertaking was almost Quixotic, yet so full was he of it that he couched his lance and tilted at the windmills and stone-walls of his employer's defence until he finally succeeded in making a breach.

"If," said the Alderman, "my niece is determined to go, she *shall* go, but she shall *not* go alone."

Harry flew up to Rutland Square. The joy on his expressive face told Caroline that he had been successful. The poor girl was fairly beside herself with gratitude and joy. Jane Ryan was present, and mingled her tears with those of her cousin.

"I could have gone with the Molloy's," groaned Caroline, "if I had only acted on the letter at once. Oh, why did I not act at once?"

"I heard Miss Clancy speak of some friends of hers who were going to the States," said Jane.

"I could go with them."

"Miss Clancy has a brother in—yes, in Chicago," observed Harry. "She often talks of running out to see him, and she'll do it some time too. Perhaps she could be induced to go now. Shall I sound her?"

"Oh, *will* you?"

"Why, of course."

"If *you* try you are certain to succeed," cried Caroline.

"Yes indeed," added Jane, with a deep, deep sigh.

"I shall do my uttermost," said Harry. "Miss Clancy would be a charming companion for you. You have no idea what a sympathetic little lady she is. She has seen a great deal, and recollects what she has seen."

"She is a little darling," said Jane. "But what shall I do if Carrie leaves me? I shall have no one to care for me then—not one."

"Why, Jane dear!"

"Not one—no, no, no, not one except papa!" And her voice was tearful and tremulous.

Miss Clancy was taken all aback by Considine's suggestion, and, to use her own phrase, gave it "the bothered ear."

"I'll go some day, please God," she said; "but I will take six months to make up my mind as to the date, and six months more to pack up."

"Not a bit of it, Miss Clancy," laughed Harry. "Why, crossing the Atlantic is about the easiest thing in the world. You step on the train at King's Bridge, run down to Queenstown, step on board the steamer, and, presto, a few days bring you to New York."

"Exactly!" said Miss Clancy, dryly.

Caroline Esmonde, however, was closeted with the little lady for half of the next day. Miss Clancy's heart was in the right place, and it was soft and warm. The girl's devotion nestled itself in her heart, combined with the desire to see her brother Phil. As regards the sea-voyage, she dismissed it with, "I'm in the hands of God. If He wills it that I am to go to the bottom, His will be done. Danger! There is no danger to me where He is." She said she would consult Father Luke Byrne, and that if he advised her to go, she was off by the next steamer. "I'll leave the house in charge of Mary Maloney and Harry Considine. Mary makes the best cup of tea in Ireland and does a beefsteak to perfection, so the lad will be safe till I come back,—that is, if I go at all. It would heart-scald me to think the lad should be uncared for in my absence."

Miss Clancy was full of a brisk energy that bade defiance to obstacles. Instead of waiting to write to Father Byrne, she started by the five o'clock train from Harcourt Street station, and five hours later found her at the little inn called the "Shamrock," within stone's-throw of the good priest's whitewashed cottage. Father Luke's astonishment at seeing her in the chapel was unbounded, and when she came round to the vestry after Mass he was in a state of "great expectation."

"Your health is good, thanks be to God!" he said after she had unfolded the purpose of her visit. "A regular Trojan, Mary. You don't dread the sea; you are bound on an errand of mercy; the trip will cost you nothing" (the Alderman had declared his intention of defraying Miss Esmonde's expenses and those of her companion); "so, in the name of the Blessed Mother of God, go. I only wish that I were going along with you; for I long to see the land that has taken the Irish people

to its heart and has given them a New Ireland. If I could do this it would be a great joy to me."

How Father Luke's expressed wish to see "New Ireland," as he christened America, came to be known in the village is still a mystery. It travelled around in some strange way, though,—travelled like a summer breeze from homestead to homestead; and at the "warm" farm-house of Mr. Thomas O'Toole, where the good priest had lately held a "station," it was instantly resolved that their beloved pastor's wish should be carried out to the letter. A meeting was convened—the first in the parish from which he had ever been excluded,—and old Mr. Considine was deputed to inform Father Luke that certain of the parishioners were desirous of conferring with him that evening on business of the deepest importance. The poor priest was sorely puzzled at this message, especially as the bearer of it would vouchsafe no explanation; and it was in a state of considerable anxiety that he received a dozen of the "snuggest" and most influential of his parishioners in the neat little parlor of the chapel house; Mrs. Moriarty, his housekeeper, having donned a fresh cap—one vast border of flapping frills—in honor of the extraordinary event.

Tom O'Toole, who was one of the best speakers in the Wicklow Land League, requested of his Reverence to be seated, and then in a few elegant and well-chosen sentences informed the astounded priest that he, O'Toole, had been deputed by a few of the parishioners to request his Reverence to take a well-earned holiday; and that, as they were desirous that some one whom they loved, respected, and trusted, should visit certain of their kinsfolk in "New Ireland," they begged of their beloved pastor to make his holiday in the States; and, with a view to rendering his travel at once comfortable and dignified, they had collected a trifle—two hundred and fifty pounds,—one farthing of which he was not to bring back with him; and that if he required twice, three times that sum he had only to cable for it.

Father Luke was so deeply moved that for a few minutes his voice fluttered in his throat. When speech came to him he could give it no shape or coherence,—he whose impromptu

sermons were wells of undefiled English, types of beautiful imagery, delivered with all the eloquence of an Irishman, with all the fervor of a priest. He had never been away from his little parish for more than a few days. Once a year he went to Dublin to receive the holy oils from the Cardinal Archbishop, and this was *the* event of the year. That his parishioners should thus come forward so nobly, so generously, and actually anticipate the great desire of his life, so completely overwhelmed him as to leave him dazed and dumb with gratitude.

The deputation retired in silence, awed by the solemnity of their pastor's pleasure, each pressing his trembling hand at parting.

Mrs. Moriarty, however, who had been a participator in the proceedings, took Tom O'Toole roundly to task for "tempting his Reverence from his snug home to go amongst forriners," and distinctly wished it to be understood that she would be no party to any "such gallivanting," adding that the "boys" ought to come home and see Father Luke instead of dragging the holy man over the roaring ocean.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Symbol of Christianity.

BY THE REV. A. A. LAMBING, LL. D.

(CONCLUSION.)

III.

THE Sign of the Cross is found everywhere in the liturgy of the Church. No ceremony is performed without it. The hands of the priest are consecrated with the holy oil to enable them to confer blessings by the sign of salvation. In the course of the ceremony of ordination the bishop anoints the interior of the hands of the priest with the Oil of Catechumens, reciting at the same time the prayer: "Vouchsafe, O Lord, to consecrate these hands by this unction and our blessing, that whatsoever they bless may be blessed, and whatsoever they consecrate may be consecrated and sanctified, in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ!" With these words is conferred on the priest such power over material objects, no matter what they may be, that he

can bless them by simply making the Sign of the Cross over them, without it being necessary for him to utter any form of words, except, of course, where the Holy See requires a particular form for the blessing of certain things. He can, by merely making the Sign of the Cross, confer upon beads, medals, statues, crucifixes, etc., the Papal Indulgences, so that persons who are otherwise properly disposed can gain all these indulgences by having one of those blessed objects in their possession.

The number of times in which the Sign of the Cross is made in the ritual blessings of the Church is all but countless. In the blessing of holy water, for example, it is made twelve times. All the sacraments are administered with the use of the Sign of the Cross at least once, while in some of them it is employed a number of times. In Baptism it is made fourteen times; in Extreme Unction, seventeen times. In the recitation of the Divine Office it is prescribed a large number of times. But these crosses, unlike those of the Mass and the sacraments, are not of obligation, except when the Office is said in choir; and hence they may be dispensed with for a sufficient reason, at the discretion of the person who recites the Office, especially when he has to do so in public. It is related of St. Patrick that while reciting the Office he signed himself almost constantly with the Sign of the Cross.

It is superfluous to state that the Sign of the Cross is made very frequently in the Adorable Sacrifice of the Mass; but it may not be generally known that, during an ordinary Mass, the celebrant makes it in the various ceremonies no less than forty-five times, besides the little triple crosses, already mentioned, at the beginning of the Gospels. There is one point, however, with regard to the Signs of the Cross made in the Mass that seems to require explanation. "It is natural that the Church, accustomed to bless everything with the Sign of the Cross, should so bless the unconsecrated bread and wine. But it is surprising at first sight that the Sign of the Cross should frequently be made over the Body and Blood of Christ. Many explanations have been given, but the truth seems to be that no single explanation meets all difficulties, and that the Sign of the Cross is made over the con-

secrated species for several reasons. Usually the rite is made to indicate the blessing which flows forth from the Body and Blood of Christ." The Signs of the Cross at the words immediately before the *Pater Noster*—"Through whom, O Lord, Thou dost ever create all those good things, sanctifiest them, givest them life, blessest them, and bestowest them upon us,"—were originally meant to be made over the *eulogia*, placed on the altar and then given to those who did not communicate. And here an explanation of the *eulogia* may not be out of place.

One of the great characteristics of the Church is the unity of her members in one body, with Christ as the head. This unity is admirably expressed in both the elements from which the Holy Eucharist is consecrated: bread being made from a countless number of wheat grains, and wine being pressed from myriads of grapes. The Blessed Sacrament is, then—both from Its matter before consecration and from Him whose Flesh and Blood It becomes by consecration,—the great bond of union among the faithful. As the Apostle says: "We being many, are one bread."* "However, when many of the faithful no longer communicated as a matter of course at every Mass, the need was felt of showing by some outward sign that they were in full communion with the Church. Accordingly the celebrant consecrated so much only of the bread placed on the altar as was needed for the communicants; the rest of the bread was merely blessed, and distributed to those who did not actually communicate, though they had the right to do so. The *eulogia* (something blessed) then was a substitute, though of course a most imperfect one, for Holy Communion; whence the Greek name, *ἀντίδοσιον*—'that which is given instead.' The custom could scarcely have risen before the third century. In the fourth it was well known throughout the East; in the West, we find it mentioned by Gregory of Tours in the sixth century. The bread used was sometimes the same as that which was set aside for consecration; sometimes ordinary bread was placed on the altar and used for the *eulogia*. Usually the latter bread was blessed after the Offertory;

but sometimes, as Honorius of Autun tells us, at the end of Mass. The Council of Nantes gives a form of benediction which the Church still employs in the blessing of bread at Easter." Traces of this custom still exist in some French churches, as well as among the Greeks.

"The Signs of the Cross made with the Host in the Mass, immediately after those referred to above, at the words, 'Through Him, and with Him, and in Him, is unto Thee, God the Father Almighty in the unity of the Holy Ghost, all honor and glory,' probably arose from the custom of making the Sign of the Cross in naming the Persons of the Blessed Trinity. Such, at least, is the result of Bishop Hefele's careful investigation of the subject. The mystical interpretations of Gavantus and Merati deserve all respect, but scarcely explain the actual origin of the practice."* To return from this digression: so frequent is the use of the Sign of the Cross in the sacred functions of religion, that one can hardly look for a moment at a priest performing any of the functions of his ministry without seeing him make the sign of our redemption.

A very important inquiry for all here presents itself. It is: Has the Church granted any indulgences to the use of the Sign of the Cross? We can not familiarize ourselves too much with the holy indulgences attached to the public and private devotions which we perform or in which we take part. What, then, are the indulgences to be gained by this devotion? They are these: Pope Pius IX., by a brief of July 28, 1863, granted to all the faithful every time that, with at least contrite heart, they shall make the Sign of the Cross, invoking at the same time the Blessed Trinity with the words, "In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost," an indulgence of fifty days. And by another brief of March 23, 1876, the same Sovereign Pontiff granted an indulgence of one hundred days to those who make the Sign of the Cross with holy water, with the same conditions and the same form of words.† It is well to note that the words to be used in making the Sign of the Cross with holy water are not, "Glory be

* I. Cor., x, 17.

* "Catholic Dictionary," pp. 236, 322, 323.

† Raccolta, p. 4.

to the Father," etc., as some persons imagine, but the formula, "In the name," etc.

When we are assured by the Christians of all ages, but especially by those of the first centuries, that we have so powerful a weapon as the Sign of the Cross at our command, it is much to be regretted that we should make so little use of it. Never did the world array before the child of God enemies so numerous or so insidious as at the present time. They assail him on every side; and not with the sword or with fire, as the early Christians were assailed, but with false philosophy, with pride of intellect, with religious indifference, with materialism, against which it is more difficult to combat for a life-time than it would be to win the martyr's crown in a momentary struggle in the amphitheatre. If the first Christians, formed in the school of the Apostles, regarded as necessary the frequent use of the Sign of the Cross, why should we all but abandon it? Are we stronger or better armed? The very opposite is the case. Why, then, do we not return to the pious custom of our fathers in the faith? Why disarm ourselves in the very presence of the enemy?

Still more deserving of censure are those who indeed make the Sign of the Cross, but make it carelessly. If a person were to spend fifteen minutes at the door of almost any of our churches on a Sunday morning, and look at the motions gone through by not a few of those who enter, he would be safe in concluding that if they were reproduced on paper they might as readily be taken for a Chinese manuscript as for anything else; but it would require a stretch of the imagination to see in them what they were intended to represent. It may be seriously doubted whether such careless persons receive the graces or gain the indulgences attached to a proper use of the sign of man's redemption. It is indeed true that there is a tendency to do mechanically what a person has to do often; but for that very reason, if for no other, particular attention should be devoted to such things. A careful examination of the manner in which they make the Sign of the Cross would be productive of good to many persons.

But what shall be said of those who are ashamed to make the Sign of the Cross? We should not, on the one hand, parade what

is sacred before the world, on account of the disposition there is in so many persons to scoff at whatever others regard as holy; but, when circumstances require it, we should not, on the other hand, hesitate to sign ourselves with the symbol of our redemption. The Sign of the Cross inspires us with respect for ourselves by teaching us our true dignity. It reminds us that we are the brothers of Jesus Christ. It sanctifies our members with the sanctification which it derived from His. It stamps the unity of God on our forehead the seat of the mind; it seals our heart and breast with the remembrance of the love of the Father; it strengthens our shoulders to bear the Cross with the Son; and it maintains an unbroken union of love with all Three Divine Persons by means of the Holy Ghost.

"In making the Sign of the Cross," says Mgr. Gaume, "we have behind us, around us, with us, all the great men and grand ages of the East and West,—all the immortal Catholic nation. . . . In making the Sign of the Cross we cover ourselves and creatures with an invincible armor. In not making it, we disarm ourselves, and expose both ourselves and creatures to the gravest perils." *

All this being true, what opinion are we to form of non-Catholics, not a few of whom have an almost fiendish hatred of the Sign of the Cross? Yet, were they to use it, it is the marking upon themselves of the instrument upon which the salvation of mankind, and their own salvation if they are to be among the saved, was wrought. And, withal, how illogical they are! Witness with what respect the liberty bell is cherished, and how it was almost worshipped during its recent trip to New Orleans. Witness the care with which the other relics of Liberty Hall, Philadelphia, are guarded. Witness the enthusiasm of the people to have some souvenir of the place where the late General Grant died; how they went so far as to carry away branches of the trees that grew near where the cottage stood in which he breathed his last. Witness, finally, how almost every person has some highly-prized relic of a departed parent or ancestor. And why all this? Because it is natural to man, and it is

* "The Sign of the Cross in the Nineteenth Century," p. 296.

ennobling in him. But must Catholics be maligned and called idolaters for following the promptings of nature in the worship of nature's God? Must we honor the sword of Washington because it achieved our liberation from the tyranny of England, and treat with disrespect the Cross of Christ that freed us from the thralldom of Satan? The man who should be so heartless as to insult his mother's picture would be censured by all the world as an inhuman wretch; let the same world decide whether he is less deserving of censure, to put it in a very mild form, who insults the Cross of Christ. Of such so-called Christians let St. Paul be the judge, who cried out: "God forbid that I should glory, save in the Cross of our Lord Jesus Christ!"*

I shall conclude with two extracts from the Fathers. Says St. Ephraim: "The Sign of the Cross is the invincible armor of the Christian. Soldier of Christ, let this armor never leave you, either by day or night, at any moment, or in any place; without it, undertake nothing. Whether you be asleep or awake, watching or walking, eating or drinking, sailing on sea or crossing rivers, have this breastplate ever on you. Adorn and protect each of your members with this victorious sign, and nothing can injure you. There is no buckler so powerful against the darts of the enemy. At the sight of this sign the infernal powers, affrighted and trembling, take to flight." And St. John Chrysostom adds: "Never leave your house without making the Sign of the Cross. It will be to you a staff, a weapon, an impregnable fortress. Neither man nor demon will dare to attack you, seeing you covered with such powerful armor. Let this sign teach you that you are a soldier, ready to combat against the demons, and ready to fight for the crown of justice. Are you ignorant of what the Cross has done? It has vanquished death, destroyed sin, emptied hell, dethroned Satan, and resuscitated the universe. Would you, then, doubt its power?"

* Gal., vi, 14.

THE old serpent is slippery, and unless we keep out the head of suggestion he will get in his body of consent, and at last tail and all, and so a habit and habitation.—*St. Jerome.*

Stella Matutina; or, A Poet's Quest.

BY EDMUND OF THE HEART OF MARY, C. P.

VII.

"ALL ears," he answer'd. "But of Her, indeed, Sweet thoughts would come in boyhood: as, at times,

With Lesson from Saint Luke, or say of Creed:
Oftener when peal'd the merry Christmas
chimes,

And Bethlehem's tale in carols, pictures, rhymes,
Took clearer shape. But soon wiseacres said

That none, O Church, of all thy many crimes,
Surpass'd the idolatrous worship madly paid
To heathen goddess fused with Nazareth's lowly
Maid.

"Erst Cybele 'mother of the gods,' 'twas now
Mary the 'Mother of God.'"

"Ay, ay, my child:
And sorry dupes were they. No more so thou,
Through His dear mercy who, an Infant, smiled
On Christmas morn to Mother undefiled,
God born in time: born to destroy the crew
Of demon-godships with their orgies wild:
Born to set up a worship pure and true—
A kingdom rich for all in treasures 'old and new.'

"Of treasures old how bountiful a store
From Moses to the Prophets! Light to light
Succeeding: endless mines of golden lore:
And Heav'n-taught poesy's sublimest flight.
But those who scan the sacred page aright
Will find the promised Woman with Her Seed
Prefigur'd o'er and o'er to mystic sight.
Fathers and Doctors mine have lov'd to feed
Their contemplation thus . . . as, haply, thou shalt
read

"In luminous tomes erelong.
Of treasures new
Still ampler store have I: nor letter'd page
Alone: for here is equal honor due
The Word Unwrit, which flows from age to age
(And shall to the last, for all that Hell may rage)
Inviolable, Apostolical, Divine.
But whosoe'er would hear it, and assuage
His thirst for truth, must docile ear incline
To one unchanging Voice—one only . . . which is
mine.

"But gift of gifts the King Himself, the 'Word
Made Flesh' to 'dwell among us' evermore:
'Emmanuel, God with us.' (Thou hast heard
How well His martyr-prophet sang of yore?)"*

* Is., vii, 14.

And, next, the Virgin who conceiv'd and bore
 Is precious to my love. Through Her alone
 He came to us. Elected from before
 All ages She, and form'd His ownest own:
 His Covenant's spotless Ark, His Wisdom's
 Mercy-Throne."

Two Schools.

(CONTINUED.)

CLARA VALLEY, June 4, 18—.

DEAR AUNT MARY:—Now that the school year is drawing to a close, I regret very much that your arrangements with Mrs. Parsons were not for a longer time. I should so like to remain here another year. Would she not consent to keep the house longer, and would you not be willing to have me stay? Sister Mary has said that she thought it might be arranged for me to remain as a parlor-boarder,—taking my meals and recreations with the others, but having time at my disposal to study what I preferred, without recitations. I could thus improve myself in history, geometry, botany, drawing, music, French, and German. I assure you I would study very diligently, and that the result would be gratifying to you.

I shall be very candid with you, and say that my feelings with regard to religion are unchanged,—indeed they are stronger than ever in as far as they relate to my becoming a Catholic. Since you have given me permission to read Catholic works, reserving to yourself the privilege of naming such others as Mr. T— shall give you in refutation of the doctrines I am supposed to be "falsely imbibing" (to use his not very clear language), I have been a very assiduous reader. The tracts already sent by Mr. T— are amusing in their ignorance of Catholic doctrine and ceremonies. As for the works of Maria Monk, I consider the proposition to read them little short of an insult. They have long ago been condemned by every intelligent Protestant, as not only untruthful in every particular, but really immoral. You will please request Mr. T— to keep his copy at home under lock and key.

There is at present a Sister visiting here for her health, who was converted to the Roman Catholic Church by means of this very book, and another entitled "Danger in

the Dark"—a novel at one time widely circulated, she tells me, in many Protestant communities, particularly those of the Methodist persuasion, always singularly inimical to everything Catholic. While on a visit to an uncle in the country, who, an extremist in all things, was almost savage in his hatred of Catholics, she asked for something to read. I should have prefaced this recital by saying that she had met a Catholic priest on the train, of whom she had spoken favorably to her uncle, expressing surprise that he should have been so gentlemanly and intelligent. This aroused the good man's fears, and he brought her the two books of which I speak. She could not read them through—they were too offensive to delicacy,—still they awakened her sense of justice, and she thought within herself that such monstrous assertions as they contained could only have been inspired by malice or ignorance, or both. Though not a member of any church, she had habitually attended religious services since her childhood, sometimes going to one and sometimes another meeting-house. She had also been accustomed to pray. One night, before retiring to rest, she asked God to enlighten her as to the best means of discovering the truth in this matter. She suddenly thought of her fellow-traveller, the priest. On her return home she wrote to him. He replied immediately, telling her where to look for refutation of the slanders contained in Maria Monk's book, also of her retraction of them and her miserable end. This led to further investigation, and a few months after she became a Catholic. However, God has chosen to enlighten me by other means.

Now, dear auntie, to return once more to the subject—once more to our plans for the future. If you do not think you can spare me another year, or Mrs. Parsons does not wish to keep the house, thus leaving you alone, I shall think it all for the best, and shall return home cheerfully. But I should so like to remain longer. One year in a life-time is not much when we shall be together, please God, for so many.

We are all in the midst of preparations for the midsummer Commencement. Our examinations will be over by Saturday, and we shall have a full week for rehearsals.

Always your affectionate

JULIA.

ALLEN SEMINARY, June 5, 18—.

DEAR MATTIE:—My heart felt like a lump of lead yesterday morning when Mrs. Allen called me into the study and informed me that mamma had requested her to ask me if I would not like to spend the vacation at school, as papa was obliged to go to Europe on business, and was desirous of taking her with him. This means, or meant, another year in the pen—for one can not call it anything else. I lost no time in assuring Madam that my "heart was in the Highlands," and that I would go home, if I had to run away. I have already written to mamma to say that I am determined not to stay; and as for another year here, why, it would simply kill me! If they will not take me to Europe with them—and I would just as soon they did not,—Aunt Amanda will assume the responsibility of looking after me until their return.

I am nearly seventeen, quite old enough to enter society, which I propose to do in good earnest next winter. No more school for me! I have not learned a blessed thing this year, except a little French, and that is due to the perseverance of Mademoiselle Rameau, who is the only conscientious teacher we have.

By the way, we had quite a breeze last week. Some one filched a couple of books out of Doctor Allen's library, probably having nothing else to read. They were called "Revelations of Maria Monk" and "Danger in the Dark," and were all about the Catholic Church and the wickedness of the nuns,—at least that is what Mame Saunders told me, who dipped into them while they were lying on the principal's desk, awaiting their return to the bookcase. Mademoiselle found them in the summer-house, where they had no doubt been left by the thief, who must have been reading them *sub rosa*. She took them to the house, and began to exclaim indignantly against their contents. (She can read English now.) The Doctor assured her that the contents were true, that she probably had never been familiar with the inside of a convent. She protested that she had been educated in a convent, and hoped to die in one. Then the good Doctor declared that he himself did not believe the Sisters in this country were other than good and virtuous nowadays, but that the occurrences described in the objectionable volumes

took place early in the century. "Not so, not so! Never, never!" cried Mademoiselle, with tears streaming down her cheeks. Hot words followed, and Mademoiselle will be minus a situation after June 20.

The girls say she is going to be a nun, and had intended to enter the convent at the close of the term. Of course I can't say. I do know she is a sweet little thing, as good as she can be; and I don't believe half they say about the nuns. They have the purest, sweetest faces, for we sometimes get a glimpse of them; and the girls all look so rosy and happy that they can not be kept in such durance as we thought. In mamma's last letter she wrote that Julia would probably remain at the convent another year. She must have been well treated there; for, in spite of her Puritan ways, she is the last one in the world to be imposed upon. Depend upon it, it is all very fine sailing over there when Julia likes the ship.

The most important thing on the *tapis* now is, what shall we wear at the Commencement exercises? White is recommended, and everybody has written home for a new dress,—each wishing to outshine the other. I wrote mamma to send me a nun's-veiling trimmed with satin, and sash to correspond. I have asked her to get the widest and finest sash ribbon she can find, and to borrow Aunt Sophie's pearls for the occasion. You know she has a set—tiara, necklace, bracelets, ear-rings, and pin,—that belonged to Marie Antoinette, or some French woman; perhaps it was Rachel. I sha'n't wear the tiara, but all the rest would be appropriate. And Cousin Delia has promised me her lovely fan that Uncle Arthur brought her from Paris,—pale pink rosebuds painted on white satin, with pearl sticks. We are to have a hairdresser from town, and the whole effect will be gorgeous. As we have permission to invite all our gentleman friends, the result will be many a broken heart. Some of the girls who live in C— have a crowd of admirers; they will have to share with us who are far away from home. The circus is to begin at five p. m., followed by tea refreshments and a dance. I am dying for a good waltz after a year in this dumpy, mopey old place!

There! I forgot to tell mamma about white kid slippers! Just run over and ask her not to

forget them, will you? And be sure to mention satin bows. And, my dear, now that I think of it, suggest her point-lace handkerchief, so that everything may be in keeping. Tell her I'll take good care of it. It was a gift from Mrs. Speaker "Somebody" when papa was in Congress, and mamma prizes it highly. But I'll be sure not to lose it.

Yours till we meet,
ESTELLA.

(CONCLUSION IN OUR NEXT NUMBER.)

Summer Cruising in a Northern River.

BY FLORA L. STANFIELD.

THE trip down the St. Lawrence has long been a favorite one with the summer tourist; but, once having more or less faithfully explored Quebec, this restless sight-seer usually flies to the southward, unconscious or unmindful that there is a region north of him whose charms are both majestic and appalling.

One bright August morning we left Quebec, the "grey lady of the North," asleep on her rock-crowned retreat, and gave a parting glance to the drowsing flag upon the citadel as the prow of our steamer swung swiftly around to the east. Opposite the quaint and matchless city was Point Levi, with her wealth of historic lore; and the River Charles, a winding silver ribbon, poured, from the north, its clear waters into the St. Lawrence. At once the Falls of Montmorency, two hundred and fifty feet in height, flashed into view. In winter one portion of this narrow cataract is utilized as a toboggan slide by the youth and beauty of Quebec, but during the short northern summer the water looks as if it might come tumbling from springs of tropical origin.

"Eight months of winter," the merry Lower-Canadians say with glee; "the best time of the year." It may be to the rich, but Heaven only knows what the poor do then, with labor scarce, and growing scarcer since, the channel having been deepened, so much of the shipping has been transferred to Montreal.

The Island of Orleans, beginning seven miles below the city and extending twenty, is worthy to be the original Isle of Beauty of which the poet sings. This is the island which

the brave Breton navigator, Jacques Cartier, named the Isle of Bacchus, from the astonishing amount of wild grape-vines which hid its trees. It contains several villages, each clustered about its tin-roofed parish church. One of these parishes was organized in 1679; not so very long ago—for the Province of Quebec.

Ste. Anne de Beaupré—which famous hamlet was soon left behind—deserves more extended mention than can be given it in this discursive sketch. Not far distant is Grosse Island, the quarantine station for Quebec. On a little marble shaft one of its sad tales is told. "In this secluded spot lie the mortal remains of five thousand four hundred and twenty-four persons, who, flying from pestilence and famine in Ireland in the year 1847, found in America but a grave." Poor fugitives! they opened their eyes upon this fair land and it faded like a vision. Let us hope that they found a refuge even fairer. Peace to their souls!

With uplifted field-glass I watched eagerly for Cape Tourmente, two thousand feet in height. The cape itself was naturally a conspicuous object, and on its very top, nestling among the pines, was a tiny white chapel, the object of my search. The place seemed as inaccessible as the eyrie of an eagle, but strong hands had in some manner borne the material of the little structure aloft; and there, we were told, the sanctuary lamp is kept burning, and God's servant ministers daily at His altar.

The summer resorts on the lower St. Lawrence are, to say the least, unique. It is said that when a polar bear begins to feel too warm the inhabitants fly below. At each landing were swarms of these happy people, simply dressed, but evidently quite given up to the idea of having a good time; their gentle, mellow voices lending the beautiful language of France another charm.

Whatever other tourists may say, we saw nothing but a translated France, heard no other accents than those of its people, and the English language seemed timid and ill at ease. Even the English flags, which fluttered from all the government buildings, looked ashamed. Our boat was manned by Frenchmen, and the officers gave their commands as politely as if they said, "Will you have the kindness to put that freight ashore?" or, "Oblige me, if you please, by doing this or

that." I spoke my admiration of the nosegay tucked into the hat-band of a gentle deck-hand; and he, overhearing, removed it, and presented it to me with a smile and a bow that would have graced a court.

As night came on, the dormer-windowed houses of the habitants, ranged along the shore like beads on a string, grew indistinct, and the St. Lawrence, here but an arm of the sea, grew wider and wider. As we steamed into the black waters of the mysterious river Saguenay, "the river of death," the granite walls which hid it from the world looked like mere ghosts of cliffs. Then the bitter cold drove us to the seclusion of the cabin; but we did not murmur, for we were to see the famous stream by daylight on the morrow. Adjectives have been exhausted in the description of this river. It is surely like none other on earth. Taking its rise in the beautiful Lake St. John, it foams and boils until Chicoutimi, the head of navigation, is reached; then steals downward through cloven, rocky heights.

We found ourselves at Chicoutimi at sunrise, with twenty minutes in which to go ashore. A dense fog obscured all things; but, as it lifted, the shining steeple of the parish church gleamed upon its eminence like a celestial finger. Buckboards, the vehicle of the region, each manned by a dark-eyed peasant, were ready to carry us on a tour of exploration; but as the tide was going out delay was dangerous. Down the marvellous river we sped again, our next harbor being in Ha Ha Bay, where twin villages, St. Alphonse and St. Alexis, hide in peace and beauty. It is said that the French explorers, sailing up the Saguenay, sought in vain on its rugged sides for a place to anchor their barks and thought themselves still in the channel of the river, when lo! shallow water was found in this exquisite spot. "Ha! ha!" they laughed in joy, and Ha Ha Bay it is called to this day.

We had an hour at St. Alphonse, gazing upon the coffin-shaped boxes of luscious blueberries (you can buy a bushel for thirty-five cents)—the gathering of which is one of the chief summer industries of this region,—and strolling over the rocky hills, where the goldenrod and ox-eyed daisy find a congenial home. Knowing that the *curé* was a friend of a dear and venerable man whom the readers

of THE "AVE MARIA" delight to honor, we ventured to call upon him, meeting with a most cordial reception. As we hurried back to the boat tiny maidens importuned us to buy wild flowers, but they would not touch our silver "from the States," even as a gift. "*Ne pas bon*," they said, with a shake of the head and shrug of the little erect shoulders.

When about half-way to the river's mouth there was a perceptible thrill of excitement among the passengers. The granite cliffs grew higher and the steamer crept along under their shadow. We were approaching Cape Trinity. Steam was shut off, the boat floated with the current and the tide, and all was silent except the never-ceasing voice of an English lord, who was ready with his incessant, "Ah, indeed!" seemingly the only words in his vocabulary.

Cape Trinity is about eighteen hundred feet in height, and formed in three distinct ledges which give it its name. Upon the first of these great shelves, six hundred feet above our heads, was a most exquisite statue of our Blessed Lady—"Our Lady of the Saguenay." There she stands, through the brief northern summer and pitiless winter, calm as the rocks themselves, as if gently blessing all those whom duty or inclination calls to this weird region. Upon the second elevation a large cross has been placed; but it is doubtful if the foot of man has ever climbed the third and final dizzy height with its crown of fadeless green. We looked up, and were dizzy for the looking. It was but a few minutes past noon, yet the sun was obscured. A million tons of granite seemed about to fall upon us. Our boat was, to our startled fancy, but a paper shell, and the water reached a thousand feet below the foot of that tremendous cliff. One might well breathe, awestricken, "Our Lady of the Saguenay, pray for us!"

Cape Eternity is even higher than its lofty neighbor, and beside it, at a certain favorable spot, the boat's whistle was sounded again and again, that we might hear the wonderful echo.

The mouth of the Saguenay was reached in due time; but, on account of that very inconvenient tide, our stay was limited. Here is the historic town of Tadoussac, affluent in memories and traditions. From here a party of

early explorers set out to visit the unknown Saguenay, and were never heard of more. Here Cartier and his men moored their barks three hundred and fifty years ago. Here Father Marquette found a home and built a mission house. The little church, now in the shadow of the great summer hotel, has seen perhaps three hundred quiet years. There is a delightful discrepancy in dates in this far-away locality, but this church was without doubt the first one erected upon the continent of America, antedating the one at St. Augustin. It is the delight of the antiquarian and the joy of every pious soul. Gay cavaliers from sunny France, steel-clad soldiers, hardy trappers, intrepid priests, and gently nurtured holy women, have, with homesick hearts perhaps, sanctified its humble walls with petitions for the welfare of the Church in the New World.

And so we left the Saguenay. But the mysterious river, whose depths no man has fathomed, still rolls on between its borders of everlasting rock; and high above, with God's sunlight upon her brow, stands Our Lady of the Saguenay.

Notes and Remarks.

In his new Encyclical, dated the Feast of the Assumption, the Holy Father, after dwelling upon the increasing evils of our age, again recommends to the faithful the recitation, "with the greatest possible fervor," of the Rosary; and orders that the devotions for October be continued in perpetuity, with an additional special prayer to St. Joseph, whom His Holiness eulogizes in eloquent terms, exhorting all the faithful, in whatsoever place or circumstances, to commend and confide themselves to his guardianship. To those who shall recite piously the said prayer an indulgence of seven years and as many periods of forty days is granted each time. His Holiness furthermore recommends a special celebration of the Feast of St. Joseph. A translation of the Encyclical is given in our present number.

The Feast of Our Lady's Assumption seems to have been celebrated this year throughout the world with extraordinary fervor. In France the vow by which Louis XIII. consecrated that country to the Blessed Virgin was renewed in every parish, and crowds of people flocked to the churches for the morning and evening services. In Belgium the Feast was kept with unusual

solemnity. The annual procession at Antwerp is spoken of as an imposing manifestation of Catholic fervor. In Rome and throughout Italy the faithful gave a new and splendid confirmation of their zeal and devotion to the Mother of God. The celebration in Catholic Ireland was no less enthusiastic. As many as forty thousand pilgrims from various parts of the country and from England and Scotland visited Knock on the day of the Feast, and there were other pilgrimages during the Octave. Nor were the Catholics of the United States wanting in fervor. The Assumption was celebrated in many places with great solemnity, and was everywhere a day of pious recollection.

The portraits of Washington and Archbishop Carroll which Signor Gregori of the University of Notre Dame is painting for the Catholic University of Washington give promise of ranking among the best specimens of his skill as a portrait painter. That of Washington, which is almost finished, is in every respect an admirable work. It would be no surprise to us to have it classed with the best portraits of our first and greatest President. The painting of the first Bishop of the United States is only sketched as yet, but the finished miniature, which the artist has prepared, promises another admirable portrait,—admirable both as a work of art and as a likeness.

On the 5th inst. ten Sisters of the Order of the Holy Cross left Notre Dame, Ind., for the far-distant mission of Bengal, India. There they will devote themselves to the instruction of the young and the care of the sick. The heroic self-sacrifice of these religious appeals most forcibly to every sentiment of the heart, and is a striking example of the power of faith and love for God's honor and glory. Their zeal will certainly be signally blessed by Heaven, and abundantly rewarded both here and hereafter.

The Shah of Persia has again declared that his Catholic subjects should enjoy full religious liberty so long as he ruled. His Majesty has often shown special favor to Catholic missionaries, and he never loses an opportunity of promoting the labors of the Sisters of Charity. He lately caused an insulter of the Pope to be imprisoned.

A correspondent of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, describing the horrible scenes which took place at a recent double execution in Paris, says: "I loved the two priests who were with them (*i. e.*, the culprits) at the last. One was young, tall, and fair, and had the presence of a saint; the other was short and comfortable, and it was he who

suffered most; and when he had kissed his poor son on either cheek, and for the last time had raised the crucifix aloft, he broke down and cried like a little child. Those who, *quand meme*, attack the Church, and are *esprits forts*, should watch her ministers on such occasions, and then would love her and them for all time afterward. I will not speak of the after-scenes, when the guillotine was down and away, and the outer rabble was let in and came tearing down like yelping hyenas to where it had been, and sought for the smallest fleck of blood. I try only to remember the pallor of the sanctified and noble youth and the tears of the old man. They were what alone was human in the terrible night that I have passed."

Growing out of the masonry of the French Catholic church steeple in Biddeford, Maine, almost at the upper limit of the brickwork, are two young trees, both green and flourishing in appearance. They are so high in the air that they look smaller than they really are, yet masons, who are able to make comparisons by a knowledge of distances between points upon the spire, say that the one upon the south side of the steeple is fully eight feet tall and the other about six. Both are green and healthy-looking plants, and have grown rapidly within a year. The opinion is that one is a willow and the other a poplar. How they obtained root in the masonry is a mystery.

One of the Chicago dailies relates that two men standing at the door of a north side church last Sunday were informed that the pastor was off on a vacation, and there would be no service there until his return. "I am sorry," said one of the men; "for I was actually church hungry to-day. I suppose I can go to Union Club, however, and put in the day there."—His friend replied: "Let's go to some Catholic church."—"They will all be closed, too. A priest needs a vacation the same as a Protestant minister.—"That's true, but there is always some one to take his place. There is no such thing as a vacation in the Catholic Church."

The *Catholic Times*, of Liverpool, states that Mary Anderson is enjoying excellent health.

On Wednesday, the 4th inst., the new College of the Sacred Heart at Watertown, Wis., was solemnly blessed and dedicated in the presence of a large assembly of clergy and laity. The ceremony was performed by the Very Rev. William Corby, Provincial of the Order of the Holy Cross in the United States. After the religious services the faculty and visitors assembled in the large hall of the College, where addresses were made by Very Rev. Father Corby and the Hon. J. Hoard,

Governor of the State. The oration of the day was delivered by the Hon. Judge R. Prendergast, of Chicago, who spoke on the subject of "Christian Education," and made a masterly defence of the position of the Church in reference to the purely secular education of the public schools. The new College is four stories in height, 125 by 85 feet, and, with the other buildings erected on the site, makes one of the largest educational institutions in Wisconsin. The faculty is composed of priests and Brothers of the Congregation of the Holy Cross, under the able presidency of the Rev. John O'Keefe.

The *Catholic Columbian* tells of an important invention by a priest:

The Rev. Father di Marzo, who came originally to this country as a missionary, and became an American citizen, is now at the Convent of St. Louis Bertrand, in Louisville, Ky. He invented a system of coal-oil illumination by means of automatic lamps. The chimneys can never blacken or become overheated; an explosion is impossible; there is no odor; no wick trimming is needed; the consumption of oil is reduced to a minimum. Patents have been secured for the system in this country and in Europe. It is working successfully in Rome. Father di Marzo proposes to give a public exhibition in Louisville of the operation of his invention.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands, as if you were bound with them. —HEB., xiii. 3.

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

The Rev. John Van Gennip, a saintly old priest of the Diocese of Detroit, stationed at Ecorse, Mich., who was called to his reward on the 3d inst.

Bro. Robert, C. S. C., whose devoted life closed in a holy death at St. Edward's College, Austin, Texas, on the 23d ult.

Sister Marcelline, of the Sisters of the Holy Cross, who passed away at St. Mary's Academy, Notre Dame, Ind., on the 3d inst., fortified by the last Sacraments.

Mr. Robert Reid, who departed this life on the 13th ult., at Cambridgeport, Mass.

Miss Catherine Reid, of Pittsburg, Pa., whose exemplary life was crowned with a holy death on the 12th ult.

Mrs. Julia M. Digons, whose happy death occurred in Brooklyn, N. Y., on the 22d of July.

Mr. Patrick Hannon, who died peacefully at E. Cambridge, Mass., on the 26th ult.

Mrs. M. Bresnahan, of South Boston, Mass.; Miss Nellie Moynahan, Lafayette, Ind.; Mr. Patrick Dennon, and Mrs. Mary Williams, San Francisco, Cal.; Francis White, Rose Bagly, William Keogh, James Lafferty, and James Cassidy,—all of Brooklyn, N. Y.

May they rest in peace!



The José-Maria.

BY E. L. DORSEY.

XIII.

The scene with Dixson fully realized Hendershott's expectations, and gave that slippery young person his first perception that perhaps, after all, honesty and integrity were better in the long run than sharpness and unscrupulous quibbles; for the settlement of the claim was made a very imposing occasion, Judge Comegys, Mr. Burton, Mr. Rodney and Doctor Burton being present to see their old friend safely through, both legally and physically.

The dignity of these gentlemen, the stately ceremony with which they froze their scampish young brother, and the calm deliberation with which they scrutinized the papers, deeds, etc., pointing out one or two carelessly copied clauses, and suggesting their correction with a citation of statutes and rulings that rang sonorously on the air,—all made it a very trying hour for him; but this discomfort was as nothing to that he felt when he found himself sandwiched between Idella's sombre eyes and Hendershott's angry ones. He knew lunatics were very sudden, and he trembled for his worthless body as if it had been really valuable; and he also noticed sundry movements of the diver's fists that made curious little crinkles catch his muscles and quicken his breath.

The climax of the diver's satisfaction was reached when the moment of payment came, and the judge asked as a matter of form:

"Are you ready to meet the debt?"

Jonas bowed silently and looked at Hendershott, who was fearfully and wonderfully rigged in a suit of black broadcloth, and wore a collar so large and stiff that he literally could not turn his head; he could nod it though, and this he did with an emphasis that focused every eye in the room upon him, as

he waved his hand toward the inner door, saying,

"Dick, No. 1!"

Dick rose, and presently a rumbling sound was heard, and he came in trundling a wheelbarrow, in which lay big bags and little bags, loose silver and *rouleaux*. He set it down before Dixson, to whom Hendershott ordered:

"Count it!"

This he did,—fifteen thousand dollars.

Then Hendershott said:

"Dick, No. 2!"

And Dick wheeled in a second load, at sight of which the diver grinned, and Dixson cried out angrily:

"I can't take all this silver! It's ridiculous to expect it."

"Then you kin leave it," answered the diver. "Nobody'll cry, I guess."

"But," fumed Dixson.

"But," mimicked the diver, "look a-here. You're a nice one, you are! Thar bain't no suitin' you! Fust you come a-howlin' fur money we didn't owe, an' kicked up a rumpus 'cause it wasn't paid; an' now we gone an' paid it, you're a-tryin' to raise another."

"I'll have to hire a wagon to take it away!" said Dixson.

"We're willin' you should," answered Hendershott, cheerfully.

"Gentlemen, is there no protection for me against insults in the discharge of my duty?" (turning to the judge and his companions.)

"We're not aware any have been offered, sir," was the courteous response.

"But see how I'm paid!"

"There was no special form of payment demanded, was there? I understood that the sum total alone was designated."

"Well, who would have guessed they'd raise it?" (rudely.)

"That's scarcely to the point," said the judge, dryly.

"It's a conspiracy! I can't handle these miserable—"

"They ain't miserable!" interrupted Hendershott; "not by a long chalk, they ain't! They're good 100-cents-to-the-dollar bits o' pure silver! I'd ought to know; fur ain't I ben a-bitin' of 'em, an' had Dick a-bitin' of 'em, an' the twins a-ringin' of 'em right along,

tell our jaws ached, an' the little gals was dead beat? An' now, young man, sign that recipe (receipt?), an' git! We've had enough o' you, an' a sight too much. None o' your lip! When I say 'git!' I mean it, an' it's a heap healthier than stayin'. 'Thar's the door!' (swinging both arms toward it in a way highly suggestive of pitching something out.) "Dick, guess we'd better save manners an' speed the partin' guest; bear a hand thar, an' I'll come 'long too."

And they trundled the barrows out and down the street to the station, where Dixson, after much struggling and more swearing, got the contents boxed and expressed amid a far-off but audible atmosphere of tarry laughter and barbed jokes.

The memory of it was a sweet morsel to the diver; and whenever, in the busy days that followed, he could spare time to smoke a pipe, he'd mutter between puffs:

"Three thousan's thirty hundred—thirty hundred o' them cart-wheel silver dollars! Wisht I could-a made him carry 'em on his back! Land, wouldn't he-a sagged under the weight! Wisht I could-a made him take a sep'rate trip fur every single one of 'em, an' walk both ways! Jack, you done a fancy stroke that time, an' don't you forget it!"

And then he would chuckle, wink at whatever his eye struck, and go back to work, greatly refreshed.

XIV.

When a rain is over and the first ray of sunshine pierces the gloom, have you ever noticed with what magical rapidity the light broadens, the clouds roll themselves off the scene, and the sky resumes its unbroken arch of blue? It is like a stage transformation in its swiftness and completeness. That was the way with the troubles of the little household by the sea. Once the rift was made, events marched so rapidly they scarcely found time for breath between the happenings, and furnished abundant material for all the fireside and newspaper story-tellers in the state and country.

It was this way. November had come, and had dropped in the world's lap a few days so beautiful and mild that the children went wild, the late birds thought second thoughts about migration, and a few flowers and butter-

flies nodded and danced in the soft air and warm sunshine. The women brought their household tasks out doors, windows were thrown open, and fires put out. But the old men shook their shaggy heads and would "take no stock" in it. "Weather-breeders!" they growled, and rose and sat stiffly with the aches and pains that fly before a change. "Weather-breeders; an' it'll be 'fare-you-well, my Mary Anne!' when once the wind does slip cable."

And the event proved them right; for on the evening of the 6th the sun went down in a wild smear of red, and there was a metallic ring to the surf as it hammered on the beach. Ship after ship came running into the harbor, and each reported other sail crowding after. By daybreak those that got in did it by dint of sheer pluck and luck; and by ten o'clock all the able-bodied men in town were huddled on the sands, watching a brigantine and a bark that were struggling desperately to claw off the shoals, about which the sea bellowed and roared and the foam flew like a snow squall.

The bark was well handled, but something seemed amiss with the brig, and she made leeway so fast that the swiftest runner in the crowd was sent back to Lewes to telegraph the life crew at Rehoboth to "limber up" the boat wagon and come along.

Did you ever watch a ship going to her death? The waves lash her stern and sides till she shudderingly labors up the great green ridges that fling their tons of water on her; she trembles on the crest like a sentient creature; then she makes a shivering plunge, and lies groaning in the trough of the sea until goaded up another height; her anchors clutch at the bottom like the fingers of a drowning man; she tries to spread her broken wings; she shakes off every burden that can be spared from cargo and armament. But all the time she crawls nearer and nearer the white death under her bows, until with a sudden leap she's hard aground, and then the wind and sea fall on her and tear and rend her to pieces.

As the brig took the ground a half groan went up, and a great restlessness pervaded the crowd until the life-boat hove in sight,—the horses galloping, the men clinging with hands, feet, arms, legs, even teeth—anything

that would grip and hold. A horse fell winded, but they cut the traces and left him; another staggered and rolled over: they left him too; volunteers sprang from the group on the sands, and men and horses dashed on the beach with a yell and a whinny that brought a faint response from the wreck.

The crew were called. All answered until "No. 4"—Job Ransom. Then an unfamiliar voice made the captain look up. But when he saw it was a sturdy fellow he let the boat go; for a small swivel was fired from the wreck, and the foremast was bending like a whip.

"Ready?"

"Aye, aye!" And with muscles of iron and hearts of steel they leaped at their work.

As they rushed through the bursting surf with the boat and scrambled over her sides—she rearing and plunging like a bucking bronco,—put out their oars, and laid their backs to it with a will, a strange feeling of impatience took possession of Dick. He was conscious of an almost uncontrollable desire to double his stroke and to storm at the men—all his seniors—because they pulled so deep and slow. The death-waves* seemed to him to bear down on them in groups instead of singly; and when the intermediate seas burst under the bows of the *Petrel*, making her toss her nose into the air or burying her under their floods, he groaned aloud with vexation at the time lost in recovering "way." His head was as if set on a pivot, and turned so often and so restlessly toward the wreck, that Truxton, the stroke, supposing him to be nervous as to her fate, said kindly:

"All right, Dick. She'll hold together till we get her crew off, any way. Don't fret."

"Glad o' that, sir," answered Dick. But still his muscles quivered so strangely that, as the little craft slid uncertainly down the side of a transversely rolling sea, the captain had to call out:

"Steady there, No. 4! Steady!"

Then he buckled down to work so resolutely that the next minutes of roar and smother, and shock and struggle, laboring oars and panting breath, blinded vision and deafened ears, seemed interminably long, and yet incredibly short when word was passed to "ease

up," for they were as near the wreck as they dared go.

The moments that followed were filled with the noblest joy and deepest regret that can come to true men,—the joy of saving life, and the pain of seeing it snatched back from their grasp; for two poor fellows were washed from the line and swept to their death with wild, white faces, and outstretched arms that clasped nothing but the unstable waters; and another was dashed so violently against the ship's side, just as he cleared the taffrail, that he fell senseless into the current and was whirled to a deep-sea grave.

Dick had never been out in the life-boat before, but he felt as if he were taking part in a set of perfectly familiar scenes, each one of which he knew in detail before it happened. The brig was absolutely a strange vessel to him, but he recognized her every line and spar. Her foretop-mast had snapped off short, and the sails were bursting away like puffs of white smoke,—he knew they would. There was something in the shrouds—"a piece of sail," one of the boat's crew had said; but he knew better. And when a sudden stir made him aware that the main-stays and braces had given, and the mainmast was splitting and wavering for a fall, he suddenly sprang erect, and, hollowing his hands about his mouth, shouted:

"Cut loose an' swim fur it, daddy!"

The man in the shrouds raised his head, which had fallen forward on his breast, and looked about him,—his long grey hair and beard streaming in the gale.

Dick repeated his cry, excitement making his voice as clear as a trumpet and nearly as strong. And as he did so,

"That's right, young un!" came from one of the rescued men. "If ever a one of us ought to be saved it's that old codger. Nussed us through Yellow Jack* at Montyvidday-o last summer, and's taken extry night-watches time'n again—had 'em three nights hand-runnin' this spell—for we was all broke up with handlin' the spars and sails, half of us bein' gone to Davy Jones. Last night he lashed himself thar for a lookout. Hooray for the old man!"

* Every ninth wave; so called by sailors on account of their size and power.

* Yellow fever.

And they broke into a cheer that made up in intention what it lacked in volume.

Simultaneously with it Dick seized a line, plunged over the side, and, stayed up partly by the big cork jacket that forms a portion of the life-boat uniform, and partly by the excitement that raged in his veins, he swam for the wreck as "the old man" took out his sheath knife, cut the lashings, and sprang into the water—not a minute too soon; for the mainmast gave and fell, crashing against the stump of the foremast, carrying it down in the same ruin. Heaven favored Dick's rashness. The current and wash tossed them together, and after some hard hauling they were both pulled inboard, and the boat headed for shore.

On the way back the boy sat in a half-stupor, mechanically dipping his oar, and occasionally pulling hard to trim the boat when the transverse seas "chopped" the water under her; but his strength was spent and the unnatural excitement gone. He tried to get a look at the man he had rescued, wondering what in the world had made him call out as he did; but the poor sailors had already tumbled down wherever they could fit, and some of them were actually asleep from exhaustion.

As they landed, a dozen willing hands beached the boat, and a hundred throats roared a welcome. Then an old greybeard sang out:

"Another for the barkie!"

And that too was a "peeler"; for the bark had thrown out anchors and grapples; some of them were holding, and she was riding hard but safe, with six feet of water between her keel and the bottom.

As the sound ceased "the old man" turned to Dick.

"What be your name?"

And Dick, like a real Yankee, answered:

"And what be yours, sir?"

"Liakim Barlow, o' Gloucester."

"I knew it!" cried Dick, with a knot as big as his fist in his throat. "O daddy, daddy, I'm Dick!"

Then he must have forgotten he had a fuzz on his lip and a deposit in the bank,—that he had done a strong man's work that day, and had the biceps of a blacksmith; for he threw his arms around his father's neck and kissed

his bronzed face a dozen times, just as he used to when he was a little chap. Then they gripped hands in a way that would have made you and me cripples for life, and looked at each other till each was hid from the other by a salt mist—maybe from the flying scud outside.

Then 'Liakim said:

"Your marin an' the babies, are they—are they—"

"Safe and sound, sir."

"Thank the Lord A'mighty!" was the fervent response. "Wheer?"

"Wi' Uncle Judkins," said Dick. And then he laughed from pure excitement. "Land, won't Mollie just be rampagious! She'll raise the roof over our heads. She's kept a-sayin' ev'y day for most a year you was a-comin'."

"What made her?"

"Said her Lady was a goin' to bring you."

"Her Lady?"

"Yes, sir. Thar was a French sailor giv' her an' Ginnie a picture o' the Virgin Mary an' the Infant Saviour. An' she's took on like a kittiwake ever sence, a prayin' an' a-scolidin' an' a hustlin' for *you* ef you was alive, or for news of you ef you was dead."

"That's curis! What day's this?"

"The 7th o' November."

"That cert'n'y is curis. An' she's ben sayin' her Lady'd do it?"

"She don't let up on it a day, sir."

"Mebbe she did," said 'Liakim, thoughtfully; "mebbe she did. But your marm, Dickie, —you ain't said how she is."

"She's better, sir,—a heap better; an' I bet she'll know you quick as a wink. She's—she's—you know she's a leetle mite touched up aloft ever sence the time the '*Lezabeth Jane*' come home 'thout you,—just a leetle," he added hurriedly; "but fur all that *she's* stuck to it you was a comin' home too."

"I know."

"You—how'd you know, sir?"

"The babies' sailor, Dick. Oh, that's a queer story, but I'm beat now—"

"Don't talk, daddy," said Dick, remorsefully. "I hadn't ought to let you, an' I ain't goin' to ask you nothin' more, though I'm 'most crazy to know how we got you home—whew, that's a breather, sir!"

"Breather" was a mild name for it. The

wind, that seemed about to go down at the turn of the tide, suddenly leaped into the west, and blew such big guns it was hard work to make headway against it. The two men, being drenched through, were soon chilled to the bone, and Dick heaved a long sigh of relief as they reached home and closed the door behind them.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Vienna Saved by Our Lady.

The Turks, proud of the victory they had gained over the Imperialists, were proceeding to besiege Vienna. All fled at their approach, and the Emperor Leopold I., powerless against their numbers, had quitted his capital in haste. He went out at one of the gates, when the barbarians appeared under the walls. Their camp was soon set up, their batteries formed, and trenches opened, on the very eve of the Feast of the Assumption in the year 1682, and pushed on with fearful rapidity. To complete the misfortune, a church took fire and the flames threatened to extend to the arsenal: all the ammunition would have been destroyed. But Mary, being invoked without ceasing and with the liveliest confidence, did not abandon her children. On the day of the Assumption, the fire suddenly stopped, and brought back hope and courage to sinking hearts.

However, the Turks continued their enterprise with incredible activity; their artillery rained, day and night, a shower of bombs on the city; their works, from the 31st of August, had so advanced that the soldiers on both sides fought in the moat, with the stakes of the palisade. Vienna, that bulwark of Christianity, already nearly reduced to ashes, was on the point of falling under the yoke of Ottoman impiety.

But what is there that confidence in the Mother of God can not obtain? On the day of her Nativity, whilst the inhabitants and the soldiers redoubled their prayers, succor swift and sure came to their aid. They could soon see standards flying on the neighboring mountains: it was the great Sobieski with his Poles. Their number was small, certainly; but Heaven sent them to save Vienna. On the morning of the 12th Sobieski assisted at

Mass, and served it himself, with his arms extended in the form of a cross; he went to Holy Communion, put himself and his soldiers under Mary's protection, and, full of ardor and fresh confidence, he cried: "Let us march now under the all-powerful protection of the Mother of God!"

Soon the little army saw spread out before them the vast camp of the infidels, their numerous squadrons, their thundering artillery. Seized at first with an involuntary fear, the Poles avowed that God alone could give them the victory. Already Heaven had heard their prayer: the Khan of Tartary, alarmed at the vigor of the first shock, fell back and fled precipitately; he drew after him the grand vizier, who, though trembling with rage, was forced to follow. Soon they were completely routed, the plain was strewed with the dead, the Danube engulfed in its stream thousands of fugitives; all the ammunition, artillery, nay even the standards of the Mahometans, became the prey of the conqueror.

Sobieski, at the head of the victorious troops, made his entry into Vienna with the Emperor, and, full of gratitude, intoned the *Te Deum* himself. From that time the religious monarch carried everywhere with him a picture of Our Lady of Loreto with this inscription: "Through this image of Mary, Sobieski will always conquer."

A Noble Saying.

A poor Milanese, who was a porter at a school, found a purse containing two hundred crowns. The owner, having seen an advertisement of its having been found, came to the school, and having clearly proved that the purse was his property it was given up to him. Full of joy and gratitude at having found it, he offered the porter twenty crowns, but he refused to accept it; then he offered ten, and then five, but the finder was still inflexible. "I have lost nothing if you will receive nothing," said the owner, angrily throwing his bag on the ground. The porter then agreed to accept five crowns, which he distributed among some poor persons, declaring that one is not entitled to any reward for being honest.

THE
AVE MARIA
 TO THE HONOR OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN
 A MAGAZINE DEVOTED
 HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED

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Homecoming.

BY MARTON MUIR RICHARDSON.

ACROSS the desert broad and bare,
 Across the mountain's purple round,
 I feel its whisper in the air,
 The day that sees me homeward bound.

My pansies, white as maiden brows,
 Look up, look up to welcome me!
 Oh, south-wind, in the poplar boughs,
 Make music like the summer sea!

Behind me lie the city walls,
 All golden with the sunset's pride;
 But clearer through the distance calls
 The promise of my own fireside.

In other groves the branches wave,
 By other paths the flowers bloom;
 But none, like those I planted, gave
 The subtle balm of love's perfume.

The Ignorance of the Laity in the Middle Ages.—Could Charlemagne Write?

BY THE REV. REUBEN PARSONS, D. D.

I.

WE frequently hear that in the Middle Ages the clergy systematically kept the laity in ignorance; that even the nobility were so uncultivated that in the public records of those times it is quite common to meet the clause: "And the said lord declares that he knows not how to sign [his name], because of his condition of gentleman." Charlemagne himself, it is said, could not write. But

are these allegations true? In the early period of the Middle Ages undoubtedly ignorance was the lot of the warriors who became the progenitors of most of the European nobles; but when these barbarians had become Christians and members of civilized society, is it true that they generally remained in that ignorance?

The learned Benedictine, Cardinal Pitra,* has proved that in nearly all monasteries there were two kinds of schools—the internal, for the youth who wished to become religious; and the external, for the children who showed no such vocation. And do we not know how Abelard's retreat, the Paraclete, was filled with hundreds of young laymen, zealous for knowledge? Vincent of Beauvais (y. 1250) writes that "the sons of the nobility need to acquire expensive learning;" and Giles of Rome (1290) says that "the children of kings and of great lords must have masters to teach them all science, and especially a knowledge of Latin." The nobles are said to have despised learning, but we know that they were very zealous in founding schools. Thus at Paris alone six colleges were established by noble laymen: that of Laon, in 1313, by Guy of Laon and Raoul de Presles; that of Presles, in 1313, by this Raoul; that of Boucourt, in 1357, by Peter de Fléchinel; that of the Ave Maria, in 1336, by John of Hubaut; that of La Marche, in 1362, by William de la Marche; that of the Grassins, in 1369, by Peter d'Ablon.

The following remarks of a judicious critic,† concerning the widely spread opinion as to the

* "Histoire de St. Leger."

† M. Louandre, in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* for Jan. 15, 1877, p. 452.

ignorance of the mediæval laity, are worthy of attention :

"The researches of M. de Beaurepaire concerning public instruction in the Diocese of Rouen, the 'History of the Schools of Montauban' from the tenth to the sixteenth century, and several other local monographs, not to speak of Du Boulay and De Crévier, show what this assertion is worth. If the middle class and the peasants knew nothing, it was because they wished not to learn, for the olden France had no less than 60,000 schools; each town had its *groupes scolaires*, as they say in Paris; each rural parish had its pedagogue—its *magister*, as they style him in the North. In the thirteenth century all the peasants of Normandy could read and write, carried writing materials at their girdles, and many of them were no strangers to Latin. The nobles were no more hostile to letters than the peasants were; they shared in the poetical movement in the South, as Bertrand de Born, William of Aquitaine, and Bernard of Ventadour bear witness. The first chroniclers who wrote in French were nobles (and laymen)—Villehardouin and Joinville. In 1337 the scions of the first families followed the courses of the University of Orleans. As to the documents which they are said to have been unable to sign, 'because of their condition of gentlemen,' such papers do not exist, and we defy paleographers to produce one containing the alleged formula. To obtain another proof of mediæval ignorance, some have recourse to the crosses traced at the foot of documents of the eleventh and twelfth centuries, and to the absence of signatures in those of the thirteenth. But this pretended proof can not stand the tests of diplomatic science. In those days acts were not authenticated by written names, but by crosses and seals. The most ancient royal signatures are of no earlier date than that of Charles V." (of France), who died in 1380.

Even in the early Middle Age every cathedral, and nearly every monastery, had its school and library, in accordance with canonical enactments. Hallam admits that "the praise of having originally established schools belongs to some bishops and abbots of the sixth century"; but—at least so far as Ireland is concerned—it is certain that her schools were celebrated throughout Europe in the

fifth century. As to the Continent, we find the Council of Vaison recommending, in 529, the institution of free parochial schools. To cite only a few of similar decrees, there is a canon of the Third General Council of Constantinople, in 680, commanding priests to have free schools in all country places; one of a Synod of Orleans, in 800, ordering the parochial clergy "to teach little children with the greatest kindness, receiving no compensation save the voluntary offerings of parents"; one of Mentz, in 813, commanding parents to send their children "to the schools in the monasteries, or in the houses of the parish clergy"; one of Rome, in 826, prescribing schools in every suitable place.

As to higher education, not only was it not neglected, but the most celebrated universities were founded and perfected in the "dark" ages. Most renowned were the Irish school of Benchor (Bangor), with its thousands of scholars, and the other Irish establishments at Lindisfarne in England, at Bobbio in Italy, at Verdun in France, and at Würzburg, Ratisbon, Erfurt, Cologne, and Vienna, in Germany. The great University of Bologna, an outgrowth of the school for law there established by Theodosius II. in the fifth century, became so famous under Irnerius (d. 1140) that of foreigners alone more than ten thousand thronged its halls.* The University of Padua frequently numbered eighteen thousand students. Famous also were the Universities of Rome, Pavia, Naples, and Perugia; of Paris; of Alcalá, Salamanca, and Valladolid; of Oxford and Cambridge; of Vienna and Cologne. †

* The University of Bologna was a corporation of scholars, who were divided into two great "nations"—Cismontanes (Italians) and Ultramontanes (foreigners),—each having its own rector, who must have taught law for five years and have been a student of the University, and *could not be a monk*. The students elected this rector, and none of the professors had a voice in the assembly unless they had previously been rectors. However, in the faculty of theology the professors governed. Popes Gregory IX., Boniface VIII., Clement V., and John XXII., addressed their Decretals "to the doctors and scholars of Bologna."

† The thirteenth century was an unfortunate one for letters in Germany. Leibnitz says that the tenth was golden compared with the thirteenth; Heeren calls it most unfruitful; Meiners constantly deploras it; Eichorn designates it as "wisdom degenerated into barbarism." But the fourteenth century brought

And it must be born in mind that in most of these institutions instruction was gratuitous. The zeal of popes, bishops, emperors, kings, and other great ones of those days, found no more natural outlet than the endowment of these establishments. The celibacy of the clergy, well remarks Archbishop Martin Spalding, did more, perhaps, for this free tuition than anything else. "Clergymen whose income exceeded their expenses felt bound by the spirit, if not by the letter, of Canon Law to appropriate the surplus to charitable purposes, among which the principal was the founding of hospitals and schools. The forty-four colleges attached to the University of Paris were most of them founded by clergymen."*

II.

As to the pretended ignorance of Charlemagne, we prefer more ancient and more reliable authority than that of Voltaire, the author of this assertion.† In the "Acts" of the Council of Fisme, held in 881, we read

* "Schools and Universities in the Dark Ages."

† Voltaire makes this charge four different times, but in contradictory terms. In his "Essai sur les Mœurs," in the Introduction, he says that Charlemagne "did not know how to write his name." In chapter xix he adduces Eginhard to this effect. In the "Annales de l'Empire" he says that "it is not likely that this Frankish King, who could not write a *running hand*, could compose Latin verses"; and in another place of the same work he says that the monarch "could not write his name *well*."

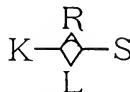
a change. The University of Vienna was founded in 1364; that of Heidelberg in 1386; of Erfurt, 1392; of Leipsic, 1409; of Würzburg, 1410; of Rostock, 1419; of Louvain, 1425; of Treves, 1454; of Freiburg, 1456; of Basel, 1459; of Ingolstadt, 1472; Tübingen and Metz, 1477; Cologne, 1483. Gerard Groot, a student of Paris, founded in 1376, at Deventer, his birthplace, an order whose members were sworn to help the poor, either by their manual labor or by gratuitous instruction. Very soon this order, says Cantù, "associating thus the two passions of that time—piety and study,—taught trades and writing in those monasteries which were called of St. Jerome, or of the Good Brethren, or of the Common Life; while in other places it kept schools of writing and of mechanics for poor children. To others it taught Latin, Greek, Hebrew, Mathematics, and Fine Arts. In 1433 it had forty-five houses, and in 1460 thrice that number. Thomas à Kempis transported the system to St. Agnes, near Zwolle, where were formed the apostles of classic literature in Germany: Maurice, Count of Spiegelberg, and Rudolph Langius, afterward prelates; Anthony Liber, Louis Dringenberg, Alexander Hagius, and Rudolph Agricola."

that the members exhorted King Louis III. "to imitate Charlemagne, who used to place tablets under his pillow, that he might take note of whatever came to his mind during the night which would profit the Church or conduce to the prosperity of his kingdom." It was the celebrated Hincmar who, in the name of the Council, drew up these "Acts" of Fisme; and certainly he is good authority in this matter, for he had passed much of his life in the society of Louis the Compliant, a son of Charlemagne. But is not the testimony of Eginhard, son-in-law of Charlemagne, to be preferred to that of the prelates of Fisme? Sismondi, who admits the extraordinary learning of the great Emperor, is so impressed by the words of Eginhard, that he concludes that the monarch acquired his great knowledge by oral teaching.

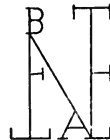
We would prefer the authority of the bishops of France, headed by Hincmar, to that of Eginhard; but the two testimonies do not conflict. Eginhard says: "He tried to write, and he used to keep tablets under the pillows of his bed, so that, when time permitted, he could accustom his hand to the forming of letters; but he had little success in a task difficult in itself, and assumed so late in life.* Eginhard admits, then, that Charlemagne had some success in his endeavors. We know, too, that he could form his monogram; † and Lambecius, the erudite secretary of Christina of Sweden, speaks of a manuscript of St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans "corrected by the Emperor's own

* "Tentabat et scribere, tabullasque et codicillos ad hoc in lecticulo sub cervicalibus circumferre solebat, ut cum vacuum tempus esset, manum effigiandis litteris assuefaceret; sed parum prospere successit labor præposterus ac sero inchoatus."

† In the space occupied by a K he put the other letters of his name, "Karolus":



In Papal letters of the Middle Ages we often meet the monogram of "Bene valet":



hand."* We are therefore led to accept that interpretation of Eginhard's remark which is given by Lambecius, and since that critic's time by the best commentators, such as Michelet,† Henri Martin,‡ and Guizot;§ to the effect that there is therein no question of writing in general, but merely of a running hand. In fine, Charlemagne could write by means of what we style square or printed characters; he found it difficult to write a running hand; in other words, he could write, but he was not a calligrapher. Ampère opines that the monarch tried to excel in the art of illuminating manuscripts,—that is, of painting the majuscule letters which so excite the admiration of moderns.

Since Eginhard is adduced to prove the ignorance of Charlemagne, it is well to note what this chronicler tells us, in the same chapter, about the Emperor's learning. Charlemagne spoke Latin fluently and with elegance Greek was familiar to him, although his pronunciation of it was defective. He was passionately fond of the fine arts. He drew to his court the wisest men of the day—*e. g.*, Peter of Pisa and Alcuin,—and very soon he nearly equalled his masters in their respective branches. He began the composition of a Teutonic grammar, and he undertook a version of the New Testament based on the Greek and Syriac texts. He understood perfectly the intricacies of liturgy, psalmody, the Gregorian Chant, etc. During his meals he listened to the reading of histories; he was especially fond of St. Augustine's "City of God." He preferred to attend the schools he had founded rather than any kind of amusement. Furthermore and finally, he compelled his daughters, as well as his sons, to cultivate the fine arts.

* "Commentaria in Bibl. Cæs. Vindob.," b. ii, c. 5. Vienna, 1655.

† "Histoire de France," edit. 1835, vol. i, p. 332.

‡ "Histoire de France," edit. 1855, vol. ii, p. 292.—"It would be strange indeed if this great man, who was versed in astronomy and in Greek, and who labored to correct the text of the Four Gospels, was unable to write."

§ "Histoire de France, Racontée à Mes Petits-Enfants," vol. i, p. 228. Paris, 1872.—"It has been doubted whether he could write, and a passage of Eginhard might authorize the doubt; but when I consider other testimonies, and even this very remark of Eginhard, I incline to the belief that Charlemagne wrote with difficulty and not very well."

Two Schools.

(CONCLUSION.)

CLARA VALLEY, June 18, 18—.

DEAR AUNT MARY:—I was so glad to learn from the first part of your letter that you had concluded to agree to my plan, but the last page somewhat modified my pleasure; for I had not counted on spending my vacation at the convent. I had thought that, instead of taking the long journey home, we would probably meet at some point, and go together to the seaside or the mountains, as you might prefer. But if our pecuniary losses, or rather delays, are so serious as to preclude our usual jaunt, so be it. Next summer, when the dividends come in, we may be able to go abroad.

But I have an alternative. I shall need nothing new this summer, as I shall remain at the convent during vacation. This will be a considerable saving. Put your hand in the common purse (it is surely deep enough for this) and draw out enough coin to fetch you here, where, in the village, I can find you the cheapest and daintiest little boarding place in the world. One of our girls—a dear good soul she is—lives in the village with her mother and brother, who is the only doctor for miles around. They will be glad to take you or us—for I have stipulated for both,—having a couple of spare rooms. Mrs. Lee, the mother, is a genuine Southern matron of the old school,—a perfect lady, educated, refined, and a—devout Catholic. I am not trying to lead you into the lion's den, dear auntie,—at least not with closed eyes. She is too gentle a woman to obtrude her religious sentiments on any one; and you can worship to your heart's content under the Rev. Mr. Payne, who has a very pretty little church in the village.

I shall be restless until I have heard your decision. It will be so delightful to have you here! You can become acquainted with the Sisters, who will have a great deal of free time in vacation; and the country is so beautiful hereabout that you will never tire exploring it. It is too bad that this plan was not thought of in time for you to attend the Commencement. All might have been easily arranged if we had known how events were going to turn out.

JUNE 22, 18—.

There was so much to be done that I have not had time to finish this letter, though I had hoped to send it off some days since. Now that the Commencement is over, you may like to hear something about it. Everything went off with *éclat*; things always do at Clara Valley. The evening was lovely—just warm enough, with a pleasant breeze,—the attendance large, a special train from the city having brought down the Archbishop, many priests, and the mayor, who has a daughter here at school. There were also a large number of ladies and gentlemen—parents and relatives of the pupils,—though the line was drawn at *young gentlemen*, none being admitted. An exception was made, however, in favor of the brothers of the graduates,—of whom there were five, with brothers nine, fully grown. I thought the poor young fellows looked very shy among such an army of girls.

The exercises began at five. For an hour previous the visitors had been busily examining the work, which was exhibited in a room set apart for the purpose. It would have delighted both your housewifely and æsthetic heart to have seen the beautiful display. Pencil, crayon and India ink drawings; oil and water-color paintings; specimens of wood carving; with all kinds of embroidery in silk, worsted and linen, on velvet, satin and various other fabrics, united to form a lovely collection. All were meritorious, some far above the average. I wish some of our amateurs at home could have seen the fine china painting. But dearest of all to your vision would have been the two long tables in the middle of the room devoted to miracles in plain sewing, mending, and darning. There were under-garments of all kinds, made and embroidered by hand, which would have done credit to any French convent; and the patches so daintily inserted that one could almost wish to tear one's clothes if they might always be so perfectly mended. The stockings too—silk, woollen, and cotton, coarse and fine,—were a sight to see, so beautifully darned were they. The Archbishop, who kindly remembered me, told me in a smiling whisper that he was "old woman enough to like this part of the performance best." Judging from the time he spent in the exhibition room, and the interest

he seemed to feel in everything, I think he was perfectly sincere in what he said.

The exercises consisted of music and singing—all very good,—interspersed with occasional five-minute essays, and the awarding of premiums. The Archbishop crowned the graduates and gave them their diplomas, with a very pretty little speech containing some very sound advice on the duties of woman. The Valedictory was read by Miss Damen, of whom I have already written,—a Protestant and a very clever, bright girl. She was much affected, and her emotion became contagious. The larger girls all cried.

The white muslin dresses, which I thought would seem so plain, were just the thing—sweet, simple, lovely. We all had small corsage bouquets, each in accordance with individual taste; and the flowers served to brighten the white frocks as no jewels could have done. There are many here who could afford to wear both silk the most costly and jewels of the rarest, others who could not; therefore the Sisters, wise and considerate as they invariably are, make it a rule that white muslin must be worn by all.

I received several premiums for History, Mathematics, Drawing, French, and German. I was also honorably distinguished in all my studies except Astronomy, which I do not care for now any more than formerly.

After supper we strolled about the grounds. They were illuminated with Chinese lanterns, and it was pleasant to see the girls with their friends and relatives. At half-past eight the Rosary was said at the shrine, the Archbishop reciting it aloud, and at nine the company dispersed in order to take the train for the city. Many of the pupils went home that night with their friends, but more than half remained till next day.

We are now pulling the odds and ends together, and I very much enjoy this time of waiting; for it gives me an opportunity to converse a great deal with my dear Sister Mary, who in every way fulfils the promise of our early acquaintance. Hers is a beautiful soul, one in which there is no guile, while she possesses a wonderfully versatile and logical mind. I hope you will soon meet her; the more I think on my plan the less objection does there seem to its accomplishment.

I met Estella Gray yesterday in the village, whither I had gone on an errand with Sister Euphrasia. She was walking with a young man, who did not look verdant, though he was not yet what might be called fully fledged. When was not Estella walking with a young man, by the way, if there was one to be found within a radius of three or four miles? She merely bowed, as did I, but in a very cordial way; for it would have been somewhat embarrassing to all to have stopped me in the wake of the good Sister.

Allen Seminary closed its doors last week, but several of the boarders are still there. A little French teacher who formerly had a class at the Seminary has come to us to perfect herself in English during the vacation. *On dit* that she will enter the novitiate in the autumn. She looks demure enough for a nun, if that be a recommendation.

Your devoted
JULIA.

TEN YEARS LATER.

Two ladies sat on the beach at —, a famous Eastern seaside resort, commonly called the paradise of children; for here they swarm summer after summer, and play and gambol on the sands the whole day long. For this reason it had been chosen by Mrs. Taylor and her aunt during several seasons; as, being neither ultra-fashionable nor slaves to dress and consequent discomfort, they preferred a spot where they could be more independent than at the so-called favorite watering-places.

Both had sweet, refined faces; the elder lady seemed an invalid, but the younger, who could not have been more than twenty-eight, was the embodiment of perfect health. Near them two children, a boy and girl, played in the sand, building forts and castles, only to see them gradually demolished by the rising tide, into which, by way of diversion, they rushed time and again, their bare white feet twinkling in the waves as they danced up and down the shingles.

While the ladies sat conversing their attention was attracted by the antics of a couple of overdressed children, also a boy and girl, who were defying all efforts of their mother to take them away from the vicinity of the incoming tide, which was rapidly ascending higher and higher. Their beautiful shoes and stockings were already wet, and the little girl's skirts

were draggled and stained with water and sand. "Come, Arthur! Come, Edith!" exclaimed the mother in no gentle tones. "You will have your death of cold, and your shoes are ruined. Did any one ever have such children?" Seizing each by the arm, she endeavored to pull them by main force; but they began to scream and protest, the little girl going so far as to strike her mother in the face.

By this time the other children had become interested in the contest, and, quietly dropping their shovels, stole to their mother's side. Finally, the distressed mother, evidently mortified by the proximity of strangers, released the young culprits with a final shake, saying, "Never mind. Papa will be here to-morrow, and he'll make you obey." Left to themselves, and perhaps somewhat afraid of future punishment, the children slowly followed their mother, who toiled wearily along the beach.

As she passed the two ladies a mutual glance of recognition took place, and "Miss Mary!" "Julia!" and "Estella!" followed one another in quick succession. "Ah, how little changed you are, Julia dear!" cried Estella. "And you, Miss Mary, look younger than you did ten years ago. I heard all about your marriage, Julia. You were a wise creature for all your demureness. Only to think of it! Turning Catholic and then marrying a rich Catholic, as you did! But I never thought *you* would have joined the Roman Church, Miss Mary. Still, Julia could always wind you round her little finger. And these are *your* children, I suppose? I have been wondering for the past two or three days who the sweet darlings were. How healthy and happy they look! But don't you hate to have them so tanned, and don't you think their feet will become flat and large if you allow them to be barefooted so much?"

It was almost impossible to answer this outburst. When Mrs. Taylor attempted to do so she was again interrupted.

"Is your husband here? I have heard he is very handsome. They tell me you don't go into society a great deal. How can you fill up your time otherwise? Don't you find children a great trouble? No? Mine are terribly hard to manage; but they are so delicate that I have given them their own way perhaps too much. They have a wholesome fear of their

father, however. He can not get away this summer; he has so much railroad business, now that his grandfather is dead. You know he was President of the R. & R. Road? Didn't you know it? Oh, to be sure! You were at school the year I was married, and then went off to Europe with Miss Mary. You heard, of course, that it was a runaway match? Papa and mamma were so angry, but they had to give in. It was awfully romantic, too. I met Paul at the Commencement exercises at Allen Seminary. We were only acquainted a few weeks; eloped while papa and mamma were in Europe. One soon gets over romance, though. Paul is a good fellow, but we were both too young, and he says it keeps him grinding the mill all the time to live in any kind of style. You know papa failed before he died, and left nothing. Mamma lives with Aunt Amanda. She did stay with me for a while, but she thought the children made her nervous; and I have no doubt it is pleasanter for her and Aunt Amanda to be together. Did you say your husband was here? I should like to meet him."

Mentally deciding that she felt certain the pleasure would not be mutual, Mrs. Taylor, the Julia of our story, answered that her husband would arrive on Saturday, at which her voluble companion resumed:

"Isn't this a pokey place? I'm sure I shall never come here again. Everything is fearfully dull and prosy. I've had such a time with the children! The only decent people in the place—beg pardon! present company, you know,—are a party of young ladies and gentlemen with their own yacht, *en route* to the Bermudas,—the Howes of Brooklyn. They are friends of friends of mine, and I'm perfectly certain they would have invited me to join them if it hadn't been for the children. Of course they have a chaperon—young Mrs. Howe. But they can't be blamed for not wanting other people's children along. I had a lovely French *bonne*, but I found she'd been stealing, and so had to discharge her. Right here in this place, the first night we came, I found her taking money out of my purse. You don't keep a nurse? What a frump you are! Just what I would expect from you, Julia. But, then, you have Miss Mary to help you out.—I declare, if Arthur isn't hitting his sister

with a shovel! Dear, dear, he has thrown sand in her eyes! You wretch, go straight up to the hotel and change your clothes! Go, both of you! You're perfect sights!—Excuse me, Julia, but I must run over and say a word to Mrs. Howe; that is she coming out of the bath-house. Isn't she pretty in her bathing suit? That's why she goes into the surf every day,—she knows she looks too sweet for anything. I never bathe. I look too horrid. Good-bye! So sorry not to be able to stay longer! Hope we'll meet again. Come and see me. I'm stopping at the Burlingame.—Go home, children, this instant, and get ready for luncheon!" she screamed, waving her parasol at the two little ones, who had ensconced themselves beside a shallow pool of water left by the tide, and making rapid strides in the direction of the bath-house, at the door of which her friend was awaiting her approach.

Our two friends heaved a sigh of relief as she departed; and, after summoning her children, Mrs. Taylor said to her aunt, as they walked homeward:

"Aunt Mary, how could Estella have become such an utterly frivolous woman?"

"She was a frivolous girl, my dear," replied the elder lady; "always wayward and undisciplined as her own children are at present. That year at Allen Seminary did her a great deal of harm, only serving to bring out her worst points, as the two years at Clara Valley—"

"Did mine?" laughingly interrogated her niece.

"Developed the best that was in you, my dear," smilingly but emphatically continued her aunt. "Since I have been a Catholic I have observed that good home training among Protestants is often nullified by the schools which young girls attend, and is in all cases supplemented and improved by education in Catholic institutions. Two years in a convent would have done much for Estella. She was not without good qualities."

"I agree with you," said Mrs. Taylor. "And with our facilities for knowing the truth—a blessing for which we can never be too thankful,—I fancy it will not be difficult for Clarence and myself, when the occasion arises, to choose between the two schools."

MARY E. MANNIX.

Stabat Mater.

I.

BY the Cross, the Mother grieving,
Naught her agony relieving,
At the Passion of Our Lord;
Her whole soul with sorrow bending,—
Sorrow with His sorrow blending,
Pierced by the mystic sword.

II.

Oh, how sad and how distressed
Was that Virgin Mother bled,—
Mother of the Only Son!
She so sorrowfully gazing
At the suffering so amazing,—
Suffering of the Glorious One!

III.

Who is there his tears could smother
If Christ's most afflicted Mother
He in agony should see?
Would he not with true devotion
Sympathize with her emotion,
As she looked upon the Tree?

IV.

For the sins of her own nation
Saw she Jesus' condemnation,
And His back to scourgings bent.
Saw she her own Son so tender
To the Cross Himself surrender,
Till at last His life was spent.

V.

Mother, make me feel thy sorrow,
That from thee my heart may borrow
Love, that flows to us through thee.
Make my heart to burn with fervent
Love to Christ, that I, His servant,
May serve Him acceptably.

VI.

Holy Mother, do this for me:
In His sacred likeness form me,
In my heart His wounds to bear,—
His, who deigned for me such anguish;
Should I not rejoice to languish
With Him, and His pangs to share?

VII.

Virgin, of all virgins fairest,
Thou for sinners ever carest;
Let me share thy grief so great;
That the death of Jesus bearing,
I may, in His Passion sharing,
On His sufferings meditate.

VIII.

Make my Saviour's woundings wound me,
Make His Precious Blood surround me,

Flowing from His Cross away.
Lest I burn in flames unended,
Let me be by thee defended
In the awful judgment-day.

IX.

When Thou callest me, Christ, before Thee,
Through Thy Mother, I implore Thee,
May I to the victory rise!
Grant that, when the body's dying,
To the soul, on Thee relying,
May be given Paradise.

A. P. G.

How One Father's Memory is Honored.

BY SARA TRAINER SMITH.

IN the Cathedral of Philadelphia, near the entrance to the Blessed Virgin's aisle, there is a memorial altar. A large, full-length picture of St. Francis de Sales, in his bishop's purple, hangs over it, and there is this inscription on its base:

PRAY FOR THE SOULS OF FRANCIS A. AND EMMA DREXEL.

So familiar are the names to Philadelphians, so closely connected with every good work, so suggestive of a charity always mindful, in life and death, of the poor, the sick, the widow and the orphan, that few pass unheeding the mute appeal. Many a visitor pauses before it with fleeting, fervent aspiration; many a knee is bent in grateful supplication; many and many a careless soul goes on its way spurred to better fulfilment of life's task by the thought, thus presented, of these two faithful "doers of the Word, and not hearers only." In all the simplicity, sincerity and dignity of Catholic Christians, they dwelt long in our midst, and, dying, set the seal upon their conscientious stewardship. Through the years that have passed since then, there reaches down an unbroken chain of noble charities, for which they left provision. Only a few weeks ago Archbishop Ryan, dedicating a new chapel at St. Joseph's Hospital, praised in his eloquent sermon after the first Mass the generosity of the departed from whence its walls arose. Truly, we can not be too often reminded of such Catholics. It would be well to find in our churches and our institutions, on our hill-sides and our hearts—everywhere tokens of remem-

brance which might, nay which *must*, reiterate the charge: "Go thou and do likewise, so far as in thee lies."

Not far from Philadelphia—at Eddington, on the Philadelphia Railroad to New York—we have such a reminder: a memorial altar shrined, as it were, in an imperishable chapel, before which burns, in a double sense, a living fire. The St. Francis de Sales' Industrial School and Home for Boys is the affectionate tribute of the children of Francis A. Drexel to his noble memory. It is intended to afford a comfortable home to orphan, and worse than orphaned, boys from the age of ten until they are fitted to support and earn a home for themselves. Primarily, farming and gardening are to be taught them, but other trades, other followings, are not excluded from the *rôle*. A sound, thorough, manly and Christian education is provided for, and under circumstances that are not surpassed on earth in any similar institution. Extensive travel, study, investigation, consultation, experiments and comparisons without number,—all went to the perfecting of this admirable work. The best advisers, the wisest business men, the most earnest and practical of teachers and governors, gave of their best, and gave generously, to the good daughters of a good man in furtherance of their plans.

One year ago—July 19, 1888,—finished in all essentials and beautiful as became such an offering, the building was dedicated, and the first two hundred little wanderers taken home. There are now over three hundred boys under that roof, ranging from ten to sixteen years. The major part are between ten and eleven, and not a score are over fifteen. There is not a woman on the place. The Christian Brothers have it in charge, and they, with a corps of skilled workmen—carpenters, blacksmiths, farm hands, gardeners, engineers, cooks, bakers, etc.,—do all the work and all the teaching, assisted by the boys. The most beautiful order prevails. Neatness, dispatch and skill (even in housekeeping) are the sure accompaniments of man's undivided rule, as witness the army and navy routine of every civilized government. They are no less visible at St. Francis' Home for Boys; but there is, besides, an air which whispers of the over-seeing eye of that wise and gentle Saint, a

glamour of homelikeness to which the army and navy are strange.

It was the brightest and clearest of days when we visited St. Francis',—a half-holiday, when Brother Anatole was at liberty and the boys out of doors. We met them going to the baseball ground as we went up the avenue,—a long line of many heights and widths, dressed, not in the uniform of a charity school, but neatly, warmly, prettily, as mothers dress their sons. They wore suits—Norfolk jackets and knickerbockers—of dark brown, scarlet stockings, brown caps, and scarlet silk Windsor ties. Two Brothers in their long cloaks walked with them back and forth, talking and laughing cheerily enough. The long line touched their caps to us very gallantly, for we were all ladies.

The estate purchased for the farm was one of the finest in the vicinity, and is in good order to begin with. It has upland, woodland, cleared land, and meadow-land. The barn on it is the handsomest in the State, built some twenty years ago, of brown stone, lofty, capacious, and finished like a dwelling-house. There are all the outlying farm buildings, an ice-pond, icehouse, etc.,—all in place. The old mansion-house—a broad, low, comfortable one—was the residence of a wealthy family, and stands in a grove of evergreens, charmingly sheltered and shaded. It is to serve as an infirmary, convalescents' hall, etc., but at present is not in use. A magnificent avenue leads from the highway to the centre of the home place. It must have been graded, gravelled and planted years ago for St. Francis; and his children go up to his door as to the entrance of a palace, under a double row, on either side, of trees that arch overhead like the aisles of a cathedral. The great building lies a little to the left of its termination, on a broad, level green plateau. The Delaware River is at its feet, and a beautiful stretch of open, well-watered, well-cultivated country spreads on all sides. The air is pure and fresh, the neighbors not too close and not too numerous. Orchards and scattered groves give the necessary shading to the landscape; but for the most part the breezy uplands, which are the best "growing places" for all young things, prevail.

In a compact group to the right of the main

building lie the engine-house, electric plant, laundry, and a great swimming pool under cover, which can be heated to any degree of warmth from the engine house at any time in the year. All these buildings are of brick, all handsome, substantial, and finely finished. Indeed the most casual observer must be struck with this fact. Everything is planned and executed as one builds and finishes for himself when he is careful of himself, his position, and his dignity,—that is, as a gentleman provides for a gentleman.

But the heart of all, the very home of homes. It is, of course, a main building with two long wings, built of brick and brown stone. The ground-floor opens directly from the level of the turf, and contains a study-hall opening on either side into paved courts for play, and wash-rooms, shoe-room, bath-rooms, refectory, kitchen, bakery, a separate corridor lined with comfortable and pretty home rooms for the workmen, and the temporary chapel. Every detail is admirable. In the wash-rooms there are long rows of marble basins, each with its own faucets, its own mirror on the wall above it, its own little niche with towels and toilet articles. In the kitchen the tables were set with all the dainty useful articles needed for a refined meal,—all bright and shining, fresh and pure. Not a workman of any kind was in sight, except the master-baker, who was getting up his "rising" for the next baking.

The grand entrance is in the centre of the main building, up a circular flight of massive stone steps. A square portico, tessellated, with an electric light, and opening into long porches on either side, overlooks the Delaware. A vestibule leads to the hall—square, and open to the roof, with massive wooden columns and a broad square stairway. Opposite the entrance door wide double doors open into the chapel, and to left and right stretch long corridors with wide sunken arches at regular intervals. This is one of the most effective things in the style of building. The doors to the rooms are in these arches, in pairs, and the difference between long rows of bare and cheerless doors, and the graceful lights and shadows of these arched recesses, can not be imagined unseen. The various reception rooms, the office, the Board Room, the Arch-

bishop's suite—for he is the representative father of this *little* family,—the Brothers' study, and class rooms of all kinds, are on this floor. The second and third stories are devoted to dormitories, clothes-rooms, more wash rooms, etc.

The infirmary is on the upper floor, in the far southwestern corner. It consists of three rooms, large, airy, and sunlit or shady as preferred. Two rooms are regular sick-rooms, but the middle room is the convalescents' parlor. Rugs, sofas, easy-chairs of all kinds; great comfortable tables, where whole games can be spread out with no fear of crowding, and where games lay waiting to *be* spread out, make it so cheerful a place that it seemed almost a pity there was no one to use it. But there was not even a sore throat in the family. The little diet kitchen, the little drug-store, the invalids' bath-room, were all ready, "spick-and-span," new and shining; but, happily, not a creature needed them. That speaks well enough for the air, water and drainage of the place.

The dormitories are beautifully spacious and comfortable. In the centre of one side there is a raised platform, curtained with white at will, on which stand the bed, the table and the chair of the Brother in charge; then row after row of little beds. Brother Anatole called our attention to the beds with the happy interest of a man who knows he has brought about a really good thing. He told us of his visits of inspection to houses of a like order in other lands. In Paris, I think, he found bedsteads very like these. He brought back the idea, showed it to a manufacturer, and, with some improvements, had it copied. The result is beautiful. A frame of iron, very light and strong, has a woven wire mattress *made in it*. The bedsteads are painted a delicate green, with brass knobs on each light post, and there does not seem to be a crack or cranny where even dust can lodge. They are made up with a thick soft mattress, two *white* sheets—*not* unbleached—two soft, thick white blankets, a large, smooth pillow, and a white spread. Beside each bed stood a little stool, and there, twice in the week, a full suit of clean and whole clothes is laid at night, ready for the next morning.

The clothes-rooms are packed and crowded,

and the linen rooms are treasures of delight. Piles and piles of those spreads and towels and sheets and pillow cases, and, above all, those lovely blankets. "Oh, how I would enjoy shopping for these things!" exclaimed one of our party, touching the blankets lingeringly. "I do all that myself," answered Brother Anatole, with his happy, hearty smile. He is in very truth the mainspring of the practical working of the whole thing, and he is far from being weighed down by his cares. It makes one long to be of use to others—to the whole helpless, suffering world,—when one follows him about, and sees how much he thinks of, plans, understands, and takes in at a glance. In the class-rooms he pointed out all the improvements. They are very pleasant rooms, each with its name of some saint over the door, its picture of that saint on its wall, its holy-water font, and so forth.

The school furnishings are complete and handsome. There is a drawing-room; for that art is to be carefully taught to all, no matter what their life work. The desks are arranged to shift to any angle and any height, with movable tray for pencils, rubber, chalk, etc. Brother Anatole mentioned this as another of the triumphs he had achieved over minor difficulties. Those desks *must* be made to adjust themselves to the wants of growing lads, and they *were* made after many trials and failures.

In a room fitted up with all the necessary cases for a "museum" in the future, a circle of little fellows were developing into a brass band. Brother Anatole took us in to watch them. Two young Brothers were giving the lesson, and the grave and sturdy little fellows were puffing out their rosy cheeks into all sorts of horns, and banging their sense of rhythm upon all kinds of drums, cymbals and triangles. Each had his little stand, a few inches higher or lower than his neighbor's; and each kept his eyes glued to his note-book, without regard to our presence. They were doing remarkably well for the time they had been learning; and since then, I see, they have played at the Academy of Music, taking part in an entertainment given for the Johnstown sufferers.

We went last into the unfinished chapel,—unfinished then, at least, but so rapidly ap-

proaching completion that doubtless the Lamp is burning before this. All the beauty, all the riches of the house culminate here. It is of good size, the wall tinted richly and warmly, but chastely. The woodwork, the organ, the confessionals are graceful in form and exquisite in finish, and the chandeliers and side brackets for lighting are works of art. They are of iron, twisted, polished, wreathed in delicate spirals, and each bears the serpent emblem—scaled, fanged, close-clasping. The lovely altar lay upon the floor, not yet unpacked; but Brother Anatole pushed back the wrappings and allowed us a glimpse of the delicate, jewel-like mosaics in colored marble and precious stone; and the door of the tabernacle—all glorious, our Risen Lord against a background of dull gold.

From the chapel we passed to a survey of the grounds on our way out of them. We saw everything there was to see, and found it all interesting, even the seventy-five pigs, housed and washed and fed like "better folks." They were splendid specimens, and, like "folks," very different looking with washed faces. There were horses in the stalls and fine cows, each with her pretty name in gilded letters over her stall. There were fowls with comfortable and clean quarters; and the farming utensils, the wagons, the very barnyard, were as carefully neat and thoroughly looked after as a lady's kitchen. The impression of exactness in the discharge of the most minute detail of duty was certainly edifying. Above all, the boys looked well and happy, and we saw them all. Brother Anatole appeared very well satisfied with them. He smiled when he spoke of them, and had no complaint to make of their being *boys*,—too often a scanty hidden regret with "grown-ups."

All this work, this order, this beautiful beginning of St. Francis de Sales' new family, is the outcome of the Christian spirit, nourished and aided by prayer, instruction and example, in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Drexel. What a legacy to leave the world which feels their loss! And what blessedness to be able and willing to thus take up the labor put aside at the call of the Master!

We parted with Brother Anatole at the head of the avenue, and left him standing there. Looking back from the gate, he was still stand-

ing, a slender, black-robed figure against the rosy flush of the sunset sky. Peace was around him and beauty crowning the close of his busy day. The blessing of God rest on him! How often in the years to come—the years stretching far, far beyond our little span,—shall some bright, opening life pause and look back through that vista of trees!—look back and behold the glory of Heaven lighting up the quiet figure of a Brother who has brought Heaven down to it on earth; behold that roseate flush lie soft upon the roof that has shut in the dreaming world of boyhood; behold the hopes and promises beyond the gate into life's highway, all dim through tears of parting! What shall be carried into that chapel and laid at those Risen Feet? What shall be borne away from that altar for the glory of God and the good of man? Blessed be God, He knows! There may be, there *must* be, care and disappointment, trial and sorrow, in the future of St. Francis' Home; but there can not fail to be untold happiness, blessedness, salvation.

And working thus with God and for God, giving to Love out of love, royally as men say, reverently as God sees, who would count the costs or reckon up the reward? When there goes heavenward from the rooms we trod, from the little white beds we touched in passing, some child-soul seeking the Virgin Mother's arms, the dear Lord's loving Face,—when it whispers, "I was homeless and they took me in for Thy love's sake!" oh, think of Our Lord's answer! Truly, "the half has not been told!"

Stella Matutina; or, A Poet's Quest.

BY EDMUND OF THE HEART OF MARY, C. P.

VIII.

"A H me!" the poet murmur'd, full of awe:
"I scarce may smile. For while, no longer blind,

I see a fairer Eve than Milton saw—
The veritable Queen of womankind;
Yet dare I venture with presumptuous mind
To more than fondly worship from afar?

And tho' in serving Her I needs must find
Exceeding joy, one missing note will mar
The hoped-for harmony—one brightness leave
the Star!

"My Queen, my Lady, She: but not my Mother!
God's Mother—never mine!"

"Still blind, then, thou!
For, tell me, is not Christ our first-born Brother?
His Father not our Father? Prithee, how
Are we His brethren—as Saint John saith, '*now*
The sons of God' *—yet may not claim withal
His Mother for our own? Ah, gladden'd brow!
I see that tender brightness o'er thee fall
Thou fearest gone: Her light whom we too love
to call

"The 'Stella Matutina.'

Come with me
To Bethlehem's stable-cave. And while we bend
In loving homage to the Blessed Three—
The Babe, His Virgin Mother, and the Friend
So tried and true, in whom the honors blend
Of Spouse and Father—take thy rightful place
Where Jesus lies: and tell me to what end
Art thou His brother—by adoption's grace
Co-heir, as saith Saint Paul, to suffer a brief space,

"And then to reign in glory—if for thee
Mary and Joseph no such office share
As here for Him? If born in Him, and He
Not less in thee, thou needest all the care
Of that sweet Mother with her wealth of prayer
To have the Christ-life in thee thrive and grow."
"But how," exclaim'd the poet, "may I dare
Believe that She can love a thing so low,
Or prize what my poor heart must tremblingly
bestow?"

"Thine a most natural wonder," said the Church,
"At what, in sooth, nigh takes a mortal's
breath.

But one thing baffles more our deepest search:
How *He* could love us even unto death?
Yet of all mysteries none so dear to faith.
So, let us now to Calvary—to 'the mount
Of myrrh, the hill of frankincense,' as saith
Th' enamor'd Spouse. On that perennial fount
Of hope, a tale will I, to thee still new, recount."

* I. John, iii, 2.

NOTHING proud in her looks, nothing in-
decorous in her conversation, nothing bold
in her movements nor affected in her gait.
Assiduous at her work, diligent in her pious
exercises, she found her delight in God alone.
Prayer ascended from her soul like perfume
from a flower. Admirable Virgin, whose life,
so unique in perfection, deserves to be the
model of all lives!—*St. Ambrose.*

Harry Considine's Fortunes.

BY NUGENT ROBINSON.

CHAPTER XII.—TAKING SOUNDINGS.

ALDERMAN RYAN asked Harry Considine to dine with him at Rutland Square. "The girls are on retreat at Rathfarnham Convent, so I shall be alone. We will have a bachelors' party."

There was a certain significance in Mr. Ryan's tone that startled Harry in spite of himself. The Alderman had never bidden him to a *tête-à-tête* dinner before, and in the manner in which the invitation had been given lurked a something vague and intangible, but—a something, nevertheless. As everything was arranged for the departure of Miss Esmonde, Miss Clancy, and Father Byrne, which was to take place on the following Saturday by Cunard's, the Alderman could have nothing to discuss on this particular subject; but his eyes said to Harry when asking him to dine, "I have something important to speak about,"—yes, as plainly as though he had uttered the words twice over.

It was after dinner, and in the study, that the Alderman, taking a few vigorous and spasmodic whiffs at a very fine cigar, suddenly asked Considine:

"How old are you?"

To which Harry made reply.

"Humph! Have you ever thought of marriage, Considine?"

"Never, sir."

"Well, now it's the best thing a young fellow can do. Let him settle down, say I. You have an instance in me. I married at two and twenty. My darling Jane was not born for ten years after our marriage, and it pleased God to take four infants from us unto Himself. Before I married I was spending all my earnings,—they were very little to be sure. But I married a thrifty girl—God be merciful to her!—who was as good as gold; and I found that my earnings—two pounds a week, sir,—not only supported us respectably, but that some of them went every week into the savings-bank. Marriage, my dear sir, is the best thing for a well-conducted youth. It

makes him feel a man; it conduces to good conduct, sobriety, and good citizenship."

"I am quite sure that you are right, sir," said Harry.

"You tell me that you have *never* considered the question?"

"I do, sir."

"Have you ever been in love?"

Harry's face grew as red as a peony rose.

"I don't think I have, sir,—at least," he added, "I'm not sure."

The Alderman took another spasmodic pull at his cigar, sending out cloudlets of smoke.

"Have you never met any young lady whom you would make your wife if you could?"

"I—I suppose so."

"Suppose so! Can't you say 'Yes' or 'No'?" cried the Alderman, pettishly. "I, sir, at your age met a dozen girls whom I would gladly have elevated to the distinguished position of Lady Mayoress; for I always felt that I would reach the chair, Considine,—*always*. I kept that steadily before me, and in many an hour of depression and defeat I consoled myself by gazing into the distance at the 'Right Honorable' prefixed to my name, with 'Lord Mayor' after it, and 'J. P.' added."

"The year after next, sir, will find you in the chair, and your youthful dream realized."

"Please Providence, yes, and—ahem!—it may prove a good thing for you, Considine. I say *may*, for I make no promises unless I intend to perform them. The private secretaryship is about as nice a position for a young gentleman as can possibly be. Three hundred pounds for the year, apartments in the Mansion House, and—ha! ha!—the run of the kitchen. He is asked everywhere *ex officio* with the Lord Mayor, even to the State banquets at the Castle. Oh, it's a fat thing! I have already had a dozen applications for it, but I make no promises."

Considine was silent. Somehow or other, the prospect did not dazzle him.

"To return to our subject, Considine," said the Alderman, somewhat nervously. "As you have told me you never gave a thought to marriage, I, of course, believe you; but I may as well tell you in confidence that I thought you aspired to the hand of Miss Ryan, my daughter."

"Never, sir!" said Harry, with startling promptitude. "Such a thought never entered my head."

"Well, and if it did, Considine, it would not have been high treason," said the Alderman, in his softest tone. "Not a bit of it. The Marquis of Lorne married the Princess Louise; many an apprentice has become a partner in the house in which he began his career, and has ended by marrying his patron's daughter. You know that, I suppose?"

"I know," said Considine, somewhat sullenly.

"Therefore," continued Ryan, "I repeat there would be no high treason in your aspiring to my daughter's hand. Your family is an old one, I believe?"

"The Considines were on Ballybricken and Creedlawn before Henry the Second planted his mail heel in Ireland!" answered Harry, proudly.

"A good stock, sir! A fine stock,—finer than the blanket lords, who gained their titles by selling their country! Not but that Ireland was not and *is* not fit to govern—"

"Alderman Ryan," interposed Considine, almost sternly, "I come of a race that has flung life and fortune into that very question, and I am *one* of them. My grandfather was hanged in '98 for practically arguing this question, and whenever it crops up my blood begins to leap."

"Well, well, well! We won't discuss it," said Ryan. "Better discuss marrying and giving in marriage. Eh?"—this with peculiar significance.

"As regards that, sir"—looking the Alderman full in the eye,—“if I marry, I will marry the girl I love, whether she be peeress or peasant. I have never yet met that girl, and until I do so the discussion of the question of marriage, so far as *I* am concerned, is scarcely worth—"

"Oh, I don't want to discuss this or any other question with you, Mr. Considine," interposed the Alderman, in his loftiest tone. "Dear me," he added, consulting his watch, "it is much later than I thought!" And he affected a most prolonged yawn.

"I hope, sir," said Harry, contritely, "that I have given you no offence?"

"Oh!—ah!—no offence, sir; but I must say

that your manner requires a little rounding off at the angles. Ah, good-night!"

As Considine turned down Rutland Square he muttered:

"I was determined to do it. Some fellows would have held out false lights when he spoke so openly about Miss Ryan; but, thanks be to God, I am not of that sort!"

And what caused Alderman Ryan to, as it were, fling his daughter at the head of his humble clerk? Mention has been already made of a certain young gentleman possessed of a fondness for primrose-colored gloves, named Spencer. This young gentleman held the position of clerk in one of the Government Departments in Dublin Castle. He spoke of the Lord Lieutenant as though he were always in that august functionary's company, and of the "Cawstle people" as if they were his boon companions. His salary was £200 a year, and he owed some £500 in promissory notes, for which he was paying at the rate of one shilling in the pound at every three months' renewal. He had met Miss Ryan at an evening party at Alderman Cautle's in Mountjoy Square; and, learning that she was the only child of a wealthy parent, resolved upon wooing and if possible winning her. His position as a bureaucrat and his "Cawstle" small talk—he had never so much as entered the vice-regal residence even as a visitor when the Castle was open to the public—were most agreeable to the ambitious daughter of Alderman Ryan, and Mr. Spencer soon found himself on a footing of intimacy at Rutland Square. Lacking nothing in the way of "brass," he kept hovering around Jane, although of late he had received but scant encouragement; and, driven to bay by the refusal of a Hebrew who declined to renew his paper, he resolved upon proposing for Miss Ryan. This he did, and was met by a very unqualified "No,"—a "No" that could not by any means be tortured into "Yes"; and there the matter ended, so far as the Castle clerk was concerned.

Unhappily, however, the Alderman was more or less dazzled by Mr. Spencer's "Cawstle" stories, and yearned for his company. "Ask Spencer to dinner on Monday." "Why doesn't Spencer turn up?" "Is Spencer ill?" "I'll invite him for Sunday." And so on, and so on.

Caroline Esmonde resolved upon telling her uncle how the land lay, not only as regards the rejected suitor, but as regards Jane's *penchant* for Harry Considine. The Alderman, who would have willingly made any reasonable, or indeed unreasonable, sacrifice for his daughter, was in nowise disconcerted on learning the true condition of his child's feelings; and, without consulting her in the matter, determined to sound Harry, with the result of which we are already acquainted.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Concerning Schools for Young Ladies.

MUCH has been said for and against religious and secular education in general, and of the respective merits of Catholic and Protestant boarding-schools in particular; the former have been so misrepresented by bigoted persons, for the most part entirely unfamiliar with the smallest details of their curriculum and general character, that many erroneous and ridiculous impressions have gone abroad concerning them.

It has also been widely asserted and believed by many that the educational facilities of convent schools were of an inferior order, though the exact contrary is the case. Nowhere can we find teachers more thoroughly trained or accomplished, in the fullest sense of the word, than among the self-devoted Sisters, who have consecrated their lives to the instruction and education of female youth. Keeping pace with all modern improvements in the art of teaching, they are behind none in all that goes to make up first-class instructors. Nor is the greater part of the time that should be devoted to acquiring the arts and sciences occupied, as has also been charged, in teaching catechism and reciting prayers. An hour a day would be a safe average, we think, by which to estimate the time employed in this manner. It is the underlying religious influence, the serene and pure atmosphere which prevail in these schools that place them immeasurably above all others in the rank of educational institutions.

By way of emphasizing this fact, a valued contributor to THE "AVE MARIA" has endeavored by a series of bright letters, concluded in

our present number—showing the general routine, character and influences, visible and invisible, at work in the different schools,—to contrast the one with the other, leaving the reader to draw his own conclusions. In thus presenting the obvious and predominant features of each, she has aimed to portray the effect of two systems of training and education on the mind and heart of young girls at the most critical period of their lives,—at a time when, being most susceptible to impressions, those having them in charge should see to it that those impressions may be such as will profitably influence their whole future.

It may be claimed that there are two types of character depicted in these girlish letters, and that either in the situation of the other would—in so far as restrained by certain narrow lines, or permitted within broader limits,—have followed her natural bent and inclination. This is true as far as it goes, but it only proves that, to be effective, a thorough moral training must be begun at the very beginning.

Take any Protestant girl belonging to a family in respectable social standing; place her at a convent school in early childhood, and leave her there until her education is finished; and we will guarantee, as repeated instances have proven, that, in spite of the worldly home atmosphere in which she was born, has lived, still lives, and in all probability will die, she will bloom like a lily amid the hot-house flowers of society, which are the products of our forced and unnatural modern civilization. The deeply religious and moral influence of her school-life may not have succeeded in thoroughly piercing the worldly soul-kernel, hardened and solidified by generations of religious indifference; but it will have insensibly modified and softened the inherent prejudices of that soul, and rendered it capable of distinctly drawing the line between vice and virtue, between real and counterfeit morality.

This Protestant girl (we say Protestant by courtesy) may not "profess" religion, but she will never entirely forget the teachings of her youth; she will not be the first to run after new fancies, nor to lose herself in eccentric and far-fetched "isms." She may be worldly-minded, but her worldliness will not degener-

ate into looseness of principle. She may be a votary of fashion, but her gayety will be tempered with a quiet dignity and reserve of manner that is purely refined and womanly. She will be a true wife and a fond and careful mother; and though the pearl of great price may never be vouchsafed her, her better instincts, early awakened and kept alive by the voice of conscience—that warning voice which her teachers so often proclaimed the safeguard of morality,—will always prevail. And thus, as her influence and example must always have been a potent factor in her intercourse with others, such a woman will not have lived in vain.

How much greater, then, the results when we apply the same criterion to Catholic girls! Alas that there should be parents among us who, through an absurd desire to appear “exclusive,” should prefer a “fashionable” boarding-school training for their innocent daughters! Foolish fathers and mothers! they will not long remain innocent. We do not by any means wish to assert that all Protestant or non-sectarian boarding-schools are bad, but that many of them are bad there can be no doubt. Often under the control of those whose first and fundamental aim is to make a good living with as little effort as possible, their very foundation stone is crumbling and insecure. In many of them the studies are merely optional, often a pretence; the rules dead letters, and the young girl who has the finest wardrobe and the most pocket-money is the queen of the school.

What a contrast to Catholic institutions! There we hear of no escapades such as are of frequent occurrence in other boarding-schools; no surreptitious letters or immoral French novels, one of which is sufficient to destroy forever the purity of a young heart; no midnight impromptu suppers, smuggled in by the willing hands of day-scholars, and enjoyed behind stuffed keyholes and screened doors; no flirtations with handsome foreign music or language teachers, for the simple reason that these creatures are unknown quantities in convent schools, the Sisters being fully qualified to conduct a full course of study in music and the languages. No anxious parent need ever fear for the daughter of his heart, whom he cherishes more than the apple

of his eye, while under the holy shelter of a convent roof. While under the gentle but unrelaxing *surveillance* of the Sisters she will never be the heroine of an elopement, heralded and precipitated by heedless infraction and disregard of slipshod rules, aided by temptation and opportunity, and followed by misery and shame.

To parents who have been reading Mrs. Mannix's letters from “Two Schools” we would say that every incident related in these pages is either true or so based on actual facts as to be susceptible of proof. Allen Seminary is a type of many. The truth is, she has drawn very lightly what might have been depicted with much darker shadows. The pages of *THE “AVE MARIA”* are not the medium for such expositions, nevertheless “he who runs may read.”

A Death that Recalls a Prodigy.

SISTER MARY APOLLONIA, who passed away on the 2d inst., at Georgetown Convent, District of Columbia, was the oldest professed Visitation nun in the United States, and we believe the oldest in profession in the Visitation Order. She had reached the venerable age of eighty-nine, and had been a professed religious over seventy years. Some few words are due to the memory of one whom the Almighty deemed worthy of extraordinary favors.

It is now some sixty years since a young and fragile nun lay dying in the infirmary of Georgetown Convent. The community, in conjunction with the saintly Jesuit, Father Dubuisson, and the renowned Prince Hohenlohe, had made a novena, reciting the Litany of the Holy Name of Jesus, begging of the Divine Goodness to restore this young Sister to health; but the fatal malady, consumption, steadily progressed, and now, the last day of the novena, all hope was gone. The convent physician, a Protestant, had considered the case so desperate that he declared he would become a Catholic if the dying Sister recovered.

The hours of night sped on; the death-rattle came, and dissolution was imminent, when the faint tinkle of the sanctuary bell announced that the Lord of Hosts was approaching the

infirmary. It was the hour to coincide with Prince Hohenlohe's Mass in Germany. Father Dubuisson entered; the Sisters knelt around, but the dying religious had not strength to receive the Sacred Host until her tongue had been moistened with water, when—oh, the wonders of God's almighty power!—life flashed throughout the dying frame, health, strength and youth returned, and Sister Apollonia arose *cured!* The physician arrived, expecting to find his patient dead, but she it was that opened the convent door for him. In those remote days there were no stately buildings at Georgetown as now, no covered porches; the snow was on the ground, yet back and forth the newly-risen Sister went, to meet first one, then another who wished to see the subject of a miracle.

Long years have passed since then, and one by one all the friends of youth, middle age, and old age, have departed, leaving this dear Sister flitting about her monastery "like one who waited." Nothing of the peculiarities of old age characterized her, nothing seemed capable of eliciting an impatient emotion; she demanded nothing, but accepted lovingly every little attention. Her mind was childlike in its sweet freshness and innocence. The anniversary of her cure was always religiously remembered, and her sensible fervor never grew cold. She had heard the footsteps of the Almighty (as a witness of the miracle expressed it), and the divine echo was always in her soul.

At last in the evening, when the shadows of night were falling, the almighty Hand seemed as it were to withdraw the miraculous life He gave some sixty years ago, and allow the fell disease to complete what it once began. A hemorrhage—and the angelic spirit of Sister Apollonia was with that God she so loved, and whom she had served for over seventy years. She was laid to rest in the lovely and secluded cemetery of the convent, borne to her last resting-place in a snow-white hearse, as children are wont to be buried; there were no mourning emblems, only those denoting that Innocence had passed away.

MAN must be deformed from the creature, conformed to Christ, and transformed into the Deity.—*Suso.*

A Touching Incident.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Catholic Sentinel* (Portland, Oregon,) relates a touching episode of Archbishop Gross' sojourn in France. One would be at a loss which to admire the more—the kindness of the amiable prelate or the beautiful piety and gratitude of the young religious:

Archbishop Gross received a request to visit the house of the Redemptorist Fathers at Gauna, a pretty little old town in the heart of France. A young student, in deacon's orders, and a member of the community founded by St. Alphonsus, was far gone in that dread disease, consumption. Knowing that his death was fast approaching, he expressed a great desire to be honored with the sublime dignity of the priesthood, and have the happiness of offering the Divine Sacrifice of the Mass before his death. Owing to unavoidable circumstances, the bishop of the diocese could not come to confer the sacred order. The pious young invalid, hearing of the arrival of Archbishop Gross in France, sent his request to the American prelate. Gladly consenting to grant the pious petition of the sufferer, the Archbishop went to Gauna.

It was indeed a touching scene to behold the beautiful little church ornamented with lights and rare flowers. Around the altar were grouped the Fathers and Brothers of the community, and their faces beamed with pleasure on seeing the poor young sufferer about to realize the noble ambition that he had cherished from childhood, and which had been the object of his desires during years of hard study. His wasted form, his face still handsome amid the wreck caused by disease, all aglow with peace and piety in this sublime moment, presented a most interesting sight as he knelt before the Archbishop from far-off Oregon.

At the close of this most interesting ceremony the superior intoned Mary's hymn of thanksgiving to God, the *Magnificat*, and the affectionate audience crowded around the young priest to offer him their heartiest congratulations. The next day he felt strong enough to say his first Mass, which, in token of gratitude, was offered for the good Archbishop.

HE is no true comforter who in the presence of grief groans not within himself, who knows not how to mingle tears with words, and whose inmost being is not moved by the anguish he comes to assuage.—*St. Jerome.*

Notes and Remarks.

Negotiations between the Russian Government and the Holy See in regard to supplying vacant bishoprics have concluded very happily. There are at present seven vacant sees in the Russian Empire, and appointments for these will soon be made by the Holy Father. No consistory will be held, but, as with all missionary countries, the bishops will be named by briefs from the Propaganda.

We are told that the gentleman, then a little boy, who served Mass at Georgetown Convent when the prodigy related elsewhere in connection with the death of the venerable Sister Apollonia occurred, is still living in Washington, D. C. He well remembers the extraordinary event, and delights to tell of the marvel of which he was an awestruck witness.

The National Pilgrimage from Paris to Lourdes on the 17th ult. included one thousand sick people, under the care of Sisters. Some wondrous cures are reported. An account of the most remarkable will be furnished later on by our correspondent in Paris.

The following incident, related in Mrs. Custer's "Tenting on the Plains," gives a glimpse—the more valuable for being so incidental—of the work done so unostentatiously by priests and Sisters the world over. And the conclusion drawn by a soldier's widow as regards soldiers' work in the West might well have been applied by her to the nobler work of the army of Christ:

"Fort Harker was at that time the most absolutely dismal and melancholy spot I remember ever to have seen. A terrible and unprecedented calamity had fallen upon this usually healthful place; for cholera had broken out, and the soldiers were dying by platoons. . . . For some strange reason, right out in the midst of that wide, open plain, with no stagnant water, no imperfect drainage, no earthly reason, it seemed to us, this epidemic had suddenly appeared, and in a form so violent that a few hours of suffering ended fatally. In the midst of this scourge the Sisters of Charity came. Two of them died, and afterward a priest; but they were replaced by others, who remained until the pestilence had wrought its worst; then they gathered the orphaned children of the soldiers together, and returned with them to the parent house of their Order in Leavenworth.

"I lately rode through the State—which seemed, when I first saw it, a hopeless, barren waste,—and found the land under fine cultivation, the houses, barns and fences excellently built, cattle in the meadows, and sometimes several teams ploughing in one field. I could not help wondering what the

rich owners of those estates would say if I should step down from the car and give them a little picture of Kansas, with the hot, blistered earth, dry beds of streams, and soil apparently so barren that not even the wild flowers would bloom, save for a brief period after the spring rains. Then add pestilence, Indians, and an undisciplined, mutinous soldiery, who composed our first recruits, and it seems strange that our officers persevered at all. I hope the prosperous ranchman will give them one word of thanks as he advances to greater wealth, since but for our brave officers and men the Kansas Pacific Railroad could not have been built; nor could the early settlers, daring as they were, have sowed the seed that now yields such rich harvests."

The Rev. J. F. Durin, rector of St. Joseph's Church, West Depere, Wis., met with a great calamity a few weeks ago, in the destruction by fire of his beautiful little church. This loss should call forth the sympathy and aid of all Catholics, not only because of the very poor condition of the congregation, but also because it was the chief establishment in this country of the Arch-confraternity of St. Joseph, and special devotions and honors were there rendered to the glorious spouse of the Immaculate Mother of God. Father Durin is the editor of the *Annals of St. Joseph*, in which the names of all who contribute to the rebuilding of his church will be published.

The *Catholic Mirror* quotes the following paragraph from the Fort Madison *Democrat*, edited by one Dr. Roberts. It is refreshing to find a non-Catholic so unprejudiced regarding a point of American history on which few persons are correctly informed. Dr. Roberts says:

"The newspapers call the Pilgrim papas 'the Fathers of the Nation.' So they may be of the nation with a big N, but the people that first settled Maryland are the fathers of the Republic with a big R, and of religious and political liberty besides. It is an item of history that not many people know, and some who know will not admit, that the birth of religious liberty was in Maryland, under Lord Baltimore, an ardent and faithful Catholic."

That the Pope is really and truly a prisoner—as closely confined and guarded as one may be—is a fact but little realized except by those who have visited Rome and witnessed for themselves the situation in which the august Head of the Christian world is now placed. People, generally, are inclined to think that the Holy Father has at least the freedom of the territory immediately circumscribing the Vatican and St. Peter's. But even this is denied him, notwithstanding the so-called guarantees of the Italian Government; for the rabble soldiery may be seen at every point,

ready to insult him and restrict his movements when an occasion presents itself. In the course of a very interesting letter from the Rev. Father Phelan, editor of the *Western Watchman*, now in Rome, which appeared in a recent number of that paper, this fact is brought out very plainly and forcibly. After describing an audience with which he was favored by his Holiness, Father Phelan says:

"Before leaving the Vatican I took a look at the gardens where the Pope is allowed to take exercise and fresh air. I had been led to believe that they embraced a fast park and pleasure-ground: I found that all the land the Head of the Catholic Church had outside the four walls of his dwelling was fifteen acres, without shade trees, and intersected with a road without shade and white and burning under the hot sun, which by a wondrous tortuosity affords a few yards more than two miles of a drive. A hotter or less inviting spot in summer would be hard to find. In the midst of this patch of Sahara there is a small house which the Pope tried to occupy last month, but which he found less comfortable than his quarters in the Vatican, and soon abandoned. Talk about the Pope being a prisoner: he is in a convict's cell! The miserable little fifteen acres are accorded extra territoriality, but I saw *gendarmes* walking on the walls, and was told that Italian bayonets bristle around the Pope's enclosure day and night. They were up to the very steps of St. Peter's every time I went into that church."

It is remarkable that on the Feast of the Assumption only two papers were printed in Rome. Even Crispi's organ, which would abolish Christianity, took a holiday.

Received in response to our appeal for the missions of the Passionist Fathers in South America: From Dr. J. B., \$5; "A great sinner," \$5; "A namesake," 50 cts.; M. V. T., \$1; M. D., Baltimore, Md., \$1; Mary A. Keating, \$5; Annie Smith, \$10; Mrs. W. E. Patterson, \$1.

The National Union of Catholic Young Men's Associations held its annual Convention in Providence, R. I., on Tuesday and Wednesday, Sept. 10, 11. The proceedings of the Convention were fittingly opened by the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, which was solemnly celebrated by the Rev. D. J. Stafford, of Cleveland, Ohio, President of the C. Y. M. N. Union, assisted by the Rev. Father McMillan, of New York, as deacon, and the Rev. Father McHugh, of Manchester, N. H., as subdeacon. Heartly words of welcome and encouragement were addressed to the delegates by the Rt. Rev. Bishop Harkins. The work accomplished in the various sessions of the Convention mark it as one of the most successful in the history of

the Union, and is a presage of future happy and prosperous development. The temporal power of the Holy Father, the coming Catholic American Congress, the centenary of the hierarchy, the parochial school system, the needs of young men's societies, the temperance cause, and other important points were discussed intelligently, and the discussions summarized in excellent practical resolutions. The Rev. M. J. Lavelle, rector of St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York, read an instructive paper on "The Catholic Young Men's National Union," with special reference to its scope, its hopes, and the means whereby it can attain greater success. Among the resolutions passed at the Convention we may mention the following:

Resolved, That the Catholic Young Men's National Union, in convention assembled, extends its sincerest filial sympathy to His Holiness Pope Leo XIII. in his many misfortunes, which have arisen chiefly from the efforts of the Revolution not only to deprive him of his temporalities, but to destroy the Papacy itself; and we sincerely hope that the day is not far distant when, in the providence of God, the Eternal City shall be restored to him.

Resolved, That the aim of the Catholic National Union be to bind in the perfect union of the Catholic spirit the young men's societies of America, in order that their influence may be more strongly felt in the development of the religious, social and political principles of the country.

The following officers were elected: National President, the Rev. M. J. Lavelle, of New York; Vice-Presidents (first), the Rev. W. J. Birmingham, Wilmington, Del.; (second) Mr. E. T. McAuliffe, Providence; Secretary and Treasurer, Mr. John P. Leahy, of Boston. The committee decided to hold the next Convention at Washington, D. C., between October 1 and 30, 1890.

Obituary.

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

Mr. John Scott, whose happy death occurred on the 18th ult., at South Boston, Mass.

Mrs. Maria J. Dellone, of Harrisburg, Pa., who died a holy death on the 16th of June.

Mr. John Shea, who peacefully yielded his soul to God on the 7th ult., at East Cambridge, Mass.

Patrick X. Walsh, of Yonkers, N. Y., whose fervent Christian life was crowned with a happy death on the 2d inst.

Miss Mary A. McCann, who departed this life in St. Louis, Mo., on the 7th ult.

Miss Mary Hyland, Lancaster, Ohio; and Mrs. Julia McMahon, Chicago, Ill.

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



The José-Maria.

BY E. L. DORSEY.

(CONCLUSION.)

XIV.—(Continued.)

Judkins was asleep in his chair, and as the doctor had said he must never be awakened suddenly, Dick quickly hurried his father upstairs, where he rubbed him down with salt and whiskey, gave him dry flannels, wrapped him up in a blanket, gave him a dose of hot grog, and saw him comfortably stowed in a bunk and safely off to the Land of Nod; then he shifted into dry things himself, and sat down on the edge of his berth to pull on dry socks. But if he had belonged to the "Sleeping Beauty's" court he could not have fallen asleep more suddenly nor slept more profoundly than he did, unconscious of the ever-increasing violence of the gale and the news that was hurrying to meet them.

As the tumult waxed louder it gradually wakened Jonas; and on seeing that the dinner hour was past, and none of his family had turned up, he wheeled out into the kitchen and began making a cup of coffee, which with a ship's biscuit would serve as a "stop-gap."

"Whew!" he muttered; "this is a rip-snorter, an' no mistake! Wonder how the brig an' bark come out? Nasty weather for the Hen-an'-chickens to be a-layin' for your bones. Hark to the guns—no, it's the seas a-bangin' on the Breakwater."

The sound was like a heavy cannonading, and the view from the shore confirmed the illusion—there would be a flash of curving crest, a crash of smiting waters, and then the spray would go whirling off in clouds and long spirals, just like the smoke of an artillery discharge. And the wind! It ripped the sea into a thousand curdling furrows, and hurtled through the streets, beating and snatching at the houses, until the dishes on the shelves danced, the timbers hummed, and the very

atmosphere seemed to reel under its impact.

Through it a man came fighting his way toward Judkins' cottage—head down, shouldering along as if forcing his passage through a turbulent crowd; arms raised to shield his eyes from the stinging, flying sand, and to keep his breath from being snatched out of his throat. Arrived there, he brought up by clutching the stanchion of the porch, and hanging against the wind, clothes, hair and beard standing horizontal. Then he thundered at the door, and, in a voice that had been trained in the gales of all the world's seas, bellowed:

"Judkins, tumble up I say! Jud-kins!"

This last was a prolonged roar that brought Jonas wheeling down the passage with a shouted "Ahoy!" that roused Dick and his father. But the wind blew his voice back in his teeth, so he made a long arm, hauled his visitor inside, and slammed the door.

"Theer!" he said; "now I can hear myself think. What's the news, Mac?"—eagerly. "Hev the brig an' bark took the ground? What? One struck and one held? Which did what?"

"Brig struck."

"Any lost?"

"Three. Six come off on a line, and your Dick jumped in an' pulled another one out."

"Dick! How'd he git theer?"

"Took Job Ransom's place."

"Who sent him?"

"He went. Job's got a bone felon—a bad one,—had to hev it cut last night. So when Dick heard the life-boat called he run hard's he could split, shook into Job's boots an' jacket, an' pulled wi' the best o' 'em."

"Sho now! I s'pose you'll be tellin' me next that Mollie an' Ginnie's a-prancin' round in it too. That boy—sho now!—sixteen year old and pullin' in a gale like this! Sich foolishness!"

But, oh, he was pleased!

"Hello, thar goes my coffee!" as a sudden, sputtering sound was heard, and a cloud of fragrant smoke drifted out to them. "Run set the pot back, Mac, an' then we'll hev a cup together."

But MacPherson didn't move; he lifted his hand once or twice toward his lips, then stopped midway in the act, with a look of

irresolution strange enough in such a strongly marked face.

"Why don't you—" began Jonas, when, peering keenly at his comrade, he stopped and cried: "Out wi' it! Is it—is it the boy? You said he pulled wi' the best—"

"No; thar he is," said MacPherson, looking much relieved as he caught sight of Dick. Then he backed toward the door, caught hold of the handle and cried out: "The Dune's up!"

"What?"

"The Crawl's took her head, an' she's a-whirlin'."

"Well?"—but his lips were stiff.

"An' your sister—"

"She's at Miss Truxton's," interrupted Jonas, hastily. "Ain't she, Dick?"

"I left her theer, sir," began Dick, when MacPherson broke in:

"No, she ain't. When it come on to blow so hard they couldn't keep her. She watched her chance, an' slipped out the house like a—like a ghost, an' run to the Ridge—land, how she did run!—an' whipped into thet house, an' thar she is now!"

Then he bolted.

XV.

"Lord A'mighty," groaned Jonas, "hold onto that poor gell! Keep her in th' hollow o' your mighty hand; fur she's a-laborin' in the trough o' the sea, an' no mistake!"

But all the time he prayed he worked. He wheeled to the cupboard, jerked down his sou'wester, pea-coat and big boots, which he threw into Dick's arms; then he trundled over to the tool chest for an ax, a coil of rope, and a crowbar, which he thrust into a pair of eager hands that reached over his shoulder and looked strong enough to use them; and then he fell back, panting and trembling, as he listened to the *thump, thump* of hurrying feet, with a dim sense of having heard Dick say something about his father, and of having seen a figure that looked grey and ghostly in the dim light of the passage way.

Was it Liakim's spirit come to take Idella? Was she already lying dead—crushed under the Dune's whirling sands? A shudder ran through the old sailor's blood; but his common sense scouted the idea, and he bent his whole will to the happier belief that it was really his brother-in-law; and that, by one of

those marvellous incidents so common among seafaring men, he had escaped death, and been led home at the very moment he was most sorely needed.

He sat there an hour, struggling for hope and patience. Then it was two hours. Then a neighbor brought Mary Ginevra and Ginevra Mary home. On the way from school they had heard some inkling of the news, and he had picked them up half-way to the Ridge, and brought them back in spite of their hard fighting. They pitched into the room, panting, sobbing, crying. They precipitated themselves on o'd Jonas.

"*Mayn't* we go, uncle? All the folks say the Crawl's a-killin' marm, an' theer's a crowd o' men over theer, an' people a-runnin', an'—an'—*we'd* ought to be theer to help."

"No, my birds. Theer's quite enough o' this here fam'ly a-flyin' round permisc'us in this here gale. As fur your little marm, the Lord's got her in tow, an' you can help just as well stay in' here."

"How?" sobbed Mary Ginevra.

But Ginevra Mary knew, and dropped on her knees, raising her earnest little voice and shouting above the din of the storm:

"O my Lady, bend down as fur as you can, an' listen close; for theer's a sight o' noise! Beg Our Lord not to let marm git swallowed up in the Crawl. Tell Him to member how lonesome He'd a-ben when He was little ef anything had a-happened to *you*. An', O my Lady, ef daddy's alive keep an eye on him to-day, for this here's a storm-an'-a-half, an' wreckin's awful easy this time o' the year!—She'll do it!" she added contentedly as she scrambled to her feet. "I didn't think about it when I was hollerin' so. Come 'long, Ginnie; let's get something to eat. I'm hungry, an' uncle—my! ain't you had any dinner, uncle? Here, Ginnie Barlow, step round lively; he's mos' starved."

Once in the kitchen, her ambition soared higher.

"It's as easy to cook a lot as a little," she said oracularly, and the smut on her nose lent a sort of professional dignity and weight to her discourse. "Let's make a big, hot dinner fur Dick an'—an' marm," she added, stoutly; "cause when they git back they'll be cold, an' tired, an' emptier'n drums."

And by sundown a dinner was simmering and bubbling in pots and pans that would make a hungry man's mouth water; and down the street, through the dying shrieks of the storm, came tramping not one but five hungry men to enjoy it. They were led by 'Liakim and Dick; the former carrying across his breast, as lightly as if she were a feather-weight, a little woman who had been bleeding profusely from a cut on the head, but who was otherwise absolutely unharmed by her seven hours' imprisonment in the "Portugee's cottage."

That evening, when the confused emotions of the household had settled into some semblance of order, 'Liakim and Idella told their stories.

The former, when he drifted off in the dory, lived out the horror and the storm somehow; but there came a time when he lost his reckoning from starvation and thirst, and the next he remembered was finding himself on the deck of a whaler bound on a two years' cruise, and too far on her voyage to make any port. What became of Dan Frost he never knew. The sailors who picked him up said he was alone in the boat when they sighted her.

'Liakim worked his way on the voyage, and was such a valuable hand that the captain offered him a mate's berth to reshipe at St. John's; but he was eager to get home, and travelled day and night to do it, utterly unprepared for the news that met him: "Hull fam'ly up stakes an' went South—Floriday some say. Ain't heerd a word sence they left." He shipped at once on a Florida-bound schooner, and searched the coast fore-and-aft; then on a report that "thar were a Yankee fellow jist gone to Bermuda Light, with a sister an' a whole passel o' chil'ren," he crossed to the islands, only to find strangers. Heart-sick and discouraged, he there shipped on a vessel bound for Rio and Montevideo. On the return cruise they put in at Havana to discharge part of a cargo and ship another. And there they cast anchor alongside a French merchantman. Some intercourse sprang up between the crews, and one morning, when the Americans were growling at the interruption to business caused by the religious festival then being celebrated, the first officer of the *Rosette de Lyon* came alongside, hailed

'Liakim and invited him to go ashore with him to see the function. He was a cheery, bright fellow, who spoke very good English, and 'Liakim went.

The Cathedral was crowded and the day very close, so after Mass they stopped at a little *café* to drink orange-water and *causucré*. The room was decorated with cheap prints, the one opposite their table being "La belle Jardinière." As they waited the Frenchman said:

"That reminds me of two little American girls I met once—such pretty children, and with a story so touching."

And he proceeded to repeat it. As it progressed 'Liakim's face went red and white alternately, and his heart thumped like a trip-hammer.

"What was their name?" he cried.

"Ah, that I can not recall."

"Try to, try to, for God's sake!"

"I am truly desolated, but it is gone from me absolutely. Stay, though! the names of baptism remain. There was a brother named Richard—*Deck* they called him,—and the little ones themselves were called for St. Geneviève and the Blessed Mother of God. The mother's name was strange to me; but I remember she had a pretty fancy that the lost father was not dead, only sailing always on a ship bearing that name. When she saw the clouds float by she called them the sails."

Then 'Liakim had astonished René Lenoir by pouring out his story and the hopes and fears that centred on his words.

René had listened with the quick sympathy of his race, and when the Gloucester man finished he took his hand and said:

"To-day is the 15th of August—the Assumption. It is a picture of Our Lady that has been a clue. It is a coincidence. Become her client. No? You'd rather pray direct to God? Well, but that is what I do precisely, only I choose a powerful advocate to present my plea. Very good, then; you pray as seems best to you, but I will begin to-day a novena to Notre Dame des Victoires, and then when the Month of the Rosary is come—October—I will say a pair of beads each day that you find them. And you will—oh, you will, my friend; for she, the Lady of Victories, is the sailors' patron, their mother and guardian,

and her ear is never deaf to the cry of the needy."

A few days later the fever broke out on board, and they were quarantined for six weeks, losing several of their crew. They had had it at Montevideo, but got on so well that the men felt proof against it, and exposed themselves recklessly in the city. It was impossible to replace the dead seamen satisfactorily, so the captain determined to work home, short-handed as they were, with the result we know.

Idella's story was shorter. She had run to the cabin to be near the beach, and was sitting breathless, leaning against the wall toward the Ridge. Suddenly there came a blast, to which the rest were as penny whistles; and then a curious gritting and rustling sound, a crash on the roof, a tearing of wood, and the house seemed to heave and collapse. Then darkness settled on her.

She wakened to a heavy weight on breast and arms, pinioned feet, and a blinding stream of blood. As this lessened she saw the house had been crushed in in some way; the sand had poured through, covering everything in heavy drifts; and she was forced up on a heap of beams and wreckage, which held her prisoner, but had preserved her from being crushed. As the sun swung over, the west wind blowing free, a broad ray of light struck across the fair face of the Sand-Pipers' Lady—the only part visible above the sand,—and it had comforted her inexpressibly as she lay there weak and weary. She could not free her hands to staunch the blood, and it had flowed for three or four hours. She grew more and more exhausted, but it seemed that as her strength declined her head grew clearer, and the fever and fret left it. She was conscious of a troubled memory of some great sorrow, but it was vague and it seemed to be over—a peaceful expectancy replacing it.

Then came the hum of many voices, the scraping of shovels, and the sound of axes at work, and then—and then she slipped down on her knees and buried her face on 'Liakim's broad breast, too happy for words.

It was a wonderful day, and Ginevra Mary and Mary Ginevra never tired of talking it over and chorsing the praises of their Lady,

to whose intercession they gave the whole credit of the three rescues. Some believed them, some laughed, some scolded, and some scoffed. But one day, about Christmas time, a carriage drove up and a gentleman got out. He was as square-shouldered as a soldier; his fair brown hair crisped in close curls about his head; his blue eyes, keen and clear, looked from a strong, clean-shaven face; he moved alertly, and, entering, shook hands heartily with Jonas and 'Liakim congratulating them on their separate and mutual good fortune.

"Yes, sir," the former said, "the squall's over an' gone; but theer was a time when we was cert'n'y on beam-ends, all hands."

Then they detailed what he had only heard in general terms. When they finished he said:

"I'd like very much to see that little girl."

"They've both gone off to bespeak some holly to dress the picture of their Lady with fur Christmas," answered 'Liakim.

"Father Bradford," began Jonas, suddenly, "I ben brought up to think papists was to be pitied an' steered clear of, but theer's queer things ben happenin' to me an' mine. An' thet theer Mollie—Ginnie too—is so sot 'bout theer Lady, an' thet René" (he called him "Rainy") "was so dead sure too, that I'd kinder like to talk 'ith you 'bout it."

"Do. I'll be glad to drop in whenever I am down here," said the young priest in the hearty way that makes him so popular. "Meantime"—turning to 'Liakim—"why not bring the little girls up to the Christmas Mass at Dover? I am going to have a tree and a Crib for the children, and I think they'll enjoy it."

He was right: they did enjoy it, "every smidjin," to quote themselves; and the deeper meaning of the day they never forgot. Ginevra Mary, immediately on her return, declared her intention of becoming a Catholic 'soon's she learned 'nough 'bout it for Father Bradford to let her'; and, I am sorry to add, she had three pitched battles with as many school-mates on the subject of her decision.

Busy as he was with his three churches and his mission work, Father Bradford made time to instruct the twins and Idella carefully, and on the 1st of May received them all into the Church,—the latter bringing a faith as loving and simple as did her children to lay at the

feet of the gentle Christ, whose Virgin Mother first shined Him in their hearts.

Jonas and 'Liakim reached their conclusions more deliberately, and many a visit did the young priest pay, and many a long talk did he have with the grave, slow-thinking men, before they announced they were ready to sign articles and ship on the Bark of Peter.

Dick has not followed yet, but he and Hendershott have had several conversations on the subject, and both have concluded that there can be only one real Captain, and that whatever His rules are they must be the right ones to navigate by. And the diver says: "'s fur as I kin make out, Barlow and Judkins hev hold o' the tow-rope, an' are hitched to the right tender."

The Blessing a Medal Brought.

About forty years ago, not far from Hal, a city dear to the Blessed Virgin, a child fell into the river. A passer-by, hearing his cries for help, rescued the little one from imminent death, then took him home to his parents, who, on hearing of the affliction they had just been spared, could not restrain their tears. They wished, as a mark of gratitude, to make some present to the kind stranger. But he refused to accept anything, declaring he had only done his duty. The mother then offered him a medal which hung round the child's neck. "Accept this medal of the Blessed Virgin," she said, "and repeat every day, 'Our Lady of Hal, pray for me!' That will bring you a blessing." The young man smiled (he had ceased to practise his religion), but took the medal as a souvenir. "I accept it," he said, "to please you. On my word, I will say every day, 'Our Lady of Hal, pray for me!'"

Some years after the child so happily saved finished his studies at Malines, and enrolled himself under the banner of St. Norbert, at Grimberghen, not far from Brussels. Scarcely was he elevated to the priesthood when he fell into a decline, and the doctors advised, as the only means of averting a fatal termination, that he should go to a warmer climate. "If I went to Kaffraria, where there is a hospital and a colony of missionaries," the invalid said to himself one day, "I might perhaps be

of some use." Why to Kaffraria? Our Lady of Hal was directing his footsteps.

After the young priest had been laboring on the shores of Africa for some years, his health greatly improved, he was summoned one night in great haste to the hospital, where a man was reported to be dangerously ill. He hastened there, and, recognizing from the first words of the dying man that he was a fellow-countryman, he spoke to him in his native language. But all in vain: the sufferer refused his ministrations.

With a sorrowful heart the missionary was about to leave him, when, unconsciously, the sick man threw back the bedclothes and disclosed a medal hanging round his neck. The sight of this encouraged the priest. "What is that?" he said to him. "You love the Blessed Virgin?"—"It is only a souvenir. I happened to save a child from drowning once, and his mother gave me this medal of Our Lady of Hal." At these words the priest started; tears of emotion flowed from his eyes, and, throwing his arms round the dying man, he exclaimed: "That child was myself! Without a doubt Our Lady has sent me here to save your soul from everlasting death, as you once saved me from temporal danger."

Nothing more was wanting: the softened sinner yielded at length to grace, humbly confessed his sins, and died the death of the just.

The Little Book that has Changed the World.

Long ago, before the discovery of printing, the holy Bessarion owned a tiny manuscript copy of the Gospels. Seeing an uncovered dead body one day, he threw over it his cloak; and shortly afterward meeting a poor man with insufficient raiment, he bestowed upon him the tunic which he wore.

"What teaches you to be so unselfish?" was asked of him.

"This little book," he answered.

Finally he sold the little volume itself. "I can take no comfort in possessing it," he said to those who would learn his reasons. "It keeps saying, 'Sell all thou hast and give to the poor.' The book was all I had, and I obeyed."

THE
AVE MARIA
 TO THE HONOR
 OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN
 A MAGAZINE DEVOTED
 HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.

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Sonnet by Lope de Vega.

AS sign of peace and of forgiving grace,
 God in His bounty on the wondering skies
 Spread the broad rainbow with its triple dyes,
 Arching in blen ling hues enraptured space.
 The crimson told of joys to bless our race;
 The green was sign of peace; the gold, of love.
 The waters to their fountains back He drove,
 And spread with opening flowers each drying
 place.

Lamb full of mercy, on Thy Cross on high
 Thou for our scarlet sins dost satisfy,
 In pain and blood, th' Eternal Equity.
 'Tis Thou, sweet Jesus, who hast given us peace,
 And ever from the fear of hell release.
 Our sign in heaven art Thou upon the Tree.

THOMAS P. WALSH.

To the Pyrenees in Mid-Winter.

BY THE REV. H. W. CLEARY.

I.

T was January, 1888. We were out of health and harness. Visits to medical men, pulse-countings, head-shakings, ended in the prescription: "South of France every day—and night—for a few months." Yes, anywhere in the South. All the way from Bayonne to Nice lies Nature's great workshop, whither the damaged lungs and shattered nerves of Northern Europe are annually sent for repairs; where wan-faced sufferers and wealthy summer-seekers drink in ruddy health with the bracing ozone and the blessed sunshine of the South.

The year was but a few days old, but the "southern season" had half gone by when we started, like belated birds of passage, far in the wake of those that had gone before us in the autumn flitting. In a few short weeks we overtook them; had passed out of January into June, from the frozen death of the North to the laughing life and smiling summer of the Pyrenees.

Paris lay in our track—not a "gay capital" just then; for the Paris that is "gay" had a bad cold and stayed indoors to nurse it. Out of doors King Winter ruled. Life pulsed feebly in the city's wide arteries, "where knee-deep lay the winter snow," driven by a northern blast that cleaved like a Lochaber-axe through your triple armor of flannel, fur, and frieze. Not for eight years had the mercury been so low, nor Paris' proud thoroughfares so meanly dirty. Squads of shovels, scrubs and *squeegee*s wrought hard on the cumbered pavements. As well might "seven maids with seven mops" have tried to sweep the everlasting sands from the sea-shore; for still from the leaden sky fell the unbeautiful snow.

The new entrance to the Montmartre Cemetery was an Irish cowgap; Père-la-Chaise a monumental puddle; sight-seeing a villainous task. We gave it up in despair and went to St. Sulpice. There, an all round *embrassade* from the loved old directors. We talked old memories over, and future plans, by the chirping log fire on the hearth; and M. Bieil told us of a quiet, healthful home for priests at Amélie-les-Bains in the Eastern Pyrenees. Just what we were in search of! In a few days word came that rooms were ready for us in the Villa S. Valentin, and next morning's train

from the Gare d'Orléans brought us and our fortune toward Amélie-les-Bains.

The snow and cold gradually disappeared as the train moved southward. On the uplands of Limoges we sniffed the first warm breath of spring, that blew from sunny Spain and waked the torpid vegetation into active life. We halted at Toulouse. Our next breathing-place was Perpignan, the Metz of Southern France, whose walls and casemates are the highest expression of Vauban's and Sangallo's art. A little army was engaged at mimic warfare outside the grim walls, where the tide of real war often rolled and swift *razzia* swept like whirlwinds by. For Perpignan is in Upper Catalonia, for centuries the cockpit where Frank and Spaniard hacked and sparred and skewered each other, till the southern bird left his spurs and glory on the field, and "Gallus" Jacques Bonhomme added all north of the Pyrenees to his native dunghill.

A harsh mountain tongue is that of Catalonia—*cis* and *civra*,—clippings of Provençal French, with exaggerated nasals, grafted on a depraved Spanish stock, and eked out with many a jerk and many a shrug.

We retain no pleasant memories of Perpignan. Its frowning walls could not keep out the pitiless mistral that blew during our stay, pawing up the dust like an angry bull, and playing everlasting havoc with our devoted eyes. After two days we shook the dust of Perpignan from our feet. It is in our eyes still.

We dashed along the tree-fringed road that leads to Amélie in an open carriage drawn by two spanking Barbs. The distance is thirty miles, the scenery some of the finest that God has made. Above us the fathomless blue; over the stretching miles to left and right olive groves, aloe-hedged; fruit-trees abloom, golden-shawled mimosa, golden-ripe oranges, and all the emerald glory of a southern spring. Far away before us the great, deep-shadowed wall of the Pyrenees, jaggling the skyline, and reaching its proudest elevation in the vast blue heights of Canigou. Away in those blue depths lies Amélie, in a deep bowl, whose sides are lofty mountains that shelter its happy dwellers from every wind that blows. Here were we to sojourn for a season,—Nature's own sweet hands to heal our wounds and fit us to fight our good Master's battles once again.

II.

Amélie-les-Bains is a pretty, well-built town. It boasts some fine hotels, some twenty rich sources of sulphur and alkali waters, and baths that were used by health-seeking Romans when these valleys owned the sway of Caracalla and of Nero. The air is pure and clear, and the mean temperature in January, the coldest month, is 7°.8 centigrade.

M. Boury, the director of the Villa S. Valentin, met us with a warm French embrace; his eleven invalids, with a hearty welcome. Among them was the Rev. L. W. Leclair, formerly of Montreal,—one of the dearest and most valued friends that we have known. Our first care was to don the uniform of the French clergy. Hats were ordered from Perpignan—the lazy merchant took two months to make them. M. Marty called in about our *camailles*. After a month of patient effort he confessed that *camailles* were his weakest point: he never *could* make them. (Memo.: get these things in Paris on your way.) M. Marty is the tailor of Amélie. He is also its mayor; and, like Polyphemus and Lord Wolseley, M. Marty has only one good eye: the result (said a reverend wag) of his having "an eye out" for the beggars that infest the commune in defiance of a statute in that case made and provided. That may be, but I have heard the chink of coins as his hand met the outstretched palm of poor "Titwillow." "Tit" was our favorite beggar, and many a time we rescued him from the rude boys who worried him for his pygmy stature, and his harlequin coat, and his monkey face, and his queer, odd ways. Lavater would have given him a fancy "cut" in his "Physiognomie," and Darwin would probably claim to have found his "missing link" in the pied beggar of Amélie.

Our rooms looked out on the garden in the rear. Beyond its grateful shade ran the river Tech, taking wild "headers" adown the hard bed it has hollowed out of the rock-ribbed hills. Its sweet lullaby comes nightly through the whispering willows as our eyelids close in sleep; in the morning its pleasant babble is the first sound that greets our awakening senses. And so for many weeks, till the retired grocer in the next casement began his long-drawn midnight violin exercises at an age when most men lay down the fiddle and

the bow forever. Night after night the strident wailings floated in till our wakeful nerves were beyond the good offices of poppy and mandragora. Raphael—he of the dear Madonnas—painted an angel playing heaven's sweet melodies on a violin: our Abbé Quennec depicted the ex-grocer as an angel—of the Abyss—torturing out of a violin the serenade of a lost soul. Never before did we understand the "philosophy" of the Indian war-whoop, of the Otaheitan conch, or the wild tomtom, that teach the warrior's feet to stray not from battle. We understand it now, and we know why the men-at-arms that rushed to the assault of Lerida's walls were preceded by four-and-twenty fiddlers all in a row. After some ten nights the sleep-slayer—a good old violin, by the way,—fell into the hands of an accomplished musician, and at our little concerts spoke music's unfathomable speech with the voice of a Stradivari. The violin was back in the hands of heaven's angel again.

Thrice happy evenings, when the lamps were lighted in the salon, and happy faces sat around, and in laughing and in singing passed the time away! The Abbé Goujon sang divinely. He was the friend and pastor of Robert Houdin, the prince of modern wizards, who did away with the flowing robe and sugar-loaf hat of ancient charlatanism, and made "white magic" a fine art. One of our number was an adept in its mysteries, and wielded his Merlin-rod before a bewildered audience that included many neighboring priests, and Mgr. Ruis, the exiled chaplain of Don Carlos, who lived with his brother, General Ruis, in a cottage near Amélie. Father K—treated us to varied reminiscences of mission life in America, and captivated everybody. Then there was a small subdeacon, who playfully begged to differ with you about everything.

"He argued left, he argued right,
He also argued round about him."

Scarce did an assertion fall from your lips, when he good-humoredly snapped it up like a prize-terrier and shook it to tatters. Next day he gave it a parting crunch and flung it to the winds of heaven on a storm of ridicule. The Abbé Guachon did Sorrento-work. He it was who carved those laughable *figurini* and "Guignols," which the Abbé Hoesch and Père Camille put through such droll comedies

in Provençal and Alsatian French. I wonder was there ever such a funny friar as Père Camille? His *soirées amusantes* would have won him rounds of applause in Paris, and when he "held the boards" there was a *roulade* of laughter that made our sides ache till morning.

So ran the evenings by, and we fell readily in with the happy-go-lucky disposition that lies at the bottom of all that is good in the French character. Said good old Dr. Genieys: "If all my patients had such *soirées* my occupation would be gone." You smile at our partial return to the pastimes of our school-boy days? Smile on, my worshipful good masters. Did not "Buon Fra Filippo" Neri play marbles with the boys of Rome, and great Agesilaus of Sparta spend some of his leisure hours astride a broomstick? Some two thousand years ago two elderly men, "that ought to have had sense," were seen amusing themselves "skimming" stones over the waters of a Southern sea, and this grey Old World still bares its head at mention of their name.

III.

When the risen sun had warmed the ground we were up and away over the winding hill-roads to bask with the lizards in his rays.

"Better to hunt in the fields for health unbought
Than fee the doctor for a nauseous draught."

A book is under our arms, an umbrella over our heads; for in those sheltered upland valleys the mid-day sun, even in January, is fierce and strong. We dispose ourselves in the shade of an ever-green oak, and read or talk by the hour. To the east, the blue Mediterranean, the tall hills around; on an opposite height soldiers at target-practice, or engaged at manual and platoon in the fortress that frowns over Amélie. Adown the winding valley patient Waltons woo the coy trout from the shady pool—the only "sport" at Amélie; for net and snare and shot gun have all but exterminated the "bird of the wildwood," and left the mountain thickets voiceless. The limpid air around is laden with perfume that *brisas de las pampas* can not rival, nor Rimmel reproduce: the gathered fragrance of mimosa, sage, thyme, lavender, magnolia, and flowering heath. The falling shades of evening warn us homeward as the sheep and goats, with their merrily tinkling bells, are led to their pens by the clog-shod shepherd boy.

Or perhaps we visit the towns around, the hill-side neighbors of Amélie: Palalda, old and yellow and unwashed, where you see nailed to the church doors the shoes of horses that bore many a brave knight in the Crusades against the Saracen; or Montbolo, on the heights; or Arles-sur-Tech (Arles-of-the-Miracle), where a perennial fount of sparkling water springs from the marble sides of a perfectly isolated sarcophagus that once held the relics of SS. Abdon and Sennen. Once we walked to the Gouffre de la Fo, some miles beyond Arles, where convulsed Nature split a lofty mountain in twain as you would snap a twig: a fearful, snaky, unfathomable rent. Its steep sides abound with caverns—the home of brigands in the days when Paul Jones was a privateer, bold, and buccaneers sailed the Spanish main. A merry crew were those bold, ear-slitting, nose paring mountain outlaws; and many a tale is told of how, like Claude Duval, they shared their “swag” with any poor wight that chance threw in their way. Scarcely thirty years ago our coachman saw the last of the Gouffre outlaws guillotined at Perpignan.

Often after breakfast carriages are waiting at the door, and all go “peek-neeek” (as the French put it) on Spanish soil, or up the mountains, or to the wondrous Fairy Grotto that lies beyond Arles. Or perhaps you go with a fellow-priest to Reynes, or Montalba, the director’s mountain parish. The way is rugged and steep and long. The director gives you a parting advice and a pair of donkeys—none of your small “Neddies” of Irish breed, “stubborn as allegories on the banks of the Nile,” but tall, well-saddled, sure-footed Spanish mounts, that Joseph, our valet, guarantees to be as gentle as sucking doves. Perhaps you are a child of the plain, and your head swims as you near the precipice that yawns by the up-hill track. So you dismount, and the patient brute will help you upward by his tail.

Yes, these were pleasant times. Then there were doings in town—charity cavalcades, reviews, and evening bands, and carnival time, when everyone put on cap and bells, and none dared say them nay. How happiness oils the flying wheels of time! The passing days made weeks, the weeks ran into months, and all too

soon came our last day in Amélie. A farewell banquet was spread, guests were bidden, and toasts proposed, while we sat blushing like the red, red rose. Next a parting speech, a warm embrace all round, and then—farewell to dear old friends and Amélie-les-Bains!

How often in long wanderings through Spain, and in our quiet Irish homes, and away under the Southern Cross, do our minds run over the thousand happy memories with which these four short months are filled! Four short months!—and at their close there was a picture of the Restoration in my room: it was my reflexion in the mirror. In January, 1888—but hold! “Look at this picture and look at that” in the advertising columns of the *Tribune*. Here a sickly, gloom-pampered man “before” he took the almighty bolus—our portrait in January. In June ours was the “after” picture, with the young face fair and ruddy, and the fresh glow of conscious strength. But out upon your nostrums, your cathartics, opiates, and alteratives: our medicine was the rest, the happy life, the bracing air of Amélie-les-Bains.

The Charter-House.

BY ANNA T. SADLER.

THE very name of the Charter-House brings with it a calm and peaceful picture of ante-Reformation England, when the venerable monks prayed and labored, and within the shadow of great monasteries whole cities grew into prominence, and learning and science and the arts of life flowed thence as from a hearth-stone.

Yet the Charter-House had its beginning under circumstances of peculiar gloom. A dreadful pestilence raged throughout England in the year 1348, and the number of dead requiring interment within the city’s limits justly excited alarm. The Bishop of London, Ralph de Stratford, purchased a piece of land outside the walls, which became known as Pardon Churchyard. Here was erected a chapel, wherein Masses might be said for the repose of the dead. This little edifice stood just between St. Peter’s Abbey at Westminster and the Chapel of St. John of Jerusalem. It

was a historic neighborhood. Some few years later another Bishop of London, Michael de Northburgh, left a sum of money to found a Carthusian monastery at Pardon Churchyard. He also bequeathed to this foundation, in perpetuity, his leases, rents and tenements, some silver vessels for altar use, and his divinity books.

Still, the real founder of the Charter-House must be regarded as the celebrated Sir Walter Manny. He caused a monastery to be erected on this site, and named it "The House of the Salutation of the Mother of God." He endowed it with lands and money, and his deed of foundation bore upon it as witnesses several historic names: John Hastings, Earl of Pembroke; Edward Mortimer, Earl of March; William de Montacute, Earl of Sarum; Humphrey de Bohun, Earl of Hereford; John de Barnes, Lord Mayor of London; and the two high-sheriffs, William de Walworth and Robert de Gayton.

The Charter-House was not, of course, the only Carthusian monastery in England. At previous or subsequent periods communities of them were established by various devout persons. Henry II. himself had introduced them into the country, while the Countess of Salisbury, Nicholas Cantilupe, Michael de la Pole, William Lord Zarch, Thomas of Nottingham, Earl Marshall of England, the Duke of Surrey, and Henry V., were amongst those who made foundations for them.

But at this particular epoch, when the gloom of the late calamity had scarcely passed from the minds of the people, the sons of St. Bruno began their life of prayer and austerity under the shadow of that great monastic pile, and side by side with the brave defenders of Christendom, the chivalric Templars. Gifts and benefactions began to flow in upon them. Some of these are curious enough in accompanying details. Thus, it is recorded that one William Reindre, a citizen and barber of London, deeded to the Carthusians, on Christmas Day, 1429, an acre of land, which they were to hold for eighty years at the nominal rent of one red rose. Richard Clyderhowe, a Kentish gentleman, "out of reverence to God and Our Lady, for the health of his own soul and that of his wife Alicia," bestowed upon them certain lands in the town of Rochester.

Many years of uninterrupted prosperity followed the foundation of the Charter-House. For well-nigh two centuries the monks had pursued their daily round of unostentatious holiness. The dawn saw them at their several posts, and the stars of midnight beheld them arising with song of praise and penitential canticle. They never ate flesh-meat, seldom partook of fish, and only when it was bestowed upon them as alms. They fasted one day a week on bread and water and salt; they slept on cork with but scanty covering; they spoke only on festival and chapter days; they were clad in haircloth within and the coarsest of serge without. But their very austerity made them a power. The world about them was Catholic, full of high ideals of heroism and sanctity; the ancient faith was at the zenith of its influence in England.—that faith, which, in the words of Carlyle, was still "a heaven-high unquestionability." The great ones of the earth, kings and nobles, bent in lowly reverence to the habit of the monk. The poor, from the rising of the sun to its very setting, thronged the abbey gates for counsel, for comfort, for help in their grievances, for protection against the oppressor, as well as for aid in their material necessities. The rich bestowed of their abundance with lavish hand, asking only that these monks, the holiness of whom they saw in so clear a perspective, would pray for their souls' weal.

Many persons of distinction passed from time to time within the cloisters of the Charter-House. Sir Thomas More, the Chancellor, lately raised to a higher dignity by the process of Beatification, withdrew to this calm retreat from the tumultuous world about him. This was his season of preparation for the storm which was about to burst, and in its furious course sweep away both him and his pious hosts.

Evil times were at hand for the Charter-House, and the days of its liberality and its hospitality were well-nigh numbered. The air was full of rumors, and the Carthusians, acting with prudent reserve, began, however, to take counsel with their brethren of the Brigettine and other communities concerning the course to be pursued in the approaching crisis. For the country was soon to be deprived forever of these abodes of benediction, these breathing-

places, so to speak, where the spiritual life had for centuries come to be refreshed and invigorated. The desolation of heresy was creeping upon the land, and preparing the ground for the long, dreary desert of doubt and unbelief stretching out before England.

On the 4th of May, 1534, three of the monastic commissioners — March, Bedyll, and Mitchell,—passed within the gates of the Charter-House to begin the work of destruction. As a result of their visit, the Prior, Father John Houghton, with the Procurator, Father Humphrey Midylton, was committed to the Tower for refusing to take the oath of the Royal Supremacy. This Prior Houghton, or Howghton, is described as follows by the none too partial historian, Froude: "Among many good, he was the best. He was of a good old English family, and had been educated at Cambridge. He was small in stature, in figure graceful, in countenance dignified, in manner most modest, in eloquence most sweet, with that austerity of expression which belongs so peculiarly to the features of the mediæval ecclesiastics." "So great was his humility and meekness," says another non-Catholic writer, "that if any one perchance called him by the title of Lord, or addressed him with any pompous diction, he rebuked him, saying, '*Non licet pauperi monachi Cartusiano dilatare fimbrias, aut vocari ab hominibus Rabbi!*'"

Froude gives us the further information that the Carthusians were particularly obnoxious to the King and Anne Boleyn, because of their open support of Queen Catherine. Also that many open as well as concealed Reformers, jealous of their high reputation for learning and sanctity, "were glad that they crossed the King in his inclination."

After a month's imprisonment, the two monks were released, having, however, taken the oath with the express stipulation, "in so far as it is lawful." This did not long satisfy the King, and he ordered the Carthusians, under the direst penalties, to take the oath in full, as it was intended by him. The pathos of the scene which followed is unsurpassed in history. Father Houghton, assembling the monks, burst into tears as he announced to them the sad tidings that the Charter-House was to shelter them no more. "What shall I do," he cried, in an outburst of fear lest the

world might prove too strong for some of the weaker brethren,— "what shall I do if I can not save those whom God has entrusted to my charge?" With one voice the assembled monks exclaimed: "Let us die together in our integrity, and heaven and earth shall witness for us how unjustly we are cut off."

Father Houghton and four of his brethren were speedily brought to trial. They all refused to take the oath, and bore valiant testimony of their adherence to the old faith. Father Houghton, on being asked why he had incited men to disobey the King, answered that heretofore he had given no opinion on the subject, save when he was asked in confession, where conscience could be his only guide; but that he now felt called upon to make a solemn declaration of his convictions upon the matter. The Carthusians were accordingly remitted to the Tower, whence they went forth only to the place of execution. Their trial is described as "a grim and cruel farce." From his window in the Tower, Sir Thomas More pointed out to his daughter "those blessed Fathers going cheerfully to their death."

At Tyburn Father Houghton made a solemn declaration of his own innocence and that of his companions, after which each one made the Sign of the Cross and walked firm and undaunted to death. The five priors were hung in their vestments. On the 4th of May, 1535, one year from the date of the inquisitorial visit, the head of Father Houghton was exposed on London Bridge, and his mangled body at the gate of the Charter-House.

Stephen Lee, Secretary to the Archbishop of York, wrote in his diary at the time of the execution: "I am sick in my head and in my heart at what I did see this day. The good Fathers, who were all their lives doing good for sinners, widows and orphans, died this day very grandly. They told the people never to desert the old religion of England, because it controlled people's consciences and made people honest. And the people cried out: 'It is so! it is so!'" He describes the Fathers being "hung up like robbers and cut up like oxen, among the heart-sick cries of the populace."

From that time persecution after persecution fell upon the devoted Carthusians. After various struggles to keep the remnant of their

property together, the religious were finally dispersed. Nine of them died of neglect and starvation in Newgate Prison. A tenth, after years of confinement, was at length hanged, in November, 1541. A few escaped to the Low Countries, there to return to the tranquillity of their monastic life, saddened by the tragic scenes through which they had passed.

Traditions of the time point to divers miracles alleged to have occurred at the Charter-House about the time of the final departure thence of the Carthusians. Strange lights were seen in the windows of the monastery, and during the obsequies of one of the monks the great lights, only used upon high festivals, were suddenly lit in the conventual church. A letter is preserved from one of the Fathers, John Darley, wherein he solemnly deposes that he was visited twice by a monk of the Order, long dead—Father Raby. The apparition, on being questioned concerning the fate of Rochester and Fox and some of the other martyred Carthusians, declared that they were "in heaven next unto angels."

So the Charter-House property was confiscated, and the pious intentions of its founders put to naught. Little could they have guessed the ultimate fate of this work of their beneficence when, for their souls' wealth and for the relief of the departed, they had made their grand foundation.

"Thou, Walter Manny, Cambray's Lord,
Didst take compassion on the wandering ghosts
Of thy departed friends;
Didst consecrate to th' Lord of Hosts
Thy substance for religious ends."

So says the old ballad. But the modern innovators spoke another language. "These charitable foundations," says a Protestant writer, "were coupled with a false belief, it is to be feared; for they were invariably accompanied with an earnest petition that they who were benefited by the pious act would pray for the souls of their benefactors." A fine testimony to the devotion toward the dead which distinguished Catholic England. However, the work of sacrifice went on, till the grand old brotherhood of the Charter-House had disappeared forever. The voice of prayer and praise was silenced; study and contemplation were alike vanished; the martlet, the silence-loving bird of the poet, built undisturbed in nave and

belfry; the picturesque, cowed figures were seen no more within the cloisters, those homes of poetic thought and religious inspiration. The Holy Presence had departed from the convent altar, the last taper had flickered to its socket, and the last hymn had lingered as if reluctantly among the echoes of the great hall.

Charter-House had become a ruin, its lands and such portions of it as remained being granted to John Brydges, yeomen, and Thomas Hale, groom of the King's halls and tents. It was not, however, destined to remain in their keeping, and passed shortly after into that of Sir Thomas Audley, speaker of the House of Commons. He, in turn, was succeeded in the ownership by Sir Edward, afterward Baron North, Privy Councillor to the King. When Elizabeth came into power she visited the Charter-House and remained there for some days. The honor was a costly one, and was said to have ruined Lord North, through the lavish magnificence with which he entertained his royal guest.

The Duke of Norfolk became by purchase the next possessor of the property. It served as a prison for him. Becoming implicated in an alleged conspiracy to place Mary Stuart upon the English throne, he was twice kept prisoner in his own house, and finally put to death. His son Philip, Earl of Arundel, one of the most beautiful and romantic characters in the whole of English history, went from Charter-House to a prison, where he subsequently died. After the death of Mary Stuart the Howard family once more obtained grants of the property, and were regarded with marked partiality by James I. In his reign royalty once more lent its splendor to the spot, and the chronicles tell that in order "to do more abundant honor to his host, the King knighted more than eighty gentlemen there on the 11th of May." The Sutton family were the next owners. It was one of them who made the celebrated foundation of a hospital and school, which exist to-day, and wherein the whole-souled charity of the monks has been finally replaced by the cold philanthropy of a government institution.

Some gateways and a portion of the chapel are remnants of the original Charter-House. On the wall of one of the archways appear an I. H. and a cross, which have given rise to

considerable discussion. Some believe them to have been the I. H. S., others hold that they were the monogram of the saintly Prior Houghton, who was entombed in a neighboring vault. The western wall of the great hall is also believed to date back to the monastic days. The hall itself was probably built by Lord North. There exists also a music-gallery, which bears intrinsic evidence of belonging to the *régime* of the unfortunate Duke of Norfolk.

The chapel, which is partly of pre-Reformation origin, is destitute of all that gave it life and beauty in the old Carthusian times. Pictured saint and sculptured Madonna have alike disappeared. It is true that some carvings still remain, and that Thomas Sutton is recumbent upon a gorgeous tomb, with armor-clad figures standing on either side, But the sanctuary lamp telling of the solemn Presence, the altar, the golden vessels, the swinging censer, are replaced by screen and table, and the cold, still atmosphere of a lifeless worship. Charter-House is Protestantized. For generations its hospital and school have been a very monument of the spirit of the Reformation.

A Catholic gentleman of our own day, the late S. Hubert Burke, speaks of this institution as "another of the sadly misused charities of London—a *hospitium* for those who have friends sufficiently influential to obtain an inexpensive provision for men whom they have not themselves the generosity to support." So it has come to pass. But the Past mocks at the Present, and the poetic instinct, in its twilight reveries, brings to mind, not the huge pile of inelegant architecture now marking the spot, but that older Charter-House, as it stood on the site of Pardon Churchyard, wherein the victims of the pestilential visitation slept in the peace of God.

In the same way, it is not the figures of governors, pensioners and schoolmasters one would fain conjure up, but the melancholy shades of the old monks pacing the quiet cloisters in the days antedating their exile or martyrdom. And it is the old faith one would recall, with its richness and warmth and splendor of ritual, with its beautiful illustrations of the spiritual life, in the simplicity and austerity of each individual monk, keeping forever before him, in his humble cell at the Charter-House, the realities of the unseen world.

Stella Matutina; or, A Poet's Quest.

BY EDMUND OF THE HEART OF MARY, C. P.

IX.

"STILL, new! Have I not conn'd it o'er and o'er?"

"I doubt not thou hast ponder'd it," she said,
"As page of that half-gospel now no more.

But tell me: whensoever thou hast read
Or listen'd—though the Saviour's Wounds
have bled

In thy mind's picture, and each dying word
Made lingering echoes, till the thorn-crown'd
Head

Droopt lifeless—hath not *one* thing thou hast
heard,

One utterance of the seven, seem'd out of place,
and stirr'd

"No answering pulse, as meaningless to thee?"

'Behold thy Mother!' spake the lips Divine—
To that belovèd one in whom we see

The nascent Church. Would Jesus but consign
To filial care, as heretics opine,

This Queen of Virgins, this Immaculate Eve?

Or did He give Her to be mine and thine—

As I and mine *know*, rather than believe,
From sweet innumerable proofs that never can
deceive?

"What! Silent? Nay, that tear is eloquent

Wherespeech would fail; and merits that I show
Why stands She there with bosom pierced and
rent—

Why has not death forestall'd the cruel woe.

Alas, the new Eve, like the old, must know
Full partnership in sorrow with Her Lord!

In anguish bringing forth: each mother-throe
United with His Passion: Hers the Sword,
As His the Cross: that so They work with one
accord

"Redemption's plan. And He, thy King and
Brother,

With love's true thought hath waited for this
hour

To make Her doubly, by His gift, thy Mother:

That never mayst thou doubt Her tender power
With His rich mercy; nor Her own Heart's
dower

Of perfect love, which brims and overflows

For His dear sake. In Her the very 'Tower
Of David' thou shalt find against thy foes:

Nor less the 'Enclosèd Garden' of a blest repose.

“But ah, how many dare reject this gift
 Of Mary—knowing better than the King
 His honor and their need! One day to lift
 Sad eyes to Him in vain! Imagining
 Her mediation such a worthless thing!
 Is He, then, less our God because our Brother—
 Our Judge because our Saviour? Can we cling
 Too trustfully to Her our common Mother,
 Whose prayer His mercy holds more surely than
 all other?”

Harry Considine's Fortunes.

BY NUGENT ROBINSON.

CHAPTER XIII.—IN THE BREAKERS.

IN due course Father Luke Byrne, with the two ladies under his charge, left for “New Ireland.” A deputation of his parishioners accompanied him as far as Queenstown, each laden with a basket of dainty provisions, as though the good priest were about to be placed in an open boat and set adrift on the boundless ocean. With bared and bowed heads they stood on the tender as their beloved pastor gave them his parting benediction.

Miss Clancy was in the highest state of chirrup and excitement, and wore a bran-new Irish frieze ulster that completely concealed her from the human eye. She carried two gingham umbrellas of ancient pattern and design, and refused to be separated from a deck-chair presented to her by Harry Considine, with which she kept barking everybody's shins.

Caroline Esmonde was tearful and happy, and smiled through her tears like a sunbeam in shower. Alderman and Miss Ryan came to Queenstown to see her off, to return by the Lakes of Killarney. Harry had accompanied the party as far as the Limerick junction, at which place he bade them Godspeed. He gave his sister Peggy the treat of the trip to the junction, and she parted from Caroline Esmonde in a torrent of tears. Miss Ryan he carefully avoided,—a manœuvre which she rewarded by almost cutting him, including poor Peggy, to whom such action was desolation itself. Jane hardly suffered the child to kiss her ere the train departed, and merely nodded to her brother. For the remainder of

the journey she complained of a splitting headache, and was silent. The Alderman surmised the cause, and was furious against Harry.

“The upstart puppy,” he muttered, “that I took from the gutter, to—to not care for *such* a girl! He'll return to his gutter. I'll not have him a minute longer than I can help. I'll get rid of him as decently as I can.”

Considine remarked the great change in his employer's manner toward him, and guessed at its cause.

“I have done right, and that's what *I* care about,” Harry said to himself. “I spoke out in such a way as to settle forever the question of my being a money-hunter. If Mr. Ryan chooses to resent my candidness *he* is wrong. Father Luke said I did what was honest and straightforward. *That's* enough.”

The Alderman found fault with every trifle, and reproved Considine in the presence of junior clerks,—a humiliation that was as mean as it was uncalled for. One morning, his patron saint's day, Harry was late at the office.

“This is not business, Mr. Considine,” burst out Ryan ere the young man could remove his hat. “It demoralizes the staff, sir.”

“I was at Mass,” said Harry.

“You should have gone to early Mass, sir.”

“So I did.”

“Then why are you so late?”

“Because I wanted to attend a second Mass, sir. This is my patron saint's day. However, you will lose nothing of my services, Alderman Ryan; for I purpose stopping till seven o'clock.”

The Alderman turned away with a sour look and a growl of dissatisfaction.

Harry now stared the situation in the face.

“This place is getting too hot for me. I must maintain my self-respect, if I starve. If this nagging continues I shall give notice. Poor little Peg! how glad I am that she is paid for in advance! *She* is all right for six months to come, thank God! *That's* a comfort.”

He had received one letter from Gerald Molloy from New York. It was of a severely practical nature, and was more a list of prices of everything, from a clam-chowder to a Fifth Avenue mansion, than anything else.

"I go out to the farm just to see my people located, but will come back here to start in business. I met fifty men in the hall of this hotel who posted me. You should be here! The tobacco business is an immense one. Even the truck drivers smoke cigars, while the chewing is enormous from the millionaire to the boot-shiner."

"How I wish I had been able to go with the Molloyes!" thought Harry.

Yes, Alderman Ryan had resolved upon getting rid of Harry Considine. He had not spoken to his daughter, or she to him, on the subject of the *employé's* absence from Rutland Square,—an absence that was the more remarkable since Mr. Ryan was laid up with a touch of the gout, and, by special desire, had all his letters and important documents brought to him by a junior clerk,—a duty which heretofore had devolved upon Considine. His name was a dead letter, and was, as if by tacit consent, never even mentioned.

Mr. Ryan could have forgiven Harry anything but slighting Jane. This seemed so monstrous, so utterly humiliating, that the gulf which opened between him and his *employé* after their *tête-à-tête* dinner widened every hour, and was now bridgeless. To see Harry was irritating, to speak with him even more so.

Alderman Ryan, was, however, despite his prejudices, an honest gentleman, and in resolving to get rid of Harry Considine, he also determined not to let him go empty-handed,—not to turn him adrift. There were moments when the recollection that Considine had saved Jane's life wiped out every other feeling, and the Alderman would resolve upon letting things take their own course as if nothing had happened; but a moping look which had come to his daughter, an almost habitual dejection relieved by evident effort, would rouse a vengeful savagery in his heart, and then it was that the *fiat* became riveted that Harry must go. Fortunately, it came to pass that Considine saved him a great deal of trouble and worry by announcing his intention of leaving, and this in a manner so determined as to leave no loophole for parley or half-measures.

The freedom of the city of Dublin was about to be conferred on England's Prime Minister,

Mr. Gladstone, at the City Hall; and, as Alderman Ryan was in politics a whig, it behoved him to be in his place in full robes of office—a scarlet cloth gown trimmed with sable, and a cocked hat. He had obtained tickets of admission for his daughter and a friend—a Mrs. Browne,—and the ladies called at the warehouse to take the civic father to the Council Chamber.

Miss Ryan treated Considine to an icy nod as she passed into the private office. The salute was unavoidable, as Harry was obliged to stand aside to allow her to pass. The bow was next thing to an insult, for it was extended as if under pressure.

The Alderman closed the door of his office with a bang, opening it after a few minutes to order in luncheon from a neighboring restaurant. Later on, Mr. Ryan's signature to checks and other documents of importance became absolutely necessary, and, as there was every indication of a "field-day" in the Town Council—the extreme National section and Conservatives being opposed to the grant,—the sitting might be prolonged to midnight.

It was Considine's duty to present the checks and documents to the Alderman,—a duty that, under the peculiar circumstances of the case, was on this occasion ordeal by fire.

"It is my duty," said Harry, nerving himself to the task; "and that's what I have to look to."

He took the papers, and knocked at the door of the private office.

"Come in."

He opened the door.

"I beg your pardon for disturbing you, sir," he commenced; "and—"

"It *is* a disturbance, sir," said the Alderman, in a lofty tone of anger.

"I call it an impertinence," added Jane, in a tone of the coolest insolence.

Harry became white. A throb like deadly sickness smote him near the heart. Without taking the slightest notice, he calmly said:

"These checks require your signature, sir. These papers must be signed before three o'clock."

"Leave them there, sir!" cried the Alderman, pulling nervously at his whiskers. "And the next time you come into this office—"

"I shall never enter it again." And Harry,

with a sob in his throat—it came no farther, —bowed grandly, and turned on his heel.

Then he wrote, resigning his appointment. And while Mr. Gladstone was uttering one of his silver tongued speeches, and while Jane Ryan was crying bitterly behind her veil, and while the city fathers were listening spellbound, Harry Considine was merrily whistling "The Wearing of the Green," as he walked at a rapid pace up the steep hill that leads to the village of Rathfarnham.

CHAPTER XIV. — "WELCOME AS THE FLOWERS OF MAY."

The Molloy party were in perfect raptures with Niagara, and Emma, with her father and Peter Daly, went beneath the American Fall.

"She's got the real grit in her," observed Daly to her mother. "There aren't a dozen girls who wouldn't holler a bit, the guide says, when they get into the dark. And the roar and the awful feeling that a slip of the foot or of the water, and—whew! Connemara was solid, I tell you; and when I asked her what she thought of all the time we were under, she answered: 'Of God.'"

Peter had business at Cleveland, where they stopped a day, and spun along the magnificent Euclid Avenue behind a pair of fast trotters. They visited the Cathedral and the superb viaduct, and the pretty park by the shore of Lake Erie.

"Call *that* a lake!" cried Emma. "Why, it's an ocean!"

"Oh, we can fix you up a bigger lake than that if you give us the contract," laughed Daly, who took an intense delight in watching the effects of the various sights upon his young and intelligent companion.

The sleeping-cars bewildered them, and Mrs. Molloy's astonishment when the colored porter first "pulled down the ceiling," as she expressed it, "to make a bed in it," was simply unmeasured.

"I'll strike a home crowd at Chicago," observed Daly. "I won't travel a block without an invitation to 'smile.'"

"To what?" asked Emma.

"To smile."

"Why to smile?"

"Well, just for acquaintance' sake. But I never smile, as you know."

"Never smile! You are smiling now."

"Oh! I forgot to mention that a smile is a drink, and I haven't tasted a drop of liquor since the year 1859, and never will again, please God. I have seen more men go to the kangaroos by drink than I could speak in a piece of fifty lines."

Emma Molloy, true to her promise to Miss Esmonde, made a pilgrimage to the inebriate asylum, accompanied by Daly.

"Are you Mr. Esmonde's daughter?" asked the superintendent, a starry-eyed man with a large forehead and a voice of silk.

"No, sir. I am a friend of his daughter's."

"Ah! You must not be startled, young lady, if you see a very pitiful wreck of humanity. To us the sight is familiar; to one so young and inexperienced as you, it may prove a shock. Perhaps you would be well advised to give up seeing this miserable man."

"I have given my promise to his child, sir," said Emma, resolutely.

They were shown into a small room, the walls of which were padded without having the appearance of being so. The furniture was also of a soft, yielding substance, while the carpeted floor seemed to sink under the pressure of the feet.

"This is my reception room," said the superintendent. "The patients when they see their friends are liable to become terribly excited, and in such cases I shorten the visit, bundling out the visitors and leaving the patient here alone. Mr. Esmonde's cry is for his daughter. This is his craze. So if he mistakes you for her do not be alarmed."

Emma was pale enough as the sound of shuffling and shambling came from the corridor. The superintendent entered, leading in a living, doubled-up skeleton. The skin—flesh there was none—merely covered the bones. The white lips were so thin as when closed to reveal the outlines of the teeth. The hair was in patches on a furrowed head, while the eyes literally blazed in their red-rimmed, sunken sockets; handsome eyes once—blue and tender and winsome. *Did* they ever raise themselves in love and devotion to those of the mother that bore him? Impossible!

Daly, a strong, courageous man, turned pale and started at this hideous apparition. Emma Molloy, without a second's hesitation,

advanced and took the horrible, skinny claw of this physical wreck in her plump little hand.

"I come to you, Mr. Esmonde, with a message from your daughter," she said.

"From Carrie?" he gasped.

"Yes, sir, from Carrie."

"Where is she? Here?" And the blazing eyes shot round the room as if piercing the padded walls.

"No, Mr. Esmonde. She is in Dublin."

"Ah!"

It was a moan, a wail indescribably despairing,—a cry from a heart that was crushed by deadly pain. After this he would not speak, but kept his eyes fixed on the ground, as if gazing into a small hole expecting something to appear. It was uncanny to look at. Once only he vouchsafed a remark—when Emma told him that his daughter was coming out to see him.

"They always tell me that. No: I am doomed. Let it be."

The superintendent subsequently informed the visitors that the unfortunate being in his wildest moments could be soothed by the nurse's crying, "Here is Carrie!"

"Do you think if his daughter were here and took him in hand that he would recover?" asked Emma.

"It's his only chance."

"Then he shall have it if I can urge it!" cried the girl, enthusiastically.

As they drove back to the city Peter Daly remarked:

"If I were a temperance lecturer, Connemara, I'd take around a waxwork of that low-down whittle of humanity, and I'd produce it on the platform beside my desk. I'd stake my boots that it would be more eloquent than a year's talking. I'd do more, girl. I'd get permission of the city authorities to exhibit the waxwork right in front of every gin mill and saloon, and you might take my bottom dollar if the till receipts wouldn't peter out fifty per cent. I never saw such an advertisement in favor of cold water in all my born days."

After a few days in Chicago the party started for Clam Farm.

"The reason my ranch has such hold onto its name," explained Peter, "is because the

man who ran it before me made his pile in clams. 'I'm real grateful to that fish,' he told me; 'for it gave me not only a square living, but it made me solid with the bank; and I call my farm after it out of respect and regard. And my neighbor, Mr. Trombley, out of compliment to me, changed the name of the town from Concertina to Oyster City. Clams and oysters ought to be good neighbors,' said Sam. Sam was a real picnic of fun, Connemara."

Two days' journey from Chicago, and the party arrived at Clam Farm.

"Is that the house?" asked Emma, pointing to a cosy frame dwelling, white as snow, with a grove of beautiful pine-trees as a back-ground.

"I wish it were better, my dear," said Peter. "But if it is small, I tell you the welcome is as large as the whole State of Minnesota."

"And that is every thing," said the girl.

"You strike me right where I live!" cried Daly, deeply gratified at this remark.

The farm hands were all on the road to meet the "boss," and the hand-shaking was prodigious. Mr. Molloy was in high favor, and came in for his share of the honors, the ladies being received *con amore*. A decoration suspended over the hall-door, and composed of flowers and evergreens interwoven, showed the heart-stirring words, "*Cead Mille Failthe!*" And as Daly, removing his hat, pointed to them, a ringing cheer rose from the cheery lungs of the assemblage, with another for the ladies, and a "rouser" for old Ireland. The neighbors mustered strongly, having driven over in twos and threes; for the country side held Mr. Daly in high esteem, and lost no opportunity of doing him honor.

"This, Connemara, is your home as long as you like to remain in it; and yours too, Killiney and Europe. And God knows," added Peter Daly, "you are as welcome as the flowers of May."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

IN all thy actions, in all thy thoughts, know for certain that there are two present—the one thy friend, the other thine enemy. Thy friend is thy Creator, who rejoiceth in thy good works; thine enemy is the devil, who mourneth for these same good works of thine. —*St. Anselm.*

A Medal of "Mater Admirabilis."

MUCH has been said and written both for and against the respect paid by Catholics to holy relics and other objects of devotion, but the theme is far from exhausted. The mind of man is often inconsistent. We once knew a gentleman, clever and well informed, who would shrug his shoulders if asked to wear a medal of the Blessed Virgin, but who carried, carefully attached to his watch-chain, a rough pebble that he had picked up in the uncertain bed of a stream sung by Homer; and he would show this to his friends and acquaintances with a great display of reverence for it. Tourists in Italy, who would blush to bring from Rome a Rosary blessed by the Pope, would willingly fill their trunks, if allowed, with scraps from the ruins of the Forum. Who has not smiled when an Englishman shows him the one hundred and ninety-ninth pen sold by the *concierge* of the Château de Ferney as the very last pen used by Voltaire? The weeping-willow that stood near the grave of the unfortunate Napoleon in St. Helena is said to have furnished enough wood to relic-lovers in Great Britain to make a three-decked ship.

This respect for relics and mementos has been entertained by persons of all creeds, all nations, and of every age. The portraits of our patriots, the statues of bronze or marble that we admire in our parks and museums; the pictures of our parents, whether preserved in massive frames of gilt or in the simplest style, are, in reality, objects of devotion. The autograph and the photograph may be placed in the same category; and a lock of hair, sweet pledge of friendship, or melancholy souvenir of a head beloved, may be justly deemed a pious relic. Why should this homage, everywhere admitted from a merely human point of view, be deemed ridiculous from a religious standpoint?

There exists in the Convent of the Trinité-du-Mont in Rome a little chapel elegantly adorned, and piously illustrated by the invocation *Mater Admirabilis* traced below a venerated picture of our Heavenly Mother. Among numerous examples of mercy that have been granted by the powerful interces-

sion of the ever-Blessed Virgin under this sweet title the following can not fail to interest our readers:

In the second month of the occupation of Rome by the French army, September 13, 1849, a soldier of the second battalion of Light Infantry was transported, dangerously ill, to the Hospital of St. Bernard. Like many young men, Jean Coulonnier had forgotten, in the frequentation of bad company, all the religious principles of his boyhood. The reading of evil books, the clubs of 1848, and secret societies, completed the perversion of his naturally generous instincts, which, under more favorable circumstances, would have made him a model Christian.

Coulonnier had fought in the siege of Rome without enthusiasm; for his sympathies were more with the besieged city than with the flag of its besiegers. He had combated without that faith which excites one's energies to cope with the obstacles to be overcome and endure the consequent fatigue. In the triumph of his brothers in arms he had observed, when too late, that the consequences of the defeat would be heavy on his political party. Amid these reflections he received a visit from a French priest, a native of Courtezon (Vaucluse).

"What do you wish with me, sir?" inquired the sick man, dryly.

"I come to offer you my services. I heard that you were seriously ill, and—"

"Ah! then you are a physician?"

"Yes, my good man—"

"Indeed! Well, it is the first time that I ever saw a physician in a cassock. Here, feel my pulse, doctor. Have I any fever?"

"I am a physician, as I told you," said the Abbé Masson, gently; "but a physician of souls; so it is not the hand that I seek, but the heart."

"Ah! I understand. You have made your course of studies in a seminary. I have no confidence in that faculty. You had better look for employment elsewhere, sir."

"Listen to me, friend. In the interest of your soul—"

"You speak a language that is strange to me. Révérend sir, be kind enough to retire. I should like to be alone for a while."

"Well, if you will not accept the consola-

tions I offer as a priest, accept at least the attentions of a friend to the sick."

"And the infirmarians, sir? Do you imagine they are incapable of performing the duty assigned them? Once more, I say, leave me. I need rest."

"Good-day, friend," said the priest, in his kindest tone. "To-morrow I will return; mayhap your disposition will be changed. Meanwhile I will pray for you."

The disease of Jean Coulonnier progressed so rapidly that in a few days the doctors had no hope of his recovery. The poor soldier gave himself up to sad thoughts, and repelled not only all religious ideas, but even closed his heart to all the human consolations which his comrades offered him with a generous devotedness. He became silent and melancholy.

By no means discouraged by a first repulse, the Abbé Masson returned on the following day, seating himself by the pillow of the invalid, but avoiding any allusion to the real object of his visit. At last, fancying there was a favorable moment for touching the subject of religion, he ventured to ask Jean if he had made any preparation for death.

"Sir," replied the dying soldier, "I am a Protestant."

"You are not less my brother in the sight of God," rejoined the priest, in a tone of deep conviction. "You have an equal right to all my sympathy."

"I declare to you again, sir, that I am a Protestant. Go and look for penitents in the other wards."

The good Abbé Masson, so rudely repulsed a second time, went away sadly, fully convinced that no act of human kindness could touch the hardened heart of the unfortunate invalid.

It was the 20th of October, the day on which the Religious of the Sacred Heart at the Trinité-du-Mont celebrate the Feast of Mary under the title of *Mater Admirabilis*. Pius IX., of saintly memory, had recently instituted the festival, and a medal had been struck in her honor. The Abbé Masson called on Madame de Coriolis, the superior at Trinité-du-Mont, and recommended the poor sinner to her prayers and those of her community. Fervent and continual invocations ascended to Heaven during the five following days.

On the morning of the 26th the devoted Abbé appeared again at the Trinité, and told the nuns that he had discovered that Coulonnier was not a Protestant, but had feigned to be such in order to avoid communication with him. After celebrating the Holy Sacrifice for the patient in the sanctuary dedicated to *Mater Admirabilis*, and recommending the Religious to persevere in prayer, he took a medal with the likeness of the sacred picture stamped on it, and once more directed his steps to the hospital.

"You here again!" cried Coulonnier, when he perceived the Abbé kneeling at the foot of his bed.

"Yes, I am here again,—still the friend who loves you, who desires to secure your happiness above if he can not detain you here below."

The death-rattle was already announcing his agony.

"Go away, sir! You worry me with your importunity! Let me die in peace! Go away; I repeat!"

"I will leave the room on one condition."

"What condition, pray?"

"That you will allow me to place on your heart this medal stamped with the image of God's Holy Mother, that in your last moments you may think of her whom you once loved."

"Well you may; but be quick, and then leave my sight."

Thus saying, Coulonnier raised his head, bent it to the breast of the priest, and received the medal of *Mater Admirabilis*.

"May your Mother in heaven preserve you from an unprovided death!" said the priest, solemnly. And he saw a tear fall from the fading eyes of the dying soldier, while his comrades prayed near him in silence. "Shall I leave you now?" asked the Abbé, in his kindest manner.

Coulonnier's heart was touched at last. "Stay, if you please, Father." And he laid his icy hand in that of the minister of God. "Speak to me of my Mother."

"Yes, I will speak of your Mother, God's Mother, and of our Father in heaven." And the priest continued to encourage and comfort him.

Coulonnier wept, pressed to his breast the holy medal, and murmured incoherent words,

—they were the last throes of the combat. The Queen of Heaven had triumphed over the Angel of Darkness. The sinner, touched by divine grace, humbly asked the priest to hear his confession. One hour later he received Holy Communion and Extreme Unction. And in the act of kissing devoutly the image of *Mater Admirabilis* he calmly expired.

The Seed-Time.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

THE part of advising parents as to the work of instructing and educating their children is generally an ungrateful one. The adviser must naturally fall into platitudes, and be greeted with the assertion, "We knew all that." But what is the best teaching the world has if it be not platitudes repeated again and again in varied forms? And when we find a man who says in poetry what we have often thought in prose, we cry out, "This is genius!" We have the words of three great moulders of public opinion that the secret of impressing the minds of people is the art of repetition. The advice of McMaster, of Father Hecker, of Horace Greeley, to editorial aspirants was, "Repeat,—always repeat!"

If repetition, then, can make the American father feel more deeply his responsibilities, let us by all means play the same tune with as many variations as possible. If the seed is not planted in the spring, the summer's crop will be wanting. It is too late to sow in August the crop that should be sown in June. It is too late to complain that the weeds have choked up our fields in September,—too late because, do what we will, we can not recall the spring.

What children need in this country is home life. Homes are common,—that is, comfortable houses with all the appliances of civilized life. In fact, this is a country of homes; but family life is not sufficiently cultivated. It exists, of course; but it exists very often for the reason that both the father and the mother happen to be fitted by nature for the adornment of the domestic circle.

Now, all parents are not so fitted. Nevertheless, they ought not to absolve themselves

from the duty of cultivating the home atmosphere. No duty is altogether easy. It is hard for a father, tired with the day's labor, to give himself up to the amusement of his children in the evening. He prefers a quiet nap, and his newspaper at intervals, perhaps. He does not enjoy the sound of chatter and laughter, of rudimentary music and gay dispute. "Be quiet!" commands the mother, in the father's interest. The children are quiet; they yawn; home grows wearisome; the whistle of a schoolmate in the street reminds the boys that there is fun abroad, and the girls begin to long for gayer places.

If home be not cheerful in the evenings, the children are defrauded of something their parents owe them. It is not to be supposed that when St. Paul spoke of the neglecter of his own household as being worse than an infidel that he alluded only to the man who fails to provide the material necessities of life for his family. If God had given us this world without sunshine, without flowers, without music, we would perhaps have had an abiding place, but nothing more; we might have existed, we could not have lived.

Cheerfulness in family life is the light, the flowers, the music. And cheerfulness in home life does not always come by nature. It is not always easy to discard the cares of the day as one enters the charmed circle. It is not always easy to give up the book, that might be enjoyed selfishly, for the entertainment of those around us. The mother finds it hard to cease fretting,—hard to forget some slight mishap or other,—hard to speak gently when a fault has exasperated her. But she, for the sake of her children's future, must remember that, if they are expected to learn self-discipline and self-denial, she must set the example.

The duty of home-making is a sacred duty. Who, in after-life, dwells on the splendor of his father's house? Who cares for the luxury of its equipment? It is to the tenderness, the cheerfulness, the unity, the consolation there that the heart in after-life turns. It is the memory of these that makes true men and women. Marble statues and brown stone fronts without cheerfulness are less to a child than an old oaken bucket fraught with happy associations.

Cardinal Manning and the London Strikers.

“THE poor have the Gospel preached unto them” was one of the works to which the Saviour of the world appealed in testimony of the divinity of His mission. So, necessarily, it forms one of the marked characteristics of the Church which He established, in the accomplishment of the mission entrusted to her. Hence it is that from the very beginning the Church has sided with the poor and the oppressed, and exerted her power and influence in their behalf. A striking illustration of this truth was given in the action of his Eminence Cardinal Manning in connection with the recent labor troubles in London. Obedient to the principles of the faith which he professes, this distinguished and zealous son of the Church interfered in behalf of the suffering workmen, and to his kind offices rather than to any other cause is the settlement of the difficulties to be attributed. This is clearly set forth in the following extract from the cable correspondence in a recent issue of the *New York Sun*:

The chief credit for settlement undoubtedly belongs to the venerable Cardinal Manning. When passions on both sides were at their highest, this prince of the Church left his palace in Westminster and went about from one leader to another counselling peace. His spare figure and pale, intellectual face soon became familiar to the strikers, and his gentle, unassuming manners quickly won confidence and respect, amounting to veneration, even among the rough fellows who were not of his faith. From the moment the Cardinal intervened there was a marked diminution in the violence of language until then habitually used by the strike leaders in speaking of their opponents; and the dock directors' demeanor, until that time insulting and uncompromising, underwent a gratifying change. The Protestant Bishop of London and the Lord Mayor joined the pacific work some days after the Cardinal; but, although tardily offered, he gratefully accepted their assistance.

After the rebuff caused by last Saturday's misunderstanding, the Bishop, considering his greatness derided and his dignity offended by the strike leaders, left London in disgust, and took no further part in the negotiations. The Lord Mayor sulked for several days, but ultimately had the good sense to return to the work. Cardinal Manning, however, never faltered. He saw the misery which was being caused by the strike, and resolved that it should end.

Older than Mr. Gladstone, and with little of the great statesman's physical vigor, Cardinal Manning

has all this week been doing an amount of work which would tax the endurance of the youngest priest. His friends remonstrated, but he answered all with gentle words and a kindly smile; and to-day, when the last difficulty had been removed, and London's greatest industrial conflict had come to an end, he returned calmly to his study at Westminster, remarking that he had but done his duty to his fellow-men and his country.

Readings from Remembered Books.

A PICTURE OF THE MADONNA.

RECALL, one picture in which the Flight into Egypt is the subject of the tenderest and most delicate treatment. The Virgin and Child are seated in a flowery meadow of varied landscape, and rings of baby cherubs, holding hands, go dancing round them. There is nothing coarse or familiar in their presence: they are pure as morning dreams, and full of Elysian grace. It appears a sort of rhythmic dance, and you have the impression that it is to no earthly music, but timed to flutings of angels' "golden lutes and silver clarions clear," sounded by unseen musicians close at hand. Other angel babies are hanging garlands on the neck of a lamb, and are floating gaily, adorning the Divine Child. Balmy airs stir the lovely winged creatures, and soft, lithe limbs keep time to the harping of the harpers with their harps.

It is the most triumphant thing I have seen on canvas. I wish I could remember the name of the artist whose fine, forcible hand fashioned those airy shapes, so the reader might find it some happy morning in the museum at Naples. The tranquil face of the Madonna wears a rapt, exalted expression, as becomes the priestess and prophetess; and the painter has followed the received account given of the Virgin in the fourth century, by Epiphanius, derived by him from the Fathers: "She was of middle stature, her face oval and of an olive tint, her hair a pale brown, her complexion fair as wheat." The rejoicing gladness of the scene makes it peculiar among *Riposas*. The blissful cherubs in rings, like garlands of flowers, fairly glide before your eyes, singing as they sang that first Christmas Eve: "I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people."

The day we were there a young peasant woman—evidently a sorrowing mother—stood before the picture, and returned time after time to gaze her fill. In some inexpressible way the Mother of Christ answered the yearning of the sad heart for the divinest of earthly loves, perfected in Mary, sweetest of all the sweet mothers in heaven.—*"The Repose in Egypt,"* by Susan E. Wallace.

A CROSS AMONG THE PALMS.

It must have been toward sunset—we were threading the eastern coast, and a great mountain filled the west,—but I felt that it was the hour when day ends and night begins. The heavy clouds looked as though they were still brimful of sunlight, yet no ray escaped to gladden our side of the world. Finally, on the brow of what seemed to be the last hill in this life, I saw a cross,—a cross among the palms. Hoké, the mule, saw it and quickened his pace: he knew that there was provender in the green pastures of Père Fidelis, and his heart freshened within him.

A few paces from the grove of palms I heard a bell swing jubilantly. Out over the solemn sea, up and down that foam-crested shore, rang the sweet Angelus. One may pray with some fervor when one's journey is at an end. When the prayer was over I walked to the gate of the chapel-yard, leading the willing Hoké; and at that moment a slender figure, clad all in black, his long robes flowing gracefully about him, his boyish face heightening the effect of his grave and serene demeanor, his thin, sensitive hands held forth in hearty welcome,—a welcome that was almost like a benediction, so spiritual was the love which it expressed,—came out, and I found myself in the arms of Père Fidelis.

Why do our hearts sing *jubilate* when we meet a friend for the first time? What is it within us that with its life-long yearning comes suddenly upon the all-sufficient one, and in a moment is crowned and satisfied? I could not tell whether I was at last waking from a sleep or just sinking into a dream. I could have sat there at his feet contented; I could have put off my worldly cares, resigned ambition, forgotten the past, and, in the tranquillity of that hour, have dwelt joyfully under the palms with him, seeking only to follow in his patient footsteps until the end should come.

Perhaps it was the realization of an ideal that plunged me into a reverie, out of which I was summoned by *mon père*, who hinted that I must be hungry. Prophetic Father! hungry I was indeed.

Mon père led me to his little house, and installed me host, himself being my ever-watchful attendant. Then he spoke: 'The lads were at the sea, fishing: would I excuse him for a moment?' Alone in the little house, with a glass of claret and a hard biscuit for refreshment, I looked about me. The central room, in which I sat, was bare to nakedness. A few devotional books, a small clock high up on the wall, with a short wagging pendulum, two or three paintings betraying more sentiment than merit, a table, a wooden form against the window, and a crucifix, complete its inventory. A high window was at my back; a door

in front opening upon a veranda shaded with a passion-vine; beyond it a green, undulating country running down into the sea; on either hand a little cell containing nothing but a narrow bed, a saint's picture, and a rosary. The boy Kahéle, having distributed the animals in good pasturage, lay on the veranda at full length, supremely happy as he jingled his spurs over the edge of the steps, and hummed a native air.

Again I sank into a reverie. Enter *mon père* with apologies and a plate of smoking cakes made of eggs and batter, his own handiwork; enter the lads from the sea with excellent fish, knotted in long wisps of grass; enter Kahéle, lazily sniffing the savory odors of our repast with evident relish; and then supper in good earnest.

How happy we were, having such talks in several sorts of tongues, such polyglot efforts toward sociability,—French, English, and native in equal parts, but each broken and spliced, to suit our dire necessity! The candle flamed and flickered in the land-breeze that swept through the house; the crickets sang lustily at the doorway; the little natives grew sleepy and curled up on their mats in the corner. And now a sudden conviction seized us that it was bedtime in very truth; so *mon père* led me to one of the cells, saying, "Will you sleep in the room of Père Amabilis?" Yea, verily, with all humility; and there I slept after the benediction, during which the young priest's face looked almost like an angel's in its youthful holiness, and I was afraid I might wake in the morning and find him gone, transported to some other and more lovely world.

But I didn't. Père Fidelis was up before day-break. It was his hand that clashed the joyful Angelus at sunrise that woke me from my happy dream; it was his hand that prepared the frugal but appetizing meal; he made the coffee—such rich, black, aromatic coffee as Frenchmen alone have the faculty of producing. He had an eye to the welfare of the animals also, and seemed to be commander-in-chief of affairs secular as well as ecclesiastical; yet he was so young!

There was a day of brief incursions mountainward, with the happiest results. There were welcomes showered upon me for his sake; he was ever ministering to my temporal wants, and puzzling me with dissertations in assorted languages.

By happy fortune a Sunday followed, when the Chapel of the Palms was thronged with dusky worshippers; not a white face present but the Father's and mine own; yet a common trust in the blessedness of the life to come struck the key-note of universal harmony, and we sang the *Magnificat* with one voice.—"*South Sea Idyls*," by Charles Warren Stoddard.

THE FOUNDATIONS OF OUR FAITH.

I know that I am; I know that I have the light of reason, the dictate of conscience, the power of will; I know that I did not make all things, nor even myself. A necessity of my reason compels me to believe in One higher and greater than I, from whom I come, and to whose image I am made. My perfection and welfare consist in knowing Him, in being conformed to Him. I am sure that He is good, and that He desires my happiness; and that, therefore, He has not hid Himself from me, but has made Himself known, to the end that I may love Him and be like Him. I find that the light of the knowledge of God has filled the world, and has been ever growing by fresh accessions of light, waxing brighter and clearer until it culminated "in the face of Jesus Christ." In Him God and man were perfectly revealed. In Himself, in His words, and in His Commandments, I find the most perfect knowledge of God that the world has ever known; the most perfect knowledge of himself that man has ever reached; the most perfect law of morals toward God and toward man that men have ever received. All this is to be found in Christianity alone. Christianity is, therefore, the fulness of the revelation of God. Moreover, I find that the maximum of human and historical evidence proves this true and perfect Christianity to be coincident and identical with the world-wide and immutable faith of the Roman Catholic Church.

On these foundations—four square and imperishable—rests the faith to which God in His mercy has called me, in which I hope to live and to die; for which I also hope that, by God's grace, I should be willing to give my life.—"*Religio Viatoris*," by Cardinal Manning.

A NOBLE BEGGAR.

Once he was fiercely abused—when begging for the new church at Aston Hall,—and as the reviler had come to a full stop in his froward speech, Father Ignatius quietly retorted: "Well, as you have been so generous to myself personally, perhaps you would be so kind as to give me something now for my community." This had a remarkable effect. It procured him a handsome offering then, as well as many others ever since.

Another day he knocked at a door, and was admitted by a very sumptuously attired footman. Father Ignatius told the servant the object of his visit, his religious name, and asked if he could see the lady or gentleman of the house. The servant strode off to see, and in a few seconds returned to say that the gentleman was out, and the lady was engaged and could not receive him, neither could she afford to help him. He then remarked that

perhaps she was not aware that he was the Honorable Mr. Spencer. The servant looked at him, bowed politely and retired. In a minute or two Father Ignatius hears a rustling of silks and a tripping of steps on the stairs. In came my lady, and what with blushings and bowings, and excuses and apologies, she scarcely knew where she was until she found herself and him *l'le-à-tête*. She really did not know it was he, and there were so many impostors. "But what will you take, my dear sir?" And before he could say yea or nay she rang for his friend the footman. Father Ignatius coolly said that he did not then stand in need of anything to eat, and that he never took wine; but that he did stand in need of money for a good purpose, and if she could give him anything in that way he should be very glad to accept it. She handed him a five pound note at once, expressing many regrets that something or other prevented its being more. Father Ignatius took the note, folded it carefully, made sure of its being safely lodged in his pocket, and then made thanksgiving in something like the following words: "Now, I am very sorry to have to tell you that the alms you have given me will do you very little good. If I had not been born of a noble family you would have turned me away with coldness and contempt. I take the money, because it will be as useful to me as if it were given with a good motive; but I would advise you for the future, if you have any regard for your soul, to let the love of God and not human respect prompt your alms-giving." So saying, he took his hat and bade his benefactress a good-morning.

Many were the anecdotes he told us about his begging adventures, but it is next to impossible to remember them. In every case, however, we could see the saint through the veil his humility tried to cast over himself. Whether he was received well or ill, he always tried to turn his reception to the spiritual benefit of those who received him. He made more friends than any person living, perhaps, and never was known to make an enemy; his very simplicity and holiness disarmed malice. He says, in a letter, upon getting his first commission to go and quest: "I am to be a great beggar!" His prognostication began to be verified. Strange fact! the Honorable George Spencer a beggar! And happier, under all the trials and crosses incident to such a life, than if he had lived in the luxury of Althorp. Religion is carrying out to-day what its Founder began eighteen hundred years ago. He left the kingdom of heaven to live on the charity of His own creatures.—"*Life of Father Ignatius of St. Paul, Passionist (The Hon. George Spencer)*," by the Rev. Father Pius a Sp. Sancto, C. P.

Notes and Remarks.

The German Catholic Congress which was held this year at Bochum in Westphalia—one of the most Catholic districts in all Germany, by the way,—was a great success. The town was *en fête* during the Congress. Solemn High Mass was celebrated each day, and the churches were all filled to their utmost capacity. Nearly 6,000 members were in attendance, among whom were some of the most prominent men in the Empire, including the venerable Dr. Windthorst, who made two stirring speeches. Every important question of the day was discussed. A telegram from Rome conveying the Holy Father's Benediction to the members of the assembly was joyously received. The Congress was an event of such importance that even the infidel press could not ignore it, though of course many false constructions were put upon its acts. Munich was selected as the place of meeting for next year.

The British Consul at Santos, Brazil, writes an enthusiastic letter on the admirable manner in which evil consequences from the sudden abolition of slaves in that country have been averted. It is well known that the primary movement toward emancipation was due to the bishops, strengthened and encouraged by the Holy Father. Great trouble in ordinary cases would have followed the freeing of 100,000 slaves in the province of San Pablo. There was, of course, some tension when the great event took place, but foresight minimized it. A system of immigration had been organized, and the market was well supplied with labor when the slaves ceased to do their involuntary work.

It makes Catholics thrill with satisfaction to read of the part which Cardinal Manning took in the recent strikes on the London docks. He stood bravely between capital and labor, representing the Church which has in all ages stood between the poor and those who have become their masters. Cardinal Manning was converted to the Catholic religion in 1851, and since that time he has reflected steadily the graces he received.

At Karancade in the Madura Mission, on the shores of the Indian Ocean, is a beautiful sanctuary to the ever-blessed Mother of God under the title of *Notre Dame Sengol*, or Our Lady of the Sceptre. It was during the last century a celebrated pilgrimage, and it possesses a miraculous image to which a graceful legend is attached. After the ruin of the Catholic missions in India, owing to the Pombal persecution, Our Lady's

chapel had become a wreck. We learn from the *Indo-European Correspondence* that it was rebuilt only lately, by the Fathers of the new Madura Mission, on a much larger plan than before. Begun in 1865, the edifice was completed in 1871; and to make this pilgrimage again dear to the hearts of the faithful, the privilege of the Portiuncula was asked for it and obtained from Rome. Already in that year, 1871, four hundred pilgrims received Holy Communion and met at Karancade to gain the precious indulgence, and the number of confessions and Communions grew greater every year. In 1887 it had reached 4,658. The missionaries love to speak of the fervor of the pilgrims to the sanctuary of Notre Dame Sengol; especially of the good *paravers*, the descendants of the Christians converted by St. Francis Xavier. "They flock to Karancade from every direction. As soon as they descry the sacred edifice, they prostrate themselves on the ground and remain a few moments in prayer. Then they continue their journey, saying the Rosary, with other prayers and hymns to Our Lady."

It may be found useful to note several decrees of the Sacred Congregation of Rites in regard to the use of the vernacular in prayers or hymns said or sung in presence of the Blessed Sacrament exposed for the adoration of the faithful. These decrees were issued January 16, 1882, in response to questions proposed by the Rt. Rev. Bishop Fink, of Leavenworth. According to them the celebrant, either before or after the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, may recite publicly prayers or hymns in the vernacular in the presence of the Blessed Sacrament solemnly exposed. Again, when a priest celebrates in presence of the Blessed Sacrament solemnly exposed through devotion to the Sacred Heart, he may recite in the vernacular the acts or other prayers in honor of the Sacred Heart, with the responses made by the faithful assisting. Finally, it is decreed, in general, that hymns in the vernacular may be sung during the exposition of the Blessed Sacrament, except the *Te Deum* and other liturgical pieces, which may be sung only in Latin.

In a letter from Rome to the *Western Watchman*, Father Phelan tersely and forcibly sums up the question of the temporal power of the Pope as follows:

"Here is the Roman question in a few words. The Pope must not be dependent on any earthly prince for anything. Protection is purchased in the long run by submission. The Catholic world does not want its head in the temporal keeping of any king or prince. The Italian Government would give the Pope palaces

and guards and a revenue second only to that of the King; but in the end the Pope would be an *attaché* of the Italian crown.

"The Pop: must be independent in temporals as well as spirituals, and must therefore have temporal principedom somewhere. England could give him Malta, Spain would give him a choice of a half dozen snug principalities, Austria would welcome him to hospitality and independence. He must be free somewhere; but where more properly than in a city the Popes have three times saved from destruction, which they made what it is, and which but for them would give modern statesmen as little trouble as ancient Carthage? The Pope must be free, and free in Rome."

Furthermore, Rome is the proper centre of the temporal power of the Pope, because the Pope is the rightful owner of it.

At Lourdes, during the national French pilgrimage, the cures were most numerous at the afternoon procession of the Blessed Sacrament. The most remarkable were those of a young lady afflicted by a tumor and a blind girl. The effect of 20,000 voices repeating the invocations to the Blessed Sacrament was pathetic and solemn.

The society for the study of the Holy Scriptures at Rome is making great progress, under the direction of the Propaganda. Archbishop Jacobini and the celebrated Professor de Rossi are among the most active and enthusiastic members.

Roman correspondents chronicle the conversion of an unfortunate priest, named Antonio Frañchi, who had been separated from the Church for forty years. He has published a formal retraction of all his errors, with an apologetic affirmation of Catholic doctrine.

It is rumored, apparently on good foundation, that Austria will at last interfere on behalf of the Sovereign Pontiff.

The little King of Spain is now three years old. So far he has had no important sickness. He no longer needs Raimunda, the nurse who assisted him in his earlier years; she is waiting, proud and important, to go back to her native place. At eight o'clock, when the palace guard is relieved, his Majesty appears on the balcony. The music of the regiment makes him jump. Then the public waits for his Majesty the Baby to speak. "Good-day!" he says, adding the Christian name of the person addressed. He smiles at the small boys and girls that have gathered in the street, and bids them good-bye, saying, "I'll see you to-morrow,—mamma is waiting for me." The grave and revered General Cordoba, head of the military household, is always called Johnny

(Juanito), and is one of the chums of the little fellow. On Sundays Alphonso XIII. assists at Holy Mass with his mother. Sometimes he does not behave with perfect propriety, and recently he whispered to General Cordoba: "Johnny! Johnny!" He shows that he can sing by lilting the March Royal, which he has heard so often. In the evening he prays "for papa, who is in heaven; for Spain"; and then he says: "Good-night, mamma!" "Good-night, my child!" the Queen answers, and he goes to sleep. His mother lives only for him.

M. Eiffel would hold even a higher place than he does in the estimation of some of his countrymen if he were not a staunch Catholic. M. Pasteur, another famous Frenchman, is not in favor with the same class for like reasons. The Paris correspondent of the *Catholic Times* mentions that the municipal councillors of the great scientist's native town have changed the name of a street there known as Rue Pasteur, simply because in distributing prizes to some school children on a recent occasion he recommended them to unite God and country in their affections.

The following contributions to the support of the missions of the Passionist Fathers in South America have been gratefully received:

Mrs. Elizabeth McIntosh, \$5; A. B. O., \$1.75; A Friend, Levis, Que., \$5; Mrs. Mary Fenlon, \$2; James Edwards, \$2; W. M., in honor of Our Lady of Lourdes, \$2; A Friend, Lowell, Ind., \$1; Nora Leahan, \$2; Irish-American, \$1; Friends, Providence, R. I., \$2.

New Publications.

FIRST STEPS IN SCIENCE. Translated and Arranged from the French by Maurice Francis Egan, LL. D. With Notes and Introduction by the Rev. J. A. Zahm. C.S. C. New York: William H. Sadlier.

Though this little book is elementary, as the title indicates, and is specially intended for the use of schools, it contains much information that, we dare say, would be new, interesting, and valuable to the great majority of adults. It is by no means a servile translation. Sound judgment and wise discrimination were exercised by the learned translator in selecting what is most fitting for the young to read and most profitable for them to learn. The merits of the work may be better understood and appreciated when it is stated that in the original it ranks as the most popular elementary treatise on science ever published in France. And as to Dr. Egan's translation, it may safely be said that, with carefully prepared notes,

language studiously plain, and over 400 illustrations, it does not suffer by comparison with the original.

Although it is admittedly difficult to learn scientific principles accurately, yet in this text-book they are stated so intelligibly and illustrated so appositely that even children can readily understand them. In the work devolving upon him the learned translator has exhibited an accurate knowledge of the French language, while as editor he has shown tact and taste of a high order in the choice and arrangement of the topics and subject-matter. As already stated, the book may be read with interest and profit by adults, but nevertheless it is specially adapted for use in our Catholic schools. We trust that it may meet with the generous patronage to which its merits entitle it.

RECORDS OF THE AMERICAN CATHOLIC HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF PHILADELPHIA. Vol. II.—1886-88. Published by the Society. 1889.

The Records are a compilation of interesting and instructive data and documents, articles and papers, relative to the history of the Catholic Church in the United States. They contain also much valuable information in the nature of biographical sketches. The present volume deals largely with matters more or less obscure in the early history of the Church in the United States. It draws attention to much useful information that would probably sink altogether into oblivion if not thus recorded. The paper and typography of the book are excellent; but, with a view to bringing it within the reach of the popular demand, it was thought best to have it bound in paper covers. The work of the American Catholic Historical Society in so discriminatingly collating the data it contains, and so creditably publishing the same, is worthy of the highest commendation. Originally a Philadelphia body, this Society has of late been steadily extending its scope, and giving strong assurance of attaining to national importance.

AN EXPLANATION OF THE CONSTITUTION OF THE UNITED STATES. By Francis T. Furey, A. M. New York: Catholic Publication Society Co.

This meritorious little work is intended for use in Catholic schools, academies and colleges. It is reduced to questions and answers, and deals fully and accurately with the subject of which it treats. This method of explaining the Constitution has the merit of novelty and clearness. It has suggested for the little volume the title "Catechism of the Constitution." The author very properly states that the study of the Constitution is far less general than it should be. Even among graduates of collegiate institutions a knowledge

of that great instrument is often woefully lacking. It is to be hoped that the publication of this instructive little work will promote zeal in the study of the chart of our liberties.

BOTANY FOR ACADEMIES AND COLLEGES. By Annie Chambers-Ketchum, A. M. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 1889.

An excellent elementary work, copiously illustrated with wood-cuts, making a specialty of the evolution of plant organisms passing gradually from the simpler forms to the more complex. Fossil plants are given due consideration in the system, and the connecting links in the vegetable world are made sufficiently evident. The outline of species and their characteristics at the end is all that it professes to be, but not enough to enable the otherwise unaided student to determine an unknown species. We are pleased to see that the interest in what is known as systematic botany is reviving.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands, as if you were bound with them.

—HEB., xiii. 3.

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

Sister Mary Agnes (Stokes), of the Sisters of Mercy, San Francisco, Cal., who was called to her reward on the 27th ult.

Henry Kramer, Esq., who departed this life on the 13th of June, in Cleveland, Ohio.

Mrs. S. B. Steele, who lately died a holy death at Goshen, Ky.

Mr. Patrick Bohan, of Maspeth (L. I.), N. Y., who passed away on the 11th inst., fortified by the last Sacraments.

Mrs. Margaret Tuohy, whose happy death occurred at Bardstown, Ky., on the 6th inst.

Mr. J. Gavin Donnelly, formerly of Philadelphia, who breathed his last on the 9th inst., at Donnelly, Minn.

Mrs. James F. Murphy, of Buffalo, N. Y., whose exemplary Christian life closed in a happy death on the 28th ult.

William Leonard, Sibrinia Ryan, Mrs. Hanora Considine, Isabella Gaffney, and Jane Dillon, of New York; Mr. Thomas Keilty, Mrs. Annie Tobin, Mrs. Mary D. Doyle, Mrs. Mary Kelly, and Mr. James Higgins,—all of Albany, N. Y.; Mrs. William Fitzgerald, and Mr. James Malley, Chicago, Ill.; Charles Dillon Barrett, M. D. (Ballyfarnau), Mrs. Margaret Walsh (Cork), Mrs. Rose Malone (Co. Derry), Ireland; Mrs. Margaret Mulcahey, Boston, Mass.; Margaret Kinny, County Linc, Mich.; Mary E. Mukantz, Manistee, Mich.; Peter and Mary McKone, James, Patrick and Anna Berry, East Saginaw, Mich.

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



The Value of Exactness.

BY E. V. N.

Early in May, some twenty-five years ago, Charles Malloy, a young man of twenty, without family or fortune, left a little village in the mining district of Pennsylvania, the place of his birth, and set out for Philadelphia. He was the bearer of a letter from the priest of his parish to a lady whom we may as well call Miss Costello, and to whom he was an entire stranger. She was a woman of kind heart and good mind, and, upon reading his letter, she said to him in her old-fashioned words:

"You arrive at a most favorable moment. Yesterday Mr. James, a banker on X Street, asked me if I knew of any competent and trusty young man whom I could vouch for, as he needed an accountant. The salary he offers is small and the position modest, but it will most certainly be improved if you will agree to subject yourself to one condition which I will indicate to you. It may be an old woman's whim, but I know Mr. James well, and am sure my suggestion will benefit you."

Charles was so pleased and grateful for his kind reception that he was ready to promise almost anything, and so expressed himself in polite terms.

"At Mr. James' bank," said Miss Costello, "the *employés* are expected to arrive at nine o'clock in the morning; they leave at five in the afternoon. I ask of you that each day without fail you take care to be there two minutes before nine, and remain until two minutes after five."

Charles had listened attentively to her words, and when she finished speaking he bowed in token of assent. Nevertheless, a smile played around his lips, which seemed to say, "My good old lady, there was no need of all those words and that impressive manner to induce me to heed a request so simple."

Miss Costello observed the smile, slight as it was.

"Ah, you feel like laughing at my requirement! I forgive you because you do not realize its importance. Some day you will understand my motives; now I only ask you to promise, and to keep that promise."

Charles did as she desired, and in due time entered the bank of Mr. James. He had worthily filled his place for about six months, when his employer paid a visit to Miss Costello, and in her drawing-room met Mr. Philips, another prominent banker. In the course of conversation, in which the hostess well knew how to sustain her part, Mr. James said:

"Ah, my friend, I must not forget to thank you for that excellent clerk you sent me— young Malloy! He is a real treasure. All his comrades come creeping in ten or fifteen minutes after the bank is opened, and leave before it is closed; but your *protégé* is always prompt—the first to come and the last to go."

When he had finished praising Charles, Mr. Philips said to him:

"If you will surrender this model clerk to me, I will double his salary. Yes, I will do more: I will give him eight hundred a year; for just now I have need of a trusty *employé*."

"I am sorry to part with him," answered Mr. James, "but he really deserves success. I will sacrifice my interests to his. Take him, and may God bless him!"

When Charles heard of the good fortune, his first act was to solemnly give thanks. That done, he hurried to his benefactress, and, taking her hand with respectful and grateful affection, he said:

"Madam, you were right. I owe all this to your counsel; for it was you who started me on the road to success, and I thank you from my heart."

Miss Costello was deeply moved, and said: "Continue to be faithful to that little habit, and I believe that your prosperity is only just beginning." Then she added some kind words, and he took his departure.

Some months later the two bankers met again at Miss Costello's house. Mr. James was careworn and taciturn. Finally he remarked that an unfaithful cashier had managed to rob him of a considerable sum, and he begged Mr. Philips to give him back his faithful Malloy. Mr. Philips would not promise, but said that he would think the matter over, and they

parted; Mr. James adding that of course he would give Charles the same amount—eight hundred dollars—that he was then receiving.

The next day Charles was called to the private office of Mr. Philips, who stated the case clearly to him.

"I do not like to upset the plans of a fellow-banker and good friend," he said; "but I value your services highly, and to prove it I will raise your salary to nine hundred dollars if you will stay with me."

Charles asked twenty-four hours for reflection. The next morning, at two minutes before nine, he again presented himself at Mr. Philip's private office.

"Sir," he began, "I am very much touched by your generous offer, and still more by your kind words. You will excuse me if I resist both. When I came here I was friendless and penniless, and my future very dark. God led me to Mr. James, who became my friend, and now that he is in trouble I would like to show that I am grateful. Be kind enough to allow me to return to his employ."

Mr. Philips was pleased with Charles' noble conduct. He allowed him to go, and he was reinstated in the bank of Mr. James at a salary of eight hundred dollars.

A few weeks later the bankers met again, and Mr. Philips inquired how young Malloy was getting on.

"Capitally!" said Mr. James.

"What salary do you give him?"

"Eight hundred, as I said I should."

"Did he tell you that I offered him nine hundred to stay with me?"

"He never said a word about it!"

Then Mr. Philips told what had passed between him and the valued clerk, adding, "He is not only a faithful *employé*, but a noble young man."

Mr. James was much touched by the delicacy of Charles, and immediately raised his salary to the amount which the other banker had offered him. In due time the young man was made a partner in the bank, and, after the old and pleasant fashion, married the senior partner's daughter—a modest, pious and accomplished girl. It is said that the wedding was set for nine o'clock in the morning, but that Charles entered the church just two minutes before nine.

Exactness has great advantages. It may not bring wealth to all, but it will lengthen days and multiply years. It will make life more pleasant to us, and render every one about us more comfortable. Indeed, it is such a source of innocent pleasure to those with whom we have to deal that it deserves to be called a virtue. And virtue, we all know, is its own reward, even if there should be no other.

A Marvel of Our Own Time.

On the 13th of December, 1856, the mother of the Rev. Father Hermann died in the Jewish faith, notwithstanding all the prayers offered up for her by her son. He was then preaching at Lyons. "God has struck my heart a terrible blow," he wrote to one of his friends. "My poor mother is dead, and I am in doubt about her. However, we have prayed so much that we must hope something has passed between her soul and God during her last moments, which is unknown to us."

The grief of the good priest was deep and lasting. On the evening of the day the sad news reached him he ascended the pulpit. His sermon was on death, and he found expressions which went to the inmost hearts of his numerous listeners; and when at the end of his discourse he poured forth his own sorrow to his audience, his words found in all a most sympathetic echo.

Some time after he confided to the holy Curé of Ars his uneasiness respecting the fate of his mother, dead without the grace of baptism. "Hope," replied the holy priest; "hope. You will get a letter on the Feast of the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin, which will bring you great consolation."

These words were almost forgotten, when, on the 8th of December, 1861, a saintly Jesuit Father, who has since died in the odor of sanctity, sent Father Hermann the following letter:

"On October 18, after Holy Communion, I found myself in one of those moments of intimate union with God; and, recalling a conversation that I had on the previous evening with one of my friends on the efficacy of prayer, I ventured to ask our Blessed Lord how He could refuse Father Hermann the conversion of his mother. . . . Our Lord then

enlightened me with a ray of His divine light, and showed me what I shall try to relate.

"At the moment when Father Hermann's mother was about to breathe her last, and when she seemed to have lost consciousness and was almost lifeless, Mary, our Heavenly Mother, went to her Divine Son, and, prostrating herself before Him, said: 'Pardon, pity, O my Son, for this soul! Do, I implore of Thee, for the mother of my servant Hermann that which Thou wouldst wish him to do for Thine, if she were in her place and Thou wert in his. The soul of his mother is his dearest possession; a thousand times has he consecrated it to me; he has confided her to the tenderness and solicitude of my Heart. Can I let her perish? No, no! This soul is my property; I want it, I claim it as an inheritance,—as the price of Thy Blood, and of my sorrows at the foot of Thy Cross!'

"Hardly had the divine suppliant ceased to speak, when a strong and powerful grace emanated from the Adorable Heart of Jesus and illumined the soul of the poor Jewess. Already at the point of death, this soul turned toward our Saviour, and cried out with a loving confidence: 'O Jesus, God of Christians, God whom my son adores, I believe, I hope in Thee! Have mercy on me!' At these words, which included at once regrets for her obstinacy, her baptismal vows, and an outburst of love, her captive soul broke its bonds, and went to fall at the feet of Him who had been her Saviour before becoming her Judge.

"Mary had triumphed! 'Make this known to Father Hermann,' added our Saviour: 'it is a consolation that I wish to accord to his long suspense, so that he may bless and make everywhere blessed the goodness of My Mother's Heart, and her power over Mine.'"

Murillo's Slave.

Sebastian Gomez was a mulatto boy, employed in the studio of Murillo, the great Spanish painter. He and his father were both slaves. He slept in the studio at night, and, after all others were gone he was accustomed to rise and practise what he had overheard of the instructions given to the pupils during the day. A wonderful picture of the [Blessed]

Virgin was found there one morning, at sight of which Murillo was lost in admiration. But no one could tell by whom it was done; no one suspected the mulatto boy. One night, however, Sebastian became so absorbed in his painting that he continued until morning, when Murillo entered the studio and found him at work. Entranced with the picture, he promised the slave boy whatever he would ask.

At these words Sebastian uttered a cry of joy, and, raising his eyes to his master, said:

"The freedom of my father! the freedom of my father!"

"And thine also," said Murillo, who, no longer able to conceal his emotion, threw his arms around Sebastian and pressed him to his breast. "Your work," he continued, "shows that you have talent; your request proves that you have a heart. From this day consider yourself not only my pupil, but as my son. I have done more than paint: I have made a painter."

Murillo kept his word, and Sebastian Gomez, better known under the name of the mulatto of Murillo, became one of the most celebrated painters in Spain. There may yet be seen in the churches of Seville the celebrated picture which his master had found him painting; also a "St. Anne," admirably done; a "St. Joseph," which is extremely beautiful; and others of the highest merit.—*Our Dumb Animals.*

A Triumph of Meekness.

When the wars of the Empire raged, a French priest, the Abbé Caron, travelled to London for the purpose of asking of the rich merchants there alms for the suffering prisoners of war held by the English. He went to one man of wealth, an alderman, who refused his request. The Abbé gently repeated it, when the alderman gave him a blow and bade him be gone at once.

"I don't mind the blow," said the priest, "but I would like some assistance for those poor people."

At this the man, almost stupefied with astonishment, handed his visitor a large sum of money; and the good Abbé smiled, no longer remembering the blow, but thinking of the relief he could now give to the prisoners.

THE
AUGUSTINIANA
TO THE HONOR
OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN
HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.
C. A. H. DEB. CIPOLLA.

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To My Angel, on a Wakeful Night.

BY MARY E. MANNIX.

ANGEL, who guidest my days
And guardest my rest,
Lead me through shadowy ways;
Let me cling closely, closely,—

Gather me near to thy breast;
Rock me on billows of sleep,
Wave upon wave as they creep;
Soothe me, soothe me to rest.

Fold thy light wings o'er my brow:
Pain would I sleep.

Angel, thou'rt near to me now,—
Let me cling closely, closely.

Grey wax the shadows and deep,
Dulling the anguish and pain,
Resting the tired, throbbing brain,—
Softly, softly—I sleep!

The October Devotion.

THROUGH the fall of our first parents, yielding to the suggestions of the Evil One, suffering and death entered into the world, and the demon became its conqueror. He caused men to be wicked and cruel like himself, filled with hatred toward God and their fellow-men. Hence the fury of tyrants in regard to their subjects and their slaves; hence those human sacrifices, which still subsist in pagan countries where Christ is unknown; hence the bloody wars and revolutions that have sprung up among peoples. It is to this terrible and deadly influence of the demon that must be attributed the hor-

rible deformity of so many monsters in human form, who devote to the service of hell their hearts, their lips, their talents—all that they possess.

But, thanks to the infinite mercy of God, there stands opposed to the ravages of the serpent the sweet Queen of souls, the Virgin full of grace. He has given her to the sorrowing children of Eve to crush the head of the venomous serpent, and to be the means through which blessings in abundance may be poured down upon us. A Christian, through Baptism, becomes by right the subject of this Heavenly Queen, the ever-blessed Mother of our Redeemer. Nevertheless, life is so full of dangers, the demon goes about with such fury, and besets our path with so many obstacles and difficulties, that all who have at heart their best interests, and would most securely guard against the attacks of Satan, associate themselves with one of the confraternities of the Queen of Heaven. Especially does the venerable Confraternity of the Rosary commend itself to the Christian soul, because its object is the propagation of a devotion that is, of all others in honor of the Mother of God, the most salutary to each one of us. The truth of this will be evident after a brief consideration of some signal manifestations of the efficacy of this form of prayer and the spiritual advantages associated with it.

In the twelfth century the terrible heresy of the Albigenses spread its blighting influence throughout the south of France. Its followers blasphemed our Divine Lord and His Blessed Mother, massacred priests, religious, and all who would not take part in their crimes. They burned temples and spread

destruction and ruin everywhere. Catholic armies were unable to exterminate the multitude of these wretched sectaries. St. Dominic, sent by the Holy See, saw that his only hope, his only resource in this crisis was to seek the intervention of her who is never invoked in vain. The Queen of Mercy appeared to him, holding her Divine Child in her arms, and presented to him a Rosary, promising that help and victory would be given him through its means. The Rosary was established, and, more powerful than all armies, it brought back to the altars of Jesus Christ more than one hundred thousand of these heretics.

Two centuries later Europe trembled before the invasion of the Turks. The Mahometan fleet, more formidable than any that had ever been seen on the Mediterranean, was advancing upon Venice to pour forth its armed hordes upon the whole of the West. Terror and despair seemed to take possession of the hearts of the faithful. While the Sovereign Pontiff St. Pius V. was invoking the help of Mary through the devotion of the Rosary, the illustrious Don John of Austria advanced to meet them with his small fleet, far inferior to that of the enemy, but full of confidence in Our Lady of the Rosary, whose standard floated above his ship. After a terrible conflict the Christians gained a glorious and decisive victory over the infidels.

At a later period the Turks attempted by land to gain their end, in which they had been unsuccessful by sea. An innumerable army besieged Vienna in Austria, and once more Europe was in dismay. The walls of the city were beaten down, and the corpses of the brave defenders filled the surrounding ditches. Suddenly the noble King of Poland, John Sobieski, appeared at the head of his soldiers, few in numbers, but strong and courageous in their fidelity and devotion to Mary, whose standard was carried at their head. Vienna was saved. Two hundred thousand Mahometans perished in that battle, fought on a festival of the Blessed Virgin and won by her faithful clients. In connection with this important victory the title "Help of Christians" was given to our Blessed Lady and inserted in her Litany.

Thus Mary has delivered the world from war and heresy, from the cruel and unclean yoke of the false prophet; that is to say, from

the most destructive efforts of the enemy of mankind. Mary is indeed the Queen of peace, the Queen of victory; and even though we should be subjected to the fiercest temptations of Satan, he is forced to retire defeated when we invoke the powerful aid of Mary.

The Holy Rosary is a devotion most salutary to the Christian soul. Why is it that so many plunge into the way of perdition and give themselves over to the Evil One? It is because they have lost sight of the greatness of their immortal souls, and the infinite value which they possess in the sight of God. But to recall these wretched sinners from the depths of their misery nothing can be more efficacious than the consideration of the august mysteries accomplished by the Son of God in order to redeem them. Now, this is what is done through the devotion of the Rosary. In the practice of this devotion each of the great mysteries connected with the central mystery of the Incarnation is brought before our minds, and we are to dwell upon it in a spirit of prayer that it may produce its impression upon us.

In the Joyful Mysteries we begin by contemplating the mystery of the Annunciation, when the Archangel Gabriel, having been sent by God, appeared to the Virgin Mary and made known to her that she was the one chosen to be the Mother of the Redeemer of the world. Then we consider the visit which the Virgin Mother paid to her cousin St. Elizabeth, and reflect upon the inspired words that were uttered—"Blessed is the Fruit of thy womb!" We then place ourselves in spirit in the Stable at Bethlehem, and think of the outward fulfilment of the mystery in the birth of the Son of God. We next enter the Temple of Jerusalem, and witness the Presentation of the Child Jesus. And then we think of the three days' loss of the Divine Child, when He was twelve years old, and the joy that filled the hearts of His Blessed Mother and St. Joseph when they found Him in the Temple in the midst of the Doctors. In the second set—the Sorrowful Mysteries—we are made to consider some of the chief events of the Passion of our Divine Redeemer. We begin with the Agony in the Garden of Gethsemani, and we think of the sorrow that oppressed His soul unto death when "His sweat became as drops of blood trickling down to the

ground." Then we follow Him after He had been seized by His enemies, and meditate upon the cruel punishment to which Pilate condemned Him—the Scourging at the Pillar. We next think of the Crowning with Thorns, His Carrying the Cross, and finally His Crucifixion and death. Then we come to the Glorious Mysteries, and in these we contemplate the Resurrection of our Blessed Lord, His glorious Ascension, the Descent of the Holy Ghost upon the Apostles and Mary the Mother of Jesus, the Assumption, and last of all the Coronation in heaven of the ever-blessed Mother of God.

These great mysteries have formed the instruction and guide of all the saints in the practice of virtue. What words speak more eloquently to the Christian soul than the sufferings of Jesus Christ? How the heart is moved by the thought of all that He endured in order that He might say to us: "You have been redeemed at a great price"! The wounds of our Divine Redeemer should indeed move us all to exclaim with St. Bonaventure: "No, Lord, I shall not forget Thy Precious Blood; I shall not, by my ingratitude, stifle the merciful cries which Thy life and Thy death cause to ring in my ears. O adorable mysteries! they wash away the stains of sin; they awaken our faith and inflame us with the fire of divine love; they are our guide in our exile, leading us on toward our heavenly country."* And how could one remain at ease in vice and sin with the thought of Jesus and Mary present before his mind, pleading with him, through so much sorrow endured for his sake, to give them his heart and secure his eternal happiness?

The more one studies all that is implied in this salutary devotion of the Rosary and the many advantages which attend its practice, the more is he led to realize the truth of the words of the wise man: "He that honoreth his mother is as one that layeth up a treasure."† It is a devotion, says a spiritual writer, that enriches the soul with spiritual treasures more precious than the mines of India. The indulgences which are attached to it are very numerous, showing the sanction and strong encouragement of the Church; and, as our holy faith teaches us, the use of indulgences "is

most profitable to Christian people." Again, this devotion is spread throughout the world. In every nation under the sun, wherever the Gospel of Christ has been preached, there too has been taught the devotion of the Rosary. So that when we are saying this beautiful prayer we are united, in heart and in word, with thousands elsewhere, and we share in the good that is accomplished and the blessings derived through the fervor and devotion of all pious Christians who faithfully and lovingly engage in this holy practice.

A devotion so efficacious and so salutary must commend itself to the love of the truly Christian soul. Especially during this month of October, which has been consecrated by the Sovereign Pontiff in a particular manner to Our Lady of the Most Holy Rosary, the faithful child of the Church will not fail to unite with the millions of devout souls throughout the world in constantly sending up from earth to heaven this prayer, invoking the intercession of the Help of Christians that the protection hitherto afforded in time of trial to the Church and her Head upon earth may again be secured and strikingly manifested in these our own days, when the Vicar of Christ is so sorely beset by his enemies; and that the glory and triumph of the Church before the world, which her Divine Founder has promised, may be speedily obtained.

Harry Considine's Fortunes.

BY NUGENT ROBINSON.

CHAPTER XV.—MISS RYAN SENDS A MESSAGE.

HARRY CONSIDINE, like a prudent young fellow, had put by about fifty pounds,—this after paying his way as a man, and providing for his sister's education six months in advance.

"What can I say about leaving Ryan's?"

This puzzled him exceedingly. He was truth itself; and, pressed into a corner, he would find it difficult to parry such rapier-thrust questions as the family and his friends might put to him.

"I can say that the Alderman took a dislike to me. But why? Well, that I do not *absolutely* know. This is all I can say. People

* *In Vita Christi.*

† Ecclus., iii, 5.

are fully entitled to their likings and dislikings, and I am entitled to mine, as well as the Alderman to his."

He wrote home, informing his family of the severed connection with the house of Ryan.

"My darling boy!" his mother replied. "I am *certain* it was no fault of yours. Come home. You need a rest in the hills here after all your hard work. And your brothers and sisters are dying to have you with them."

"I can not understand why Ryan should have dispensed with your services," wrote his father; "as, from all accounts, he thought very highly of you. Of one thing I am perfectly sure, and that is that you have done nothing to merit disapprobation. Come home for a while, and God bless you!"

Harry repaired to the old homestead, where everybody was enchanted to see him. He missed Father Luke, but the *Padre* was in "New Ireland," and his letters were hotbeds of enthusiasm, yielding the most delightfully flowery language.

"I'll have them printed at my own expense in a volume!" cried Mr. O'Toole. "I never read anything so beautiful. Why, I am actually with him in New York and Chicago and St. Paul! I know the people he is talking to. I can tell what they are like. I should recognize them on the Ballybarney road beyond. Yes, I'll have Father Luke's letters printed in a volume. All our friends will give me theirs, and it will be a surprise for him some fine day to see a volume written by himself without his knowing anything about it."

And Mr. O'Toole, as good as his word, set about collecting every letter which the pious pastor had written home to his devoted flock.

Harry's clumsy diplomacy in replying anent his leaving Ryan's was not proof against the questionings of his eldest sister. Whether or not the fact of her being engaged sharpened her faculties in one particular direction is impossible to say; but by able and searching cross-examination, by daring questionings admitting of no refusal as to reply, and, as she expressed it, "by putting that and that together," she discovered the secret of the case.

"I thought so! I said that Miss Ryan was in love with you that day at Glendalough. She's spiteful, and a girl is terribly spiteful if

the fellow she cares about doesn't care about her. I'd be spiteful if my sweetheart didn't care about me. Yes, this young lady is the prime mover in the affair. She set the Alderman against you,—and—here you are! And so much the better, Harry dear. We were all lonesome for you."

For a few weeks Master Harry so enjoyed his liberty in the purple Wicklow Hills that he scarcely gave a thought to work. Existence had been made so easy for him as to lull the busy spirit of industry to taking a *siesta*. There were so many people to greet, so many things to be done, so many places to visit! Then the horses and cattle and sheep and pigs possessed attractions to his farm-loving heart, and the various and manifold duties appertaining to agriculture consumed the fleeting days.

One fine morning, however, Harry awoke to the consciousness that life has its stern duties, and that duty is pleasing to God.

"What would I have said so short a time ago if I had had fifty pounds saved? What would I have done?" he asked of himself. The answer came now, as it came then: "Yes, I'll go to America."

This was no sudden resolve, the outcome of no romantic impulse. The thought had ever been before him, and had only been put aside by the absorbing current of events. There was now a stronger inducement than before for him to cross the Atlantic and try his fortune in the great wheel. Was not his friend Gerald Molloy on "t'other side," and did he not write enthusiastically of the chances under the Stars and Stripes? What could he hope to do by remaining in Ireland? Luck had thrown him into Alderman Ryan's establishment, and at a salary he had no pretension to. That he was master of the business is true, but that he could hope for many a long day to receive similar pay was utterly out of the question. One hundred pounds a year was about the highest wages he dare fairly aspire to; or a bank clerkship, commencing at thirty shillings a week, to increase by yearly increments of £5 till the salary reached £250; and with it gray hairs and a back as humped as a dromedary's. The farm could not support another son,—indeed there were too many Considines on the "old sod" as it

was. Yes, there was nothing else for it but to try his hand in the States. And what a joyous alternative! The realization of all his aspirations, of all his yearnings, of all his hopings.

To his honored father and mother he unfolded his plans. His mother made piteous objections to his going so far.

"I want all my children to be around my bed when it pleases God to call me away. The prayers of such good and pious children at that supreme moment could not fail to reach the Throne of Mercy," the good lady urged.

Mr. Considine entered into his son's idea *con amore*.

"You can try the tobacco business if you see an opening, Harry; and in any case you can fall back on farming. If you succeed—and please the good God you will—you can take out a couple of your brothers. But, win or lose, my dear, dear son, you have always the old home to come to, where your step brings music and joy."

One day, while Peggy Considine was indulging herself in a good fit of crying over Harry's approaching departure, and was wandering disconsolately among the superb elms for which Loreto Abbey is so famous, a turn of the path brought her face to face with Jane Ryan.

"I am sorry I was so rude at Limerick Junction, Peggy!" she said, in a shamefaced way. "I—I have been fretting over it ever since. I don't know what came over me. I want you to forgive me. Let us be friends again. Won't you?"

There was so much wistfulness in the girl's tone and eyes that poor Peggy, who was in sore need of sympathy, flung herself on Miss Ryan's bosom.

"He's going away!" she sobbed. "He—he—he's going away!"

Miss Ryan put her arm round her, as she uttered the single word:

"Harry?"

"Ye—ye—yes!"

Then across white lips came,

"Where?"

"To—to America."

Then coldly, as if the word were frozen,

"When?"

"On Sa—Sa—Saturday."

Jane Ryan turned aside, hid her face in her hands, and leaned against a tree for support. When the astonished Peggy removed her hands the face was white as death.

"Are you ill? Yes you are, Jane. I'll run to the house for water. Sister Agnes will—"

"No, no, no! I am better now. A passing faintness. It's nothing. It has gone already."

"Oh, you look like wax! Sister Agnes is a splendid doctor. She will—"

"I tell you, Peggy, I am all right now. Give me your arm. Let us walk a little, or let us sit down here."

The girls seated themselves at the foot of a noble elm on the soft, luminously green moss.

"Is it absolutely settled that your brother is to go?" asked Jane, after a long pause, during which her gaze had been riveted on vacancy.

"His passage is taken. He is going steerage to save money. I am making him a comfortable pillow."

"Poor fellow!"

"And the good Sisters here are ever so fond of him! And Sister Mary Magdalene is going to give him a relic, that will preserve him from all danger at sea; and Sister Martha is giving him an *Agnus Dei*, that will save him on land; and Father O'Hare is going to offer up a Mass for him on Saturday morning. O Jane, everybody loves him!"

"Yes," said the girl, sadly,—“yes, everybody loves him.” Adding, as if thinking aloud, “I love him!”

"Of course you do!" cried honest little Peggy. "We all love him, even the poor old woman that sells apples at the gate."

"Tell me," asked the other suddenly, "does he ever speak about me to you?"

"At first he did—I mean when he first went to your papa's office,—but latterly he hasn't talked of you at all."

"Ah!"—bitterly. "What used he say about me?"

"Oh, lots of things! I can't remember."

"Did he tell you why he left papa?"

"Oh, yes!"

"What did he say?"—grasping Peggy's arm till the clutch hurt.

"Very little. He said that your papa didn't seem to like him, or took a dislike to him, and that he wouldn't stop anywhere if he wasn't liked."

"Did he never refer to me in regard to his leaving?"—her eyes searching those of her companion.

"Never."

"You will see him off, Peggy?"

"Oh, don't speak of it!" And the poor child commenced to weep afresh.

"I will want you to bear him a message from me. Word for word, mind! Come into the chapel, and let us say an *Ave Maria* for his safety and—and his future happiness."

"Harry," said his sister as she stood on the platform of the King's Bridge terminus, clasped in her brother's strong right arm, "I have a message to you from Jane Ryan."

"For *me!*" he exclaimed, in some astonishment.

"Yes. I was to give it to you word for word, and it is this: 'Tell him that I am sick at heart that I ever was rude to him. Ask of him to forgive me, and say to him that he would not refuse me forgiveness if he only knew all.'"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Dual City of Hungary.

BY CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

BUDA-PESTH has sometimes been called the "Key of Christendom," this dual city, saddling the Danube with its handsome bridge. It may be Christian,—probably it is so. I've been wandering among its churches, and have found them full of beggars—mere bundles of barbaric rags that would not look out of place if one were to stumble upon them in the edge of the desert. The streets, especially those bordering upon the river, are enlivened with outlandish commissioners, from Heaven knows where, clad in fantastical costumes and having the air of the wholly uncivilized.

Probably it would not be difficult to catch a Tartar in Pesth. Often stalwart fellows of a highly Janizarian aspect pose upon the street corners as if they were lying in wait for prey; and the women that go about the streets are as mysterious as the mistresses of a Bedouin village. All these are in Pesth, but they are not literally of it. The large majority of the

citizens one would pass unnoticed in Vienna or in Paris. You know, one no longer looks for anything exclusively and unmistakably foreign to the eye though he were at the very ends of the earth. Even the advent of the seeker after this Tourists' Paradise precludes the possibility of such an anomaly.

But Pesth is foreign enough, and Buda is more so. The murky odor of the Orient is shaken from the voluminous garments of the Asiatic, who multiplies unaccountably at unexpected intervals, and leads one to suspect that the Christianity of the people is but a thin crust, through which it may not be so difficult to drop into the mystical abyss of Moslemism. At all events, fanaticism is close to the surface in Buda-Pesth, and the Hungarian is as fond of his gypsy music o' nights as if he were born and bred in gypsyism. This wildest of musical *mélanges* is characteristic of the city, and nightly the hotels and *cafés* are haunted by bands of musicians, who play on until midnight, to the satisfaction of a numerous and zealous gathering of votaries.

If the word "gypsy" is derived from Egyptian, the gypsies can never have been natives of Egypt, nor of India either; for there is nothing more typical of a race than its national music—I do not mean the patriotic hymns, which are not necessarily characteristic. And the gypsy music of Hungary, where gypsy music is heard to the best advantage, has no echo of the East Indian drone in it, nor anything suggestive of the plaintive pipe or murmuring lute-string; in brief, it is as un-Egyptian as possible.

Doubtless you know the gypsy music? You have heard the orchestra led by the gentleman with the unpronounceable name? Possibly you listened attentively, patiently, for a season, while your wonder grew. Your curiosity may have been aroused by what seemed to you an endless tuning or testing of more or less discordant instruments. "When will they begin to play?" you say to yourself, somewhat dubiously. You would have said it to your neighbor in an honest spirit of inquiry, had you not preferred to await developments, and thus postpone an *exposé* of your want of musical knowledge.

My friend, they began in the very beginning! The tuning or testing of the instruments

is the overture; the wild and apparently aimless groping after lost chords and hidden harmonies is a fugue in the truest sense of the term. It is somewhat eccentric; it is rather chaotic; but in your gypsy orchestra each performer is a natural born fuguist, and sooner or later, if you will only have the patience to listen, you shall hear refrains such as have inspired Wagner, such as never failed to enrapture Liszt; and these refrains shall be harped upon by each and every musician of them all, until at last, like the myriad voices of the wood, the whole shall overwhelm you with unaccountable and inconceivable harmonies.

All this shall come to you from untrained players, upon instruments that are not of the first quality; it shall be evolved out of the depths of melancholy, and awaken in your soul a kind of melodious despair. The rhythm of it all is wave-like. Listen and you shall hear how the sea rears upon the rocks, and is shattered and cast back in tumultuous desperation. The wave is always climbing; a thousand defeats do not rob it of its courage; higher and higher it climbs, until it has crowned the top of the rock with white foam-wreaths; and then, with a long, sibilant sigh, it recoils upon itself, only to spring again into the air; for it is the symbol of eternal aspiration.

This is the inevitable *andante*, the *largo* of the gypsy band. Until now each performer seems to have been rhapsodizing at his own sweet will. That they are all profoundly musical, and of a temperament that responds instantly to a suggested harmony, is what has kept them within bounds; but suddenly they catch fire, as it were, and are consumed in a frenzy of delirious haste, which speedily terminates with a deafening crash—and the performance is at an end. What a whirl! What a transport! This is the music that maddens the listener; it is irresistible if its beguilements are once yielded to; it is intoxicating; it is fanatical. Under its fullest spell one might ultimately be driven to do deeds of undreamed of desperation.

Unlike this is the quiet of the somewhat provincial Buda. There are magnificent heights yonder, across the Danube,—heights crowned with an imperial palace and a frowning for-

trass. It is a hard climb up the terraced hills—take the inclined rail if you would rob the place of its wild and picturesque charm. Great, really impressive, is the river that sweeps under the hanging gardens; and splendid the vast, dim baths, that were fashioned by the Romans of old, and enriched by the Turks, who held Buda fiercely for many a long year. The vapors that flood the beautiful halls of these baths rise from hot springs that are numerous in Buda. And there are baths there—dark caverns hollowed out of the hills—where the poor may bathe for the merest pittance. In these stifling tank rooms they pass most of their winter days,—men, women and children, parboiling in a common bath. For the very beggar can get enough for the asking to insure him a tropical temperature even in the midst of winter.

Just over the hills in Buda there is an ancient mosque. It could never have boasted much of the loveliness of the mosques of the Farther East. The pale minarets, like waxen tapers; the pale domes, like ostrich eggs—if I may be allowed to belittle the beautiful by comparison,—these are wanting. But the ruin is there. And where will you find a mosque without some trace of ruin?—since the Mahometan having reared a temple to Allah, places that temple in the hands of Allah, and never ventures to restore it afterward. He says: "If it falls to ruin, it is the will of Allah."

And so this mosque at Buda—a couple of centuries old perhaps, for Buda was in the hands of the Turks so late as 1686, and a century earlier contained a garrison of 12,000 Janizaries,—this mosque is a mere shell, spared utter destruction by a treaty with the Christian powers. To-day—if you are one of those fortunate people who always happen in at just the right moment—you may see a dusty and travel-stained Moslem put off his sandals at the grass-grown threshold, and entering, with a countenance the picture of mingled scorn and grief, turn his sad eyes toward Mecca. Then, in silence, with uplifted hands, with genuflections and prostrations, with his turbaned forehead laid low in the dust, he prays his frequent prayer.

Do you know the nature of that prayer? Can you read the secret of his heart? Do

you doubt that the faithful follower of the Prophet, who has sought this almost obliterated shrine of the Moslem, upon territory which was once the stronghold of his tribe, is now beseeching the unseen God to consume the hated *Giaour* from the face of the earth even as chaff is consumed by fire?

And, seeing this, I wondered if among the desolated shrines of Christendom a companion to this devotee might be found, who would joyfully, as this one would, take up arms at a moment's notice and fight even unto death for the honor of his faith.

Stella Matutina; or, A Poet's Quest.

BY EDMUND OF THE HEART OF MARY, C. P.

X.

"**EUREKA!**" cried the poet. "She is mine!
My quest is o'er. I knew 'twas not a dream.
But is it twilight yet? Or why doth shine
My Morning Star with still increasing beam?"
"Not day, my child. We walk by twilight's gleam
While pilgrims here. The Vision will be day:
The Vision Beatific, where the Stream
Of Life hath source—though not so far away
But Heav'n-sent breezes waft us drops of the
crystal spray.

"But fear not for thy Star when day shall reign;
For where Her Son is King, there Queen is She:
And thou shalt know thou hast not lov'd in vain
The fairest fair of creatures that can be.
The peerless beauty thou dost yearn to see
Is there ev'n now—Assumed to Jesus' side.
Conceiv'd Immaculate, and wholly free
From sin's inheritance, She had not died
Save to enhance Humility's triumph over Pride."

"Then I may take Her for my own heart's Queen—
My creature love of loves! Nor need I pray
For grace preventive, lest She come between
My soul and God, alluring it astray—
As 'tis with earth-born passions of a day.
But will She make my Saviour less to me—
As grave-faced teachers of my youth would
say?"

"Not less, but more. What teacher can there be
Of Jesus' love like Her through whom He came
to thee?"

"What bond so safe, so tender, could unite
His Heart with thine? The more thou lovest
Her,

The dearer groweth He—known, lov'd aright:
For She the Way to Him where none can err,
Th' Immaculate Way He did Himself prefer
To every other when He came from Heav'n.
'Hail, full of grace!' said *then* His messenger
(A chosen Prince from out the Presence Seven*);
'With thee the Lord,' said he—while yet unask'd,
ungiven

"The virginal consent that saved mankind.
If then so full of grace, what now the store?
If with Her then our God, where seek and find
So surely now. . . . Her Son for evermore?
Thou thinkest thou hast known thy Lord before,
And prov'd His sweetness. Taste again, and see.
A new wine waits in cup that runneth o'er,
And food of Angels—all prepar'd for thee.
Who bids thee to the feast? Thy Mother—it is
She!" †

Notre Dame de Bonne Garde.

BY GEORGE PROSPERO.

FEW dioceses in France are richer in shrines of Our Lady than Versailles. On every side the pious tourist meets a sanctuary dedicated to the Queen of Heaven. But if, having taken the Orleans railway, he alight at the Saint-Michel station, there, at Longpont, in the smiling Vallée de l'Orge, he will find the celebrated Church of Notre Dame de Bonne Garde. This shrine is undoubtedly one of the oldest in France, many ancient chroniclers stating that it dates back to the time of Priscus—a King of the Carnutes,—by whose orders the venerable statue of Mary was made, in the time of the Druids; whilst others declare that the image was found in the hollow of an oak-tree by some wood-cutters of the Longpont forest, the statue bearing the inscription, "*Virgini Pariturae.*" Those who relate this version of the legend tell us it was the pious wood-cutters themselves who erected the first oratory which sheltered the miraculous image. In the ninth century this chapel had already attained a high degree of celebrity; and in the year 1000 King Robert, accompanied by the Bishop of Paris, together with Guy Seigneur de Montlhéry, and Odiere his wife, came to lay the foundation stone of the church which exists to this day. A black

* Tobias, xii; and Apoc., i, 4.

† Prov., ix.

marble slab still preserved in the sacred edifice bears testimony to this foundation having been made in 1000.

Ancient records relate how enthusiastically Guy and Odierne entered into the pious work, not only contributing their fortune to it, but helping toward the erection of the church by the labor of their hands. Great was the edification given by the devout Odierne when she carried the buckets of water to the workmen and helped to prepare the cement. Nor did her zeal diminish when the church was finished. In order to make sure that religious services should be held there regularly, she founded and endowed a monastery close to the sanctuary, in which dwelt twenty monks, who had been sent thither, at her request, by St. Hugues, Abbot of Cluny. At her death the saintly Odierne was buried near the high altar, and her pious consort Guy in the right aisle of the church. An inscription may still be seen on the slabs which cover the resting-places of these holy clients of Mary.

After the erection of the church the shrine became more celebrated, and in 1200 various historians make mention of Longpont as a "*lieu de grande dévotion.*" In the following century Philippe le Bel paid frequent visits to Notre Dame de Bonne Garde; whilst Louis de France, son of Philippe le Hardi, retired to the monastery, where he led the life of a saint, to the great edification of the community and all the country around. St. Bernard often visited this sanctuary, praying long and fervently at Our Lady's altar; whilst Ste.-Jeanne de Valois, before retiring to Bourges, came to place herself under the special patronage of the Madonna of Longpont.

Few sanctuaries have been more richly endowed than that of Notre Dame de Bonne Garde. Gifts of land and revenues, jewels, precious stuffs, and even a church—St. Julien le Pauvre,*—were offered to the Mother of

* The Church of St. Julien has had rather a varied history. Few visitors to Paris hear of this ancient and interesting church, though it is well worth being seen. Within a stone's-throw of Notre Dame and the Hôtel-Dieu, it was formerly the chapel of that celebrated hospital. Later on it was given to Notre Dame de Bonne Garde, as we have seen; but after the Revolution it returned to the State. Since the beginning of this year (1889) Mass is daily offered in St. Julien by priests of the Armenian Church.

God in favor of this shrine. A pious servant of Mary, the Chevalier Etienne de Vitry—to whom the Church of St. Julien belonged,—having been surprised by a fearful storm whilst travelling in a lonely part of the country, promised to dedicate this edifice to Notre Dame de Bonne Garde were he saved from death. He escaped as if by miracle, and did not fail to fulfil his promise to the Queen of Heaven. All the offerings which were not appropriate for the ornamentation of Our Lady's sanctuary were sold, and a part of the money employed in aiding pious pilgrims, too poor to come to the shrine, to undertake the journey.

Notre Dame de Bonne Garde was singularly favored by different Popes, who seemed to vie with one another in bestowing the choicest blessings of the Church on this privileged sanctuary. The celebrated Confraternity of Notre Dame de Longpont was particularly enriched with numerous indulgences. This Confraternity met daily to chant the praises of its celestial Patroness and recite the Rosary in her honor. Its members also made a solemn promise to visit the sick and poor, and to help them as far as their means permitted. The association continued to flourish until the year 1792; but during the Revolution it was broken up entirely, and the church was closed. The sanctuary of Notre Dame de Longpont was reopened about 1800, but the Confraternity was not reorganized until 1850. The Sovereign Pontiff, to encourage the newly-enrolled members in the exercise of their pious practices in honor of the Mother of God, granted seven special indulgences, besides confirming those accorded by other Popes in past centuries.

The church suffered much during the Reign of Terror, and the rich treasures adorning Mary's sanctuary were appropriated by sacrilegious hands. Happily, a portion of the Blessed Virgin's veil and a piece of her robe, both carefully sealed in two crystal vases, were rescued by a fervent client of the Mother of God, and restored to the shrine when brighter days began to dawn. These two relics, together with the statue, were the only treasures belonging to Our Lady's sanctuary which escaped the hands of the Revolutionists. Even so far back as the eleventh century various

records speak of these precious relics as being preserved in the treasury of Notre Dame de Bonne Garde.

The church is far from being as beautiful now as in bygone centuries. However, if we may judge from the large number of *ex-voto* offerings adorning the walls and bearing recent dates, it is evident that the Holy Virgin is as willing now as in times past to extend her loving protection to all who invoke her in this venerated sanctuary. The altar of Notre Dame de Bonne Garde is on the left of the church, and an exquisite lamp ever burning before the Blessed Sacrament bears the inscription: "*Reconnaissance 8 Septembre, 1850.*" Since that period the Longpont church has been restored at the expense of the State, and some fine paintings adorn the walls. An annual pilgrimage brings a large and ever-increasing number of Mary's faithful servants to this time-honored shrine.

A Salem Witch.

BY E. L. DORSEY.

NOT one of those who, victims of statute and superstition, of hysteria and hypnotism, were haled from "Salem Gaole" to the dreary summit of Gallows Hill, and there hanged by the neck in the name of their Majesties William and Mary, and in the presence of the worshipful High Sheriffe George Corwin, amid a crowd of spectators, whose hearts were hardened by fear and the stern precept of the Old Law—"Let not the witch live"—into the likeness of the rocks cropping out of the scanty green hard by. Not one of these, but of the sort that flourish in this year of grace 1889,—far different in appearance from the poor old "dames" and "goodies" done to death two hundred years ago; but quite as dangerous, believe me.

For bowed shoulders, see a straight young back; for a toothless mouth, see a flash of pearl between red lips—like the spray on a coral reef; for wrinkles, see a forehead as white as Salem's own Gibaltars, with a rose in each cheek; for witch-pins wherewith to "hurt, afflict, pine, consume, waste and torment" her victims, see two blue eyes—each holding a

quiver full of arrows,—and you will have a fair idea of her as she looked the morning I first saw her.

I had been surveying in the Dismal Swamp, and, while intensely enjoying the sombre mystery, the gorgeous flora, the deep Juniper waters, and the exciting conflicts with snakes, centipedes, and other little tropical inconveniences that flourish in the twilight of the great morass, I had also foolishly exposed myself to its miasmas, and a superb attack of bilious fever was the result.

The fact that I was as yellow as an orange hurt my vanity, but that I could not work an hour without a strange swimming in my head and a roaring in my ears hurt my usefulness; and Jack Nelson, our chief, told me to take leave and go North to the sea. This jumped well with my own wishes, and off I started from Newport News. The day was hot, the cars crowded, and the discomfort was so enhanced by the stuffy velvet seats and cushions—which serve the public on the 4th of July as well as the 1st of January,—that by the time I got to New York I was swearing by this little this and by that little that that I would rather sail round the world than try a tram again.

That meant the *Puritan* or the *Pilgrim* up the Sound. It also meant, as it turned out, a lively tumble off Point Judith; and (as I wasn't actively seasick) Boston was a very dizzy metropolis indeed when I landed. The State House changed place as often as I looked at it, the Common circled about like a "wheel of fortune," and the cap of Bunker Hill's shaft boxed the compass with a vivacity foreign to such structures.

I had intended to go to Bar Harbor, but as I sat in the station waiting for my head to stop whirling so I could find the real ticket window among the "counterfeit presentments" that dotted the walls, I heard:

"Marblehead? Why, don't you know that's where

'Flud Oirson, fur his horrd horrt,
Was torr'd an' futherr'd,
An' corr'd in a corrt,
By the women o' Morble'ead'?"

And a deep, lazy voice answered:

"Nice place it must be. Do the ladies still retain those pleasant little ways, and would

you like to see me treated in that fashion?"

"Nonsense! *You* haven't

... sailed away

From a leaking ship in Chaleur Bay."

"No: I'm only all at sea as to your meaning, ma'am."

And before me passed a pair—evidently father and daughter,—she clinging to his arm, her happy, school-girl face laughing up into his, and a responsive twinkle making his eyes dance and his severe, clean-shaven mouth twitch.

Then a train rolled in, and another rolled out, and bells clanged and people hurried, and through it all ran the lusty rhyme:

"Flud Oirson, fur his horrd horrt,
Was torr'd an' futherr'd,
An' corr'd in a corrt,
By the women o' Morble'ead."

Sometimes it was only, "Flud Oirson"; or "the women o' Morble'ead" would detach themselves and industriously "mark time" with the clamor; sometimes the tar and feathers dashed across it; or the cart rumbled in angry loneliness; but in whatever grouping the words appeared there was such an irritating repetition of the name that when at last the ticket office came to anchor, and I reached it, I asked for a ticket to Marblehead, and had it before I could correct my blunder. Then I determined to go there, but got off instead at Salem, realizing my mistake only as the train plunged with a whoop into the tunnel, leaving me stranded on the platform.

By this time I felt pretty queer, but my question as to transportation brought forth such clear and encouraging directions from the station-master that I grit my teeth together and started "up Essex Street to Farrington's, where you cross over to Lynde." Thereabouts, it seemed, was a specially good stable, where I could get a trap of some sort to carry me over to Marblehead Neck.

But, alack! Salem was as dizzy as Boston; the pavement heaved under my feet, the elm trees bowed and courtesied to one another as if they were dancing "Sir Roger de Coverley"; and at last I stopped at the crossing, took off my hat and stood fanning myself, with a last desperate effort to control my shaking legs.

"Will you let me pass, please?"—a breezy

voice with a silvery ring in it, and the face and figure outlined above.

"Your pardon, madam! I am so ill I did not see—"

And then the world gave a lurch that threatened to pitch me off into the blackness of space.

"I see," was the answer. "Try to get to the drug-store, though. And you must let me help you, for there's no one else."

And a firm, warm hand was slipped under my elbow, a strong young arm steadied mine, and an elastic, easy tread guided me to "Farrington's," where a brisk young clerk gave me some powerful stimulant, sent for a carriage, and in a few minutes I was tooling along to my journey's end.

A three days' "turn" followed; but whenever my banging temples, aching spine, and deathly nausea permitted, I thought of the fresh vision of girlhood I had seen; I felt again the friendly hand; and in the fever that burnt me I heard the breezy voice with the silver ring: "You must let me help you, for there's no one else." And it was so pleasant I would doze smiling.

After a while the sea air began to get in its work, and within the week I was on the sands—watching the crowd, I told myself, but really scanning every face for the one that had become so prominent in my thoughts. She did not appear, however: and Sunday morning I rode over to Salem, and took my stand near the fashionable corner of the town.

Fair girls, dark girls, plump girls, slender girls, pretty girls, piquant girls, roguish girls with dimples, demure ones with dove's eyes, tall girls and short, passed me on their way to church, but my good Samaritan was not among them; and I was turning away, bitterly disappointed, when I came face to face with her. She wore a pale blue gown of some thin, floating fabric, touched here and there with white, and her blue eyes looked out from under a Gainsborough crowned with long ostrich plumes.

I swept off my hat, bowing profoundly, then impetuously cried:

"I am so glad to find you! I have hunted—"
Here a look of surprise checked me. "I have been so anxious to thank you for your kindness to me the other day."

"You are very welcome to any help I gave you, sir," she answered, with a gentle dignity that froze me to the marrow. Then she passed on, with the light, elastic tread that perfect health and well-trained muscles alone can give.

But she had recognized me! I hardly know what I had expected, but now I stood stupidly watching her disappear, conscious of a profound discouragement and sudden weakness, until, with a quick revulsion, my temper rose and a sense of injury came hot upon me. I would not be ignored that way. She should not slip out of my life. I would follow her until I found out where she lived, and then manage somehow to meet her—a dozen ways must open up to a man of will. That was what I had come for. And I hurried after her as fast as I dared, following her down broad streets and narrow streets, until suddenly she turned into a plain wooden structure, which proved to be—shades of Endicott and Cotton Mather!—a Catholic church.

I spent two hours there, interested to be sure, for I had never heard a Mass before; and the devout kneeling crowd, the mural paintings, the swelling Latin chants, the incense, the lights, the absorbed, strangely-vestured priest,—each had its attraction; but, as "all roads lead to Rome," so every thought and glance of mine seemed to return to the graceful figure that sat or knelt lost in prayer.

When she went out I noted the street down which she turned, and as soon as she was well round the corner I started on the trail. After the true fashion of witches, however, she had disappeared, and I was left fuming in an empty square—defeated, dispersed, routed with great slaughter.

What to do next I did not know, but I made a desperate break for the priest's house. Maybe if I made a clean breast of it to him, he'd help me; and if I could only get him on my side my battle was half won; for even then I guessed at what I now know to be the truth—viz., that there's a deal of sympathy with human affairs locked away under every black cassock, and a shrewd knowledge of men coiled down under every *bonnet carré*.

I found Father — at home, and began to "place" myself, with the easy assurance and confidence in the hearer's interest that seems

to characterize the Southerner of America. Courteous attention and a patient hearing were given my little biographical sketch until I mentioned the young girl; then a certain look came into the priest's eyes that said, "*En garde!*" as plainly as words; and a reserve into his manner that was like the clapping on of a mask before beginning the thrust and parry of fencing.

I began to grow hot and a trifle embarrassed under that searching gaze; for it made me realize for the first time that my reasons might seem unreason, and that success was by no means certain. But "the impious Gordons" had too long been a proverb for me to break the record—none of us had ever been able to back down gracefully, even in the face of the inevitable; so I finished my say rather brusquely with,

"And I want you to help me to meet her, Father."

"No, I can't do that."

"Why not?"

"You are a stranger to me—"

"But I've just told you all about myself," I interrupted.

"But I must be sure you have told me the truth."

"Do you mean you doubt my word, sir?" I asked, now thoroughly angry.

"Personally, no," he answered, with a smile that partially disarmed me. "But when it is a question of introducing you to one of my Sodality children—going bail for you,—that's another thing. What would you think of a sentinel who would let a stranger enter the camp he guarded without a challenge? You say you come from —. Perhaps we may have some mutual friends. Did you ever know Father de Ruyter? He used to be stationed near there."

"I ought to know him. I got the worst whipping I ever had in my life on his account."

"How was that?"

"I was up one of his favorite trees stealing his apricots, and the sexton—who was gardener too—came along and caught me. He had me in his grip, and a new cypress shingle raised to give me what he called 'a little tiddery-eye'—*i. e.*, a sound thrashing,—when suddenly a quiet voice made him lower his

arm and my hope raise its head. 'Well, well! What's this, Tom?'—'It's a young thafe that nades a dressin' down, your riverince.'—'What's he be en after?'—'Your apricots, your honor.'—'How many did he get?'—'Wan only this time, sir; an' I'm thinkin' his taste'll be spild for them entirely when I'm through wid him.'—'Oh, I reckon not, Tom. Every boy loves apricots. I dare say you did yourself.'—'I did that,' said Tom, with a broad grin suffusing his face; 'an' many's the time I slipped into the gardens at Ballynashane to—on arrants, your riverince.' He ended so abruptly, and with such a dismayed wink at me, that Father de Ruyter laughed outright. 'Let him off this oncè, Tom,' he said; 'and the next time he wants apricots he'll come to the door, ring the bell, and ask for me. Won't you, my little one?' Then he patted me on the head, insisted on putting a half dozen of the beautiful fruit in my pocket (where they burnt like coals with the shame of my having robbed so dear an old man), and watched me down the road home."

"But the whipping?"

"Oh, yes! My father gave me *that*. He used a rattan, and I tell you he used it thoroughly."

Then we both laughed, and I returned to the charge, but the priest was inflexible; and, although on his invitation I dined with him, he sent me to the right-about-face afterward, with a vague "I'll see you soon" for my only comfort.

Of course he was right, but the delay frayed out my patience, never very extensive (for patience was a luxury little known and rarely used in our family); and the haunting memory of my Salem witch became as fatal to my peace of mind as the "apparitions" of those others were said to be to *their* victims "in the dark and terrible days of possession."

I was in a very bad way. Dreaming on the porphyry rocks of Marblehead; idling through the pine woods of Beverly Farms; wandering on the silver crescent of Nahant, I saw her eyes in the blue water, I heard her voice in the trees, and held long imaginary conversations with her; and a week after, when good Father — walked up on the veranda and handed me a letter, I felt a crisis had come in my affairs.

It was from Father de Ruyter; and if sometimes my fight against temptations had cost me a sharp struggle, over and above my distaste for their vulgarity and vileness, I got my reward in these lines:

"I've known him twenty years. You can safely introduce him to your Sodality child. I'll answer for him."

The next afternoon my cravats got the very mischief into them; my collars shut up like accordions; my handkerchiefs crumpled; my gloves disappeared. No *débutante* dressing for her first ball was more nervous than I when the cart came around; and I blessed the horse for the hard mouth and high-flinging legs that diverted my mind, and strung up my muscles to something like their normal tension by the time I turned into Federal Street to pick up Father —.

He was ready, hatted and gloved; and in a few minutes we were in a quaint old parlor, where dried rose leaves and spices made an appropriate atmosphere for the strangely carved Eastern furniture and bric-a-brac, that told eloquent tales of the far-reaching Indian trade that made Salem Queen of the West in the days when Liberty still kicked in swaddling-bands, and the Eagle was just learning to fly.

Then I was bowing to her mother; then *she* came in, and sat near me in a chair made in the form of a fabulous monster. She wore white, and was so exquisitely maidenly, and yet so sovereign on her odd throne of teak wood, that I could think only of Una riding through the desert on her lion.

Heaven only knows what she had been telling me, or what I had been answering; but I think, from her dazed look and then the naughty little smile that crept round her mouth, making all its dimples come and go, I must have been as incoherent as Mr. Toots under like circumstances.

It pulled me together, though; and, under the double inspiration of her questions and her interest, I told her not badly of the wild, lonely mountains, the crystal streams, the mysterious rivers of my native "Land of the Sky." In the midst of the legend of Lost Creek, Father — rose, and I felt him my friend for life when he said:

"I must carry you off now, but Miss Eva

mustn't lose the rest of the story, for all that. She must let you come again and finish it. You know Mr. Gordon is one of Father de Ruyter's favorites," he added kindly, turning to Mrs. —.

"Then he will be indeed welcome, Father," she answered, with a smile not unlike her daughter's.

And, although I tested the truth of this almost daily during the next weeks, she was as good as her word, until I asked for her daughter. Then we had our first and only difference of opinion. She said it was all too sudden, Southerners were too impetuous and inflammable, and arrayed reasons against me as many as the heads of a Scotch sermon. I, on the contrary, declared I had been a model of patience, and had waited with a degree of long-suffering worthy of a Puritan. And then I told her that, according to statute, I had a right to demand justice and relief from the "possession" under which I labored; that I was in as bad case as any of those old-day plaintiffs shown up in the court-house records, and the very least she could do would be to give me permission to win and carry my sweetheart South.

We compromised on a year's engagement, and from that day happiness has made her nest in our hearts; for when my Una took me by the hand, she not only carried me into the paradise I dreamed of as a lover, but led me back to the faith of my fathers by the gate of the City of God. The little wooden church was the scene of our wedding, the officiating priest Father —. And, although she has swayed the sceptre of sovereignty for eight years, I pledge you my word she never rides on a broomstick, except during a spring cleaning; and she never exercises any spells except such as banish sorrow from our home.

THE knowledge of God without the knowledge of our own sins produces pride. The knowledge of our own sins without the knowledge of Jesus Christ produces despair.—
Pascal.

THOSE deeds of charity which we have done
Shall stay forever with us; and that wealth
Which we have so bestowed we only keep;
The other is not ours.

A Prayer of Faith and Its Answer.

EMMA X— was the only child of parents favored with the gifts of fortune. Her father had embraced the true faith a short time before his marriage with her mother, who belonged to a worthy and well-known Catholic family. They resolved to place their beloved daughter with the Religious of the Sacred Heart, who received a few day-boarders with their resident pupils; for the idea of sending her to a boarding-school, and thus being deprived of the "light of their home," was intolerable to their affectionate hearts.

Like many men absorbed in business affairs, Mr. X—, although careful to assist at Mass on days of precept, gradually abandoned his practice of monthly Communion, and finally ceased to approach the Sacraments. Passionately fond of his charming daughter, proud of her unusual success in study, the merchant took a sudden fancy that the child was becoming unduly attached to her teachers, and feared that some day she might possibly desire to embrace the religious life. The thought took such possession of his imagination that he at once removed her from the convent, and placed her in a fashionable Protestant boarding-school to finish her course of studies. In this school the "solid" attainments of Emma were a constant theme of admiration among her companions, while the thoughtful young girl drew conclusions highly favorable to the superiority of the convent plan of studies. Later on, other inferences of a more important character served only to strengthen her esteem for the teachers of her own religious creed.

Having returned to the paternal fireside to be the consolation and the pride of her family and friends, Emma, in the midst of all that the world could offer, felt herself called to embrace a higher state, by renouncing home, friends, and brilliant worldly prospects. The announcement of her desire to become a religious incensed her father to such a degree that he afterward laid aside every practice of religion. However, on attaining her majority, with the approbation of her generous mother, Emma entered the convent in which she had passed the happy years of childhood.

During her novitiate at K— she frequently wrote affectionate letters to her father, but he only consigned them to the flames, not deigning even to open the envelopes. In the novitiate with Emma was a young Sister, Madame Y—, who, like herself, mourned the delinquency of her father. Captain Y—, who had not been to confession for sixty years. The two candidates agreed to pray together for their parents, confiding their cause to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, whose glory they desired to promote. Madame Y—, being sacristan, always named two of the candles that she lighted on festival days in honor of the two strayed sheep, trusting that the divine Light of the World would rekindle the slumbering spark of faith in souls so dear. In the meantime no pains were spared by the other members of the respective families to bring about the desired result; Masses were offered, prayers were solicited, but all seemed in vain. The octogenarian, though the son of a saintly mother, refused to see a priest; the merchant openly denounced the creed that he had embraced with fervor twenty five years before.

After pronouncing her first engagements, Madame X— returned to her native city; but anxiety concerning her mother, who was then suffering from an incurable malady, and the pain of her father's refusal to listen to her affectionate appeals, told upon her health, and a rapid decline followed.

It happened that a lady, meeting Mr. X— at a dinner party, inquired after the health of his daughter. He did not know that she was in H—, much less that she was ill; for, having shown so much displeasure to Emma's mother for approving her withdrawal from the world, the prudent lady had not told him of their daughter's impaired health or change of residence. However, the following evening Mr. X— was at the convent gate, asking the day-pupils as they left school if Madame X— were there, if she were ill, etc. The children's replies confirmed the news of the previous day.

Very soon the superior of the convent was summoned to the parlor to meet the irate father, who did not hesitate to declare that his daughter had lost her health in consequence of her austere life, etc., concluding with, "And I presume I shall not be allowed

to see her!" The superior assured him that he was mistaken, and arrangements were promptly made for him to meet his child.

Their first interview was most affecting. Mr. X— was overcome with grief, and his daughter, taking advantage of the occasion, obtained from him a promise to assist at Mass and even to approach the Sacraments for the repose of her soul. But as the merchant studiously refrained from mentioning these good designs to his wife, the dying novice confided to the infirmarian her fear that the promise might have been made merely to console her.

The month of May was drawing to a close, and the infirmarian, who was a sister-in-law of Captain Y—, expressed her fears that the Queen of Heaven was not going to be propitious to their prayers. "Let us not lose courage," said the dying novice. "I am confident that our Blessed Lord, through the intercession of His Holy Mother, will not refuse the petition of His faithful spouses. As soon as I shall find myself at the feet of Him who said, 'Ask and you shall receive,' I will supplicate Him by the mercy of His Sacred Heart to convert my father and Captain Y—."

Madame X— died on the 26th of May, 1889. Some hours later her father asked to see the superior of the convent, and informed her that he desired to receive Holy Communion at the Mass of *Requiem*. Greatly surprised, the religious involuntarily exclaimed: "But confession?" "I have attended to that, Madame," said he; "I will see the priest once more, and then I shall be prepared." On returning from the Holy Table he kissed the lifeless form of his child, reposing in peace before the altar, as if to thank her for her intercession.

Early in the following month Madame Y— received the glad tidings that her venerable father had, himself, asked to see a priest; that he had confessed with deepest sorrow, and prepared for Holy Communion with the most edifying dispositions. And until his death, which occurred a month later, he received Communion every week.

This conversion is rendered the more remarkable from the fact that in his youth Captain Y— had so completely abandoned all tokens of the Catholic profession, that the young lady whom he led to the altar believed she was marrying a Protestant.

Useless Self-Sacrifice.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

IN this Month of the Rosary these words of Tennyson, which can never become old or hackneyed, recur irresistibly to the mind:

"And so the whole round world

Is bound by golden chains about the feet of God." The whole round world is drawn together by the chaplet. During this month the family is doubly bound together by the sacred chain, and prayer revives and refreshes family life. Surely in the quietness of the evening, when invocations to Our Lord and His Mother arise from the group gathered around the father and mother, all that is good, pure, and true is strengthened. Surely then the mother is happy; for her happiness on earth may be summed up in the phrase of a Scotchwoman: "All safe, thank God! and under one roof."

On the mother depends—more than it ought—the future of the children. It is not natural that she should do all for the children except earning the material subsistence. And yet, in the present condition of our society, in which the father takes no leisure for the understanding or cultivation of his children, the most important duties as to them fall on her, and are assumed by her, simply because there is nobody else to take them.

If the modern mother is inclined to make any fatal mistake, it is that of effacing herself too much for the supposed benefit of her children. The "dear boys" must sleep a little later after their father goes to his business; and if there be a fire to make and no servant to make it, the mother conceives it her duty to rise at half-past five o'clock and see that it blazes merrily. And the girls, fatigued by their practising on the piano, or their researches into the 'ologies, must have a little indulgence—and they take it very willingly; for human nature is easily spoiled.

The Southern slaves have been emancipated, though it took a frightful convulsion to do it. It would take a more frightful convulsion to free a certain class of American mothers from their voluntary bonds. If this excessive self-sacrifice did good, one might rank the devotees of it among the noble army

of earthly martyrs. It not only does no good, but is one of the most potent means of turning ordinarily promising children into selfish and exacting creatures. A mother may think night and day of her children, work for them from dawn till darkness, stand between them and the slightest wind, and yet by this extreme kindness only harden their hearts. These pampered darlings frown at her as they would not dare to frown at any one who did not seem to be their slave both by her natural position and her own will. For whom are their smiles and gentlest words? Not for her; they have learned to demand, not to request, of her.

By and by those "dear boys," for whom the tenderest steak and the pleasantest seat at table are always reserved, will take these privileges as rights. Their feelings and wishes will be their guides in all things; for has their mother not taught them that they are beings so superior that they are not to respect her desires or her convenience? She is fleeced of her little savings, that they may have the amusement fitting to such gilded youths; she hides, in fear and trembling, their faults from the head of the household, until they become chronic and past cure. If they take to that vice of the selfish young—the abuse of spirituous liquors—who is to blame? The answer is easy, though it seems cruel: Their mother. She has taught them, by her example of slavish subserviency, by her pampering of their appetites on all occasions, that they are to deny themselves nothing. Who can resist the temptations around him if he has never learned to bear the yoke of self-denial in his youth?

As to her daughters, she makes them as selfish as women can be; and when she dies, she dies unregretted by them, except as they would regret an untiring servant, with the weight of many of their shortcomings on her head.

INFINITE toil would not enable you to sweep away a mist; but by ascending a little you may often look over it altogether. So it is with our moral improvement. We wrestle fiercely with a vicious habit which would have no hold upon us if we ascended into a higher moral atmosphere.—*Anon.*

Notes and Remarks.

The number of pilgrims present at the consecration of the new Church of the Rosary at Lourdes was probably the largest ever seen there. A temporary platform and altar were erected in front of the church, and fully fifteen thousand persons were gathered in the space in front. The neighboring hills, too, were covered with pilgrims. Twelve bishops and twelve hundred priests were present. The Rosary was recited aloud by the entire assembly. The Archbishop of Auch was the consecrating prelate, and the sermon, an eloquent effort, was preached by the Bishop of Rodez. Just at the beginning of the discourse a loud cry of "Miracle!" was heard. It was a young girl, fifteen years of age, from Carcassonne, whose limbs had been paralyzed for three years; she could only walk on crutches. After being immersed three times in the piscina she had recovered her strength, and walked before the amazed crowd that had seen her a cripple only a few moments previously. It is remarkable that a similar event occurred at the consecration of the Basilica, during the sermon preached by the saintly Cardinal Pie.

An interesting letter from Molokai, dated July 24, recently appeared in the London *Spectator*. It relates one or two facts connected with the closing days of Father Damien's noble life not mentioned by our own correspondent. The writer, addressing a gentleman who had visited the leper settlement, says: "He [Father Damien] called our attention to the remarkable fact that the first joints of all his fingers (which so often touched the Blessed Sacrament) remained as sound as on the day when he was first ordained priest. He wrote to his Bishop entreating not to be dispensed from the obligation of the Breviary, which he continued faithfully to recite until his final prostration." The same correspondent, who assisted at the death-bed of Father Damien, declares that during his illness the martyr said, pointing to the head and foot of his bed: "They are always with me." The writer regrets now that he did not ask who Father Damien's supernatural visitors were.

The official announcements of the Catholic University of America are that on Monday, November 18, after the Solemn Mass of the Holy Ghost, the classes of the Divinity Faculty will be opened. All students are expected to be present at the beginning of the spiritual retreat on the evening of November 13. Every student in the Divinity School must have passed through the

seminary course with credit, or at least through the philosophical course, and three years in theology. Students may enter for the degree or to pursue an elective course of studies. Priests will be admitted, without examination, with the consent of their ordinary. There will be lectures daily on Dogmatic Theology, Moral Theology, Sacred Scriptures, and Higher Philosophy; tri-weekly on English Literature and Sacred Eloquence; and at least weekly on Ecclesiastical History, Liturgy, scientific subjects, and the problems of the day. The annual fee has been fixed at two hundred and fifty dollars, payable semi-annually. The University hopes this year to bestow the fellowships or burses. Every facility will be afforded for the cultivation of ancient and modern languages.

Although Cardinal Lavigerie's congress at Lucerne, in Switzerland, has been postponed, the sentiment which its announcement aroused has accomplished great good. Mr. D. A. Rudd, editor of the *Catholic Tribune*, of Cincinnati, went to Lucerne, in response to Cardinal Lavigerie's invitation, as representative of the Catholics of color in the United States. Mr. Rudd is a fervent champion of his people, and he and the Cardinal at once understood each other. A million of human beings are annually captured and thrown into slavery in Africa, and this horrible fact has stirred the heart of Cardinal Lavigerie to be a new Peter the Hermit. Mr. Rudd and his friend, Mr. Ruffin, were cordially received by the Cardinal, whose sister, the Countess de Staal, did the honors of the great ecclesiastic's table for them. The Cardinal frequently said that the sympathies of America would give a new impetus to the work of civilization among the outraged people of Africa.

The *Irish Ecclesiastical Record* has, in its September number, an interesting article on "Our Lady of Aberdeen." It is a sad thought that we so seldom find a Scottish locality associated in these days with devotion to Mary. "Our Lady of Aberdeen" is the name given to a statue now in Brussels. In Aberdeen, in Scotland, it was also called "Our Lady of Good Success," when Gavin Dunbar was Bishop of that city, in the sixteenth century. The Bishop never passed a day without honoring Our Lady by praying before this statue. When the Knoxite fury broke out the statue was taken from the Cathedral and hidden. The bigots at last found it; they were determined to break it to pieces, but none of them dared to do it. Another attempt was made, but it failed; for, though the statue was in a conspicuous place, none of the marauders could see it. The Protestant in whose house it was turned back, with

his family, to the true faith, so much was he impressed by the marvel. In 1625 the statue was secretly conveyed on board a Spanish vessel. After many vicissitudes it reached Brussels, where the Archduchess Isabel of Spain, sovereign of the Low Countries, showed it distinguished honor, and placed it in the Church of the Hermits of St. Augustine. It is now in the church of Finistère.

Thackeray, like Dickens, Hawthorne, Scott, Longfellow, and a host of other celebrities in English literature, seems to have had a warm corner in his heart for what he called the "old Church." Mr. William B. Read, of Philadelphia, who was a friend of the great novelist, and published a memoir of him, says: "Thackeray was in one sense—not a technical one—a religious, or, rather, a devout man, and I have sometimes fancied that he had a sentimental leaning to the Church of Christian antiquity. Certain it is he never sneered at it or disparaged it. 'After all,' said he one night to the writer, while driving through the streets of an American city, and passing a Roman cathedral, 'that is the only thing that can be called a church.'"

The Right Rev. Bishop Keane, rector of the Catholic University of Washington, has made an announcement which excites much approval everywhere. He has decided to have a free lecture delivered every afternoon during the scholastic year. The lectures will be delivered at half-past four,—an hour at which the *employés* of the various departments in Washington are free to attend. This will be found to be an effective way of combating the errors that fill the atmosphere of our daily life.

There has been a flutter in Anglican breasts among "our kin across the sea" over the attitude of Cardinal Manning as the peacemaker in the late London dock troubles. The *English Churchman* is sad because the Lord Mayor of London wrote the Cardinal's name above that of the Bishop of London! A strange thing to notice in a time of crisis! A correspondent of another paper explains that nearly all the 100,000 men on strike are Catholics. "If true," a Catholic contemporary remarks, "this would only show that Archbishop Manning is really the pastor of the poor." It turns out, however, that only about 25,000 men concerned in the strike are of the faith of His Eminence.

Muanga, the dethroned King of Uganda, has taken refuge in the Catholic missions, and is now under instruction in the truths of our holy faith,

which he intends to embrace. This Muango, during his reign, was a furious persecutor of the Christians. About two years ago, out of hatred to the faith, he ordered one hundred youths and children of his kingdom to be burned alive, several of them being only neophytes. These martyrs were wrapped up, one by one, in bundles of dry wood, and placed in a circle on the ground with their feet toward the centre, where the fire was lighted, so that they might burn slowly from the feet to the head. Just as the flames began to spread the executioners exhorted them to deny the Christian faith; but not one would do so, and all died singing the praises of God. The Sacred Congregation of the Propaganda is already occupied with the process of their beatification.

• The astronomical observatory which Leo XIII. intends to erect at the Vatican will be constructed on the best plans and supplied with all the most improved instruments. It will be in charge of the famous Barnabite, Padre Denza, one of the greatest astronomers of our time.

A recent valuable accession to the numerous art treasures of the University of Notre Dame is an admirable copy of a section of the Dispute about the Real Presence, Raphael's famous fresco in the Vatican Gallery. It was made by Prof. Gregori during his stay in Rome, and is probably the only fac-simile of anything of Raphael's to be found in the United States. It is well known that artists are not allowed to approach nearer than six feet to copy any of the masterpieces in the Vatican; but this favor was granted to Prof. Gregori by the late Pio Nono at the special request of his favorite Minister, Monsignor de Mérode. "La Disputa" is one of the most celebrated masterpieces of Christian art. This name has been given to it because, as many suppose, the artist has represented a conference among the Fathers and Doctors of the Church on the Blessed Eucharist; while it may also be considered an allegorical council of the Church triumphant and the Church militant, in regard to the most august mystery of the Christian faith, with reference also to the Council of Piacenza, whose sovereign decree put an end to all controversy. We quote the following description of this grand composition—the portion of it reproduced by Signor Gregori—from the *Notre Dame Scholastic*:

It consists of two parts, which may be called Heaven and Earth, brought together in close communion by means of the Eucharistic Sacrament. In the upper part of the painting appears the Eternal Father, of venerable and majestic aspect, His right hand raised in the act of blessing, while in the left He holds the mundane globe. He is surrounded by glory and re-

splendent with light, which is formed, according to the ancient conventional custom adopted in primitive Christian art, by innumerable heads of winged cherubs arranged in order in so many perpendicular lines resembling rays—the whole placed on one arch of clouds, containing an immense number of similar figures. To the right and left a choir of seraphs, three on each side, bow in adoration before the Eucharistic mystery. Below, in the middle of resplendent rays on a gold ground, seated on a throne of clouds, is the Incarnate Word, partly wrapped in a white, spotless robe, with an expression of love and compassion, showing His sacred Wounds, and extending His arms as if to embrace all mankind that He had redeemed. On His right is His Virgin Mother, covered with a royal mantle, her hands folded across her bosom as she turns her eyes with a look of infinite sweetness and grace toward the face of her Divine Son. On His left is St. John the Baptist, the Precursor, holding the cross and turning to the assembly in the act of announcing to them again, "Behold the Lamb of God!" Underneath is the Paraclete, the Holy Spirit of God, in the form of a spotless dove in a circle of light, sending forth brilliant rays, which extend to all parts of the earth to enlighten the human mind on this most sacred mystery. On either side four angels, supported by their wings, surround it,—two on each side carrying the opened books of the Gospel. Of these figures Vasari says: "No painter could ever produce anything more lovely and of greater perfection."

The *London Standard*—certainly an impartial observer—bears testimony to the sympathy with which Spain regards Leo XIII. The Spanish Government, while not offending Crispi, has been very reserved in its expressions to him on the Roman question; the Catholic press of all shades of opinion has taken up cudgels for the Papacy; and the Catholic Congress, made up entirely of laymen of various political ideas, bitterly attacked the Savoyard usurpation, and cordially sympathized with the Holy Father.

A Rubens—"The Adoration of the Magi"—has just been discovered at the residence of Sir Frederick Weld in England.

The *Michigan Catholic* proposes that there should be a meeting of Catholic editors and publishers at some suitable time and place. It suggests that the place be New York or Notre Dame. Such a meeting might be productive of good, and we assure our *confrères* of a cordial welcome at Notre Dame.

Berlin has a Catholic population of over 150,000 souls.

The Rev. Joseph P. Roles, rector of St. Mary's Church, Chicago, Ill., and one of the most distinguished priests in the Archdiocese, was found

dead in his chair at the parochial residence on the morning of the 25th ult. The deceased was gifted with more than ordinary ability and had received a finished education. He was the editor of the first illustrated Catholic Sunday-school paper in the United States, and made translations of several French and German works. Father Roles was highly esteemed by all classes, and the people of the Archdiocese of Chicago lament his loss. May he rest in peace!

New Publications.

SELECTIONS FROM THE SERMONS OF PADRE AGOSTINO DA MONTEFELTRO. Preached in the Church of San Carlo al Corso, Rome, 1889. Translated from the Original by Catherine Mary Phillimore. New York: James Pott & Co.

The second series of Father Agostino da Montefeltro's sermons are as refreshing, as stimulating and as poetical, highly religious and practical, as the first. After the explosion of a shell during one of his discourses he said: "The pulpit is no place for the exposition of personal opinions on the one side or the other. It is a place for me to speak to you of the sublime truths of Christianity, the lofty ideas they suggest, the great examples they put before you. It is the place from whence to tell you of a faith which can remove mountains; of a religion which can raise a man above all trivial worldly concerns, which can give a noble purpose to his life on earth, and the promise of an eternal reward hereafter. If my words are so insufferable, so obnoxious to any one that he desires to take my life, he is welcome to it. However much it might grieve me to leave my orphan asylum at Pisa with a future before it yet insecure, I am ready and willing to lay down my life for my faith, my religion, and my God, who is the God of the poor and needy, the weary and the oppressed; who is also the God of pardon and peace." This is the spirit of Padre Agostino. In another interlude between his sermons he protests against the Italian custom of applauding in the church, but with little effect; for the Romans, as well as the Neapolitans, love to cry out *Eviva!* when anything pleases them.

The sermon on "The Necessity of Religion" is one of the most satisfactory and conclusive in this volume. "Not only can we not live without religion, because it is the primary law of our being, but because our happiness depends upon it!" cries Padre Agostino. "What, in truth, is the secret of happiness? The happiness of man consists in the development and perfecting of his faculties. In what does the chief exercise of man's

faculties consist? Knowledge, love, work. In order that a man may be happy, his intellect must have a firm grasp of truth. The intellect of man is formed for truth. As the plant turns to light and sunshine, so does man's intellect seek after truth."

These sermons have the keenness of an arrow, with a touch of sentiment, even in their most practical phases, which carries them straight to the heart. We praise the translation as heartily as we praised the first series. We regret that the translation was not done by a Catholic; for, in certain passages, one feels a lack of confidence in a medium unenlightened by faith, Catholic instinct and tradition.

THE TRUE STORY OF THE CATHOLIC HIERARCHY
Deposed by Queen Elizabeth. With fuller memoirs of its last two survivors. By the Rev. T. E. Bridgett, C. SS. R.; and the late Rev. T. E. Knox, D. D., of the London Oratory. London: Burns & Oates, Limited. New York: Catholic Publication Society Co.

The learned and reverend authors of this interesting treatise have labored conscientiously among contemporary documents to set before us the plain, unvarnished truth concerning the sweeping measures taken by Elizabeth against the existing hierarchy of the Church in England of her day; measures by which the apostolic succession was effectually broken up in that country. Those who attach value to the apostolic succession, as our Ritualist friends profess to do, must surely be convinced of this, at least now that such abundant light has been thrown upon the subject. The little book contains full memoirs of Bishops Watson and Goldwell, and accounts of the deposition of Archbishop Heath and twelve other bishops, with all the attendant circumstances. The errors into which our best historians have fallen are exposed, and the book is extremely valuable for reference.

A HAND-BOOK FOR CATHOLIC CHOIRS. Containing the Vesper Service for Every Day in the Year. By G. Freytag. Detroit Music Company, 184 and 186 Woodward Avenue, Detroit, Mich. 1889.

This is a portable Vespers, composed by G. Freytag, the competent organist of the Cathedral of SS. Peter and Paul, Detroit, Mich., and published with the approbation of the ordinary of the diocese. As Catholic schools continue their beneficent work, the time must be approaching when the greater part of every congregation will feel able and willing to join in singing the Divine Offices, a participation in public worship which the Church designs, in the simple forms of chant which meet with her particular favor, and which derive their sublimity from the mass of voice engaged in them. In proportion as this desired

consummation is attained, the demand for such manuals as the one before us will steadily increase. The clearness and elegance with which the method of singing the Gregorian tones is set before the learner can not be too highly praised.

CONTROVERSY ON THE CONSTITUTIONS OF THE JESUITS, between Dr. Littledale and Fr. Drummond. Winnipeg: Manitoba Free Press Print. 1889.

In reading this pamphlet, one knows not whether to be more astonished at the strange perversity with which the learned Doctor mistranslates ecclesiastical Latin—the simplest form which the learned language is known to take,—or at the patience with which his able opponent exposes his fallacies. It is merely the same old, oft-refuted charge against the Jesuits, that they teach that the "end justifies the means." Driven out long ago from the centres of learning and civilization, the old serpent lifts his head in Manitoba, hoping to cajole the simple-minded pioneers of the Far North. But he has been pretty well "scotched" by this little pamphlet; and in future he must wander about in desert places, seeking rest and finding none. He will not get back into the house again.

COLUMBIADS. By a Random Thinker. Columbus, Ohio: August Ruetty.

This is a casket of brilliants, with here and there a thought which is a diamond of the first water. It is one of the few volumes of what the French call *pensées* produced in this country. At times the author—the Rev. W. F. Hayes—has the French epigrammatic point, and we think of Pascal and the Abbé Roux. There are very few platitudes, and the contents deserve a better form than the utterly tasteless one which they have.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands, as if you were bound with them.
—HEB., xiii. 3.

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

Mr. George Bruckner, who departed this life on the 12th of August, at Jefferson, Pa., after receiving the holy Sacraments.

Mr. Bernard Lyness, of New York city, whose death occurred on the 11th ult.

Mrs. Anna V. McVay, who piously yielded her soul to God on the 12th ult., at Jefferson, Pa. She bore a long and painful illness with exemplary Christian fortitude.

Christina Rynn and Margaret Donnelly, of New Haven, Conn.; also Mrs. Francis Fitzgibbons, Rochester, N. Y.

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



The Child's Good-Night to Her Guardian Angel.

From the German.

GOOD-NIGHT, good-night, dear Angel!
 I can not see your wings,
 But I hear you in the echoes
 Whenever mamma sings.
 And when she stoops to kiss me,
 And leaves me in your care,
 I do not fear the darkness,
 For you are always there.

Good-night, good-night, dear Angel!
 I can not see your face,
 But I know that you are near me
 In this dim and silent place.
 And I think you hung the starlets
 For God up in the sky
 To cheer at lonely bed-time
 Such little ones as I.

Good-night, good-night, sweet Angel!
 I can not touch your hand,
 But I fancy in the silence
 I know just where you stand—
 Close, close beside my pillow,
 In that long line of light;
 I'll fold my hands together
 And say once more: Good-night!

SYLVIA HUNTING.

Lost in the Pines.—A Story of Presque Isle.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

John Perkins was anxious to get out of school. He was tired of it. He sighed when he thought that two years must pass before he could be free to earn money for himself. He often said that he did not see the use of bending over books from morning to night. A bright boy, he added, could make his way in the world whether he had education or not. His father was of a different opinion, however, and consequently John was kept at school. The unhappy fellow grumbled and

groaned, and spent valuable time in repining instead of study.

His cousin, Ferdinand Esmond—popularly known as "Ferd,"—was a hard worker at school. John called him a "bookworm," and announced to everybody that he was no good at baseball. This was not altogether true. Ferd could not catch or pitch as John could, but he was agile and active enough. Ferd made his studies the principal work of his day, while John made baseball the principal work of his. The latter dreamed of baseball, thought of nothing but baseball, and was impatient to get out of school that he might take his place in a celebrated baseball "team" and begin travelling around the world.

Ferd and John were good friends. They had disputes at times, but, as a rule, they managed to get on pretty well. About the middle of the vacation time John began to grow weary of New York. He had read all the books he liked—which were mostly thrilling tales of Indian fights,—and he had just finished the last in his stock—"Reddy the Pitcher; or, The Umpire's Revenge." He had spent every cent he could scrape together in attending baseball matches. On this particular occasion life did not seem worth living. The two cousins were sitting in the backyard of Mr. Perkins' house.

Ferd's head was, as usual, bent over a book, which had a yellow cover. Ferd was not quite as tall as John; both were about seventeen years of age. John had black eyes, black hair, a good-natured face, and rather a restless eye. Ferd was lighter in color, stouter than John, with not quite as much muscle, but with a very healthy look. Both boys were considerably tanned, for they had been much in the sun all summer.

"Well, I'm tired!" said John, with a yawn, throwing down the book. "There's no ball game this afternoon, and if there were I've no money. All the fellows of our own club happen to be out of town to-day. Oh"—and here he nearly dislocated his jaws with another yawn,—"oh, I wish something would turn up!"

Ferd was silent.

"Drop that stupid book, Ferd," he continued, "and talk! What would you do if you had money?"

"I don't know," said Ferd, absorbed in his book.

"Oh, yes you do!" John went to look over his shoulder. "What! Not 'Jack Harkaway' or 'The Boat Club,' but Geology, as I live! Well, Ferd Esmond, you *are* a fool! What use will Geology ever be to you? What's the use of any study, but especially these 'ologies? Come, let's talk. Old Dixon will make you swallow enough Geology when school opens. You needn't bother your head with it now."

"Don't bother me!" said Ferd, absent-mindedly. Then he put his finger between the pages and looked across at John's yawning face. "I give only an hour and a half to study every day during vacation, you know, John. The time is nearly up, and I'll be free for the day. But I promised Mr. Dixon I'd pull up in Geology; you know I was backward in it last term. Let me alone for ten minutes."

During the ten minutes John yawned and threw stones at a cat on the fence.

"Now!" said Ferd, closing his book. "What were you saying?"

"I was saying that schools are humbugs, and that I'd like to be out in the world making money. I'd go to-morrow if father would let me. If I had enough cash I'd have a good time. I'd see all the games I liked; I'd make presents to all the New York nine, and I'd travel around with them, taking a bat occasionally just to let people know I was in the swim."

"I don't think you'd do that," said Ferd; "or if you did you'd get tired of it, if you are any good at all."

"No, I should not."

"Yes, you would. What good would you be? How do you think your father and mother would like it, after they had taken the trouble to send you to school and all that—"

"I don't want to go to school. I know enough already."

Ferd looked at John in surprise. There was a twinkle in John's eye, but Ferd saw that he was more than half in earnest.

"Do you see them—I mean *those*—muscles?" John asked, jumping up from the hammock in which he had been lounging, and rolling up his sleeves. "Those are the muscles of a young Hercules or a John L. With them I'd hew my way through the world."

Ferd laughed. "You would? But if you want to earn money in the world, John, you'll find, as Mr. Dixon says, that brains count for more than muscle. The man we saw carrying a hod the other day had bigger muscles than yours, yet he will probably carry a hod all his days."

"Why doesn't he go in for slugging, then? Look at me!" John put himself into a prize-fighting position and bounced at Ferd.

"Because, if he is an honest man, he'd rather carry a hod than be a brute."

"Well, I'm not going to argue. I'd just like to know what you're going to do when you earn money."

"I know very well," said Ferd. "I'll pay your father back—you know how kind he has been about mother's rent and my schooling,—and then I'll build a house for mother and Alice, and try to make the best of myself."

"I'd rather go to school than do that. You're too slow for me. I'll go to the wild, untenanted woods and find a gold mine, or something of that kind. 'In the hands of men entirely gr-r-r-reat, the pick is mightier than the sword.' Oh, I wish we had something to do!"

"I'm going to walk up to Central Park and find some specimens for Alice. You know she has to have twenty-five botanical specimens before she can go in for the botany class at her school. Come along."

"Hear him, ye gods!" cried John, who was given to theatricals at times. "He asks me to follow his footsteps whither I shall not see even a lion, a tiger, a bear, a wolf, on which to try mine glittering sword! Naught but the peaceful policeman shall you meet. No: adventure I must have. Bring forth the living flesh of lions that I may feed the reon. Ah-a-ha! I thirst for gore! But stop!—is it not the letter-carrier we see approaching? See! he tosses a missive between the rails of yon fence. And 'tis for me!"

John caught the letter which the good-natured postman tossed to him; he opened it, and uttered a shout as he read it and took from it a piece of thin blue paper.

"It's from Uncle Will! Hurrah!"

John danced a fantastic figure and stood on his head. All this was very foolish; for he not only kept Ferd waiting impatiently, but

he ran the risk of tearing the piece of blue paper, which was very important.

"Well, what does he want?" asked Ferd, trying to catch John's feet, which were performing various antics in the air.

John turned himself into his usual position, and, having gained his breath, answered: "I don't know what he says yet; but I know he has sent a cheque for a hundred dollars."

Ferd, open-eyed in wonder, approached the cheque and examined it respectfully. Then they both read the letter, which was from Marquette in Michigan, on Lake Superior.

"DEAR BOYS:—I enclose some money to be equally divided between you. You can spend it in paying me a visit. I am camping out near Marquette, among the pines. I have plenty of fishing lines, breech-loaders, and a rifle or two. Bring some warm, old clothes. You can take the boat from Buffalo. Of course this invitation must be shown to your parents, who have already half consented."

It was signed, "William J. Perkins."

"Uncle Will is an—an angel!" cried John.

Ferd's face flushed with pleasure, but he said nothing. Would his mother let him go? This was the question which filled his mind. He was sure that if she saw Uncle Will's letter she would not. The mention of rifles and breech-loaders would fill her with terror. And yet the prospect seemed so pleasant. Ferd had never been away from home before. He had read about the delights of camping out, and here was a chance of enjoying them.

John ran into the house with the note. As it happened, Ferd's mother was visiting her sister; and while the ladies were discussing the project John's father came in. As soon as he was informed of the invitation he said that the boys ought to go.

"John needs to learn that he doesn't know everything, and that he can't do everything by mere force; and Ferd deserves a holiday," he said.

After which Ferd's mother consented, though with a sinking heart; for he was all she had in the world.

The boys were called in and informed of the decision. Ferd kissed his mother, and John danced a fandango.

"I know that I can trust you," said Mr. Perkins. "I need only remind you that you are to go to Mass whenever you can, Sunday or week-day; and you are *not* to smoke cigar-

ettes. You may start to-morrow for Buffalo on the night train."

The boys were presented by John's father with a complete outfit for hunting and fishing. Afterward they regretted this; for they found they could have travelled more easily unencumbered, and their fellow-travellers told them that they could have bought or hired an outfit cheaply at Marquette.

They enjoyed the boat ride through Lake Michigan. They found great pleasure in watching three canary-birds, which the captain said had followed his steamer during all the year. They fluttered particularly around a hanging basket of plants in the stern of the *Jay Gould*. During most of the voyage through the Lake the steamer kept out of sight of the shore, and the boys had nothing to do but to sit in the stern, talking or reading. Some of the other passengers were very friendly, and one of them had been a mighty hunter in his time. He told bear and deer stories until the boys' mouths watered; and his descriptions of his prowess among the speckled trout were enticing. John and Ferd longed to be on shore with their rods and guns.

The island of Mackinaw, with its many beauties and historical associations, was reached in the night. The boys stayed up until after midnight to see their fellow-passengers disembark. They hoped that the steamer might have to take on board a great deal of freight, so that its departure might be delayed until daylight; but the captain said he would stop at Mackinaw only half an hour. They overcame their disappointment by reflecting that they would at least see the town of Sault Sainte Marie by daylight. The boat hands called this city "The Soo," and Ferd in vain tried to show them how much more beautiful its real name is; and he said to John how pleasant it was to be brought near to those early times, when the name of the Blessed Virgin blossomed everywhere, like a lily-plant, in the footsteps of the missionaries.

When the passengers bound for Marquette had gone, the boys stood on deck watching the ominous clouds overhead. Every now and then a flash of lightning seemed to cleave the sky from east to west. The lake grew rougher, until the steamer seemed to be a mere toy tossed in giant hands.

John and Ferd, who had the utmost confidence in the boat and the captain, rather enjoyed the scene. After a time the rain fell literally in torrents, and the noise sounded like the clash of weapons. The boys went into the saloon, where a number of the passengers were assembled. Among these was a Canadian woman with several children. She seemed so terrified, as she stood listening to the thunderous noises around her, that Ferd longed to tell her that there was not so much danger as there seemed to be. He tried to speak to her; but she could not answer him, as she spoke no English. The children cried piteously; both John and Ferd felt very sorry for them. The steamer rocked and bounded on the waves. The distress of the woman and children became very piteous. Ferd suddenly thought of something. As the woman spoke French, no doubt she was a Catholic. John drew out his Rosary. The woman's eyes brightened, and she and the children and the boys made a little devotional group,—John saying the Rosary in English, and the woman and the children answering in French.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Story of an October Saint.

Neither will I conceal that which I received by the relation of those that are grave and of good credit.

In the time of the Goths an honorable young maid called Galla, daughter to Symmachus the Consul, was bestowed in marriage, whose husband, before the year came about, departed this life. Wherefore, straight upon the death of her husband, casting off her secular habit and attire, she rendered herself for the service of God to that nunnery which is by the church of the blessed Apostle St. Peter, where she lived for the space of many years in prayer and simplicity of heart, and bestowed alms plentifully upon needy and poor people.

At length, when Almighty God determined to bestow upon her an everlasting reward, He sent her a cancer in one of her breasts. Two candles she had usually in the night-time burning before her bed; for, loving light, she did not only hate spiritual darkness, but also corporal.

One night, lying sore afflicted with this her infirmity, she saw St. Peter standing before her bed, betwixt the two candlesticks; and being nothing afraid, but glad, love giving her courage, thus she spake unto him: "How is it, my lord? What! Are my sins forgiven me?" To whom (as he hath a most gracious countenance) he bowed down a little his head, and said: "Thy sins are forgiven thee; come and follow me."

But because there was another nun in the monastery which Galla loved more than the rest, she straightway besought him that good Sister Benedicta might go with her. To whom he answered that she could not then come, but another should; and "as for her," quoth he, "whom you now request, thirty days hence shall she follow you." And when he had thus said he instantly vanished out of her sight.

After whose departure Galla straightway called for the Mother of the convent and told her what she had seen and heard; and the third day following both she and the other before mentioned departed this life; and she also whose company Galla desired, the thirtieth day after did follow them.

The memory of which thing continueth still fresh in that monastery. So that the nuns which now live there (receiving it by tradition from their predecessors) can tell every little point thereof, as though they had been present at the time when the miracle happened.—*"The Dialogues of St. Gregory the Great." Old English Version.*

Anecdote of Sir Thomas More.

The Blessed Thomas More was one of the most incorruptible of public magistrates. When he was Lord Chancellor of England it became necessary for him on one occasion to give his decision in a very important lawsuit. A nobleman, whose interests were at stake, sent him two magnificent silver flagons for a gift, hoping for a decision in his own favor; but Sir Thomas, having them filled with the best wine in his cellar, returned them by the servant who had brought them, bidding him tell his master to send for more wine when that was gone.

THE AVE MARIA

TO THE HONOR OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

A MAGAZINE DEVOTED

HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.

Vol. XXIX.

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Life's Rosary.

BY THE REV. R. J. M'HUGH.

HOPING and toiling and grieving,
Midway 'twixt laughter and tears,
Day after day we are weaving
A wearisome chaplet of years.

Day after day, and the morrow
Seems so uncertain and far,
Whilst decades of Joy or of Sorrow
Embellish our labor or mar;—

Decades of Joy—when we labor,
With hearts that are steadfast and brave,
Our Saviour to honor, our neighbor
To cherish and comfort and save.

Decades of Sorrow—when zealous
For honors or power or pelf,
With hearts that are narrow and jealous
We labor untiring for self.

So with each day's little history
We add to our chaplet of years
A Joyful or Sorrowful Mystery,—
A decade of smiles or of tears.

God grant that when Life with its story
Of evil and good deeds is o'er,
We may join in the decades of Glory
With the angels and saints evermore!

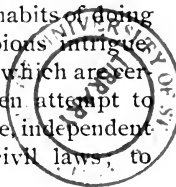
THE beasts of the field, created for earth, carry their heads downward, and go on all fours, looking always toward the ground; but man, created for heaven, standeth upright, that he may look heavenward, not downward, minding earthly things.—*Diego de Estella.*

St. Cyril and the Murder of Hypatia.

BY THE REV. REUBEN PARSONS, D. D.



FEW years ago the Rev. Charles Kingsley, an English writer of some reputation, saw fit to revive an ancient but often exploded calumny against one of God's saints. This author is a clergyman of the English Establishment, and being presumably as well as pretendedly a man of education, one would have expected from his pen at least a moderately appreciative treatment of the grand characters whom he selected to illustrate an important, though little understood, period of history. But, according to him, the great Patriarch of Alexandria "has gone to his own place. What that place is in history, is but too well known; what it is in the sight of Him unto whom all live forever, is no concern of ours. May He whose mercy is over all His works have mercy upon all, whether orthodox or unorthodox, Papist or Protestant, who, like Cyril, begin by lying for the cause of truth; and, setting off upon that evil road, arrive surely, with the Scribes and Pharisees of old, sooner or later, at their own place. True, he and his monks had conquered; but Hypatia did not die unavenged. In the hour of that unrighteous victory the Church of Alexandria received a deadly wound. It had admitted and sanctioned those habits of doing evil that good may come, of pious intrigues, and at last of open persecution, which are certain to creep in wheresoever men attempt to set up a merely religious empire, independent of human relationships and civil laws, to



establish, in short, a 'theocracy,' and by that very act confess a secret disbelief that God is ruling already."

Such was not the judgment of Kingsley's fellow-sectarian, Cave,* nor of the Lutheran, John Albert Fabricius,† than whom Protestants have produced no critics more erudite. But it is the opinion expressed by many Protestant polemics; for St. Cyril presided, in the name of the Roman Pontiff, at the Council of Ephesus (431), which confirmed to the Blessed Virgin the title of Mother of God. ‡ It is also the judgment of Voltaire and the entire school of incredulists; for St. Cyril triumphantly refuted the work of the Emperor Julian against Christianity.

In the early part of the fifth century the great city of Alexandria in Egypt was still nearly one-half pagan, and the Jewish population also was very large. No populace in the Empire was so turbulent and seditious, and therefore the emperors had invested the patriarchs with extensive civil authority, although the force at the prelates' disposal was not always sufficient to repress the disorders of

the mob. In the year 413 St. Cyril was raised to the patriarchate, and was almost immediately involved in difficulty with Orestes, the imperial prefect. Often he conjured this officer on the Gospels to put an end to his enmity for the good of the city.

At this time the chief school of pagan philosophy in Alexandria was taught by Hypatia, a beautiful woman, and of irreproachable morals. Among her hearers were many of the *élite* of paganism. The celebrated Synesius had been her pupil, and his letters show that, although he had become a Christian bishop in 410 he still gloried in her friendship. But her most important scholar was the Prefect Orestes. It is difficult to determine what was the religion of this man. He himself, on the occasion of an attack on his life by some monks from Mt. Nitria, had proclaimed his Christianity, but his general conduct would inspire doubt of his sincerity; and we may safely accept as probable the conjecture of the English novelist, that he was ready to renew the attempt of Julian the Apostate. The obstinacy of Orestes in refusing a reconciliation with their patriarch was ascribed by the whole Christian community to the influence of Hypatia; and one day in the Lent of 415 a number of *parabolani** and laics, led by one Peter the Reader and some Nitrian monks, fell upon the unfortunate philosopher as she was proceeding to her lecture hall, dragged her from her litter, hurried her to the great church of the Cæsareum, and there literally tore her to pieces.

Such, in a few words, is the substance of the account of this horrible event as given by the historian Socrates,† a writer contemporary with the great St. Cyril, and whom Kingsley professes to have scrupulously followed. But Socrates, hostile though he ever shows

* "Lit. Hist.," article "Cyrillus."

† "Bibl. Græca," pt. iv, b. 5.

‡ Writing to the clergy and people of Constantinople, Pope St. Celestine said: "We have deemed it proper that in so important a matter we ourselves should be in some sort present among you, and therefore we have appointed our brother Cyril as our representative." And, writing to St. Cyril, the Pontiff says: "You will proclaim this sentence by our authority, acting in our place by virtue of our power; so that if Nestorius, within ten days after his admonition, does not anathematize his impious doctrine, you will declare him deprived of communion with us, and you will at once provide for the needs of the Constantinopolitan Church." It is quite natural that Protestant polemics should be hostile to the memory of the great "Doctor of the Incarnation," who thus apostrophized the Blessed Virgin in the Council of Ephesus: "I salute thee, Mother of God, venerable treasure of the entire universe! I salute thee, who didst enclose the Immense, the Incomprehensible, in thy virginal womb! I salute thee, by whose means heaven triumphs, angels rejoice, demons are put to flight, the tempter is vanquished, the culpable creature is raised to heaven, a knowledge of truth is based on the ruins of idolatry! I salute thee, through whom all the churches of the earth have been founded, and all nations led to penance! I salute thee, in fine, by whom the only Son of God, the Light of the world, has enlightened those who were seated in the shadow of death! Can any man worthily laud the incomparable Mary?"

* These were an order of minor clerics, probably only tonsured, who were deputed to the service of the sick both in hospitals and at home. Their name was derived from their constant exposure to danger. The first mention of them in a public document occurs in an ordinance of Theodosius II., in 416; but they are here spoken of as having been in existence many years, and probably they were instituted in the time of Constantine. In course of time they became arrogant and seditious, and were finally abolished. At Alexandria they numbered six hundred, and were all appointed by the patriarch.

† "Hist. Eccl.," b. vii, § 15.

himself to the holy patriarch, does not once insinuate that this prelate was the instigator of the crime; while the Anglican minister does imply that charge, and openly lays all responsibility for the foul deed on St. Cyril.

Voltaire, the prince of incredulists, naturally gloats over one of the most delicious morsels ever furnished to his school. Having compared Hypatia to Madame Dacier, a learned classicist of his day, he asks us to imagine the French Carmelites contending that the poem of "Magdalen," composed in 1668 by Peter de Saint-Louis, one of their Order, was superior to the "Iliad" of Homer, and insisting that it is impious to prefer the work of a pagan to that of a religious. Let us fancy then, continues the Sage of Ferney, that the Archbishop of Paris takes the part of the Carmelites against the governor of the city, a partisan of Madame Dacier, who prefers Homer to F. Peter. Finally, let us suppose the Archbishop inciting the Carmelites to slaughter this beautiful woman in the Cathedral of Notre Dame. "Such precisely," concludes Voltaire, "is the history of Hypatia. She taught Homer and Plato in Alexandria during the reign of Theodosius II. St. Cyril unleashed the Christian populace against her, as we are told by Damascius and Suidas, and as is satisfactorily proved by the most learned moderns, such as Brucker, La Croze, Basnage, etc.)* And in another place † Voltaire dares to ask: "Can anything be more horrible or more cowardly than the conduct of the priests of this Bishop Cyril, whom Christians style St. Cyril? . . . His tonsured hounds, followed by a mob of fanatics, attack Hypatia in the street, drag her by the hair, stone and burn her, and Cyril the Holy utters not the slightest reprimand." Again: ‡ "This Cyril was ambitious, factious, turbulent, knavish, and cruel. . . . He caused his priests and diocesans to massacre the young Hypatia, so well known in the world of letters. . . . Cyril was jealous because of the prodigious attendance at the lectures of Hypatia, and he incited against

her the murderers who assassinated her. . . . Such was Cyril of whom they have made a saint." And as late as 1777, when the octogenarian cynic was already in the shadow of death, he wrote: "We know that St. Cyril caused the murder of Hypatia, the heroine of philosophy."*

Since such is the judgment expressed by Voltaire, at once the most shallow and most influential of all modern writers on historical matters, it is not strange that the masses have accepted the romance of Hypatia as recounted by most of those fosterers of shallowness, the encyclopædias and dictionaries of the day. Even in some of the least superficial of these presumed authorities, such as the "Nouvelle Biographie Générale" (Didot, 1858), and the "Grand Dictionnaire Encyclopédique du Dix-Neuvième Siècle" (1873), the accusation against St. Cyril is clearly put forth. In the former work we read the following from the pen of a celebrated writer: † "It is hard to believe that the hands of St. Cyril were not stained in this bloody tragedy. The historian Socrates, who gives its details, adds that the deed covered with infamy not only Cyril but the whole Church of Alexandria." In the latter we are told: "Hypatia was massacred by the Christian populace, at the instigation of St. Cyril. . . . According to Damascius, St. Cyril, passing one day before the residence of Hypatia, noted the crowd who were waiting to hear the daughter of Theon, and he thereupon conceived such jealousy of her fame that he resolved to procure the death of the noble and learned girl." ‡

* "L'Établissement du Christianisme," chap. 24, "Excès de Fanatisme."

† M. Aubé, in vol. xxv, p. 712.

‡ Vol. ix, p. 505 — Cantù does not touch the question of St. Cyril's responsibility for this crime. This is all that the great historian says concerning Hypatia: "Theon, a professor in Alexandria, commented on Euclid and Ptolemy, but became more famous on account of his beautiful daughter Hypatia. Taught mathematics by him, and perfected at Athens, she was invited to teach philosophy in her native city. She followed the eclectics, but based her system on the exact sciences, and introduced demonstrations into the speculative, thus reducing them to a more rigorous method than they had hitherto known. Bishop Synesius was her scholar, and always venerated her. Orestes, Prefect of Egypt, admired and loved her, and followed her counsels in his contest

* In his "Dictionnaire Philosophique"; article, "Hypatia."

† "Examen Important de Milord Bolingbroke," chap. 34, "Des Chrétiens jusqu'à Theodose."

‡ "Discours de Julien contre la Secte des Galiléens."

Voltaire tells us that the guilt of St. Cyril has been proved by the most learned men of the eighteenth century, "such as Brucker, La Croze, Basnage, etc., etc." Let us pass, with a doubting smile, this extravagant encomium on writers of very ordinary calibre, and see how these Protestant authorities arrive at their horrible conclusion. It is by adducing the testimony of Socrates, Suidas, Damascius, and Nicephorus Callixtus. But in vain do they call on Socrates. This historian, although very hostile to St. Cyril, as he constantly shows himself, and although his Novatianism* would render him very willing to incriminate an orthodox prelate, does not charge the holy patriarch with either the instigation or an approval of the murder. And, let it be noted, Philostorgius, also contemporary with Hypatia, and an historian of as much reliability as Socrates, narrates her death, but does not even mention the name of St. Cyril in connection with it, although, indeed, he inculpates the Catholics. The same may be said of Suidas. As for Nicephorus Callixtus, this schismatic author should not be brought forward in the matter, as he lived nine centuries after the event, and could know nothing whatever concerning it, unless from Socrates and Philostorgius. Furthermore, the best critics of every school tax this writer with a fondness for fables.

There remains, then, only Damascius, on whom Voltaire and his latest copyist, Kingsley, can rely for justification in their ghoulish task. But Damascius was a pagan, a declared enemy of Christianity, and it was the interest of his cause to besmirch the fair fame of

* This heresy was an outgrowth of the schism of Novatian, who, instigated by Novatus, a Carthaginian priest, tried to usurp the pontifical throne of St. Cornelius in 251. Its cardinal doctrine was that there were some sins which the Church can not forgive. It subsisted in the East until the seventh century, and in the West until the eighth.

with the fiery Archbishop, St. Cyril. It was said that it was owing to Hypatia's enthusiasm for paganism that Orestes became unfavorable to the Christians. Hence certain imprudent persons so excited the people against her that one day, while she was going to her school, she was dragged from her litter, stripped and killed, and her members thrown into the flames" ("Storia Universale," b. vii, c. 23. Edit. Ital. 10, Turin, 1862.)

Alexandria's patriarch. And of what value is his assertion, made a century and a half after the death of Hypatia, when compared with the silence of her contemporaries, Socrates and Philostorgius? Again, the very passage of Damascius adduced by the foes of St. Cyril betrays the shallowness of this author's information. He represents the patriarch as surprised at the numbers awaiting the coming forth of Hypatia, and as asking who it was that could attract such a concourse. Is it possible that St. Cyril, the best informed man in Alexandria concerning even its most trivial affairs, the all-powerful patriarch whose spies were everywhere (according to Kingsley), did not know the residence of the woman who disputed with him the intellectual empire of the city? And Damascius makes still more exorbitant demands on our credulity; for he gives us to understand that until St. Cyril saw that crowd of her enthusiastic disciples, he had not even heard a name which for years had been renowned in Egypt.

We are not writing a Life of St. Cyril, still less a hagiological essay; but we must remark that the general tenor of this prelate's career, his exhibition of constant zeal and virtue of a strikingly heroic character, which caused his enrolment among the canonized saints, would prevent us from supposing that he could ever have been a murderer. Of course, absolutely speaking, no metaphysical impossibility is involved in the supposition of Voltaire, Kingsley, etc.; but if it were accepted, we should expect to discover some trace of heroic repentance in the after-life of the patriarch. Now, in the remaining thirty years of his career, active and open to inspection though it was, we can find neither the slightest trace of such repentance nor even any avowal of the crime. But we need say no more. The charge is as gratuitous as it is malicious, and will thus be considered by all fair minds until at least one contemporary or quasi-contemporary authority can be adduced in its support.

—♦—

GOD keeps His holy mysteries
Just on the outside of man's dream;
In diapason slow we think
To hear their pinions rise and sink,
While they float pure beneath His eyes,
Like swans adown a stream.

—Mrs. Browning.

Ella's Sacrifice.

BY CLARA MULHOLLAND, AUTHOR OF "A BUNCH OF VIOLETS," "TWO LITTLE RUSTICS," ETC.

I.

BENEDICTION was over. The air was still heavy with incense, but the candles had been extinguished upon the altar, and the congregation was dispersing fast.

Within the Lady Chapel, her hands tightly clasped, her eyes, heavy with tears, raised in loving supplication toward the Virgin Mother, knelt Ella Morris. "In the midst of life we are in death." Such had been the text of the preacher; and to Ella, who in all her young life had hardly known a day's illness or an hour's pain, these words suddenly came as a word of warning. Death! She shuddered. How terrible to die—to leave the world and all its enjoyments and pleasures, young! And yet this was what it meant. "In the midst of life we are in death."

Ella bowed her head and prayed fervently. If it were God's will that she should live, she asked that she might be able to lead a holy, useful life; if she were to die soon, in her youth, when everything was bright and full of hope, that this awful, terrible fear might be allowed to pass from her heart, and that she might receive grace to enable her to submit with resignation to her fate. And presently a great peace came upon her. Our Lady seemed to smile reassuringly upon her, and she soon felt certain that, come what might, she would never be tried beyond her strength. So, drying her tears, she rose from her knees and passed quickly from the church.

On the steps sat a little girl of some ten years of age, wretchedly clad in a thin, scanty frock, an apron tattered and torn, and an old battered bonnet. Her face was pinched with cold, her hands were chapped and bleeding, and her teeth literally chattered in her head as she looked up imploringly at Ella.

"For God's sake give me something, Miss! My mother is dying, and we are all so hungry!"

The young girl paused and looked attentively at the child.

"Who is your mother?"

"Mrs. Glinn. Father was a 'Punch-an'-Judy'

man, but he's dead. Mother went round till she got ill, an' Bill an' me is too small for the perfession."

"Are you Catholics?"

"No; father was but mother's nothin'—leastways she never goes to church. She's too ill to go anywhere now."

"Where do you live?"

"Just round the corner"—pointing over her shoulder,—*"in Bright Street."*

"Bridget," said Ella, turning to a good-natured looking, elderly woman, an old servant who always accompanied her when she went out without her mother or sister, "I would like to buy some food and take it to this woman and her children. What do you say?"

"Just as you please, Miss. It is not very late. But we must not delay too long. I have work to do at home."

Ella smiled, and looked gratefully at Bridget.

"You are a good soul. I will not keep you very long. First we must buy some bread. Come, child."

"My name is Kitty."

"Well, Kitty, you must now show us the way to your home. But come in here."

And she led the way into a baker's shop, where she bought a loaf and some fresh buns. Kitty's eyes glistened, and when Ella handed her one for herself she seized it and ate it voraciously.

"Poor child! It is hard to realize that any one could be so hungry," thought Ella. "How little we, happy girls, in our own comfortable homes, think of the miserable lives that are being led so near us!"

Then Ella purchased some butter, a little tea and sugar, and a jug of milk, which she handed to Bridget to carry.

"That is all I can do. My purse is quite empty," she said. "So now, Kitty, you may lead us to your house."

With a light foot Kitty tripped along before them, and at a short distance turned down a very narrow alley, and, entering a low doorway, said to her companions:

"There is not much light, so just feel as you come up." And she led the way up a dark staircase.

When they came to the third flight Bridget paused. She was out of breath.

"Is this the place?" she asked, as a door opened and a small boy peeped out, staring with big, wondering eyes at the visitors.

"No," answered Kitty; "that's the Flanagan's. We are higher up."

So on they toiled up to the very top room. Ella tapped at the door, and a little shrill voice within said:

"We are locked in. Kitty has the key."

Kitty smiled, and drew a large heavy key from the bosom of her frock.

"I must lock them in," she explained, "or they'd be under the horses' feet. It's easier for mother when she knows they can't go out." Then she opened the door, and asked the two ladies to come in.

Ella could not repress a shudder of disgust as she entered the room and looked round. The atmosphere was close, and the air heavy with sickly smells. It was a miserable place, with a sloping ceiling and scarcely any furniture. On a bed in the corner lay a thin, emaciated figure, hollow-eyed and wasted. A boy of eight was nursing a baby of twelve months, whilst a mite of five or six sat playing with some pieces of broken china on the floor. There was no fire in the grate, though the weather was cold, so the children had wrapped themselves in some old shawls and mufflers. But their poor frocks and other clothing were threadbare and full of holes, and their little noses looked red and pinched as they turned round curiously to stare at the strangers.

"This kind lady has brought us some bread," Kitty whispered to Bill, as she took the baby from his arms in a motherly kind of way. "Sit down an' she'll give you some."

With tears in her eyes, Ella approached the poor woman on the bed, and, bending over her, asked how she felt.

"Weak and dying," was the reply, in a feeble, weary voice. "I bore up as long as I could, but I can do no more."

"You want food, I think," said the young girl, gently; and, raising the woman's head, she fed her with some bread and milk that Bridget had made ready in a cup.

"God bless you! You are an angel!" the poor creature cried, as her eyes rested on her children, seated at the table, eating the bread and buns that Ella had set before them. "I'll die happy now: they have found a friend."

"No, no," replied Ella; "you must not die. You must get well. With good food and a little care your strength will soon return. We will look after you now."

But as the girl walked home through the streets her sweet face was grave, and there was a look of anxiety and sorrow in her eyes.

"If I only had a little money, Bridget—even a few pounds,—I might really help that poor family," she said, sadly. "But I am in a poverty-stricken condition just now. That was the last penny of my allowance I spent upon that bread. I don't know what to do. I must talk to Sister Imelda to-morrow."

II.

As Ella entered her mother's pretty morning-room, her sister Laura ran to meet her.

"Such a delightful surprise as I have in store for you, Ella!" she cried. "Such a delicious piece of news!"

Ella smiled, and looked with much amusement at her sister's dancing eyes and glowing cheeks.

"What is it, dear?" she asked, gently.

"The Goldfinches are to give a ball next month, and—"

Ella's face fell.

"Oh! is that all?"

"No. But you need not look as if you did not care," said Laura, with something like a pout. "You know their balls are more enjoyable than any we go to."

"Yes, that is true. But still—"

"Well, perhaps you'll be pleased to hear that Aunt Constance called this morning and left us ten pounds each, so that we may get new dresses."

"Oh, really! Is it possible?" Ella sank into a chair and looked incredulously at Laura. "Ten pounds to do just what we like with?"

"She said we were to buy new dresses, but I suppose we might do something else with the money if we liked. However, there can hardly be two opinions about the matter. Our frocks are shabby, and we have spent all our quarter's allowance. So, of course, there is only one thing to do with it. I shall get a sweet dress—pure white; a satin slip covered with layers of white soft, fluffy tulle; a *moire* body; sprays of lilies of the valley upon the skirt, and prettily mixed in amongst the folds round the neck. What will you get?"

But Ella's thoughts were far away. She had heard nothing of Laura's glowing description or question, and so she made no reply.

"How strange you are! You look as if you had seen a ghost!" cried Laura, impatiently. "I never saw you like this before. However, I will not interfere with your meditations." And she flounced out of the room.

A little later Mrs. Morris came in, and was surprised to find her younger daughter sitting there alone, wearing her hat and jacket.

"Why, my darling, how late you are! You will not be in time for dinner. Run away now and get ready."

Ella raised her brown eyes, full of deep feeling, to her mother's face.

"Mother, advise me. Aunt Constance has given us ten pounds each for a new ball-dress. May I—am I—at liberty to use it as I please?"

"Certainly. But," smiling, "to what mysterious purpose do you propose to put it?"

"I have no secrets from you, mother. I wish to help—to save a poor woman and her three small children." And she told the story of Kitty and her family.

"It is a good object, dear; and we must consider what can be done for these poor people. But I don't think you are called upon to sacrifice your ten pounds."

"But I may do as I please?"

"Yes, Ella; but you must be careful. It is not wise to give money indiscriminately to the poor. And I want my daughter to look nice at this ball. It will be a very smart affair, and—"

Ella put her arms round her mother's neck and pressed her lips to hers.

"Do not say any more, dearie. Something urges me to give this up. I have a strong reason for wishing to make this sacrifice. I would like a new dress very much, but I am more anxious to help this poor family."

"I do not like to oppose you, Ella," said Mrs. Morris, sighing. "But we'll talk it over again. Go now and get ready for dinner."

At the next consultation Ella gained her point. Mrs. Morris could not take it upon herself to forbid her daughter's making this sacrifice for the good of the poor. It was a generous, a noble act of self-denial on the girl's part, and she felt bound to allow her to do as she pleased. She and her husband were wealthy people, and she would gladly have

allowed Ella to use her aunt's gift as she chose, and have supplied her with a pretty, fresh ball-dress out of her own pocket. But this Mr. Morris would not permit. He gave his daughters a yearly allowance, sufficient in his eyes to cover all their wants, whether of dress or pocket-money. How or when they spent their eighty pounds, which were paid punctually, in quarterly instalments, he never inquired, but beyond that sum he would not go. And his wife was under strict orders never to make up deficiencies, or help them to make expensive purchases. Presents from aunts or uncles he could not, of course, prohibit, but he discouraged them; and so, although the girls had many rich, indulgent friends, such gifts were rare. In an ordinary way, Ella and her sister had as much money as they required. Laura, it is true, was frequently in debt, and squandered more than was necessary on ribbons and gloves; but Ella was tolerably careful, and seldom exceeded her allowance. She was a kind-hearted, gentle girl, beloved by all who knew her, and a favorite in society, where her golden hair, brown eyes, and graceful figure were much admired.

And in her beautiful home, surrounded by every luxury, blest with the affection of a kind father, an indulgent mother, and a loving sister, Ella led a happy, innocent life. She had been well and carefully brought up, and in the midst of gaiety and pleasure could not be said to neglect the practice of her religion; for she was constant in her attendance at Mass, and went regularly to confession and Holy Communion. But here, like so many girls of her station, her duties seemed to end. Her days were spent lightly,—in visiting her friends, shopping, chatting and gossiping. Her evenings were passed at the theatre, in the ball-room, or listlessly reading the latest novel. Work had no part in her existence. There was nothing for her to do. Her mother's house was well ordered and carefully regulated. There was a well-drilled staff of servants, and the young ladies took no part in the housekeeping.

So Ella amused herself as she could, not feeling bound to go forth in search of occupation. But suddenly, upon the evening that our story begins, as she sat before the altar and listened to the words, "In the midst of

life we are in death," the scales seemed to drop from her eyes, and she realized for the first time what a useless, selfish life she was living. "If death were to come to me now," she asked herself, "what have I to offer at the throne of God? What have I ever done for Him who suffered and died upon the Cross that I might enter the kingdom of heaven? Nothing! alas, nothing!" "And," continued the preacher, "Thomas à Kempis says, 'many die suddenly and unprovidedly; for the Son of man will come at the hour when He is not looked for.'" Ella shivered at the thought, and there and then she offered her life, her mind, her heart to God, resolving from this hour to work in some way for Him, and to change, as far as possible, her frivolous, useless mode of existence.

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Stella Matutina; or, A Poet's Quest.

BY EDMUND OF THE HEART OF MARY, C.P.

XI.

THIRCE blesséd hour that gave him "Welcome Home"

(Of all remember'd moments dearer none)!

When knelt the poet to sweet Mistress Rome,
His new faith learnt, his anxious journey done.
For him a fresh existence had begun:

He seem'd to stand on some enchanted shore,
Where life had other meaning than the one

So thought-confusing he had known before,
And bred a sense of peace that grew from more
to more.

He read again the pages lov'd of old,
The Sacred Volume—now indeed Divine.
Oh, how harmonious now the tale they told!
With what clear depths he saw the waters shine!
And ever through them, to his raptur'd eyne,
Look'd queenfully the mirror'd Star of Morn—
Since first, o'er sad farewells of palm and pine,
She rose on forfeit Eden's Pair forlorn,
To when, mid angels' song, the Saviour-Child was
born.

How new seem'd Bethlehem's story! Newer still
The lore that crowns more favor'd Nazareth—
Where, at the "Fiat" of His Handmaid's will,
Th' Incomprehensible took bonds of breath!
And, after, "subject" dwelt, the Evangel saith,

To Mary and to Joseph—yet their God!

Born to "become obedient unto death,"
Ev'n then, in that dear home, the path He trod
Which led to Golgotha's Blood-consecrated sod!

"For me, then, this obedience; and for me
The pattern, first and last!" the poet cried.
"In the soul's Nazareth let me dwell with thee,
O Blessèd Mother! Keep me by thy side.
And since I must, like Him, be crucified,
Come with me as I bear my cross, and take
The place where thou didst stand when Jesus
died.

'To me to live is Christ,' so thou but make
My rescued years thy care and guard them for
His sake."

Our Lady smiled; and gently led him on
Up to an altar, where a bride, arrayed
In spotless white—Saint Joseph and Saint John
On either hand—was waiting. Then She said:
"If thou dost love me, prove it undismay'd.
Receive my daughter for thy sister-spouse—
Herself a virgin-mother. Thou hast pray'd
To serve me with thy life. Here plight thy vows.
And trust me for the wreath shall grace my poet's
brows."

Marienthal.

BY THE COMTESSE DE COURSON.

AMONG the many tourists from all parts of
the world who wander every year through
the fair Rhine country, few diverge sufficiently
from the beaten track to explore the lonely
though lovely valleys hidden away among the
forests of the Taunus range. Yet a ramble
among these picturesque spots has its charms,
and to the Catholic tourist we can recom-
mend a pilgrimage to Marienthal as com-
bining the pleasure derived from beautiful
scenery with the deeper charm surrounding
those holy places that the Blessed Virgin has
made her own.

Leaving the train at Geisenheim, a small
station on the Rhine, the traveller takes a
path to the right, and at every step a Calvary,
a statue of Our Lady, a pious inscription
(some of them nearly two centuries old), re-
mind him that he has entered the Catholic
portion of the Duchy of Nassau, now annexed
to Prussia. An hour's walk over vine-clad
hills, with every now and then a glimpse of

the dark forest on the one side and the majestic Rhine on the other, brings him to the summit of a hill, whence Mary's valley opens before his eyes. Below him lies the church, lifting its spire to the dark blue sky; close by, the plain, whitewashed Capuchin Convent; farther off, the primitive little inn; while on every side extend green woods, beyond which are the loftier summits of the Taunus mountains.

Over six hundred years ago, at the end of the thirteenth century, a magnificent tree rose on the spot where the church now stands, and among its branches the pious hand of some unknown client of Mary placed a roughly carved wooden image, representing the Queen of Heaven bearing in her arms, not the smiling Babe of Bethlehem, but the disfigured and suffering form of the Man of Sorrows. By degrees the woodmen of the forest and peasants from the neighboring villages came to pray before the primitive shrine, and it was currently reported amongst them that through this pious practice many special graces were obtained.

In 1309 a poor laborer of the country was suddenly afflicted with total blindness. In his despair he bethought himself of the image before which, in happier days, he had often knelt on his way to and from the forest. Hastening to the spot, he fell upon his knees and poured out his soul in one of those ardent supplications that, as it were, take Heaven by storm. He prayed on and on, and we may fancy how those who loved him knelt around, anxious and trembling, their simple faith making them, nevertheless, hope all things from Christ's mighty Mother. At last a cry of joy burst forth from the supplicant: his dim and sightless eyes once more beamed with joy inexpressible,—once more he saw the blue sky, the green forest, the faces of his beloved ones. The miracle wrought by our Blessed Lord twelve centuries before, in the plains of Galilee, had been repeated in his favor through Mary's intercession.

From that day we may imagine how devotion to the little shrine increased and spread through the Rhine country. A church was built on the site of the old tree, and the valley took the name of its Queen and Patroness, whose powerful intercession was sought by pilgrims from far and wide. Throughout the

wars and calamities of those troubled times countless anxious hearts came to lay their necessities at Our Lady's feet, and none ever left the green shades of Marienthal without carrying away either a favorable answer to their ardent prayers or strength to bear life's burdens bravely to the end.

As years passed on the pilgrimage acquired new celebrity and importance, and at length it was entrusted to the Fathers of the Society of Jesus, whose Order, by a special dispensation of Providence, was founded at a moment when the Church, attacked by Luther and his followers, needed fresh recruits to fight her battles. Devotion to Mary was one of the legacies bequeathed to his sons by the soldier-saint of Loyola, and under their filial care Marienthal and its holy shrine entered upon a new era of prosperity and peace, which continued till the suppression of the Society at the end of the last century. Then, for the first time since its foundation, the pilgrimage that had survived the terrible political and religious troubles of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries passed through a period of utter desolation and neglect. For fifty years the church remained abandoned and unroofed, and though, perchance, during the bloody wars that raged throughout the country in Napoleon's time, some anxious hearts may have sought comfort beneath its half-ruined walls, all outward pomp had departed from the once flourishing shrine.

At last more peaceful days dawned for Germany, and at Marienthal the sons of St. Francis came to take up the mission that the children of St. Ignatius had so faithfully fulfilled. The old church was restored; pilgrims from far and wide flocked once more to Mary's altar; the sound of hymns again echoed through the long silent valley. But unbroken peace is not the lot of God's Church here below. Only a few years ago the tyrannical laws of the Kulturkampf banished all religious orders from Germany, and the Capuchin Fathers had to leave. Many of them then sought refuge in America; but three years ago the storm abated, and they have now resumed their post as the devoted guardians of Mary's sanctuary.

It was from the lips of one of these good Fathers that we heard the story of Marienthal,

life we are in death," the scales seemed to drop from her eyes, and she realized for the first time what a useless, selfish life she was living. "If death were to come to me now," she asked herself, "what have I to offer at the throne of God? What have I ever done for Him who suffered and died upon the Cross that I might enter the kingdom of heaven? Nothing! alas, nothing!" "And," continued the preacher, "Thomas à Kempis says, 'many die suddenly and unprovidedly; for the Son of man will come at the hour when He is not looked for.'" Ella shivered at the thought, and there and then she offered her life, her mind, her heart to God, resolving from this hour to work in some way for Him, and to change, as far as possible, her frivolous, useless mode of existence.

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To Mary and to Joseph—yet their God!

Born to "become obedient unto death,"
Ev'n then, in that dear home, the path He trod
Which led to Golgotha's Blood-consecrated sod!

"For me, then, this obedience; and for me
The pattern, first and last!" the poet cried.
"In the soul's Nazareth let me dwell with thee,
O Blessed Mother! Keep me by thy side.
And since I must, like Him, be crucified,
Come with me as I bear my cross, and take
The place where thou didst stand when Jesus
died.

'To me to live is Christ,' so thou but make
My rescued years thy care and guard them for
His sake."

Our Lady smiled; and gently led him on
Up to an altar, where a bride, arrayed
In spotless white—Saint Joseph and Saint John
On either hand—was waiting. Then She said:
"If thou dost love me, prove it undismay'd.
Receive my daughter for thy sister-spouse—
Herself a virgin-mother. Thou hast pray'd
To serve me with thy life. Here plight thy vows,
And trust me for the wreath shall grace my poet's
brows."

Marienthal.

BY THE COMTESSE DE COURSON.

AMONG the many tourists from all parts of
the world who wander every year through
the fair Rhine country, few diverge sufficiently
from the beaten track to explore the lonely
though lovely valleys hidden away among the
forests of the Taunus range. Yet a ramble
among these picturesque spots has its charms,
and to the Catholic tourist we can recom-
mend a pilgrimage to Marienthal as combin-
ing the pleasure derived from beautiful
scenery with the deeper charm surrounding
those holy places that the Blessed Virgin has
made her own.

Leaving the train at Geisenheim, a small
station on the Rhine, the traveller takes a
path to the right, and at every step a Calvary,
a statue of Our Lady, a pious inscription
(some of them nearly two centuries old), re-
mind him that he has entered the Catholic
portion of the Duchy of Nassau, now annexed
to Prussia. An hour's walk over vine-clad
hills, with every now and then a glimpse of

the dark forest on the one side and the majestic Rhine on the other, brings him to the summit of a hill, whence Mary's valley opens before his eyes. Below him lies the church, lifting its spire to the dark blue sky; close by, the plain, whitewashed Capuchin Convent; farther off, the primitive little inn; while on every side extend green woods, beyond which are the loftier summits of the Taunus mountains.

Over six hundred years ago, at the end of the thirteenth century, a magnificent tree rose on the spot where the church now stands, and among its branches the pious hand of some unknown client of Mary placed a roughly carved wooden image, representing the Queen of Heaven bearing in her arms, not the smiling Babe of Bethlehem, but the disfigured and suffering form of the Man of Sorrows. By degrees the woodmen of the forest and peasants from the neighboring villages came to pray before the primitive shrine, and it was currently reported amongst them that through this pious practice many special graces were obtained.

In 1309 a poor laborer of the country was suddenly afflicted with total blindness. In his despair he bethought himself of the image before which, in happier days, he had often knelt on his way to and from the forest. Hastening to the spot, he fell upon his knees and poured out his soul in one of those ardent supplications that, as it were, take Heaven by storm. He prayed on and on, and we may fancy how those who loved him knelt around, anxious and trembling, their simple faith making them, nevertheless, hope all things from Christ's mighty Mother. At last a cry of joy burst forth from the supplicant: his dim and sightless eyes once more beamed with joy inexpressible,—once more he saw the blue sky, the green forest, the faces of his beloved ones. The miracle wrought by our Blessed Lord twelve centuries before, in the plains of Galilee, had been repeated in his favor through Mary's intercession.

From that day we may imagine how devotion to the little shrine increased and spread through the Rhine country. A church was built on the site of the old tree, and the valley took the name of its Queen and Patroness, whose powerful intercession was sought by pilgrims from far and wide. Throughout the

wars and calamities of those troubled times countless anxious hearts came to lay their necessities at Our Lady's feet, and none ever left the green shades of Marienthal without carrying away either a favorable answer to their ardent prayers or strength to bear life's burdens bravely to the end.

As years passed on the pilgrimage acquired new celebrity and importance, and at length it was entrusted to the Fathers of the Society of Jesus, whose Order, by a special dispensation of Providence, was founded at a moment when the Church, attacked by Luther and his followers, needed fresh recruits to fight her battles. Devotion to Mary was one of the legacies bequeathed to his sons by the soldier-saint of Loyola, and under their filial care Marienthal and its holy shrine entered upon a new era of prosperity and peace, which continued till the suppression of the Society at the end of the last century. Then, for the first time since its foundation, the pilgrimage that had survived the terrible political and religious troubles of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries passed through a period of utter desolation and neglect. For fifty years the church remained abandoned and unroofed, and though, perchance, during the bloody wars that raged throughout the country in Napoleon's time, some anxious hearts may have sought comfort beneath its half-ruined walls, all outward pomp had departed from the once flourishing shrine.

At last more peaceful days dawned for Germany, and at Marienthal the sons of St. Francis came to take up the mission that the children of St. Ignatius had so faithfully fulfilled. The old church was restored; pilgrims from far and wide flocked once more to Mary's altar; the sound of hymns again echoed through the long silent valley. But unbroken peace is not the lot of God's Church here below. Only a few years ago the tyrannical laws of the Kulturkampf banished all religious orders from Germany, and the Capuchin Fathers had to leave. Many of them then sought refuge in America; but three years ago the storm abated, and they have now resumed their post as the devoted guardians of Mary's sanctuary.

It was from the lips of one of these good Fathers that we heard the story of Marienthal,

and under his guidance we visited the little church, which is now being decorated afresh, but whose old doorway, with its quaintly carved figures, still remains, a venerable relic of the past. How many weary steps and anxious hearts have passed under that old stone door during the last five hundred years,—steps that have turned away lightened and hearts that have been comforted after a station before the holy image, which is now kept in a little side chapel and enveloped, German and Italian fashion, in an embroidered dress and veil!

On week-days nothing can exceed the intense quiet of the place; the reverent step of a solitary pilgrim within the church, and without the song of the birds among the green woods, alone break the silence. But on Saturday evenings the scene changes, as large bands of pilgrims come flocking in from the neighboring country; for all through the Rheingau the Holy Virgin of Marienthal is invoked in every spiritual and temporal necessity. Those of the pilgrims who can not find room in the little inn spend the night in the church, and from dawn till dusk on Sunday the valley echoes with the sound of their hymns and prayers.

Opposite to the church is the convent; to the left, facing the church, extends a narrow meadow of emerald green, watered by a little stream, and surrounded by woods, a portion of which belongs to Prince Metternich, whose famous vineyards of Johannisberg are at no great distance. Indeed the meadow itself, around which are built fourteen small chapels in remembrance of the Fourteen Stations of the Cross, was given to Marienthal by the famous statesman, father to the present Prince.

Around this favored spot, Mary's special kingdom, breathes an atmosphere of calmness, freshness, and peace; it would seem as though the noise and turmoil of the world died away at the entrance of the holy valley. So at least thought the pilgrims, who, after praying before the venerable image, wandered round the valley in the soft light of a summer evening; and even now, when far away, amidst frets and cares such as cross even the happiest and most favored lives, there comes upon them, as a memory fraught with restful sweetness, the remembrance of Marienthal.

Harry Considine's Fortunes.

BY NUGENT ROBINSON.

CHAPTER XVI.—“PALLIDA MORS.”

AS the good ship *Britannic* slowed up to her dock in the North River on a glorious, sunshiny morning, the sky a brilliant turquoise, among the little band of persons congregated to welcome the travellers by sea was a white-haired ecclesiastic and a very charming-looking young girl, who clung to his arm as she craned forward to gain a better view of the approaching floating palace.

“I see him!” she suddenly cried. “There he is in the gray frieze ulster. Wave your handkerchief, Father! wave your handkerchief! He doesn't see us. He doesn't know us.”

The tall, stalwart figure in the Irish frieze was Harry Considine, the priest was Father Luke Byrne, the lady Miss Caroline Esmonde.

When Considine perceived them, he could hardly believe his eyes. He had imagined them in Chicago, and wondered if by any chance he should meet Father Luke. As to Miss Esmonde, he did not even hope to see *her*.

The greetings were of the most affectionate kind. Father Byrne embraced Harry, blessing him with quivering lips.

“My father is better, thanks be to the good God!” exclaimed Miss Esmonde; “much better. He was ordered sea-air, and I have him down at Far Rockaway. Oh, isn't it a special grace from God to have Father Luke here to bring my poor darling back to the practice of his religion,—he who had wandered so far from the true light?”

“He is being nursed with the most devoted care,” said the priest. “His recovery, with the help of the Most High, is certain. He was an awful object, though, when we first saw him. To-day he is greatly changed for the better.”

And then came questionings about the dear ones at home,—the little church; Mrs. Moriarty; Tim this, Joe that, and Phil the other.

Father Byrne was enchanted with New Ireland, with the people, the institutions, etc.

“I came across your friends the Molloyes in Minnesota, Harry. They are in clover. The daughter is one of the nicest and most sensible girls I ever met.”

"Is it Emma you mean?" asked Considine, in great astonishment.

"Yes, Harry. She's already the life and soul and mainspring of the farm."

"This *is* news, Father Luke. What about Gerald? Is he—"

"He's here in New York. I have his address. He's going to settle here."

Harry was brought next to Far Rockaway, to a very comfortable little hotel, where the party were stopping—the United States. On the piazza, inhaling the fresh breezes from the Atlantic, sat Mr. Esmonde, gaunt and hollow-eyed, but singularly improved in appearance. He welcomed Harry with dignified ease, and spoke with tears coursing down his cheeks of his daughter's devotion.

"I hope to live to repay it. I have been a wicked and wanton sinner. But God is merciful to those who repent. I hope for mercy."

"Amen!" said Father Byrne.

Harry found Gerald Molloy at a cheap lodging-house on Third Avenue.

"Your head is level, Harry," said Molloy, after a rapturous meeting,—*"your head is extra level in coming out here. This is a country of opportunity, and this city is the centre of it. You can live here as cheap as you like or as expensively as you please. I breakfast for ten cents (fippence), dine for twenty-five (a shilling), and sup for ten,—making forty-five cents in all per diem. And good, wholesome food, mind you. I'll hitch you on to it. I could have stayed out with Peter Daly, but I wish to be independent. I think I've got a right grip. You see, I've quite got into the run of American expressions, and aren't they expressive! Well, sir, I met a queer chap on the front platform of a Third Avenue car last Sunday. He is an Englishman by the name of Raster,—a six-foot-two, lathy sort of fellow. He has invented a new fire-escape, and wants some pushing agents, to whom he gives a dollar for every escape sold. It sells at five dollars. We are always having terrible fires in New York, and you've only to go out after a fire and peddle your escapes to find people crying for them. After a fire on Tuesday last in a French flat house, where two ladies were burned, I sold ten escapes in French flat houses alone. I made eighteen*

dollars last week. Just think of it! I'll introduce you to Mr. Raster. He's clever and nice."

Gerald talked like a sewing-machine, and after a while asked tenderly about Jane Ryan. Harry could, of course, tell him nothing.

"Miss Esmonde is a glorious girl, Harry!" cried Gerald. "I've seen a lot of her the last few days, and she'd be a whole fortune to a man. Looks after that hideous skeleton, her father, as if he were a living white man. I wonder if the money she gets from the Ryan house is in her own right. Can you tell me anything about it, Harry?"

"I can not," was Harry's gruff reply.

Considine went to reside at the same house as Gerald, rooming with him. He was duly presented to Mr. Raster, a tall, thin, cheerful man of thirty-five, who at once appointed him to an agency for the fire-escapes on the same commission as Molloy. Unluckily for Harry, there were no sensational fires, or indeed no fires of any account whatever; so that after a week's weary trudging around the flats, and highest buildings in New York, climbing miles of stairs, he failed to sell as much as one escape, while the rudeness which he experienced from almost every person whom he solicited brought the hot blood of mortification to his very ears.

"No more escapes for *me*, Gerald!" he said at the expiration of the week. "I'll look for a situation in a tobacco house."

He put an advertisement in the papers, and received half a dozen replies. On presenting himself to the first on the list, he found that he would be required to wink at the "underground railway," or, in other words, to go in for smuggling. This he indignantly refused to listen to. The next party to whom he presented himself asked if he could roll cabbage so as to resemble tobacco leaf. A third wanted him to lodge \$250 to learn the business, eventually coming down by easy gradations to \$10. A fourth asked what connexion he could bring; a fifth if he could speak Spanish, and pass as the owner of a Cuban plantation. The sixth required a book-keeper, and offered Harry \$5 a week. Thinking five dollars a week better than nothing, after consulting with Father Luke, he accepted the position and entered upon his duties. He had not been in the place an hour until his ears became shocked

by the most hideous blasphemies on the part of the proprietor; and when Harry remonstrated firmly, as became a soldier of Christ, he was what his employer facetiously termed, while relating the joke to a kindred spirit, "fired out,—bounced like a baseball."

Harry was now thrown out of employment, and became one of that pitiful band of foreigners who come to our shores to seek their fortunes, and for whom Hope gilds every morning with a rosy smile, that, alas! too often ere sunset turns to a tearful one. He was the welcome and honored guest at Far Rockaway, but the round trip cost seventy-five cents; and, save on Sunday, he denied himself the luxury of even seeing dear Father Luke, whose whole soul was now engaged in bringing back to the bosom of the true Church the poor wandering sinner Esmonde, over whom the devil of unbelief still held a sort of grip.

One day a chill struck Mr. Esmonde, and with the chill came the hour that is to come for us all. Feeling that he was dying, he asked Father Luke to receive him into the Church; and the penitent—for penitent he was at the eleventh hour—became reconciled to God, and died with the beautiful faith of a little child.

"I do believe," said Father Luke, "that the good God sent me across the ocean to save this poor soul."

Mr. Esmonde was conscious to the last.

"I have some mining shares," he said, "in the Santa Rita Mine in Mexico. A thousand. I got them in a gambling debt, but I could not raise a drink on them. Mexico is coming to the front now, and some day they might become valuable. They are lodged with James O'Brien, of State Street, Chicago. You will find his receipt in my old pocket-book. If they turn out anything, I want my daughter to have eight hundred, the other two hundred to go for Masses for my soul."

And neither did Father Luke nor the sorrow-stricken daughter know that the shares of the Santa Rita Mine were even then at an enormous premium, and going up all the time.

A week after the remains of her father had been consigned to their mother earth, Caroline Esmonde, with Father Luke Byrne, was on the wide Atlantic, bound for dear old Ireland.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Monarch's Gift.

BY M. A.

IN early days of Germany,
While still the faith was young,
While yet the name of Boniface
Throughout the kingdom rung;
Then valiant Siegbert ruled the land,
Renowned for deeds of fame,
And many a hostile warrior chief
Trembled at Siegbert's name.
And yet, with all his love of power,
With all his warlike pride,
Faith dawned at last upon his soul,—
Faith in the Crucified.
Oh, then internal war arose,
His heart the battle-field;
If Faith the conqueror shall be,
His iron will must yield.
Nature and Grace for mastery strove,
As they so oft had done;
And Grace triumphant gained the day—
Her victory was won.
King Siegbert loved a Christian maid;
In all the country side
None could exceed in loveliness
The monarch's chosen bride.
But gold, nor rank, nor monarch's love,
Could tempt her heart to stray
From Him to whom 'twas wholly given
On her baptismal day.
To guard the treasure of her love,
Where none might claim a share,
She sought the holy convent walls,
And found a shelter there.
King Siegbert followed in her steps,
In wrath and wounded pride,
Attended by his royal guards,
Once more to claim his bride;
And, entering the sacred place,
He found her kneeling there,—
Before the altar bending low,
Hands clasped in fervent prayer.
He paused, and for a moment gazed
With stern and troubled mien,
And then, approaching, firmly said:
"I come to claim my queen.
Not here the place for audience,
Come forth with me aside;
I bring thee royal wedding gifts,
Befitting Siegbert's bride."
He took her hand and led her forth
From altar shrine away;
She seemed as if to marble changed,
Save for her eyes' pure ray.

He clad her in a silken robe
 White as the mountain snow;
 Beneath a veil of Orient lace
 Her golden tresses flow;
 A crown of gold and precious gems
 He placed upon her head;
 One moment sorrowfully gazed
 Upon her face, then said:
 "If mortal man had won thy love
 And claimed thee for his bride,
 That treason I would not have borne,—
 He at my feet had died.
 But all too pure for earthly love,
 Thy maiden heart was given
 To Him alone who reigns above,
 The sovereign Lord of Heaven.
 As He desires the sacrifice
 Of dearest earthly things,
 I yield thee, peerless as thou art,
 Unto the King of kings."
 He led her to the altar's foot,
 Then turned and strode away,—
 It was a noble offering
 That Siegbert made that day.

Benjamin Herder and His Work.*

I.

FOR eighteen years Catholics, especially in Germany, have been accustomed to see on the title-page of books and pamphlets the name of Benjamin Herder,—a name, it is true, not famous in the public annals of the century, but which nevertheless has gone forth with thousands of publications in a quiet, unassuming manner, thus rendering it a familiar household word to many Catholics.

He is known to every child through his Bible histories and periodicals for the young, while those of riper years have found in his excellent text-books and entertaining style sources of much profit and pleasure. Like that of Alban Stolz, the name of Herder has penetrated into the most remote mountain huts and isolated hamlets. His Church Lexicon of Wetzer & Welte introduced him to educated Europe. Many of his works have found translators in the principal languages, causing him to be known in all parts of the civilized globe.

Catholic Germany was plunged in mourning when the death of Benjamin Herder was an-

nounced as having taken place on November 10, 1888. While the millions to whom his name is so familiar were not personally acquainted with him, the Catholic *savants* and standard writers of Germany were unanimous in their conviction that by his decease the Church had suffered an almost irreparable loss. The gratitude of thousands accompanied him to the grave, and the work to which he so generously devoted his life will itself be a perpetual monument to his fame.

Nowadays material profit seems to be the principal aim of the public press. One class of publishers cater to the ever-growing appetite for light literature, at the same time ostensibly lamenting the perverted public taste which they are feeding and encouraging. A second class seem to consider literary work a mere mechanical performance—quantity not quality being their *desideratum* on all occasions. A third, rapidly increasing, develop and foster by their publications the socialistic tendencies gaining ground every day, thus widening the already open breach between capital and labor.

Hitherto only a small portion of German literature has been affected by this spirit, but the breath of materialism is gradually spreading its contagion. While deploring this evil, it is a source of great consolation to find a man who ever remained untouched by the irreligious spirit of the times, holding his business capacity and profit subservient to the highest and noblest aims, thus rendering incalculable services to the Church and humanity.

The history of the foundation of Herder's establishment dates from the beginning of the present century, at which time the German Empire, under the shock of the Revolution, fell into irreparable disorder, and charitable and religious institutions became extinct, weakening in their fall the influence of centuries of culture. Catholic literature became contaminated by the theories of the Revolution, and Protestantism was elated over its supposed victory in the decline of Catholic ascendancy and organization in Germany. Without consulting either Pope or council, the Baron of Weissenberg, Vicar-General of Constance, abolished feasts and vigils, dispensed from solemn vows, and introduced the use of the German language in all religious functions.

* *Stimmen aus Maria Laach*. Adapted.

Through these disastrous abuses—misnamed reforms, which would eventually have led to entire Protestantism,—the diocese was filled with such confusion that on the 23d of July, 1811, the Protestant King of Wurtemberg was compelled to use his authority for the preservation of the Latin language in the service of the Church, as also for retaining the original liturgy.

Strange to relate, it was in this cradle of Weissenberg's "Enlightened Catholicism" that the publishing house came into existence which was in the future to be so closely identified with genuine Catholic literature. Here Bartholomew Herder founded the house, which was subsequently removed to Constance; not until the year 1810 was it permanently located at Freiburg in Breisgau.

Although Herder was a staunch Catholic, he had been reared in that period of revolutionary thought which affected even the clergy; thus the idea had never occurred to him of impressing any character upon his work foreign to the spirit of the great Vicar-General. In Freiburg he conducted his operations as best suited his convictions until his death in the year 1839.

The catalogue of this firm for the first four decades of the century enumerates a great variety of works—legal, medical, philosophical and theological; publications of the day, school-books, prayer-books, and other religious publications. Among the names in this catalogue we find those of Pichler, Pohl, Küninl, Hassler, and Hug.

Rotteck's "Allgemeine Weltgeschichte" may be considered one of the most important of Herder's publications. Simultaneous with this appeared the celebrated panegyric which was delivered by him in the metropolitan church of Freiburg, at the obsequies of Jacobi, on the 16th of November, 1814. It may be of interest to the reader to note the parallel which Weber drew between Rotteck's "History of the World" and Janssen's "History of the German People":

"Rotteck's History was at one time considered the Gospel of the educated middle classes, and had a circulation which far exceeded Janssen's work, exerting a powerful influence on the public mind, and encouraging liberal views on religious and biblical ques-

tions,—being the outpouring of a free soul speaking heart to heart. . . . Janssen's History will scarcely reach so long a duration of life as Rotteck's, as it is the production of the Kulturkampf, and is infected with a certain servile, clerical spirit."

Strange fact that both works, though at different periods, should have been issued by the same publisher. Who among German Catholics would now speak of them as good Herr Weber did? That Bartholomew Herder saw no cause of complaint against Rotteck's work is satisfactorily explained by the situation at the time. The old, liberal-minded school numbered many honest, upright men, who had never been thoroughly acquainted with the constitution of the Church, and who were consequently unable to overcome the prejudices of their age. Business men are less to be blamed for errors of this kind than *savants*, for study leads to truth.

About this time the fame of Herder's house increased by reason of its extensive undertakings in cartography, and especially the official charts of the river Rhine, which were of incalculable service to the German army in 1870-1871. Through Von Moltke they issued the Turkish maps, to which were added Worl's atlases of Central Europe, South Western Germany, and the country around the Alps. These publications made the firm widely known and respected.

II.

Benjamin Herder was born in 1818, and consequently was only twenty-one years old when the death of both parents, in 1839, together with that of his eldest brother, left him to assume the position of sole manager of an extensive business. He was, however, well prepared for the undertaking, as his father had not only initiated him into the technicalities of business, but had placed him at a gymnasium and university, where he received an excellent education, which he perfected by extensive reading, as also by travel in Germany, Austria, France, England, and Italy.

Being thoroughly educated, but still more distinguished by his zeal for religion, Herder conceived the idea of placing his father's establishment on a much higher plane than had previously characterized it as a disseminator

of secular learning. It is only through religion that human knowledge attains its highest dignity, thus accomplishing the greatest results. Herder understood this, and wished to concentrate his business in the pursuance of this noble aim. He determined to regulate the growth of his enterprise only in accordance with these grand ideals, and inasmuch as it could contribute to the advancement in its widest scope of Catholic literature and teaching. To attain this end he had to encounter many difficulties: the great influence of Protestant and liberal-minded publishers, the want of unity among the newly revived Catholic powers, with various other obstacles not individually potent, but which united presented a formidable array. Still, the times were favorable to the perfection of this great plan. Theology and philosophy in particular (which should have been the standard for the other sciences) extricated themselves but slowly from the influence which the philosophy of a Kant, Schelling, Hegel, and the rationalistic sway of Protestantism had gradually acquired over them, despite the sincerity and good-will of their teachers and representatives.

This period of transition in Herder's business is marked by the appearance of the theologians Hirscher and Staudenmaier. The principal productions of the former—"The Doctrine of Indulgences" and the well-known treatise on morals—were not published by Herder; but, dating from 1842, many smaller works of this popular author were issued by him. His catechisms and "Life of Mary" have passed through many editions. Of Staudenmaier's principal works, Herder published "Die christliche Dogmatik," which appeared in 1844-1852; also "Ueber das Wesen der katholischen Kirche."

Still more important was Herder's plan to unite the learned and scientific minds of Catholicity in the publication of a Catholic Encyclopædia—the "Kirchen Lexikon,"—and thus create a work which should establish a solid basis for the regeneration of Church literature. Notwithstanding the great difficulty which its publication involved, Herder did not lose courage, though the work was not completed until 1860, about twenty years after it was planned. A few years later it was circulated all over the civilized world; and

while the theological and dogmatic articles it contains betoken but a gradual return to the status of to-day, and that in an approximate way, still the accomplishment of the task was a brilliant achievement. Even before the *Lexikon* was finished, one of Herder's most prominent co-laborers, the learned Bishop of Hefe, began the publication of his classical "Conciliengeschichte," which was issued by the same house.

While the "Kirchen Lexikon" threw a new light upon theology, so long obscured and concealed by blinding mists of error, there arose almost simultaneously one of the most voluminous and popular writers of our time—Alban Stolz,—who had long been Herder's friend, and whose works, issued by him, still delight and instruct the mass of the people in Catholic Germany. Alban Stolz is known as the people's theologian; his writings have aided immeasurably in promoting the life of faith in Germany, and brought into its greatest and most distinctive prominence the extensive publishing house of Benjamin Herder.

We can not enter into details regarding the works which have contributed so largely to his fame. Suffice it to say, however, that from those already mentioned it is evident that a manual of literature could be, and has been, written without making Martin Luther the greatest benefactor of Germany; and that an edition of German classics could be issued without deferring in its criticisms to Protestant authority.

Herder's house was a model of inflexible resistance in a land of mixed creeds against the aggressions of Protestantism,—yet that without any violation of the golden rule of charity. The most bitter enemies of the Church would find it difficult to enumerate from Herder's catalogue a list of publications which could be designated as ill-tempered attacks on Protestantism. The publication by him of Catholic works only was of great advantage to Catholic writers, and conducive to a strong feeling of union among them. Those who see a challenge in every outspoken, fearless Catholic expression of sentiment,—who call Janssen's History a mere production of the Kulturkampf, a "Bahnhecker des Jesuitismus."—will not be likely to do full justice to

Mr. Herder's character. Through him, and him only, the house had long since become thoroughly and uncompromisingly Catholic; and the new relations of business and friendship in which he stood with the Jesuits corresponded simply to this very transition.

III.

Now came the time of the Vatican Council, —for some German Catholics a critical time, but not so for Herder's establishment. The decided and determined answers given by Cardinal Hergenröther to the opponents were issued by this house. To these were added other highly important and timely books. During this period it reached its highest prosperity, issuing many theological, ascetical, and historical works; rendering good and open service to every branch of Catholic literature. Now for the first time Protestants, eager to know the beliefs of their opponents on such urgent questions, read with avidity from a Catholic standpoint, as it were; and the Church Lexicon was highly instrumental in winning the respect of the opposite party for its ancient opponent. By the writings of such men as Hettinger, Weiss, and others, mission work was greatly advanced; and, in the *Stimmen aus Maria Laach*, those Jesuits who had been banished from Germany found opportunity to devote themselves to the service of the Catholics of their beloved country.

According to human judgment, political power and the means at its disposal would be enabled to crush the life of Catholic literature; but human judgment often errs. Instead of allowing themselves to become discouraged, remaining silent in what seemed to be an unequal conflict, the Catholic *literati* became more united, more harmonious, gathering around the banner of the Church with untiring zeal and emulation; and at last they have succeeded in obtaining a hearing from reasonable members of the Protestant religion, as well as the respect of that body. Herder was a potent factor in these results, and his fearless and determined position soon inspired courage in his brother craftsmen, whom timidity and apprehension had long caused to remain at least neutral. Without courting favor of any kind from whatever source, he was recognized as the social and professional friend of all the leading men of his time.

Benjamin Herder was married on the 30th of July, 1863, to Miss Emilie Streber, daughter of the renowned numismatist of Munich. The genuine Catholic spirit that breathes in the many religious works given to the world through the medium of his firm was reproduced in his household, and was practised in their private life by fidelity to duty and genuine benevolence. Inasmuch as Herder endeavored to instil the true spirit of the relations between employer and *employé* among his workmen, so did he also lose no opportunity to impart, in a gentle but forcible manner, his sentiments of justice and equity. Order, hand in hand with kindness and charity, reigned in all the departments of his extensive establishments, as well as in his personal affairs.

It is related by a particular friend that Herder had at one time fully decided on retiring from the world and devoting the last years of his life to God's service, but was deterred therefrom by the advice of a spiritual friend, who persuaded him that the cause of God and religion would be more glorified by his remaining in the world, in the laborious position in which Providence had placed him. This advice he followed with a docile heart, and devoted himself thereafter with the renewed energy of one who was ever ready to sacrifice life and personality in the service of God. Daily did the voice of this good man ascend to Heaven in behalf of all with whom he was associated. He prayed that God might enlighten the faith and strengthen the efforts of Christian writers. He had a genuine affection for the religious orders whose literary members were at all familiar to him and his house.

Herder was fond of bringing forward and encouraging young writers, and also those whose works, though producing little or no emolument, were still instrumental in promoting the progress of our holy religion. All these years, brought as he was into constant association with literary men of the highest order, his mind, already well stored and well prepared by an excellent education, was assimilating and appropriating new funds of varied knowledge. His amiable consort, who was also highly educated and mistress of three or four languages, was equally re-

moved from the fashionable frivolities of the world; and, like him, was susceptible to everything grand and noble in literature, art, or science.

Being of an attractive and winning character, as well as prompt, reliable and conscientious, Mr. Herder succeeded in extending his business on every side. If the proposed publications were to further a good cause, he gladly undertook expenses from which profits might never hope to be, and often never were, realized. The long list of his publications is enough to show what he did for religion and Catholicity. Then it is to be remembered that the firm had flourishing branch houses in Vienna, Strasburg, Munich, and in the United States at St. Louis, Missouri.

As a man, Mr. Herder was an honor to the State, and honor was always given him no matter how strenuously he declined it. For thirty years a sufferer from a painful malady (facial neuralgia), no one ever heard him utter a complaint. That the secret of this blameless life, of this patience in suffering, and childlike humility, was due to his sincere and beautiful Christian spirit has been already eloquently testified and proclaimed. Devotion to the Passion placed him above all human suffering, and made him superior to vain applause. Love for the Church won for him an unconquerable courage, and impressed his whole life and works with the stamp of a lovely simplicity and equable harmony, which shall render his memory dear to succeeding generations of Catholics.

The Age of Self-Conceit.

BY MAURICE F. EGAN.

A REFLECTING observer finds much to amuse him, but more to sadden him, in the strange imitativeness of the human race, and its stranger unconsciousness that it is imitative.

As we all know—for we have been told it often enough,—we live in an “age of reason.” Old things have had their day; we are better fed, better housed, better clothed than our ancestors. Above all, we are better mentally and physically. We take care to make it

known that we bathe oftener than our ancestors. The Englishman and his “tub” have become a proverbial subject for laughter in the humorous papers. But the American with his “modern improvements” equally deserves to be laughed at. It would be hard to find—except perhaps in the unwritten annals of the untutored savage who first found a military coat and proclaimed himself civilized—more evidences of artless self-conceit than we moderns show every day. The “thoughtful magazine” paper is usually a laudation of the nineteenth century at the expense of every preceding epoch.

Cæsar and Virgil, Constantine and Dante, would find much to amuse them in an age which, having forgotten almost everything good discovered or invented by previous ages, has occasionally an access of memory. It then assumes the attitude of little Jack Horner in the nursery rhyme, and admires itself immoderately.

In the United States we are cursed by a system of public schools, which are manufactures of the mediocre. If they are intended to be machines for the levelling of all American human creatures to a condition of “equality,” they answer their purpose; for they kill all individuality as far as possible, and grind away all points of interest in the unfortunate creature compelled to pass through them. They ignore every quality both of instruction and education insisted on in older countries, where the vice of self-conceit—generated through the essential principle of that revolt of Humanism against Authority, called the Reformation,—is not so rampant as among ourselves.

We are teaching other countries all about electricity and its uses, though I have no doubt the old Egyptians knew more about the secrets of nature than we do, or perhaps ever will. We are inventing new appliances for speed in travel, for comfort, for luxury; and yet the life of the average inhabitant of a large city is no safer than it was three hundred years ago. A month ago everybody said that the kind of accordion-like attachment to trains called “vestibule” was a preventive against accidents. Jack Horner jumped up and danced a congratulatory jig, when lo! an accident occurs near Chicago, and the closing of this

accordion business solidly prevented the saving of lives. Each new improvement brings a new risk.

There are many good and pleasant things given us by God in this our time through human agency; and yet, if we are to judge by the written records, we are neither so well educated nor so capable of appreciating the real good in life as our ancestors. There are more rich people than there were in the time of Lorenzo the Magnificent; but, in place of Michael Angelo's "David" or the Duomo, they build the Auditorium at Chicago or the Eiffel Tower at Paris! People spell better than they did in the time of *pater patriæ*, and there are more who eat with their forks instead of their knives; but one may well believe that there was more real leisure, more true comfort, and more genuine respect for what is good in life at Mount Vernon than in the thousand palaces which adorn every modern American city.

Does anybody read the Paston letters now? Or look for glimpses of the home life of Sir Thomas More? Or glance at the home influences that helped to make St. Francis de Sales or Cardinal Frederick Borromeo?

The public schools—at which our German friends who know anything sneer, which amaze the English, and surprise even those French who are not blinded by a government of pedagogues,—could not have produced men so humble, so simple, so great. Harvard and Yale, with their superficial Agnosticism and stucco "modernity," could not.

Let us not throw up our caps too violently over our progress, for the bells may jingle and show the shades of our ancestors what we really are. "Motley's the only wear" for a time which is always asking questions and never answering them, yet which holds itself wiser than Almighty God.

Do not demand in everything *why* God thus made this and that; for this word *why* was the word of the serpent and the beginning of our destruction. Shut the eyes of Reason and open the eyes of Faith; for Faith is the instrument by which alone divine things are to be contemplated and searched into.—*Luis de Granada.*

Notes and Remarks.

Leo XIII. undoubtedly ranks as one of the most illustrious in the long line of Popes. His great intellect, rare prudence, and unflagging energy have evoked the admiration of the whole civilized world. But no one is more firmly convinced than the Holy Father that natural gifts and human means, which he employs as if all depended on them, go for nothing before God, and are powerful for good only when sanctified and strengthened by faith and prayer. Our aid, he cries with the Psalmist, is in the name of the Lord! And he prays as if everything depended on prayer, making unceasing appeal to the intercession of the Blessed Virgin. The Rosary is his favorite devotion, and no Pope has done more to encourage its practice among the faithful, not alone by frequent encyclicals, but by constant example. Nowhere is the Rosary more faithfully recited than in the Papal household, and by this means one of the first minds of the age is kept attuned to things divine.

The Anglican Bishop of Chichester has done honor to himself by reprimanding one of his presbyters for not protesting against an attack on the Blessed Virgin made at a meeting which he attended. The defamer was the notorious Fulton, so well and so unfavorably known in the United States. "The cause of truth," wrote the Bishop, "can not be advanced by rude deprecation of Her whom all generations have with one accord called 'blessed.'" It is a gratification to record the Bishop's action, but it is sad that it should have been demanded in any Christian community. The name which the offending presbyter disgraced is McCormick.

The beatification of the French martyrs, Fathers Gabriel Perboyre and Pierre Chanel, together with that of the Venerable Ancina, Bishop of Salencia, and Perotti, a professed priest of the Pious Schools, will take place, if circumstances permit, on four Sundays toward the end of December and the beginning of January.

Mrs. Catherwood, author of "The Romance of Dollard" and the "Story of Tonty," about to be published in Chicago, has evidently studied the early history of North America with an unprejudiced mind. Writing from Halifax, whither her tour of investigation has led her, she pays a generous tribute to the French explorers of two generations ago, and their descendants in Canada:

"Doubtless it is a good thing, since it has been so ordered, that the old French *régime* has passed away, and the Anglo-Saxon's prevailing strength is pushing

forward Canada. I have no hatred of England, and no intense disrespect for my Puritan forefathers—always excepting that reverend old Mather, whose conscience reproached him if he did not shoot at least one Indian per day. But I have tremendous sympathy and love for the Frenchman, who led civilization on this continent, and trampled down the wilderness for that slower race following on his heels; who was the only man of all Europe in hordes that treated the Indian like a brother; who put his chivalrous training, his fortune, his blood, to the roughest usage here; who says his prayers to this day with the simplicity of a child, and keeps alive the medieval spirit of devotion in his churches; who never had the brutal heaviness, the sour piety, which has probably developed into the driving force of our race; but who stands in history, in story, in every visible trace that is left of him, the most picturesque, the most tragic, the most winning figure in the New World.”

The announcement of Mgr. Piavi's departure from Rome for the Holy Land recalls some interesting facts concerning his patriarchate. The Latin Patriarchate of Jerusalem was re-established in 1847; it was really founded in 1391. At the time of its re-establishment the total number of Catholics in all Palestine was hardly four thousand: to-day the Catholic population has almost doubled. Besides, twenty-three missions, containing five thousand Catholics, have been founded. There are now in the Latin Patriarchate not only ten thousand Catholics, but seven religious communities of men and thirty-two of women, four boys' orphan asylums, and four hospitals.

We have hitherto had a certain respect for our contemporaries, *The Congregationalist* of Boston and *The Independent* of New York. They rarely went into emotional hysterics, or showed that ignorant and foolish bigotry for which certain sectarian sheets are remarkable. They seemed to be edited by educated men. But the attack on Father Damien in late issues of these hitherto respectable papers is unworthy of that vulgarest of all vulgar calumniators, the discredited Fulton. The articles to which we refer are full of falsehoods against Father Damien, and are not signed. Are we to understand [that the editors of *The Congregationalist* and *The Independent* take the entire responsibility for them?

We regret to announce the death of Count John Nicholas Murphy, which occurred last month at his residence, Clifton, Cork, Ireland. He was a man of large heart and broad mind, and his life was that of a fervent Christian. Count Murphy is known to English-speaking Catholics everywhere for his able work on the Papacy, entitled "The Chair of Peter," which has just gone into

a third edition. It is one of the best works on the subject in the language. Mr. Murphy was in the seventy-third year of his age. He was created a count by his Holiness Pius IX. Our Irish exchanges praise him for his princely benefactions to the poor. We ask our readers to unite with them in praying for the repose of his soul.

The inhabitants of the Isle of Majorca are delighted by the rumor that the Holy Father may take refuge in one of the Balearic Isles. They are anxious that he may choose theirs. Out of a population of 200,000, over 150,000 have signed a petition begging the Holy Father to live among them.

Although the Convention of American Catholic Editors has been declared "off"—something that does not call for much regret, we think,—Mr. L. W. Reilly proposes that those present at the Centennial celebration in Baltimore next month hold an informal meeting. This is sensible. A personal acquaintance with one another would be desirable, and the meeting might result in the formation of a press association in the future, when better methods would be in vogue.

It is hard to understand why Catholic French and Italian journals are always so ready to blunder, if it be possible. The press of the whole world is praising Cardinal Manning for his recent action in the London dock strikes. He himself is very eager to have it understood that he could not have done so much had he not been ably seconded by others. The Italian Catholic papers, however, will not admit that any non-Catholic had anything to do with it. It is fortunate that the English non-Catholic press is not so illiberal. If it were, the Cardinal would not have received the enthusiastic praise that has been heaped upon his name. Among the tributes offered to him was the following well written sonnet, which appeared in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, signed "S. H.":

"Steadfast in duty still, though on thy brow
The care-wrought lines of more than eighty years
Are graven. Still thy heart to suppliant tears—
To calls of hunger which assail thee now—
Beats as responsive as when first thy vow
Set thee in that straight path that leads to One
Whose smile will greet thee when thy task is done
And give thee rest, while we in anguish bow.
Wise counsellor, true shepherd, brother, friend!
Strong soul! that on the furthest verge of life
Hast still the power to end this wasting strife,
Though others, deemed our guides, no message send.
Scouting thy faith, afar they stand and gaze,
Whilst thy unfaltering hand reaps all the praise."
The poor of London have no friend so gentle
and so firm as Cardinal Manning. His charity

for them has all the qualities which St. Paul describes. The *Pull Mall Gazette* says that, were England Catholic, the close of the strike would have been celebrated by a Solemn Mass at St. Paul's, to which all the trades, with their banners, would go in procession.

It is said that the site of the fort which La Salle built near what is now Peoria, Illinois, has at last been discovered. The growth of underbrush is so dense there that it was only by actual handling that the outlines of the fortifications could be traced. They had been tramped over innumerable times, and were only found by accident. This is the fort called Fort Crève-Cœur, or Broken-Hearted Fort; because, as Père Marquette said, "when it was builded our hearts, from many ills and great discouragements, were well-nigh broken."

Dr. Huertas y Lozano, a celebrated Spanish physician, distinguished also as a writer, who for many years has been prominent as a Freethinker, a Spiritualist and a Freemason, abjured his errors on the Feast of the Assumption. His conversion causes great rejoicing in Spain. Our foreign exchanges publish the letter of recantation which he addressed to the Archbishop of Granada, and announce that Dr. Lozano will enter a religious order.

Three Catholic Indian chiefs, including Red Cloud, will represent the aborigines of America at the Congress in Baltimore next month. We believe that the credit of this idea—a happy one—belongs to our good friend Judge Hyde, editor of the *Michigan Catholic*. Those who meet Red Cloud during the Congress will find him a superior man; and if he gets a hearing on the Indian Question, he will say something worth heeding.

An approved translation of the prayer to St. Joseph which the Holy Father has just added to the Rosary devotions, printed in convenient forms, may be had at our office. We shall be pleased to send copies to any one desiring them. It will be remembered that an indulgence of seven years and as many times forty days is granted to all who recite this prayer, each time.

The good work of the Tabernacle Society attached to the Convent of Notre Dame, Ritten House Square, Philadelphia, has increased to such an extent during the past two years that its resources are entirely inadequate to meet the demands of poor churches for vestments, altar linens, etc. It is to be hoped that many new members will soon enroll themselves in this excellent Society, the higher aim of which is to increase

devotion to the Blessed Sacrament. Membership involves only an annual subscription of one dollar and the promise of a monthly hour before the Blessed Sacrament. Time and place for this devotion are optional. The Sacred Congregation of Indulgences has lately decided that any exercise of piety may serve for this hour of adoration, even the Mass of obligation. The annual subscription of benefactors, enabling them to participate in the prayers and Masses offered for the Society, is only two dollars.

All who contribute to the support of the missions of the Passionist Fathers in South America are promised a share in the prayers and sacrifices of these good religious. We are glad to see that many persons seem eager to help in this work. The following offerings from generous friends have been received since our last acknowledgment:

M. C., Holyoke, Mass., \$1; T. M. G. and C. C. G., \$3; A Subscriber, Stoughton, Mass., \$2; J. L., Pottsville, Pa., 50 cts.; Julia Gordon, \$1; Annie P. Fox, \$5; M. P. C., Lamine, Mo., 50 cts.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands, as if you were bound with them.
—HEB., xiii. 3.

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

The Rev. Thomas Davin, rector of St. Columba's Church, Cambria City, Pa., who died last month at Denver, Colo. His death was caused by injuries received just after the terrible Johnstown fatality, during which he rendered great service in saving life and alleviating distress. Father Davin was a native of Co. Tipperary, Ireland, and was only forty-one years of age.

Sister M. Adelgund, Convent of SS. Benedict and Scholastica, Chicago, Ill., who was called to the reward of her selfless life on the 3d inst.

Mother Praxedes, of the Sisters of Charity, Vancouver, Washington, who passed away on the 25th ult., fortified by the last Sacraments.

Mrs. William Forsyth, whose happy death occurred in Washington, D. C., on the 6th inst.

Mr. Peter Daly, who peacefully breathed his last on the 26th ult., at Dunmore, Pa.

Mrs. Mary Kinsella, of Chicago, Ill., who piously yielded her soul to God on the 7th ult.

Mrs. Margaret Maloney, a fervent Child of Mary, who went to receive the recompense of her holy life on the 19th ult., at Garry Owen, Iowa.

Mrs. Ellen Sullivan, of Bridgeport, Conn., who departed this life on the 6th ult.

Mrs. Agnes S. Maitland and M. s. Hannah Falvey, of New York city; Charles H. Murray, Cedar Rapids, Iowa; Mr. P. R. McCarthy, Lake View, Chicago, Ill.

May they rest in peace!



Lost in the Pines.—A Story of Presque Isle.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

II.

The next morning John seemed rather ashamed of Ferd's "piousness," as he called it. The day had dawned as if there had never been a storm in the world. John swung in the hammock at the stern of the boat, and Ferd stood near him, watching the canary-birds that were playing hide-and-seek in the swinging baskets.

"You may say what you please," Ferd said, "but I am no more ashamed of saying my prayers before people than I am of eating my breakfast. One's as necessary as the other. I made up my mind long ago that it's mean to be ashamed of doing anything that it's a fellow's duty to do. When I went to the public school in Orange, the boys used to make fun of me when I'd stand up in class and tell the teacher that the history book we had was full of lies. I am not sorry for it. And I'm glad I took out the beads last night and said the Rosary. And I don't care whether anybody laughed or not."

"Well, you needn't get angry. I was only thinking how funny it would seem to the fellows at home."

"You need not trouble yourself about the fellows at home. If they'll mind their business, I'll mind mine." And Ferd walked to the rail with great dignity.

John chuckled. He made several other attempts to exasperate his cousin, but Ferd was obstinately silent. In a short time one of the waiters came around and gathered up all the chairs. By this sign the boys knew that breakfast was almost ready. The prospect made them feel more friendly, and when breakfast was announced they had become entirely amiable.

After breakfast the boys took their station in the front of the boat. There was a stiff breeze

blowing. A group of passengers had gathered in the bow, holding their hats on, and enjoying the rush of the wind. John found a novel, and lost himself in it at once.

Among the passengers was a young man from a Western college. He wore eye-glasses, a striped tweed suit, and carried a magazine under his arm. Occasionally, too, he drew from a bag slung by his side a large field-glass.

"I didn't know you were a Catholic," he said, approaching John, "until last night. I have been anxious to talk with some intelligent Catholics on historical subjects. I am much interested in an article on the Spanish *Armada* in this magazine. It seems to be rather one-sided. It has a good deal in it about the cruelties of the Spaniards to English travellers during the reign of Queen Elizabeth. Travellers in Spain were, I understand, treated with the utmost rigor, and submitted to horrible tortures simply because they were Protestants. I wish you would explain how Catholics justify that."

John turned red, lifted his eyes from his book, and shifted uneasily in his chair. Ferd held his hat, and did not seem to notice what was going on. John looked up into the serious face of the young man, who was evidently only a few years older than himself.

"Oh, I suppose it was mostly lies!" John stammered. "I went through the history once, but I don't remember much about it."

The young man seemed disappointed. "I beg pardon," he said; "but I thought there might be another side to the matter. At our college we hear only the anti-Catholic view presented. Perhaps your friend—"

John muttered to himself: "Stupid prig! I'll turn him over to Ferd."

A gentleman, an elderly man, who plainly had a habit of frank speech, glanced at John's novel—"Blue Eyed Dick; or, The Rancher's Revenge,"—and said:

"I don't think a boy who reads that kind of books can be expected to know much history."

John left his seat and went over to the rail, his ears tingling. For the moment he felt himself to be an utter failure.

"Perhaps *you* can answer this young man," said the elderly gentleman to Ferd.

It was Ferd's turn to blush. "I understand,"

he said, with some diffidence,—“I understand that the question is whether Catholics justify the cruelties which King Philip of Spain perpetrated on English sailors and travellers in his dominions before the *Armada* set sail for England?”

“Exactly,” answered the young man, whose name was Henry Roughton.

“I don’t pretend to know much history,” continued Ferd, “and I can’t speak for all Catholics; but I think I can say that Catholics do not defend every act of Philip of Spain. If I were a Spaniard, I should say that most of the English travellers who suffered in Spain from cruelties in vogue in all countries at that time were either pirates or spies.”

“Pirates!” exclaimed the young man.

“Of course,” said Ferd. “You know as well as I do that Queen Elizabeth patronized and encouraged piracy. Hawkins was a pirate; the sons of Lord Cobham were atrocious pirates. They called themselves devout Protestants, and did battle with Spaniards *‘whenever efforts in the service of Protestantism were likely to be repaid with plunder.’*”

“But Queen Elizabeth punished these pirates.”

“No, she didn’t. She encouraged them. Thomas Cobham, a great pet of the Queen’s, boarded a Spanish vessel, and sewed up the captain himself and the crew in their own sails and flung them into the ocean. This was in time of peace; so you see the Spaniards had some reason for reprisals, though I don’t defend their cruelties.”

“But,” said the young man, who had listened attentively, “the English Protestants were not so cruel. There is no record in history of such tortures as Spanish Catholics applied to English Protestants.”

“But when the English were pirates, murdering in the name of Protestantism, there was *some* excuse. Besides, I read only the other day the story of a venerable priest, eighty-three years old, who was slowly crushed to death with horrible tortures by order of good Queen Bess’ government.”

The young man made no answer. The old gentleman smiled, thanked Ferd for his information, and remarked that he hoped he would continue to “keep up” his interest in history.

Henry Roughton did not again refer to the subject. He and Ferd, for whom he seemed to have a great respect, fell into a pleasant conversation on the prospects of catching lake and speckled trout when they should reach Marquette.

John kept out of the way. He was angry with himself and everybody else. He threw his novel overboard—waiting, however, until he had finished it,—and said to himself that school studies were of some use on certain occasions.

III.

The steamer, cutting the crystal waters of Lake Superior with a gentle and almost noiseless motion, approached the great ore docks of Marquette on a clear morning. John and Ferd thought they had never seen any place so beautiful. Presque Isle—which seemed to them a round-topped island, and which is, as its name implies, almost an island,—towered before them. It seemed like a huge bouquet at a distance. Pines and spruce and cedar, of the richest green, intermingled with birch; and, showing below them, patches of rich, reddish soil were reflected in the pellucid waters of the Lake. On the other side was the majestic Mount Mésnard, named for the great missionary. It also was clothed in the darkest green from its base to its round top. The city of Marquette, lately refreshed by rain, seemed so clean and bright that the boys were delighted with the sight of it. The air was laden with spicy odors, and was as clear as the waters of the Lake.

The boys made the proper speeches of good-bye to their fellow-passengers. Henry Roughton was especially pleasant to Ferd. He said he was going to camp out in the woods, and that no doubt he should see the boys again.

John and Ferd gathered up such of their equipments as they could carry, and hired a boy to take the rest to the nearest hotel. Here they were informed that their uncle had a shooting-box about fifteen miles from the city. He had left a letter for them, giving a map of the country, with their route traced out, and minute instructions on almost every point. They could reach him either by land or water.

The boys, having rowed very seldom, and then in a flat-bottomed boat on the Harlem River, were enthusiastic oarsmen. They de-

cided in favor of the boat. Accordingly they hired a neatly painted craft, with the legend "*La Fleur de Mai*" written in red on a white flag which floated from her bow. The half-breed rented her to them for a month for five dollars. He told them that he had a big birch canoe, which they might have for seven dollars. When he showed it to them, the boys were charmed by its light, springy motion, and Ferd remembered the lines about the canoe in Longfellow's "*Hiawatha*":

"Like a yellow leaf in autumn,
Like a yellow waterlily."

But the boys saw at once that they could not manage this fragile boat, although the half-breed tried to explain all its secrets to them in his broken French.

About half-past two o'clock in the afternoon, after a comfortable dinner, the boys started in *La Fleur de Mai*.

"She's as pretty as any May-flower!" cried John with delight, as they passed Presque Isle and cut out into the Lake.

The little flag caught the sunlight in its folds. The oars sounded merrily as they rose and fell—Ferd holding the tiller,—and the boys were aglow with pleasant anticipation. They were delighted as they saw the caves, floored by white, water-washed pebbles, which are visible on the beach of Presque Isle. It seemed like a page out of a story-book to behold veritable caves, in which piratical treasure might be—but was not—hidden.

An hour went by,—an hour of pure delight for both boys. The woods, the air of wildness about the land they skirted, the sweet, healthy smell of the pine and spruce, the soft motion of the boat, and, above all, a new sense of freedom made them feel as if the dream of a lifetime had been realized.

John yielded the oars to Ferd, who thought he saw a deer among the trees, and reached for his rifle; but the antlers of the deer turned out to be two crooked branches. The boys were so greatly interested in the supposed deer that they did not notice the dark cloud which had gradually overspread the sky.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

HOPE is like the sun, which, as we journey toward it, casts the shadow of our burden behind us.—*T. Smiles.*

Rose or Snowdrop?

BY MARION J. BRUNOWE.

"O dear, I wish I were Julia Stanton!" said little Hattie Palmer, with a sigh and a pout; "then I should be *perfectly* happy." And she turned away from the window, where she had been standing watching the passers-by, and threw herself into a chair, with a decidedly cross look.

"Not near so happy as you are now, Hattie dear," expostulated her mother's gentle voice.

Her little daughter looked as if she would like to contradict that statement, and the frown deepened on her pretty brow as she continued:

"I don't think I am very happy now, mother; but if I were rich, and did not have to mind the baby, and help with the housework, and mend my own clothes, and could get a new hat every winter, I would be content. Now, there's Julia Stanton passing every day in that handsome carriage, and with a different dress each time I see her. Oh, she does wear such beautiful clothes! I don't believe she ever has to walk a step. Everybody admires her. She must be as happy as the day is long. She's an only child, too," added Hattie, by way of clinching argument.

"How lonesome she must be!" said Mrs. Palmer, sympathetically. "Surely, dear, you would not wish to be an only child?"

Hattie thought a moment, and, as her eye rested upon the dear baby sister cuddled up in mother's arms—that lovely baby, with her hundred cunning little ways,—and then upon the ball belonging to the manly, devoted little brother, who only the night before had struck a fellow for making faces at his sister,—only then did it occur to her that worlds would not make her consent to give up either. However, she had only meant that, being without sisters or brothers, Julia was a greater pet at home,—so she now explained to her mother.

"There, again, I think you are wrong," said Mrs. Palmer. "Do you know how often Julia's mother speaks to her? I do. Once a day, and no more. Mrs. Stanton's social engagements leave her but brief time for her family, though she has but one little girl. So every evening at dessert Julia, dressed in the height of the fash-

ion, and looking more like a Paris doll than anything else, is brought into the dining-room, to be patted on the head and exhibited to the guests. Then when they tire of the toy, which they do in half an hour or so, she is sent back to the nursery, not to appear again in her parents' presence for twenty-four hours. When she grows up she herself is to be a fashionable lady. Whether she has learned to know and love her parents, to be a joy and treasure in the home circle, is a very doubtful matter. They have never taught her that; provided she does them credit, that is all they desire, perhaps. Probably she will disappoint them, poor child! But what could be more unhappy than such a lonely, loveless life?"

Mrs. Palmer paused a moment, for the little girl was looking very serious now; then she went on:

"It is like the story of the rose and the snowdrop. Shall I tell it to you, daughter?"

"Please, mother, yes," said Hattie, quietly.

"It was one night in the early, early spring. Here and there the snow lay in patches upon the ground, and the air was yet bleak and wintry. Within a brilliantly lighted mansion a gay social gathering was in progress. Richly attired ladies with their escorts passed up and down the long rooms, and lingered in the conservatories, where delicate hothouse flowers perfumed the air. Only in such a forced, unnatural atmosphere could they live at such a season. 'I must have that bud! It is exquisite!' The speaker paused before the queen of flowers, and, drawing off her glove, she essayed to pluck the beautiful rose. Alas! beneath the half-opened bud there was a thorn concealed. It wounded the delicate fingers which touched it, and drew a tiny drop of blood. She held it in her hand and admired it, toying with it all the while. An hour later the withered petals lay in a little heap upon the ball-room floor. A careless foot had crushed them in the dance. And so it lay, the beautiful rose, its little life blown and shed in an hour; and it had been but the passing fancy of a moment.

"That same morning a troop of merry, light hearted little ones were on their way to school. One would not think the peals of childish laughter which broke upon the frosty air could be made yet sweeter, but so it hap-

pened. In a sunny corner of a big field the children suddenly came upon a hardy little snowdrop, spring's first tiny floweret. Oh, then the shouts of glee and triumph which broke from a dozen childish hearts, as they gathered round the fortunate discoverer of the simple little prize! How eagerly they searched for more, and how they laughed in very happiness as they gathered together a tiny bunch! 'Let us give them to the Blessed Sacrament—the very first of the year,' said a gentle-looking, fairhaired child. And the others eagerly agreed.

"As the fair young rose lay withered and dead that night, the hardy, humble little snowdrop nestled close to the Tabernacle, a token of the innocent, childish hearts which had placed it there, and to whom it had occasioned such happiness.

"Hattie, now which would you rather be, the rose or the snowdrop?"

"Mother, you can guess," was all Hattie said.

A Story of the Grand Monarch.

One thinks of Louis XIV., of France, as a despot who allowed nothing to stand in the way of his ambition, but the following anecdote may throw a new light upon his character:

Early in the eighteenth century an Italian chemist, after much experimenting, invented a compound which had ten times the explosive power of gunpowder, and set about to find a market for it. After parleyings with various persons, he at last took it to the King of France, sure that he would estimate it at its true value and use it in his great wars. He was granted an interview with His Majesty, and showed him by experiment the tremendous power of the explosive he had invented. But his endeavors had not the effect he hoped for.

"You have made a wonderful discovery," said King Louis; "but gunpowder is sufficiently explosive for civilized beings to kill one another with. I will pay you your price for your secret, and then I shall use it as I choose."

So the inventor was paid a large sum of money, and the formula for making the death-dealing compound was handed over to the King, and by him destroyed.

THE AVE MARIA

TO THE HONOR OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN

A MAGAZINE DEVOTED

HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.

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The Higher Hope.

BY ELEANORA LOUISA HERVEY.

WHEN winds grow furious, and a monster throe
Heaves half the sobbing world; when baleful squalls

Fling o'er the sun's cold beams their drifting
palls;

When, swayed by forces nightrier than we know,
The surged-up ocean bursts in founts of snow;

When, to the sound of plunging waterfalls,

All the tree-shadows leap about the walls,

Whither, ah! whither shall the tired wing go?

Only the eagle, far above the cloud,

Above the turmoil and beyond the woe,

Shall float serene though echo shriek aloud

The trumpet-call of all the gales that blow.—

So mount, blest Hope! So spread thy wings on
high

While all the storms of this rough world sweep by.

The Church of St. Mary Overy.

IN his "Walks in London," Mr. Hare tells us that immediately beyond London Bridge, on the left, now half-buried amid raised streets and railways, is the fine cruciform Church of St. Saviour. It was sadly mutilated in the last century, but its Lady Chapel and choir are still amongst the best specimens of early English architecture. In the adjoining churchyard was originally buried the celebrated dramatic poet, Philip Massinger, who was found dead in his bed,

March 28, 1640, having led so retired a life that the registers of his parish mention him only under the laconic formula: "March 30, 1639-40, was buried Philip Massinger, a stranger."* Alas, such is fame! An inscription on the pavement of the choir in the Church of St. Saviour marks the grave to which his remains were, at a later period, removed from the churchyard.

This was formerly the church belonging to the priory of St. Mary Overy, which Stow, on the authority of Linsted, the last prior, says was originally founded by Mary Overy, a ferry-woman, who, long before the Conquest or the existence of any bridge over the river Thames, devoted her earnings to this purpose. She found burial within the walls of the church, and its dedicatory title has been supposed by some to allude to her, as the Virgin Mother is not the St. Mary referred to, she having her own chapel—the Lady Chapel—annexed to the building.

The foundation of Mary Overy was for a house of Sisters, but it was afterward converted into a college for priests by a noble lady named Swithin, who is said to have built the first timber bridge over the Thames; and in 1106 it was refounded for Canons Reg-

* Philip Massinger, the English dramatic poet, was born in 1584, at Salisbury, where his father was a retainer of the House of Pembroke. Disgusted with scholastic studies, he quitted the University of Oxford before taking his degrees, came to London, embraced the Catholic faith, and turned his attention to literature. He was the friend of all the contemporary poets, to none of whom was he inferior in talent, save possibly Ben Jonson.

ular by two Norman knights—William Pont de l'Arche and William Dauncy,—whose supposed tombs are shown in two niches in the south transept. The church, which at the dissolution became parochial, had already become known as St. Saviour's; for in the year 1510 it was brought as a charge against one Joan Baker, that she was heard to say she was "sorry she had gone on so many pilgrimages, as to St. Saviour's and divers other pilgrimages."

The exquisite choir, of unspoilt early English architecture, retains its beautiful altar-screen, erected in 1528 by Fox, Bishop of Winchester, and bearing his device—the pelican. Here Edmund Holland, last Earl of Kent, grandson of Joan Plantagenet, known as "the Fair Maid of Kent," was married in 1406 to Lucia, eldest daughter of Gian Galeazzo Visconti, tyrant of Milan; Henry IV. giving away the bride. Here also is the grave of John Fletcher (Beaumont and Fletcher), 1625, of whom Aubrey tells us that during the great plague he was invited by a knight in Suffolk, or Norfolk, to take refuge with him till the danger should be over; but, lingering whilst his tailor made him a new suit of clothes, fell sick and died.

John Gower, the poet, who had contributed largely to the restoration of the church, in which, in 1399, he had been married to Alice Groundolf, by William of Wykeham, Bishop of Winchester, lies buried in the north transept. The beautiful tomb is thus described by Stow in his "Survey of London" (p. 152), published in 1598: "He lieth under a tomb of stone, with his image, also of stone, over him; the hair of his head auburn, long to his shoulders, but curling up, and a small forked beard; on his head a chaplet like a coronet of four roses; a habit of purple, damasked down to his feet (now repainted); a collar of gold about his neck; under his head the likeness of three books which he compiled." Gower became blind in the early part of 1399, and died in 1402.

Against the pillar to the left of this tomb is the escutcheon of Cardinal Henry Beaufort, son of John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, consecrated Bishop of Winchester and settled at Winchester House beside this church in 1407. He was transferred in 1414 to the Archbish-

opric of Canterbury under Pope John XXIII., and in 1426 created by Martin V. Cardinal Priest of the title of St. Eusebius, and Legate *a latere* of the crusade against the Hussites in England, Germany, Hungary, and Bohemia. He founded two colleges in Oxford, and a hospital at Winchester—that of St. Cross, which had been begun in the eleventh century by Henry de Blois, the great Bishop of Winchester, brother of King Stephen. He further restored and largely augmented the Library of Canterbury. He died in 1447, after twenty-one years of cardinalate, and was buried in the Cathedral of Winchester, where a magnificent monument was erected to his memory. All his immense fortune was bequeathed in charity, £4,000—a considerable sum in those days,—being assigned for the relief of poor prisoners. His character, as depicted by Shakespeare, is wholly fictitious. He was both learned and the patron of learning, and ruled his diocese in a manner truly admirable, in the midst of a busy political life.

Against the same pillar is the curious miniature tomb of William Emerson (1575), "who lived and died an honest man." He is represented in his shroud. Amid other curious tombs we find that of John Bingham (1625), saddler to Queen Elizabeth and James I. In the south transept is the odd, allegorical tomb of William Austen (1626), author of "Certain Devout, Learned, and Godly Meditations." Hare specially points out the grandeur of the figures of the "Sifters," sleeping deeply with their prongs over their shoulders, whilst waiting for the great final harvest. Next comes the tomb of Dr. Lockyer, the pill-inventor, with his figure in the costume of the time of Charles II. Other persons buried here without a monument are Sir Edward Dyer, the Elizabethan pastoral poet (1607), who lived and died in Winchester House; also Edmund Shakespeare, younger brother to the poet, inscribed simply in the church's register as "Edmond Shakespeare, a player in the church."

In the lovely Lady Chapel—used in the time of Queen Mary I. as the consistorial court of Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester, and where Hooper, Bishop of Gloucester, with Worcester, *in commendam*, and John Rogers, Vicar of St. Sepulchre's, were condemned to the stake,—is the white and black marble

tomb of Bishop Lancelot Andrews (1628). This tomb was removed hither from a chapel known as the "Bishop's Chapel," which formerly stood to the east of the Lady Chapel, where it had a canopy inscribed: "Reader, if thou art a Christian, stay; it will be worth thy tarrying to know how great a man lies here."

Andrews, successively Bishop of Chichester in 1605, of Ely in 1609, and of Winchester in 1618, is now chiefly remembered by his "Manual of Private Devotions," composed in his latter years. Archbishop Laud, in his Diary, laments him as "the great light of the Christian world"; and Milton made him the subject of a Latin elegy. Endless legends remain of his kindness, charity, and unflinching humility; he lacked but the light of the true Faith. He is the hero of the anecdote related by the Poet Waller, who one day, assisting at the dinner of King Charles II., heard his Majesty interrogating Drs. Neale, Bishop of Durham, and Andrews, Bishop of Winchester, who stood behind his chair. "My Lords, can I not take the money of my subjects, when I have need of it, without all the formalities of Parliament?" The Bishop of Durham replied, unhesitatingly: "No doubt your Majesty may do so; you are the very breath of our nostrils."—"And you, my Lord, how think you?" said the King to the Bishop of Winchester.—"Sire," answered that prelate, "I am not competent to judge the attributions of Parliament."—"I want no subterfuges," rejoined the King, indignantly; "answer me clearly."—"Well, sire," replied Andrews, "I think it be permissible to you to take the money of my brother Neale, since he offers it to you."

Born in London, in 1565, Andrews died at Winchester House, Southwark, 1626. Under the title of "Tortura Torti," he published in 1609 a Latin pamphlet in refutation of the answer of Cardinal Bellarmine, under the pseudonym of "Matthieu Tortus," to the "Defence of the Rights of Kings," composed by the royal pedant, James I. Near this tomb lie a number of bosses from the roof of the nave, preserved when it was pulled down. Their ornaments comprise the arms of Southwark and those of Henry de Briton, prior (1462-1486); the most curious being that of

a painted head, with a man half-eaten. The grand nave of 1469 was, Hare tells us, wantonly destroyed in 1831; the present nave, on a different level to the rest of the church, is wholly uninteresting. The church tower contains twelve bells, of which nine are upward of four hundred years old.

Such is the historical origin of this ancient and beautiful edifice as given us by Stow, by Aubrey, the eminent antiquary of the seventeenth century; by Hare, and other writers. But, if we may credit a time-honored, popular legend, the Church of St. Mary Overy, of London, owes its foundation to the treasures accumulated by a miser. It is well, however, in the interests of truth, to declare that the will of the miser had nought to say in the disposition of his beloved savings.

John Overs lived prior to the Reformation, as it is called,—in the days when the Catholic faith flourished, and monasteries covered the soil of Merry England. The vices and eccentricities of that personage were duly set forth in a curious little tract, now extremely rare, entitled: "The true history of the life and sudden death of old John Overs, the rich ferryman of London, showing how he lost his life by his own covetousness; and of his daughter Mary, who caused the Church of St. Mary Overy, in Southwark to be built; and of the building of London Bridge." The anecdotes of this pamphlet are, possibly, more amusing than authentic; but the tradition of the pretty daughter of John Overs has a romantic flavor, which charms by contrast with the often prosaic history of avarice.

John Overs, the legend tells us, was a boatman of Southwark (a suburb to the south of London), who, by the payment of an annual tax to the city authorities, had obtained the monopoly of ferrying passengers across the Thames. He quickly amassed wealth, and before long had in his service a numerous *personnel* of domestics and apprentices. From the outset of his career he had hoarded his gains and invested his money in the most lucrative manner, so that soon he had a fortune equal at least to that of the noblest lord of the kingdom. However, notwithstanding this enormous accumulation of riches, he changed nought in his mode of life, his way of action, or his expenses, preserving ever

the outward appearances of the most abject poverty.

The miser, John Overs, had a daughter of singular piety and of equally remarkable beauty, and, in spite of his niggardliness, the old man had given proof of some measure of affection for his only child by bestowing upon her a species of liberal education. Mary Overs had not the slightest sympathy with the avarice and sordid egoism of her father. At the age when young girls begin to inspire affection and are capable of experiencing it, her dazzling beauty attracted numbers of lovers; all of whom, however, were repulsed by the miser, who refused even to listen to any marriage negotiations, notwithstanding the wealth and rank of those who sought the hand of the ferryman's daughter. Mary was kept almost a prisoner, forbidden to accord even a smile to any of her admirers. But love laughs at locksmiths, says the old adage. Thus, whilst the miser was absorbed in balancing his account-books, one of the adorers contrived to secure an interview with the fair young prisoner; his manners and conversation pleased her; she arranged for a second meeting, and before long the lovers exchanged vows of eternal fidelity. Meanwhile the unsuspecting ferryman thought only of his calling, and dreamed but of one thing—namely, that his affairs progressed as well on land as on the river.

John Overs was by nature so covetous that he barely afforded his servitors necessary food. He usually purchased pudding then sold in London at one penny the yard, and when portioning it out to them was often heard to exclaim: "Here, hungry dogs! You ruin me with your voracity!" He went himself to market, and eagerly sought for marrow-bones, which he could purchase for a mere song; even were they mouldy he did not scruple to convert them into soup. He always bought stale bread, which he carefully sliced as thin as possible to further the action of the air, that it might be harder to the teeth. Sometimes he purchased meat so tainted that his very dog would not touch it; in which case he accused the animal of daintiness, pronouncing him better fed than trained; then, by way of example, the miser would himself devour the horrible mess. He had no

use whatever for cats, since the rats and mice fled from the house, finding therein nothing to nibble.

The legend states that once the sordid old miser had recourse to a most singular stratagem to succeed in economizing one day's food in his establishment. He feigned sudden illness, and simulated the death agony. He constrained his daughter to aid in the ruse, and, wholly against her will, the poor girl was forced to lend her concurrence in the scheme of her miserly parent. Overs persuaded himself that, as Catholics, his servitors would not have the impiety to eat whilst his death caused mourning in the house; he hoped that all would weep over his demise and observe a strict fast, after which he fully purposed to return to life.

The *pseudo*-corpse was accordingly wrapped in a winding-sheet, placed on the couch, with a lighted candle beside it; which preparations terminated, the numerous apprentices were informed of the sad loss they had sustained in the person of John Overs, their late master. But, instead of giving vent to grief, the rogues testified the most lively joy, viewing in the event but the termination of their cruel slavery. Perceiving the miser stretched stiff upon his bed, they could not, even in the presence of death, restrain their noisy delight. There was not the slightest question of tears and lamentations. In their exuberant joy, some hurried to the kitchen, forced open the pantry, and returned laden with bread; others brought the cheese; whilst others again secured an old flagon of ale, which they deposited in triumph in the mortuary chamber. The youthful rioters eagerly devoured the carefully prepared slices of bread, which they covered thickly with cheese, washing down their meal with copious draughts of the miser's precious ale.

Beholding similar irreverence and frightful prodigality, the pretended dead man remained for a short space petrified with horror; but, incapable of remaining longer a mute spectator of so glaring a scandal, he suddenly disengaged himself from his funereal trappings, resolved roundly to chastise the insolence of his heartless apprentices. But one of the latter, terrified at the sight of the corpse struggling in its shroud, and deeming it the

work of the Evil One, seized a broken oar, and with one blow split open the old miser's skull. Thus, continues the legend, he who impiously thought to feign death fell a victim thereto in reality. His involuntary murderer was acquitted before the law, the death resulting, it was declared, from the personal fault of the victim.

Hearing of the death of old Overs, the lover of the young Mary started in all haste for London; but, unhappily, on entering the city his horse, ridden at full speed, threw him to the ground and broke his neck. This terrible accident, added to the tragic death of her father, produced such an effect on the mind of Mary Overs that she became almost insane; and, to the despair of her numerous admirers, she determined to retire into a convent, to consecrate her life and entire fortune to works of piety and charity. She accordingly erected at her own expense "a famous church, dedicated by her to the Blessed Virgin Mary." Such was, conformably to tradition, the origin of the Church of St. Mary Overy, in Southwark, so called from the name of its beautiful and unfortunate foundress.

Another version of the same legend runs: "John Overs counterfeited death, thinking to economize by making his household fast for a day; but they feasted instead; whereat he arose in a fury and killed an apprentice, for which he was executed."

On an ancient monument in the Church of St. Saviour is still seen, crouched in an uncomfortable posture, a weird nameless figure in a shroud, ascribed by popular tradition to "Audery," or John Overs the ferryman, father of Mary Overy. This conclusion appears wholly gratuitous and justifiable solely by the analogy traceable by imagination in the figure of stone, and the external appearance wherewith one instinctively clothes the vile worshippers of Mammon. The face is certainly sufficiently emaciated to suit that of a man who fed by choice on marrow-bones and stale bread; the attitude is indeed such as might tally with that of a miser; but, unfortunately, the marble tablet attached to the sepulchral monument informs all who choose to pause and read that here reposes the body of one Richard Blisse, who died in the year of grace 1703.

"E."

Harry Considine's Fortunes.

BY NUGENT ROBINSON.

CHAPTER XVII.—HARRY DRIFTS A LITTLE.

THINGS went gloomily enough with Harry Considine. He sought employment day after day, week after week, and found every position filled, every avenue choked, and a small army of applicants,—additional recruits arriving by every steamer.

"I have fifteen dollars left out of my \$250. When these give out, Gerald, I'll apply to the Street Cleaning Bureau for work."

Molloy was more fortunate. Raster had invented a head-rest for railway cars, and had taken Gerald as a clerk at fifteen dollars per week. Of this fifteen dollars he put nine or ten into the Bleeker Street savings-bank every Saturday. And it is astonishing how pleasing a sight it is to find one's earnings erecting a financial monument under one's eyes.

"Harry, you can pull away at this"—handing his friend the bank pass-book. "As long as I have a dollar you shall take fifty cents of it."

This was Gerald Molloy; for, although mean and saving and miserly almost, his heart was in the right place.

"I have a feeling, Gerald, like that which held Mr. Micawber's head so erect over his shirt collar,—that something will turn up before these fifteen dollars are gone. No, my dear old fellow, not a cent of your savings will I touch, nor a cent of any other man's savings! I shall make my own living, with the help of God and my own right hand."

A few mornings after this conversation a letter arrived from Alderman Ryan to Harry. The well-known handwriting caused Considine to start. The idea of Ryan's writing to *him!* What did it all mean? This astonishment was not in any degree lessened when a bank post-bill for £50 dropped out of the envelope.

The letter ran as follows:

RUTLAND SQUARE, Monday.

DEAR MR. CONSIDINE:—I write to thank you for your kindness and courtesy to my niece, Miss Esmonde, under her recent affliction. [Harry had arranged all the details of

the funeral, etc.] Her unfortunate father, I learn from the Rev. Luke Byrne, has left one thousand shares in the Santa Rita Mine, situated near Chihuahua in Mexico. These shares are, at last quotation, worth ten pounds a piece. The unfortunate Mr. Esmonde left the scrip with one James O'Brien, State Street, Chicago. I enclose you Mr. O'Brien's receipt for the said one thousand shares. As I have the highest and most complete reliance in your honor and integrity, I now place this matter in your hands, together with a draft for £50 to pay your expenses in travelling to Chicago to take up the securities,—power of attorney sent herewith. And upon receiving said securities you will please mail and register same to me. As your business capacities are well known to me, I feel assured of an expeditious and successful issue to given commission.

Yours truly,

HENRY JOSEPH RYAN,
Alderman, J. P.

P. S.—I send a *Freeman's Journal* containing a speech of mine in the Municipal Council on the great question of sewerage.

H. J. R.

The same mail brought a sweet, tearful letter from Caroline, and a few lines from Father Luke, hoping that his dear boy was on his legs and striding into prosperity.

"Recollect, dear Harry, that there's an *Ave Maria* offered for you every day at our Blessed Lady's altar. This beautiful prayer will keep you in God's shining grace."

Peggy Considine, who wrote by special permission of the Sisters every week, concluded her letter with,

"Jane Ryan comes to take me out to walk every Sunday, and always asks me to take her your favorite walk. We talk about you all the time. She says I must go and stop all my holidays with her. She is a real warm-hearted girl, but occasionally uncertain in her manner,—being, I think, a spoiled pet. She is either all warmth or very cool. She asks the queerest questions about you, and cried over the last letter you wrote me, which I gave her to read, and which she has kept."

"I wish," muttered Harry. "that poor Peggy wouldn't write a word about Miss Ryan. I must tell her not to mention her at all in her letters. This is horribly painful!

Horribly!" As indeed to him it was, honest-hearted fellow!

What a mail for Harry Considine! What a lot of news! What a turn in the wheel of his finances! He flung the contents of his pocket-book on the bed. Four dollars and eighty-two cents. He knelt down and uttered an *Ave Maria*, his favorite prayer. "Perhaps," he thought, "Father Luke is saying it at this very moment for me." He partook of a good breakfast—the first full meal of the kind for a long time,—and went down to Raster's, in Beaver Street, to see Gerald.

"Worth ten pounds a piece, and all in her own right!" exclaimed Gerald. "Why, man, Caroline Esmonde is an heiress, and twice as fascinating as Jane Ryan! If she were here now, I'd—well, it's no matter. But I *do* wish she had gone out to visit my people in Minnesota. She was asked, you know; and Emma offered to come along and fetch her,—in fact, had to be stopped almost by force. Do you know what the interest on—"

"I'm off to Chicago by the 4.30," said Harry. "And I want you to get Mr. Raster to identify me at the bank."

This the obliging Raster did with a will; and, having just disposed of fifty head-rests to the Raritan & Hopetick R. R., he treated the two young men to dinner at the Astor House.

Arrived at Chicago, Considine did not lose a moment in calling on James O'Brien in State Street. Mr. O'Brien, who kept a grocery establishment, was exceedingly cautious in his dealings with Harry, and read the power of attorney so slowly and attentively that his lips moved with forming every word. He then deliberately surveyed Harry over a pair of thick gold-rimmed spectacles, and finally exclaimed:

"I have the bonds—*there*, right in that safe, young man. You have my receipt, I suppose?"

"Here it is, sir."

Mr. O'Brien carefully perused it, holding up the paper between him and the light.

"That's my receipt, sure enough. But who are you? Mind, I don't want to hurt your feelings, young man,—not I, indeed; but there are so many impostors of all kinds around that I must not only protect James O'Brien, but I must protect Alderman Ryan. Now, do you

know anybody in Chicago that could identify you?"

"Not a soul."

"Your face is as honest as a new treasury note; *that* I must say. But—"

At this moment Mr. O'Brien received a violent whack between the shoulders from a stoutish gentleman in a soft felt hat, and whose pants were stuffed into a very brightly polished pair of boots.

"I'm off by the next train, Jim. Is that tea put up for me?"

"Goodness gracious!" exclaimed Harry Considine. "Why, it's Mr. Molloy!"

"Harry Considine, by jingo!"

There was a handshaking that caused a Chinese mandarin, of china and loose *vertebrae*, on the counter, to solemnly wag his pigtailed head.

"Why, Harry, this is immense—e-normous! Why, what a fine fellow you've grown! Won't they be glad to see you up at the Farm! Oh, dear, no, you won't recognize my wife. She's fat, sir,—stout, sir,—yes, sir, turns the scale at a hundred and fifty. And as for Emma! well, just wait till you see her,—that's all!"

The bonds were duly turned over to Considine, and as duly receipted for. They were then registered and mailed.

"There's no use in your saying you won't come, Harry, because you shall—you *must*. Why, I'd get my head taken off if our dear old friend, who used to dine on a shoulder of mutton and rice pudding at Rathgar on Sundays, was so near and turned his back on us. Why, man, on your own confession you have nothing to take you anywhere in particular; and as I've lost one train for you, I will bear the disappointment by taking you along on the other. Oh, we're in clover, Harry, and happy as the day is long! Peter Daly is a brick!"

"And how do the ladies bear the banishment, Mr. Molloy?"

"Banishment! *Na bocklish!* Just ask them to go back to Rathgar and the Cawstle, and see the flea you'll get in your ear!"

And Harry Considine arrived one lovely evening at Clam Farm, his heart beating somewhat rapidly and irregularly, if the truth must be told.

(CONCLUSION IN OUR NEXT NUMBER.)

To Our Lady of the Most Holy Rosary.*

From the Spanish, by Harriet M. Skidmore (Marie).

PROSTRATE at thy feet I fall,
Virgin Mother, pure and tender,
Shining with celestial splendor,
Fairest of His creatures all!

Love Divine, who deigned to be
Hidden in our nature lowly,
Found thy heart a temple holy,
And, incarnate, dwelt in thee.

CHORUS.

Therefore at thy feet I fall,
Virgin Mother, pure and tender,
Shining with celestial splendor,
Fairest of His creatures all!

For the boon that thus was ours,
For the treasure through thee given,
Grateful Earth and joyous Heaven
Crown thee with unfading flowers.

With them at thy feet I fall, etc.

Thou didst ope the heavenly gate
Closed by Eve,—thy strength supernal
Crushed the head of foe infernal,
Virgin Queen Immaculate!

Prostrate at thy feet I fall, etc.

Loss of Jesus makes thee sad,
But He soon that grief assuages;
When thou find'st Him with the sages,
Thrills thy heart with raptures glad.

Humbly at thy feet I fall, etc.

Sadder still thy fond heart grew
When He, for Redemption's duty,

* The beautiful poem which I have thus attempted to translate is by the Most Rev. Joseph S. Alemany, O. P., late Archbishop of San Francisco, Cal. It was written when he was a mere youth, and was found after his death among his papers. It was published in the Spanish journals, and a copy was sent to one of his former priests in San Francisco. In Spain (according to an ancient and devout custom), at the public recitation of the Rosary, a descriptive stanza is sung before each mystery. The above hymn was set to music and chanted thus throughout His Grace's native land during last October, the Month of the Holy Rosary. How touching is this proof of the affectionate reverence with which the memory of the illustrious and saintly prelate is cherished by his compatriots, among whom he died, having exchanged the archiepiscopal mitre for the cowl of his beloved Dominican Order!

Quitted Nazareth ; o'er thy beauty
Grief then spread its pallid hue.

Prostrate at thy feet I fall, etc.

But what anguish tortured thee
When, in spirit-contemplation,
Saw'st thou all His desolation
Mid the Garden's agony!

Prostrate at thy feet I fall, etc.

Known to thee was traitor guile
Of Iscariot ; known the sorrow
Of that drear and dreadful morrow,
With its cruel scourgings vile,—

With its rending, thorny crown,
And the ruby jewels glowing
Of the blood rain's mystic flowing
From His royal wreath adown.

Mourning, at thy feet I fall, etc.

On the dolorous path He trod,
With His Cross of anguish laden,
Sad yet sinless, Mother-Maiden,
Thou didst meet thy suff'ring God.

At His feet and thine I fall, etc.

Nails that rent Him, spear that passed
Through His side, thy heart maternal
Pierced and cleft,—yet love supernal
Held thee near Him to the last.

Contrite, at thy feet I fall, etc.

But from scenes of death and gloom
Turn I to thy joys, when (risen
From His dark, sepulchral prison)
Jesus conquers e'en the tomb.

Gladdened, at thy feet I fall, etc.

Grief brings not its dark alloy
When thy Son to heaven ascendeth ;
Then no pang of sorrow blendeth
With thy hope-illuminated joy.

Prostrate at thy feet I fall, etc.

Grows thy joy more full and sweet
When in flame-tongues, brightly glowing
(Fadeless strength and light bestowing),
Comes the promised Paraclete.

Humbly at thy feet I fall, etc.

Brighter glories thee await,
When, on high, from peaceful slumber,
Angel legions without number
Bear their Queen Immaculate.

Prostrate at thy feet I fall, etc.

But thy fairest triumph shone
When the Triune God, all-holy,
Gave the crown that decks thee solely,
Led thee to thy heavenly throne.

Hail, then, at thy feet I fall, etc.

Heaven and Earth proclaim thee Queen.
Mortals win, O Sovereign gracious,
By thy pleadings efficacious,
Holy lives and deaths serene!

Hail, then, at thy feet I fall, etc.

Aid me bravely to endure
Earthly woes ; and through death's portal
Lead me safe to realms immortal,
To thy home of peace secure.

Pleading thus, I prostrate fall, etc.

Ella's Sacrifice.

BY CLARA MULHOLLAND, AUTHOR OF "A BUNCH
OF VIOLETS," "TWO LITTLE RUSTICS," ETC.

(CONCLUSION.)

III.

ELLA'S days were now busy indeed. She bought a supply of flannel, calico and serge, and, with Bridget's help, cut out frocks and petticoats for the little Glinns, which, by dint of constant work and industry, she managed to get finished in a wonderfully short space of time. Laura looked on for a while, much amused at her sister's sudden passion for sewing ; then, seeing how thoroughly in earnest she was, and how much there was to be done, she too produced her thimble, and began graciously to lend her aid.

Mrs. Glinn had been sent away to a convalescent home by the sea, where she was slowly regaining her health and strength ; and the doctors said that in a few months she would be well enough to go back to her family. Kitty was placed in the orphan asylum belonging to the Sisters of Charity, Ella providing her with a suitable *trousseau*. The baby and her five-year-old sister were admitted to the *Crèche* ; and Bill was sent to lodge with some respectable people, who, for the payment of a small weekly sum, were willing to keep him until his mother was able to return and look after him. The rent, which was many weeks in arrears, was paid up. And when all

this had been done, and comfortable under-clothing, a respectable dress, bonnet and shawl provided for Mrs. Glinn, little remained of Aunt Constance's ten pounds.

In thus providing for the wants of this poor family Ella was very happy. For the first time in her life she had done something that was really good and meritorious, and her joy was indeed great. By denying herself, and sacrificing the natural desire of a young girl, innocent and harmless in itself, to appear well and freshly dressed at the ball, where she was sure to meet so many friends, she had accomplished very much. Not only had she the happiness of seeing the little ones grow bright and rosy, thanks to their warm clothing and good food,—not only was she able to rejoice that the poor delicate mother would one day recover her health and strength, but she had the consolation of knowing that, through her, owing to her act of self-denial, these children would be rescued from a life of ignorance and perhaps of sin, and taught to know their Creator. For, thanks to Ella and her charitable exertions, this little family was about to be received into the Church. Mrs. Glinn was anxious that her children should be brought up in their father's religion, and expressed a strong desire that she might be allowed to become a Catholic herself.

So the time passed. And so fully occupied was Ella that she thought little about the Goldfinches' ball, or the preparations for it. However, when the night arrived, she put on the prettiest dress her wardrobe contained—a black tulle,—with a few crimson roses at her breast, and tripped down-stairs, a smile on her lips, a look of peace and joy in her dark eyes.

In the drawing-room stood Laura, radiant in white satin, pearls and lilies of the valley. She looked very pretty and graceful, and as Ella entered the room she exclaimed, admiringly:

"How lovely! My dear Laura, that is the sweetest frock I ever saw!"

"I hope you are green with jealousy, my poor Cinderella!" said Laura, laughing. "You ought to be—perfectly green!"

Ella kissed her and arranged a bow on her shoulder.

"No, dear, I don't think I am. I am glad

to see you looking so nice. Aunt Constance will have one niece to be proud of."

"You should have had a dress just the same, Ella," said her mother, mournfully. "I don't like to see you in black."

"Now, mother, you must not grumble, dear," replied the girl, putting her arm round her. "I am not exactly shabby, you know; and I feel so happy."

"No, you are not shabby, darling; and," reluctantly, "you look very sweet."

"Then," laughing and blushing, "what more do you want?"

"Ella, Aunt Constance is waiting!" cried Laura. "Good-night, mother!" And she fluttered away.

"My darling, I hope you will enjoy yourself," said Mrs. Morris, kissing Ella tenderly. "You have worked very hard lately, and deserve a pleasant evening."

Ella laughed, and pressed her cheek lovingly against her mother's.

"Oh, you dear, tender-hearted mother! I have done very, very little. But, please God, I'll do more before I die."

"Ella! Ella!" called her father. "Do be quick! Your aunt grows impatient."

"Coming, papa!" And, giving her mother one long, lingering kiss, Ella said "Good-night!" and hurried down-stairs.

"That child looks beautiful to-night," said Mr. Morris, as he came back from putting his daughters into the carriage with their Aunt Constance, who was to be their chaperon at the ball. "I never saw her look so well."

"Yes," sighed his wife. "And poor Ella should have been dressed like her."

"It is Ella I mean," he answered, in surprise. "But I was not thinking of her dress. It does not matter much what she wears. Laura is a pretty, frivolous little worldling, and requires to be well set off. But Ella—there is a look in that child's face that is beautiful to gaze upon. It is easy to imagine that 'the peace of God, which surpasseth all understanding,' has taken possession of her heart. God bless her!"

Meanwhile Mrs. Earl and her two pretty nieces arrived at the Goldfinches, and made their way up a crowded staircase into the ball-room. Having said "Good-evening!" to their hostess, they passed on, and were soon

surrounded by a bevy of young men, all eager to claim the girls for a dance before their cards became filled up.

"How beautiful the rooms are!" said Laura, as she paused at the end of a dance, and looked round upon the brilliant scene. "Those fairy lights in the grate and on the hearth amongst the flowers and ferns are too lovely!"

"They are pretty, certainly," replied her partner. "But I do not like them in such a position. They are dangerous in the extreme. I wish I could get them removed at once. See how the dresses brush over them continually. If one of those glass tops should be knocked off, the result might be horrible."

"Oh, do not suggest such a thing! I can fancy how a tulle dress would blaze. But pray put such thoughts out of your mind."

"I will endeavor, then, to think and speak of things cheerful only. Who is that beautiful young lady in black?"

"My sister. But she is not looking her best to-night. Just fancy, she gave away all our aunt sent her for a new dress, and had to come in that dowdy old black, that she has worn numbers of times, instead of having a pretty white one like mine!"

"Why did she give away the money?"

"Oh, because she found some poor children and their sick mother, whom she wanted to help. It was good of her, of course; but rather quixotic."

"Very," answered the young man, his eyes following Ella as she moved gracefully round the room. "Might I ask for an introduction? I should like to do something to help her in providing for these children, if she would allow me."

Laura laughed merrily.

"What a pity she did not meet you sooner, Mr. Dew! She might have had her new dress, and provided for the Glinns out of your pocket."

"That would have given me great pleasure. But I fancy the loss of a pretty dress does not trouble her much."

"Not in the slightest. That is just what annoys me. Now that she has got on to this charitable tack, she'll never be fit to look at. All her allowance will go to the poor."

"How very good of her! But I wish she would keep at a safe distance from those

lights. See," speaking excitedly, "her dress is on them! It is only tulle, and would burn like paper. Come, let us warn her."

And he swept Laura through the crowd toward Ella, who, all unconscious of observation, stood in front of the prettily decorated fireplace, talking gaily to her partner.

The band struck up a fresh waltz; couples poured in again from the landings and stairs; the crowd became very great, and as Laura and Mr. Dew made their way across the room they were jostled and pushed about in a most uncomfortable manner. Suddenly, Laura felt she could go no farther. The crowd pressed heavily against her; it was impossible to advance another step.

"What is wrong?" she asked. "Why are the people all coming this way?"

And then, above the music, the buzz of conversation, and the noise of dancing feet, a sound was heard that filled her with horror and seemed to curdle the blood within her veins. It was a cry, a wild shriek for help—and the voice was Ella's!

"My God! I knew it would happen! The very thing I dreaded has come to pass." And he left Laura's side and pushed quickly in amongst the dancers. "Keep back! Let no one in a thin dress approach! For God's sake keep back!"

It was scarcely necessary to repeat his words. The music stopped abruptly. The panic-stricken dancers fled precipitately out of the ball-room. And Ella was seen standing in a sheet of flames, her eyes dilated with terror, her sweet face ghastly in its whiteness and agony.

Mr. Dew looked round in despair. The room was empty; the floor bare and polished; not a rug, not a vestige of anything to wrap round the poor girl, who was being slowly burned to death before his eyes.

"Lie down," he whispered, hoarsely. "Roll upon the floor. That is the best thing to do."

Mrs. Goldfinch and Mrs. Earl ran in from the refreshment room as soon as the dread tidings reached them. But they were utterly useless; their presence of mind had deserted them, and they gazed at her in horror, wringing their hands, lamenting and weeping.

"Lie down,—for God's sake throw yourself upon the floor!" urged Mr. Dew.

But the girl did not seem to hear him, and stood with outstretched hands, clasped together in silent agony, like a martyr at the stake.*

"My God, this is terrible! What can I do? Ah!" cried Dew. And seizing one of the heavy tapestry curtains, he made a violent effort, dragged it down from the window, and, flinging it round the unhappy girl, succeeded in extinguishing the flames.

"Ella darling, speak to me!" cried Laura, bending over her sister, who now lay unconscious on the ground. "O Auntie, she is dead!—my poor darling is dead!"

"I hope—I trust not. She is—in a swoon," Mr. Dew replied, in a voice full of emotion. "Mrs. Earl, we must take her out of this."

"Yes. Bring her to my room," said Mrs. Goldfinch, with streaming eyes.

"Yes. It would be impossible to take her home." And, raising her gently in his arms, he carried her up the broad stair, and laid her upon a bed that had been hurriedly prepared for her. Then he went away to meet the doctor.

"The shock to her system has been very great. I fear she can not recover," said the doctor, with emotion, as the unhappy mother implored him to tell her what he thought of her darling. "She has been severely burned, and the pain is considerable. To a strong person these burns might not prove fatal; but to one of her delicate organization, I fear—we can not hope."

Mrs. Morris bowed her head. "God's will be done! I will try to be resigned." And she flung herself upon her knees by her daughter's bedside.

That night, and all through the following day, Ella lay in feverish agony, tossing from side to side, and moaning piteously. She appeared unconscious to everything but the maddening pain that consumed her, and her cries of anguish were terrible to hear. Then, suddenly, she grew calmer. Toward evening she opened her eyes and looked around. Seeing she was conscious, Mrs. Morris sent for the child's confessor, and she was able to make her confession and receive all the last rites of the Church.

* An accident of this kind happened in Dublin last year.

"Thank God!" she whispered, some moments later. "Now I can die gladly. All my fear has gone."

And then she fell into a stupor, and they thought that gentle voice would never be heard again.

"She is sinking fast," said the doctor; "she can not live through the night."

But shortly after twelve o'clock she rallied, and putting out her hand, laid it lovingly upon her mother's bowed head.

"In the midst of life—we are in death!" she whispered, in a voice so low that those near could scarcely catch the words. "How true—how true! Laura—do not forget! Work—dearest,—live for God. Take care—of Kitty and Polly and—Bill and baby. Mother, be good to Mrs. Glinn."

"My darling, yes!" sobbed Mrs. Morris. "She shall be my special charge."

"And the children mine," said Laura, weeping without restraint. "Ella, I will try to do—all I can—to—be good. I have been frivolous—and useless—I know,—but I will change my life."

A faint smile flitted over the poor face, that was drawn and haggard with pain.

"I am—so glad! Papa—you—will pay for Kitty for my sake?"

Mr. Morris kissed her tenderly.

"Yes, love,—yes!"

"That—is—well. Pray now."

And as her mother, in a voice broken with sobs, began the litany, the girl closed her eyes and fell into a quiet sleep. All through the night they watched beside her, and as morning dawned the color of her face became more ashen, the sweet mouth twitched nervously, the brown eyes opened wide, then the heavy lids fell once more upon the pallid cheek. She gave a deep, long-drawn sigh; murmured softly: "Jesus—Mary!" Then all was still. Ella's pure spirit had gone before its Maker.

In the beautiful cemetery at B—is a grave, with a simple cross of purest white marble standing at its head; and a level slab, carved in *alto-rilievo*, has the following inscription:

ELLA MORRIS.

AGED 19.

R. I. P.

"IN THE MIDST OF LIFE WE ARE IN DEATH."

Stella Matutina; or, A Poet's Quest.

BY EDMUND OF THE HEART OF MARY, C. P.

XII.

A DREAM, y't not a dream. The Gates of Faith
Had open'd on a Temple old and vast,
Where nought unreal may bide—though many a
wraith

Of fond illusion, soon or late out-cast,
Doth haunt the entrance.

As the poet pass'd

From court to court, he ask'd the Temple's name.

But She who led him spoke not, till, at last—
The Bridal Group! And then, for answer, came
Only the light which glow'd in the altar's rosy
flame.

The Temple of Vocation! Scare afraid,

He would have fled; but met that smile, and
heard

"If thou dost love me, prove it undismay'd."

How eagerly he drank each gracious word,

That glow'd like wine within the soul it stirr'd
To holy daring! "Yes, my Queen—for thee!

Full well thou knowest how thy servant err'd
In pardon'd years. But be it far from me
To doubt that, knowing this, my surety thou
wilt be."

The Bride . . . no child of heresy and schism;

No phantom, like the one refused with scorn;

But She whom gift of Pentecostal Chrism

With fadeless youth and beauty did adorn:

Christ's Sister-Spouse—of His own Heart-
Wound born

And Mary's Dolours. But her face unveil'd,

While learning from her of his Star of Morn,
The poet had not seen. Not strange he fail'd
To guess its music then, nor rapturously hail'd

A hidden loveliness of blended youth

And chastity and wisdom with the peace

Which ever tends the majesty of Truth:

But, gazing now, he felt all tremor cease;

Nor now, I ween, had welcomed a release

From such espousals. And Our Lady's face,

At every stolen glance, did so increase

His love for Her and trust in God's dear grace,
He thought no more of self—still fickle, weak,
and base.

So gave the Church her hand. Her Angel clad

Our poet with the Priesthood which is Christ.

The taken Cross, he bears it ever glad;

For his the portion which his Lord sufficed:

And spurns what worldlings covet, unentic'd
Toward woes to be by fleeting joys that are;

For his the joys not fleeting, gains unpriced:
While—sweetly, calmly mirror'd from afar—
Within his deepest soul shines on . . . the Morn-
ing Star.

The Rosary in Oceanica.

MONSEIGNEUR LAMAZE, of the Soci-
ety of Mary, Vicar-Apostolic of Central
Oceanica and of the Friendly Islands, sends to
La Couronne de Marie the following account
of his beautiful mission. We reproduce it in
THE "AVE MARIA" for the edification of
English readers:

Some weeks before the day that his Holiness Leo XIII. offered the Holy Sacrifice for the first time—that is to say, at the close of the year 1837—the first apostles of Central and Western Oceanica arrived at the scene of their missions. Père Bataillon remained, the only priest, with a Brother assistant for companion, at the Wallis Islands; Père Chanel, of holy memory, under the same conditions at Futuna.

Fairly settled, after a year's perilous journey, in the field of their future labors, they would immediately have begun to instruct the natives in the truths of religion, but they were entirely unacquainted with the language of the country. In this extremity it became the part of the savages to instruct their pastors. Many other difficulties not necessary to mention here also hindered the missionaries from announcing the word of God. To pass for travellers, strangers, not to appear as apostles, was the absolute condition of their establishment in these savage islands.

But if they could not preach, they prayed much; above all they recited the Rosary. Old natives who remember the venerable Père Chanel speak of him as always having his beads in his hand passing through the villages, and scattering, so to speak, the seed of his *Ave Marias*. Members of a Society which bears the name of Mary, our devoted missionaries had placed all their confidence in this good Mother. In the midst of trials they prayed unceasingly that she would deign to bless their apostolate.

Their prayer and the method of reciting it attracted the attention of the natives. "What is the meaning," they said, "of those little chains that the white man always carries in his hand? And those beads which are always passing, one by one, through his fingers? And the words which he seems to be addressing to some one he does not see?" These were also the first questions they put to the missionaries when they began to comprehend the elements of their language.

Oh, how happy they were to be able to reply to those simple people, and to teach them, little by little, the most beautiful prayers and the principal mysteries of religion! The islanders were rejoiced to learn these prayers, so novel to them, and later to sing to European airs the mysteries of the Rosary. They also wished to own these little chaplets, to pass them through their fingers grain by grain, counting and repeating the prayers; and to chant them in chorus—now softly and almost inaudibly, now in a loud voice, according to the custom of their country. They sang a decade before instruction, another after; they chanted the Rosary during Mass; it took the place of Vespers. They sang it also when preparing the sick for death; with the same song they accompanied the dead to their last resting-place. They had no books; the Rosary was for them the book *par excellence*, as it was also the most eloquent of preachers. And to this day, although we possess printed books in the various languages of Oceanica, the Rosary is still the most popular book, the mysterious power which draws most sheep to the fold.

It is customary among the natives, before retiring for the night, to say a decade of the Rosary preceded by a chant of the corresponding mystery. It is a kind of living Rosary, distributed, not among fifteen persons (that would be very difficult), but among fifteen families or communities; by means of which, in all our stations, the entire Rosary is recited at this hour of the night, with the chanting of the mysteries. Every month a new mystery is given to a community or village. And as the houses have not enclosed walls, and the people sing in a loud voice, it follows that those who are not yet Catholics become familiar with the prayers and myste-

ries of religion, as well as the hymns, before they are baptized. Often, while travelling through our villages, I pause to listen to the *Ave Maria* as it floats through the air from the open houses; and I cry in my soul: "O Mary, Mother of the Divine Shepherd, Queen of the Apostles, bless these prayers, hearken to their angelical salutations, and deign in return to call to the true fold your children of Oceanica!"

Long before his Holiness Leo XIII., the Pope of the Rosary, had called upon the Catholics of the entire world to practise this devotion in the churches and with their families, it was recited in our missions, with a fervor so touching that we had but to continue it with the same zeal as in the past. In many places five mysteries are recited daily in the church, and on Sunday the entire Rosary. The first part is said by the men, the second by the women, and the third by the children of the school. At other stations five decades at least are recited every Sunday, either before or after Vespers, or instead of Vespers.

Our catechists, and those among us who are particularly pious, are especially given to this devotion. And what graces has it not obtained for those good neophytes! One of them daily recited the entire Rosary to obtain the conversion of his wife. From time to time he would come to me complaining that his prayer had not been answered. But on one of my latest episcopal visits she came with him, also wearing the beads on her wrist. "Here she is," said this brave Catholic. "She has been baptized; she comes to Mass; and we say the Rosary every day together in thanksgiving. I obtained her conversion through the Rosary."

Last year, as you know, the Germans seized one of our islands. Lately the natives partially threw off the yoke, and named as King Mataafa, converted by my revered predecessor, Mgr. Eloy. This dear neophyte recites the entire Rosary daily since his conversion; for a year he has added the Rosary of the Seven Dolours, not to speak of the Way of the Cross, and assisting at Mass daily whenever he finds himself near a church where a missionary resides.

Three years ago the Pope entrusted me with a gift of a beautiful Rosary for the Queen of Wallis. This royal gift was delivered in the

presence of the whole court and people, with great solemnity. I was taken to the island by a French man-of-war. After Mass all the highest dignitaries accompanied me to the dwelling of Her Majesty. On receiving this magnificent present she respectfully kissed the cross, showing it to all her assistants, and giving them time to admire the richness of its workmanship, and the beads, formed of precious stones; finally, she wound it on her wrist, according to the custom of the country. She is proud thus to wear it before her people on great festival days. This touching, paternal thoughtfulness of the Sovereign Pontiff toward an insignificant Queen of Oceanica has contributed greatly to endear him to her subjects, as well as to increase the devotion of our neophytes to the Holy Rosary.

Our Catholics always endeavor to possess a large pair of Rosary beads, which, as I have said, they wear on their wrists—thus visibly announcing to all the world that they are the children of Mary and of the true Church of her Divine Son. But, with this primitive method of carrying them, they are in danger of losing or breaking them, thus being reduced to the necessity of counting their *Ave Marias* on their fingers. This distresses them, and we are besieged for Rosaries. It is the prayer that greets every missionary, especially a bishop, when he returns from Europe, "the country of Rosaries."



The Pioneers and Preservers of Literature.

BY E. V. N.

DURING the first half of the Middle Ages the literature of the countries of Europe was kept alive by the minstrels and the monks. The harper of England, the minnesinger of Germany, and the troubadour of France, sang of love and war, and thus saved from oblivion wonderful traditions and veritable deeds of national heroes, which they had learned from the lips of their sires or their contemporaries. Meantime the cloistered religious sat in his cell, penning tomes of theology, valuable history, etc., varying these sterner labors with the more graceful task of

copying and illuminating those manuscripts, which then took the place of the printed volumes of our own time.

The profession of minstrel was far from ignoble. There was no more honored or more welcome guest than the genial harper, whose hour of triumph came when the substantial supper was over in the guest room of the monastery (which served as inn in those early times), and the cup of mead or sparkling wine began to circulate. The wandering minstrel was attended by one or more persons to carry his harp or guitar. When Alfred the Great glided among the tents of Guthrum, a servant bore his harp,—a circumstance that would at once have attracted attention and revealed his secret had it been an unusual occurrence.

The minstrels of Great Britain, in feudal times, were distinguished as "squire minstrels," "yeoman minstrels," etc. Some were attached to noble families, and wore the coat-of-arms of their patron, suspended to a gold or silver chain, about the neck. The general badge of the profession was a tuning-key. The instruments they used were various; some carried a tabor; some played on a *vielle*—an instrument resembling the guitar, in the top of which was a handle that was turned by one hand while the other touched its keys. The "harp that once through Tara's halls" was far from being the perfected instrument of the present day; its traditional form proves it to have been an improved modification of the ancient harp of the Jews.

A letter written in 1575, and addressed to Queen Elizabeth of England, gives a description of the dress of a minstrel who took a prominent part in the grand pageant given at Kenilworth in that year, and at which the writer was present. "He was dressed in a trailing gown of kendal-green, with very long, wide sleeves; a red cincture girt his waist, and a ribbon of the same color passed around his neck, and from it hung the arms of Islington. His ruffs stood out stiffly with the 'setting-sticks' [an apparatus that supplied the place of starch]. His head, which was tonsured like some clerics, was bare, and his shoes were right cleanly blackened with soot." This picturesque costume, however, belongs to the minstrel of a later date, but it may afford an idea of the style of men who wandered from

palace to palace, from abbey to abbey, and embalmed in poesy the romantic stories and warlike histories of former days.

As chivalry died out, the term "minstrel" was applied chiefly to mere musicians,—the lay being recited by the poet, and the gestures made by jugglers and tumblers. At length the brotherhood of old Homer fell so low that Queen Bess, by an act of Parliament, included the wandering harpers and minstrels among rogues, vagabonds, and tramping beggars.

Let us now turn from the noisy, brilliant circle in which the troubadour and minstrel were most at home, and enter the arched gateway of a monastery, where holy silence and pious recollection reign. We pass through the green courtyard into an arched cloister, on the cold stone walls of which the damp has traced its grotesque velvet mask. A few grave figures glide through the shadowy stillness. We do not linger here, but ascend a stone staircase into an upper apartment, arched and pillared also, but well lighted. Here is a long row of dark-robed monks, each and all intent upon their severe labors,—rendering service to literature for which the mediæval monastery merits our heartfelt gratitude. This is the *scriptorium*. Its austere bareness presents a striking contrast with the well-furnished library of the modern *littérateur*. Wooden chests are placed around the walls of the *scriptorium*, filled with precious manuscripts, to multiply and ornament which is the task of these holy, self-denying men.

There is a variety among the silent workers, as we shall find as we advance through the long hall. Over the desks and heavy carved tables of that time we see choir-boys with flaxen, curly ringlets; men whose circlet of raven hair, surrounding the tonsured crown, proclaims the noonday of life; and we also meet with the silvered locks of advanced age. Now and then a novice, to whom a piece of common work or a much-used office-book has been entrusted, rises and advances to the presiding monk, and modestly asks advice as to the form of a letter or the tinting of a sketch. Ever and anon that same instructor checks with a few calm words the buzz that arises from the boy-workers.

There are articles in that *scriptorium* not found on our writing-desks or study tables.

Besides quills and colored inks, there are reed-pens, pots of brilliant paint, vials of gold and silver size, and sable-hair brushes of various shapes; for the work of the copyist is not that of a mere penman: it requires the skill of an artist. Although the figures which adorn the brilliant illuminations appear a little stiff to our eyes in the nineteenth century, yet, for beauty of design and richness of coloring, many productions of the ancient *scriptoria* remain unsurpassed by the modern pencil.

Let us draw near to this cowed transcriber, who occupies a straight-backed chair, and ask leave to watch his experienced hand as he traces the Gospel on vellum. He tells us that he has just put the finishing touches to a painting, glowing with crimson and gold and blue lace-work, intertwining, in a manner as graceful as fantastic, flowers, birds, and butterflies. This has occupied him during an entire week, yet the brilliant gem of art is merely the initial letter to a chapter! Now he takes his pen, and traces in black ink the thick strokes of what we style German text, or Old English, and which has given the title of "black-letter" to certain manuscripts. While his right hand guides the pen, the left holds a sharp eraser, ready to remove or repair an accident. There are no capitals except the gorgeous initials; no points save an occasional little dash to divide the sentences. The title-page of the completed book, the heads of the various chapters, and the name of the copyist and the date, will be inscribed in colored ink—commonly red ink, whence we derive the word "rubric."

Some of the richest specimens of old-time manuscripts are certain copies of the four Gospels, on purple vellum, inscribed in silver letters, with the sacred names in burnished gold. These were favorite productions in the eighth, ninth, and tenth centuries, and were the remnants of Grecian luxury. There are beautiful missals still preserved, whose pages resemble the many-hued splendors of a grand cathedral window, through which the rays of the setting sun stream in floods of rainbow magnificence. In these manuscripts bees and birds, beasts and fishes, flowers, shells and leaves, with figures of men and angels, were combined with a skill so exquisite that nothing in our age can compare with them.

The Agnostic Girl.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

THE existence of the Agnostic girl is a fact, although there are elderly people who doubt it, just as some of us have doubted the possibility of the griffin or the dragon. She is generally found in cities. She may have been at college,—she has at least gone through the course of one of the public high schools. She has read Matthew Arnold's "Literature and the Dogma,"—the most impertinent piece of work done by that master of words; she has dipped into Draper's "Conflict of Religion and Science,"—whose author appears to have been a good physician, but a sciolist in everything else; she knows something of John Stuart Mill, adores the inanities of Vernon Lee, and revels in "Robert Ellsmere."

Thus equipped, she faces the "eternal verities." She fancies that she can look down on the march of the ages with the calmness of wise impartiality. She finds the Christian idea of God "repellent to her,"—but she "does not know"; she denies in one breath and takes refuge in Know-Nothingism in the other. She strikes one with more amazement than the Agnostic young man; and one is constantly asking how a young woman can be a fool, for fools are rarer among the youthful female sex than among the male. She is aggressive: she is always affirming her disbelief in God and Christianity—for to deny so universal a belief amounts to an affirmation,—yet she always flounders when asked to take the burden of proof which reasonably rests on her.

It is charming to hear a sweet young thing, in the pauses of the dance, throw out a few fascinating nothings on bythibius or protoplasm and the foolishness of faith. Perhaps before '93, young French ladies, who dabbled a little in Voltaire and the Encyclopedia, made similar pleasantries. But if they did, they suffered for it; and when the masked headsman faced them at the guillotine, it was not on Voltaire they called.

In the cultivated society in which the Agnostic girl swims it is thought rather low to be anything but a Know-Nothing or a Buddh-

ist. The fashion may change next year; but this year Buddhism is still the rage, and the visit of Sir Edwin Arnold will no doubt give an impetus to a form of opinion delightfully vague and deliciously incomprehensible. As the Buddhists themselves have not yet settled what the *nirvāna* is, or the exact meaning of their adored golden lotus, it is easy for the Agnostic girl to pass from Agnosticism into a more romantic form of Know-Nothingism. And when the empire gown and the directory bonnet go out of fashion, she will need a new religion. When she no longer shocks her friends by her "advanced" assertions, she will cease to assert.

An analysis of the state of mind of the Agnostic maiden has led us to the conclusion that it is made up of two very compatible elements—a little learning and a great deal of vanity. She will tell you that she grounds her opinion on facts. Facts! Why, her beloved apostle, Matthew Arnold, tells us that facts have failed the new believers! There is nothing now left to them but poetry. And Mr. Arnold was almost infallible in his time—*in his time*; but, poor man, he had but a short day as an authority on religious opinion! And has it ever struck his infallible young disciple that, if his slurs on the manners of her countrymen were as well considered as those on the Christian Faith, they are valuable indeed?

Given a course of garbled history, a habit of discussing conclusions without knowledge of premises, a tendency to the reading of pessimistic novels and current *quasi*-philosophical magazine papers, a contempt for any opinion that is more than a year old, a superficial mind, a great deal of vanity, arrogance, and intolerance, and you have the greatest bigot of our time—the Agnostic young woman.

IF at any time thou dost stumble and fall, and through weakness dost faint, do not let thyself give way to discouragement, nor cast aside thy hope; but, albeit thou fall a thousand times in a day, rise again and be renewed a thousand times in a day; and in what place thy thread was broken knit it together again, and go not back to the beginning.—"*Spanish Mystics*."

Notes and Remarks.

Hitherto infidel scientists regarded the miracles wrought at Lourdes as mere impostures or delusions; but they have become so frequent, and many of them are so striking and so inexplicable from the standpoint of science, that its anti-Catholic representatives are now forced to regard them as real phenomena. Doctors Charcot and Grillo, the famous hypnotizers, have a way of their own to account for these "phenomena." They say:

"Hypnotism is in reality produced by the tiring of one of the senses, and it may be induced by acting upon the credulity. Thus, for instance, in the well-known cases of the pilgrims to Notre Dame de Lourdes, the people are first of all fully convinced that they are going to be cured,—in other words, they are hypnotized; the cure is then 'suggested' to them, and the result is a so-called miracle, which is no miracle at all."

The *Indo-European Correspondence* declares that this opinion indicates great progress, and says that it ought to be proclaimed to the whole world; "for it is an implicit confession that *there is something to be explained.*" That something is already known to millions. The real hypnotizer is the Blessed Virgin Mary, Health of the Weak and Comfortress of the Afflicted.

Cardinal Gibbons, in his Centennial pastoral letter, says that not only ecclesiastical representatives from Canada and Mexico will be present at Baltimore next month, but that the Holy Father will send a dignitary from Rome as delegate, who is both an eminent divine and a personal friend of the Sovereign Pontiff. This eminent Church dignitary will be attended by the Rt. Rev. Dr. O'Connell, Rector of the American College at Rome.

On September 17 the Sacred Congregation of Rites held a preparatory session at the Vatican for the purpose of examining, for the second time, the life and virtues of the Venerable Nunzio Sulprizio, who died in 1836, at the age of nineteen, and left a most admirable example of patience and resignation in the midst of the severest trials.

The Willard Tract Society of Boston has been the means of circulating a sermon attributed to Bishop Strossmayer, an Austrian, or rather a Slav, prelate, noted both for his love of the Church and his patriotism. This sermon, which bears to every Catholic the plain marks of having been forged, has been received by certain Protestants as genuine. It is replete with calumnies against the Church. Bishop Strossmayer, much moved by the horrible sentiments attributed to him,

wrote from Diakover, on June 18, a letter to the Rt. Rev. Bishop of Covington, in which he says that all of the articles printed in this country prejudicial to the Church in his name are "malignant inventions—calumnies concocted at the instigation of him who goeth about the flock of the Lord seeking whom he may devour." The Bishop expresses the sadness occasioned by the fact that he, a priest of sixty years and a bishop of forty, should be the object of such infamous lies. He adds that the sermon published in his name after the Vatican Council, and which teemed with insults to the Church, was the work of an unfrocked priest, who confessed it on his death-bed, and asked the priest who attended him to communicate the fact of his hearty repentance to the Bishop. The Willard Tract Society ought to find some way of doing justice to the venerable prelate.

Not long ago the Samoan King, Mataafa, who is a good Catholic, made an appeal for his people, impoverished by the recent war. Cardinal Moran was empowered by some charitable people of Sydney to send a small sum to the missionaries, instructing them to divide it among those who needed it, regardless whether they were friends or enemies of Mataafa, Catholics or Protestants. Cardinal Moran took occasion lately to praise the King, who had thanked His Eminence for the gift and for the liberality of the conditions. Congress lately sent to Samoa five thousand dollars in recognition of the efforts of the Samoans to save life during the recent hurricane. Four thousand of this was in gold; the rest was used to buy gifts for the principal chiefs.

M. Lair, Mayor of St.-Jean-d'Angély, had, for political reasons, helped to expel the Sisters of Charity from his bailiwick. The Freemasons rejoiced thereat, and when he died they gave him an imposing civic funeral. What was their amazement to find that this champion of "secularization" had left 60,000 francs in his will to the very Sisters he had expelled! M. Lair represents many Frenchmen at the present time, whose political heads belie their non-political hearts.

Situated beneath the grand Basilica, the new Church of the Rosary at Lourdes looks like the stately basis of the larger one, and harmonizes beautifully with its style. Extreme difficulties had to be surmounted in its erection, an entire year being spent in digging and laying the foundations. The former bed of the Gave, which used to flow within a few yards of the Grotto, and which is the site of the new edifice, had to be filled with enormous blocks of granite, in order to give

necessary solidity to the ground. The new church has the shape of a Greek cross, seventy metres in length and as much in width at the transept; the principal aisle is vaulted in cradling work, with rounded windows. The central dome, ornamented with pendentives, rises sixteen metres high. The apsis and arms of the cross are moulded in semi-cupolas and contain fifteen chapels—five in each,—portraying the Fifteen Mysteries of the Rosary. These chapels are lighted from above, and the reflection of the light on the rich carvings sets them off to admirable advantage. The central dome is illuminated by sixteen rose-windows, that form a crown; and beneath these sixteen stars diffuse abundant light. Four doors give access to the sacred edifice; the two lateral ones will be generally used, while the larger entrances, merely shut in by railings, will admit a view into the entire church. A colossal group of the Child Jesus, Our Lady of the Rosary, St. Dominic, and a figure representing the Church, will be placed above the principal entrance; at present the Papal arms are in the centre, those of the Archbishop of Paris on the right, and those of the Bishop of Tarbes on the left. Inside the entrance, two vast tribunes will support the grand organs. A broad smooth road on each side of the church leads up to the Basilica.

Two daughters of Count Taafe, the Austrian minister, were recently married,—one becoming Countess Condenhove, the other Baroness Matencloit. Count Taafe is of Irish descent. His ancestor, Nicholas Count Taafe, Baron of Ballymote, died fighting with James II. at the Battle of the Boyne. His brother, Count Francis, who entered the Austrian service, was, by special act under William and Mary, allowed to retain his Irish title. Like the MacMahons and the O'Donnells, the Taafes have done honor to their adopted country. The intermixing of Irish and Continental blood, through the brave soldiers who followed the fortunes of James II., seems to have produced good results; and those of their descendants who have come to America are still a credit both to their faith and their nationality.

The *North-western Chronicle*—Archbishop Ireland's organ—confirms the report, first published in the *Catholic News* of New York, of the establishment of five new episcopal sees in the United States, all suffragans of the ecclesiastical province of St. Paul. The decree of the Congregation of Propaganda to this effect was approved by his Holiness the Pope on the 29th ult. The new sees are: Sioux Falls, in South Dakota; Jamestown, in North Dakota; St. Cloud, Duluth, and Winona, in Minnesota. The Right Rev. Martin Marty,

O. S. B., D. D., heretofore Vicar-Apostolic of Dakota, is made Bishop of Sioux Falls; the Rev. John Shanley, of the Cathedral of St. Paul, becomes Bishop of Jamestown; the Rev. Dr. Otto Zardetti, Vicar-General of the Vicariate of Dakota, Bishop of St. Cloud; the Rev. James McGlrick, of Minneapolis, Bishop of Duluth; and the Rev. Joseph B. Cyster, of Winona, Bishop of Winona.

All who know these worthy ecclesiastics, and are acquainted with the needs of the fields of labor to which they have been called, rejoice for a double reason—viz., that priests so well deserving have been raised to episcopal rank, and that such excellent provision has been made for new religious centres so vast and so promising.

In Tonkin, Sister Marie-Thérèse, wounded at least three times on the field of battle, who carried a bombshell eighty yards, to be then wounded by its explosion, received from the French Governor the Cross of Tried Bravery, and the soldiers presented arms. At Paris the same Sister would have been driven from any hospital in which she happened to be ministering.

The folly of Ritualistic pretensions is admirably illustrated by this bit of anecdote, which, if not true, is well invented:

Episcopal rector (to Irish plasterer on ladder, pointing to the church wall): "That mortar must have been very bad." Plasterer (with a grin): "Ye can't expect the likes o' a good Roman ciment to stick to a Protestant church."

The venerable Bishop of St. Paul, Mgr. Grace, who on his resignation of that see had been named titular Bishop of Mennith, has been raised to the dignity of titular Archbishop.

At the recent Congress of the Literary and Scientific Societies of Paris and the various departments of France, Doctor Moreau, a distinguished physician of Tours, read a paper on "The Contagion of Crime and its Remedy," which aroused a great deal of interest. "The constantly increasing number of crimes," he said, "has for a long time attracted the attention of moralists. To combat this evil, its causes must first be known. The fact is, there is a veritable epidemic of crime. Now, in inquiring into the causes to which the evil that is wrought may be attributed, we are confronted by the fact that *its propagation is due to the press, the theatre, romances, and the like*. As for the means by which to stay this fearful development, the only effectual one is *to enforce absolute silence* in regard to crimes committed; or if they must be spoken of, let it be done in the fewest and most concise terms and with extreme

reserve. The cause will thus be removed and the effects will cease. In this way, though crimes may still be committed, they will be greatly decreased, and will cease to be a terror and a menace to society."

Commenting upon this *résumé* of the Doctor's discourse, the *Revue du Diocèse d'Annecy* makes the following reflections:

1. The Church has always taught the same. She has always said, and never ceases to repeat, that the man who makes himself familiar with crime, who sports with evil thoughts, exposes himself to the danger of, sooner or later, falling into crime. 2. Holy Scripture teaches us that scandal—the evil done before one's neighbor—is one of the most grievous sins, precisely because the evil is contagious, and every one may feel tempted to imitate, to repeat the culpable act. 3. The Church, in the name of morality, forbids the reading of papers, not only those that are intrinsically evil, but also those which it might be imprudent to read. She forbids the reading of licentious romances; she forbids the immoral theatre, not only to the young but to all Christians who have at heart the salvation of their souls.

Thus these *savants* of Paris, men without religion, the enemies of religion, simply repeat what the Church has never ceased to teach and to impress upon the minds and hearts of her children. Would that her words of warning, especially in regard to that which is of the greatest importance to the individual and society—the proper instruction of the young,—were more frequently heeded even by those of her own fold!

Mr. C. S. L. Bateman, in "The First Ascent of the Kasai," pays a high compliment to Catholic missionaries in the Dark Continent. He says that all the funds of British missionary societies can not compete with that apostolic enthusiasm which inspires the priest.

The *Pilot* calls attention to the manner of the conversion to the faith of the Rev. Heinrich Padenberg, pastor of a Campbellite congregation at Allegheny, Pa., and remarks: "What a tidal wave of conversions we should have to record if all the anti-Catholic 'crusaders' and 'evangelists' had the honesty or the courage to follow his example!"

Dr. Padenberg was reared in the tenets of German Lutheranism. He was a sincere and God-fearing man, and on his advent to America the multiplicity of the divisions of Protestantism dismayed him. In his quest for unity and consistency he became a Swedenborgian, but was only a short time satisfied with the change; then

he applied himself to a study of the Hebrew faith. All the time he was bitterly and irreconcilably opposed to the Catholic Church, and felt himself specially called to carry on a fierce crusade against her. It was characteristic of this honest man that he felt obliged to acquaint himself with the doctrines of the Church against whom he was waging war, from the writings of her own accredited exponents. Believing her to be intrinsically evil, he never doubted but that she would be condemned out of her own mouth. He read, studied, and, of course, became a Catholic.

New Publications.

THOUGHTS AND COUNSELS FOR CATHOLIC YOUNG MEN. By the Rev. P. A. Von Doss, S. J. Freely Translated and Adapted by the Rev. Augustine Wirh, O. S. B. New York and Cincinnati: F. Pustet & Co.

This work is admirably adapted to attain the purpose for which it was written: to impress upon the minds of the young those salutary and practical thoughts which will serve as their guide in the attainment of the great end of their existence—namely, to lead good Christian lives here upon earth, and so work out their eternal salvation. It is needless to say that in our day, owing to the widespread dissemination of evil literature, thoughts and counsels are diffused that are unspeakably corrupt and calculated to effect the ruin of innocent souls. And therefore the true friend of youth will take advantage of every opportunity to instil thoughts and impart counsels which are assuredly for the good and the spiritual progress of immortal souls,—for their true happiness here below and their eternal happiness hereafter. For this reason we hope that the "Thoughts and Counsels" of the Rev. Father Von Doss will meet with a wide circulation, commensurate with the great good they will certainly produce. It is a work invaluable to the young Christian, and will be found of great service to directors of souls and to all who have the care and direction of youth. It forms an octavo volume of about 625 pages, divided into four books, entitled respectively: "The Return," "Confirmation in Good," "Progress," "Consummation." This indicates, to some extent, the plan of the work. A young man has yielded to temptation; he is reminded of his last end and the value of his soul; he is shown how precious is the season of youth; the malice of sin is brought before him, and he is encouraged to seek for reconciliation through the saving Sacrament of Penance. Then, restored to life, he is guarded against future dangers; the

enemies that he has to fear are pointed out to him. "The road which leads to relapse into sin is paved with a foolish human respect, presumptuous confidence in sinful occasions, reckless contempt of temptations, and a wrong manner of conducting oneself under them; a disregard of those small faults which so easily open the way to grievous sins; the habitual neglect of prayer and of the holy Sacraments of Penance and the Blessed Eucharist." In the third book counsels are given for the progress of the soul in the spiritual life—the life of virtues which have for their object God, ourselves, our fellow-men, and the various duties and relations of our state of life. Finally, "from the practice of what is good one is led gently on to aspire to the 'better part'; Christian perfection, here below, attaining its closest resemblance to God, is rewarded in the world to come by a corresponding degree of the Beatific Vision—the possession and fruition of God." "Thus," as the pious author says, "the young man is shown the beginning, progress, and completion of his whole spiritual career."

A HISTORY OF THE SEVEN HOLY FOUNDERS OF THE ORDER OF THE SERVANTS OF MARY. By Father Sostene M. Ledoux, of the same Order. Translated from the French. London: Burns & Oates. New York: Catholic Publication Society Co.

The founders of religious orders have been so generally elevated to the honors of canonization that it is surprising how the merits of these saints should have escaped recognition until the present pontificate. Attention was drawn rather to St. Philip Benizi, an early Superior-General, though not the founder, of the same Order; the miracles wrought by whom, both before and after his translation to the Abode of the Blessed, awakened such gratitude and confidence that he seemed to represent for a while all that was good in the Order itself, although he would have been the last to pass over the claims of the Seven Founders. The book before us is a very full account of the lives and good deeds of these men, linked in a bond of such holiness and friendship as is scarcely known in these degenerate days. The writer thinks that the eleventh and twelfth centuries were peculiarly favorable to the attainment of Christian perfection, although he admits that the picture is not without its shadows. Probably every century furnishes its special forms of trial and triumph to Christian holiness. It is better to make a good use of our own advantages than to mourn for mediæval privileges, which our modern habits of thought would hinder us from appreciating even if they could be once more offered. The historical part of the work has been prepared with the fidelity to record which

the culture of the day exacts, and the book is valuable as a reference as well as interesting to the reader.

HISTORY OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH IN MONROE CITY AND COUNTY, MICHIGAN. By the Right Rev. Camillus P. Maes, D. D.

This pamphlet possesses more than a merely local interest. It gives us the history of the old pioneer days when a line of French settlements connected Canada with Louisiana, and when the aboriginal Indians knelt with their white brethren around the altars of Christ. There is a flavor of romance about those early days that is made more attractive by the monotony of present surroundings. The Monroe parish, when first formed, had no known western limit, and included Northern Indiana as well as Southern Michigan. The old French-Canadian custom of distributing blessed bread at High Mass was here in vogue. The names on the record—the Navarres, Thibaults, Naddeaus, Campeaus, Riopelles, and others—are still borne by ever-increasing descendants throughout the Western States, and have left their mark upon the vast region throughout whose primeval forests the *coureurs des bois* who once bore them were wont to range.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands, as if you were bound with them. —HEB., xiii. 3.

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

Brother Benedict Joseph Labre, C. S. C., whose happy death occurred on the 6th inst., at St. Edward's College, Austin, Texas.

Sister Mary Gregory, O. S. F., St. Agnes' Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa.; Sister Mary Regina, of the Sisters of Holy Cross, Notre Dame, Ind.; Sisters Fidelis, Regis, Leocadia, and Francis, of the Order of Mercy.

Hon. Francis L. Aude, of San Francisco, Cal., who died a happy death on the 25th ult., after receiving the Sacraments of Holy Church.

Mrs. Anastasia Bogue, who departed this life on the 18th ult., at Sillery, Que.

Mr. Matthew McCullough, a worthy and well-known resident of Pin Oak, Iowa, who passed away on the 2d inst.

Mrs. Mary McNally, a fervent client of the Blessed Virgin, whose good life closed in a peaceful death on the 26th ult., at Oakland, Md.

Mr. Dennis P. Gannon, of East Boston, Mass., who was lost at sea on the 14th ult.

George M. Bannister, of Chicago, Ill.; Mrs. Margaret Hopkins, Mrs. Mary Masterson, Miss Ellen Lewis, and John Quinn,—all of Albany, N. Y.; Nicholas O'Leary, San Francisco, Cal.

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



Her Vocation.

BY L. W. REILLY.

"There's no use trying, Sister: I can't get on at home."

"I'm sorry to hear you say that, Mary dear," said Sister Rose; "but before you tell me all about it, let us go out for a walk through the grounds; for this Indian Summer day is too beautiful to be spent in doors."

While they are getting on their cloaks, the first part of Mary's story may be told.

Mr. and Mrs. Brent own a farm in Ohio. They worked early and late, saved and stinted themselves, to pay for it; and after fifteen years of toil they succeeded in clearing it from debt. That was six years ago. Then they determined to give to their five children, of whom Mary is the eldest, the gentle education that they themselves had never had, and the lack of which they had often lamented. Their plan was to send Mary to a convent academy until she should be graduated, and then to bring her home to teach Joe and Raymond, Nellie and Grace.

Accordingly when Mary was twelve years old she was sent to the Sisters, and with them she remained until last June, when, with diploma and medal, she returned to her father's house. It had required extra frugality on the part of the other members of the family to meet the bills for her tuition, clothing; and in incidental expenses; but the burden had been cheerfully borne, with the expectation that Mary would repay all their sacrifices.

The month of July was spent by Mary in rest. She did not seem to care to help in the work of milking the cows, churning the butter, feeding the chickens, tending the lambs, or picking the berries for market; and, while she was useful in sweeping and dusting, she was not of much help to her mother in the kitchen.

And that poor mother is far from well. Hard work has made her old before her time. Yet

she found no fault with Mary in the early summer, saying to the father that "the girl must have a chance to get used to home before she can be expected to do her share of the work"; but when August and September brought no change, even gentle Mrs. Brent uttered some reproaches. The home school, from which so much had been expected, was begun on the Feast of Our Lady's Assumption. It was closed on the Feast of the Blessed Virgin's Nativity.

"What is the trouble with you, Mary?" asked Sister Rose, as the two strolled through the Maple Lane, along the borders of which the purple and yellow and scarlet leaves lay in fragrant heaps.

"Everything goes wrong at home," answered Mary. "The boys tease me and the girls won't study. Joe made fun of me until father told him to quit; then he refused to learn his lessons. And I'm blamed for it all. Raymond is so slow I couldn't get him to understand anything. And Nellie and Grace never had their tasks, and were constantly in disgrace. Mother said she could not bear to see them punished so often so we gave up."

"And what have you been doing since?" inquired Sister Rose.

"Well, I just hate household drudgery, and I don't do much of it. Mother said she'd sooner do it herself than have me worry over it, and I let her have her way."

"How, then, do you spend your time?"

"Oh, I read a little, I crochet some, I am going to write a novel—you know, Sister, you said I showed some aptitude as a story-teller,—and I practise my music regularly. We have only a parlor organ, which, father said when he bought it, was good enough for the girls to learn on. He promised me in June that he would get me a piano, but now I don't know whether he will or not. I shall not need it, though."

"Why?"

"Because I'm going to leave home."

"Are you? And where are you going?"

"I'm coming to—that is, I'd like to become a Sister."

A smile flitted over the placid face of the *religieuse* at this announcement.

"So you think, dear, that you'd escape trouble by becoming a Sister? You have failed

so far to achieve a victory in the line of duty at home, and you imagine that you would succeed under other circumstances? Don't you remember what the poet says: 'They who go abroad may change their sky but not their disposition'? You're mistaken, my dear, if you fancy that the habit acts like a magic armor to keep all trials away. It brings its own obligations to all who wear it, and those obligations are as hard to bear as any that you are likely to encounter in the world. We have more grace, but we have need of more. Every one has his cross, and even the most peaceful cloistered nun has her burden to bear, fitted to her strength. No, Mary: your place is at home. There you have a work to do. You must not avoid it or do it partly. It is a temptation to think that you are called away from your plain duty in order to become holy here. Sanctify yourself in your father's house. Mortify your will. Be patient. Do your duty. Your father needs you. Your ailing mother needs you. Your brothers and sisters need you. Your course is clear. Go back, with the resolution to fulfil the hopes that were formed for you. Make a new beginning. Start your school again. Do the work that is at your hand, and do it with all your might; and some day, six years or so from now, if you then still believe that you have a vocation to be a Sister, I may agree with you.

"Now, dearie, don't grieve at my chiding," continued the Sister, drawing Mary to her; for tears were falling from the eyes of the girl, and her form was convulsed with sobs. "Take my words kindly, for they are well-meant. I love you, Mary, and I want to help you; and the best service I can do you is to show you your duty, and encourage you to perform it. And now let us return to the house and get some lunch."

And so, with hospitable thoughts intent, Sister Rose led her guest to the refectory.

That was two weeks ago. Yesterday Farmer Brent said to his wife: "Mother, there's a great change for the better come over Mary since she paid that visit to Sister Rose. She and the children are getting on nicely together, I notice. She's the best girl in Ohio."

"Yes," said Mrs. Brent, with the usual exaggeration of mother-love: "she's the best girl in the world."

Lost in the Pines.—A Story of Presque Isle.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

IV.

"Rain!" cried Ferd, as a big drop fell on the back of one of his hands. The lake began to be troubled, and *La Fleur de Mai* swayed to and fro like a leaf in the wind. It was heavily laden with all their paraphernalia. A dash of water over the side of the boat made the boys think that they had better make for the shore, which they did, Ferd rowing with all his might. As their keel grated on the pebbly beach, the storm broke. They dragged the boat as far ashore as they could, tied the rope to a pine which bent in the blast, and rushed to the shelter of a big oak. The boat was well covered by a thick growth of spruce. If the rain did not fall too heavily, the provisions and powder would be safe. The boys had hardly time to crouch in shelter when the wind broke forth like a mad thing.

John and Ferd listened to the rush of the rain, almost aghast at its violence. The water literally tore down. So thick was the foliage above them that hardly a drop touched them. The smooth leaves of the winter-green carpeting the ground shed an occasional shower of drops with a gay and unconcerned air.

Did you ever notice how bright and jolly the winter green is? It defies all weathers; neither the sun nor the snow can change the lustre of its smile. It is hard to say when it is prettiest. Some people admire it most when its blossoms, shaped like those of the lily of the valley, peep out; others when the red berries gleam like the light of a warm fire in winter. The boys, crouching there in the darkness, with the roar of the storm in their ears, felt a kind of friendship for the glossy leaves, that seemed to mind all the turmoil so little.

The lake threw hundreds of white capped waves on the beach, and the boys began to fear that *La Fleur de Mai* and all their treasures had broken loose and were floating afar. They could not see the boat: it was hidden from their sight by the straight downpour.

Ferd felt something close to his hand,—something soft and warm. He closed his fin-

gers and found that he was grasping a chip-monk. The little fellow did not attempt to get away; he had crept close to Ferd in his fear. Ferd was pleased. John looked with astonishment at the quivering little animal.

"You're a queer fellow, Ferd! Animals seem to go to you as if they knew you."

"They know I like them," said Ferd. "That must be the reason."

Gradually the noise of the rain lessened; the thunder died away almost tremulously; the sun burst out; a rainbow spread itself across the lake. The boys saw their boat on the beach, safe, and they yelled "Hurrah!" The chipmonk concluded it was time for him to disappear, and he left the shelter of Ferd's arm. The boys laughed at the funny way with which he took his departure. John picked up a stone, but Ferd held his wrist.

"No, no!" he said. "Let the little chap enjoy the sunshine."

The boys found the contents of the boat uninjured. Though they had been sheltered by the trees, they felt damp, and John suggested that a fire would be a good thing. An axe, wielded by John, soon secured them all the dry wood they needed. At the edge of the lake there was a large rock, from which the rain had flowed as it fell; its top was comparatively dry, and the boys had no difficulty in lighting a fire. They were not exactly hungry, but John thought they could "stand" a roasted sweet-potato or two and a toasted sausage. A few links of sausage were soon produced from beneath the tarpaulin and toasted on a pointed stick. The boys ate their sausage and sweet-potatoes as if they had not tasted food for a week. The warmth of the fire chased away all unpleasant dampness. The lake sparkled peacefully, and they were considering the necessity of embarking when they heard a rustling. Ferd turned to the spot from which it seemed to come.

"Look!" he whispered,—"look!"

John turned his head. Just at the edge of the lake, under an arch made by two birch trees, stood a deer. His head and forefeet were visible among the tall ferns. He had probably scented the intruders in his sylvan retreat. His antlered head was raised high, and his eyes had a peculiarly intelligent and alert look. He was such a noble-looking stag that

Ferd could not forbear a slight utterance of delight. The stag started and disappeared, leaving the ferns all a-tremble.

John seized his rifle and followed as softly as he could. Ferd hesitated, looked to the fastening of the boat—which was no longer aground, but balancing on the gently moving lake,—and then carefully went after John. John was determined to bring down the deer if he could. He did not know that it was against the law to shoot deer so early in the summer. Ferd had some regrets when he understood his cousin's intent. What was the use of killing a magnificent animal, which they did not need for sustenance? But, then, there was such an excitement in running after this superb creature through the cedar and ferns!

The stag, unaware that he was pursued, stood for a moment looking into the cedar swamp. John raised his rifle to his shoulder, but before he could pull the trigger the stag plunged into the brush. John turned away, bitterly disappointed.

"I'm rather glad he escaped," said Ferd. "What could we have done with him?"

"Glad! It's just like you!"

The boys saw that they had gone farther from the lake than they imagined. They found their own trail easily. Ferd lingered behind John, attracted by the beauty of the ferns. John hurried forward, disappointed and a little sulky. He was out of sight when Ferd reached a clump of fern, even more graceful than any he had yet seen. His steps disturbed a brood of young partridges, and he called John to turn back and take a look at the birds.

John returned his call in a tone that surprised him. What could be the matter? He forgot all about the partridges in an instant. He ran rapidly toward the beach. John came to meet him, his face very white and changed.

"What's the matter?" asked Ferd.

"The boat's gone!"

"Impossible!" responded Ferd, breathlessly. "Who could have taken it?"

"I don't know," said John, helplessly; "it's gone!"

The boys went in silence to the water's edge. Sure enough, the boat was gone. John and Ferd looked at each other hopelessly. What could it mean? The rope had not parted in the storm, although the waves had rolled

far up on the beach. Had some thief—Ferd's first thought was of Indians.

John picked up the end of the rope that lay on the ground. It had not been cut with steel, but the keener stroke of fire had sundered it. *La Fleur de Mai* had floated idly with the motion of the lake, and drawn the rope across the fire. Wet as the rope was, it soon broke asunder in the flame.

"Why didn't we think of it?" cried John.

As he spoke he saw the boat gliding fast into the lake, out of reach of the swiftest swimmer. The boys stood watching it, and the shades of twilight began to fall.

"What can we do?" John asked a hundred times. Ferd said nothing. He measured the distance with his eyes. He could swim a little; John could not swim at all. The oars lay useless on the pebbly beach. The fire, warm and comfortable, crackled away, unmindful of the mischief it had done.

"There's nothing to be done, that I can see," said Ferd. "We'll have to make the best of it."

"Make the best of it!" cried John, losing his temper. "Make the best of staying here, lost among these pines! I wish you wouldn't talk nonsense!"

Ferd made no answer. When John lost his temper, he found it best to be silent. John threw himself down beside the fire. Ferd continued to watch the boat. It was drifting slowly. Ferd noticed for the first time a small island directly in its way. He hoped, without knowing exactly why, that *La Fleur de Mai* might find this island an obstacle to further progress. No—the boat was passing the clump of bushes. He turned away with a sigh, only to see the next instant that it had stopped, probably entangled in some long creepers.

"Look!" cried Ferd.

John raised his head. "Look at what?" he demanded, sulkily.

"The boat has stopped."

"Well, what of it?"

"Can you think of any way of reaching it?" said Ferd.

"I'm not a fool," retorted John, "to waste my time! It's lost,—that's all about it. We'll starve here, and never be heard of again. I wish we'd never come!"

Ferd's eyes were fixed on the boat. "We

must find some means of getting it; but I confess I can't think of any. Suppose we try the Rosary, John?"

"Oh, yes!" said John, contemptuously; "lose time with that sort of pious business! It's just like you!"

Ferd looked him in the eyes. "See here, John! Who's losing time—you, sulking by the fire and giving up all hope, or I, trying to find, through the only means in our power, a way out of this scrape? We've been taught to ask Our Lady to help us in difficulties, especially in difficulties from which there seems to be no escape. We've been taught this every day of our lives. We either believe in it or we don't believe in it. I believe in it, and I'm not afraid to show it. If there is any means of getting that boat, I'm going to get at it."

Ferd knelt down among the ferns and winter-green and began to say the Rosary. John continued to sulk by the fire, grumbling in a low voice. Ferd, having finished his prayers, rose and put fresh wood on the fire. He tore away a huge mass of creepers, and chose several stout runners from them. These he stripped of their leaves. He was very lightly dressed, having on the inevitable flannel shirt of the camper out, and a pair of trousers to match it. He tied the oars together with the creepers, threw them into the lake, jumped after them, rested his chin on them, and struck out. John watched him in amazement.

"Good-bye! I think I've found a way of getting the boat."

Ferd was not much of a swimmer. The oars supported his weight, and he was enabled to propel them slowly in the direction of the entangled boat. The current was in his favor; but the water of Lake Superior is so cold that he felt a chill after he had swum a few yards. He kept on bravely. John watched him, with his heart in his mouth. He could not endure the suspense of the sight. He, too, turned to his prayers, fixing his eyes on the black dot and the circle of ripples and splashing water which neared the boat.

Ferd felt a chill, colder and colder; he was within ten yards of *La Fleur de Mai*. John saw him throw up his arm with a cry. He strained his eyes. There was no trace of Ferd. The oars were floating past the little island.

(CONCLUSION IN OUR NEXT NUMBER.)

THE
AVE **M**ARIA
 TO THE HONOR
 OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN
 A MAGAZINE DEVOTED
 HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.

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Regina Pacis.

BY ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

AROUND St. Peter's shining bark
 The raging billows seethe and roar;
 The angry waters, high and dark,
 Assail it evermore
 O bid the storm's wild clamor cease,—
Regina Pacis, grant us peace!

Upon the deck, a vision white,
 The Vicar of Our Lord appears,
 Besieging Heaven day and night
 With a strong cry and tears.
 From the dread tempest grant release,—
Regina Pacis, give us peace!

Not peace such as this world bestows,
 The false, deceitful truce of hell;
 But God's own peace, that glad repose,
 Whose reign the saints foretell!
 O'grant Christ's Kingdom blest increase,—
Regina Pacis, give us peace!

The Apostle of Lourdes.

TO thousands of those who have visited Lourdes during the last quarter of a century, how dear is the name of the devoted Father Sempé, the friend, adviser, and comforter of the pilgrim, and an exemplar of practical devotion to the Mother of God! This zealous client of Our Lady, who was the superior of the Missionaries attached to the shrine of Notre Dame de Lourdes, was called to his reward on the 1st of September last.

A brilliant pupil of the Petit Séminaire de Saint-Pé, a student of philosophy distinguished among all those of Toulouse, afterward a professor at Saint-Pé, then called, though a young man, to be the secretary of the Bishop, adding to his duties many good works, prompted by his priestly zeal, Pierre-Remi Sempé bade fair to achieve prominence and distinction in the Church. All such ambitions, however, he abandoned, to hide his talents and abilities in the religious Congregation of the Missionaries of Notre Dame de Garaison. His superiors soon appointed him, with several companions, to conduct the services of the pilgrimages in the crypt of Notre Dame de Lourdes, which were held for the first time on the 20th of May, 1866. He was placed at the head of the little community, and now began the real work of his ministry.

When the spirit of pilgrimage swept over France, he welcomed it with his whole soul, and it is impossible to describe the devotion and solicitude with which he strove to foster, develop, and sanctify this new expression of religious fervor. The needs and the well-being of the pilgrims were his constant study. Mgr. Laurence, then Bishop of the diocese, committed to him the responsibility of building the Basilica,—an undertaking which was accomplished under his direction. But as time went on the great number of pilgrimages rendered another edifice necessary, and at the suggestion of Mgr. Langemieux the erection of the Church of the Rosary was begun. This beautiful structure is but just finished. The date of dedication was fixed for the present month of October; but during the spring Father

Sempé decided to push on the work as rapidly as possible, in order to accommodate the many pilgrimages which are usual during the summer, and the ceremony accordingly took place in August. Happily, he was thus able to witness the completion of the work, which, a grand monument of devotion to the Mother of God, is also a memorial of the humble client whose life was spent in promoting her honor.

Of the active zeal and charity of that life perhaps we can obtain some faint idea when we remember that the Missionaries of Notre Dame at Lourdes devote themselves absolutely to the service of the pilgrim; that they are at his beck and call, as it were, every hour of the day and night; they attend personally not only to his spiritual wants, but provide for his temporal welfare. Their hospitality has become a proverb, and their house is always open to the pilgrim priest. When a company of pilgrims arrive at the railway station they are met by one of the Fathers, who takes charge of the sick. The latter are placed upon litters and carried to the hospitals. The priest accompanies them; he it is who arranges for all; he has a pleasant word for the sufferers, encourages them on the way, visits them later, and attends them when they are carried to the Grotto to bathe in the life giving waters.

The Missionaries have an office in a little house upon the hill-top, where two of them are always to be found, ready to give all necessary information to the pilgrim regarding the starting of trains, routes of travel, closing of mails, etc., or to help him in any way. As for the spiritual service, during great pilgrimages a band of the good Fathers is constantly on duty in the Basilica to hear confessions, etc. At all seasons, and day and night, two priests are in attendance there. During the winter many of them are employed in giving missions throughout France.

What wonder that the example of Père Sempé and his devoted *confères* has found followers among devout laymen! The *brancardiers* (litter-bearers) are a branch of a larger organization called the Hospitalières—pious modern Knights Hospitallers, who belong for the most part to the old French nobility, and come to Lourdes during the season of pilgrimages to wait upon the sick. Connected

with them also is an association of ladies, who occupy themselves especially with the care of the invalids among the female pilgrims.

This is the work organized and directed by Father Pierre-Remi Sempé, and in which he ever took an active part. He also founded the *Annals of Notre Dame de Lourdes*, and contributed many forcible and earnest articles to its pages. His correspondence was so vast as often to almost overwhelm him, but he attended to it with an exactitude which at times required genuine courage. During all his life he had many devoted friends. One of the deepest gratifications which he experienced at Lourdes was an acquaintance with a learned and conscientious physician, who initiated the scientific examination of the cures wrought there, and established at the Grotto a school, as it were, for the study of the miracles.

Father Sempé had the priestly ardor which would have impelled him to go forth as an apostle to distant lands, were it not that he seemed distinctly called to the special field of Lourdes. Although he was so energetic, so eager for work, the business of his life was prayer; when he prayed in public his fervor was contagious. In his last years his devotion seemed concentrated in the beads. He would have liked, he used to say, to preach a crusade of the Rosary.

When, twenty-three years ago, good Father Sempé came to this obscure little village in the Pyrenees to devote his life to the service of the Blessed Virgin, he found only the small crypt of the Basilica. The splendid structures which have since arisen in Lourdes tell the story of his life. The bishops of Tarbes and Catholics throughout the world were indeed, in the designs of Providence, the creators of these marvels, but God willed that Father Sempé should be the soul of the work, and should have the greater part of the labor.

Early in August the new church was dedicated. He joined in the beautiful *triduum* which succeeded, and labored unceasingly during the pilgrimages of the following weeks. On Sunday morning, September 1, he made his usual visit to the Grotto and to both the churches. About nine o'clock he was seized with a fainting attack. During the day he lay weak and exhausted. At about six o'clock in the evening he asked for the last Sacra-

ments, and, after Holy Viaticum, responded to the prayers of Extreme Unction. While his community, which surrounded him, awaited his last benediction, he in a singularly strong voice asked pardon of them for any disedification he might have given them, and blessed them with a great Sign of the Cross. Then he became absorbed in prayer, his mind remaining unclouded till the end. At half-past eight he sweetly rendered his soul to God and to Our Lady of Lourdes, whom he had so dearly loved.

The sorrow and mourning which spread throughout Lourdes when the event became known showed the hold which he had on the hearts of the people. All the inhabitants, rich and poor, testified the affectionate respect which they felt for the venerable deceased. From the moment when his mortal remains were laid in the chapel of the mission house the crowd never ceased; persons of every rank and condition of life pressed near to pray beside the bier, to touch objects of piety to his hands or even to his robes. But the great manifestation occurred on the day of the funeral (Sept. 4). Then not only the entire village, but hundreds of people from Tarbes and other neighboring places, besides 4,000 pilgrims from Agen, Tours, and Niort, claimed the privilege of following to the tomb the remains of Mary's great servant.

The ceremonies began at nine o'clock in the morning. As the remains were borne from the monastery to the church, a religious silence prevailed in the street, although it was lined with people. Only the tolling of the bell of the Basilica mingled its grave tones with the plaintive harmony of the *fanfare municipale*. The *cortège* included many priests, after whom walked the Bishops of Tarbes and Agen. The bier was borne by the Hospitallers. The escort was an apparently interminable throng of members of different religious orders, and pilgrims of all countries. At the moment when the procession majestically entered the avenue which leads to the Church of the Rosary, a spectator would have thought he was assisting at a triumphant ovation instead of a funeral. In the church was a solid mass of human beings. The sight was grand and touching; one could imagine himself again at the never-to-be-forgotten celebrations of the feasts

of August, in which Father Sempé took so prominent a part. The greens and flowers with which the edifice had been adorned were suffered to remain; a simply covered catafalque, and the mourning which draped the pillars of the transept, alone recalled the object of the service. The Bishop of Tarbes sang the Mass of *Requiem*, after which he delivered the discourse, of which the following is a synopsis:

"At this hour of general mourning does it not belong to the Bishop of Lourdes to interpret the sentiments of all? His heart is full of tears, but will his Divine Master, who wept over Lazarus, condemn the tears which he sheds over the friend of his heart, his friend for sixty years? We can apply to Notre Dame de Lourdes the text, '*Ego diligentes me diligo, et qui mane vigilant ad me invenient me*'; and by the example of her servant, our dear departed one, she establishes the truth of her words. Yes, she loved him because he loved her. She has come to him, because he sought her from the morning of his life. Ah! who does not know how Father Sempé loved the Blessed Virgin of Massabielle? He loved her with all his heart; he loved her too fondly, according to the idea of the world; he loved her even to suffer persecution and to be anathema for her sake. Who does not know it? Ask the echoes of the Pyrenees, which for so many years have heard him bless her name, publish her favors, and which bear even to Heaven the praises of her glory. Ask the most distant countries, where his words, repeated by the echoes of the press, cease not to raise up new children to his Heavenly Mother. Ask the innumerable pilgrims, who never weary of coming from all parts of the world, and who have seen him always at hand, present everywhere, and animating all with his own love and his own zeal for the Queen of Heaven. Ask the river which has changed its course, and that mountain which has withdrawn its massive front, to allow him to raise the immortal monuments which he planned for Notre Dame de Lourdes. The world admires what has been done here in these gigantic undertakings, these prodigious transformations, since the celestial apparitions took place. There is only one word to express it—it is like a glimpse of the eternal abode.

“Well, of these wonders without number there has not been one—not a single one—which was not projected and carried out by Father Sempé. If his Bishop, his friend, could be silent at this moment, the very stones of the mountains, the waters of the river Gave, would cry out as witnesses. To this devoted son and apostle the Blessed Virgin has fulfilled her great promise, that she will love those who love her, and let herself be found by those who seek her from the dawn of life. Was it not she who led him, as by the hand, to the sanctuary of Garaison, where, under the direction of the godly man he was to replace, he cultivated all the virtues which distinguish the missionary? He was there, let us notice, when the Holy Virgin appeared under the rocks at Massabielle, where she wished the people to come in procession. It was necessary to have apostolic men at this new scene of blessings and prodigies,—the men who alone are capable of bringing about the accomplishment of such mysterious designs. Therefore, at the head of these first apostles whom she attracted was the one she intended to associate with all the trials and all the glories of her work at Lourdes.

“Upon him who bore many contradictions the Blessed Virgin has showered much glory. The name of Father Sempé is inseparably connected with that of Notre Dame de Lourdes, and is known, loved and revered throughout the universe. But to this glory of time the Immaculate Virgin has, we are confident, united another and more lasting one—that of eternity; for after saying, ‘I love those who love me, and those who seek me shall find me,’ what does she add? ‘Those who find me shall find life and salvation in the bosom of God.’ Life and salvation are Father Sempé’s. Scarcely had he crowned the beautiful Church of the Rosary, when the Queen of the Rosary said to him from her throne in heaven: ‘Now the eternal crown is thine.’”

As the sun, rising in the morning, shines into thy house if thou dost but open thy windows, so God, the unsleeping King, will shine in upon the soul which unfolds itself to Him; for God, like the sun above us, is ready to enter within each of us if we open unto Him.
—*St. Juan de la Cruz.*

Harry Considine's Fortunes.

BY NUGENT ROBINSON.

(CONCLUSION.)

CHAPTER XVIII.—GOD BLESS OLD IRELAND!
GOD BLESS NEW IRELAND!

MRS. MOLLOY received them in a sort of rustic porch, which Molloy had with his own hands, and at the suggestion of his daughter, built before the hall-door. It was now a veritable bower of Virginia-creeper, in blood-red leaf.

Harry scarcely recognized his former hostess of Rathgar Road. Instead of the lankly, shabbily-genteelly dressed, emaciated lady of yore, a plump, neatly attired, positively handsome matron greeted him,—not in the affected jargon supposed to represent the accent of the “Cawstle people,” but in a rich, mellow Galway brogue, that sounded to him like an Irish melody. Her welcome was as hearty as it was meant to be, and the poor fellow felt the tears coming into his eyes, as this genuine touch of home went straight to his heart after all his recent buffetings and strivings in the waves of his troubled experiences of New York life.

“Where is Emma?” This was the question close to his lips, but only asked by his eyes.

“Come this way, Harry,” called out Mr. Molloy; “and we’ll try to steal a march on my daughter.”

They passed through a large hall handsomely decorated with what Molloy called “trophies of the chase,” through a passage, and by a covered way to a barn smelling deliciously of the breath of kine. In a stall, seated on a three-legged stool, was a young girl in a lavender muslin frock, her white and shapely arms bared to the elbow, engaged in milking a cow.

Was it possible? Could this be real? Was this Miss Molloy, of Rathgar Road,—the would-be fashionable, the aspirant to the doubtful high honor of being presented at the vice-regal drawing-room? For a second Harry felt inclined to rub his eyes and open them to find this charming apparition gone.

Emma—for ’twas she—leaped to her feet, upsetting the stool, while a beautiful blush

shed its rose petals over her in the thickest profusion.

"O Mr. Considine!" was all that she could say, while extending a plump little hand all pink from the recent exertion of milking.

He looked into her Irish grey eyes to their depths. Ah, there was the purity of one of the Children of Mary in those truthful eyes,—the purity that sin alone can defile! He thought of that last look when they parted at King's Bridge, and his heart gave a beat backward.

"Is not this a change?" she laughed, as she returned to the house.

"A pleasant one I trust, Miss Molloy?"

"Glorious!" she enthusiastically replied. "Life has now its objects, its duties. O Mr. Considine, I quiver with shame when I look back at the hours wasted that might have borne fruit! Do you know that when I think of how supremely ridiculous I was in our old home, I shiver and feel as if cold water were being poured over my head?"

"I am awfully glad to hear you say so," said Harry, with intense earnestness,—so intense indeed that he grew crimson.

"Of course you are; so would anybody with a grain of common sense."

"And the Castle?" he laughed.

"The *Cawstle* you mean! That terrible *Cawstle*! I declare, Mr. Considine, I could sometimes sit down and have a good cry when my silliness comes to pillory me." And she wrung her hands together in a passing spasm of genuine remorse.

"Do you remember the evening you attacked me for giving *my* opinion of the sham vice-regal court?"

"Don't I! And I was really in earnest."

"Your truthfulness makes you always in earnest."

Yes, a great, a total change had come o'er the spirit of Emma Molloy's dream. The vain, frivolous, silly girl had disappeared beneath the refulgence of the light of freedom in this glorious land of ours; and a maiden pious, industrious, self-reliant, self-reverent, had taken the place of the poor tinsel-clad butterfly to whom we were introduced at the commencement of this narrative. Emma found that life is as we ourselves make it; that labor, while pleasing to God, keeps the heart light

and happy and jubilant; that that hydra-headed monster, fashion, is but a mockery, a delusion and a snare; that a lady can be a lady in a muslin frock as well as in a silken robe; that the most fascinating manner is that which is most natural, and that modesty is ten thousand times more attractive than all the jewels ever poured forth from India.

Yes, Emma Molloy was indeed changed. Up with the lark, she was busy with her household duties ere the sun had drawn aside the curtains of the night. Rain or shine found her at the first Mass at the neighboring village. She organized the Sunday-school, she led the choir; all day long she was occupied, and her evenings were spent in delightful converse with her parents and honest Peter Daly, whose paternal love for her grew stronger as the weeks rolled on.

In person she was beautiful. Her black hair on a low forehead, her Irish grey eyes with black silken lashes that swept her pure-complexioned cheeks, her dainty nose, her rosebud, fresh mouth, and delicate oval face, in the delicious radiance of health, rendered her a picture.

Was it any wonder that Harry Considine found out that he had been in love with her all along, without being aware of the all-important fact,—in love with her, aye, even when she was the pitiful moth hovering around the *Cawstle* candle? How devoutly he thanked God that this exquisite creature had been transplanted from all such folly to the free and glorious soil of the States!

"I shall never be more to her than a friend," he thought; "but I shall ever be thankful for this gracious change."

Peter Daly was delighted to meet Harry.

"You've struck a home crowd, Considine, so make yourself as comfortable as a bunch of asparagus. We are not gilt-edged folk out here, but we can speak our piece with the best, and we come to the front door every time the bell is rung."

Miss Clancy's rapture on meeting her prized lodger knew no bounds.

"You'll stop here, Harry," she said to him confidentially when they were alone. "And"—here she looked at him with excruciating knowingness—"I have other designs for you."

It so happened that a Mr. Sperling, one of the most useful of Daly's farm *employés*, had just left, owing to coming into possession of a ranch in Nebraska, deeded to him by a brother. Considine, whose practical knowledge of farming was invaluable, was offered the position, and accepted it with gratitude. In a few months he won his spurs by getting a first-class crop out of impossible land,—land plowed by Mr. Molloy's patent plow.

I shall not dwell on the idyllic life at the Farm. Love came into the hearts of Harry and Emma at the same hour,—a love such as it pleases our Blessed Lady to witness—pure, holy, full. A summer day declared it, and a day in the beauteous autumn found the happy pair standing before God's altar.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Considine are spending the winter in Ireland, in the Considine home.

"I have a great notion to marry you all over again," exclaimed good old Father Luke Byrne, with a laugh in his eyes, "for having cheated me of what I consider my rights!"

Gerald Molloy, who is now in partnership with the amiable Mr. Raster, ran over to Dublin for the purpose of wooing and winning not Jane Ryan, but Caroline Esmonde. His disappointment on finding Miss Esmonde a novice at Loreto Abbey need not be dwelt upon here.

Alderman Ryan, at the request of his daughter, took her for a prolonged tour on the Continent. Jane, who is Peggy Considine's fast friend, begged of her to tell Harry that he had no more earnest well-wisher for his happiness. The poor girl said never a word of her whilom friend, the bride.

Mr. and Mrs. Molloy have no desire to revisit the old country.

"I have, as Father Luke says, New Ireland here," Molloy is fond of exclaiming; "and I guess I'll stick to the New."

There is a whisper around Clam Farm that Peter Daly is "spoons" on Miss Clancy.

"I sincerely hope so," says Mrs. Molloy. "She is a whole-souled little dear, and would make a splendid companion for our 'boss.'"

And now my story is told, and I shall conclude with Father Luke Byrne: "God bless Old Ireland! God bless New Ireland!"

Fair Verona.

BY CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

SHE is fair indeed, in her nest of hills, under the shelter of a warlike castle; watered by the rapid Adige, that turns and turns again within the city walls, as if loath to leave them; city of beauty and of poetry and lore; city of cypresses and sighs and song. The Gauls made her bed, and the Romans slept in it for a time; the Guelphs and Ghibellines fought over her; but Venice murdered her at last,—Venice the queenly, Venice the wet-nurse of many a feeble colony of sucklings.

In Verona dwelt Cornelius Nepos, Catullus, Vitruvius, the younger Pliny, and the learned Scipione Maffei. In Verona lived and loved with a consuming love those ill-fated souls who went down to unpremeditated death together; and here dwelt "Two Gentlemen" of whose exploits we have learned somewhat from the pen of him who touched nothing without leaving a kind of halo about it.

Must I confess it?—the town is frightfully dull, though as pretty as a picture-book; clean and pleasant streets; a market place, to my thinking, without a rival in all Italy; quaint tombs tower at the street corners; and there is a statue of Dante, who was cherished here when Florence, the arrogant and fickle mistress of Art, drove him from her gates,—a statue that is swathed in the singing-ropes of the poet, that cover every part of him as with a monkish vestment, and seem to shield him from the world. The face alone is visible,—the marvellous face that seems to have the settled shadow of the *Inferno* ever upon it; but the eyes pierce through that shadow, through and beyond the pangs of Purgatory, and are fixed upon heavenly heights. There are many statues of Dante in the streets and squares and galleries of Italy, but none of them that have brought me to a sudden halt, hat in hand—as if I had intruded upon the privacy of some recluse and owed him a thousand apologies,—as this one did.

Verona is the city of balconies; nine-tenths of its chamber windows have dainty balusters overhanging the street, or a bit of garden, or possibly an orchard—which is by all odds the

most interesting of the series. There they hang, the balconies of fair Verona, like so many night-traps to catch young Romeos, bated with the darling Juliets of the period. But alas for the house of the Capulets! It is quite like any other house in the neighborhood,—though over the door is carved a hat, the distinctive emblem in the armorial bearings of the family. The garden of the Capulets has withered away, and now how can we ever know which of the balconies is *the* balcony? Everywhere we met those citizens who might be Valentine or Proteus; they certainly were gentlemen of Verona; and we even chanced upon a clownish Launce, who was not without his dog. Strolling in search of familiar characters, we viewed the town.

You would scarcely imagine that so peaceful a city is, next to Venice, the most important fortress in Italy. It shelters within its walls sixty thousand souls, and a garrison of six thousand soldiers, who have two cents a day for spending money, and who spend it like gentlemen—at the swell *café* face to face with the "quality." The truth is, one may sit three hours in the best establishment, among the best people, over a cup of black coffee, for which he pays but three cents. Cigars are but one cent each. It costs nothing to test your skill at dominos or chess with a brother soldier; and in this wise time is elegantly and inexpensively dispatched by the majority.

You will recognize the *café* the moment you enter it, by the numerous stately columns that support a roof by no means in architectural keeping; and by the piano that trembles under the iron fingers of an Austrian, who, with thunderous fusillade, accompanies the ponderous *prima-donna* and the blond baritone in endless operatic contests. The air is streaked with smoke; the refreshment dishes clatter continually; the *prima-donna* writhes in the melodious death agonies of *La Traviata*, clad in black silk and lead-colored kid gloves. In her vocal efforts she seems to be dodging behind one of the numerous columns that spring up just where they are least needed but most in the way. I say she *seems* to be seeking sanctuary behind something, but perhaps she is only counting the audience; for no sooner has she ended her *cavatina* than the blond baritone takes up a collection, getting a sou from each

of us. This feature of the entertainment is repeated after every number in the programme, and yet there is nothing in the shape of dissipation among the Veronese more popular or more demoralizing than an evening at the operatic *café*.

The ladder forms the crest of the Scaligers—the Della Scala family,—who were for more than a century (1262–1389) Presidents of the Republic of Verona. Their tombs are upon the street corners—a unique exhibition of pride and funereal pageantry; Christian heroes, Christian virtues personified in marble; and many elaborate pillars support a canopy upon which is an equestrian statue of one of the tribe. One would imagine that these grand old *signori* rode flying horses, for the equestrian statue is nearly always as high as St. Simon Stylites; even the angels fly lower, in marble, and are quite content to hover about a holy-water font that is within reach of the smallest possible Christian.

Behind the columns of the portal of the cathedral are two paladins of Charlemagne—Roland and Oliver; they are in high relief, but with worn surfaces, and look as if they had been pressed into the marble for safe-keeping. But the one sweet, sacred spot in Verona is as securely hidden as a ground-bird's nest. At St. Zeno there is a cloister which was restored in 1121. Heaven knows when the double columns that support the arches were set in rows, but it was so long ago that the cloister seems to have been secreted—a thing holy and to be kept inviolate,—so that one anticipates nothing until he is suddenly and most unexpectedly ushered into it.

In this way the old monks used to box up their sunshine. Their cloisters were like quiet islands anchored afar off in undiscovered seas; they resorted thither to bask under the sloping eaves that shed the rain from moss-grown tiles when the day was dark, or to watch the brown lizards sprawling in the clipped grass that cushioned the open court like velvet when the sunshine flooded Verona. No stranger sought them there; they were secure from all intrusion; the doves flew over them like winged arrows, or paused to croon in the corners of the eaves. The deep notes of the prayer-bell floated down to them, as airy messengers of peace; and they awoke to the

A Legend of Cologne.

NO one knows by whom the plan of the famous Cathedral of Cologne was designed. But the reason why the name of the architect has not come down to us is given in the following legend, as preserved in popular lore:

When the holy Archbishop Engelbert, who had already conceived the idea of erecting a grand cathedral in Cologne, was murdered, and his successor, Heinrich von Molenark, had also passed away, Conrad von Hochstaden, who followed upon the archiepiscopal throne, took up Engelbert's idea, and for this purpose sent word to a young architect, who had already made himself famous by the erection of several imposing structures, to present himself before him. The Archbishop announced his intention of building a fane which should cast all existing cathedrals in the world into the shade by its splendor and grandeur. The young man was to draw up a design for this purpose, and should be entrusted with the erection of the building. The architect was rather nonplussed at the commission, showing by the expression of his face that he did not much like the job. The Archbishop smiled on seeing this, and added: "You will doubtless be able to carry out your instructions, although your modesty does at present impel you to decline the honor."

The architect left the presence-chamber, and as he stepped into the open air his breast swelled with conscious pride, his eye flashed, and the streets seemed too narrow to contain him. Walking along in this way, muttering to himself, "A fane which shall surpass every cathedral in the world! A name which shall surpass every other name!" he came at last to the banks of the Rhine, in the neighborhood of the Frankenthor. A cool breeze fanned his temples, and the moon was reflected in the waves of the river, rolling on in its majesty. The architect threw himself upon a seat and began to trace in the sand, with his stick, all sorts of straight and curved lines, till at last a drawing appeared which bore some resemblance to a design. "I have it!" exclaimed the young man. "My fortune is now made; my name will be handed down to future generations."

Suddenly he heard a coughing and rustling close to him, and a small voice said softly: "That is the minster of Strasburg." The architect looked up quickly, and saw in the shadow of the wall a grey old man, thin and tall, though bent and weak, standing near him; and as this person again, with a malicious smile, said, "You have invented the design of the Strasburg minster," the architect waxed wrath; he rubbed out his drawing, and drew a fresh outline in the sand. "That is the Cathedral of Spires," said the stranger. Whereupon the architect for the third time began to draw a plan with his stick; but the stranger merely smiled as it was completed, and uttered the one word, "Rheims."

Beads of perspiration stood upon the brow of the young man, and he exclaimed: "The devil take you! If you know everything so much better than I do, take the stick yourself and draw something better." Whereupon the old greybeard took the stick, coughed a little, and, bending still more, drew a plan in the sand, as if so doing had been mere child's play; but so full was it of grand conception and beautiful symmetry that the young man confessed to himself he had never in all his life seen anything to approach it. When the sketch was finished the stranger at once rubbed it out. "Where do you come from?" asked the architect. "I do not come from any place in particular: I am everywhere," was the reply. The young man drew a small bag out of his pocket and said: "Sell me the plan." The stranger, however, again smiled, and, throwing a handful of gold pieces at him, said, with a leer: "Not at that price!"—"At what price, then?"—"At the price of your soul," was the reply of the stranger, who whilst speaking the words seemed to grow taller and taller, as though he would at last be able to look over the wall of the town.

The architect gave a scream of terror and made the Sign of the Cross. He fell to the ground, and the cool breezes of the Rhine blew about the locks of hair which clustered around his temples; but he did not feel the wind, for he lay all prostrate and unconscious in the silvery beams of the moonlight. On recovering his senses, the stranger and the plan had disappeared.

The night was far spent and the morning

was breaking when the architect, overcome with fatigue, regained his home. Sleep was out of the question, for his pulses throbbed with the fever of excitement; he seated himself therefore at a table, and began to sketch the outline which the stranger had drawn in the sand, and which was burnt with lines of fire into his imagination; but he could not hit the right proportions. The lengths became mixed up with the breadths. At first the arches were too large and then again too small; as soon as he took up a pencil his memory seemed to desert him. After sitting and working thus for a long time in vain, he went out into the open air and performed his morning devotions in the Church of the Twelve Apostles.

Still he could find no rest; some impulse seemed to compel him to walk up and down the banks of the Rhine. At last, as the evening drew on, he found himself again at the Frankenthor. The stranger was standing at no great distance, drawing with a stick upon the moss-grown surface of the wall; and wherever the stick passed, a faint blue line of fire followed it. The architect stood still and watched in amazement how the delicate arches and spandrels and the rows of columns gleamed forth for a moment and then disappeared.

The old man seemed to become aware that he was being watched, and, turning round, said to his observer: "Will you buy my design now?" The architect drew his cloak closer about him, for a cold shiver passed through his frame as he saw how the stranger went on with his drawing, without even looking at what he was doing; and yet the lines seemed to fall naturally into their proper places, forming a splendid Gothic doorway, which for a moment glistened in all its beauty upon the moss-grown wall, and then faded away. "Will you buy my design now?"—"Yes!" faltered the architect, trembling in every limb. The old man let fall his stick, and, drawing near, plucked a single hair from the young man's beard, with the words: "Tomorrow at midnight."

When the architect awoke next morning the sun was shining brightly. He got up in good spirits, and rejoiced to think, as he opened his window, that soon, very soon, a gigantic building would overtop the roofs of the houses

in the town, and that his name would overshadow all those of his compeers. His housekeeper, who had taken the place of his mother ever since he could recollect, now came in from the church, where she had been praying for some poor soul, and found him pacing up and down his room in feverish excitement, muttering about the plan and the fame which should once be his. She begged of him to give up his mad longing for fame. And when, by her advice, he had rested a while he became more calm and composed; but as the day wore on, and the sun began to sink in the sky, the hours seemed to pass with leaden footsteps. He could obtain no peace; at one time he would sit down contemplatively in his room, at another he would pace up and down like some caged wild beast. At last the witching hour of midnight drew near. He could restrain his restlessness no longer, and the faithful old housekeeper, seeing this, put a silver crucifix into the breast-pocket of his coat, and sprinkling him with holy water, made the Sign of the Cross on his forehead, saying, "May the saints protect you, master!"

The architect went out into the silent streets, and as he passed over the lowered drawbridge of the Frankenthor the clock struck twelve! The stranger was already there before him, sitting on the bench under the shadow of the wall; only the tassel of his cap on his bowed head was illuminated by a ray of the moon. He was evidently not asleep; for as soon as he saw the architect coming he greeted him with a nod, and moved a little on one side in order to make room for him to sit beside him upon the bench.

"Give me the drawing," said the architect, going up to the old man. "Well, then, sit down a minute, my friend, and contemplate the beautiful effect." And saying these words the latter unrolled a parchment, on which the design was clearly and distinctly drawn out. It was complete. Ground, plan and elevation, longitudinal and transverse sections, together with detail drawings, were all there. With fierce haste the architect snatched at the plan; the old man made no attempt to resist him, but allowed him to stow it quietly away in his breast-pocket, whilst he himself drew another parchment, smaller than the former one, out of his coat sleeve, and proceeded to

unfold it. There were only a couple of lines written on this deed—for such it appeared to be,—but they gleamed and glistened with a bluish, flickering flame. “Now, my friend,” said the old man, “there is still one little formality to be gone through: you must sign this contract with a drop of your rich, red blood. You have made a capital bargain. You must admit the plan is the finest ever conceived by an architect; and what do I get in exchange for it? Nothing but a miserable soul. My dear fellow, you little imagine what a worthless thing that is; and who knows but what it would have come to me of its own accord?”

Talking in this strain, Satan—for the old man was none other than that very personage—seemed like a huckstering old Jew trying to enhance the value of the ware he had to dispose of, whilst depreciating the price he was about to receive. During the conversation he stretched out his finger, in order to make an incision with a lancet in the arm of the architect, in which to moisten the pen he held in his left hand. At this moment the architect drew from the breast-pocket of his coat the silver crucifix, and, holding it before the fiend, exclaimed with a loud voice: “Get thee behind me, Satan! In the name of the Holy Trinity, I abjure thee and all thy works!”—“Accursed, priest-ridden slave!” yelled the fiend, recoiling. He then tried to snatch the drawing out of the young man’s breast-pocket, but in vain: the crucifix was always in his way; and when his claws came in contact with it he was obliged to draw back, like a cat wetting her paws. “Keep the plan, then!” screamed Satan; “but as it is not paid for, and therefore still my property, I will curse it. It shall never be executed, and the work shall never be finished; besides which, as soon as the soul shall have quitted your body, your name shall be forgotten.” At this instant the earth opened at the young man’s feet, and a dense smoke seemed to arise from it; but when the chasm had again closed, and the vapor had passed away, the wicked spirit was nowhere to be seen.

The building was commenced; but the unfortunate architect, instead of thanking Almighty God humbly and heartily for His aid in the hour of need, grieved so much at

the curse of the fiend, by which the work should never be completed and his own name should be forgotten, that one morning he was found dead in his bed.

Another version of this legend makes the life of the architect to end in a different way.

When the devil saw that he had been duped, and that the erection of the Cathedral still went on, he tried in all kinds of ways to interrupt the beautiful and holy work. It irritated him to see the walls rising higher and higher; but when at length the pillars of the choir were topped by the vaulting of the roof, and when the pinnacles above pointed to the throne of that Almighty Being whose name was to be worshipped and whose praises were to be sung in the edifice which they surmounted, then Satan did indeed gnash his teeth.

One day when the architect was going about the finished portion of the work, measuring with his rule and giving instructions to the workmen, a journeyman came up to him and said: “Master, you are taking a deal of unnecessary trouble: the building will never be completed, but will always remain an unfinished fragment.” Enraged at the fellow’s impertinence in thus addressing him, he replied: “You have no faith in a work which is intended to reach to heaven, and therefore you are unworthy to be employed upon it.” The journeyman made a scornful gesture and answered: “You’ll repent your words one day, for I will construct a canal from Treves to Cologne to bring water up to the doors of the Cathedral before the spires are finished!”—“That you will never accomplish!” said the architect. And they parted, both men going about their immediate tasks.

When the journeyman, who had at once left off work at the Cathedral, had reached the heights of the Eifel (a volcanic range stretching away to Treves), he met a man of withered aspect, limping, and possessing a cunning, unpleasant cast of features, who wore a cap with a scarlet feather in it. The two walked on, chatting over various topics, and amongst others the journeyman began to talk about the famous Cathedral—saying that he had been turned away, and it never would be finished; and that he, in fact, had pledged himself to construct a canal from Treves to

Cologne* before the architect should be able to put up the finials on the spires. On hearing this, the stranger, who had spoken of himself as not unacquainted with architectural art, exclaimed: "Take me with you. I will work hard and help you to finish the canal, if you will promise to work for me as soon as the enterprise is completed." The journeyman agreed to the proposal, and signed a contract to that effect with his blood.

The canal was begun, and many years were passed in the laborious undertaking. The work was carried on over hill and dale. The stranger was acquainted with all the laws applying to waterworks; and when the canal had reached the top of the hills surrounding the ancient town of Cologne, at a distance of five or six miles, the journeyman and the stranger saw the Cathedral standing before them in the plain. The choir was finished, the south tower rose above it, and on the latter stood the crane. From their point of observation they could see how industriously everybody was working, and how much need they themselves had of straining every nerve if they wished to accomplish their task within the given time. However, if no unforeseen accident should interrupt their labors, the work was as good as done.

The Cathedral architect had labored without ceasing. His fame was assured and his name was known all over the world. Pride puffed him up. He had quite forgotten that the design was not his own, and that he had to thank God for His assistance in that little episode at the Frankenthor. But when men are well off they often forget their own weakness, and gratitude is a virtue which few possess.

The architect had frequently heard persons speak of strange, subterraneous sounds which had been heard coming in the direction of the Cathedral; but in his self sufficiency he had taken no particular notice of this. One day, when he was measuring about on the scaffolding and giving his orders to the workmen, he

looked down from one of the towers upon the town. Suddenly the ground opened at his feet, and a wicked-looking worm crept out, followed by the journeyman. When the latter saw the architect standing on the tower, he called out to him: "The canal is finished, master, but the Cathedral never will be!" At the same moment the dam gave way and the waters came pouring out, bearing with them a duck from Treves, which was to be the sign of the accomplishment of the task.

The architect was struck dumb with astonishment. With the words, "Heavens! how shall I avenge this disgrace?" he threw himself from the tower into the yawning chasm, and his faithful dog jumped after him. The worm at the same moment broke the neck of the journeyman and carried away his soul; for the worm was no other than the cunning-looking, limping stranger—Satan personified, who, for once at least, had not been duped.

On the centre pillars of the first and second stages on the west side of the south tower may still be seen a couple of ancient gargoyles, which are said by the people to be true likenesses of the original architect and his dog, who came to so untimely an end.

Thus the magnificent building remained unfinished until our day; but the architect has often been seen walking about the desolate walls with a measuring rod and pair of compasses in his hand. He is always dressed in a green coat with a grey cap on his head. There is no rest for him in the grave. He has frequently been heard to exclaim during midnight storms: "I erected this building. I can not rest until I hear the old crane moving again; as then I shall be able to hand over my measuring rod to a competent successor."

When, during the present century, a deeply religious and generous feeling again awoke, the ancient power of the people and the national spirit arose. Competent men were found, and among the desolate walls of the Cathedral fresh life began. The Evil One had not only been robbed of his plan, but his curse was overcome; and since then the old, unknown architect has never been seen. His soul has at last found rest.

You can outlive a slander in half the time you can out-argue it.

* This portion of the legend refers to the Roman aqueduct, which was constructed from the neighborhood of Schmidheim to the Eifel mountains, in order to supply Cologne with water. Remains of this aqueduct may still be seen in many places between Cologne and Schmidheim.

The "Nagger" in the Family.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

IT would be a happy thing if the art of "nagging" were a lost art, or if "to nag" were a less active verb. But, unhappily, it is an art which seems to acquire fineness as time goes on; and as a verb its possibilities are infinite. Socrates was no doubt so much disheartened by one of the most eminent "naggers" in history, that he took the hemlock juice from his ungrateful countrymen with a resignation so graceful that, among his other great qualities, it is said he knew how to die. But the historical writers do not mention how much of this resignation is due to Xanthippe, who was not only sure she was right on all occasions, but was equally sure that her great husband was wrong.

This is the state of mind of the "nagger" in the family. He—the masculine pronoun is used for the sake of euphony—is invariably a person of exalted virtue. At least, everybody admits that he is of exalted virtue, because it would be dangerous to deny it; it would be like the pulling inadvertently of the string of a shower-bath when one is dressed to go out to dinner; for the "nagger" has all the unpleasantness of an inappropriate shower-bath, with this difference, that the victim has no power of shutting him up.

To drop euphony and to be honest. The she-nagger—be she mother, wife, or elder sister,—is more destructive to the peace of a family than even a wilfully vicious person. A drunkard lets his family alone sometimes, but the "nagger," with her ceaseless stream of talk, advice, admonition, satirical, ill-tempered interjection, her violation of every rule of charity while rebuking the uncharitable, makes home a place to be avoided; and when home becomes unendurable there is very little hope that the scattered members of it will come to good.

What if her house is neater than her neighbor's—and uninhabitable? What if her carpets are brilliant and beautiful—and trodden on with fear and trembling? What if her dinners are excellent and served in exact time, if she presides at them in stately censorious-

ness, ready to pour down on the luckless victim's head her usual stream of fault-finding?

A dinner of herbs is not to be despised,—*omelette aux fines herbes*, for instance; but the Scripture means a much simpler repast indeed when it contrasts a dinner of herbs with cheerfulness and the roast ox eaten in bitterness of spirit. And the "nagger" always produces bitterness of spirit. The "nagger" is of both sexes, exciting and thriving in the press, in society, in offices of business; but the creature is most nefarious in the family circle. You can escape this modern dragon (the fiend who carried off Hrothar's thanes in *Beowulf* was only an ancient "nagger" exaggerated by popular vision),—you can escape the modern "nagger" anywhere else but in the family. *Elle y est, elle y reste*. She knows her power, and she uses it.

How many unpleasant things that were better forgotten does she recall! The value of peace surpasses *her* understanding. How she rakes up the imperfections of other folk, until she has built a huge mausoleum of faults over their characters! To agree with her is fatal, for it encourages her; to disagree is more fatal, for it inflames that half-smoldering malice which the "nagger" calls righteous indignation. No means of discouragement for the well-intentioned is left unused by this creature, the breath of whose nostril is that pride which she censures in others. And the worst of it is that she never accuses herself when the ruin she has wrought lies before her. She goes on her way, rejoicing that her iterated prophecies have been fulfilled "*She told you so!*"

A little Christian charity, a little self-discipline, a little reticence, a little softness, would help the wavering one to gain the goal, to which she urges him with a constantly-applied bunch of nettles. But though she unintermittingly teaches self-control, she seldom exercises it. She has no temptations to those small lapses in daily life which call forth from her never-ending torrents—no, not torrents, rivulets—of reproach. And her *looks!* They carry terror and devastation and remorse to their object; they slay comfort, they excite rebellion; but they are unanswerable. How little she seems to know that it is her methods that make religion seem repellent and goodness unsympathetic! Who dares to tell her? If

she reads this she will apply it to her neighbor across the way, and go on wondering why her virtue is not rewarded by her relatives' giving up their ways and adopting her own.

Does her husband dread the family fireside? Do her children long to be out of her sight, so that each unhappy mistake—with her there is no *felix culpa*—may not be pointed out and repointed out, iterated and reiterated? Does her son stay out as long as he can, in the hope that she may be silent in sleep? Does her daughter wish for something more at home than fussy neatness and scolding regularity? Whose is the fault? Not hers, for does she not spend her breath, every instant of her life, in attempts at improving her species? And her reward?

Her husband's temper grows worse every day, and his outlook more gloomy; her sons will not stay at home, and it is whispered that they drink too often of the cup that inebriates. Her daughters are low-spirited, nervous, fretful, and they have caught some of her censoriousness. This is her reward. When she dies the people she has tried to improve will, perhaps, speak of her as a martyr to duty; but they will be better off, and we hope so will she.

The Delegates of the Pan-American Congress at Notre Dame.

THE University of Notre Dame was favored in being among the few institutions of learning visited by the members of the Pan-American Congress in their trip across the Continent. They were here last Saturday, and received a fitting welcome, for which elaborate preparations had been made. Flags of all the American nations waved from the different department buildings, and in an arch erected over the main entrance of the University was the sacred emblem of the Congregation of the Holy Cross in beautiful evergreen, surmounted by the Papal colors, and again by the Stars and Stripes.

After seeing the great manufactories of the neighboring city of South Bend, the delegates were driven to Notre Dame, where the students, over five hundred in number, were drawn up in lines to receive them. The bells

rang out a joyous welcome, cheers rent the air, and the band discoursed lively music as the long line of carriages rolled up the avenue. When the bells had ceased ringing, Mr. Eusebio Chacon, standing on the lowest step of the main portico, delivered a brief address in Spanish, in the name of the students of the University. Ascending the steps to the grand hall, the delegates were welcomed to Notre Dame by the Very Rev. President, in words so well chosen and so appropriate to the occasion that we can not refrain from quoting a considerable portion of the address. After expressing the gratification which their visit afforded the Faculty and students, Father Walsh said:

"With the object which your Congress has in view, and which we are assured that it will realize, it is needless to say that we are in fullest sympathy. . . . You have seen on all sides during the past month proofs of the wonderful material progress and prosperity of our Republic; this afternoon it will be our privilege to present one of the many illustrations that might be given of the happy results effected during the course of a single generation by the spirit of the religion of your fathers, independent of state patronage and unhampered by state interference. The growth and prosperity of institutions like ours, and the confidence which they enjoy, we look upon as standing proofs that, whatever may be said or imagined to the contrary, there is no hostility, no incompatibility between the old Church, whose cardinal principle is authority, and those modern institutions based on the widest individual liberty. Our aim is to show to the world that true patriotism and religion go always hand in hand; the task which we strive to fulfil is to prepare a generation of citizens who will know how to render to Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's without forgetting to render to God the things that are God's; and our proudest boast is that the nation counts no sons more loyal, none more jealous of her honor or more devoted to her interests, than those who went forth from these walls. . . .

"The flags that float above your heads, and the pictured scenes that will greet you, will, we trust, pleasantly remind you that you have no reason to consider yourselves strangers in a strange land; and our highest ambition will be realized if we can flatter ourselves that your visit to Notre Dame has not been the least interesting feature of a trip destined, no doubt, to remain memorable in the annals of many peoples, and to mark the beginning of a new era of international peace, union, and prosperity."

Meantime an elegant repast had been prepared for the delegates and those who accompanied them. The leading citizens of South Bend, the Mayor of Chicago and other prominent gentlemen from the Garden City who had come on to meet the delegation, and rep-

representatives of the press from New York, Chicago, and Indianapolis, were among the number. It was a cosmopolitan gathering, perhaps as many as half a hundred nations being represented.

The time before the departure of the train which was to bear the distinguished guests to Chicago was spent in visiting the different departments of the University, the beautiful Church of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart, etc. Time was also taken for a visit to St. Mary's Academy, and from there the members of the Congress took their departure, expressing themselves greatly pleased with their visit to Notre Dame,—some of them declaring that no institutions in the country had had more special interest for them. Let us hope that they may visit other Catholic colleges and convent schools before leaving the United States, and lose forever the impression—which they have it—which the infidel press of their own country and Protestant missionaries from ours have tried so hard to convey—namely, that the United States are great and prosperous because Protestant.

Readings from Remembered Books.

THE QUEEN OF INDULGENCED DEVOTIONS.

I CAN not conceive a man being spiritual who does not habitually say the Rosary. It may be called the queen of indulgenced devotions. First consider its importance, as a specially Catholic devotion, as so peculiarly giving us a Catholic turn of mind by keeping Jesus and Mary perpetually before us, and as a singular help to final perseverance if we continue the recital of it, as various revelations show. Next consider its institution by St. Dominic in 1214, by revelation, for the purpose of combating heresy, and the success which attended it. Its matter and form are not less striking. Its matter consists of the *Pater*, the *Ave*, and the *Gloria*, whose authors are our Blessed Lord Himself, St. Gabriel, St. Elizabeth, the Council of Ephesus, and the whole Church, led in the West by St. Damasus. Its form is a complete abridgment of the Gospel, consisting of fifteen mysteries in decades, expressing the three great phases of the work of redemption—joy, sorrow, and glory. The peculiarity of the Rosary is the next attractive feature about it. It unites mental with vocal prayer. It is a devotional commandment of theology. It is an efficacious practice

of the presence of God. It is one chief channel of the traditions of the Incarnation among the faithful. It shows the true nature of devotion to our Blessed Lady, and is a means of realizing the communion of saints. Its ends are the love of Jesus, reparation to the Sacred Humanity for the outrages of heresy, and a continual affectionate thanksgiving to the Most Holy Trinity for the benefit of the Incarnation. It is sanctioned by the Church, by indulgences, by miracles, by the conversion of sinners, and by the usage of the saints.

See, also, how much the method of reciting it involves. We should first make a picture of the mystery, and always put our Blessed Lady into the picture; for the Rosary is hers. We should couple some duty or virtue with each mystery; and fix beforehand on some soul in Purgatory to whom to apply the vast indulgences. Meanwhile, we must not strain our minds, or be scrupulous; for to say the Rosary well is quite a thing which requires learning. Remember always, as the Raccolta teaches, that the fifteenth mystery is the Coronation of Mary, and not merely the glory of the saints. Our beads land us and leave us at the feet of Mary crowned—"Growth in Holiness," *Faber*.

THE MARTYRDOM OF FATHERS BRÉBEUF AND LALEMANT.

Brébeuf was led apart, and bound to a stake. He seemed more concerned for his captive converts than for himself, and addressed them in a loud voice, exhorting them to suffer patiently, and promising heaven as their reward. The Iroquois, incensed, scorched him from head to foot, to silence him; whereupon, in the tone of a master, he threatened them with everlasting flames for persecuting the worshippers of God. As he continued to speak, with voice and countenance unchanged, they cut away his lower lip and thrust a red hot iron down his throat. He still held his tall form erect and defiant, with no sign or sound of pain; and they tried another means to overcome him. They led out Lalemant, that Brébeuf might see him tortured. They had tied strips of bark, smeared with pitch, about his naked body. When he saw the condition of his superior, he could not hide his agitation, and called out to him, with a broken voice, in the words of St. Paul: "We are made a spectacle to the world, to angels and to men." Then he threw himself at Brébeuf's feet; upon which the Iroquois seized him, made him fast to a stake, and set fire to the bark that enveloped him. As the flame rose he threw his arms upward, with a shriek of supplication to Heaven.

Next they hung around Brébeuf's neck a collar made of hatchets heated red-hot; but the indom-

itable priest stood like a rock. A Huron in the crowd, who had been a convert of the mission, but was now an Iroquois by adoption, called out, with the malice of a renegade, to pour hot water on their heads, since they had poured so much cold water on those of others. The kettle was accordingly slung, and the water boiled and poured slowly on the heads of the two missionaries. "We baptize you," they cried; "that you may be happy in heaven; for nobody can be saved without a good baptism." Brébeuf would not flinch; and, in a rage, they cut strips of flesh from his limbs and devoured them before his eyes. Other renegade Hurons called out to him: "You told us that, the more one suffers on earth, the happier he is in heaven. We wish to make you happy; we torment you because we love you; and you ought to thank us for it." After a succession of other revolting tortures, they scalped him; when, seeing him nearly dead, they laid open his breast, and came in a crowd to drink the blood of so valiant an enemy, thinking to imbibe with it some portion of his courage. A chief then tore out his heart, and devoured it.

Thus died Jean de Brébeuf, the founder of the Huron mission, its truest hero and its greatest martyr. He came of a noble race,—the same, it is said, from which sprang the English Earls of Arundel; but never had the mailed barons of his line confronted a fate so appalling with so prodigious a constancy. To the last he refused to flinch; and "his death was the astonishment of his murderers."

Lalemant, physically weak from childhood, and slender almost to emaciation, was unequal to a display of fortitude like that of his colleague. When Brébeuf died, his companion was led back to the house whence he had been taken, and tortured there all night, until, in the morning, one of the Iroquois, growing tired of the protracted entertainment, killed him with a hatchet. It was said that, at times, he seemed beside himself; then, rallying, with hands uplifted, he offered his sufferings to Heaven as a sacrifice. His robust companion had lived less than four hours under the torture, while he survived it for nearly seventeen. Perhaps the Titanic effort of will with which Brébeuf repressed all show of suffering conspired with the Iroquois knives and firebrands to exhaust his vitality; perhaps his tormentors, enraged at his fortitude, forgot their subtlety, and struck too near the life.

The bodies of the two missionaries were carried to *S^{te}. Marie*, and buried in the cemetery there; but the skull of Brébeuf was preserved as a relic. His family sent from France a silver bust of their martyred kinsman, in the base of which was a

recess to contain the skull; and to this day the bust and the relic within are preserved with pious care by the nuns of the *Hôtel-Dieu* at Quebec.—"*The Jesuits in North America in the Seventeenth Century*," Francis Parkman.

A CONVERSATION IN MRS. FALCONER'S SALON.

"There is the least possible amount of true greatness in the world," remarked Lady Dorchester. "What we have to put up with is mostly a counterfeit—not greatness but success."

"A distinction well made," said the Marquis; "but a distinction which unfortunately does not exist for the majority of people. To them a man who has succeeded—a man who has put his foot on the necks of his fellow-beings, howsoever the feat was accomplished—is one who has achieved greatness. Let him have been guilty of what falsity, what cruelty, what injustice he will, there are thousands ready to do him honor."

"And to envy and imitate him," added Mrs. Falconer. "The effect of example is to me one of the most terrible things in life."

"It is one of the most pervading," said Stanhope. "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."

"It ought to make one tremble," said Lady Dorchester; "only we have got past trembling at anything."

"And our standard of good or evil, as far as one can make out, is simply success or failure," said Colonel Bevis.

"True," said Stanhope. "It is an absolutely brutal standard; but no other appears to have weight or meaning to the modern mind. For example, we are told repeatedly—told until our ears are weary with the sound—that prosperity is the standard by which we are to measure the worth of a nation. Let a country abound with material wealth, let the earth tremble under the sound of its manufactures and the sea be white with its ships, let it build great cities and impose its rule on reluctant myriads, and whatever virtues have perished in the consuming flame of that love of riches, which we are emphatically told in an antiquated volume is 'the root of all evil,' there is no pæan too lofty to be sung in its praise. But take another country, where there is no such triumphant prosperity, but where the people are brave, honest, virtuous, and above all contented,—let it be anathema! What, no factories, no mines, no ships, no gamblers on a stock-exchange, no extremes of immense wealth and poverty such as cry to Heaven for vengeance! Really, it is

doubtful if such a country can be said to be civilized!"

"But," said Colonel Bevis, "you surely do not think it necessarily follows that the virtues of which you speak must perish in the midst of material prosperity?"

"Yes, I do," answered Stanhope, unhesitatingly. "In the race for wealth, which soon becomes the controlling passion of such a nation, there is no place for them. It is the most debasing of all the ideals that have ever been set before mankind."

"And it is that," said the Marquis, "which is the foundation of the movement that is threatening Europe with social and political anarchy to-day. When you put material prosperity before men as the only end of human effort—when you say to them, 'You are of worth only as you possess the goods of the world'—and when you add that there is no God to fear and no heaven to compensate for the injustices of time, what can be expected save that which is sounding in our ears—the mad cry of socialistic revolt? For the revolution, as we know it, is simply Materialism carried to its logical conclusion. If the only facts in the world are the properties and products of matter, and if the only test of right and wrong is the will of a majority, what answer can be made to the movement which displays itself as Communism, as Socialism, or even as Nihilism? What can be expected of men who have for their evangel the Bill of Rights of the French Revolution, and for their war-cry '*Ni Dieu, ni maître!*' but the negation of every bond which holds society together and makes government possible?"

"It is a terrible outlook," observed Colonel Bevis. "But I think there is some protection in the common sense of human nature."

"Did the common sense of human nature save France from the Reign of Terror?" asked the Marquis. "Common sense is like straw before the flame of human passion. I do not say that such a gigantic tyranny as the socialists will inaugurate when they get the upper hand can last, but it will certainly be tried. What else is going on in France now? Every step is toward concentrating all power in the state—which is the ideal of Communism. They have struck at the rights of paternity in making education public and compulsory; they will strike next at the rights of property. '*La propriété c'est le vol!*' is one of the first articles of their creed. No man is to be allowed to accumulate or to inherit. The state is to be the sole inheritor. In that way they mean to secure the visionary equality which has never been, and can never be, realized."

"A more monstrous idea was never conceived,"

exclaimed Colonel Bevis. "Its palpable injustice lies in the fact that it would drag the industrious down to the level of the thriftless, and that, instead of elevating human nature, it would degrade it to absolute savagery."

"That is plain to you and to me," said the Marquis; "but it contains no argument for the multitude whose will, according to the revolutionary creed, is the last reason of power. 'Since we can not rise to your level, you shall come down to ours!' they cry in rage against all wealth, all prosperity, all distinction of rank. And what appeal have you? That was a wise saying of a great ruler: 'You can not govern a people who have forgotten the life eternal.' Eliminate the idea of God—as modern thought has eliminated it,—and the source of all justice, the sanction of all moral law, is gone. Nothing on earth can stand without a basis, and when there is no basis of acknowledged right, when the underlying principle of civil power is simply brute force, as represented in the will of a dominant multitude, political tyranny and social chaos must inevitably follow. . . ."

"Speaking of Christendom," said Mrs. Falconer, "I was reading the other day 'Traits and Travesties,' in which the author declares that Christendom should now be called anti-Christendom, inasmuch as all that is put before modern society as its goal is directly opposed to the teaching of Christ."

"It is very true," remarked Stanhope. "At the present time there is not a single government, composing that which was once called Christendom, which has not publicly repudiated the Christian basis. As I have observed before, the god which the nineteenth century worships is material progress; and of a worship so debasing, none other than debasing results can be expected. Progress is a word of very attractive sound, and it is the great shibboleth of our age; but it should be remembered that there are two kinds of progress—one upward, the other downward. And no progress can be truly regarded as upward which, while increasing material comfort and material wealth, while multiplying means of transportation and inventing Gatling-guns, nevertheless ignores utterly the law of God as the foundation of public order; forgets utterly the divine precept of charity; thrusts the poor out of sight, to find them rising up arrayed in the awful vengeance of class-hatred; and teaches men that they are not the sons of God, but mere animals, destined to an animal end."

"*Bien dit!*" said the Marquis. "And that is a correct statement of the progress which the Catholic Church and her Supreme Pontiff are

reviled for not endorsing. It is sad," he went on after a brief pause, "to witness the rapid disintegration of that beautiful and noble fabric of Christian states that established the splendid civilization to which we owe all that is good in our civil and social order. The civilization which, during the ages that the presumption of to-day calls 'dark,' filled Europe with houses of learning, founded chivalry, and practised the boundless charity toward Christ's poor which runs like a thread of gold through all its history, and left in the great monuments of its genius achievements which our boastful age is unable even to imitate." —*"Heart of Steel," Christian Reid.*

A FRIEND GOD-GIVEN.

Alone no more forever! In the darkness of the night, in the solitude of the desert and of the sea, and in that more awful solitude which the stranger in a strange land knows and suffers, feeling himself the unrecognized decimal in the infinite multitude,—thou art with me, my ever-watchful and protecting Guardian Angel! I know not thy name, nor the fashion of thy form or features; but in my dreams, waking or sleeping, I seem to see thee, clad in robes of beauty, thy wings folded in perfect peace, thy shining brow half shaded by locks celestial, and thy calm eyes, that never close in slumber, fixed on mine with a glance of love unspeakable. Often I must grieve thee, for I am human and thou art divine; but because thou art divine thou wilt pity and forgive my human weakness. How can I sin in thy sight, immaculate spirit! How can I yield to the temptations of the traducer! With what anguish must thou follow my wilful and stumbling steps, throwing thine arms about me in the moment of my fall; seeking, alas! vainly, to lead me back into the straight way; pricking my conscience with the thorn of reproof, till it cries out against me in thy name and with thy voice!

Silent counsellor! how often hast thou stood between me and the unseen or unheeded danger that was threatening me! How tenderly hast thou smoothed the pillow on my bed of pain, and witnessed with grief the torments of this poor body! In my saddest hour, perchance, thou hast mingled thy tears with mine, and folded me to thy heart to compassionate me—and I not mindful of thee! Heavenly guest, whose home is in my heart, I give thee a thousand times ten thousand welcomes! Let me not lose thee, nor forget thee, nor cease from reposing trustfully in thee, O loving and beloved! In my last hour may thy arms receive my fainting soul, and thy bosom sustain it in its agony!—*"A Troubled Heart, and how It was Comforted at Last."*

Notes and Remarks.

Madagascar is rapidly becoming one of the most important astronomical and meteorological centres. At Tananarivou the French Government has erected a new observatory, which is the highest in the world. It is in charge of a Jesuit Father, the Rev. P. Colin, who has made many valuable astronomical and meteorological observations. It is expected that very important services to science will be rendered through means of this observatory, especially in the preparation of a chart of the heavens in the 19th century, which has been undertaken by all observatories in the world.

The Papal household assemble every night between nine and ten o'clock for the recitation of the Rosary, after which they retire to rest. But long after that hour, writes a Roman correspondent, the Cardinal Secretary of State or the under Secretary is often summoned to the Holy Father's apartments, where, by the light of the midnight lamp, the Vicar of Christ watches and thinks and prays for the welfare of the Church.

A shameful story has been started by Signor Crispi's organ to the effect that the late Cardinal Schiaffino—who died of acute gastro-enteritis, aggravated by his having taken cold water when overheated,—was poisoned. This ridiculous statement is denied by Dr. Ceccarelli, who attended him. The Cardinal was a close friend of his Holiness Leo XIII., a learned and devoted son of Holy Church.

Those who possess relics of the True Cross will prize them all the more to learn that, in consequence of their present scarceness, the Holy Father has addressed a request to all the bishops throughout the world to leave, by testament, to their successors the relics of the True Cross which they are privileged to possess in their pectoral crosses.

Mr. William Tallack, secretary of a great association named after the philanthropist, John Howard, has published a valuable book on "Penological and Preventive Principles." Mr. Tallack is exceedingly prejudiced against the Church, and yet he gives this testimony to her charity:

"In the partially cellular prison of San Michele at Rome, erected in 1703 by Pope Clement XI., from the plans of his architect, Carlo Fontana, the necessity of combining the moral with the deterrent conditions of separation was permanently recorded in the motto conspicuously inscribed over the prison: '*Parum est coercere improbos*'

pœna, nisi probos efficias disciplina.' This motto greatly impressed John Howard when he visited Rome. It is important to notice this broad view taken by the Roman Church, for she was a pioneer of prison reform. Clement XI's prison became a model for a similar one at Milan. The long ranges of cells, and even the radiating arrangements of the wings and corridors, were planned by the Roman architect and the Pontiff. Long years after they were imitated by Belgians at Ghent, then by Jeremy Bentham at Millbank, and also by some Americans in the United States."

And this was the "horrible" Castle of St. Angelo of Protestant romance!

The death of Archbishop Porter, of Bombay, recalls many pleasant stories of his life at Stonyhurst, the famous English Jesuit College. He joined the Society in 1841. From 1849 to 1853 he filled the responsible position of Prefect of Studies at Stonyhurst. The old boys recall his "jolly ways," as they call them. He was always ready to treat them as men; he never condescended to them, but he was never too friendly with an idle boy. He encouraged the students to read and to write, above all to think. He had been theologically trained by the Rev. Edmund O'Reilly, Father Passaglia, and Professor Schrader, when he was promoted to the chair of Dogmatic Theology at St. Beuno's College, Wales. His appointment as Archbishop of Bombay was a great surprise to him. He died at the age of sixty-four.

The population of the Province of Quebec at present is nearly two millions, of whom nearly a million and a half are Catholics. The total number of places of worship in the Province is 1,280, and of these nearly 900 are Catholic churches.

Mr. Mortimer Mempes has finished etching a plate of his Eminence Cardinal Manning. It will be the last time the venerable Cardinal will sit for a picture.

The Belgian Government has taken steps to provide the army with Catholic chaplains.

Of the representative so lovingly sent by the Holy Father to be present at the opening of the Catholic University of America, and to take part in the celebration of the centenary of the establishment of the hierarchy in the United States, the London *Tablet* says:

"The Holy Father has commissioned the Right Rev. Mgr. Satolli, President of the Academy of Noble Ecclesiastics, and Thomistic Lecturer at Propaganda, to preside in November at the inauguration of the Washington University. The selection is a peculiarly

happy one; for during last winter, when Bishop Keane was in Rome, and the Pope wished to present some record of his Jubilee to the young University, he made choice of a large oil-painting representing his brother, Cardinal Pecci, disputing with Mgr. Satolli. On the occasion of the unveiling of the picture Mgr. Satolli was present, and the learned prelate delivered a speech in commemoration of the event with the rarest fluency of an *extempore* Latinity."

The new St. Edward's College building at Austin, Texas, was solemnly dedicated on the 10th inst., by the Rt. Rev. John C. Neraz, Bishop of San Antonio. The ceremonies were very impressive, and were witnessed by many members of the clergy and laity and a number of prominent State officials. The dedicatory address was delivered by the Rev. President Hurth, who was followed by Ex-Governor Lubbock, Major H. M. Holmes, and others, in short but pointed and eloquent speeches. St. Edward's College is under the direction of the Congregation of Holy Cross, and was established in 1880. Its rapid development under the presidency of Rev. Father Hurth is attested by the erection of the present magnificent structure, in addition to the other buildings, which, with its facilities for imparting a thorough training, makes it one of the foremost educational institutions in the Southwest.

Further contributions for the support of the Passionist missions in South America:

B. M., Buffalo, N. Y., \$2 50; A Friend, Warren, R. I., \$1.50; E. M., \$2; Mrs. M. McNally, \$1; A Child of Mary, \$1; J. R. King, \$5; J. B., \$5; Mr. James Bolan, \$7; Mrs. Mary Fitzgerald, \$1; A Friend, in honor of the Sacred Heart, \$1; G. J. G., \$5.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands, as if you were bound with them.
—HEB., xiii. 3.

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

Mr. Thomas G. Carney, who peacefully yielded his soul to God on the 9th inst., at Cambridge, Mass.

Mr. Thomas Healey, of New Haven, Conn., who departed this life on the 10th inst.

Miss Nellie E. Ahern, whose death occurred in San Francisco, Cal., on the 28th ult.

Mr. Peter O'Sullivan, an estimable citizen of Port Huron, Mich., who met with a sudden but not unprovided death.

Miss Annie E. Benet, of Somerville, Mass., who passed away on the 7th ult., fortified by the last Sacraments.

Mrs. Catherine Mahoney, whose fervent Christian life was crowned with a holy death on the 5th inst., at Wilmington, Del.

May they rest in peace!



A Song of Thankfulness.

MY God, I thank Thee, who hast made
 The earth so bright;
 So full of splendor and of joy,
 Beauty and light;
 So many glorious things are here,
 Noble and right!

I thank Thee too that Thou hast made
 Joy to abound;
 So many gentle thoughts and deeds
 Circling us around,
 That in the darkest spot of earth
 Some love is found.

Lost in the Pines.—A Story of Presque Isle.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

(CONCLUSION.)

V.

John saw Ferd come to the surface again, scramble into the boat, and stretch out for the oars. In vain. Then night descended, and John felt that he was indeed alone. He called out. Ferd tried to answer. John called again. No answer came back.

John forgot the terrors of his own position in wondering what had happened to his cousin. He yelled with all his might. An echo repeated his cry. John, in all his life, never felt so lonely as at that moment. All the world was dark, not only with the darkness of night, but with the darkness of despondency. He called out until he was hoarse and could call no longer. At last he turned aside from the lake, and threw more wood on the fire.

The night was unusually gloomy. The storm-clouds were passing over the sky before a swift wind. A mist hid the lake from view. No star was visible. The fire was the only pleasant thing in all the landscape. He shivered and crouched near it.

John had not hitherto looked on Ferd with

much respect. He had liked him, but he never could get rid of a feeling that he was Ferd's superior. And yet in any emergency Ferd had always been the hopeful one. John could play baseball, smoke cigarettes, and Ferd could not; he knew more about the current novels and he read the newspapers more closely than Ferd; he was more popular with the boys of the neighborhood than his cousin,—all these things had made him feel that he was the better of the two. He had often imagined himself saving Ferd's life in a shipwreck or a battle, and his own picture of his bravery and Ferd's gratitude had almost drawn tears to his eyes. But now he was unhappy without Ferd. Ferd had done his best to save them by using his little knowledge of the art of swimming, and John saw how well he had used it. He had used it too well, in fact, John said to himself, because he was now lost—drowned, no doubt, in the icy lake.

The air grew warmer, and the moon came in sight. John said his prayers with more simple devotion than for many a day, and lay down close by the fire. He felt more hopeful after this, but he still asked himself why God had doomed him to be lost,—why should he be alone when so many happy people were enjoying themselves in pleasant occupations? The boys at home were doubtless about to start for their evening bicycle ride along the Hudson; his uncle was probably waiting somewhere for them very comfortably; and Ferd was—John did not dare to speak the word even to himself; and he was alone in darkness among the pines. Why was he there? For what good? Asking these questions, he fell asleep.

Perhaps it was the fresh smell of the pine and the spruce, perhaps it was the purity of the air, that caused John to awaken the next morning exhilarated in body and mind. He could see the little island now, but not the boat. *La Fleur de Mai* was no longer in sight. This gave him hope; it might be that Ferd had floated away in it. John's first thought was of his cousin. This was one of the few mornings in his lifetime on which he had thought of anybody but himself, or of any occupations except his own. If he could only feel that Ferd was safe he would not care for anything else. John's first night in the pines had begun to teach him unselfishness.

It was a glorious morning, almost startlingly brilliant. John went to work to replenish his fire. Then came the question of food. He peered about him, hoping that he might see a deer. But none appeared. No wild turkeys crossed his path, not even squirrels. There were bushes full of wild berries, but he was afraid to eat them. Marking the spot well, he turned into the woods, becoming more hungry at every step. Fortunately, he came to a large space filled with serrated leaves, and among these leaves were red berries. He stooped to examine them; he could hardly believe the testimony of his eyes. They were strawberries, ruddy and ripe! John was astonished to see them so late in the season; he did not then know that on Lake Superior fruit and vegetables are quite a month behind other parts of the country in growth. He thought he had never tasted such sweet berries in his life.

A clear stream ran across his path. He could see the pebbles five feet below its surface, and the speckled trout gliding over them. He thrust in his hand in the hope of catching one of these elusive fish; but it swept, undisturbed and graceful, far beyond his reach. While he was engaged in this occupation he heard a rustling near him, and a stag broke through the brush in hot haste. John raised his rifle, but the stag was too fast for him. Close after it was a dark animal,—a dog perhaps. John had just time to fire, his sympathies all in favor of the deer. The animal bounded back and rolled over with a snarl. It was a wolf. John picked up a big stone and finished it. Then he hid himself in the cedar and waited patiently for the return of the stag. But the stag did not come. He examined the body of the wolf, but found no consolation; for he had never heard of anybody's eating a wolf—though he was hungry enough to eat anything. Unripe pigeon berries and raspberries grew around him. He found them as enticing as the wolf's flesh.

He wandered along the bank of the stream, keeping his eyes open for game. A whir reached his ears. He looked across the stream and saw a covey of partridges. He could not ford it, so he took aim as best he could, bringing down one of the birds. He threw aside his gun impatiently and waded into the stream. In his excitement he had not consid-

ered how deceptive these clear streams are,—how shallow they look, but how deep they are. It was a hard struggle; he almost lost his footing; but at last he reached the opposite bank, dripping from head to foot, and secured the partridge. He forgot his discomfort in the pleasure of having killed such a plump bird.

A splash aroused him from his triumph. He looked up just in time to see his rifle disappear under water. He had laid it on the edge of the bank, on a piece of rotten wood; the wood had broken under its weight, and rifle and powder-flask had gone. This was a great shock to John. He took the partridge and hid it carefully among the leaves. Entering the water, he tried to find the rifle. After almost drowning himself, he got it. He could not find the flask, and he had no powder. The rifle was useless. Disconsolate and uncomfortable, he walked back to the lake. The sun began to dry his clothes. He kept up hope by thinking that at least he could cook the partridge.

As he came in sight of the lake, he thought he heard the whistle of a locomotive coming from the opposite direction. It sounded again. Forgetting all about the fire and the partridge, he turned and walked back toward the sound. Two hours of steady walking tired him. He was still in a dense wood. He would have given all the flowers that ever grew—and many grew beneath his feet—for a glimpse of railroad tires. He sank down, wearied. There was no thought of cooking the partridge now; for there was no fire, and no way of making one. He thought of using his watch crystal as a sun-glass, but he found that he had broken it. He crept into a hollow log. When he opened his eyes again it was night. He could hear the peculiar, whistling noise made by a stag. Of what use was it? He had no powder; the woods might swarm with deer and wild turkeys, but he must starve.

A more thrilling sound was the distant bay of wolves. This kept him awake. He was very thankful when the day dawned, though the day brought him little hope. He rose, said his prayers, and went on, hoping to find the railroad. Squirrels crossed his path; occasionally a partridge whirred past him; but he found no more strawberries, and he dared not eat the other strange berries. About noon he

gave up nearly all hope. He would lie down and die; and so he lay down, with the soft air blowing against his cheek and the glossy leaves of the winter green touching him.

And then Ferd's words came to him, and he thought of them, though his head ached and he found it hard to think at all. They were the words Ferd had said about prayer. Surely, while God and His Holy Mother looked on him there was some hope. It must be true that she, the Mother of the Blessed Saviour, had more influence with Him than he, a poor, careless boy, whose prayers were so unworthy. He said the *Memorare*, slowly and devoutly. Then he rose and tottered onward.

He had walked for about half an hour when his foot struck something hard. It was a turnip. He picked it up, peeled it with his pocket-knife and ate it. Somebody must have planted that turnip. He saw that he was in a little cleared space, and that turnips and parsnips grew around him; and in a clump of creepers was a little hut. He made for it. The door gave way at his touch. The hut was unoccupied; a glance showed him a stove, a rude couch, a barrel, a tin box, and a glass filled with matches. He knelt on the threshold. His Mother had not forgotten him.

Investigation brought to light a good quantity of flour in the barrel and some tea in the tin box. No discoverer of a gold mine was ever happier than John. He made a rude cake, with water from the well at the back of the hut. And, before a blazing fire, he enjoyed a repast of cake and tea, which a few days ago he would have despised.

His whole mind was bent on Ferd's fate. About sunset he sat near the stove, with his head in his hands, when a shadow darkened the door. He looked up suddenly and beheld Ferd! The boys were speechless. At last John said:

"Well, old fellow!"

Tears came to Ferd's eyes. After a while he told his story. He had sunk under water, cramped and powerless. But as he arose again he caught the boat and hung to it until he was able to climb in. The shock of his descent had loosed *La Fleur de Mai* from the entangling creepers, and it had floated away. All night the boat had been at the mercy of the wind and waves. Ferd, protected

by the tarpaulin, had been warm enough, but very anxious. Finally, caught by the tide, the boat had been carried against the neck of land on which John was.

All night the boys worked with their knives to make a pair of oars. In the morning these rude substitutes were ready. At dawn they paddled away, and in the afternoon landed on one of the beautiful beaches of Presque Isle. There they met a friend of their uncle, and told their story. He took them back to the hotel at Marquette, made them rest for a day, and invited them to accompany him in his steam yacht to their uncle's camping place. Of course they accepted this invitation.

"Ferd," said John, "you were right. Prayer means something."

"I know it," answered Ferd. "I should have died that night on the lake if I had not said the dear old Rosary prayers over and over."

During his miserable nights among the pines, John had wondered why such suffering had been sent to him. Later, when his adventures in the woods, and the days spent in camp with his uncle, and the pleasant rambles on Presque Isle, had become memoirs, he began to understand that his experience had made a great change in him. He had always been too selfishly independent; when his wishes were fulfilled, he had cared little for those of others. He had not imagined that anybody was necessary to him. He had been accustomed to look down on other people. Now he began to understand how small he was; how dependent on God and his neighbor. Talking this over with Ferd, the latter said: "Why, even Robinson Crusoe, who knew how to take care of himself, had to have poor Friday!"

John learned, too, to have a greater respect for study. He had sneered at what he called Ferd's devotion to useless books. He recalled his doubts about the berries when he was almost starving. If he had known something of botany he would not have had those doubts.

Another incident occurred which made John feel that his teachers knew more than he did,—and he had formerly grave doubts of that. While the boys were in their uncle's

camp, Ferd had found many interesting specimens of ore, mostly iron and copper. But one day he came to the log hut in which they lived with a piece of quartz. He showed it to John, his eyes sparkling. John took it carelessly in his hand, and was about to throw it at a robin, when Ferd grasped it.

"It's gold!" he said.

John laughed. "Geology again! What's the use of bothering your head with lessons out here?"

Ferd took the quartz to his uncle. John was surprised to see the two go off hastily into the woods. The result of Ferd's keeping his lessons in his head was that a gold mine was discovered about a quarter of a mile from the camp, on the uncle's land. It was not a great gold mine, and it would take much money to work it; however, it enabled Ferd's uncle to give him enough money out of the proceeds of the sale to buy a little house for his mother.

John went back to school with the firm intention of working hard; and Ferd and he were better friends than ever, because their friendship was founded on mutual respect.

The "David" of Michael Angelo.

A great mass of white marble was waiting in Florence for some one to chisel it into shape. The commissioners of the city were at a loss where to find a sculptor. Finally, Mäestro Simone da Fiesole said: "I will make of this enormous stone a giant, nine *braccia* in height, which shall be a wonder to the world." So he measured and planned, and worked with hammer and chisel; but months came and went and the marble was without form. Indeed the good man only succeeded, as everybody whispered, in spoiling the marble, so that no one else could do anything with it.

The commissioners were in despair. "Who," they asked, "will bring the waiting statue from this stone?" And a sturdy fellow of twenty-five, who had already gained a fine reputation for such work, answered: "I claim the right to try."—"Show us, then, a model," said the authorities. And he put before them, in miniature, the young David of his heart

and brain; then fell to work, with their enthusiastic consent, upon the discarded and ruined stone of Mäestro Simone.

This is the way that Vasari, the old historian of Florence, tells the story:

"Michael Angelo made a model in wax of a young David with a sling, intended for the front of the Palazzo; to show that as David had defended his people and governed them with justice, so whosoever governed that city should boldly defend it and justly govern it. And he began this statue in the works of Santa Maria del Fiore, where he made a tower with wood and stone round the marble, and worked it out there, without being seen by any one."

One notices to this day that one of the shoulders of the statue is somewhat flattened, owing to the shape of the block with which the young artist had to contend, as he hammered away, bringing into sight the beautiful David, which was destined to be the central ornament of the old Palazzo. "Certainly Michael Angelo performed a miracle," wrote Vasari, "in thus resuscitating one who was dead."

He was three or four years in accomplishing his task; for artists in those times were not above wielding their own tools, and were not given to standing by and telling other men how to do the work, as is the fashion now. Again, to quote Vasari: "I have seen Michael Angelo, at the age of sixty, make more chips of marble fly about in a quarter of an hour than three of the strongest young sculptors would do in an hour,—a thing almost incredible to him who has not seen it. He went to work with such fury that I feared to see the block split in pieces."

It seemed as if a sort of madness seized him when he attacked the marble which hid the vision of strength or beauty which he would bring to light. And if he worked thus at sixty, how must he have labored at twenty-five, shut up alone in that great shed with the white mass which the Mäestro had nearly ruined, releasing, by frantic blows, the graceful David who seemed to him to be imprisoned there?

The "David" of Michael Angelo is one of the sights of Florence still, though the arm which wrought it has for centuries been dust.

FRANCESCA.

THE AVE MARIA

TO THE HONOR OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN

A MAGAZINE DEVOTED

HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED

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All-Souls' Day.

BY WILLIAM D. KELLY.

BENIGN Madonna, who, beneath the rood,
Beheld, with brimming eyes and bated breath,
Your Son forsake you at the call of death;
And, sad and sorrowful while there you stood,
Felt all the anguish and amaritude

Which, howsoever gently Azrael saith
His summons, lurk his language underneath,—
Lo, with November's nearing are renewed
The memories of our dear dead and the grief

Their going from us gave our hearts; and so,
Lest in that other realm they need relief,

We crave your clemency, that they may know
That we, whose lot it is here still to stay,
Have not forgotten them this All-Souls' Day.

The Angelus.—Its Origin and History.

BY THE REV. A. A. LAMBING, LL. D.

WE can not but admire the wisdom of the Church in summarizing so many of her principal doctrines in certain popular devotions. It both makes the devotions more attractive and intelligible, and it impresses the doctrines more indelibly on the memory. When to this is added the performance of those devotions at appointed times, the child of God is made to live and act more perfectly in harmony with the spirit of the ecclesiastical year. In the devotion of the Holy Rosary, for example, is presented a succinct history of the Blessed Virgin Mary—the

central mystery of the Incarnation, with the life, passion, death, resurrection and ascension of our divine Redeemer; the coming of the Holy Ghost; and the glorious assumption of the Mother of God, with her coronation as Queen of Heaven. In the Way of the Cross are represented the particulars of the dread drama of man's redemption. When performed on the Fridays of Lent, in the afternoon, it not only brings the Christian into harmony with the spirit of the Church, but it also moves his heart to conceive those sentiments of sorrow for his sins and that purpose of amendment which, though fitting at all times, are especially so at the season when the Church invites her children to repentance. The Sign of the Cross, too, is a lesson in our holy faith, recalling to our minds some of the principal mysteries of religion. But still more happy, in many respects, was the Church in instituting the devotion of the Angelus.

When God called Abraham from Ur of the Chaldees He said to him: "Walk before Me, and be perfect."* When Christ came upon earth He bade His followers pray always; and when the Apostle of the Gentiles would instruct his faithful disciple, he admonished him to meditate continually on the great truths which he had taught him, and which he in turn was required to communicate to others.† The exercise of frequently calling to mind the presence of God is one of the most conducive to perfection; and this is admirably effected by means of the Angelus, which raises the thoughts to God at morning, noon and

* Genesis, xvii, 1.

† I. Timothy, iv, 15, 16.

night, revives our remembrance of the principal mysteries of religion, enlivens our faith in them, increases our hope, enkindles our love, and awakens our gratitude.

The history of the Angelus is, to some extent, involved in mystery; for while certain points are known, others are disputed, and still others unknown. Nothing in either Jewish or pagan antiquity resembled it. The former had indeed certain hours of prayer* and fixed times for offering sacrifice, as may be learned from numerous passages of the Old Testament; and the latter also observed a degree of regularity in the performance of some of their religious rites. But the Angelus is purely Christian in its origin, its character, and its scope. It originated in the custom of ringing church bells at sunset. As early as the beginning of the thirteenth century the custom arose of ringing the bells at that hour.† It is most probable that the ringing of the church bells was introduced into different countries at different times; and if this be true, the discrepancies of different authorities may perhaps be reconciled. Among the Latin nations this bell was called the *ignilegium* or the *pyrotegium*, among the French the *couvre-feu*, and among the English the curfew, all of which have the same signification—a signal for the extinguishing of all lights, and retiring of the inmates of the houses to rest. This custom existed throughout all Europe during the Middle Ages, especially in cities taken in war. It was also a precautionary measure against fire, rendered to some extent necessary owing to the peculiar construction of the houses in those times.‡

It is not probable that the Holy See ordered the recitation of certain prayers simultaneously with the introduction of the custom of ringing the church bells; for while, on the one hand, the greater number of devotions are introduced by some pious person or community, extend until they have gained a fair hold on the people of at least one diocese or country, or on the members of one religious order, when application is made to the Holy See, and they are formally approved, and not unfrequently enriched with indulgences; on

the other hand, nothing would be more natural than that persons who were accustomed, as all good Christians are, to the regular performance of their daily devotions, would ere long fix upon the ringing of the bell as the signal for doing so.

Devotion to the great mystery of the Incarnation, and to her through whom it pleased Almighty God to effect it, must ever be leading characteristics in the spiritual life of every Christian. But there were special reasons why this should have been so about the time that the recitation of the Angelus was first introduced. The attention of the Christian world was then turned toward the Holy Land, where the mystery of the Incarnation had been accomplished, and where the supereminent virtues of Mary had shone in all the richness of living splendor. Add to these circumstances the fact that so eminent a servant of Mary as St. Bernard was one of those most active in arousing the enthusiasm of the people to take up arms for the recapture of the holy places,—a man whose love of Mary was only equalled by his eloquence in proclaiming her praises. Not only were his stirring appeals heard from the pulpit and the platform, but also in the assemblies of his religious brethren his fervid discourses and inspiring example infused his own spirit into them, and made them so many advocates of the Mother of God. The same may be said of St. Bonaventure, who a little later proclaimed the praises of Mary in his own masterly way from the pulpit, the professor's chair, and as head of his devoted and simple Franciscans. All things considered, it may be said that the date, as nearly as it can be fixed, of the introduction of the Angelus was a period when the Christian world was ripe for such a devotion.

The lapse of time and the imperfection of records render it difficult to collect the facts regarding the institution of the Angelus, but such as are to be met with will be given. Says the Rev. John Evangelist Zollner: "According to the testimony of many historians, Pope Urban II. (1088) ordained that the bell should be rung in the morning and evening, and the *Angelus Domini* recited, in order to obtain of God the possession of the Holy Land. Gregory IX. renewed this ordinance in the year 1239; Calixtus III. (1456) required it to be observed

* Daniel, vi. 13.

† "Kirchen-Lexicon." Article, "Angelus Domini."

‡ "Encyclopædia Britannica." Article, "Curfew."

also at noon."* The statements of this author do not harmonize with those of other reliable writers; but they are supported by some authorities, and will tend to throw light on a disputed question.

St. Bonaventure, in the general chapter of his Order held at Paris in 1226, and in the next held at Assisium, ordered the triple salutation of the Blessed Virgin, called the *Angelus Domini*, to be recited every evening at six o'clock in honor of the incomprehensible mystery of the Incarnation.† From this it is safe to infer that the *Angelus* had already been introduced, to some extent at least, among Christians. Pope John XXII. issued a bull, dated May 7, 1327, commanding that at the sound of the bell the "Hail Mary" should be recited three times. A council held in 1346 by William, Archbishop of Sens, ordained that, in accordance with the command of Pope John XXII., of blessed memory, the three "Hail Marys" should be recited, and it granted an indulgence of thirty days to those who did so. This is the first indulgence of which there is authentic record in connection with the *Angelus*. The statutes of Simon, Bishop of Nantes, of about the same date, direct pastors of souls to have the evening bell rung, and to instruct their people to recite three "Hail Marys" on bended knees; by doing which they can gain an indulgence of ten days.

Up to that time the custom existed of reciting the *Angelus* only in the evening; but in the year 1368 the Council of Lavaur issued a decree requiring all pastors and curates, under penalty of excommunication, to have the bell rung also at sunrise, and to recite five "Our Fathers" in honor of the Five Wounds of our divine Redeemer, and seven "Hail Marys" in honor of the Seven Joys of the Holy Mother of God. In the following year the Synod of Bessiers decreed that "at the break of day the great bell of the church be rung three times, and that whoever heard it should recite three times the 'Our Father' and 'Hail Mary,' to which recitation an indulgence of twenty days was granted." According to some writers, it was Calixtus III. who, in 1456, introduced the custom of reciting the "Hail Marys," or *Angelus*, at noon. But

Fleury and Du Cange ascribe it to King Louis XI. of France, in the year 1472; and Mabillon declares that the custom spread from France throughout Europe, and in the beginning of the sixteenth century received the approval of the Holy See.*

It is difficult, if not impossible, to determine when and by whom the versicles and responses, together with the concluding prayer, were introduced; or, in other words, who reduced the *Angelus* to its present form. We have seen, however, the various changes through which the devotion passed in the Middle Ages, and that its perfection was not the work of one, but of several hands.

If we examine the parts of which the *Angelus* is composed, its surpassing excellence will be readily seen. The purpose of the devotion, as we have remarked, is the commemorating of the great mysteries of the Incarnation of the Second Person of the ever-blessed Trinity and the virginal maternity of the Blessed Mary. The Gospel narrative which is so admirably summarized in it is found in the 1st chapter of the Gospel of St. Luke, from the 26th to the 42d verse, from which the first half of the "Hail Mary" and the first and second versicles and responses are taken, while the third versicle and response are from the 14th verse of the 1st chapter of the Gospel of St. John. From this it will be seen that the *Angelus* holds a place in the front rank of Catholic devotions. What could be more salutary than the recitation at morning, noon and night of this beautiful prayer, which keeps before the mind the Incarnation of Him whose Name is the only one under heaven given to men whereby they must be saved, and the dignity of her whom the Church bids us salute as our life, our sweetness, and our hope?

(CONCLUSION IN OUR NEXT NUMBER.)

* "Kirchen Lexicon."

WHEN a vessel is full of liquid the least crack suffices, unless it be stopped, to let every drop leak out; so if the soul, however filled with virtue and grace, close not up the aperture which a little sin has made, grace will ooze out little by little until all is spent.—*St. Juan de la Cruz.*

* "The Pulpit Orator," vol. vi, p. 147.

† "Butler's Lives of the Saints," July 14.

A Sin and Its Atonement.

I.

I HAVE been asked to tell the history of some events which, because they stirred the sympathies of many, have been spoken of widely and often inaccurately. They were so intimately connected with my own heart-history that at first I utterly refused to undertake such a task. But I have now reached the border-land, where all the landmarks of the past stand out in true proportions; and if the record of my mistakes with their consequences would only benefit one single heart, the effort, and it may be the pain, it will cost me to write are not worth a moment's consideration. To sing the mercies of the Lord—and such mercies!—is the greatest privilege which could be conferred on me this side of the grave.

I was born in Scotland seventy years ago, in one of the most beautiful spots that eye of man could gaze upon. It is spoilt now; railroads and tourists have invaded its seclusion, and telegraph wires bring every whisper of the great world, bad or good, through its pure, clear atmosphere. But in my youth we had it all to ourselves; and the beauty of our mountain glen, with its views of the Frith and the islet-strewn sea beyond, was an endless source of delight to us.

My father's family, the Doones of Glencairn, was one of the oldest in the neighborhood. In early times they had distinguished themselves by rather startling feats of brigandage; but for several generations the Doone energy had gone out on farming, and their holding was considered a trophy of the victory of skill and perseverance over local difficulties, and quite a model farm. My father was exceedingly well educated for his position, and had secured for his son and his three daughters every advantage within his reach. Our mother was the very personification of motherliness and true refinement, and she tempered by her gentleness the asperity which sometimes manifested itself in my father's dealings with his children. As often happens for a brief period in certain localities, everything combined to make our surroundings pleasant just as life was opening to our young imaginations. We had a priest

of great personal influence and power, who kept us all together, and who had a special gift for stifling in their birth the little feuds and jealousies which are so apt to arise in village communities. We exchanged mutual help at the great seasons of farm-work, and the harvesting, haymaking and apple-gathering were all occasions of neighborly festivity which we thoroughly enjoyed. The Presbyterians had a conventicle at the lower end of the village, and, I believe, *within* its walls they sometimes indulged in bitter and violent attacks on the faith and doctrine of the Catholic Church; but they were in the minority, and not disposed to risk losing employment and the patronage of the Master of Kilgrachie by any open opposition to Catholicism. So that, for the time being, our valley was a complete ideal of what a homely, happy, independent people might be.

Only a short time ago I read an account, by a daring traveller and able writer, of the Yosemite Valley in California.* Indians were constantly descending on the farmsteads of the Sierra Nevada, and driving away horses and cattle into the hills. A hot pursuit of course ensued; the trail was eagerly followed, until, in wide labyrinths of rock and forest, it invariably ended no one could tell where. At last a party of the farmers met together and swore that they would stick to the trail and continue the pursuit until they recovered their lost oxen. After struggling for miles and miles through incredible difficulties, they came upon the edge of a sheer, tremendous precipice. The oldest settler among them had never heard of it.

Straight down, thousands of feet beneath, lay a fair and lovely land, watered by a beautiful river; and there, in the green meadow, they beheld their lost horses and cattle, looking like specks of life in the immense distance below, but distinctly seen through the intense clearness of the atmosphere. Waterfalls descended into the valley from great heights, breaking into jets of spray over the edges of the rocks. On the opposite side the same steep, wall-like face of dark grey rock shut in this wonderful secret spot of Nature. As I read, it seemed to me like a picture of that secluded,

* See "Rovings Far Out," by Lieutenant Colonel Butler.

joyous home of my childhood; and in the figure of the first settler who looked over the edge of that sheer descent and discovered this fairy-land I seemed to see the face and form of Edward Carlyon.

"Margaret," said my brother Alick, "the Laird has brought a friend of his to see father, and he is out; he wants to bring him here to see the orchard and the apple-gathering. May they come?"

"The Laird knows he is always welcome," I returned; for we had known the Master of Kilgrachie from babyhood, and, though he belonged to a rank above us, we were quite at our ease with him, and were always treated by him with the greatest courtesy.

How distinctly I remember that glorious September day! The air was full of the exhilarating freshness which makes the sense of existence a joy. The small boys in the trees were shouting with merriment as they knocked down the clusters of red and gold apples; while Stuart McDougall, the young farmer who was our nearest neighbor, was helping Alick with long poles to shake down the fruit from the higher branches which the boys could not reach.

Not a shadow of annoyance assailed either Arabella or myself at being caught in the midst of work, though we were respectively seventeen and nineteen years of age, and knew that we were considered, both for beauty, accomplishments, and probable dowry, quite the cream of Glencairn. We all held in the bitterest contempt boarding-school misses who came home too fine to work; we had put their airs and affectations into Christmas charades. We were exceedingly proud of our father's orchard, and spent the few moments that elapsed before the appearance of our guests in collecting some of the choicest apples in a basket, which we put into the chubby hands of our little sister Flora, and sent her to the gate to welcome the Laird.

"Let me introduce to you my young friend Mr. Carlyon," said the Master of Kilgrachie, a noble and genial specimen of the old Scotch nobility. "This is Miss Margaret Doone, Mr. Carlyon, the pearl of our valley; this Miss Arabella; and this," patting Flora on the head, "is the bonniest Scottish maiden whose foot ever trod the heather."

Flora's baby face dimpled all over with smiles. She made her offering of apples with infantine grace, saying as she did so, "All these for the Laird!"

"And the Laird's friend," he added graciously, passing on the basket to the stranger, who stood looking on the scene with undisguised admiration.

For a moment I was spellbound and could say nothing. I was thinking: "At last I have seen a *man!*"

It was not that Edward Carlyon was so unusually handsome—though even in outline and coloring his face would have been a study for an artist; it was the majesty of genius and of will which revealed itself in the penetrating glance of those dark eyes, the curves of the resolute mouth, the tones of a voice which, once heard, could never be forgotten. He was a born leader of men; and the influence he exercised came partly from the intensity and singleness of aim with which he devoted all that he possessed, whether of exterior or interior gifts, to one noble purpose. Men of one idea are masterful even when they are narrow; but when a man of powerful intellect and varied gifts ransacks heaven and earth for resources for a single purpose, it gives a simplicity, a charm to intercourse with him which carries all before it. There was nothing Edward Carlyon could not do,—nothing except to submit in humble faith and obedience to the revelation and the will of his Creator.

"Mr. Carlyon has his head as full of plans as a nest is full of eggs," said the Laird; "and you can not do him a greater favor than to let him see the apple-picking, and not let us interrupt your work. I shall sit down on this seat and wait for Mr. Doone."

"That's famous!" said Mr. Carlyon, as, without waiting for further invitation, he threw off his coat and began helping to knock the apples down, talking and laughing all the time as if we had known him for years. He got on with every one alike; even Stuart McDougall, who never could find words to express the thoughts and feelings of his big, warm heart, said that evening he had never before met any one so pleasant.

Meanwhile my father had returned, and he and the Laird sat talking together on the

rustic seat, watching us at our merry work.

"That young Carlyon is a character," said the latter; "and a man who, if I am not greatly mistaken, will make his mark in the world. His father was a common soldier, but he married a German lady, above him in social position,—a clever, intellectual woman. When the father died, the mother's one ambition was to make a distinguished man of this only son. She saved and starved for him, and sent him first to a high school, where he developed extraordinary abilities; and then, with the help of friends, to a celebrated German college, where he carried everything before him. An old and wealthy uncle, who had been desperately wroth with Madame Carlyon for marrying beneath her, was so delighted at the splendid position the young man had taken by his talents, that he left him his whole fortune, exclusive of all his other relations. This made them so angry that the young man found his position in the family very disagreeable; while, as far as his public career was concerned, there was no escape from the military destiny which hung like Fate on every young man in Germany.

"The whole nation, from the Kaiser down, was wild to wash out in blood the insults of Napoleon. That destiny Edward Carlyon detested and was resolved never to accept. So, without asking any one's leave or advice, he and his mother suddenly disappeared, and the next thing their friends heard of them was that they were living in London in great style, their house the resort of the cleverest men of the day, and that the immense fortune Herr Woronzon had left was all transferred into English bonds and laid safe in the Bank of England. No one could complain; for his father was not of German birth, but English or Welsh; still the authorities were sorely angry when they found such a prize had escaped them."

"His mother must have been a proud and happy woman," said Farmer Doone, watching with interest the athletic figure of the young man at the top of a tree, whose golden clusters had defied the efforts of men and boys alike.

"She was," answered the Laird. "And yet, poor lady! she must have had a sorer heart, on one subject, than he ever dreams of; for he says she was a devout Catholic, whilst he

has been completely carried away by the tide of German philosophy. I don't think he has any faith at all."

"Why does he come to Glencairn, and what is he going to do with himself?" asked Farmer Doone, uneasily; for, though not much up in religious questions, he knew that infidelity was beginning, like the first far-reaches of an incoming tide, to get into English literature and English education.

"He has determined to devote his large fortune to founding a colony in North America. He has already induced one or two clever men to join him, and I believe they have purchased land somewhere in the neighborhood of Manitoba. His idea is that if people of substance founded colonies and picked their men, and had patience and perseverance enough to fight through first obstacles, and wait, the experiment would be found to open a career worthy of men of genius and power, and in the end would prove, besides, a most profitable investment of money."

"Hum!" said Farmer Doone. "*If and if!* If people will labor and wait, and persevere from generation to generation, I well believe the most splendid triumphs could be attained; but young men won't do it nowadays, Laird; they have not the stuff in them, least of all those who have money and could at any moment turn round, give up the struggle and enjoy themselves."

"Carlyon has the stuff in him if any man ever had," answered the Laird. "You would not believe the practical, far-seeing wisdom of some of his ideas. One of these has brought him here. He heard that some splendid triumphs, as you say, had been obtained in our valley over difficulties of soil by careful cultivation. He came here to see whether he could put himself under you, as a sort of agricultural pupil, for two or three months. You could name your own terms; for, though he is laying by everything he can spare for the first great start, he grudges nothing when the future advantage of his colony is concerned. One of his very practical ideas is that the leader of such an undertaking ought to be able himself to do every kind of work required, or at least to understand it. Lord Cobham sent the young man to me, with the request to further his plans as much as I could; so

that I shall take any kindness done to him as a personal favor to myself."

There was much in this speech which gratified my father: first, that the fame of his skill in farming had attracted such a brilliant youth to the valley; next, that it was in his power to confer a favor on the Laird of Kilgrachie; and last, not least, that there was an opportunity of obtaining some loose cash, which would enable him at once to put up a mill at the lower end of the valley, which had for some time been a great object of ambition. So, when Edward Carlyon came to the seat where the two had been discussing, his face radiant, he was received by the usually cautious Scotch farmer with great affability.

"You do not seem disappointed with the Doone homestead," said the Laird. "We have not overpraised it, have we?"

"It is my dream realized," answered the young man, his eyes full of light. "If only my future colony can produce scenes like this I shall feel I have lived for something."

All was arranged that same evening. He was to stay three months at Glencairn, to be initiated into the secrets of cultivation, which my father undoubtedly possessed. He gave a promise not to divulge these secrets until he was on the other side of the Atlantic; and he offered such a handsome premium for the advantages which he was to reap from the arrangement, that my father felt he could put his cherished scheme into execution, and that the mill would really rise on the spot where he had long seen it in his dreams before the winter's frost made building impossible. Before the interview ended he was quite bewitched with his future pupil, who seemed equally pleased with him. He, however, felt it his duty to make one stipulation strongly.

"We are all good Catholics here, Mr. Carlyon, and I *very* much regret to hear that you are not. I would not, for any advantage you could offer me, receive you into relations with my family and dependents unless you will give me your solemn promise never, in any way, to do anything to unsettle the mind of any one during your stay at Glencairn. I have confidence that if you give that promise you will keep it as a man of honor ought."

Edward Carlyon lifted his frank, clear eyes and looked at my father.

"I make the promise, Mr. Doone, and I will keep it as a man of honor should. The strongest affection of my life is bound up with reverence for the Catholic faith. My mother, when she was dying, put a rosary round my neck and implored me to wear it; and for her sake I will wear it till I die. Am I likely to insult or to interfere with a faith that was hers?"

"You will need something more to rest upon than an earthly mother's love when you come to die," said my father, touched by the unaffected emotion of the young man's manner; "but I accept your promise with absolute confidence. You will finish the week with your friends at Kilgrachie Castle, I presume, and by that time I shall have arranged a comfortable lodging for you. But you had better spend your evenings at the farm, as it would be too lonely for you to have no companionship but that of old Mrs. Pitcairn."

Our father repeated the whole conversation to us as we sat round the fire in the evening, and dwelt especially on the concluding part.

"Now, girls," he said, "remember this promise is to be kept on our side also. You are not to enter into conversation with Mr. Carlyon on any religious topic whatsoever; you are not to try and persuade him to be a Catholic. He is far more clever than you, and would soon twist you round his finger in argument. You will do far more for him by being kind and genial, and *showing* him what Catholic life is. I think your mother would convert anybody by the sight of her."

And so Edward Carlyon came into our lives, and for two months we saw him almost every evening. Alick, Arabella and I had good voices, and we used to sing Jacobite songs together, to the great delight of our guest.

"I must have music in the colony,—music of the *cause*. There's nothing binds people together more than that," he remarked one evening after we had been singing.

"You must get the *cause* to live and die for first," said my mother, "before you can have your music. The Jacobite songs are the expression of a people's intense devotion to a royal race, consecrated by the touch of suffering."

"Do you think I have not found the cause for which I can live and die—aye, and which shall have a music of its own some day?"

he asked, with an enthusiasm the more contagious because it was so entirely free from rhapsody. "Is it not a cause worthy of any sacrifice to show the world that men can keep their advantages of riches and of intellectual power in their own hands, and yet by their great-heartedness dislodge selfishness from the social structure, and force men to see with their eyes and touch with their hands the reality of fraternal co-operation? Will the workman, to whom I have opened a career in which his skill and industry can secure a happy, respectable home for himself, and a sure hope for the future of his children, grudge me advantages of leisure and of wealth, which he sees I am using to secure his welfare? We who are educated know well enough what blindness it is to think we can do without one another, and how necessary each one is to perfect the common work and the common happiness. If men can live and die for a royal race, for a religion—nay, for one single being whom they love with their whole heart,—why not for the victory of love in the human family, and the deathless fame of a benefactor to the human race?"

There was a silence after this apostrophe, this first declaration Edward Carlyon had ever made of his views and the hope that prompted him; but it was a silence which thrilled with sympathy. We young ones had never heard such noble thoughts clothed in such attractive form before. Even my cautious father was completely carried away by the young adventurer, whose practical good sense and powers of hard work were so different from the ravings of red-hot republicanism which "stank in his nostrils." It must be remembered that in those days there was absolutely nothing between the deadest, dullest conservatism, which the reaction from the horrors of the French Revolution only made more obstinate in refusing any light, and the hot-headed, unpractical schemes of those whose only aim was to upset all existing forms of social life and government.

Carlyon's conversation opened to me a new world of thought, and responded to a secret longing of which I was intensely conscious,—a longing to make my life more heroic, more full of real romance than that of the quiet farmer's wife in the valley of Glencairn, which

was the probable destiny that awaited me; for I knew (though nothing formal had passed between us) that Stuart McDougall had loved me from childhood, and that my parents liked the match well, though they would not allow him to ask for any promise until I was twenty. I revered Stuart for his goodness, for his tenderness to his widowed mother, for his unswerving rectitude in all the affairs of life; but I always felt there were longings in my heart to which he could never respond. I learned afterward that there were depths in his noble nature of which I had not the slightest conception.

I remember well how I longed that night for some one to break the silence which followed the speech I have related, and how delighted I was when my dear mother, with the ready tact and courtesy which she inherited, I suppose, from ancient blood, replied:

"Well, Mr. Carlyon, when the national music of the Carlyon Colony is composed, you must be sure to send it to us, and we shall sing it on this side of the Atlantic with enthusiasm."

There was a general chorus of assent and approbation, and Edward Carlyon was delighted at the gracious response he had received.

"That is a really kind promise," he said, turning on my mother one of those frank, sincere looks that took every one by storm. "When one's heart is in a thing, I don't know which tries one most—the rhapsodical admiration of sentimental young ladies who do not understand a word of what one is saying, or the blind opposition of men who will not so much as listen to a solution of their objections. But a bit of sincere sympathy and comprehension, such as I meet with here, is the very elixir of life to me."

And so we went blindly on for the two most beautiful autumn months that had been known in Glencairn for years. My father looked on young Carlyon as his exclusive property, and fulfilled his part of the contract in the most generous way. His pupil, on the other hand, was continually giving him new ideas and bits of knowledge he had picked up here and there, which made his society full of charm to my father.

When the mill was being built, which was to be paid for by the sum named for his agri-

cultural tuition, Edward suggested an improvement which would add considerably to the estimate. After having thought the matter over, my father reluctantly gave up the idea. "I should have to take up capital," he said, when Edward pressed him; "and, with all my children growing up, I never will do that." That night he found a sealed packet on his rough, square desk, containing the sum necessary for the improvement, with a note from Edward Carlyon, saying the premium he had offered was *business*, but that he wanted the mill to be a memorial of *friendship* and *gratitude*, and therefore entreated his acceptance of this small offering.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Hymn for All-Saints' Day.

BY GERALD MOULTRIE.

WE give Thee thanks, O Lord our God,
For all the saints Thy path who trod—
The path of pain, the path of death,
The path of Him who triumpheth!

For they have braved the hour of shame,
The cross, the rack, the cord, the flame,
The dagger and the cup of woe,
If only Jesus they might know.

All this they counted not for loss,
For they were soldiers of the Cross;
They recked not of the grief or pain,
If only Jesus they might gain.

He is their Saviour, He their Lord,
He their exceeding great reward;
Though lost be all that fills our cares,
If Him they have, then all is theirs.

From us their forms have passed away—
Mere viewless spirits, mouldering clay;
Some live upon the life of fame,
Some leave no vestige but a name.

But when shall sound the trump of doom,
To call the tenants of the tomb,
A mighty army they shall stand
Arrayed in white at God's right hand,—

A mighty host to man unknown,
In glory ranged around the Throne;
He knows His own who ruled the strife—
Their names are in the Book of Life.

Miraculous Episodes of the Annual Pilgrimage to Lourdes.

A THOUSAND sick persons left Paris for Lourdes on Saturday, August 17, arriving there two days later. Fifty *Petites Sœurs Gardes Malades des Pauvres*, assisted by many charitable men and women, ministered to them during the journey. Sunday was spent at Poitiers, both as a rest for the sufferers and to enable them to visit the tomb of St. Radegonde. Two cures took place during the stay. The rest of the sick, encouraged by this speedy answer to prayer, redoubled their supplications, edifying everyone by their spirit of sacrifice and patience through all the unavoidable discomforts of travelling. On the way, between Poitiers and Lourdes, three other cures occurred. A cripple, a blind man, and a deaf-mute recovered the use of their limbs and senses.

On the afternoon of the 21st, during the procession, the Blessed Sacrament was carried to the spot where the sick were collected together. The most heartrending cries burst forth as the officiating prelate held the dazzling ostensorium over them for about half an hour, during the invocations, "Lord, heal us!" "Lord, if Thou wilt Thou canst make us whole!" etc. Several then rose from their litters and threw themselves on their knees. At the same moment the *Magnificat* was intoned, caught up by twenty thousand voices, and re-echoed by the mountains around. The torch-light procession was a long, enthusiastic act of thanksgiving, in which even those who had not obtained relief heartily joined.

After this marvels were wrought on all sides. One hundred well-authenticated cures were obtained during the pilgrimage. The following are among the most striking:

Pierre Delannoy, aged forty-nine years, born at Watrellos, department of the Nord, was brought up piously by his mother, who devoted all her spare time to teaching catechism to poor children. On the death of his parents he went to Paris, in the hopes of earning higher wages. He was then only twenty-six, and soon found a good situation as gardener. He lived comfortably for several years, during which time he seems to have

quite forgotten the precepts and example of his devout mother. However, at length sickness overtook him, and afforded him leisure to call to mind early impressions and early lessons. In 1883 he was obliged to give up his profession of gardener, and passed through seven hospitals, one after the other—Cochin, Laënnec, Necker, Lariboisière, Beaujeu, Broussais, and finally the Hôtel-Dieu. In these hospitals he was treated by the most eminent physicians for a disease called “moving ataxia.” The patient relates that among the remedies tried upon him was suspension, and declares that he underwent “hanging” fifty times. Ataxia is an involuntary and violent motion of the muscles, which can in no case be cured instantaneously.

Poor Pierre, seeing all human remedies prove fruitless, bethought himself of Our Lady of Lourdes—for he had read Henri Lasserre's book,—but he deemed himself wholly unworthy of a miraculous cure, and made up his mind to wait until he had prayed longer and suffered more in expiation of his sins, before making the pilgrimage. This thought absorbed him. Prayer in the Paris hospitals may be counted a courageous act, since all religion has been banished from them with the expulsion of the devoted nurses—the Sisters of Charity, the Augustinians, and other hospital orders. During eight months Pierre recited the entire Rosary daily in preparation for the blessed day when he could set out for Lourdes.

After Holy Communion one morning, at the Hôtel-Dieu, Pierre Delannoy felt that the hour for his pilgrimage was come, and wrote to the committee of Notre Dame de Salut. The answer to his request was favorable. We can imagine with what fervor he made the preparatory novena before setting out. At length the happy day arrived; he shed tears of joy on reaching the railway terminus, so sure was he of obtaining a cure. The night passed between Paris and Poitiers was very trying, yet in the morning he was able to go to Holy Communion in the Church of St. Radegonde, limping, with the help of a stick and the arm of a poor blind man, to whom he lent his sight. He and his companion prayed long and fervently at the shrine of the saintly Queen of France.

Pierre's first act on arriving at Lourdes was to go to the Grotto, and there receive Holy Communion, and beg to be cured ‘if it were for the good of his soul and the benefit of others.’ The same moment he seemed to hear a voice whisper to him: “Go to the Basilica and make your thanksgiving there.” The upper church was less crowded than the Grotto, so he stood up and said to his blind comrade: “Here, take my stick.”—“Have you become mad, friend?” was the rejoinder.—“Don't be afraid: I'll not fall. And I am not mad.”

From that moment Pierre Delannoy was perfectly cured. The medical men confirmed the fact on that day as well as on the last day of the pilgrimage. He has since found an excellent situation as gardener to the Marquis de Villeneuve, in his Château of Barge-mont (Var).

Another miracle no less striking, and which may be called a triumph of the Blessed Eucharist, is the cure of Mlle. Marie-Louise Horeau, a pious young girl, aged nineteen, completely blind for two years, and who received the gift of sight after a pilgrimage to Lourdes. This favored child is an inmate of St. Joseph's Orphan Asylum at Alençon, under the care of the Sisters of St. Vincent de Paul. From early childhood she was subject to different infirmities. Up to the age of four years her right leg was covered with running ulcers, her general health being deplorable. After suffering from erysipelas in the head and chest, she was attacked by *kerato-conjunctivitis*. The eyes became quite opaque, and these complaints brought on complete cecity, as stated in a detailed certificate of her attending physician.

Nevertheless, Marie-Louise's confidence in the mercy and goodness of our Blessed Lady was unbounded; she felt convinced of her cure beforehand, and arrived at Lourdes with the National Pilgrimage. She was twice bathed in the piscina without any result. After Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament at the Grotto, the procession fell into order to return to the Basilica. All the sick were lying helpless on their pallets, their eyes turned toward their Divine Saviour in the Sacred Host, who was passing among them to console and heal them; they were surrounded by multitudes on their knees. On all sides burst forth the thrice-

repeated exclamations: "Hosanna to the Son of David! Blessed is He that cometh in the name of the Lord!" And then from all these sorrowing hearts rose ardent supplications, such as, "Jesus, Son of David, have pity on us!"

Marie-Louise had not been able to approach the Grotto, but her heart was near it, full of love and faith, as she waited for Jesus on His passage, and begged the friend who led her to warn her of the moment when the Blessed Sacrament would be quite close to her. Appeals and invocations grew louder as Our Lord approached. "Now!" whispered the friend to the blind girl. Marie-Louise fell on her knees. "Lord," she cried out with saint-like fervor,—"Lord, if Thou wilt Thou canst cure me! Lord, grant that I may see!" At that instant a dazzling glare passed before her eyes, causing excruciating pain. Her eyes were opened! At one glance she beheld the Grotto, the lovely image of Our Lady, the kneeling multitude, and her Saviour blessing her, resplendent with glory in the Sacrament of His Love.

Her sight is perfect: she can distinguish the smallest objects; the most careful examination can find no trace of the ophthalmic disease. The young girl related her cure before Mgr. Berchiolla, Archbishop of Cagliari; Mgr. Petkoff, missionary Bishop of the United Bulgarians; and before several doctors, some of whom were moved to tears. One of the latter, who had come to Lourdes for the first time, said, after reading the certificates and various testimonies describing the diseases she had suffered from, and after examining the eyes so lately sightless: "Had I seen only this one miracle at Lourdes, it would suffice to make me publish everywhere the power of the Immaculate Virgin and the goodness of her Divine Son."

Louis Charbonnel, of St. Hilaire, department of the Manche, is thirty years of age. Up to the time of the accident which completely deprived him of his strength, he had been a very robust young man. On the 3d of August, 1886, he was working as a navvy at a railway excavation, when suddenly a great heap of earth fell in and almost buried him beneath it; he received serious injuries in the back and limbs. Notwithstanding immediate surgical

aid, paralysis, with absolute insensibility of the lower limbs, set in, so that he was not conscious of forty-two leeches that were applied to his spine and left leg. He was afflicted also with another most acute suffering—paralysis of the bladder, which left him no rest. Not until eighteen months had passed was the patient able to move about with the help of crutches.

After some time the poor paralytic heard of the wonderful cures obtained at Lourdes. He began a novena, during which a slight improvement was perceptible; it seemed like a promise of the intervention of the Blessed Virgin, whom he invoked so ardently. He was admitted without difficulty among the sick poor of the National Pilgrimage, and on reaching Lourdes went directly to the Grotto, one arm round the neck of a comrade and the other leaning on a stick. He received Holy Communion in the Church of the Rosary, and afterward went to the piscina; no change, however, was yet visible in his state. On the same day he returned a second time to the piscina, and while in it felt such a keen pain in his loins that he groaned aloud. Although he only experienced a slight amelioration, he had the courage to follow the night procession, in spite of his difficulty in walking. On the morning of the 21st he received Holy Communion at the Grotto, and then proceeded for the third time to the piscina. While in it he felt nothing extraordinary, but on coming out he was able to ascend the steps alone, to dress himself, and with a steady foot to return to the Grotto, where he poured out his boundless gratitude to his heavenly Benefactress for restored health and strength. From the moment of his radical cure he has had neither pain nor weakness, and is now working hard at manual labor. The physicians, who examined his case minutely several times, agree that his disease has left no trace behind it.

Mlle. Berthe Charron Gallot, aged thirty-five, resides at Lagdaisière de St. Hilaire, department of Vendée. In February, 1886, she was seized with a violent pain in her left side and stomach, attended with frequent vomiting. After a first diagnosis, her physician treated her malady as an affection of the peritoneum. The invalid remained eight months in bed, having the lower limbs so contracted that she

could not stretch them. Blisters, electricity, etc., were successively used without any benefit. In August of the same year she was removed to the hospital of Niort, and attended by Doctors Haymer and Tonet; they succeeded somewhat in straightening her limbs by the agency of chloroform, but her general health remained unaltered.

On returning home, her own doctor discovered a tumor of a malignant nature. His treatment produced a slight amelioration. In June, 1887, she was able to walk a little without support, but her condition was still dangerous. Soon again she lost the power of movement, and was unable to walk even as far as the church, about three hundred yards from her house. It was in this sad condition that she arrived at Lourdes, suffering terribly, yet fully confident of obtaining a cure. On the second immersion in the piscina, on the 22d of August, she noticed with joy that the tumor had entirely vanished; her digestive organs became at once regular, and she could walk with perfect ease.

This astounding and instantaneous cure was confirmed by the medical men at Lourdes on that day and the day following. Berthe Charron Gallot continues as well as if she had never been ill, and every day blesses Almighty God and her benign Mediatrix, Our Lady of Lourdes.

We append the certificate of her physician :

I, the undersigned, Emilien Bourasseau, medical doctor of the Faculty of Paris, residing at Foussais (Vendée), declare to have examined, on the 25th of August, 1889, Mlle. Berthe Charron Gallot, in order to verify her sudden cure, which occurred in the course of a pilgrimage she made to Lourdes from the 18th to the 24th of August. This young person has been affected since 1886 with an abdominal tumor. . . . This tumor, after remaining some time stationary, increased considerably of late, and had deplorable effects on the general system. A fortnight ago, seeing the progress of the disease and her alarming debility, I insisted upon a surgical operation, which had heretofore been postponed by the patient and her family. This young lady went to Lourdes last week, and on Sunday, the 25th, she came to ask me to authenticate the sudden and radical change in her health. I verified it on Sunday and I confirm it again to-day, August 29. The tumor has entirely disappeared, and the cachexy into which the invalid had fallen has given way to all the signs of perfect health. In proof thereof, I deliver this certificate, which I declare conformable to truth.

DOCTOR BOURASSEAU.

Another man, L. V., came last year to Lourdes, merely through curiosity, although in ill health. It would seem as if his curiosity were punished; for three days after leaving Lourdes he was in peril of death. The last Sacraments were proposed to him. His faith awoke in face of imminent dissolution; even then, at the last hour, he sought our Blessed Lady to obtain for him a prolongation of life until the National Pilgrimage of this year. His prayer was granted, and he joined the pilgrims with the most lively faith. During the first two days his sufferings increased, but on the third day he besieged Heaven, and would not depart from the Grotto until he was cured. When the *brancardiers* (litter-bearers) wanted to carry him to the hospital, he said: "No, no! Let me be a sentinel and watch here through the whole night." The Blessed Virgin smiled upon her faithful knight, and on coming home, some hours later, he had difficulty in making his wife believe it was he. From being a very careless Christian, she was converted on the spot.

Notre Dame de Nanteuil.

BY GEORGE PROSPERO.

IN the marshy district of Sologne, divided into the departments of the Cher, Loir-et-Cher, and Loiret, near the town of Mont-richard, stands the ancient Church of Nanteuil. Few of the numerous shrines of Mary which lie scattered over the fair land of France can trace their origin to a more remote date than Notre Dame de Nanteuil. Scarcely had the light of the Gospel penetrated into this part of the country than tender love of the Mother of God formed a characteristic of the new Christians, and our Blessed Lady did not delay to reward the devotion of her children.

Some of the pious inhabitants of Nanteuil, passing through the wood one morning, found a statue of Our Lady resting on the branch of an oak tree, from which nook Mary herself seemed to look down upon them smilingly. Taking down the statue, they carried it to a neighboring fountain. There they placed it on a low wall surrounding the fountain, and

hastened to call the inhabitants of the town, that they might witness what they regarded as a singular proof of Mary's love and favor. On their return the statue was gone, and sorrow reigned in the hearts of all. The road was a very lonely one: who could have come during their short absence? Suddenly one of the number—inspired by Heaven, no doubt,—thought of returning to the forest, and there, exactly in the same oak tree and on the same branch, lo! he beheld the sacred image, as they had seen it first. It became evident to all that Our Lady desired that a sanctuary should be erected in her honor on this spot. Accordingly a chapel was built. It was composed of a ground-floor surrounding the trunk of the oak, whilst the upper floor contained the large branch with its venerated statue. Later on, the parish church of Nanteuil was erected beside this sanctuary, and the pilgrims, who flocked thither in crowds, reached the chapel with its venerated shrine by means of a staircase placed in the interior of the church.

Through succeeding ages Notre Dame de Nanteuil suffered much during the various wars which desolated France, but the church was always restored. Some of its architecture bears evidence of dating back to the early part of the twelfth century. Again, it is known that Philip-Augustus rebuilt various portions of the large church, in testimony of his gratitude to the Queen of Heaven for two favors received in the neighborhood. Whilst passing through the country with his troops, the soldiers were completely exhausted, and some died from the effect of a drought which had long continued. Suddenly a refreshing rain fell, which saved the army. On another occasion, after fervent prayers offered to the Blessed Virgin, Philip's men won a brilliant victory over the English at Montrichard. At the present day there may be seen in the church a column bearing the likeness of Philip, whilst several smaller columns near it show the heads of the most distinguished leaders of his army.

One of the Seigneurs de Montrichard and his pious consort offered a tract of land, together with its revenues, for maintaining and repairing the sanctuary. In 1461, the territory of Nanteuil having become annexed to the crown, Louis XI. visited the shrine, coming

from Plessis-les-Tours on a pilgrimage. His first care was to have a large porch constructed, on which the royal arms were carved, together with those of Queen Charlotte of Savoy. Later on Louis considerably embellished the church, built a side chapel at the left of the choir, and entirely restored the sanctuary which contained the statue.

Beautiful, indeed, was the devotion shown alike by the great and the humble to the "Virgin of the Oak," and innumerable were the pilgrims who came yearly to offer their tribute of love and devotion at this shrine. Whit-Monday was the great *fête* day at Nanteuil, and even so far back as the thirteenth century we learn that an immense fair was held there on that day; it was the occasion for bringing together numerous pilgrimages from different parts of the country. It is easy to imagine, however, that many pious and devout clients of Our Lady preferred to offer up their prayers before the venerated shrine on days of greater quiet. A large field near the church bears, even to the present time, the name of the *Pré des Pèlerins*; here the pilgrims who came from afar left their horses and mules to rest whilst performing their devotions.

All through the religious strifes and the troubles of the League in the sixteenth century the pilgrims flocked to Nanteuil with undiminished fervor; it would seem that the more unsettled things were in the kingdom, the more piety they displayed. A century later the same pious enthusiasm was shown, and amongst the pilgrims of note who visited Notre Dame de Nanteuil was the saintly M. Olier, the holy Curé of St. Sulpice. Toward the close of the following century St. Benedict Joseph Labre remained a short time at Nanteuil whilst journeying to Rome, and his stay there, needless to add, was fraught with the greatest edification to the pious inhabitants.

Shortly before the dreadful days of the Revolution, the features of the statue of Notre Dame de Nanteuil were remarked to change, the usually smiling expression giving place to a look of intense sorrow. Many refused to believe in the miracle until, coming to the chapel, they not only saw the features change, but beheld tears coursing down the cheeks.

When the Revolution burst over France, the sanctuary of Nanteuil was completely despoiled of all its treasures, the altars and tabernacles desecrated, whilst the wretched marauders, throwing a cord round the neck of the statue, dragged it from its resting-place; it fell on the ground, broken into a thousand pieces,—all except the head, which escaped the slightest injury. An unfortunate woman—then in perfect health—brushed the head aside, and sent it rolling into a heap of rubbish; and it is related that before the day had passed she was dead. Another woman, at the risk of her life, took up the head tenderly and carried it to her home. When the days of horror and bloodshed had passed away, and the church was again thrown open to the faithful, the woman brought back her treasure. Then a pious artist modelled a body as much resembling the old statue as possible, and the head having been placed on it, the image was restored to the shrine.

It was not long before the Holy Virgin manifested, by a striking miracle, her particular attachment to this favored sanctuary. At St. Aignan an afflicted mother was almost in despair on seeing her son unable to walk. Every human means having failed to help him, she carried him on her back all the way to the shrine. After the first visit there was not the slightest improvement in the poor boy's condition, and the second pilgrimage seemed to give no more hope. But the mother was not to be discouraged, and again returned with her precious burden. Scarcely had she laid the boy before the altar than he rose up, completely cured.

Many other miracles followed this one, and public attention was again attracted to Notre Dame de Nanteuil. The church had suffered greatly at the hands of the Revolutionists, and many generous donors came forward, offering to restore various portions of the edifice. Those who now visit the sanctuary will find a beautiful structure, the architecture of which is in the style of the Middle Ages. The church is in the form of a Latin cross, and the stone carvings are remarkable for the elegance and variety of their design. As in past centuries, so in our days, the "Pilgrims' Chapel," with the miraculous statue, is situated on the second floor. A splendid portal in the large

church gives access to the staircase leading to it, whilst two exterior staircases, used only on *fête* days—when the affluence of pilgrims is very great,—enable the visits to be made with the most perfect order.

Some years as many as twenty thousand pilgrims come to this far-famed sanctuary, and in modern times many costly gifts have been sent to enrich the shrine. Queen Amélie offered a beautiful group of Our Lady of the Seven Dolors; later on, Napoleon III. presented a valuable painting, and the Empress Eugénie a magnificent set of vestments. Nor have the Sovereign Pontiffs been forgetful of Notre Dame de Nanteuil. Pius IX., as an encouragement to the fervor of the faithful, enriched the shrine with the choicest blessings of the Church. It was granted the favor of the Privileged Altar, also the celebrated Indulgence of the Portiuncula for the 2d of August, and a plenary indulgence for nearly all the feasts of the Ble-sed Virgin.

We thus see that the ancient sanctuary of Notre Dame de Nanteuil is one that has suffered least at the hand of time; or which, having suffered, has risen again as bright and glorious as in bygone ages,—a standing memorial of Mary's peaceful victory over her enemies.

Some Thoughts in November.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

OLD Sir John Mandeville—the first of English travellers to write a book, but not unhappily the last,—says very touchingly: "Wherefore, I pray to all the readers and hearers of this book, if it please them, that they will pray to God for me. I shall pray for them. And all those that say for me a *Pater Noster*, with an *Ave Maria*, that God forgive me my sins, I make them partners of all the good pilgrimages and all the good deeds that I have done, if any be to His pleasure."

The old knight's bones are dust, for they were laid away nearly five hundred years ago; but the voice of his simple faith speaks from the past. Firm was he in the belief of the communion of saints; and, if he be still among those helpless souls whom we remember in

this month, let his appeal, embedded in the old black-letter of his volume, be not unheeded. But how real it makes this old traveller,—how near it draws us to him across the great gulf of five hundred years!

How will it be with us in less time than five hundred years? Will there be any voice pleading for us from out the record of our works? Death is the only certain thing in life, as we all know; and yet how few of us really feel that it is so! And, after death, to most of us will as surely come probation “until the foul crimes done in our days of nature are burned and purged away.” If death is sure, this is no less sure. No power can deprive us of our part with all the Church suffering of the universal Sacrifice of the Mass,—no power can limit the saving merits of the unbloody Sacrifice every time it is offered up; for it is supremely Catholic, and he who, of his charity, offers a Mass for his relative or friend joins all waiting souls by another link to the golden chains about the feet of God.

How real death, and that which will come after death, ought to be to us, since we have not only been told of death, but have seen death's hand on those who stood by our side! Good and true as these were, we do not imagine that they were undefiled enough to enter at once into the presence of the living God. We cover their graves with garlands; we never speak of them without a sigh; we say life is not the same to us,—but when November comes we do not give them special thought or prayer! And yet we know as certainly as we know anything that it is our prayers they crave.

“More things are wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of. . . .
For what are men better than sheep or goats
That nourish a blind life within the brain,
If, knowing God, they raise not hands in prayer
Both for themselves and those that call them friend?”

Last year we grudged nothing to the friend that has since left us. And if any sacrifice could bring him back, we say fervently that we would make it. To change the allusion of the Spanish poet, “all things are illusive except the pearl of prayer deep in the heart,”—

“. . . perla escondida

En lo mas hondo del corazon.”

Last year we would have travelled miles to be near him were he ill. We should have

spurned the thought that any mere inconvenience could keep us from him were our presence needed. Had he not grappled us to him with a thousand hooks of steel during a thousand days? A father, a brother, a friend,—it matters not which; it may be that we have lost all. How, now that the time has come for showing our gratitude, do we keep our promise?

Who dares to say that to give this dear soul solace,—to repay it for the love it had for us,—to keep the pledges we made to it,—we would not cross the sea a hundred times? And yet when it comes to the mere matter of crossing a few streets, of rising a little earlier in the morning, of having some Masses said, we hesitate, we procrastinate, we forget!

There are the mocking *immortelles* of last year, scarcely changed in color, hung on the railings around his grave; there is the memorial on the carven letters of which no moss has had time to grow; there are all the remembrances of the dead mutely speaking to us at every turn. They cry out to us of the great fact, but we do not hear,—we have “ears and hear not.” In that future which shall come as surely as next November, shall we, in our purgation, be heard?

The cry from out the old tomes containing the simple record of the travels of Sir John Mandeville is the cry of our friends who have gone before. They can not help themselves, but they can help us. A *Pater* and an *Ave*, a Mass, the Rosary, a visit to the Blessed Sacrament. “I pray to all . . . that they will pray to God for me!”

WHERE material interests are concerned, we rely on work and enterprise. Where spiritual interests are in play, we are tempted to forego them, to make room, as it were, for divine help. This, certainly, is not according to God's designs. He has endowed us with natural faculties and energies, which He desires us to use. Neglect of them is a sin against the Author of nature, and the Author of grace will not by miracles make up for our neglect. The gospel of human effort in the work of God needs to be preached to the world to day. Were it understood and carried out, we should soon tell of marvellous victories.—*Archbishop Ireland.*

An Officer and a Gentleman.

COLONEL JOHN M. WILSON, U. S. A., the new superintendent of the Military Academy at West Point, has been at his post only a few weeks, but he has already left his mark on the history of the institution, and on the hearts of its cadets and their families and friends. Instances multiply of his courtesy and his sense of the fitness of things—to say nothing of his rigid justice and military discipline,—but two or three will suffice to show the calibre of the man.

A young cadet from Ohio fell ill, and the surgeons reluctantly decided that recovery was impossible. His family were poor, and it was even a tax for his father to come to him. But when he reached West Point he was taken at once to the hospital where his son was lying, found himself provided with quarters, his mess-bill settled in advance, and every care that kindness could suggest was shown him. When the son died there was one of the most brilliant military funerals the Point has ever seen. The whole battalion, with forty-three officers at the head, marched to the station; bells were tolled, and to the furthest limit of military etiquette the kindness of the superintendent pushed the honors to the dead. Some one asked: "Why should all this be done for a man nobody ever heard of?"—"Because," answered the superintendent, "he is a United States officer." But he did not add how gladly his tender heart had availed itself of all this panoply to soothe the grief-stricken father, nor how the lowly origin of the young man was the very *raison d'être* of the personal care and attention he gave the details.

Another occurred at the reception given the Pan-American Congressmen, at which the most distinguished people of the three neighborhoods were present. Colonel Wilson made a special point of inviting the Catholic priest who comes over to say Mass on Sundays for the Catholic cadets; and not only did he greet him with a felicitous grace, but detailed one of his senior officers to lead him through the rooms, and present him especially to a granddaughter of Mrs. Anna Hanson Dorsey, who was among the ladies receiving.

Another. A "plebe" (a freshman) made a section in mathematics. Well, a "plebe" being outside the pale of cadet humanity, what if he did? But the superintendent telegraphed the good news to the parents of the young fellow,—took time from his crowded hours to give pleasure to two hearts for whom that "plebe" was the best part of the cadet corps.

Notes and Remarks.

The Holy Father's letter to Cardinal Gibbons on the Catholic Centenary, transmitted by Mgr. O'Connell, contains the most cordial congratulations on the faith and zeal of the prelates and people of the United States. In conclusion the Holy Father says that he earnestly prays that, under the "prosperous and favored public institutions," by which bishops and priests are enabled to exercise with freedom their sacred ministry, their labors may continue as in the past to benefit the Church and the country.

The Bishop of Salford has written a very sensible letter on the subject of public amusements for the people. He proposes that an effort shall be made by which the poor can be interested and amused during the long winter evenings. The present places of amusement—the theatre and the dram-shop—tend to keep the members of the family apart. The Bishop wants the municipality of each English city to provide a well-warmed hall, where light refreshments and innocent dramatic and musical entertainments shall be provided for family parties at a nominal expense.

It is curious how reverential a modern Republican Frenchman becomes toward the Church when he observes her manifestations outside of his own country. A correspondent of *Le Temps*, which is against "Clericalism," goes into ecstasies over the achievements of Sister Ignatius, who, through her own exertions, has built a hospital in Annam for lepers—who are isolated—and for little children.

The Pope, by a decree of the Sacred Congregation of Indulgences, published since last November, graciously accords to all the faithful who either in public or in private perform the pious exercise of the month of November in suffrage for the souls in Purgatory: 1. An indulgence of seven years and seven quarantines each day; 2. A plenary indulgence on one day of the said month at choice, under the usual conditions.

A statue of Robert Cavalier de La Salle, the great French explorer, has been placed in Lincoln Park, Chicago, and is a gift to the city from Judge Lambert Tree. La Salle, who was an ardent Catholic, was the founder of the settlement of Crève-Cœur, near Peoria, Ill.,—the first civilized community within the borders of the State of Illinois. "Thus," says the *Catholic News*, "our early Catholic explorers and colonizers are obtaining"

their due honor in this country. Marquette's statue is on the front of a public building in Detroit; Father Perez, friend of Columbus, can be seen on the bronze doors of the Capitol at Washington; Leif Ericson, the grand Catholic pioneer of New England, has a statue in Boston. Professor E. N. Horsford, whose researches lead him to locate the settlement of the Catholic Norsemen on the Charles River, is about to erect a tower at Waltham, Mass., in their honor. It is to be of stone, and fifty feet high, and to stand on the site which he claims to identify with Fort Norumbega. A Catholic of later date, Miles Standish, of the famous Catholic family of Standish of Standish, and Standish of Duxbury, has a monument nearly completed at the place he called Duxbury, in Massachusetts, after the home of his Catholic family in England. It is to be 116 feet high, and stands on an eminence 300 feet above the level of the sea."

Mr. Wilfrid Blunt's name is familiar to Catholic readers, he and his wife, Lady Anne—a granddaughter of Lord Byron,—being devout Catholics. At their country home—Crabtree Place, in England,—they have a private chapel, in which Mass is said every day. Lady Anne is a little woman, who seems smaller by the side of her tall daughter; she has followed her husband among the Arabs and through many foreign lands. It is remarkable that the only descendants of Byron and Scott should be Catholics.

A high wall rises around the demesne of Meyering, now a Carmelite convent, where the late Prince Rudolph met his death. The dome of the chapel—late the bedroom of the Crown Prince—is visible above the wall. On the Feast of St. Teresa twenty-one Carmelite nuns entered the cells prepared for them. Near the convent is an almshouse erected by the Emperor.

The Rev. Father Martinelli has been elected by the chapter-general of the Augustinians to succeed the lamented Father Neno, who was known to many persons in the United States, particularly Philadelphians. The new General is a brother of Bishop Martinelli, the publicist, and friend of Pius IX.

The Franciscans of the Minor Observance have also elected a new Superior-General in the person of Padre Luigi da Parma, Provincial of Bologna.

The Rt. Rev. Bishop Keane has found a worthy successor in the new Bishop of Richmond—the Rt. Rev. A. Van de Vyver, who was consecrated on the Feast of the Maternity of the Blessed Virgin.

Bishop Van de Vyver was for many years Vicar-General of the diocese, and, since Bishop Keane's resignation, its administrator. He was born in 1845, in Haesdonck, Belgium. In 1867 he entered the American College at Louvain, to become one of those devoted Belgian missionaries to whom Catholic America owes so much. Some time after his ordination he came to his new field of labor, beginning at Richmond, Va., as assistant in St. Peter's Cathedral. Bishop Van de Vyver is not only the pastor of his people, but one of them by affectionate choice and faithful service.

The Count de Mun, the celebrated French champion of the laboring class, is described to be a "Cardinal Manning of forty." The Count thinks that the surest way for the Catholics of France to get out of their present intolerable position would be to drop purely political matters, and to devote their attention to the solving of the social question of saving the working-men. Catholics, he says, to be potent, must be independent of all political parties. A republic which should not be a religious despotism would have no terrors for them. "Boulangism," he observes, "is a combination of all the discontents, an alliance of all the dissatisfied. It is not a protest against the Republic so much as a revolt against the mammon of unrighteousness."

A thoughtful article in the current number of the *Contemporary Review*, on "The Triple Alliance and Italy's Place in It," is attributed to Mr. Gladstone. In one short paragraph he shows the ruinous condition of Italy:

"In the present state of her finances, Italy has no margin for costly mistakes. In less than a quarter of a century of peace—from the date of her restored independence,—she has contrived to treble, or something near it, the taxation of her people, to raise the charge of her debt to a point higher than that of England, and to arrive within one or two short paces of national bankruptcy."

When Italy actually does become bankrupt, the full iniquity of her present rulers will be brought to light. And the Roman Question will then settle itself.

The O'Donoghue whose mother was a sister of the great O'Connell lately died. His name is one of the most famous in Irish history; some of the legends of the family were versified by Thomas Moore.

Cardinal Gibbons, in his Centennial Pastoral, pays a deserved tribute to his predecessor, Archbishop Carroll. "Knowing as he did," the Cardinal says, "the mischief bred by national rivalries, his aim was that the clergy and people—no matter

from what country they sprung,—should be thoroughly identified with the land in which their lot was cast."

Mrs. Lyne Stephens, of Brandon, Norfolk, England, a munificent Catholic lady, is building in the University town of Cambridge a Catholic church, which will not suffer even by comparison with the University buildings. Erected on one of the finest sites in the town, its spire dominates the approach from the railway station. It is approaching completion now, and within is very beautiful, with fine stained-glass windows, and rich and delicate carving in stone, of which there is a great quantity. There will be a rood-screen spanning it from side to side, with a great figure of the Saviour in the midst. Mrs. Lyne-Stephens has been a splendid though silent benefactress to the Church, and this is the last and greatest of her gifts. Its cost must be enormous, but it is kept a profound secret. Canon Scott, who is communicative enough on all other points, is silence itself as to this. The foundress wishes it to be so. Mrs. Stephens has also built the fine priests' residence in red brick side by side with the church.

The London *Tablet* remarks that "Luxemburg is so entirely Catholic that there are only fifty-three persons out of ten thousand who are not Catholics; on the other hand, the half million Catholics or more who are in China are a mere drop in the water of the vast ocean of the population of that Empire. It is interesting to see how largely Australia exceeds the United States,—more than a quarter of its inhabitants, or 25.14 per cent., being Catholics in Australia to 15.37 per cent. in the United States. It may be well to repeat that in the countries subject to Propaganda there are believed to be eleven hundred and twenty-four millions to be converted. Surely we shall not be content to say once only, 'O Lord, Thy kingdom come!'"

Sister Martha Seton, who died in Frederick, Md., on the 8th ult., had made her vows in the house of the Sisters of Charity at Georgetown seventy-six years before her death. She was ninety-four years old when her career of hourly self-sacrifice was ended. During the late war she was a most efficient and devoted nurse. May she rest in peace!

It is always pleasant to note real progress, and the news that the Rev. M. A. Lambing, of Scottdale, Pa., has opened a school with one hundred and seventy-five pupils is specially gratifying. It is taught by the Sisters of Charity, for whom Father Lambing has erected a spacious

convent. This is the third Sisters' school opened in the coke regions this year. Two churches have also been dedicated.

Mr. Aymer Vallance, whose name recalls "The Scottish Chiefs," is one of six Anglican clergymen who lately embraced the Catholic Faith. He has joined as art-adviser the staff of Burns & Oates. He exhibits, in Mr. Walter Crane's gallery of handicraft exhibition in London, a chalice, veil and burse worked in silk and gold thread,—the design being conventionalized roses. It would be a good thing if some of our church-furnishing firms would secure "art-advisers." There are in America—witness La Farge, for instance,—designers of stained glass and other handicrafts, who would get nearer to the traditions of the Church in art than the mechanical and one-ideaed people who send us the "church art" we import in such quantities.

We protest against the confirmation of Mr. Morgan as commissioner of Indian affairs, and of the Rev. Dr. Dorchester as superintendent of Indian schools, until the charges against them have been met. The San Francisco *Monitor* and the St. Louis *Republic* insist that these appointees of the Administration are doing their best to turn the Catholic Indians over to political hacks, and discriminating against Catholic teachers. The *Republic* gives an instance of a one-armed veteran, named Mess, having been discharged from the Kaw school at the Osage Mission for no reason except that he was a Catholic. We shall return to this.

The Government of Japan is rather favorable than otherwise to Christianity now. The aristocracy holds to the Shinto belief, which resembles Agnosticism; the people are mainly Buddhists. The Church, however, is making great progress in the Mikado's country, and the first episcopal Council will be held in March, 1890.

Miss Mary Anderson's health, we are glad to hear, has greatly improved. She has been staying at the house of William Black, the novelist, whose last book, "In Far Lochabar," certainly shows Catholic influence.

A bust of St. Thomas Aquinas is the gift of English Catholics to our new University. It was modelled, at the request of Father Kenelm Vaughan, by Guglielmi, of Rome. It is of Carrara marble, a little over life-size.

An additional indulgence of three hundred days, applicable to the souls in Purgatory, to be gained

once a day at any time of the year, has been granted for the devout recitation of the prayer to St. Joseph attached to the Holy Father's recent Encyclical on the Rosary.

We regret to be obliged to conceal the authorship of the story the first instalment of which is presented to our readers this week. The main incidents are strictly true, but for obvious reasons are disguised as much as possible. The story is one of surpassing interest, and will be read, we trust, with profit as well as pleasure. It is a heart-history, absorbing though sad. We must be excused from answering questions respecting the author, for whose desire to remain unknown there are other than personal reasons.

The *Catholic Standard* quotes the following passage from a recent work by Mrs. Mary H. Wills, remarking that it expresses a truth too little thought of:

"I am firmly convinced that posthumous generosity is of but little account in this world. . . . For a man, with no endearing trait of character, to hold on to vast sums, when he can only use what suffices for food and raiment, until, powers of mind and body failing, he reluctantly deeds his property to a charity, the workings of which he will never see, while the good which he intends is seldom realized—that, from my standpoint, is not benevolence. How much better while in the prime of life and usefulness to do good and forget not; to be in a measure your own executor, and make the world better because you have lived; to be active in good works, philanthropic in spirit, and an honor to your age and generation!"

New Publications.

THE PERFECTION OF MAN BY CHARITY. A Spiritual Treatise. By Fr. H. Reginald Buckler, O. P. New York: Catholic Publication Society Co.

The Christian who seeks to advance in the way of perfection will realize that charity is the animating principle, the crown of all virtues, by the practice of which he may follow the counsel given by his Lord and Master, "Be ye perfect as your Heavenly Father is perfect." The perfection of the soul consists in its union with God; the closer that union, the greater is its perfection. And it is love that constitutes the bond of union between the Creator and the creature. To the development of this grand thought the work before us is devoted. The pious and learned author says in his preface: "The principal scope of our Treatise is to show that the whole work of our perfection is reduced to the development of the one central virtue of love—namely, the habit of divine

charity,—as being the spring of our actions and the soul of the virtues in the supernatural order; on which all the laws of God rest, wherein they are all contained, and to the perfection of which they all tend; and, further, to bring forward the important and practical teaching of St. Thomas and St. Bonaventure, that the Spirit of God works in us through the medium of His own virtue of love; thus governing us according to our nature, which moves by means of love freely, readily, and sweetly."

The work has been written mainly for religious, in order to place "briefly before them what may be termed the science of their profession,"—to present a compendious view of the perfection of their state by endeavoring to show wherein that perfection consists, and how it may be attained. At the same time it will be found acceptable to ecclesiastics generally, and especially to directors of souls, who aspire themselves to the knowledge and practice of Christian perfection. And many of the faithful, who have at heart the attainment of perfection in their state of life, will find suitable aid in much of the volume, dealing as it does with the vital principle of Christianity—the highest love for which man has been made.

In the treatment of his subject, the writer displays a clearness of language and beauty of expression that attract and fix the attention while providing most abundant food for spiritual nourishment. The materials are drawn from the Inspired Word, the writings of the Fathers of the Desert, Doctors of the Church, and other masters in the spiritual life down to the present day, and presented in a manner to appeal at once to the mind and heart of the Christian reader. The work is a valuable addition to the books suitable for spiritual reading, and will no doubt be gladly welcomed wherever it is introduced.

A LUCKY FAMILY. By Marion Brunowe. New York: A. Riffarth.

Mr. Riffarth has done a good thing in laying the first stone in a library for Catholic children. We need all the books for the young folk we can get. We insist greatly on the necessity of parochial schools, and the necessity of good books for children is little less stringent. The parochial library is almost as great a factor in a parish as a parochial school.

Miss Brunowe's stories are for Catholic American children. The family of little folk lucky enough to get this volume will be lucky indeed. It is as pleasant, as cheerful, as gay as "Seven of Us," the author's first book. If "Seven of Us" and "A Lucky Family" were put together in a neat box they would make an incomparable pair. Miss Brunowe's little people are as lifelike as

possible, and the old grandmamma who tells the stories about herself is just like a very charming and real grandmother.

We confess that we never heard of Mr. Riffarth as a publisher before this book came from his press, but we feel a kindness toward a publisher who will risk something in the effort to supply our children with bright stories, without cant, without the "little Savoyard," and encourage Catholic authors to do the work that lies at their hand. If the publishers who are always howling about Catholic non-support would print sane books for sane people and their children, and put some of the force into circulating them that they now put into attempts to "cut one another's throats" in the school-book business, we might have a fair number of appropriate stories for children. It would indeed be a pity if writers like Miss Brunowe and the author of "The Prairie Boy" should be compelled to remain idle for lack of a market,—a market which any Catholic publisher might, with ordinary enterprise, create if it did not already exist. Every father who wants to make his children happy during the coming winter evenings ought to send for "A Lucky Family."

SHORT CONFERENCES ON THE LITTLE OFFICE OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION. New York, Cincinnati and Chicago: Benziger Brothers.

In these Conferences explanations are given of the various parts of the Little Office, together with instructions on the hymns and prayers used in its recitation. They were originally delivered at the Provincial Seminary of Milwaukee, by the Rector, the Very Rev. Joseph Rainer, before ecclesiastical students, members of the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin. So pleasing and instructive did they prove, that the author was constrained to yield to his hearers' urgent request and give them to the press. Many a sodality throughout the land will rejoice that this has been done, and will accord the book a hearty welcome. The publishers have done their part well, and given us a neat and tasty volume in Our Lady's colors—blue and gold.

A CHAPLET OF VERSE BY CALIFORNIA CATHOLIC WRITERS. Edited by the Rev. D. O. Crowley and Charles Anthony Doyle. Published for the Benefit of the Youths' Directory. San Francisco: Diepenbroch & Co.

The charitable undertaking in behalf of which this little book is published should alone commend it to our attention. The Youths' Directory is an institution for the training of boys who would otherwise be left to the acquisition of such knowledge as can be picked up in the alleys and pu-
rlicus of a large city. But, apart from the kind

intention by which they are actuated, the weavers of this fragrant "chaplet" have claims of their own upon literary recognition. Some of them are well known to the readers of THE "AVE MARIA" as among our most valued contributors. We commend this little book to all lovers of poetry—a class that we know to be daily increasing,—and to all who are disposed to aid the good work in behalf of which it is published.

TWO SPIRITUAL RETREATS FOR SISTERS. By the Rev. Ev. Zollner. Translated and Adapted by the Rev. Augustine Wirth, O. S. B. Second Edition. New York and Cincinnati: F. Pustet & Co.

These "Retreats" will be found acceptable to religious communities of women generally, as a great help in making a retreat where the services of a priest can not be secured. The meditations convey instructions on all matters that relate to the ordinary course of convent life, and as such present the most useful food for reflection in the annual review of one's dealings with spiritual things. And, inasmuch as frequent admonition of the fundamental obligations of their privileged state can not but be profitable to religious souls, the abundance of matter found in this volume makes it suitable for private reading, and a fruitful source of great spiritual benefit at all times.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands, as if you were bound with them.
—HEB., xiii, 3.

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

The Rev. Thomas O'Leary, a worthy young priest of the Diocese of Fort Wayne, whose unexpected death occurred on the 24th ult.

Sister Mary Elizabeth, of St. Joseph's Convent, Flushing, L. I.; and Sister Mary Frances, Visitandine, Mt de Chantal, W. Va.

Mrs. Mary Keas, who peacefully departed this life on the 14th ult., at South Boston, Mass.

Miss Mary A. Smith, of Newark, N. J., who died a happy death on the 1st ult.

Mr. J. W. McSweeney, who met with a sudden death on the 11th of September, at Norwalk, Ohio.

Mrs. Alice Comerford, of Cambridgeport, Mass., who passed away on the 9th ult.

Miss Mary Murphy, who piously breathed her last on the same day, at Minneapolis, Minn.

Mr. John Dunne, of Somerville, Mass.; Miss Mary and Miss Nellie Donovan, Minneapolis, Minn.; Mr. Luke Crogan, Newark, N. J.; Mr. J. H. Harris, Dubois, Pa.; William, Anne and Julia Keogh, Biddeford, Me.

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



Baby's Secret.

BY LAWRENCE MINOT.

When Baby smiles, I know of what he's thinking—
I know it well,—
And when he cries, and his blue eyes are winking
To close in sleep, I can his secret tell.

He smiles because he sees the Blessed Mother,
So sweet and fair;
He wants to play with our dear Little Brother
In Sleepland, and be happy with Him there.

A Miser's Gold.

BY MARY CATHERINE CROWLEY.

I.

"Never mind, mother! Don't fret. We'll get on all right. This little house is much more comfortable than the miserable flat we have been living in. The air is good, and the health of the children will be better. It is quite like having a home of our own again. Now that Crosswell & Wright have raised my wages, we shall be able to make both ends meet this winter,—you'll see!"

"Yes, dear, I'm sure we shall," Mrs. Farrell forced herself to respond, though her tone did not express the absolute conviction which the words implied. But Bernard was in great spirits, and for his sake she assumed a cheerfulness which she was far from feeling, as she bade him good-bye, and from the window watched him hasten away to his work.

"God bless his brave heart!" she murmured. "He is a good boy and deserves to succeed. It worries me that he has such a burden upon his young shoulders; but Father Hamill says this will only keep him steady, and will do him no harm if he does not overtax his strength. What a shabby, contracted house this is! Well, I must only try to make it as bright and pleasant as possible. I wish the girls were older and able to earn a trifle;

every penny helps nowadays. Mary, indeed, might find a place to run errands for a dress-maker, or something of the kind; but I can not bear to think of her going around alone down town, becoming pert and forward. Besides, she is so bright and smart that it seems a pity to interfere with her studies. She will need all the advantages she can get, poor child!"

With a sigh the mother returned to her duties, prepared breakfast for the other children and in the course of an hour hurried them off to school. There were three: Mary, just twelve years old; Lizzie, ten; and Jack, who had attained the precocious and mischief-loving age of seven. Bernard was eighteen, and the head of the family.—a fact which Mrs. Farrell strove to impress upon the minds of the younger members, as entitling him to special respect and affection. He was also the principal bread-winner, and had ten dollars a week, which was considered a fine beginning for one so young. Still, it was not a great deal for them all to rely on, and his mother endeavored to eke out their scanty livelihood by taking sewing, and in various other ways.

Life had not always been such a struggle for the Farrells. Before the death of the husband and father they had been in good circumstances. Mr. Farrell held for years a responsible position as book-keeper and accountant in one of the largest mercantile establishments of the city. He had a fair salary, which enabled him to support his family comfortably. But, alas! how much often depends upon the life and efforts of one person! An attack of pneumonia, the result of a neglected cold, carried him out of the world in three days. There had been only time to attend to his religious duties, and no opportunity to provide for the dear ones he was about to leave, even if any provision had been possible. When the income derived from the father's daily labor ceased, they found themselves suddenly plunged into comparative poverty. His life-insurance policy had not been kept up; the mortgage on the pretty home had never been paid off, and was now foreclosed. The best of the furniture was sold to pay current expenses, and the widow removed with her children to the third floor of a cheap apartment house,—one of those showy, aggressively genteel structures so often seen in our Eastern cities, with walls of

questionable safety, and defective drainage and ventilation.

Mrs. Farrell was now obliged to dismiss her maid-of-all-work, and attend to the household duties herself. This was a hardship, for she was not a strong woman; but she did not complain. Bernard, fortunately, had taken two years of the commercial course at St. Stanislaus' College, and was therefore in a measure fitted for practical affairs. He obtained a place as clerk in the law office of Crosswell & Wright. As he tried to keep his mind on his duties, and was willing and industrious, his employers were well pleased with him, and he had been several times advanced. But the means of the family grew more and more straitened. The following year the rent of the flat was found to be higher than they could afford. They sought other quarters, and settled at last, just as winter was approaching, in the little house where we have discovered them, in a humble neighborhood and unpaved street, with no pretensions whatever,—in fact, it did not appear to have even the ambition to be regarded as a street at all.

The young people took possession of the new dwelling in high glee. They did not see the drawbacks to comfort which their mother could have pointed out; did not notice how much the house needed painting and papering, how decidedly out of repair it was. Only too glad of their satisfaction, she refrained from comment, tried to make the best of everything, and succeeded in having a cosy home for them, despite all difficulties. For there was not a room of the small house into which at least a ray of sunlight did not find its way sometime during the day. It shone upon threadbare carpets and painted floors; upon sofas the upholstering of which had an unmistakable air of having been experimented with; and chairs which Mrs. Farrell had recaned, having learned the art from a blind boy who lived opposite. Yet the sunlight revealed as well an air of thrift and cheeriness, for the widow, despite her days of discouragement, aimed to train her children to look upon the bright side of life, and to trust in Providence.

"Bernard," said she one evening, "I have been thinking that if I could hire a sewing-machine I might get piecework from the shops, and earn more than by looking to

chance patronage. I have a mind to inquire about one."

The boy was silent. She began to doubt if he had heard, and was about to repeat the remark when he answered:

"No, mother, don't. There are too many women doing that kind of sewing at starvation prices. But I'll tell you what would be a fine thing if you really had the time for it, though I do not see how you could,—it seems to me we keep you busy."

"What is your idea?" inquired Mrs. Farrell eagerly, paying no heed to the latter part of his speech.

"Well, if we could manage to pay the rent of a type-writing machine, I could probably get you copying from the firm as well as from some of the other lawyers in the building. I was wondering the other day if I could do anything at it myself, and thus pick up an additional dollar or two in the week. Of course, you would accomplish more than I could, and it would be a hundred times better than stitch! stitch! How I hate the whir of the thing!" And Bernard, with his juggler gift of mimicry, proceeded forthwith to turn himself into a sewing-machine, jerking his feet up and down in imitation of the motion of the treadle, and making an odd noise in his throat.

Mrs. Farrell laughed, as she replied: "I do not know that there is much choice between this and the click of the type-writer. But, anyhow, your plan, though it sounds plausible, would not do, because I should not be able to work the type-writer."

"There would be no difficulty about that," argued Bernard. "You know how to play the piano, and the fingering is very much easier. It will come naturally."

His mother laughed again, yet she sighed as well. Her father had given her a piano as a wedding present, but this had been the first article of value to be dispensed with when the hard times came. Bernard was so sanguine, however, that she consented to his project. He spoke to Mr. Crosswell on the subject; that gentleman became interested, succeeded in obtaining a type-writer for Mrs. Farrell on easy terms, and promised to send her any extra copying he might have. The manipulation of the machine did not, indeed, come quite as naturally as Bernard predicted, but

after a few weeks of patient practice she mastered it sufficiently to produce a neat-looking page. Bernard brought her all the work she could do; it was well paid for, and a more prosperous season seemed to have dawned upon the little home.

Just at this time the children took scarlet fever at school. They had the disease lightly, but what anxiety the mother endured! Thank God, they got through it safely; but there was the doctor's bill to be settled, and funds were at a low ebb once more. To cap the climax, when the house had been thoroughly fumigated by the board of health, and Mrs. Farrell was prepared to take up her occupation again, an attack of rheumatism crippled her fingers and rendered them almost powerless. Then it was that, worn out and disheartened, she broke down and cried:

"Oh! why does not God help us?"

Her son's usually happy face wore an expression of discouragement also as she turned to him with the appeal. His lips twitched nervously; but in a moment the trustfulness which she had taught him was at hand to comfort her.

"Indeed, mother, He will—He *does*," said Bernard tenderly, though in the matter-of-fact manner which he knew would best arouse her. "You are all tired out, or you would not speak in that way. You must have a good rest. Keep the rooms warm, so that you will not take any more cold, and before long you will be able to rattle the type-writer at a greater speed than ever. That reminds me, mother," he continued—seeing that she was beginning to recover herself, and wishing to divert her thoughts,—“one of the things we have to be thankful for is that this house is easily heated. It beats all the way coal does last here! The ton we got two months ago isn't gone yet.”

"That is the way coal lasts when there is not any one to steal it, as there was in the flat, where the cellars were not properly divided off," answered Mrs. Farrell, brightening up.

"No, there's nobody living immediately around here whom I'd suspect of being mean enough to steal coal," returned Bernard, carelessly,—“except, perhaps, Stingy Willis. I don't think I'd wager that old codger wouldn't, though.”

"I am afraid I should not have entire con-

fidence in him either," agreed Mrs. Farrell. But the intelligence that there was still coal in the bin had cheered her wonderfully. Repenting of her rash conclusion, she hastened to qualify it by adding, "That is, if half of what the neighbors say is true. But, then, we have no right to listen to gossip, or to judge people."

Stingy Willis, the individual who apparently bore an unenviable reputation, was a small, dried-up looking old man, who lived next door to the Farrells,—in fact, under the same roof; for the structure consisted of two houses built together. Here he dwelt alone, and attended to his household arrangements himself, except when, occasionally, a woman was employed for a few hours to put the place in order. He was accustomed to prepare his own breakfast and supper; his dinner he took at a cheap restaurant. He dressed shabbily, and was engaged in some mysterious business down town, to and from which he invariably walked; not even a heavy rain-storm could make him spend five cents for a ride in a horse-car. And yet he was said to be very wealthy. Persons declared they knew "upon good authority" that he held the mortgage which covered the two connecting houses; that, as the expression is, he "had more money than he knew what to do with." Others, who did not profess to be so scrupulously exact in their determination to tell only a plain, unvarnished tale, delighted in fabulous stories concerning his riches. They said that though the floor of his sitting-room was carpetless, and the bay-window curtainless but for the cobwebs, he could cover the one with gold pieces and the other with bank-notes, if he pleased. Many were convinced he had a bag of treasure hidden up the chimney, or buried in the cellar; this they asserted was the reason he would not consent to having the upper rooms of the house rented, and so they remained untenanted season after season. Thus, according to the general verdict (and assuredly the circumstantial evidence was strong), he was a miser of the most pronounced type,—“as stingy as could be,” everybody agreed; and is not what everybody says usually accepted as the truth?

Certain it is that Stingy Willis acted upon the principle, "A penny saved is a penny

gained,"—denied himself every luxury, and lived with extreme frugality, as the man who kept the meat-market and grocery at the corner frequently testified. Even in the coldest weather, a fire was never kindled in the house till evening; for over its dying embers the solitary man made his coffee the following morning. A basket of coal lasted him a week, and he sifted the cinders as carefully as if he did not know where to find a silver quarter to buy more fuel. He had nothing to do with his neighbors, who really knew very little about him beyond what they could see of his daily life. They were almost all working people, blessed with steady employment; though they had not more than enough of this world's goods, there was no actual poverty among them. They were respectable, honest, and industrious; as Bernard said, not one of the dwellers in the street would ever be suspected of being "mean enough to steal coal," unless indeed Stingy Willis.

(CONCLUSION IN OUR NEXT NUMBER.)

The King's Bell.

BY FLORA L. STANFIELD.

The story of the king's bell has been woven into verse by a true poet. In prose it runs somewhat like this:

Once upon a time, after a long and honorable reign, a king lay dying. He called to him his son and heir, and to the prince he said:

"The rights of a king will one day come to naught; he who seems to rule is the veriest slave of all. You must look for nothing but a life of trouble, and consider yourself fortunate if you can one day die in peace."

But the prince being young and full of hope, and having the wilfulness of inexperience, protested, as young persons will, that he knew better.

"The cares of state," he said "shall sit lightly upon me. The life of a king should be one long holiday. I will show my courtiers and all the world what true happiness means. What is the use of being a king if one can not be happy? Why, a bird in the air or a peasant in the field is better off than that! I am in no hurry for my kingdom,—indeed,

most dear father, I am not; but I shall be a happy king."

While he spoke his father sighed and died. When the royal mourning was over, the new king ordered that a bell of silver should be placed upon the top of the palace in a high tower. Attached to it were many ropes, so arranged to connect with the rooms below that wherever the king might be, one should be always near his hand.

"Whenever I am happy I shall ring the bell," he told his courtiers and his friends; "and that, you shall see, will be often; for I am sure that my father's dying words were mistaken ones. Yes, I shall be a happy king."

So the years slipped by, and, though they listened, his people never heard the bell. One thing after another prevented the king from ringing it. "When I get through this grievous affair of state," he would say, "I shall be happy." But that affair would be succeeded by another. Then he would murmur: "This war over, peace will come, and the bell can be heard afar." But before his hand could clasp the bell-rope word would be brought of other outbreaks. So the bell was silent.

At last he, like his father, lay with life slipping away. The priests came in good time to administer the last Sacraments. A noise of weeping floated through the palace.

"What sound is that?" asked the king. They dared not tell him. "I command you to tell me," he said to the grand chamberlain; but he turned away his face. A priest stepped toward him and said:

"The people, your Majesty, are weeping because you are so soon to leave them."

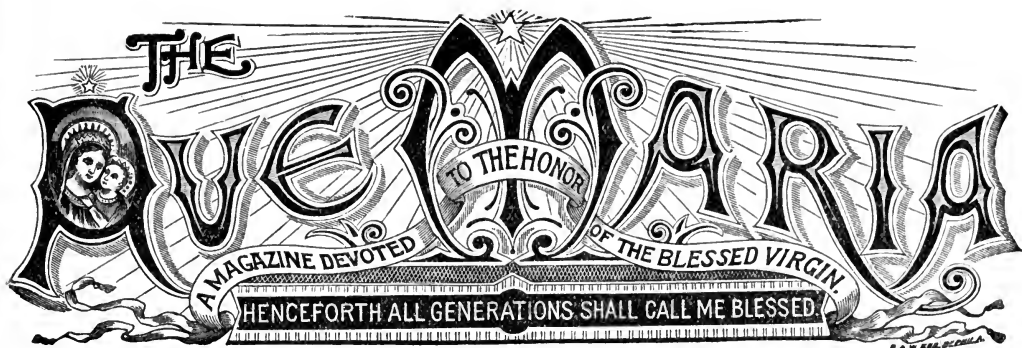
"Am I dying?"

"You are in grievous danger of death, and should think of your departing soul."

"And my people love me so that they weep because I am to leave them?" he demanded eagerly, lifting his head from the pillow.

"Sire, they would gladly die for you, they love you so," answered the priest.

Then such a beautiful look as no one there had ever seen overspread the whitening face of the dying king. He reached out his hand, rang the bell, and with its sweet and silver clangor sounding, and the consolations of Holy Church filling his soul, he passed to the rest of Paradise.



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A Century of Catholicity in the United States.

BY JOHN GILMARY SHEA, LL. D.

THIS year, in which the Catholics of the United States commemorate the centennial anniversary of the erection of the first bishop's see in the Republic—that of Baltimore, established by Pope Pius VI. on the 6th day of November, 1789,—nearly marks, too, the bicentary of the actual and active establishment of an episcopate in England. Vicars-apostolic had been appointed as early as 1623 and 1625; but the second died in exile, and for years there was no one in England with episcopal powers to guide and direct the persecuted Catholics of that country.

The little body of the faithful who had settled in Maryland shared the same privation; and it was not till 1685—little more than two centuries ago—that, under James II., a permanent organization of vicars-apostolic began, and continued till that land once more beheld its ancient hierarchy revived. For about a century the Catholics in America enjoyed the privilege of being under some kind of ecclesiastical government, though they never beheld the bishops appointed to guide them—the heroic Giffard, confessor for the faith in prison, in persecution and hardship; Bishop Petre; and the illustrious Bishop Challoner, who did so much to spread Catholic instruction and devotion among his people.

We thus, in a manner, celebrate two centenaries of episcopacy—that of the English vicars-apostolic and of our hierarchy, which, beginning in 1789 with the single See of Baltimore, and a republic for its diocese, has developed into thirteen dioceses under archbishops, sixty-five under bishops, and five vicariates under titular bishops.

After three fruitless attempts to plant a colony in America which would afford a refuge to the persecuted Catholics of the British Isles, the great work was accomplished in 1634 by the wise and sagacious, the pious and equitable statesman, Sir George Calvert, Baron of Baltimore. In his province of Maryland began, in this transatlantic British territory, the work of Catholicity. God gave it a few years to take root and thrive, then tried it by the storm and tempest of fierce persecution and long years of religious oppression. The "little flock" seemed small, hopeless, contemptible in the eyes of worldly wisdom, but Providence was fashioning the stones for a stately spiritual edifice.

From the day the Pilgrims to the Land of the Sanctuary disembarked from the *Ark and Dove* on St. Clement's Isle, to commemorate the Feast of Our Lady's Annunciation by the first offering of the Sacrifice of the Mass in the province which, divided by the bay dedicated to St. Mary, Mother of God, they named the Land of Mary, the Catholics there were, in colonial days, directed and guided by priests of the learned Society of Jesus, aided for about fifty years by a few English Franciscans. With Protestant supremacy soon came penal laws; arrest, deportation, imprisonment befell the

pastors of a flock crushed by unjust and oppressive laws. The primal church at St. Mary's was taken from them; the old capital was made a desert; no Catholic church was permitted to be reared in the province which Catholics had made a sanctuary for the victims of religious oppression. The faithful, deprived of civil rights, crushed by double taxes, a constant object of suspicion and hatred, at last sought from the French Government territory on the Arkansas, in order to emigrate in a body.

Catholic Florida fell into the hands of England; Catholic Canada shared the same fate. There was apparently no hope for the Catholic or his religion in the northern parts of the Continent. When in 1774 Parliament, by passing the Quebec Act, allowed Canada to retain her ancient laws, and to enjoy the Catholic religion undisturbed, there rose throughout the thirteen colonies a whirlwind of wrath. Denunciation of the Catholic religion, thundered from the pulpit and in newspaper and pamphlet, roused the most torpid to active bigotry. While chafing under what they deemed the deepest of their wrongs, and filled with anti-Catholic venom, the colonists beheld Boston closed as a port and occupied by a British army. Then a congress of the colonies met at New York, and a revolution began, which, stimulated by bitter hatred of the Church of God, was in the designs of Providence to establish a republic, sweep away penal laws, and make the Catholic almost the equal in civil rights of his Protestant neighbor.

The moment the die was cast Catholics joined in the movement. Charles Carroll of Carrollton, as the champion of popular rights, discomfited in argument the famous Delany, the eloquent advocate of British supremacy. Catholics flocked to the regiments raised in Maryland and Pennsylvania. The Continental Congress sought to win Canada, and but for anti-Catholic bigotry might have succeeded. As a last resort she sent commissioners—one Charles Carroll, a Catholic, with the Rev. John Carroll, a Catholic priest. Then Congress sought a French alliance; fleets with lillied flags destroyed England's naval supremacy on our coast; French troops operated beside American levies, and a French army and fleet joined Washington in striking the decisive

blow of the war—the investment and siege of Yorktown.

The narrow-minded colonies emerged from the lessons of the war free, independent, and more liberal States, bound together as a Republic, recognized by the civilized world.

During the war the Rev. John Carroll did a bold act. In defiance of old Maryland laws, full of faith in the coming liberty, he erected a church near his mother's home. It was the first erected by Catholics in Maryland for nearly a century; for the law permitted only services in private houses, with no outward mark of religious character. Almost the last official communication from the Vicar-Apostolic of London before the war, announced to the Maryland missionaries that the great Society of Jesus, to which they belonged, had been suppressed by Pope Clement XIV. During the war the coadjutor of the aged Challoner held no intercourse with the Catholics beyond the Atlantic; and after its close, become Vicar-Apostolic, he positively refused to regard them as part of his flock. Few in number, isolated, with priests many of them sinking under age and labor, without schools, seminary, or means of recruiting the ranks of the clergy, the Catholics of the United States could entertain no sanguine hopes. Yet Almighty God had humbled to the very dust only to exalt.

When, amid plots formed for their ruin, the Catholics timidly applied to the Sovereign Pontiff to organize them under a superior, the very intrigues led to the appointment of the Rev. John Carroll as Prefect-Apostolic. When he looked over the vast field confided to him he found not only the old nucleus in Maryland, Pennsylvania, with outlying districts in Virginia and New Jersey, but Catholics in the country northwest of the Ohio, and another Catholic element in the immigration which the fame of the new Republic drew from Europe. In the capital of New England, in the city of New York, in the chief city of Carolina, in many a smaller place there were little bodies of Catholics, and they were growing in numbers, and wanted priests and churches; all around these clusters of Catholics were multiplying. He saw that the provisional government of a prefect-apostolic could not meet the wants; but his fellow-

priests for many reasons dreaded the appointment of a bishop. He bided the time, and in a few years, taught by experience, the clergy solicited from the Holy See the erection of an episcopal see and the appointment.

Yielding to their fear of exciting odium among their fellow-citizens, whose old anti-Catholic prejudices they dreaded reviving, Pope Pius VI. allowed the clergy to assemble, nominate a bishop, and determine the city best fitted to become the see of the first to be appointed to the episcopate. Under this permission, conceded in July, 1788, the clergy met at Whitemarsh in Maryland, and there fixed upon Baltimore as the city best adapted for the centre of Catholicity; by an almost unanimous vote they agreed to propose the Rev. John Carroll for the new see.

Dr. Carroll had no ambition. He had already, amid many trials and difficulties, been struggling to meet the religious wants of his flock; he had encouraged the faithful, where able, to rear modest churches, and endeavored to provide them with priests; he had begun the foundation of an academy, which he hoped in time would supply a seminary with candidates for the priesthood. His powers were hampered by restrictions, and he saw priests arriving of whose life and qualifications he had no sufficient assurance. No one saw better the difficult task before a new bishop, whose mitre would be set with many a thorn. The choice of his fellow-priests filled him with apprehension, and he wished to decline the appointment; but all urged him to accept, as in his refusal they saw great difficulties and perils to the Church in this country. Reluctantly he yielded, and when on the 6th of November, 1789, Pope Pius VI. issued the Bull erecting the See of Baltimore, forming all the Catholics within the limits of the United States into one flock, and appointing him Bishop, he submitted, and prepared at once to receive episcopal consecration, so as to continue his work in a larger field with more extended powers, and responsibilities daily increasing in weight.

It is this Bull, issued by Pope Pius VI., and countersigned by the Cardinal who succeeded him under the title of Pius VII., that makes the epoch whose centenary Catholics celebrate this year.

The event was great—the organizing of a little scattered body of Christians by the successor of St. Peter, coeval with the organization of civil government under a Federal Constitution. The Sovereign Pontiff was great in his labors, his sufferings, and his life. The Bishop elect was great. Dr. Carroll was indeed a providential man; and the more the times are studied, the clearer this becomes. A pure and zealous priest, versed not only in theological learning but in the literature of Europe, of tried patriotism,—he had suffered trial and wrong without bitterness; he was singularly calm, prudent, judicious, patient; simple in his piety, unostentatious in his benevolence, charity and zeal; with great administrative ability. To him, under the Providence of God, was committed the task of blending into one harmonious body the old body of Catholic settlers in Maryland, Pennsylvania, and the adjacent States,—the French in the West, the newcomers from Ireland, Germany, and other lands. He laid the foundations with singular wisdom, and the regulations of his synod still excite admiration.

Associated for years with priests of the English Province of the Society of Jesus, and employed for a time in that country, it was among his friends, clerical and lay, in that country that he could expect the greatest sympathy and aid. It was thither he sailed on accepting his Bulls, and he received episcopal consecration on the 15th of August, 1790, in the elegant chapel reared by the Hon. Mr. Weld, near Lullworth Castle. He selected the Feast of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin, and chose her as the Patroness of his diocese. Kneeling before the altar, commending himself, his clergy and flock to her protection, he felt consolation and strength that often in later years filled his soul with encouragement and hope.

His diocese contained probably thirty priests and fifty thousand Catholics. Now priests and people number two hundredfold as many,—ten times as great as the increase of the population of the country. The beginning of the wonderful progress of our holy religion showed the protection of the Queen of Heaven, who has been the Patroness of the United States, as she was of the Diocese of Baltimore.

While still in England, Bishop Carroll received a request from a few Carmelite nuns, some of them of Maryland birth, for his permission to go to America and establish a convent in his diocese. The daughters of Our Lady of Mount Carmel could bear no wealth, they could promise no active work in the field of missions, but they could offer their mortifications and prayers, through their Patroness, that, whose might plant or water, God would give the increase. Bishop Carroll joyfully welcomed to his diocese these pious women, though, to the eyes of those who disregard the supernatural, his act may have seemed folly. Then came an offer from other servants of Mary—some priests of the Seminary of St. Sulpice, founded for the education of candidates for the priesthood by the Rev. John J. Olier, a client of Mary, who took the keys of his Seminary to Chartres to offer them to Our Lady, who made her Presentation the patronal feast of his community, and her monogram their arms. The priests of St. Sulpice offered to go to Baltimore and found a theological seminary for the new diocese. Bishop Carroll had no means, but they offered to undertake and maintain the establishment at their own expense. Thus Mary sent her servants to meet his greatest want—the means of training candidates for the priesthood. The College at Georgetown, the Carmelite Convent, the Seminary of St. Sulpice, exist to this day, carrying on their great work,—all harmonizing in extending devotion to the Mother of God, Georgetown being the first to introduce the Month of Mary and the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin, or Children of Mary, into the United States.

Bishop Carroll returned to the United States to begin the episcopal duties which during his administration of a quarter of a century gave life, order, uniformity and strength to the work of the Church in the United States. Catholics, mainly from abroad, were settling in the seaport towns; Catholics from old settlements in Maryland and Pennsylvania were in the vast army from the seaboard and Europe that began to occupy the rich lands between the Alleghanies and the Mississippi. The Sulpicians received accessions from France, and the Reign of Terror there sent Trappists and other devoted priests

to this country. Ireland sent priests of St. Dominic and St. Augustine; England her Dominicans; Germany her Graessel and Galtitzin; Belgium her clergymen, of whom the Rev. Charles Nerinckx is so noble a type. Churches arose in the coast cities, in the interior of New York and Pennsylvania, in Maine and Georgia, in Kentucky and Illinois,—in all perhaps 16 churches and 50,000 Catholics.

Bishop Carroll felt that the care of so vast a territory was too much for one man, and, after holding a synod to frame suitable laws, asked a division of his diocese. Rome proposed a coadjutor, confiding to his wisdom and prudence the moulding of the material from all countries which Providence had brought together in this free land. Bishop Leonard Neale became his coadjutor, and founded the Convent of the Visitation of Our Lady with its Academy. Then arose St. Mary's College and Mount St. Mary's College; Mrs. Seton founded her Sisters of Charity for education, care of the sick and insane, the aged, the orphan, the erring. At last, in 1808, Pope Pius VII. divided the Diocese of Baltimore, and erected Boston, New York, Philadelphia, and Bardstown into bishops' sees, and made Archbishop Carroll head of the ecclesiastical province, retaining Maryland and the Southern States as his diocese.

Then Bishop Cheverus gave new life to Catholicity in New England, and, though tried at first as a malefactor, soon won the hearts even of the stubborn opponents of the faith. Bishop Egan labored zealously in Pennsylvania, but found churches controlled by trustees, often men who no longer practised their religion, of which they knew little. Bishop Flaget, aided by Rev. Messrs. Badin, Nerinckx, Fenwick, David, instructed his people, revived faith and devotion in Kentucky, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, and Michigan: Sisters of Charity and of Loretto, founded in his diocese by Bishop David and Rev. Mr. Nerinckx, contributing powerfully. New York, deprived of its bishop before he could reach her harbor, progressed more slowly, though the learned and devoted Father Kohlmann founded a cathedral, a college, and a convent. Before Archbishop Carroll died, in 1815, after seeing the country once more desolated by war,

Louisiana had been acquired, and he was made administrator of that diocese, founded in 1793, and embracing the country west of the Mississippi, which was thus thrown open to immigration. Just before he was called away from earth, the Rt. Rev. William du Bourg was consecrated Bishop of Louisiana, and prepared to revive religion where anarchy had prevailed.

When Archbishop Maréchal succeeded Neale in the See of Baltimore, Richmond became an episcopal see for Virginia, and Charleston for the Carolinas and Georgia. The next year Cincinnati received as bishop the Rt. Rev. Edward Fenwick, who had all north of the Ohio as his diocese. Then New Orleans, St. Louis and Mobile received bishops. Each see became the centre of new life and activity. Numerous churches, academies, schools, and asylums marked the progress of faith. Prelates like Cheverus, Flaget, England, du Bourg, Rosati, Fenwick; Orders like the Society of Jesus (now happily restored), Dominicans, Sulpitians, Augustinians, exerted a great and holy influence.

In 1821 Archbishop Maréchal estimated the Catholics east of the Mississippi at 163,500, with 8 bishops, 117 priests, and 100 churches. Great public works, the introduction of railroads, and finally steam navigation, increased immigration and the settlement of the country. Within the next twenty-five years sees were established at Hartford, Pittsburgh, Vincennes, Detroit, Chicago, Milwaukee, Dubuque, Nashville, Natchez, and Little Rock. In 1829 the first Provincial Council was held at Baltimore, followed from time to time by similar assemblies, till, with the growth of the Church, St. Louis, New York, Cincinnati and New Orleans became archiepiscopal sees and heads of provinces; while on the far Pacific, Oregon City and San Francisco also became metropolitans. The Indian missions had been revived, and under Rev. Mr. Baraga, the Blanchets, Pierz, Fathers de Smet, Gaillard, Point, Mengarini, Jacker, the redmen of the upper lakes and Rocky Mountains were recalled or brought to the faith; and in New Mexico and California the old converted Indians were again cared for. Bishop England founded the United States Catholic *Miscellany*, and papers soon issued in other parts of the

country to refute false accusations on the spot, and spread Catholic intelligence, sound doctrine, and edifying reading. The Catholic publishers found a wider field, and Catholic books multiplied, and magazines gave their regular reading.

The Church gained by the growth of her children, by immigration and by conversion. Governor Thomas S. Lee of Maryland, the Barber family of New Hampshire, Blyth, the Rev. Messrs. John Thayer, Kewley, Ironsides, Oertel, with many others of influence, yielded to the truth, and by their example stimulated others to examine the doctrines of the Church. By 1839 there were 16 bishops, 478 priests, 418 churches, 16 colleges, and 45 female academies. The progress of Catholicity was such that vile measures were adopted to excite prejudice against it; impostures like the books ascribed to Maria Monk, Miss Reid and others, were circulated broadcast; a Catholic convent was burned, churches were destroyed, and a political party formed which, in Philadelphia in 1844, provoked deadly riots. The blood of Catholics was shed, and their churches and houses given to the flames. A similar spirit was manifested elsewhere, though with less deadly results. Amid all this Orestes A. Brownson, one of the clearest and most philosophical minds in the country, embraced the faith, and his *Review* became the learned and able advocate of religion and sound philosophy.

Now, at the close of the first century, we can look back at the progress made. One hundred years ago, one bishop, one see in the United States; no literary or charitable institutions, no press, few books. Now a bishop or archbishop in every State; two in Massachusetts, New Jersey, Virginia, Indiana, Louisiana; three in Ohio, Michigan, Wisconsin, California; four in Illinois and Minnesota; five in Pennsylvania, and seven in New York State alone, which now contains 800 churches, ministered to by 1,200 priests, with a population of a million and a half, and one hundred thousand pupils in five hundred parochial schools. The poor and humble chapels of early days have in most parts been replaced by grand and stately churches, like the Cathedrals of New York, Philadelphia, and St. Louis; the log colleges and seminaries by edifices

like Georgetown College, Notre Dame, or the University at Washington.

We have had men like Bishop England and Archbishop Hughes and Cardinal Gibbons, whose audience was the nation; theologians like Archbishops Kenrick and Heiss, like Fathers Kohlmann and Varela; men of varied ability, like Archbishop Spalding, Bishops du Bourg, Fenwick, Timon, Bruté; men of recognized sanctity, like Bishop Neumann, whose canonization process has begun; Bishops like Flaget and Baraga; priests like Matignon and Nerinckx; men like the venerable Father Sorin, who created the University of Notre Dame, and built up a community laboring in many parts of the country; Father Hecker, organizing the Paulists for missions, establishing periodicals, and societies for the diffusion of books; Father Müller, a type of the great Order of Redemptorists, which has done such incalculable work among those of German and English speech; Abbot Wimmer who introduced the Benedictines, and built up the great Abbey of St. Vincent; Arnauld, whose "Imitation of the Sacred Heart" is the great ascetic work produced in this country.

Trained by such guides, the laity shows men of eminence in all paths of life,—literary men like Carey, Walsh, McLeod, Huntington, Stoddard; editors like McMaster; poets like Rouquette. Ryan, Egan, O'Reilly; great judges like R. B. Taney, Gaston, Manly, Merrick; lawyers like O'Connor, Semmes, Kiernan; public men like Charles Carroll, Kavanagh of Maine, Casserly, Kelly; men great in science like McNeven, Emmet, Curley, Haldeman, Sestini, Secchi; great military men like Sheridan, Rosecrans, Garesché, Newton.

Under the patronage of Mary Immaculate, Patroness of the country, our progress has been a marvel of marvels. Assembling now around Cardinal Gibbons, the successor of Carroll in the See of Baltimore, will be more than fifty archbishops and bishops, heads of Orders like the Jesuit, Dominican, Augustinian, Franciscan, Benedictine, Redemptorist, Passionist, Paulist, Oblate, Carmelite, Sulpitian, Trappist; Priests of the Holy Cross, Precious Blood; with a congress of laymen—men of worth, intellect, influence and ability, from all parts of the country,—representing the ten million Catholics of the United States,

and proving alike the wonderful growth of the Church, and the justice of our hopes of its future beneficent conquests.

But it is not a mere show and parade, this Centennial celebration of ours: it is a holy and a religious act. The Holy Sacrifice will be offered in the Cathedral founded by Archbishop Carroll,—offered in thanksgiving for the wonderful development of the Church; thanksgiving for the thousands of souls saved through the Sacraments and ministry of the Church; thanksgiving for the freedom we have enjoyed; in petition for all the temporal and spiritual wants of the pastors and their flocks; in petition for the faithful departed; in petition for those around, still tossed to and fro on the waves of human opinions and passions; and especially for those who hate us and malign and persecute us. We must all join in prayer that, faithful to our vocation, we may raise no obstacle to God's grace, but labor by word, deed and example to extend His kingdom on earth.

Footsteps.

BY MARGARET H. LAWLESS.

WHEN the day of the toiler is ended,
And night draws the cloud-curtains round
The world, while the sleep-mist descending
Envelops all sight and all sound;
With thoughts between smiling and sighing,
And visions half hopes and half dreams,
I list to the human current
That under me surges and streams,—

To the sound of steps coming and going,
Strides hurried, uncertain, or slow,—
Some hopeful, some plodding, some weary:
Unceasingly onward they flow;
Some with the ring of youth's morning,
Some with a tread full of strength,—
They gather, they crowd, and they scatter,
Till the pavement is silent at length.

Where do they lead—all those footsteps?
To the fireside, the workshop, the den.
'Tis a story as old as the world is,
As sad and as joyous as men.
For hearts which could never be driven
May be drawn by the slenderest thread;
And the feet will go on where the heart is,
And take there the hands and the head.

A Sin and Its Atonement.

II.

THE only man in the place who kept Carlyon at arm's-length was our venerable priest, Father Lindsay, who set his face against him from the first. He told my father plainly he had brought a wolf into the fold; and when my father angrily asked him what harm Mr. Carlyon could possibly do when he never opened his lips on any religious question, Father Lindsay only repeated: "He's a wolf in sheep's clothing." He seldom came to the farm during the young man's stay.

I had remained away from confession rather longer than was my custom, because I felt, by a sort of intuition, that Father Lindsay wanted to speak to me about this stranger. However, I went at last. As I expected, he began—but in a tone so unexpected that I was forced to listen, and felt myself pierced to the heart.

"My bairn," he said (for when greatly moved he generally lapsed into broad Scotch), "I baptized you, prepared you for your First Communion, have watched over you all these years, and seen you grow up to womanhood safe in your faith and purity. I beseech you give me a hearing; for I have struggled with the Lord for power to warn and save you."

I could not be wilful or impertinent after such an appeal, and I answered humbly that of course I would listen attentively to what he wished to say; but I felt hot all over, and wished myself away. He began in a manner that arrested my attention:

"The young man whom your father has so rashly brought into the midst of you is one of the noblest and most gifted natures I have ever met. The task he has undertaken is, in itself, a grand one; his philosophical ideas are elevated, and have a certain element of truth running through them; but the only Beginning and the only End is absolutely banished from his mind and life. Instead of saying, 'Now, to the King of ages, immortal, invisible, the only God, be honor and glory for ever and ever,' he is seeking his own glory. He himself is the centre of all his world, and it is the very strength of his ambition which keeps him above the ordinary failings of men. Margaret, child of many hopes, hearken to me

before it is too late. The happiness of your whole life is slipping from you into this man's keeping; your faith, once so strong, is already weakened, and it will be lost unless you make one vigorous effort now to free yourself. Delay only a little longer and you will have no power to escape."

I never could deny it before God, and I will now confess it before men, that for one brief moment I saw the situation in a clear light. I saw faith on one side, with all its sacrifices and abnegations; and on the other, the pride of life, of intellect, of will, as it had lately come before me with so intoxicating a sense of power and enjoyment. I know in that moment a grace was given me, which, if I had only used it, would have set me free,—not without suffering, but without shipwreck. I almost resolved to choose, with the strength of my will the path which I saw would land me safe with God, when a thought of overwhelming humiliation swept over me, which served to limit the universality of the sacrifice.

Never, by look or word or manner, had Edward Carlyon given me any reason to think that he considered me in any other way than as one of a family for whom he openly expressed his esteem and admiration. So far from giving any idea that love and marriage entered into his thoughts, his conversation had rather given the contrary impression, and he had expressed the greatest horror of romantic young ladies with whom there was any risk of sentimentalities or entanglements. I would have died on the spot rather than betray that I felt he was more to me than to any of the others.

I answered Father Lindsay, humbly, that I felt his warning about the danger to my faith was a very timely one; that I would be very much on my guard, and pray to be kept from all temptation; but as to letting my heart and my life's happiness escape into the keeping of one who had never shown the remotest thought of any such thing, I felt that he might have known a maiden of Doone well enough to have no fear on that point.

My good, holy old Father! He knew me well enough to believe there was no use in saying any more, but he did all he could to utilize for me the only admission I would make. He led me to understand how unbelief exhaled

unconsciously from a man, even as faith does. He urged me to approach the Sacraments oftener, and to make repeated acts of faith. I felt awed by his manner and evident anxiety, but said resolutely to myself: "He shall see he might have trusted me!"

The next few weeks flew by like the rushing of a rapid river. The harvest was late but magnificent, and there was abundance of work, ending in the great festivity of the harvest-home. Mr. Carlyon always spent the evenings with us, and they became more entrancing to us all as we knew him more intimately. He translated German stories for us, brought us new songs and new books, and openly expressed his regret at the inevitable end that was at hand.

One other friendly hand probed my heart's secret during those weeks. It was just at the close of the harvest-home. Stuart McDougall had been helping my father all day with the men, and had come to the merry-making in the evening. I was desperately tired, and had escaped from the crowd into a low porch on the western side of the farm, where I could catch a distant glimpse of the sea, and watch the last, intensely beautiful rays of the setting sun. No one can imagine the unearthly beauty of that sight who has only seen Glencairn since it has become a show-place. Stuart McDougall came up with the excuse that my father was asking for me; but I held up my hand and would not let him speak till the last quiver of light sank into the sea, and the grey mist of the mountains gathered over the whole scene. It seemed as if something had died, and I burst into tears.

"Don't mind me, Stuart," I said, as his face of dumb distress gleamed out in the misty atmosphere. "I am only tired out, and that makes me so stupid. I shall be all right after a little rest. Go back and tell father that I will be there in ten minutes."

"We never shall be 'all right' again in Glencairn," said he, in a voice so changed I hardly recognized it. "The happy childhood sunshine is gone; but, please God, we can fight our way into a better light. Margaret, I have loved you all my life with such an entire heart! I should receive you from the hand of God as a gift to guard so reverently! Can't you even yet give me the right to help

and comfort you in whatever trial you may have to go through? I would wait patiently before claiming your hand till—till—" His voice broke down, but I knew what that generous spirit wanted to say but could not—"Till the deceitful glamour had vanished, and I could appreciate his pure, honest, God-fearing love at its true worth."

His words, with the sight of his pale, set face, smote me with the sharpest pang. I knew now better than I had ever known before what a faithful love he was offering; but in that moment the veil fell from my eyes, and I was aware that, in spite of my resolve, my heart and my life's happiness had escaped utterly out of my own keeping into that of Edward Carlyon. It was a terrible revelation. I had fought so long against it! I had passed hours in saying to myself, "I am not in love,—I will never be in love with one who has not asked me! No true Scottish maiden could brook such a humiliation." Yet, now I knew it was my fate, and I must "dree my dreed." My one thought at the moment was how I could best spare poor Stuart's feelings and yet give the most decided refusal. I turned my face toward him and said in a low voice:

"It can not be, Stuart: we are not made for each other. I know your heart and soul are far nobler than mine, and yet you could never give me *all* I am hungering and thirsting for. I hope you will soon find some one more worthy of your faithful heart. Do try only to think of me kindly as the friend of your childhood."

"God help me!" the poor fellow said. "I had no real hope, but I thought I could bear all that is coming better if I had once said everything plain out. It is all buried out of sight now; but (I don't say this as people do so often)—but I think I could *die* to secure your happiness. Stay here, and I'll tell them you are coming soon."

I sat still as he told me, feeling that the whole of my child-life had been gathered up and buried. In a few minutes Arabella appeared, bringing a cup of milk with a spoonful of rum in it,—our single panacea for all evils.

"Stuart McDougall says you have overworked yourself, and asked me to bring you something. He looked pretty well^{er} done up himself; so I made a double dose, and gave

him one. They are all asking for you. Do you think you can come now?"

"Directly," I answered, and braced up my spirits to play eldest daughter of the house; resolved that if I had found out my own heart's weakness, no one else should suspect it.

I must hasten over the conclusion of the drama, and merely relate that exactly at the date fixed Edward Carlyon disappeared from Glencairn, leaving a message with my father to the effect that he could not stand good-byes, but that we should all hear from him when he reached Edinburgh.

Three days passed, and if father and mother and home had all been suddenly swallowed up in an earthquake, I could not have felt more utterly that the world had come to an end for me. I was, in a way, sheltered by the general grief, and I did my best not to betray the suffering I was going through; but mother's eyes are quick as light, and I felt sure that my mother knew all, by the special tenderness of her ways, and the skill with which she screened me from observation. But how could I get through life, I thought, if it was always going to be so dark as this?

On the third evening a messenger brought a large parcel, which he said Mr. Carlyon had charged him to deliver into my father's own hands. There were presents and notes from him to everybody, and in the excitement and clatter of voices none of them noticed that I had escaped. My letter contained an offer of marriage—an earnest pleading that I would accept him,—and a beautiful engagement ring. When my mother, who first missed me, came to look for me, she found me kneeling by my bed, almost fainting from the sudden ecstasy of joy. Edward's ring was on my finger, his letter pressed to my lips.

There was a letter for my father (which I was to deliver if I consented to be his wife), in which he said he had made up his mind not to marry until the work of his life was accomplished, but that when he had seen me he felt I was destined to help and not to hinder its accomplishment; that he had never dreamed of a woman possessing such strength, love of work, and practical resources, combined with so much refinement and intellectual appreciation; that he had felt bound in honor not to try to win my affections, either by word or

look, during the time he had been admitted to the intimacy of the family in so generous a way, but that he now felt that the happiness of his life was in my hands. He concluded by saying that whatever settlements my father considered right he should be happy to make; and that the promise which he knew would be required—to leave me free in the exercise of my religion, and if there were children to allow them to be brought up Catholics,—he was quite willing to give; that, though he was asking me to share with him many labors and fatigues, perhaps even hardships, for some years, yet he hoped eventually to place me in a position where I should reign with almost queenly influence, and have the fullest scope for the gifts with which I had been endowed.

If I refused him, this enclosed letter was to be burned unread, and I was, for all answer, to send him back the ring. I could have plunged a knife into my heart more easily.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Angelus.—Its Origin and History.

BY THE REV. A. A. LAMBING, LL. D.

(CONCLUSION.)

INASMUCH as the *Regina Cæli* has been made to take the place of the Angelus at certain seasons, it will be proper to pause and inquire into the origin of that prayer before passing further. We shall premise by saying that at the end of Lauds and Compline in the Divine Office, and at the end of Vespers, as they are sung in churches, an antiphon of the Blessed Virgin is added. These antiphons are four in number, are named from the Latin words with which they begin, and vary according to the season. However, the only one with which we are now concerned is that which takes the place of the Angelus during Paschal time.

The origin of the *Regina Cæli* is thus accounted for by a writer of note: "In 596, during Paschal time, a horrible pestilence was ravaging Rome, and the Pope, St. Gregory, called the people to penance and appointed a procession. The day having come, he himself repaired at dawn to the Church of Ara Cæli, and, taking in his hands a picture of the

Blessed Virgin said to have been painted by St. Luke, he proceeded to St. Peter's, followed by the clergy and a numerous crowd. But all of a sudden, while passing the Castle of Adrian, voices were heard in the air singing "*Regina Cæli*." The Pontiff, astonished and enraptured, replied with the people: '*Ora pro nobis Deum, alleluia.*' At the same moment an angel, brilliant with light, was seen replacing his sword in the scabbard, and the plague ceased from that day."* "After the disappearance of the plague, the anthem *Regina Cæli* was introduced into the Church service, to thank the Blessed Virgin, whose intercession was believed to have stayed the disease."† But it must be said of the *Regina Cæli*, as of the Angelus, that it did not at once assume its present form.

Not content with approving and recommending so appropriate a devotion as the Angelus, the Church, anxious to encourage its recitation still further, has enriched it with indulgences. Into this point we must now inquire. It has already been seen that a number of bishops and local councils granted indulgences to certain devotions corresponding more or less closely with the Angelus. These have long since been abrogated, and it is to the Holy See alone that we must now look for the indulgences.

The following are those granted at various times by the Vicars of Christ to the recitation of the Angelus: "The Sovereign Pontiff Benedict XIII., by a brief of September 24, 1724, granted a plenary indulgence once a month to all the faithful who, every day at the sound of the bell, in the morning or at noon or in the evening at sunset, shall say devoutly on their knees the *Angelus Domini*, with the 'Hail Mary' three times,—on any day when, being truly penitent, they shall pray for peace and union among Christian princes, for the extirpation of heresy, and for the triumph of holy mother Church." Also "an indulgence of one hundred days, on all the other days of the year, every time that, with at least contrite heart and devotion, they shall say these prayers."

* "The Divine Office," Bacquez, p. 564; "Feraris, verbum Antiphona."

† "General History of the Catholic Church" (English Translation), vol. ii, p. 176, note.

Certain points are here to be noted, as they have since been modified. The first is that the devotion was to be performed at the sound of the bell; in the second place, that it was not necessary to recite the Angelus three times in the day in order to gain the indulgence, as some persons imagine, but only once; thirdly, it must be said kneeling; and finally that the prayer, "Pour forth," etc., did not constitute an essential part of the devotion.

Benedict XIV. confirmed the above indulgences, April 20, 1742; but at the same time introduced certain new features, which were that the Angelus should be said standing on Saturday evening and Sunday; and that the *Regina Cæli*, with the versicle, response and prayer, should be said instead of it during Paschal time,—that is, from Holy Saturday evening to the eve of Trinity Sunday, both included. To this prayer he granted the same indulgences as to the Angelus; and he moreover permitted those who did not know it by heart to continue the recitation of the Angelus in its place. "The Sovereign Pontiff Pius VI., by a rescript, dated March 18, 1781, granted that, in those places where no bell is rung at the time stated above, the faithful may gain the indulgences if, at or about the hours specified, they say, with at least contrite heart and devotion, the Angelus, or the *Regina Cæli* in the Paschal season."*

When it was asked of the Sacred Congregation of Indulgences whether persons unable to kneel or those on a journey at the time the bell rang could gain the indulgences of the devotion without complying with those conditions, a reply was given under date of February 18, 1835, that the devotion must be performed according to the decree of Benedict XIII. To the inquiry, put by Canon Falise of the Cathedral of Tournai, whether or not the bell for the ringing of the Angelus must be blessed, the Sacred Congregation of Indulgences replied, August 29, 1864, that it was not necessary.† Thus matters rested till April 3, 1884, when a decree was issued still further mitigating the conditions for gaining the indulgences. In the words of that decree:

"Recently many pious men implored the Sacred Congregation of Indulgences to miti-

* Raccolta, pp. 179, 180.

† Schneider, pp. 75 and 200, note.

gate to some extent those two conditions (of reciting the devotion at the sound of the bell, and on bended knees). For the Angelus bell is not rung in all places, nor three times a day, nor at the same hours; and if rung, it is not always heard; and if heard, the faithful may be prevented by reasonable cause from kneeling down just at that moment to say the prayers. Besides, there are any number of the faithful who know neither the Angelus nor the *Regina Cæli* by heart, and can not even read them in print. Wherefore his Holiness Pope Leo XIII., in order not to have so many of the faithful deprived of these spiritual favors, and in order to stir up an abiding and grateful remembrance of the mysteries of Our Lord's Incarnation and Resurrection . . . graciously granted that all the faithful who say the Angelus, with the three 'Hail Marys,' the 'Pray for us, O Holy Mother of God,' and the prayer 'Pour forth,' etc., though for reasonable cause they do not say them on bended knees nor at the sound of the bell; or who recite during Paschal time the *Regina Cæli*, with the versicle and prayer; or who say in the morning, about midday, or* in the evening, five 'Hail Marys,' in a becoming manner, with attention and devotion—in case they do not know the Angelus or the *Regina Cæli*, and can not read them,—may gain the indulgences." †

It is here to be noted that, although in some points the Holy Father mitigated the conditions for gaining the indulgences, at the same time he added an obligation which had not previously existed—that of reciting the versicle and prayer after the three "Hail Marys."

To sum up, then. In order to gain the indulgences of the Angelus given above, it is necessary at the present time (1) to recite the three "Hail Marys," with the versicle and response that precede each one, and the versicle and response and prayer after them—that is, the Angelus as it is found in prayer-books; or (2) to recite in place of it the *Regina Cæli*, with the versicle, response and prayer, in its proper season; or (3), for those who do not know these by heart and who can not read, to recite five "Hail Marys,"—one of which

devotions must be performed in the morning, or about midday, or in the evening. The obligations of ringing the bell and kneeling are not essential when fulfilment of them is prevented by any reasonable cause.

Instances might easily be given of the devotion of the saints to the Angelus; such as that of St. Charles Borromeo, who, though a cardinal, was accustomed to alight from his carriage at the sound of the bell, and kneel in the street, or wherever he chanced to be, to recite it; but it is not thought necessary. What has been said with regard to the devotion and the indulgences attached to it will, it is believed, be sufficient to stimulate the zeal and piety of the reader to a higher appreciation and a more careful practice of this excellent devotion.

Lines

ON RECEIVING A LEAF FROM FATHER DAMIEN'S GRAVE.

A SIMPLE, scentless, faded leaf,
Sent hither from a far-off shore—
A wilted leaf and nothing more;
Yet how it speaks, in joy and grief,

Of patient toil and sacrifice,
Fit for the old, heroic time
When man, through faith and love sublime,
Drew earth more near to Paradise!

What fancies of a summer sky,
What dreams of sun-empurpled seas,
It summons up, and, wrapt in these,
What visions of dread Molokai!

For it is from the grave of him
Whose life lay in the leper-land,
Who took the outcast by the hand,
And spread God's light where all was dim

And drear as hell's eternal night
With horrors few can ever know;
Where leprosy, "as white as snow,"
Had fall'n in all its utter blight.

O sacred leaf! be thou to me
A silent monitor for aye,
That I may grow from day to day
More worthy of my ministry;

That when my burthens seem to press
More heavily than I can bear,
Thy charm shall banish all despair,
And conjure courage from distress.

* Here the translation has "and," which is an error, the original being "*sive mane, sive circiter meridiem, sive sub vespere.*"

† *The Pastor*, vol. iii, pp. 13, 14.

Houses and Homes.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

THERE is nothing more symbolic of the emptiness of life than the modern parlor of the average house. If you are expected to wait for anybody in the sacred precincts, life, while you wait, becomes a burden. There is such an air of "touch me not" about everything, from the tidies that entangle themselves in the buttons of your coat to the "show volumes" whose gilded edges bear no trace of use; and the worst of it is, there is generally not a book in the room. The unhappy visitor has the choice of looking at pictures which he has seen a dozen times before, or of drumming on the inevitable piano,—an amusement that can give him no pleasure and may give pain to the listeners. If the average parlor is an index of the house, then the average house is bookless. And one recoils from the imagination of a bookless existence,—an existence in which the daily paper, with its vulgarization of what is vulgar in life, is the highest literary monitor.

The aim of every prudent mother is to keep her children around her in their times of leisure. When they begin to yawn, and to show that the home is tiresome, she would do well not to blame them, but to blame herself for not finding means to attach them to that circle with which nothing on earth can compare. But how can she do this if an almanac, a cook-book, a novel or so picked up in a railway car, or one or two "show-books," bought at Christmas, make up the library?

Young people are confronted by so many "can not's" from their directors—most of which are unhappily disregarded,—that it is a distinct gain when we can so guide their lives that a "can" or two may be added. The multiplication of innocent pleasures is the sweetener and the safeguard of life. The man who finds a new way of entertaining a group of young people, and at the same time strengthening their love for home, is greater than Sir Henry de Bracten or Blackstone or Coke, or all the analysts of what can not be done who ever lived.

A bookless home is sure to be a home of which the young grow weary. It is important

that the right books should be at home, and that a taste for them should be cultivated. Give a young man good religious principles and a taste for the study and the careful reading of good books, and you have taken the fangs out of many rattlesnakes that beset his path.

It may be said that the average father or mother has little time to consider systematically how to make home pleasant. It may be said that money is necessary, and not always forthcoming, to make one's home as attractive as one's neighbor's. It may be said, too, that parents have not always the cultivation themselves to train their children's literary taste.

In the first place, if a father or mother can find no time for his children's amusement, that father or mother has no conception of his duties, and should learn them at once, lest disgrace befall his gray hairs. In the second place, it is a vulgar error, and very much a new-fashioned American error, to hold that furniture and decorations make the home, when these are only the frame of the home. A "home," in the American language, has come to mean a "house,"—as if there were not something deeper, more angelic, more beautiful in a "home" than chairs or tables or paint or wall-paper or the four walls! The New Englanders of the past had not this opinion: that money is necessary to make homes, or that no home can be complete unless it be as well-appointed as one's neighbor's. The Germans who come here seem to know what home-life is and to cherish it; therein lies their strength; for they know the value of simplicity. In the third place, if parents are so incapable of guiding their children, what has become of our boasted progress? If the average parent of '89 is no cleverer than the parent of '12, of what use are all the modern improvements in education, the newspapers, the public schools, the other things which are supposed to make us so perfect that we should be ashamed to speak to our grandfathers if we should meet them in public? Well, if this third objection is valid in some cases, the parents can at least seek advice in the choosing of a small library, without which no house can be a home.

So far as we can see, there is no reason on earth why the living-place of industrious and pious people should not be a home,—should not draw the children to it "with hooks of

steel." There are two requisites for making any place which is water-tight and weather-proof, in which there are the ordinary appliances for ordinary comfort,—the cultivation of cheerfulness as an art and a library of good books.

If a great abundance of money were the best thing in life, and the attainment of it the main object of life, why is it that the children of the rich do not invariably take their places among the greatest doers or thinkers? Why is it that luxury in early life generally cankers the "infants of the spring"? And why is it that the men who do the best work in life—at least in this country—have worn the yoke of comparative poverty in their youth? If riches do not help to produce good men, then riches are not worth the preoccupied days, the neglect of precious young hearts and souls, the feverish nights, the homeless lives, which too many Americans waste in their pursuit.

The question with us ought to be to make homes, not to build houses. And a home without good books, without cheerfulness, is not a real home. When a mother has to resort to threats and tears and entreaties to keep her children within precincts that should be a haven of rest, let her look in her conscience and see the reason there. If these children have been led to consider the clothing of the body more than the mind,—if every resource has been strained for the buying of fine clothes,—if idle and envious and fretful gossip has been the mental food of these children,—if they have no mental resources in the evenings, whose fault is it? That is a question whose answer may show why there are many houses and few homes.

The Confessor of Queen Isabella.

IT is very fortunate that common sense generally discounts the abuse of the newspapers. If it were not so, Padre Claret, formerly confessor to Queen Isabella of Spain, would be still looked on as a monster of iniquity. The Spanish Radicals—ardent Masons and haters of the existing government in Spain—calumniated Mgr. Claret with fury. The Queen, they said, was a Herodias, and he was her adviser. One may conclude that the Queen was much better that she was repre-

sented, as Mgr. Claret was so innocent. It has not surprised those who knew the sanctity of his life to hear that his name has been proposed for canonization. Father Claret had the eloquence of sincere faith, though he was not a rhetorician. His poverty was almost proverbial; he made himself poor for the sake of the poor.

An incident of the visible protection of God in his case is related in the *Semana Catolica* of Madrid. Preaching a course of sermons in one of the lowest quarters of Madrid, he attacked the unholy unions common in the wretched parts of some European cities. It was just before Holy Week, in 1866. Among his auditors was a woman who had lived for fourteen years with a man having a wife and children, whom he had deserted. The woman, filled with contrition, went to Father Claret and explained her position. The priest told her that there was only one way to regain God's peace—she must leave her partner in guilt. At last she consented, and went home to tell him of her determination. He was furious. She begged him to return to his wife. Unable to prevail on her to live with him, he resolved to assassinate Father Claret, the author of his discomfiture. He consulted a comrade, took a room in one of the lowest streets, and sent for the famous confessor on the pretext of having some special sins to confess. After ten o'clock, in answer to the urgent message, the priest entered the house. The accomplice kept Father Claret's servant down-stairs, saying that the confessor had better go up alone. In a short time the unsuspecting priest entered the room. Then his voice was heard calling. The servant and the accomplice entered the room, to find the would-be murderer dead. While waiting for his victim, God's justice had overtaken him. The accomplice fell at Father Claret's feet and confessed his crime. The good priest thanked God, and bade him go and sin no more.

Among the monuments of Father Claret's goodness is the great seminary in the Escorial, where some of Spain's best priests and prelates have been trained.

STRANGE is life, into which we enter weeping, through which we weeping pass, and out of which we go still weeping.—*Abbé Roux.*

Readings from Remembered Books.

THE STIMULUS OF DEVOTION TO OUR LADY.

HE who is growing in devotion to the Mother of God is growing in all good things. His time can not be better spent; his eternity can not be more infallibly secured. But devotion is, on the whole, more a growth of love than of reverence, though never detached from reverence. And there is nothing about Our Lady which stimulates our love more effectually than her dolours. In delight and fear we shade our eyes when the bright light of her Immaculate Conception bursts upon us in its heavenly effulgence. We fathom with awe and wonder the depths of her Divine Maternity. The vastness of her science the sublimities of her holiness, the singularity of her prerogatives, fill us with joyful admiration united with reverential fear. It is a jubilee to us that all these things belong to our own Mother, whose fondness for us knows no bounds. But somehow we get tired of always looking up into the bright face of heaven. The very silver linings of the clouds make our eyes ache, and they look down for rest, and find it in the green grass of the earth. The moon is beautiful, gilding with rosy gold her own purple region of the sky; but her light is more beautiful to our homesick hearts when it is raining over field, and tree, and lapsing stream, and the great undulating ocean. For earth after all, is a home, for which one may be sick. So, when theology has been teaching us our Mother's grandeurs in those lofty, unshared mysteries, our devotion, because of its very infirmity, is conscious to itself of a kind of strain. O how, after long meditation on the Immaculate Conception, love gushes out of every pore of our hearts when we think of that almost more than mortal Queen, heart-broken, and with blood-stains on her hand, beneath the Cross!

O Mother! we have been craving for more human thoughts of thee; we have wanted to feel thee nearer to us; we can weep for joy at the greatness of thy throne, but they are not such tears as we can shed with thee on Calvary; they do not rest us so. But when once more we see thy sweet, sad face of maternal sorrow, the tears streaming down thy cheeks, the quietness of thy great woe, and the blue mantle we have known so long, it seems as if we had found thee after losing thee, and that thou wert another Mary from that glorious portent in the heavens, or at least a fitter mother for us on the low summit of Calvary than scaling those unapproachable mountain heights of heaven! See how the chil-

dren's affections break out with new love from undiscovered recesses in their hearts, and run round their newly widowed mother like a river, as if to supply her inexhaustibly with tears, and divide her off with a great broad frontier of love from the assault of any fresh calamity. The house of sorrow is always a house of love. This is what takes place in us regarding the dolours of our Blessed Mother.

One of the thousand ends of the Incarnation was God's condescending to meet and gratify the weakness of humanity, forever falling into idolatry because it was so hard to be always looking upward, always gazing into inaccessible furnaces of light. So are Mary's dolours to her grandeurs. The new strength of faith and devotion which we have gained in contemplating her celestial splendors, furnishes us with new capabilities of loving; and all our loves, the new and the old as well, rally round her in her agony at the foot of the Cross of Jesus. Love for her grows quickest there. It is our birthplace. We became her children there. She suffered all that because of us. Sinlessness is not common to our Mother and to us, but sorrow is. It is the one thing we share, the one common thing betwixt us. We will sit with her, therefore, and sorrow with her, and grow more full of love, not forgetting her grandeurs,—O surely never!—but pressing to our hearts with fondest predilection the memory of her exceeding martyrdom.—"*Foot of the Cross*," Faber.

A DREAM-STORY.

The prettiest dream-story I know was told me by an old Florentine lady, the daughter of the sculptor Pampaloni—the same who carved those two great statues in the Piazza del Duomo. She is a very good old lady, and never told me a word that was not true; and she has told me the following story over and over again, and never without tears.

Her father and mother, who were very deeply attached to each other, made a promise each to the other to the effect that if the wife died before her husband, she should in some way let him know when she "received her crown"; and if he died first, he was to do the same for her. He was the first to be taken, and he left his wife, Carolina, and their young daughter quite poor, so that they were obliged to leave their home and move into small lodgings. They found themselves constrained also, with great regret, to part with their servant, Violante, who had been a long time with them, and was considered quite as one of the family. Some months after Pampaloni died his daughter (now my old friend) dreamed that she saw her father, grown very beautiful in appear-

ance, but still himself, in a large hall, which appeared to her like the vestibule of some palace. She asked him how he was, and he answered, pointing to a closed door: "So well! But nothing to what I shall be when I pass that door." Nothing else happened until the anniversary of his death, when he appeared again to his daughter in a dream, and said to her: "Beppina, go to Carolina, and tell her that I have received my crown." On awaking she went immediately to tell her mother, who was much comforted. A little later, as they sat at breakfast, Violante, the servant, came in to see them; and the first words that she said were: "I could not help coming to-day to tell the mistress about my dream. Last night in my sleep I saw the *padrone*, and he said to me: 'Violante, go to Carolina, and tell her that I have received my crown.'"—"*Roadside Songs of Tuscany*," John Ruskin.

A MEMORABLE NIGHT.

Columbus was at last deserted by every soul on the three ships. Martin Alonzo Pinzon had at length lost heart, and the three brothers joined the insurgent crews, and added their angry demand to the fierce clamors for return. A moment's hesitation then would have put Columbus at their mercy. He stood his ground, and by the moral grandeur of his simple faith calmed the fierce storm of passion raging round. There is something bordering on the marvellous in the power which he suddenly exerted. In the merely natural order, a calm, determined refusal is the wisest answer to an insolent demand; but when one hundred and twenty exasperated men, under the influence of personal fear, in the strong instinct of self-preservation are clamoring, as they imagine, for their own lives, to answer their demand with a cool *non possumus* is about as brave as to take one's stand in a jungle unarmed, to stare a tiger out of countenance; and if the tiger, in the act of springing, yields to the controlling force of the human eye, and turns aside into the thicket, it is scarcely less wonderful than the meek submission of those angry men.

Columbus, to their furious demand to steer them whence they came, quietly forbade all protestation or entreaty, telling them in so many words that remonstrance was useless; that he had started for the Indies, and go there he would by the help of Our Lord. From that moment things grew brighter. Columbus had been tried like gold in the furnace, and he was not found wanting. "The Eternal God had given him strength." Unmistakable signs of very near land dispelled all mutinous thoughts, and eager hope awoke in every breast. The hymn of Our Lady

was never intermitted, and on the evening after the outbreak, at the end of the prayers, Columbus delivered a solemn discourse, bidding his hearers thank Almighty God, who in His mercy had conducted them safely across the "*Mare Tenebrosum*"; advising them for greater security to slacken sail in the darkness, and (but they did not need the telling) to keep a vigilant lookout all night. He then retired, but not to sleep. About ten o'clock he came on deck again, and immediately fancied he discerned a light moving in front. He would not trust his eyes, and called his Commissary of Marine, Rodrigo Sanchez, who confirmed the truth of the apparition. Before any further corroboration could be obtained the light had suddenly disappeared. To Columbus it was a sure proof of inhabited land. After midnight they proceeded cautiously, the *Pinta* being considerably in advance. Every eye was straining through the gloom, every heart throbbing with expectation.

What must have been the feelings of the great and good man, whose mind had schemed, whose will had compassed so sublime a deed! Before him, wrapped in darkness, lay a world waiting discovery by the light of morning. His name was now a heritage of fame. No history of mankind could pass him by unnoticed. The memory of that night would live to the end of time. Christopher Columbus, standing on the deck of the *Santa Maria*, striving with fixed and earnest gaze to pierce the gloom which hid perhaps Cipango or Cathay, must indeed have felt the triumph of that hour, which crowned so many anxious years of hope deferred. Historians, strangers to that one true faith which to him was the light of heaven, and unable even to apprehend the first idea of pure, disinterested zeal for the service of God acting as the motive power to rouse a Christian soul to deeds of daring, have, from the plenitude of their knowledge of human nature, decided that the darling passion of his life was love of glory. It is a mere assertion. His words and actions show that to make Christ known was his first thought and chief concern. If some of his admirers choose to think that his self-gratulation was the joy of gratified ambition or vain complacency, at least it is lawful to oppose conjecture to conjecture. Catholics may be more inclined to think that in the silence of that midnight watch his active mind was busy with the praise of God, who disposeth all things to the good of His elect, and that he acknowledged himself only an instrument in the hands of that high Providence; while with pious tears he poured out his heartfelt thanksgiving to Our Lady, Star of the Sea, ascribing to her gentle care his wonderful escape

from many dangers, and his marvellous success achieved in spite of men.

At two in the morning, by the clock of the *Santa Maria*, a flash came from the *Pinta*, followed by a loud report—the signal gun. It was no false alarm this time. Rodrigo de Triana (otherwise styled Juan Rodriguez Bermejo), a sailor on the *Pinta*, had sighted land. Columbus, at the sound of the gun, fell on his knees and chanted the *Te Deum*, his men responding with full hearts. Then they went wild with joy. The Admiral ordered the sails to be furled and the ships to be put in a state of defence; for it was impossible to say what the next daylight might reveal. His officers came crowding round to offer their congratulations and, now at last, their genuine reverence. They no longer blamed his obstinacy or spoke of his infatuation.—“*The Life of Columbus*,” Arthur George Knight, S. J.

A THOUGHT FOR NOVEMBER.

At the time when our Blessed Lord walked upon the earth there was in Jerusalem a certain pool, where the sick and those afflicted with bodily diseases were wont to congregate. At certain times an angel of the Lord came down and stirred the waters, and the sick man who went first into the pool after the visit of the angel was healed of his infirmity. When Jesus came there He found a man so infirm that he could not, in the least degree, assist himself, and he had been waiting day after day for eight-and-thirty years, while others who were stronger than he, or who had friends to help them, went down before him and were healed. Our Lord asked him why he had not availed himself of the blessing which God at times had given to the waters, and he answered in words that are full of deepest and most mournful pathos: “Lord, I have no man who, when the water has been stirred, will cast me into the pool.”

In those few words what a story is compressed of the tedious passing of weary years! He had come there a youth, with hope in his heart that he would soon be cured of his infirmity, and many a long year seemed to spread before him in which he might enjoy his recovered health. But the years passed by, and those who were boys along with him grew to be men, and many a change had passed upon the faces that he knew; many a sunrise did he see in hope, and many an evening closed in the disappointment of the hope deferred that maketh the heart sick; and his hopes were dying out and his hair was growing gray, when, after nearly forty years, Jesus came and cured him.

What a sorrowful story! Eight-and-thirty

years of waiting, the certain remedy before his eyes, and *none* to help him to avail himself of its efficacy! Friends he may have had—one friend he surely had, when his mother held him in her arms. But his mother was dead, and time and the chance and change of life had dispersed his early friends; or, after the manner of the world, in the day of his distress they had forsaken him. In that weary march of lonely years what want of hum in feeling that man had witnessed! What cool contempt, what silent carelessness! And we are tempted to exclaim against a city whose annals are disgraced by a story such as this. But pause before one bitter thought forms itself in your minds, before one word of condemnation rushes to your indignant lips. Stay a little.

There is a certain place in the Church of God,—a place which you have not seen with the eye of flesh, but which faith teaches you exists as really as the places you have walked in and that you know with the familiar knowledge of everyday experience. It is a land over which hangs a cloud of silent sorrow, of uncomplaining agony, that is voiceless in the intensity of its resignation. And in that silent land of pain lies many a friend of yours whom your heart can not forget,—friends whom you knew once; whose faces, whose smiles, whose voices, were familiar to you in days gone by; who were members, it may be, of the same household: who knelt with you at the same altar; who worked and prayed and smiled, and were bound to you by every tie which the kindly charities of nature and of grace can forge. They died, and they are in Purgatory. Stricken are they by no mere earthly malady, but by an agony for which earth has no image nor any name. Consumed are they by no mere earthly fever, but by the fever of a fire that searches their very soul. And you pass by—you, their friends,—and you have at your disposal the healing flood of the Precious Blood of Jesus! You pass by—heedless or forgetful or indifferent, it matters little which; you pass by and give no help! You leave the sufferers there, looking up with pain-stricken, wistful eyes to the heaven above, and saying, “O God, we have no friend who, when the healing Blood of Thy Divine Son is ready in the Holy Mass to extinguish the flames of our torment, will use it for our relief!” Condemn if you will, in what sharp terms indignation may suggest, the heartlessness of the citizens of Jerusalem, but do not omit to compare it with your own when, either through carelessness or forgetfulness, you neglect to do your part,—the part of friendship, the part of charity,—to assist the suffering souls in Purgatory.—*Sermons of the Rev. Joseph Farrell.*

Notes and Remarks.

Next week, as our readers are aware, will be celebrated the centenary of the establishment of the hierarchy in the United States. The event is of surpassing interest, and calls for thanksgiving and praise to God. "He hath not done in like manner to every nation." To think that from such small beginnings—a grain of mustard seed—the Church has grown to such vast proportions—a mighty tree—in one short century! It is a wonder to the world; and the wonder increases when we consider from how many countries and in what numbers the poor and persecuted members of Christ have flocked hither to find peace and prosperity under its protecting branches. Such a change could have been wrought only by the Most High; and the haven, too, was God-given. As His power has no limits, and His kingdom surely cometh, another century may witness a growth of Catholicity in this great country in comparison to which the one we commemorate may seem but a promise. God grant it! *Adveniat regnum tuum!*

It is a sincere pleasure to present to our readers this week a sketch of the first epoch history of the Church in the United States from the pen of Dr. Shea. No man amongst us could have told the wondrous story so well. Future generations of Catholics will count it a blessing that the American Church had such a devoted and trustworthy historian.

The Catholic University of Ottawa is rapidly becoming the focus of Catholic intellectual movement in Ontario. It is in the care of the Oblates of Mary, who are anxious that the learned professions in Canada should have a thoroughly religious foundation. This flourishing institution lately celebrated its Golden Jubilee. One of the events of the occasion was the unveiling of the statue of Father Tabaret, superior of the College, who died on March 6, 1886. J. C. Curran, Q. C., M. P., accepted the statue for the University in words which, the Canadian papers say, made up the best speech ever delivered by this eloquent orator. Mr. Curran's tribute to such Canadians as Papineau, Lemay, Dorion, should be read by some of us who fancy that there are no statesmen, orators, or poets in Canada.

General Ignatieff lately arrived in Rome on a special mission to the Vatican. He bore an autograph letter from the Czar, accepting the arbitration of the Pope in the Balkan question, and leaving His Holiness free to convoke a congress or adopt any other course which in his

judgment might lead to the establishment of a *modus vivendi* between Russia and Austria. This is another instance, within the same pontificate, of the fact that all professing Christians naturally look upon the Pope as the Head of the Christian world. The Papacy alone among all the powers of earth remains fixed and immovable,—a tribunal whose decisions are made in accordance with the strictest principles of Christian ethics, and which embody the wisdom and experience of ages. So it was a few years ago, when the Holy See was chosen as the arbiter in the dispute between Germany and France; and it is thought now that the difficulty between the United States and Great Britain will be submitted to the decision of Pope Leo XIII. This action on the part of the civilized powers of the world must have a striking effect on the weak, little Government of Italy, seeking to deprive the Papacy of its powers and prerogatives.

Miss Margaret Aylward, who was the founder of the Congregation of the Holy Faith, recently died in Ireland. She was one of the first Catholics to oppose the horrible system of kidnapping in the name of Protestantism which was in vogue in Dublin, and indeed in all Ireland, before Cardinal Cullen confronted this practice, by which unprotected orphans, in spite of the wishes of their parents, were seized by conscienceless proselytizers. Miss Aylward was once imprisoned for refusing to surrender a child that had been entrusted to her by its mother. But she bore it bravely, and, with the approval of the Cardinal, established an orphan asylum in Dublin, which has been the means of saving many souls for the faith.

The *Dagblad*, the most important organ of public opinion in Norway, prints an article on Cardinal Manning's part in the recent dock strikes in London. It holds him up as an example to the Norwegian clergy. It says that the Scandinavian parsons might at least interfere with monopolies which grind down the poor, so that they are obliged to go to the House of God in rags, if they go at all.

The last words of the King of Portugal were addressed to the Nuncio who gave him the Sacraments. "Thanks!" he said with a smile; and repeated, "Thanks!" He listened reverently to the delivery of the blessing sent by the Holy Father.

The Congregation of the Index has decided a case of considerable importance. The Russian educational authorities often insist on Polish children attending the Russian religious service

Many Catholic teachers were dismissed and two sent to Siberia for resisting this tyranny. The Congregation has decided that under no circumstances can this abuse of power be tolerated.

The Golden Jubilee of the Rt. Rev. Mgr. McColgan, recently celebrated at Baltimore, has brought out many affectionate tributes to this worthy and venerable priest. Mgr. McColgan's work in behalf of the poor and the orphan children of Baltimore needed no praise: St. Mary's Industrial School will be his best monument, and the good it has done and is doing is a perpetual reminder of his virtues to his devoted friends in Baltimore. Mgr. McColgan, without any fuss or talk about theories, has solved that problem which now vexes our educators—how to make education practical. Mgr. McColgan has, too, done the work of a true apostle in spreading the Total Abstinence sentiment in Baltimore. Cardinal Gibbons, in an address on the occasion of the Jubilee, feelingly adverted to this fact. The title of Monsignor when it was given to Father McColgan seemed like painting the lily, but we now see that such a title has its uses. It accentuates real worth, though it can not add to it.

Madame Erard, a celebrity of the piano-forte, died recently in Paris. Her talents were greatly admired in France, and she had many friends among celebrated musicians. She owned an estate in Burgundy that once belonged to St. Jane Frances de Chantal, to whom she was very devout. Madame Erard was a model of Christian charity and benevolence, and her death is mourned by the poor as well as in musical circles.

The latest act of Roman usurpation is the expulsion of the religious from the famous hospital of the Santo Spirito. Lay male nurses have been put in charge of the institution; but, in spite of the motto "Liberty of Conscience," it is considered quite a concession that patients are permitted to see a priest.

The bronze doors for the Cathedral of Cologne are nearly ready. The design for the door of the Three Kings is by the famous Professor Schneider, of Cassel.

A striking proof of the affection in which the Rev. Father Hishen, one of the assistant priests of St. Gabriel's Church, Chicago, is held by the parishioners is afforded by the fact that at a recent *tombola* his picture brought over six hundred dollars. This was a spontaneous tribute both to Father Hishen's character and the art of the painter. The Archdiocese of Chicago is blessed

with a large body of efficient and devoted young priests, of whom Father Hishen is a worthy exemplar.

A Protestant deaconess named Madden was received into the Church at Cabra, Ireland, on the Feast of the Holy Rosary. Miss Madden's father was an Anglican minister, and the Attorney-General for Ireland is her brother. The Protestant papers express great regret for her "perversion," and declare that Sister Henrietta can not be replaced in the hospitals.

As many as sixty-three Cardinals have died during the pontificate of Leo XIII.

Archduchess Stephanie, the widow of Crown Prince Rudolph of Austria, lately made a pilgrimage on foot to Mariazell, a noted shrine of Our Lady. The Crown Princess lives in strict retirement at Ischel.

The following contributions have been received, in addition to those already noted, for the Passionist missions in South America. This is a most worthy object. It may quicken the zeal of some of our readers to know that these missions are in charge of priests among whom are the Rev. James Kent Stone (Father Fidelis) and Father Benjamin Hill (Edmund of the Heart of Mary):

"A Catholic," Ogden, Utah, \$1; Joseph Whalen, \$1; A Child of Mary, Chicago, 50 cts.; A Friend, Santa Barbara, Cal., \$2.50; A Friend, Amertsburg, Ontario, \$5; G. C., \$1; A Friend in behalf of the Souls in Purgatory, \$1; M. C. F., Washington, D. C., \$2; Isabella McKiernan, \$1; Jane McAllister, \$2.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands, as if you were bound with them.
—HEB., xiii, 3.

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

Brother Augustine, C. S. C., who departed this life at Notre Dame on the 30th ult., strengthened by the last Sacraments.

Sister Mary Alphonsa Kropp, of the Visitation Convent, Frederick, Md.; and Sister Mary Aloysius, Presentation Convent, Fermoy, Ireland.

Mr. Richard M. Barry, who breathed his last in San Francisco, Cal., on the 9th ult.

Mrs. Edward Abraham, of Philadelphia, Pa., whose happy death occurred on the 6th ult.

Thomas F. Morris and Patrick J. McGlinchey, of Manayunk, Pa.; Mrs. Hannah E. Sullivan, Fall River, Mass.; William Curry, Brooklyn, N. Y.; and Miss Catherine Murray, Scranton, Pa.

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



Polly Jones.

BY MARION J. BRUNOWE.

I.

"A letter for ma, and with the New York postmark on it! I wonder who sent it?"

And as Mary Ann Jones, commonly called Polly, stood in the little country store of Bilgate, which also served as post-office, and turned a delicately scented, creamy envelope over and over in her hands, her face wore an expectant expression. Bilgate was a little settlement far up in a wild and lonely part of the State of New Hampshire, and communication with the large cities, especially by means of letters, was not an event of everyday occurrence.

Polly Jones was about fifteen, tall for her age, and what one might have called a good-looking, even pretty girl, were it not for an habitual expression of disdain which disfigured her countenance. Her girl acquaintances spoke of her as being just as full of airs as an egg is full of meat, adding they "didn't see what such a pug-nosed, freckled-faced thing had to be proud of!" But if they didn't, Polly did,—at least she imagined she did. True, her nose and her freckles were a constant source of worry to her, though she tried to console herself by calling her nose *retroussé*, and reflecting that she must have a peculiarly delicate skin, or she wouldn't freckle.

"A little learning is a dangerous thing." Polly was considered the head pupil at the *deestric* school, and had but a few months before left in a blaze of *deestric* glory. The board of education up in those parts had congratulated her on her erudition. "There weren't no smarter girl nowheres," they had affirmed, with the truly delightful disregard of the rules of grammar which such guardians of the schools often evince. Then Josiah Jones was the richest farmer for miles around, and cherished in his secret heart the desire to make a lady of this only daughter of his. Therefore

Polly, after her release from school, began to take music lessons, as being, in her father's opinion, one important step in that direction.

In ordinary household affairs Miss Polly rarely troubled herself to take a hand, nor did her parents require her to do so. Mrs. Jones was an energetic industrious little woman,—a great worker, and one who would much rather do any amount of drudgery herself, in her quick, thorough way, than submit to the infliction of standing passively by watching her daughter dawdling over it. True, she would occasionally protest: "Josiah, you are spoiling that girl,—filling her head with airs and nonsense." A looker-on might say: "Mrs. Jones, you are spoiling her quite as much yourself." And, in fact, everything and everybody around her was rapidly and surely conspiring to ruin poor Polly.

Her parents had accommodated a few city boarders during the past summer. Among them were a couple of wealthy ladies, who had been in society some years, and, though unmarried, were no longer young. They were recuperating in this retired spot to be ready for the coming winter campaign, and in the meantime sought rest and refreshment in the perusal of trashy, yellow-covered novels. A great pile of these, when leaving, they had been pleased to bestow upon Polly; and lost in the delights of this worthless fiction she had spent her days, and often even parts of her nights, since their departure. What dear, delightful creatures there were in the world, to be sure! What a fairy-land—a scene of enchantment—that same world of the great cities must be! And life, real life, how totally unlike it was to anything she had ever imagined! As she walked to the country store that day her mood was particularly disdainful; for she was repeating to herself the words describing the heroine of her latest novel:

"Cynthia Dorothea possessed a tall, lissome, sylph-like figure, which swayed in the balmy summer breeze like a young poplar."

Why it should *sway*, unless for some good reason Cynthia Dorothea wasn't steady on her legs, we are at a loss to understand. That question never occurred to Polly, but it did occur to her to reflect that she too had a tall, lissome, sylph-like figure, and what was

to prevent her from swaying in the balmy October breeze? She tried it, but, sad to say, without success.

"I say, missus, what ar' you staggerin' round that way fur?" had been the remark of a disrespectful small boy.

But to continue the description :

"Her throat, which supported her shapely head, was like an unbroken column of Parian marble."

Alas! we may be dull of comprehension, but we do fail to see what else one's neck generally does support but one's head; and we think the mention of its being unbroken is superfluous. We never heard of a live Cynthia Dorothea with a broken neck. Perhaps Polly did, though.

"Her head was crowned with tawny masses of rippling hair, which in the sunlight shone and glittered like burnished gold."

Everyday language would probably describe it as *red*. Such an idea never occurred to Polly.

"Her eyes were of heaven's own azure hue; her tremulous mouth, a perfect Cupid's bow, which when she smiled revealed a row of pearls, unbroken save by a single yellow gleam of gold, that gave the one needful, brilliant touch of color to the perfect whole. Her *retroussé* nose, and the little round spots here and there upon her creamy skin, revealing the playful touch of the summer sun, doubly enhanced her charms in the observer's eye. Taken all in all, she truly was

'A daughter of the gods,
Tall and most divinely fair.'

In other though less elegant words, Cynthia Dorothea had blue eyes, a weak mouth, a pug-nose, freckles, and had had a front tooth filled in a clumsy manner.

Polly knew very well she could not lay claim to all these personal beauties; for her hair was dark, her eyes were brown, her teeth were good, her mouth very firm and decided, and her neck an ordinary flesh and blood affair, not a column of marble. But, then, she had the "lissome" form—oh, how she loved to repeat that word!—the *retroussé* nose, and the little round spots revealing the playful touch of the summer sun. The novel had gone on to prove that with these last two charms the inevitable hero, with the adorable whiskers

and the melting eyes, had first fallen in love. She, Polly, might yet be the heroine of a novel, if something would only happen. And when she received that dainty envelope addressed to her mother, bright visions immediately rose before her eyes of the delightful news it might contain.

Polly knew her mother had a married sister living in New York, whose husband was very wealthy. But, much to the girl's chagrin, Mrs. Jones and Mrs. Shepard never exchanged visits, and rarely even letters. Perhaps now this one was from Aunt Sara, and perhaps—oh, delightful possibility!—perhaps it contained an invitation for her, Polly, to pay them a visit in the city. She knew her mother had written in the beginning of the summer to Aunt Sara, who was also her godmother, and probably she had told her how clever her godchild was. Bolstered up with this hope, and in her eagerness quite forgetting the elegant Cynthia Dorothea, Polly sped—she didn't try to sway any more—quickly home to learn the news. She was right: the letter was from Aunt Sara,—though it did not invite Polly for a visit, but announced instead that Mrs. Shepard and her husband, her son Raymond and her daughter Lulu, would arrive in a few days to spend a week with their country relatives.

The announcement was as overwhelming as it was unexpected to poor Mrs. Jones; but Polly, after her first disappointment, was in a delightful flutter of expectation. While her mother energetically scrubbed and cleaned and swept and dusted and baked, in grand preparation for their visitors, Polly industriously studied a book of fashion-plates in her possession; for pa had said she should have three new dresses. Miss Dasher, who had learned dressmaking in the city, had promised to have at least one finished before the eventful day. Polly had chosen the material. It was to be of a shade much in vogue at the time—apple-green,—and she had sent her order to a New York house. The green arrived, but for the life of her Polly could not see where its resemblance to apples came in; and, being too unsophisticated to perceive that she had been imposed upon, and was the possessor of the ugliest shade of that color which mortal man has ever invented, she deluded herself

with the thought that she could show her city relatives she could be stylish too.

One thing now troubled her. Her mother, on state occasions, always addressed her by her full name, Mary Ann; and oh, what a hideously common name it was! "Polly," too, was shockingly vulgar. Why couldn't they drop both and call her May or Marie during her cousins' visit? May had such a stylish sound, and Marie was so nice and Frenchy! Thus Polly ventured to suggest one evening; but she sincerely wished she hadn't; for evidently her feelings were not understood and appreciated by the rest of the family.

Farmer Jones slapped his thigh and laughed loud and long, saying that "Polly" was a sweeter, dearer sound to his ears than all the Frenchified "Maries" under the sun. Ma, too, was quite distressed, and said: "Mary Ann is my own name, and it was my mother's name before me; and if it isn't good enough for my daughter, perhaps I am not good enough either!" And poor Mrs. Jones, who was utterly worn out and nervous from overwork, leaned her head against the hard back of her chair, and shed a few tears in the dim twilight.

But Polly had a brother, a small boy. We hardly think it necessary to describe "a small boy." This one was, like most of his class, irrepressible. He now came to his sister's relief.

"Never mind, Poll! I will," he said.

"You will what, Jim?" inquired his sister, looking at him somewhat distrustfully. She had her suspicions of Jim.

"Why, call you high-flyin' names, of course!" replied that urchin, complacently.

"Which one will you call me?" asked Polly, eagerly.

"Marie Polly Mary Ann May Jones,—all of them—the whole five!" announced Jim, with a secret chuckle.

"James Alphonsus Jones! if you dare—" began his sister.

But here a neighbor unexpectedly broke in upon the family group with an important piece of news for the farmer; and what would happen to James Alphonsus Jones if he "dared" remains to be told.

(CONCLUSION IN OUR NEXT NUMBER.)

A Miser's Gold.

BY MARY CATHERINE CROWLEY.

(CONCLUSION.)

II.

Gloomy days continued for the Farrells; yet the outside world never dreamed of the straits to which they were reduced, for a spirit of worthy independence and pardonable pride led them to keep their trouble to themselves. Mrs. Farrell would have died, almost, rather than reveal their need to any one; nothing save the cry of her children asking in vain for bread would bring her to it. Well, they still had bread and oatmeal porridge, but that was all.

Who would have imagined it! The little house was still distinguished from the others of the row by an appearance of comfort. Although Mrs. Farrell could not do any type-writing, the children were neat and trim going to school; Bernard's clothes were as carefully brushed, his boots as shining, linen as fresh, his mien as gentlemanly as ever. And they found great satisfaction in the reflection that no one was aware of the true state of affairs. The mother and Bernard agreed, when they began housekeeping under their changed circumstances, to contract no bills; what they could not afford to pay for at the time they would do without. So now no butcher nor baker came clamoring for settlement of his account. The doctor was willing to wait for his money; all they owed besides was the rent. Only the landlord knew this, and he was disposed to be lenient. Mrs. Farrell still tried to hope for the best, but sometimes she grew dejected, was sorely tempted to repine.

"Mother," little Jack once asked, "aren't people who, as you say, 'have seen better days' and become poor, much poorer than people who have always been poor?"

"It seems to me they are, my child," answered the widow, dispiritedly. "But why do you think so?"

"Because," replied the young philosopher, "we are much poorer than the woman who used to wash for us. She appeared to have

everything she wanted, but we have hardly anything."

It was unreasonable, to be sure, but sometimes Mrs. Farrell used to wonder how her neighbors could be so hard-hearted as to go past unconcernedly, and not notice the necessities which, all the while, she was doing her best to keep from their knowledge. Often, too, as Stingy Willis went in and out of the door so close to her own, she thought: "How hard it is that this man should have riches hidden away, while I have scarcely the wherewith to buy food for my children! Walls are said to have ears,—why have they not also tongues to cry out to him, to tell him of the misery so near? Is there nothing which could strike a spark of human feeling from his flinty heart?" Then, reproaching herself for the rebellious feeling, she would murmur a prayer for strength and patience.

The partition between the two houses was thin. She and Bernard could frequently hear the old man moving about his dreary apartments, or going up or down the stairs leading to the cellar. "Old Willis is counting his money-bags again, I guess!" Bernard would say lightly, as the familiar shuffling to and fro caught his ear; while his mother, to banish the shadow of envious discontent, quietly told a decade of her Rosary.

The conversation anent the subject of the coal kept recurring to her mind with odd persistency. Repeatedly of late she had awakened in the night and heard the miser stumbling around; several times she was almost certain he was in her cellar, and—yes, surely, *at the coal*,—purloining it piece by piece, probably. Then just as, fully aroused, she awaited further proof, the noise would cease, and she would conclude she must have been mistaken. At last, however, it would seem that her suspicions were confirmed.

On this occasion Mrs. Farrell had not retired at the usual hour. It was after midnight, yet she was still occupied in a rather hopeless effort to patch Jack's only pair of trousers; for he evinced as remarkable an ability to wear out clothes as any son of a millionaire. The work was tedious and progressed slowly, for her fingers were stiff and the effort of sewing painful. Finally it was finished. With a sigh of relief she rested a moment in her chair. Just

then the silence was broken by a peculiar sound, like the cautious shifting of a board. That it proceeded from the cellar was beyond question. A singular rattling followed. She rose, went into the hall and listened. Yes, there was no delusion about it: somebody was at the coal,—that coal which, she remembered bitterly, was now but a small heap in the bin. That the culprit was Stingy Willis there could be little doubt.

Bernard had fallen asleep on the sofa an hour or more before. His mother stole to his side, and in a low voice called him. He stirred uneasily. She called again, whereupon he opened his eyes and stared at her in bewilderment.

"Hark!" she whispered, signalling to him not to speak.

Once more came the noise, now more distinct and definable. The heartless intruder had become daring; the click of a shovel was discernible; he was evidently helping himself liberally.

Bernard looked at his mother in perplexity and surprise.

"Stingy Willis?" he interrogated.

She nodded.

"And at the coal, by Jove!" he exclaimed, suddenly realizing the situation, and now wide awake.

He started up, and presently was creeping down the stairs to the kitchen. Mrs. Farrell heard him open the cellar door with the least possible creak. She knew he was on the steps which led below, but he made no further sound. She had no other clue to his movements, and could only distinguish the rumble of the coal. She waited, expecting momentarily that it would cease, dreading the altercation which would follow, and regretting she had aroused her son.

"He is quick-tempered," she soliloquized. "What if words should lead to blows,—if he should strike the old man! How foolish I was to let him go alone!"

The suspense was ominous. What was the boy going to do? Why all this delay? Why did he not promptly confront the fellow and order him to be gone? In reality, only a few minutes had elapsed since she first heard the noise, but it seemed a quarter of an hour even since he left her. Should she go down herself,

or call out to him? While she hesitated Bernard suddenly reappeared. She leaned over the banisters to question him; but, with a gesture imploring her to be silent, the astonished boy said, hardly above his breath: "Mother, come here!"

Cautiously she descended to the entry. He led her through the kitchen to the cellar steps. All the time the shovelling continued. Whispering "Don't be afraid," Bernard blew out the candle he carried, and, taking her hand, added: "Look!"

From the corner of the cellar in which the coal-bin was situated came the light of a lantern. Crouching down, Mrs. Farrell could see that it proceeded from a hole in the wall which separated the two houses. There was no one upon her premises, after all; but at the other side of the partition was Stingy Willis, sure enough! Through the opening she could just catch a glimpse of his grey head and thin, sharp features. Trembling with indignation, she peered forward to get a better view. Yes, there was Stingy Willis certainly; but—oh, for the charity, the neighborliness which "thinketh no evil!"—he was shovelling coal from his own *into* the Farrells' bin! As this fact dawned upon her she felt as if she would like to go through the floor for shame. Drawing back abruptly, she groped her way to the kitchen, and sank into a chair, quite overcome by emotion. Bernard, having relighted the candle, stood gazing at her with an abashed air. In a moment or two the shovelling ceased, and they could hear the old man, totally unconscious of the witnesses to his good deed, slowly ascending to his cheerless rooms again.

Stingy Willis alone had discovered their need. With a delicacy which respected their reticence, and shrank from an offer of aid which might offend, he had hit upon this means of helping them. Clearly, he had been thus surreptitiously supplying them with fuel for weeks,—a little at a time, to avoid discovery. And Mrs. Farrell, in her anxiety and pre-occupation, had not realized that, with the steady inroads made upon it, a ton of coal could not possibly last so long.

"That, of all people, Stingy Willis should be the one to come to our assistance!" exclaimed the widow.

"And to think he is not *Stingy* Willis at all! That is the most wonderful part of it!" responded Bernard.

"Often lately," continued the former, "when I happened to meet him going in or out, I fancied that his keen old eyes darted a penetrating glance at me; and the fear that they would detect the poverty we were trying to hide so irritated me that sometimes I even pretended not to hear his gruff 'Good-morning!'"

"Well, he's a right jolly fellow!" cried Bernard, enthusiastically.

His mother smiled. The adjective was ludicrously inappropriate, but she understood Bernard's meaning, and appreciated his feelings as he went on:

"Yes, I'll never let anybody say a word against him in my hearing after this, and I'll declare I have proof positive that he's no miser."

"He is a noble-hearted man, certainly," said Mrs. Farrell. "I wish we knew more about him. But, for one thing, Bernard, this experience has taught us to beware of rash judgments; to look for the jewels, not the flaws, in the character of our neighbor."

"Yes, indeed, mother," replied the youth, decidedly. "You may be sure that in future I'll try to see what is best in everyone."

The next morning Mrs. Farrell went about her work in a more hopeful mood. Bernard started for the office in better spirits than usual, humming snatches of a song, a few words of which kept running in his mind all day:

"God rules, and thou shalt have more sun
When clouds their perfect work have done."

That afternoon Mr. Crosswell, the head of the firm, who seemed suddenly to have become aware that something was wrong, said to him:

"My lad, how is it that your mother has not been doing the extra type-writing lately? I find a great deal of it has been given to some one else."

"She has been sick with rheumatism, sir," answered the boy; "and her fingers are so stiff that she can not work the machine."

"Tut! tut!" cried the lawyer, half annoyed. "You should have told me this before. If she is ill, she must need many little luxuries" (he refrained from saying *necessaries*). "She

must let me pay her in advance. Here are twenty-five dollars. Tell her not to hesitate to use the money, for she can make up for it in work later. I was, you know, a martyr to rheumatism last winter, but young Doctor Sullivan cured me. I'll send him round to see her; and, remember, there will be no expense to you about it."

"I don't know how to thank you, sir!" stammered Bernard, gratefully. Then he hurried home to tell his mother all that had happened, and to put into her hands the banknotes, for which she could find such ready use.

Doctor Sullivan called to see Mrs. Farrell the following day.

"Why," said he, "this is a very simple case! You would not have been troubled so long but for want of the proper remedies."

He left her a prescription, which wrought such wonders that in a fortnight she was able to resume her occupation.

From this time also Mr. Crosswell gave Bernard many opportunities by which he earned a small sum in addition to his weekly salary, and soon the Farrells were in comfortable circumstances again.

By degrees they became better acquainted with old Willis; but it was not till he began to be regarded, and to consider himself, as an intimate friend of the family that Bernard's mother ventured to tell him they knew of his kind deed done in secret,—a revelation which caused him much confusion. Bernard had discovered long before that their eccentric neighbor, far from being a parsimonious hoarder of untold wealth, was, in fact, almost a poor man. He possessed a life-interest in the house in which he dwelt, and the income of a certain investment left to him by the will of a former employer in acknowledgment of faithful service. It was a small amount, intended merely to insure his support; but, in spite of his age, he still worked for a livelihood, distributing the annuity in charity. The noble-hearted old man stinted himself that he might be generous to the sick, the suffering, the needy; for the "miser's gold" was only a treasure of golden deeds.

LABOR to keep alive in your heart that little spark of celestial fire called Conscience.—*Washington.*

A Blessed Prayer.

St. Peter Celestine has recorded the story of a simple-minded but very pious maiden who lived in Hungary. She knew no prayer save a part of the Angelic Salutation—"Hail Mary, full of grace; the Lord is with thee,"—but she said this so often and so devoutly that many believed her to have been taught the words by messengers from heaven. Constantly her lips were seen moving as she uttered over and over the sweet words; and as she spoke them a ray of sunshine always appeared over her head.

The bishop of the diocese, hearing of this, thought it wrong to mutilate the "Hail Mary" in that way, and tried to teach her the remainder; but the completed prayer was unblest by the familiar ray of sunshine. At this he was astonished and grieved, and begged Our Lord to explain what seemed so dark; whereupon a heavenly voice made answer: "Where there is divine intervention one needs no human teaching." So the bishop, greatly humbled, permitted the girl to say the words with which divine grace had inspired her, and the ray of sunshine was again seen above her head.

More Honorable than a Victory.

A large body of French soldiers, under the command of General Championnet, had marched long and far. Darkness overtook them in the vicinity of Frankfort, and orders were given to halt for the night. Just then some one approached the commander and said: "General, you have ordered us to camp here, but such a course will result in the ruin of hundreds of farmers. The grain of these poor people is ripe for the harvest, and will be destroyed."

The General called the officers of his staff. "I withdraw the order to halt," he said. "Tell my soldiers that we must not ruin the hopes of these people, who will starve without their grain; and have them continue the march."

The forbearance of the General touched the soldiers, weary and travel-worn as they were; and, with a shout for their beloved commander ringing down the lines, they moved on into the night.

THE AVE MARIA

TO THE HONOR OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

A MAGAZINE DEVOTED

HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.

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In Bonds.

BY MARION MUIR RICHARDSON.

I CAN not rest (the spirit cried)
 Within this world of sin and pain!
 Nor can I rise where open wide
 The gates of heaven's high domain.

I can not seek that shining place
 Still stained with traces of the clay;
 Those saintly ranks I dare not face
 Wearing a brow less pure than they.

That careless life I loved so well
 Now holds its sharp reproach in store.
 I see apart my dear ones dwell,
 But I can touch their hands no more.

I see the good deeds left undone,
 The earnest words I might have said,
 And duty's battle left half won
 Among the poor I might have fed.

O little things! O little things!
 Had I but known in time your worth,
 How quickly now my ransomed wings
 Would bear me far from this dark earth!

O loving Lord, more keen than fire
 Burns this regret that cleanses me,
 This lasting passion of desire
 To be with those who look on Thee!

DEVOTION is not, properly speaking, an emotion of the heart nor a spiritual consolation: it is rather a certain willingness and readiness in yielding to those things which appertain to the service of God.—*St. Thomas Aquinas.*

Lay Action in the Church.*

BY HENRY F. BROWNSON, LL.D.

THIS assembly of the Catholics of the United States in their first Congress is a scene of unusual interest, and promises results of the greatest importance. We have seen similar gatherings, in other lands, of venerable ecclesiastics and learned laymen, for the purpose of discussing the questions now agitating society in every country. We pretend not to be superior to others in wisdom or prudence, or better able to apply Catholic principles to social questions. But, living as we do in the only land on earth where the State declares itself incompetent in spirituals, and leaves to every individual complete religious as well as civil freedom, we have not to inquire, as in other countries, what the Government will permit us to do, or what will be the effect of our action on our political or civil standing—complex questions indeed, and leading to divergency of opinion and weakness of action,—but have simply to understand the questions, and the principles which should govern their solution, and to make the necessary application. We have only to ask, What is right? What is best? This greater freedom which we enjoy will naturally lead to bolder and more straightforward discussion, and to more vigorous action.

* Paper read before the first Congress of American Catholics, and printed from the author's manuscript.

diminish,—nay, have only made the brighter. It is better that men should sometimes fall into involuntary error than that they should stagnate in silence and imbecility. If we were to burn all the works of writers who have made mistakes in matters of faith and morals, how many Fathers and Doctors of the Church would escape?

In spite of our regrets, the medieval epoch has passed, and we no longer live in a nominally Catholic society. We are surrounded by

HERETICAL AND PAGAN INFLUENCES.

We are very nearly back where the world was nineteen hundred years ago, and all the nations need to be reconverted and society regenerated. Whilst we devote our resources to keeping those we already have, our losses are enormous. We shall go on losing still more unless we extend our efforts to the world around us. Not to advance is to recede. If we do nothing to convert those amongst whom we live, they will succeed in leading away large numbers from us.

For this it is necessary that we bring our intellectual life into harmony with our religious. If religion was deeply rooted in the intellect and the will—man's rational nature, and that which distinguishes him from other animals,—free and intelligent men would be able to act and to speak, when occasion is presented, in accordance with the principles they have learned and assimilated to their life. A child, a slave, or a barbarian may need to be commanded and instructed at every step; but not those who have attained to maturity, freedom, and civilization. With the great mass, religion is less a matter of the rational than of the sentimental nature. Because faith is feeble, the sentiments and affections have to be captivated by every variety of devotion, and the sentimental spirit of the age threatens to pervade every mind. In its truest expression, in popular literature, this spirit has degraded the holy affection of conjugal love to a sentiment common to men and beasts; and it would make piety a thing of sensibility, which men will abandon to the tender nurture of "the devout sex."

NEVER WAS THERE MORE DEVOTION AND
PIETY

in the Church than to-day, and it may be that God has chosen this as the means for the re-

conversion of the nations. God's ways, indeed, are not man's ways. But it is not for us to fold our arms and trust to prayer alone for the accomplishment of this work. Prayer is good, is necessary; but its effect is to gain divine assistance in our efforts, not to render effort unnecessary. God has, from the beginning, worked through second causes in the supernatural as in the natural order. He helps those who help themselves, and requires co-operation on our part. The world has never yet been converted by prayer alone, and it is not likely it ever will be.

The laity have begun everywhere to take an active part in works directly or indirectly aiding the action of the Church. Unfortunately, wherever in the Old World they have attempted anything more than the spread of particular devotions, or the establishment of benevolent and educational institutions, they have been embarrassed by the complicated relations of Church and State, as well as by love of routine and fear of novelty on the part of many. The prospect was bright in France when, on the downfall of the house of Orleans, an heroic band of Catholics, standing up for the rights of religion, secured to the Church a freedom and prosperity that had not been known in that country since the birth of the French monarchy. But a converted infidel, more cunning in vituperation and sarcasm than wise in understanding the times, gained the confidence of the reactionary party, and, by his advocacy of absolutism so identified Cesarism with Catholicity in the minds of the French people, that he thwarted all the efforts of the friends of liberty, and left the Church a prey to persecution by the enemies of imperialism.

Here, more than in other countries, is there need that the laity should bear their part in Church action, and do

ALL THAT LAYMEN MAY LAWFULLY DO.

Our clergy are overworked. They are not numerous enough to supply the wants of those already Catholics, and we ought generously to take as much of their burden as we can upon ourselves. We can do much by our writings, our speeches, and our lives, to disabuse those outside of the Church of their prejudices, and to make them understand the true doctrine and practice of the Church. All

that the Church teaches and enjoins is so conformed to right reason that no man not blinded by prejudice or passion can refuse his approval, when he clearly knows it. A layman may often get the ear of a non-Catholic that the priest can not reach; and an intelligent explanation of Catholic doctrine and practice by a layman will, in many instances, carry more weight than that made by the priest; because it is in a language and form of thought better understood and appreciated, and is less likely to be thought insincere.

By exercising their proper

INFLUENCE IN POLITICS,

Catholics could go far toward purifying them from the corruption which infects them. It is all very well to say that a republican form of government is sustained by the Church, and without that support must run into license or misrule. But the Church can only exercise her influence through the individual action of her members. If Catholics separate religion from politics, claiming that politics are independent of religion, how can the Church produce any effect in support of popular government? But if the two or three million Catholic voters in the country were all firmly convinced that the right of suffrage is a trust which they are bound in conscience to exercise in favor of right measures and upright and competent candidates, neither buying nor selling their own or another's vote, their influence would do much, if not all that is needed, to bring back our elections to their pristine purity.

If Catholics would unite in the cause of temperance, they could abolish all the drinking saloons or bar-rooms in the land, thereby doing away with the main cause of the corruption in politics, the source of more than half of the crimes and of nearly all the pauperism in the country.

In the great philanthropic and reformatory movements of the day the Catholic laity might well take part. Instead of holding aloof, and decrying such movements as visionary and fanatical, let them join in them, infuse into them the true spirit of charity, and give them a Catholic direction. By assuming their proper share in the management of our hospitals, asylums, prisons, and penitentiaries, they can procure the means of solacing the unfortunate,

reforming the erring, and have the right to insist on Catholic inmates being freely ministered to by their own clergy.

I would not underrate the great good now accomplished by

OUR BENEVOLENT ASSOCIATIONS, conferences of St. Vincent de Paul, and other societies of men and women for mutual benefit or for aiding the poor. I would only multiply them, till every Catholic man and woman in the land was enrolled in one or another of them. Everything that will promote the intellectual, moral, or social well-being of the country is so much gain for religion. For, although the Church was not established for the direct purpose of civilizing the nations, she indirectly promotes civilization whilst laboring to fit man for the life hereafter; and the higher the civilization of a people, the more is that people

IN HARMONY WITH CATHOLICITY.

No constitution can be more in harmony with Catholic principles than is the American, and no religion can be in such accord with that constitution as is the Catholic; and while the State is not absorbed in the Church, nor the Church in the State, but there is external separation, they both derive their life from the same interior principle of Catholic truth, and in their different spheres carry out the same idea.

Our American Constitution is the only philosophical, or dialectic, constitution the world has ever known. It has not only eliminated the barbarism of the Græco Roman civilization, abolished all privileged and slave classes, and extended equal rights to all, but it is founded in a living principle. All life is based on unity in diversity: on extremes with a medium of reconciliation. Unity without diversity is stagnation or death; diversity without unity is discord. The first results in centralized despotism, the second in anarchy. Our Constitution, by the providential events which gave it birth rather than by human counsel, is not only democratic, but, by the division of the powers of government between the general and the State governments, each acting in its own sphere, is founded in truth and reality, has in it the principle of life, and, so long as it is preserved in its essential character, can not die.

THE AMERICAN SYSTEM IS ALSO ANTI-PROTESTANT,

and must either reject Protestantism or be overthrown by it. Based on natural law and justice, our institutions are incompatible with a religion claiming to be revealed, but which fails to harmonize the natural and the supernatural, reason and revelation,—calls reason “a stupid ass,” and says nature is totally depraved. The principles of our civilization were taught by the Fathers and Doctors of the Church, her councils and pontiffs, who endeavored in vain to make them prevail under either the Roman or the German order of civilization. What those could not abolish in the Old World, our forefathers left behind, bringing with them all that was worth preserving of European civilization, but not its inequalities and superstitions. Like the Catholic Church, and like God Himself, we are no respecters of persons, but welcome alike all classes, conditions, and colors, so long as they conduct themselves orderly and decently.

But while the political and civil order of this country is not antagonistic to the Church, nor the Church hostile to the institutions and patriotism of the nation, it is not pretended that the sentiments or morals of the people are more in accord with Catholicity than in other countries. In public or private virtue, Americans have nothing to boast of over the rest of the world, whatever may have been the fact in this respect a hundred or even fifty years ago. And we do not ask our citizens of foreign birth to adopt our morals or sentiments when we speak of their duty to become Americans. What we mean is that they should study the American civil and political order, and labor for the interest of American civilization.

Not only are the sentiments and opinions of the majority of the American people opposed to the Church, but many of the habits and USAGES OF PORTIONS OF THE CATHOLIC BODY are offensive to that majority. And as many Catholics form their opinion of the American civil and political order from the actions and expressions of the American people, non-Catholics are, in like manner, apt to judge the Church by its members. Catholics ought, therefore, to eliminate from their body such customs as are both offensive to Americans

and disapproved of by the Church, study the American system and institutions, and conform to them, and let non-Catholics know the Church as she really is; and entire harmony would result in individuals, and the ideal of Christian society be actualized on earth.

Let us mingle more in such works of natural virtue as our non-Catholic fellow-citizens are engaged in, and try to exert

A CATHOLIC INFLUENCE

outside of our own body,—making ourselves better known; and at the same time that we co-operate in those good works, infuse into them something of our holier religion. And as we do this let us draw closer the bonds that unite us to one another; for union and concord among ourselves will then need strengthening, and will strengthen us in turn.

Individuals count for so little nowadays that to produce any great effect we must form associations—local associations, and associations for special purposes, but most of all one grand organization of the entire Catholic laity of the United States, with regularly constituted officers and committees, meeting at regular intervals, in a Catholic lay congress, for the purpose of manifesting and strengthening their Catholic loyalty and union, defending their rights, and by discussion and instruction helping those who are ignorant or weak. “Religion pure and unspotted with God and the Father is this: to visit the fatherless and widows in their tribulation, and to keep oneself undefiled from this world.” (St. James, i, 27.)

To enable the laity to work to any advantage in the cause of religion, there must be CONFIDENCE IN THEM ON THE PART OF THE CLERGY,

and manliness and freedom on their part. It is necessary that there should be confidence in the intelligence and motives of laymen. If they are only to repeat what is dictated to them, never think for themselves, or dare utter their thoughts, they can have no energy or freedom, and can produce no effect. The great mass of Catholics adhere to their religion from motives of conscience. Separation from the Church is no longer equivalent to outlawry or privation of fire and water. Every advantage, from a worldly point of view, is now on the other side. And it may well be presumed, until there is proof to the contrary, that such

Catholic laymen as devote their time and abilities to the interests of religion are actuated by love of it. That they will act intelligently is further presumable. They have shown in mechanical, industrial, and commercial enterprises a mental activity that claims admiration, and which would be of inestimable value if applied in the cause of religion and charity. They, as well as the clergy, have been filled with the Holy Ghost by the imposition of hands, and made soldiers of Christ's faith, and, in their proper sphere, will not lack the guidance of the Divine Spirit.

It is not to be expected that the necessary confidence will be given at once. We must gain it by proving ourselves deserving of it. Let us say what we have to say boldly and distinctly, without circumlocution or insinuation; and when it becomes apparent that there is no guile in us, we shall win the confidence of our pastors, our fellow-Catholics, and of the world at large, and our utterances will command attention.

A Sin and Its Atonement.

III.

A MONTH afterward all opposition had disappeared, and I plighted my troth to Edward Carlyon with the deepest sense of satisfied love and ambition that ever thrilled a young heart on the threshold of life. And, be it well understood, mine is no story of a heart deceived and betrayed, the hero of a romance turning out a villain. All that my husband seemed to be he truly was; all that he promised he loyally performed; and if my dreams were not realized it was because of the fundamental mistake that nature was sufficient without God,—because we had mapped out a career in which the finger of God was not to meddle.

After a honeymoon, which was to me like a glimpse of the Garden of Eden, my husband took me home for Christmas, where my assiduous attendance at church gave great edification, and my radiant happiness and health cleared away all shadow of misgiving from the hearts of my parents. I was so sure of myself and my own path that I even succeeded in lifting something of the cloud our marriage had thrown over Father Lindsay. I

told him how indifferent Edward was whether we had fish or flesh for dinner, and that he always kept the Friday's abstinence with me when he was at home; how kind he had been in arranging the route of our wedding trip so that I could hear Mass on Sundays; how he had once said that, for his mother's sake, he rather liked his wife to be a Catholic,—it would have so rejoiced her heart. I could not help hoping, I added, that some day all clouds upon his noble intellect would clear away, and that he would embrace that good mother's faith and mine. The kind priest listened, with a desire to be reassured, gave me some very wise and practical advice, and said, as with trembling voice he gave me his parting blessing: "Cling to the careful hearing of your obligation Masses as your sheet anchor. So long as you are faithful and fervent in this you can not be swept away."

We went to Paris, where my husband had to work up various threads of his great enterprise, and where the three friends who had embarked with him in the affair were residing. I was warmly received by these gentlemen, and our house was considered a delightful place of rendezvous. I applied myself to learning dressmaking and all the arts which it would be useful to teach in the new colony.

Ours, in a certain sense, was a perfect union, and the warmth of the sunshine in which I lived seemed to bring out all my capabilities; so that, instead of being ashamed of my country breeding (as I sometimes feared he would be), my husband was always proud of me, and his friends were constantly telling him he was the luckiest fellow in the world. Now and then a slight pang of mortification smote me as I realized how much more complete a response other clever and cultivated women could have given to all his philosophical ideas and theories; and I saw, too, that he evidently was pleased at this appreciation. But these were the most passing shadows, and vanished almost before I had taken time to note them. So, slowly but surely, all self-distrust, all cries for help in the difficult path I had chosen, all clear views of the end for which I was created, were swallowed up by the advancing tide of the "pride of life."

My husband never interfered with my practice of religion,—never made any direct

effort to shake my faith: he merely *ignored* it. At first I used to try and interest him in Catholic matters. I made for myself a beautiful little oratory, in which I took great delight. There was a high bracket supporting a lovely statue of Our Lady; two niches on either side, with St. Joseph and St. Margaret in them; and a crucifix, devotional but not at all artistic, standing on a little altar in front. I had appealed to Edward to help me in this, but, though he was always kind and courteous, I met with no responsive sympathy. How could it be otherwise? But it had its effect upon me. By degrees I left off making any allusion to my religion, and kept it in the background as much as possible. My dream of gently drawing my husband into the fold faded away almost without my perceiving it.

My life was a very busy one; I had many things to learn in order to prepare myself for my future work; and so it came about that I fell into the habit of hurrying over all my religious duties. The morning and evening prayers I had once said so carefully in my little oratory became shorter and shorter, and at last were omitted altogether. Mass on Sundays I still clung to like grim death, but months passed without my approaching the Sacraments. Religion was banished from my intercourse with my husband, it was being gradually banished from my own heart. It was not without a struggle,—my conscience gave me many a twinge; but I would not stop to listen, and in my pride thought, "I shall take it all up again when I am quietly settled in the new colony. I really can not help myself now." Soon, however, I did not even think that. Without advice or direction from any one I launched out in the reading of mystical books far above my comprehension, and, taking passages apart from their context, and read by the light of the false philosophy that was constantly being talked all round me, I began to think that Catholics advanced in the spiritual life treated all the simple practices and precepts of Catholicism much as my husband did. I persuaded myself I was giving up mere form and ceremony, and that I still held fast all that was essential in my faith.

Edward, I have said, made no direct effort to shake my faith, but—and this was inevitable—all his influence tended in that one direction

I felt his powerful mind acting on mine, and I, standing alone, in my own poor strength, was too weak to resist it. In the long winter evenings, whenever we happened to be alone, he would read aloud whilst I worked. The books he chose were often those that treated of the great questions that agitate men's minds in the present day,—but all treated from the skeptic's point of view. The Christian religion was not so much attacked as simply ignored. It was looked on as a mere phase in the moral history of the world,—a phase that was practically past, and could have no part in the regeneration of mankind that was to follow as soon as men could be made to act on the principles laid down by these new philosophers.

It all sounded very grand to me, though at first I felt there was something wanting in it all, which left me unsatisfied. I was flattered by the homage paid to my intellect; my husband evidently thought I could understand and appreciate these thoughts that to him seemed so noble. My pride was increased by the deferential manner in which Edward's friends tried to draw me into their conversations and elicit my opinion on the different ideas that were under discussion. They often drew lively pictures of a life in a new country, where people would be free from the trammels of old laws and superstitions, and be at liberty to develop to the full the only principles that could make man fulfil his high destiny. The part a woman of clear views and powerful intellect might play in this great undertaking would, they said, be grand enough to satisfy the wildest ambition.

I had thought myself strong enough to withstand all temptation. When doubts about the lawfulness of these readings and conversations flashed across me, I persuaded myself it would be weak and narrow-minded to avoid them. It was well to know what people were thinking about. There could be no possible danger for an old, well-instructed Catholic like myself. Yet now—not two years since our marriage—I had practically ceased to be a Catholic! I saw everything from my husband's point of view. I looked forward with eagerness to *our* work, and already saw myself playing the part assigned to me by all our friends. Pride had indeed led me very far. I still went regularly to Mass on Sundays, however. I

can scarcely say it was an act of worship on my part; I felt it a tiresome obligation, but I dared not give it up. Alas! even that went at last—and then came the deluge!

We had been a year and a half in Paris, and the time for sailing for the Promised Land, as we used to call it, was close at hand. The absorbing interest that filled every day and every hour threw more and more into the shade that *one thing* in which my husband took no part. I used to attend an early Mass on Sunday, so as to be free to go out with him into the country for the rest of the day. But on the particular Sunday I so well remember, and with such pain of heart, we had invited some friends to a *déjeuner*, so that I knew we could not go out; and it was raining and blowing so fiercely in the early morning I could not get to church before breakfast. So I decided to go to ten o'clock Mass, and was just preparing to set out when Edward appeared at my door, looking radiant with delight.

"There is such a treat for both of us!" he exclaimed. "The greatest orator in all France is going to deliver a lecture in the hall of the Sorbonne. De Vêrac has secured tickets for us. But we must make haste. Half Paris will be there, and I would not miss it for the world!"

"O Edward," I exclaimed, in unfeigned distress, "I haven't heard Mass yet! I was just going to the Madeleine. Would it not be still time at eleven o'clock?"

"Certainly not," he answered, in his cold-est tones. "I shall have to go alone. But you would have enjoyed it so." Even then he did not attempt to coerce me, but I saw his look of keen disappointment, and I heard him mutter something between his teeth.

I could not stand it. "I did my best to go this morning and the storm prevented me. I ought to do now what my husband wishes," I said to myself. (He was watching me anxiously.) "I will go with you," I said aloud. "I think I may consider myself dispensed from hearing Mass, as the bad weather kept me away this morning."

He was delighted, hurried me into a carriage, and as we drove off said: "I could not have enjoyed it without you. You never heard such a voice, such a torrent of fine, burning eloquence. I should like to get inside you and see what you feel."

I am not going to set down one word of that marvellous yet utterly anti-Christian discourse, which, in the frame of mind in which I was that day, seemed to break down all barriers, release me from all fetters, and bear me on the wings of an eagle up and into the innermost heaven. What wonder, when my will had been so long setting in the wrong direction, that that wonderful, musical voice should sway it with its words of power! What wonder since, having that very day let slip the last anchor and most powerful means of grace, I was at the mercy of that tremendous wave, which swept me off the rock of faith!

The orator lectured for an hour on a sort of transcendental philosophy, which was to take the place of all revealed religion. It seemed like a few minutes, and when those silver tones ceased to thrill on the ear the whole assembly sat still for a space, as though spell-bound, and then burst out in wild applause. My husband led me out and put me in a *fiacre*; still I could not speak. Then, drawing me to him, he said: "Meg, I have got inside and seen, and now—now! Your soul and mine are one,—all differences destroyed."

We arrived home just in time to receive our friends at that pleasantest of social gatherings, a Parisian *déjeuner*. M. Daquesseau, who was one of Edward's colleagues, brought the news that a certain M. de Réchac, who was all-powerful with the Minister of Foreign Affairs, had accepted the invitation we had sent him, and was coming with De Vêrac. "The Fates are all propitious to-day!" exclaimed Edward, who had been long trying to secure the good graces of this man, through whom he counted on obtaining certain advantages for the French colonists who were going out with him. His delight and exultation could not be disguised; his bounding spirits overflowed upon his guests, and we never had such a brilliant reunion. M. de Réchac was the only stranger, but he too felt the spell, and for the time being was delightful. He was a most violent anti-Christian leader, and was believed to be the soul of one of the secret societies.

Edward explained his plans and wishes about "Mount Carlyon," as the new settlement was to be called; to all which the Freemason listened with evident interest, and

finally promised his best endeavors to secure the favors from the French Government which would be of such material advantage. "I feel the greatest pleasure in assisting you, Mr. Carlyon," he said in conclusion, "as I see you are a man of wide and enlightened views; and I feel sure you will never allow meddling priests to make use of your colony to further their own ends. As to those suckers from the old trunk of superstition who are continually presenting themselves under color of emigration, they will be as destructive to liberty in the new country as they have been in the old, and I shall always do my utmost to crush them."

There was an involuntary glance toward me from several of the habitual guests, who knew that Edward would never suffer any observation at his table which would annoy or distress his wife. M. de Réchac saw it in a moment, and hastened to repair what he thought was a false step.

"But I ought not to express my sentiments so broadly before ladies. Madame is a good Catholic, probably? The fair sex can seldom get on anywhere without a thread of superstition; and, by my faith, they prove themselves marvellously skillful in weaving their threads into cables."

I felt the full force of the innuendo. How could I let Edward's plans suffer from what at that moment seemed to me an untrue suspicion! I raised my eyes, encountering as I did so a scrutinizing and scornful glance from the Freemason, and said, calmly and distinctly: "My views, M. de Réchac, are absolutely one with those of my husband, and it will be my pride as well as my duty to help him in carrying them out."

There was a little murmur of applause, too subdued and well-bred to be offensive; a look from Edward which made my heart bound with delight, and then the conversation flowed on, more intimate and expansive than ever—and the Divine, pleading glance, which, through Peter, has rested on every renegade who has since pierced his Master's Heart by his denial! That fearful woe which will echo through all ages till the day of doom: "Of him will the Son of man be ashamed," etc. As I write of this past time I say to myself, "Was it *possible* I neither saw nor heard?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A Last Letter.

BY MARY E. MANNIX.

OF her sweet self so much a part
It seems her very breath;
I can not yet persuade my heart
That she has talked with Death,—
That somewhere, from the shining spheres
Beyond the golden door,
She bids me dry my falling tears
And weep for her no more.

The last—with not the faintest thought
Of that so soon to be;
With hope and love and kindness fraught,—
All tenderness for me.
I hold it 'twixt my finger tips,
As though her hand were there;
I press it softly to my lips
With many a silent prayer.

Tears, and yet tears!—how oft revealed!—
Her wondrous eyes would shine
With crystal drops, but half concealed
At sight of tears in mine.
Close, fluttering pages; close! Ye blend
What words can never paint—
The blessed memory of a friend,
The relic of a saint.

A Miniature Republic.

BY CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

AFTER a very dismal ride I succeeded in reaching Rimini, a town once fatal to love. It rained or drizzled all the morning; great water-drops shot across the car window like javelins. On the one hand we had the Adriatic, looking grey and gloomy; on the other, a distant mountain range partially obscured by mist. Out of that mountain range towered a bluff; upon its triple peaks towered the citadel of San Marino, and thither I was bound—a solitary pilgrim, seeking a breath of free air and an hour's repose in a miniature Republic that was conceived, by tradition, in the fifth century.

I was glad to cast myself into the first omnibus I found at the station in Rimini, and trust to the blind good fortune that has befriended me in many an hour of doubt. It was well!

Excellent hotel; pleasant stroll among grass-grown streets, out along the now deserted quays that look like an unweeded garden grown to seed,—a very paradise of lizards and creeping things.

I knew as I crossed the piazza Giulio Cesare that imperial Cæsar once upon a time harangued his troops in the immediate vicinity—just after they had crossed the Rubicon, a little way down the line of the railroad. Happy thought! But—O happier thought by far!—I was shown the spot where good St. Anthony delivered a homily to his brothers, the fishes, while they listened with their round mouths open, and their fairy-like fins in breathless suspense.

Then there was the tale of Francesca di Rimini—see Dante, with Gustave Dore's illustrations, and Leigh Hunt's well-told "Story of Rimini," and George H. Boker's romantic tragedy, which is to-day one of the artistic successes of the stage. There is little to do in Rimini but to muse upon these epochs in history; for the town is not striking in appearance, nor possessed of much that is notable in art.

I would have mused to my heart's content were it not that my mind was then burdened with the thought of besieging a Republic, and I was not at ease until I had secured a conveyance—I mean the promise of one,—which was to convey me out of the kingdom into the blessed Land of Liberty on the following morning. It came in good season—the means of conveyance,—and it was, without exception, the worst I ever saw; it sagged frightfully; the wheels reeled as if they were drunken, and I am not yet certain that they had not limber spokes and elastic tires. The poor beast staggered in a harness that fell apart at intervals, and was repaired with bits of rope stowed under the seat for that purpose.

It is about a dozen miles from Rimini to "Liberty or Death." Once every fifteen minutes we stopped to repair damages; we did it patiently, not to say cheerfully. What will the patriot not endure when he sees before him the rock on which the tottering thrones of Europe have again and again split!

I was meditating on the fall of empires, and the prospect of a good square meal in the Republic, when the beast, our chief hope,

sank on his knees against the curb of a small stone bridge that spanned an insignificant stream. At this moment the driver sprang to his feet, and, with an air of pride bordering on conceit, exclaimed: "Behold the Republic!" I beheld, with a sigh of relief, an extensive pasture, out of which towered the everlasting rock with its triple peaks, and on each peak a microscopic castle. Forgive me if I confess that there was no perceptible change in the temperature; that the moist green fields were still moist and green, and that the only difference I was at that moment able to distinguish between a monarchy and a republic was that the latter was more hilly and less populous than the former.

Meanwhile our beast had fainted. I sat alone on the wild frontier, and wished to goodness that some one, regardless of politics, would come to my relief. The obliging lad who had driven me to the borders of the Kingdom of Italy at the peril of life and limb, now most obligingly went over the bridge into the Republic of San Marino, beseeching aid of the citizens.

Once more the journey was resumed. My triumphal entry was by no means what it might have been under other circumstances; but I cared not a jot for this. It is the proud boast of the United-Stateser that he is nothing if not democratic—which, I take it, means Bohemian in the best sense. And why should I, an ambassador from the Great Republic, blush to accept a favor at the hands of the smallest Republic imaginable, particularly as I was permitted to pay well for it? Therefore, sedately dragged by a yoke of ponderous oxen, I approached the foot of the mountain with as much dignity as I could command. I met few citizens, but those I chanced to meet greeted me with a smile, a touch of the hat, and a jovial greeting; inspired, no doubt, by the spirits of Liberty, Equality, Fraternity,—those invisible patrons who preach upon the three towers of the miniature Republic.

There is a sparse settlement at the base of the great rock of San Marino; it looks almost as if part of the town on the summit had spilt over the giddy brink of the precipice and lodged in good form at the foot of it. Here my cattle were pastured; the steed of Rimini had been abandoned in the edge of the king-

dom to recover against my return in the post-meridian. I left my driver to order dinner, and footed it up the steep path that winds about the cliff until I came to a halt in the centre of the town, surrounded by its chief architectural, religious, secular, historical and mythical features. Any one of these I might have probed with the Alpen-stock of fashion and fiction, had I ever affected that form of advertising my outings.

For the citadel, picture to yourself a huge rock rising abruptly nine hundred feet into the air. The walls of this rock are nearly perpendicular; they are grey, weather-beaten, and almost as smooth as glass. The road that leads to the summit is chiselled out of the corner of the rock; it zigzags painfully, and rises at an angle that suggests a stairway rather than a road. The top of the rock is about a quarter of a mile in length and less than half that in breadth, even in the broadest part. It is covered with houses to the very brink; these houses are all of stone, and seem to have caked into one solid mass; it is difficult to discover where one ends and another begins. Extremely narrow streets, or alleys, wind in and out among groups of dwellings, and cross bridges that span deep crevices in the rock, or run under the houses that are tunnelled for that purpose,—so precious is every inch of space up yonder among the clouds. Less than a thousand souls inhabit that eyrie, and these are the young eagles of Liberty that have made their nest in the lap of the Italian Kingdom.

The Castle is the only building at all interesting or even pretentious, and it is perched on the mossy brink of the stupendous precipice. From its turrets I dropped a pebble into the streets of the little village—Borgo Maggiore—almost a thousand feet below. The custodian of the Castle showed me over the pretty premises—the tiny garden, the toy bridges, the lilliputian halls,—where he and his family reside. From the bell tower I seemed to see half of Italy. What an Eden it looked from the three towers of San Marino! There shone the sea; and away in the north, Ravenna, a city that sleeps in the sunshine and the grass; in the south is Urbino, where Raphael was born. The eye follows the thread-like road that winds down from the isolated

Republic through undulating meadow-lands to Rimini.

Here, at a single glance, one has the whole Republic under his thumb. San Marino is thirty miles in circumference, and has a population of seven thousand six hundred. You might drop it into the extinct volcanic crater of Haleakala, on the Sandwich Island of Maui, without turning up the edge of it in any corner. It is a complete pocket edition of the ideal Republic,—is it not? Supreme power is vested in a council of sixty, chosen for life. Of the sixty twenty are nobles by birth, twenty landholders, twenty peasants. Every six months the grand council selects two captains, to whom is entrusted the executive power; a council of twelve judges the criminal and civil cases; a body of nine attends to the administration of the public expense. Supreme judicial power is vested in two foreigners—non-residents of the Republic; the incumbents are elected triennially. The *gendarmes* and the guard—eighty men all told—constitute the military force. All citizens between the ages of eighteen and sixty years are enrolled, and subject to active service in case of necessity. The treasury is maintained by the profits on salt and tobacco, a tax on real estate, and a small duty on bread and provision. The revenues are \$7,000 per annum.

The custodian deluged me with statistics, and his hospitality was overwhelming. It was with difficulty that I at last tore myself from his fraternal embrace; for he wished to assure me—and did so again and again—that, though a rival, San Marino was ever willing to extend the right-hand of fellowship to citizens of the United States; he might have added—but he did not—and to entertain them at so much per head,—about three francs, I think.

I had still to see the cells of the prisoners and the prisoners themselves. Alas! three citizens had been naughty—I was informed,—and were in durance vile for a few days; they were confined in the cosiest little cells imaginable, opening upon the garden. I was permitted to see these jail-birds fed, and to smoke with them.

Then I turned my back on the cubby-house capitol, the play-room of the legislature, the pet prisoners, and all the delights of life up yonder, and ran down the steep road to the

bottom of the Republic, where I found dinner rapidly cooling. I dined in solitary state, in the august presence of the History of San Marino in three quarto volumes, unbound, at ten francs the set,—for sale!

There was sweet wine and tranquillity, and an obliging commissioner, who brought me pennies and postage stamps indigenous to that sacred soil, and much prized by collectors—let me tell you—because of their extreme rarity. The citizens were playing ball, as is their custom of an afternoon, while I sat in the window-seat with my cigar. The husbands and fathers skipped lightly in the field and swung the bat with herculean vigor; the wives and mothers gathered in a row under the high rocks and applauded the players to the echo. It was picturesque, it was pastoral, it was republican,—but somehow I half suspected that it was all done for the benefit of the benighted foreigner within their gates, who was perfectly certain to prate of it.

I wonder if that holy hermit who went up into his mountain to pray, early in the fifth century, and whose zeal brought followers after him, so that when he died he was crowned a saint, and the mount shall bear his name forever,—I wonder if San Marino ever dreamed that a monastery would some day top his eyrie, and that free souls would fight for free soil under the shadow of that great rock, defying kings and princes, and offering sanctuary to countless refugees who have sought it again and again? Garibaldi, with his legion, begged the protection of San Marino when hard pressed upon its border by the Austrians.

Poor little San Marino! how it prides itself, and boasts of its freedom, and looks down from its cloud capped citadel upon sorrowful Italy, prostrate and sick at heart, and not yet recovered from the shock of union! Well, let us breathe the free air of liberty, good San Marino,—though, to confess the whole truth, it is just the least little bit like breathing through a keyhole.

Lazily lounging out of the Republic, at the heels of that yoke of steers, I met on the border-line a donkey, with his four hoofs firmly planted in free soil and his heart in his throat. He seemed to me an emblem of the raw citizen who can not distinguish between

liberty and license, and whose room is infinitely more precious than his society; for he was looking over the fence into the United Kingdom, while, with more lungs than logic, he hurled his scorn at the tottering thrones of Europe, and seemed to consider it a foregone conclusion that they must fall before his withering breath! Thinks I to myself: There is something in that, by Jove!—if only a fellow is unprejudiced enough to acknowledge it.

The Best Books of all Times and of all Literatures.

THIS is the title of a pamphlet a large edition of which has been published by the firm of Frederic Pfeilstuecker, Berlin, under the auspices of Dr. Max Schneidewin and Dr. Hans Herrig. In many respects the book is interesting for us also, especially when we remember that such men as Windthorst, Janssen, and Minister-of-Worship Gossler, gave their co-operation to the enterprise. The work is to be a side-piece to a similar one which appeared a few years ago in the English language, but which bore an unmistakable English tinge, and was called "The One Hundred Best Books." The English list was limited to the indicated number, and the collection was made by one man only—the Chancellor of the London University, Sir John Lubbock. But Mr. Pfeilstuecker has sought the advice and opinion of a large number of German *savants* and authors; and, although his first effort failed, he has now received an answer from thirty-five men of varied acquirements, all of whom contributed more or less numerous lists of books of general or special contents, and partly classed under general headings, such as Oriental, Grecian, Roman matters; old or new German literature, philosophy, history, natural sciences; French, English, Italian, Spanish, Portuguese literature, etc. These communications have greatly encouraged the author, and been doubtless of much assistance, if his own discernment be equal to the occasion.

The book lists of Pfeilstuecker's collection, however incomplete they may be, offer more than a mere guide in the selection of litera-

ture: they also give an idea of the intellectual situation of our days. The greater number of the lists present a confused and anything but satisfactory picture of the present mental condition with reference to the moral and religious questions of mankind. The great works of antiquity and of the Middle Ages, especially the *Nibelungenlied* and Dante's, as also the great poets of modern times, with Shakespeare and Cervantes at the head, are named on most of them. Whether the writers read these authors is a different question; at all events, it may be strongly doubted whether they have all read Kant's *critique* of pure and practical reason. But, however that may be, we can hardly picture to our mind a young man so sedate, not to say so philosophically or religiously inclined, as to read those books which have received the greater number of votes. In philosophy and natural sciences he would have to be an admirer of Kant, or rather Schopenhauer, and especially of Darwin. Much less could we represent to ourselves the young man whose turn of heart and mind would lead him to combine Dante's "*Divina Commedia*" and Manzoni's "*Promessi Sposi*" with Voltaire's "*Candide*" and "*Dictionnaire Philosophique*"; or Montalembert's "*Monks of the West*" and Janssen's "*History of the German People*" with such authors as Heine, Sardou, and George Sand.

But what pleases us most, and must be looked on as a mark of progress, is the fact that, besides the intellectual heroes prior to the Reformation, quite a number of Catholic authors have found recognition; which goes to prove that Windthorst's wish was not altogether disregarded when he said: "By all means, in an index of this kind, Catholic literature must find more recognition than has been the case heretofore." This must, of course, be credited chiefly, though not exclusively, to the few Catholic contributors. Prominent among the latter is Janssen, whose letter can not fail to interest our readers, and therefore we give it entire:

"If I am to indicate a number of works in which, in my opinion, the power of the human intellect has been revealed in a special manner, I will mention in the field of history: Thucydides, Tacitus, and St. Augustine's '*De Civitate Dei*'; in eloquence: Demosthenes and

St. John Chrysostom; in the field of poetic labors: Homer, Dante, Shakespeare; in philosophic thought: Aristotle, St. Augustine, and St. Thomas Aquinas.

"The works in German literature to which I owe my greatest encouragement and advancement are, above all, the *Nibelungenlied*, *Gudrun*, *Wolfram von Eschenbach's 'Percival'*, *Walther von der Vogelweide*, *das Anno-lied*; the German chronicles and the religious books of instruction and edification from the fifteenth century. Many of the latter, it appears to me, may, even independent of their intrinsic value, be counted among the most beautiful productions of German prose. Among the later writers I mention in a special manner: Lessing's critical writings; Goethe's *Iphigenia*, *Tasso* and *Hermann and Dorothea*; Schiller's '*Wallenstein*'; Clement Brentano's writings in prose; Uhland; Eichendorff; Stifter's '*Studies and Variegated Stones*'; Riehl's '*Family*,' '*German Labor*,' '*Culture Studies*,' and novels; Weber's '*Dreizehnlinden*.'

"As favorite books in other branches I have always considered Moehler's '*Symbolism*'; Hettinger's '*Apology for Christianity and for the Church*'; Ketteler's socio-political writings; Fénelon's spiritual works; the conferences and the letters of Lacordaire; the complete works of Montalembert, Balmes, Wiseman, and Newman.

"Among historical studies the following works exercised the greatest influence upon me: In early youth, Stolberg's history of religion; later, Ritter's geography; Ranke's *History of the Popes*; Guizot's lectures on European and French civilization; the first volume of Macaulay's English history and his essays. The most lasting effect was produced by Karl Adolf Menzel's '*Modern History of the Germans*.' Furthermore, the histories of literature by Vilmar and W. Wackernagel; Goerres on the German *Volksbücher*; Uhland's essays on the German national songs; Schnaase's letters and art of the Netherlands; Schorn's art journal; Rio's '*De l'Art Chrétien*,' and Reichensperger's various writings on Christian art; Ambros' history of music; Stobbe's history of the sources of German Jurisprudence; Beseler's *People's Law and Jurist's Law*; Stintzing's '*Ulrich Zasius*';

the complete politico-economical works and treatises of Roscher and Schmoller; in the same branch, the treatises of J. Falke and O. Kius in the annals for national economy and statistics, and in the periodicals for general political economy; Roger's 'History of Agriculture and Prices.'

"I have always read with a special predilection collections of letters and biographical annotations, and I say that no man should fail to read and imitate the letters of Johannes von Mueller, the biographical sketches of Niebuhr, the early memoirs of Ernst Rietschel, and the letters of Karl Ritter."

Sepp also has said many good things in his contribution, but his assertions about Thomas à Kempis and the Synoptists are unexpected. When Stoecker says that Jeremias Gotthelf and Alban Stolz can not be too highly recommended as aids toward acquiring popular ideas and expressions we are just as much edified as we are scandalized when he says: "In philosophy Hegel's thoughts have at times been important helps toward conquering spiritual temptations." We could explain this assertion in some manner if the great impression which Schleiermacher's speeches on religion and its doctrine had made upon him were a lasting and determining one; but this has not been the case.

In conclusion, we would remark that from the standpoint of modern indifferentism it is impossible to determine a list of the best books. It is possible only on the ground of Catholic truth, which is as comprehensive as it is solid.

The Social Nagger.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

HE permeates society, and his barbed speeches are like needles passing through flesh. He—or she—has never learned the art of letting people alone. You may depend upon it that when he was young he never permitted marbles to be played except in *his* way, and that he made life gloomy to his small associates by trying to direct them on all occasions in the way they thought they ought not to go.

The social nagger is "fussy" to the last degree. It is he that always rings the bell in the street-car,—held sacred to the conductor, and brings the wrath of that dignitary down on the innocent. It is he that keeps the car door open for ten minutes before he intends to alight, in order that a stream of cold air may blow in on the other passengers. At weddings he audibly prompts the bride when she is about to say "I will," and audibly warns the bridegroom that he has dropped his handkerchief. At funerals he is great. He jostles the mourners, and prescribes the number of tears that may be shed; afterward he comments on the arrangements, and makes the distant relatives unhappy by regretting that some people have no proper feeling. His leading idiosyncrasy is that he can never let "well-enough" alone. He is the destroyer of all comfort, and he might gain credit as the discourager of self-complacency were he not sure to turn self-complacency into irritation and anger.

If there be a defect in one's friends that one wants to overlook he discovers it, and insists that he, as a self-appointed ministering angel, must goad one on to correct it. It never seems to occur to him that some of us like our friends both because and in spite of their faults. It never seems to enter his mind that in pulling up a small weed he may drag up a precious root to be blighted in the frost of his nagging. He acts from habit, not from thought; and nothing is too sacred for him to meddle with.

If you meet him in the street, he button-holes you and tells you unpleasant things about yourself in a way that affects you like the passing of a cloud. Criticism that stimulates is good; criticism that discourages is bad. And his is always bad, because it is discouraging. He can turn the brightest day to twilight in a minute; he would have changed the *trillo* on the lips of that cheerful, selfish old soul, Pepys, into a sigh of hopelessness. He wants the sinner to live, but in such a way that life is worse than death. He abhors cheerfulness; it savors of levity. And yet he insists that his friends shall be gay when he bids them—or when he lets them.

If you meet him in a public assembly, he presents you to all the people you do not want to know. And after you have made the

best of it, and start home chuckling over the humors of the evening, and on the most comfortable terms with yourself, he whispers sternly, "Well, I hope people didn't notice how absurd you were!"

Do you make a new acquaintance and vaunt his cleverness, he informs you that he is likely to be clever at your expense, and urges you to freeze him out of his gaiety. Do you admire the appointments of your neighbor's house, "Oh," he says, "I knew his grandfather when he couldn't pay his debts!" This is very lowering to the system. For who, in our time, when every man is setting up a genealogy—I had almost written a geology,—is quite certain of his own grandfather?

"How unaffectedly pious is Mr. So-and-so!" you say. "But I never see him at High Mass," he answers. And so on; there is always a fly in his amber,—a fly that spoils it for you; always a canker in every rosebud he touches; always a fault that shadows every virtue. His intolerance is intolerable.

The greatest social nagger in history is John Knox. How he pestered that unhappy Mary Stuart and her ladies because they would have their *gavottes* and their *pavanes* and their *menuets* at Christmas time! Queen Elizabeth might dance as "disposedly" as she would, but the wretched old snobbish nagger never nagged people who would hit back; and so the modern nagger has his timidities. For those whose gentleness holds back the hard truth they might say, he has no quarter; but he never attacks the rich or the influential, no matter how vulgar they may be; for them he is always sure to bring out his unused and moth eaten mantle of charity, and woe be to ye who dare to touch it with aught but reverence! Peace be with him—or her,—but there is no peace!

It is verily a great madness not to believe the Gospel, whose truth the blood of martyrs crieth, the voice of Apostles soundeth, miracles prove, reason confirmeth, the world testi-fieth, the elements speak, devils confess. But a far greater madness is it, if thou doubt not but that the Gospel is true, to live then as though thou doubttest not but that it were false.—*Pico della Mirandola.*

Notes and Remarks.

The pilgrimage of the French workmen to Rome, which took place lately, gave great pleasure to the Holy Father, who listened with approval to the words of Cardinal Langénieux: "May your Holiness, so deeply tried by man's injustice, deign to associate your cause with the workmen's cause!" Cardinal Langénieux, who represents the French workmen, declares that the only solution of the labor problem will come from the Pope.

The *Annuaire des Missions* gives a complete report of the wondrous progress which the Church continues to make in our missionary countries. The wise and firm direction of Leo XIII., his gifts to Propaganda, the renewed impulse which he has given to the work of the apostolate, the establishment of international centres at Rome, his influence upon European politics,—these have formed so many extrinsic causes accelerating and extending the spread of Catholicity in pagan countries. And this growth is destined to become deeper and wider. The powers of the world are beginning to realize that the work of the Christian apostolate is the indispensable guarantee of civilization. As one of the English governors of India recently expressed it, "The missions have done more toward extending the influence of Europe over India than all the labors of the English administration." And this testimony is that of all colonizers. The day will come when, tired of religious persecution, governments will offer great rewards to those orders and communities who will send subjects to engage in missionary labors. At the same time this consoling progress attending missionary work should serve to stimulate the generosity and piety of the faithful everywhere in contributing to the Society of the Propagation of the Faith.

At a recent concert in London an *Ave Maria* was on the programme. The *London Tablet* says that, "rather than allow a Protestant audience to know that in the Latin the Mother of God was asked to intercede for sinners now and at the hour of death," the promoters of this entertainment had the magnificent audacity to translate "*Sancta Maria, Mater Dei, ora pro nobis peccatoribus, nunc et in hora mortis nostrae,*" into "Infant Redeemer, born to save us from our heavy woes."

We notice with pleasure that a society has been formed among the ladies of New Orleans for the purpose of supplying little girls about

to make their First Communion with the proper outfit. It should be esteemed an honor to belong to such a society.

It was a foregone conclusion that any expression coming from Canon Zardetti—now Bishop of St. Cloud—would be replete with fervor, but the apostolic spirit which permeates his first letter to his clergy and laity more than satisfies every expectation. He says, in a very fervent and pastoral spirit: "I owe you the tender solicitude of a true pastor, the careful watchfulness of a loving father, and cheerful readiness for any sacrifice required for your welfare and salvation. My efforts shall be constant to become acquainted with the needs of my diocese, its communities, its families and its individuals, so that I may be able to say with my Divine Master, 'I know mine, and mine know me.' While in the sacred act of my consecration I lay prostrate on the ground, and those around me, in the solemn Litany of the Saints, besought the prayers of all the heavenly court for me, these were the solemn promises I made to my Lord and Master; and with all earnestness and singleness of purpose, God helping me, I shall come to you to devote my life to their fulfilment."

The pastoral was dated from Our Lady's shrine of Einsiedeln, on the feast of her spotless purity. Could there be a better guarantee of the future of the new Bishop and his diocese than the fact that he chose for his consecration a shrine of the Mother of God and one of her most lovely festivals?

The character of Columbus has rarely been more ably summed up than by a writer in the *New York Herald*. And we may add that the *Herald* rarely contains anything so worthy of quotation as this short paragraph:

"Columbus is always a good subject for meditation. His piety, his courage, his confidence in Providence and in himself, his ceaseless industry, his enterprise and his indomitable self-control, are strongly marked in every step of his romantic and extraordinary career. Had he been a man who could be turned from his high purpose by discouragements his name would be unknown to-day. His life and work are a monument to faith and determination. He felt within him the power to do and he had the courage to dare."

There are now about as many Catholic negroes in the United States as there were Catholics in 1789.

Many years ago a French prelate excited the French Senate and the world by his plea for a more careful test of death between the last hour and the grave. He himself narrowly escaped the most terrible of accidents. Another startling

occurrence, which corroborates his position, lately took place in London. A well-known photographer had been called to take the picture of a girl of twenty, who lay in her coffin as if asleep. While the negative was being exposed he paced the corridor outside the room. When he returned he found that a flower had changed its position,—it was on the coffin lid; it had not been there before. How did it come there? He dismissed the question from his mind and went home, having taken a second photograph. Sitting up late at night, he developed the two negatives. The mystery of the flower was solved: it was evident that the girl's arm had moved while the photographer was outside the room.

Tourists who have visited the Franciscan mission in California and had the good fortune to meet the venerable pastor of San Miguel, San Luis Obispo Co., the Rev. Father Mut, will regret to hear of his decease. His end was in keeping with his self-sacrificing life. His post was a dreary one; there was little companionship and few comforts, and the good old Father's death was the result of exposure during an arduous missionary journey. San Miguel Arcángel was one of the long chain of missions stretching from San Diego to San Francisco founded by the saintly Junipero Serra, of whom Father Mut was a worthy successor. We bespeak the prayers of our readers for this dear old padre.

Drunkenness seems to be the curse of all countries. The South American press is loud in its appreciation of the Archbishop of Santiago's pastoral on the prevailing vice of intemperance. The *Estandarte Católico* declares that excessive drinking is making its way into the upper classes,—children, women, and young girls becoming addicted to it.

The Cardinal Patriarch of Lisbon has taken advantage of the Giordana outrage to startle the Portuguese Freemasons—who fancied themselves tolerated—by a severe denunciation of the atheism of the sect.

Miss May Mathew, second daughter of the English Justice, has just entered the Carmelite Convent at Bayswater.

There is no doubt that to the mind of the English Christian the common use of the name of God appears as a violation of the second Commandment, and hence English Catholics are oftentimes scandalized at the frequent repetition of the holy name in ordinary intercourse among other European people. But as a general thing in Catholic countries, such as France, Spain, Italy,

and Austria, the spirit of faith that pervades the mass of the people, preserving the thought of God's watchful providence within their souls, suggests motives, prayerful and reverential, that almost constantly bring His adorable name upon their lips. This seems to be the idea in the mind of a writer in a recent number of *Notes and Queries*, who has the following in defence of the custom:

"As an instance of how extremes meet, and how easy it is for people of the best intentions to misunderstand one another, I may mention the following: A friend of mine, whose English dread of taking the name of God in vain was extreme, was one day horrified to find that a French nurse, who had been specially recommended to her for her piety, was teaching her little girl the force of the common French use of '*Mon Dieu!*' When called to account for profanity, the pious French woman not only testified the most evident surprise at being taxed with anything of the sort, but turned the tables on her mistress by clearly regarding her as little better than a freethinker for objecting that her child should '*prendre le bon Dieu à témoin*' of every minute action of her life. I am bound to say that this idea, rather than intentional profanity, really seems to me to pervade much of the calling on God and the saints with which continental peoples season their conversation. Hundreds of times I have noticed such expletives uttered with an intonation which savored rather of an invocation than an oath."

It seems that Gambetta cherished the hope of arraying the Latin world against the Slav and Germanic world. He intended to make Italy more solid by creating three separate States there—Northern, Central and Southern Italy,—and making an Italian Federation with the Pope. The late Cardinal Schiaffino, it is asserted, said that if this could have been done Italy might dismiss in a day one hundred and fifty thousand soldiers, and relieve the country of a crushing debt.

The death of the Rev. Julian Tenison Woods is much regretted. Father Woods was an eminent scientist; he wrote several valuable works on the geology and natural history of Australia,—works which have become authorities. He long held the office of Vicar-General in Adelaide, Victoria, into which he introduced the Sisters of St. Joseph. Father Woods was not, as has been stated, a convert to the Church, but a member of an old English Catholic family.

The attitude of the Church toward divorce is explained by Cardinal Gibbons in the current *North American Review*. His opponents are Bishop Potter—a quasi-opponent—and Mr. Robert Ingersoll. The helplessness of the Protestant Episcopal sect to control the evil elements in modern society is evident from Bishop Potter's

paper. Mr. Ingersoll is an advocate of the god Priapus, thinly veiled by the platitudes of neopaganism.

The illustrious surgeon, Dr. Ricord, is dead. He was born at Baltimore, Md., in 1800. At twenty years of age he was sent to Paris, and, having assisted at a lecture of the famous Dupuytren, determined to become a surgeon. Another Catholic distinguished in medical annals found his vocation in the same way—Dr. Gunning S. Bedford, also a Baltimorean. Dr. Ricord became one of the most celebrated surgeons in Europe. He died covered with honors and honor, and, what was better, like Dupuytren, a most devout Catholic.

The Queen Isabella Association—a company of Chicago women, who have asked Miss Eliza Allen Starr to prepare a life of the Queen whose name they have taken,—have engaged Miss Homer, the sculptor, to make a statue of her who helped to give a New World to Castile and Leon. The Queen will be represented in the act of giving her jewels to Columbus.

The firm of Frederick Pustet & Co., of New York, is the only representative of the Tyrol Stained Glass Institute of Innsbruck, Austria. A cablegram from Rome announces that the Holy Father has conferred on this famous establishment the honorary title of "*Institutio Premiata della Santa Sede.*"

Obituary.

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

The Rev. Charles F. O'Neil, of Peoria, Ill., who departed this life on the 2d ult.

Mr. Michael O'Connor, whose death occurred on the same day, in Chicago, Ill.

Mr. John F. Smith, who passed away on the 1st inst., at Philadelphia, Pa. He was noted for his benefactions to the Church and the poor.

Mrs. Robert R. Reid, whose fervent Christian life was crowned with a holy death on the 29th ult., at Palatka, Fla.

Miss Maggie Kennedy, a fervent Child of Mary, who was called to her reward on July 27th, at Des Moines, Iowa.

Mr. John Daley, who yielded his soul to God on the 12th ult., at Lawrence, Mass.

Mrs. Maria J. de Lone, of Hanover, Pa.; Mr. Nicholas Foran, Cambridge, Mass.; Mr. Lawrence Foley, Milwaukee, Wis.; Thomas F. Sweeny, Cambridgeport, Mass.; Edward McCaffrey, St. Thomas, North Dakota; Mr. Martin Clary, Mrs. Mary Clary, and Charles Erras, Biddeford, Me.; Mr. — Garrabrant, Peoria, Ill.; and Jane Ann Murray, Toronto, Ont.

May they rest in peace!



The Sailor Boy's Song.

BY LAWRENCE MINOT.

THE winds may blow and the waves may foam,
 O-ho, ahoy!
 And my hands freeze fast
 To the swaying mast,
 But each blast brings me nearer home!

Told by the Sea.

BY FLORA L. STANFIELD.

The morning lessons were over, and, the day being fine, Brother Basil took his pupils down to the beach for a stroll. They ran about on the sand and climbed on the big rocks until they were tired, and then sat down, with their usual request for a story.

"Well, what shall it be about?" asked Brother Basil.

"Bears,"—"Missionaries,"—"Indians,"—"Shooting," were some of the answers, all in one breath.

"Tell us a story, please," said good little Harry, "about a real bad boy. I'm awfully tired of good boys, they're so uncomfortable!"

Brother Basil smiled. "Well, now all pay attention, and you shall hear a true story about a bad boy whom I once knew."

They settled down upon a great, warm rock, out of reach of the waves, and he began.

* * *

Once upon a time there lived a boy whose name was Ebenezer Faithful Turner. I don't wonder that you laugh, for it was a queer name, and no one thought it stranger than did Ebenezer himself. He positively detested it, especially as so many of his playmates were called Ernest and Clarence and Gerald, or at least quiet names like John or Thomas. His father was a man who took great pride in being stern and cold, and I always thought that he fancied so prim a name would cause

his little son to be like him. There was an older sister. You will smile at her name, too; for it was Prudence Steadfast. This was easily softened and shortened into "Prue," but for Ebenezer there was no such hope. They lived on a small, barren farm away up in Northern Vermont, and it was only with the greatest trouble and frugality that they could get enough to eat and wear, even of the very plainest. When Prue was sixteen and the boy ten the parents died, and the farm fell into the hands of a neighbor who had lent them money. So there was nothing to do, at least so Prue thought, but to go to the city and find work.

Poor Prue! she was not strong, not one bit pretty, and her shoulders were drawn out of shape from an accident which happened to her when she was a baby. Still she was sure that out in the wide world somewhere there was an honest living awaiting every one who was willing to toil.

They sold all their belongings, and bade adieu to the old home. "We'll come and buy it back when we are rich," said Ebenezer cheerfully, but Prue said nothing; and then they settled back upon the broad seat of the wagon, and a beautiful green mountain soon hid the tiny house.

They went to a factory town, which we will call Discord (though you will never find that name upon the map of Vermont), and took part of a poor house down by the wharf. There were rough neighbors around, but something about Prue's face repelled rudeness; and everybody, pitying her so, was good to her, and ready to show her a kindness when an occasion presented itself. She could not walk easily, and so she took work that she could do at home, such as finishing off shirts. Ebenezer carried the work to and from the factory, and thus quietly and swiftly two years went by.

When they went to Discord the boy tried to part with the name of Ebenezer, and his sister, to please him, called him Faithful; but that amused his playmates even more, and he went back to the old name, which they soon shortened into "Eb."

Eb was a good-hearted child, and I am sure never meant to do real harm; but he had one fault which got him into great trouble, as I

will tell you. He was the most mischievous little fellow you can imagine, delighting in playing pranks, and never so happy as when successful in some practical joke. Prue tried to cure him of this, but tried in vain. He led the boys who threw the cabbages against front doors on Hallow-Een; it was he who made the most frightful Jack-o'-lanterns; and he, too, who, mounted on stilts and dressed in sheets, scared one of the neighbors almost out of her wits.

Shortly after his twelfth birthday came the crowning mischief of his life. He started down town one morning, with a big bundle of garments to which Prue's busy fingers had put the finishing touches. It was in vacation time, and he had several hours of leisure at his disposal. The shirts being delivered at a room on the top story of a high building, he started to go down the stairs, when suddenly his eyes fell upon the elevator, the entrance to which happened to be open, the man who tended it having stepped away for a moment to show some ladies a room they were seeking.

"What fun it would be," thought Eb, "to run away with the elevator!" So, without a thought of danger to any one, he stepped inside, pulled the rope and was down to the ground in a few seconds. Then, a street procession attracting him, he forgot everything else, and at once made one in a crowd of boys who were trying to keep up with the band. Eb is a man now, but he never hears "The Harp that Once through Tara's Halls" without thinking of that morning in summer, many years ago, when he was trudging with the crowd through the dust, and the old elevator man was lying senseless at the foot of the tall shaft.

Eb soon heard all about it from a boy who joined him. "Old Peter Small has fell way from the fourth floor to the ground. He had just gone out of the elevator for a few minutes, and somebody let it down; so when he stepped inside down he went, and I guess he's killed."

The sun turned dark to Eb; his head went around and around, and the music sounded far away.

"I'm awful sick, Joe," he said; "kind of a sunstroke maybe."

Joe offered to take him home, but he refused all help. How he ever reached the house by the wharf he never knew. Prue looked at his white face and rushed to him in alarm. But he only wished to be let alone, he said, and climbed up to the little loft and buried his face in his pillow.

"I'm dreadful sick," he answered to his sister's questions; "the sun was so hot!" And she, unsuspecting, bathed his head and left him to sleep, peeping in at intervals and stealing quietly away again.

Eb was not asleep, but horribly wide-awake. Could they hang him? And would he go to that awful place which Prue's minister preached about? And it would break her heart, and she so good to him! These thoughts chased one another through his little hot head, always beginning, "Will they hang me?" and ending with "And Prue so good!" At each unusual sound in the street he fancied the officers had come for him. And how could the sun shine? How could the clock tick, even?

When night came on he crept down-stairs. His sister had supper ready with fried liver, his especial delicacy; but he could not eat. Then the next neighbor came in with the penny paper, which she kindly lent them each evening. His heart beat fast as Prue read it aloud as usual, but there was no item such as he feared to hear. She laid it down at last, going to her sewing. And he looked it over with eyes made keen by anxiety. Ah! Prue had skipped this, hidden in a corner: "As we go to press we hear that the old man who runs the elevator in Liberty Block fell to the ground from the fourth floor this morning, the elevator having been lowered by some malicious person when his back was turned. The extent of his injury is not known, but it is hoped that the miscreant when found will be made an example of."

"Made an example of!" That was what people always said when men were hanged. Eb crawled up to his room again and dreamed—when, worn out with suffering, he at last fell asleep—that Peter Small was whistling "The Harp that Once through Tara's Halls," while he, Eb, was being carried to prison in an elevator.

Prue tried in vain to find out what had

come over her brother, so changed from the merry lad he had been. Meanwhile three days of suffering brought Eb to where he resolved that at any cost he would have this dreadful thing off his mind. Whom could he tell? Prue? It would kill her. Prue's minister, who pounded the big pulpit cushion on Sundays? He shuddered at the thought of meeting the eyes of that stern man. Peter Small? Yes. He would go to Peter, and, if he proved well enough to listen, tell him all. He begged some of Prue's flowers and made a big bouquet, then started on his mission, feeling, strangely enough, a certain peace. They could do no more than hang him, any way.

He knocked timidly at the door where Peter lived with his daughter, glad to see that it as yet bore no crape. A slender young man opened it.

"I have brought some flowers for Peter," said Eb, timidly taking off his hat.

"Come in, my dear child," answered the young man.

This was too much for the poor boy. He looked up into the stranger's kind face and began to cry.

"Please, sir," he said, moved by an unknown impulse, "I am the boy that let the elevator down, and I didn't mean to hurt him, and I haven't had a bit of peace since—and—and—and will they hang me?"

Poor words enough, but his little heart was in them, and he would have fallen upon the floor in very agony of spirit if the priest had not put a firm arm about him.

"My poor little fellow!" he said. "Come in and tell me all about your troubles." And when the boy had sobbed out his sad story Father Anselm said to him: "Peter is not going to die, and will be glad to see you and have the flowers. He has forgiven the boy who caused his fall; you have nothing to fear from him or any one."

It seemed to Eb that a stone weighing about a ton had been rolled from his heart as he wiped his eyes and knelt by the old man's bed.

"It's only a dislocated shoulder, my little lad," said Peter, kindly. "And these geraniums are beautiful."

There is little more to tell. I think Eb was from that time the happiest boy in Discord,

and the happiest in the whole world when, Peter being well enough to act as godfather, he went to the church and exchanged the name of Ebenezer for another as Father Anselm baptized him.

And that is all the story.

* * *

"But, Brother," said Harry, "what became of Prue?"

"Oh, Prue is alive and well to-day, thank God!" answered Brother Basil.

"And Ebenezer?" asked Harry, with a merry twinkle in his eye.

But Brother Basil, who had been telling the story of his own childhood as a lesson to the children, only laughed, and said that the tide had turned, and it was time to go back and teach the philosophy class.

Polly Jones.

BY MARION J. BRUNOWE.

(CONCLUSION.)

II.

A week later all was bustle and confusion in the Jones' household. The city relatives had just arrived, and were being welcomed in the hall by Mrs. Jones. Mr. Jones and Jim had driven to the station to meet them, much against Polly's wish, who had tried to persuade her father that he should let one of his men go. "It'll look just like a coachman, your driving there yourself, pa," she said. But as pa, fond as he was of his daughter, had a good deal of downright common sense, Polly's elegant proposal fell flat, her father at the same time indulging in a laugh at her expense. As for Polly herself, *she* would not appear till the last moment, and then she should "sweep majestically into the drawing-room, and make a profound bow." That was the way Cynthia Dorothea entered a room. Probably such common things as brooms were unknown where Cynthia Dorothea lived.

Polly's city cousins should see that they had at least one elegant relative in the country. She stood before her mirror now, putting the last touches to her flaring green costume, and feeling, it must be confessed, a trifle

nervous at the sounds of arrival down-stairs. What would cousin Lu be like? Would she be a "proud, stuck-up thing," and say, "Ah! I presume so," to every remark, with a languid, affected drawl? Or would she resemble the perfect Cynthia Dorothea, "so calm, so cold, so haughty to common people, whom she considered beneath her, but so adorably gushing to those whom she allowed to enter the innermost circle of her heart"? But here Polly's cogitations were abruptly brought to an end.

"Marie Polly Mary Ann May Jones, come down here and see cousin Lu!" came in that awful Jim's well-known tones, and at the same instant he banged on her door with all his might. There was no help for it, she must appear and at once, or there was no knowing what else that dreadful small brother would say. So, half-laughing, half crying with nervousness and vexation, Polly, as she would have herself expressed it, "emerged from her chamber and glided down-stairs."

"So this is cousin Polly, of whom I have heard so much?" said a sweet, silvery voice, and a young girl about three years Polly's senior, with outstretched hand and smiling face, came quickly forward to meet her. She was tall, slender, rather delicate, and undoubtedly very stylish-looking. Her hair and eyes were dark, and about the latter there was such a kind, truthful, friendly look that they redeemed an otherwise rather plain countenance, making Lulu Shepard truly beautiful with the best of all beauty—that of expression. Her costume was a tailor-made travelling suit of dark-green cloth, with a little toque of green to match. The latter was garnished with a dash of pink at one side, which just relieved the sombre tone of the whole.

"Such a plain dress, and yet how lady-like and refined she looks!" was Polly's somewhat surprised mental comment. And, strange to say, she quite forgot to make the stately bow, and kissed her cousin with a warmth truly unfashionable.

Lulu's manner was contagious, and won Polly over to naturalness in spite of herself.

"I am so glad to see you!" Lulu went on; "for I have long wanted to know my only girl cousin. Come, till I show you to mamma. You know you're her goddaughter, and I'm

sure she'll be very proud of you. Is this the way?" And she drew Polly toward the parlor door, from the direction of which came the sound of several voices.

Polly drew herself up; now was the time to make an impression. She had seen Aunt Sara when a child, and how well she remembered the grand, queen-like, stately godmother, who inspired her with such awe! She would do the sweeping, bowing act now, any way,—but, to twist an old adage round, "Polly proposes, Jim disposes." It was quite accidentally, however, that Jim disposed of Polly in such an ungraceful fashion. Just as she stood on the threshold, advancing her right foot preparatory to drawing it back in the proper position for the bow, that awkward boy came rushing up, tripped over a tack, and, to save himself, made a wild clutch at Polly's leg. This precipitated her, unexpectedly and unceremoniously, into the room, landing her in a chaotic, confused heap at her aunt's very feet.

"Sara, this is Mary Ann," Mrs. Jones was saying, as she tenderly assisted the crestfallen Polly to rise.

Aunt Sara embraced her goddaughter in a hearty, motherly manner, remarking at the same time, with a merry twinkle in her eye, "Although Mary Ann 'stooped to conquer,' it wasn't at all necessary: Aunt Sara knows and loves Polly already." And thus, in spite of her dreadful embarrassment, Polly was forced to laugh. She was naturally quick of comprehension, and saw at once what a graceful way this was of explaining her awkward tumble.

Aunt Sara and cousin Lu were so different from what she had expected! It was quite surprising they didn't put on any airs at all. All her little set speeches prepared for the occasion quite deserted her, and before the evening was over she found herself chatting comfortably and naturally with her newly-acquainted relatives—all except Uncle Charles, and nobody seemed to get on with Uncle Charles. He was a big, burly man; Polly's novels would have described him as a "large, portly gentleman." He had a very loud voice and a very gruff manner, and his wife and daughter both seemed rather afraid of him. As for Ray, he positively trembled every time his father looked at him.

Ray was a small boy, of about the same stamp as Jim, one would say at the first glance, though as time went on it was proved there was a wide difference between them. Ray's face and hands were *always* clean, Jim's *never*, Jim always told the truth, Ray rarely or never. Jim never smoked cigarettes, 'cause his father had made him promise'; Ray consumed a package a day for the very same reason. "It was so jolly to steal a march on the cranky old 'gov!'" he informed Jim. Ray was evidently not an improving companion for Jim; and Jim, wild, harum-scarum lad as he was, despised his city cousin.

Polly and Lulu became great friends, and in hearing all about her cousin's city life Polly forgot her novels. Lulu had just graduated from a convent school, and expected to enter society that winter.

"I know I shall have a gay time," she said. "But oh, I wonder if I shall be as happy as I was at school with the dear nuns!"

Polly stared at her in undisguised amazement. To go to balls, parties, plays, operas, every night; to wear silks, satins, laces and jewels; to bowl along Fifth Avenue and through Central Park in a stylish carriage every afternoon,—oh, such meant being in society, and such was the height of bliss! Of course, in Bilgate it was considered quite "tony" to go to boarding-school, and Polly would like a year or so of that experience herself; but for a young lady about entering society to wonder if she would be as happy as shut up in a school was a thing undreamt of. Alas, how little Polly knew of the world!

"You ought to be a very happy girl, Polly Jones," Lulu went on. "You have a happier home than most of my girl friends. Your papa is so good and kind, and you can talk to him and pet him the same as you can your mamma." And Lulu gave a little involuntary sigh as she glanced toward the porch, where her father sat glumly reading the paper. Although she waited on and tended her mother—who was somewhat of an invalid—with a tenderness and care beautiful to see, yet she never attempted the slightest familiarity with her father.

Polly had not before thought that she had a particularly happy home, but now Lulu's remark and the evident inference to be drawn

from it, opened her eyes a little. She would not like to have Uncle Charles in exchange for her easy-going, kind-hearted pa. She shivered every time the former looked at her, he was so stern and cross. Perhaps life in the gorgeous city house was not all a path of roses.

If Polly could but have known the meaning of the word "domestic tyrant," if she could have been present whenever a milliner's, dress-maker's, or caterer's bill was presented, and witnessed the storm of wrath from the head of the house—for Mr. Shepard, while desiring that his wife and family should keep up a magnificent establishment and maintain a position in society, nevertheless begrudged them every cent they spent,—then indeed she would not wish to change places with cousin Lu. If Polly but knew how often Uncle Charles was brought home to poor Aunt Sara at two or three o'clock in the morning, and how his staggering, uncertain steps had to be guided to his own door by a tender-hearted and most tender-conscionable policeman,—oh, then, truly, Polly would not be surprised that Lu should wonder if she would be as happy at home as at school!

Neither had simple Polly any suspicions why her rich relatives sought a country retreat at this time of the year. Financial difficulties, creditors, etc., were words, not to say experiences, unknown to the honest country people. However, Polly knew enough to see that her own pa, with his unfashionable clothes and blunt, hearty manner, was a thousand times to be preferred to the parent whose every glance frightened his children.

Polly learned still more from Lu's visit. One day the latter went to the village and bought a piece of plush, a roll of cotton-batting, a little package of orris root, and a couple of yards of wide ribbon. Then she came home, brought down her little work-basket and a box containing some chenille *applique* flowers, and by evening had made the most charmingly comfortable, pretty little "slumber roll" imaginable, and which had the most delicious perfume of violets about it.

"Oh, how lovely!" Polly exclaimed, enthusiastically.

"Well, it is comfortable any way," Lu answered. "And I am going to give it to Aunt Mary."

"How kind of you, cousin Lu!" said Polly. "It'll look too stylish for anything on the back of that big chair in the parlor."

"But I don't intend it for the big chair in the parlor," said Lu, laughing. "I want Aunt Mary to rest her head on it when she sits in that high-backed rocker every night. Don't you often notice how tired she looks, Polly?"

Polly was silent a moment. Perhaps there was the tiniest bit of reproach in those simple words. But she ventured, somewhat timidly it is true, "Isn't it almost too nice for that?"

"I shouldn't think anything too nice for my mother," said Lu; "and," she added more kindly, "I am sure you don't either, Polly."

Polly had noticed that mother looked tired nights, but it hadn't entered her mind to devise a way of resting tired mother. Now Lu's words set her a thinking. Perhaps if mother got a little help from her (Polly) she wouldn't look so tired. And in the future mother did get a little more help.

"You're stylish, fashionable, rich people, but you're not a bit like the people in my books," Polly one day remarked rather suddenly to Lu.

"What books do you read?" was Lu's question.

Polly named a few of her favorites.

"Oh," exclaimed Lu, in tones of unmis-takable disgust, "I should hope we weren't like the people in *those* novels! Why, Polly, they are regular fools!"

Polly felt her face growing very red. Cynthia Dorothea a fool! And she had been trying to imitate Cynthia Dorothea! What was *she*?

"I wouldn't read any more of them if I were you, Polly," continued Lu. "I shall send you some real nice, true books when I go home, if you like."

And Lulu, true to her word, did send Polly a great pile, after having extracted a promise from her that Cynthia Dorothea and the rest of her class should be thrown in the fire.

After all, it was better to be simple and natural like cousin Lu. Polly felt more comfortable herself, delighted the dear hearts at home, and made many friends, when she gave up the idea of being the heroine of a dime novel, and was content to remain simple Polly Jones.

A Cup of Cold Water.

History, it is often said, repeats itself, and the noble example of David, the minstrel King, has, unconsciously perhaps, been written again and again upon its broad pages.

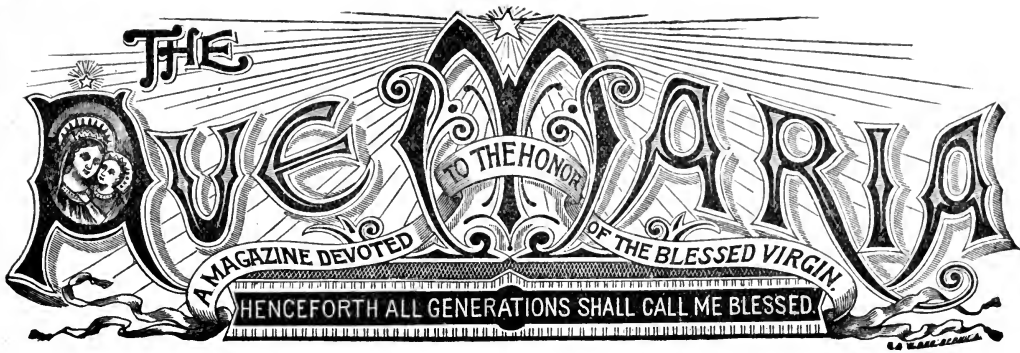
The Eastern sun was burning hot, and he was a beleaguered wanderer. The well-springs were dried by the fiery breath of the desert, and the King and his men were alike suffering all the torments of horrible thirst. Then, made feverish—as it is said men will be when deprived of water,—and thinking of his more youthful days, he murmured his wish to have a draught from the well at Bethlehem. Three of his men broke through the camp of the Philistines, reached the well, and bore a cup of water to their leader. And he, moved by this act, could only protest that water bought so dearly was too sacred for him to use,—that it was like drinking the blood of those brave men; and he poured it out upon the parched soil as an offering to the Lord.

Another scene, in which the cup of water played a part, had Alexander the Great for its central figure. After his march from the banks of the Indus, he and his warriors were making all speed to get home. The time was September, and the summer's sun had burnt the sand to powder. Other commanders had here lost great armies through want of food and water, and the same privations began to mow down the forces of the Greeks. But Alexander, himself suffering from a wound, urged them on, knowing that in speed only there was hope. And when a soldier, with great difficulty, procured for him a little water, he, like David, poured it upon the ground, lest his warriors, seeing him drink, should thirst the more. Who wonders that Alexander's men loved him!

Among other instances we select but one. Sir Philip Sidney, that "very perfect, noble knight," was mortally wounded, riding from the fight at Zutphen. There was but one cup of water, and a soldier near him was dying. "Give it to him," said Sir Philip; "his necessity is greater than mine."

Many valorous deeds have been forgotten, but these instances of self-denying love are like flowers that blossom by a dusty wayside.

FRANCESCA.



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

The Mother.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

THE mother sat among a throng
 Of stately men and women fair,
 And near her rang a voice in song
 That all the world had called most rare,—
 “*Kenst du das Land?*” the voice cried out,
 In Goethe’s Mignon’s piteous doubt.

Riches had come,—this mother knew
 The sound of adulation’s speech;
 All things were easy; servants flew
 To hand the book within her reach;
 Her life was full of luxuries,
 And yet a vague pain dwelt with these.

Her guests had marvelled at her *fêtes*,—
 “So bright, so gay!—how happy she!”
 Her riches rapid came, though late,—
 Ah, soft she sighs, as tenderly
 “Know’st thou the land?” the song demands,—
 She feels the touch of little hands.

Ah, yes! ah, yes! she knew the lands
 Of poverty and work all day,
 But there the touch of little hands
 Smoothed all the cares of life away,—
 The sweet voice stops,—ah, she would give
 All for the touch that does not live!

O SWEET confidence! O perfect security!
 The Mother of God is my Mother! What an
 assured hope we ought to have of our sal-
 vation since it is in the hands of Jesus, our
 Brother, and Mary, our tender Mother!—*St.*
Anselm.

Our Lady of Africa.

BY ELLIS SCHREIBER.



IN the northern coast of Africa, at
 a short distance from the town of
 Algiers, on a rocky eminence over-
 looking the sea, stands the Church of Our
 Lady of Africa, now a place of popular pil-
 grimage. The devotion to the Blessed Virgin
 under this title took its rise from very small
 beginnings. A little statue of Our Lady, placed
 by a devout client in a rude shrine by the way-
 side, in a spot little frequented on account of
 the ill-repute it had acquired as the resort of
 evil-doers, gradually attracted the piety of the
 families of the fishermen and sailors of the
 coast. Many an anxious wife or mother would
 go to kneel before it, and pour out her fears
 and sorrows at the feet of the image of the
 Mother of Mercy, the Star of the Sea, who is
 ever the tender consoler of troubled hearts.
 Gradually it became known as a place of
 pilgrimage, not only for the dwellers in the
 neighborhood, but for the seafaring popula-
 tion for miles along those dangerous shores.

First a little grotto, formed of fragments of
 rock and adorned with shells, later on a small
 chapel, was erected to afford shelter to the
 venerated image, and to the daily-increasing
 crowds of devout worshippers who flocked to
 it. Soon it became necessary to erect a larger
 church, and the then Bishop of Algiers, Mgr.
 Pavy, determined that it should be, as far as
 possible, worthy of its object. Accordingly,
 suitable plans were prepared, and efforts made

in every direction to raise the funds necessary for so costly an undertaking. The appeal was warmly responded to, and the work proceeded rapidly; but the good Bishop who inaugurated it did not live to witness the final completion of his design. Before his death, however, he had the satisfaction of gazing from his window on the white cupola of the beautiful basilica, already surmounted by the cross, and, owing to its elevated position, a landmark to be descried far out at sea. It fell to the part of his successor, the illustrious Cardinal (then Bishop) Lavigerie, to consecrate the edifice, and to spread by every means in his power the devotion to Mary Star of the Sea. To her the mariner, in putting off from the shore, breathes a prayer for protection; to her, when at the close of his voyage he again touches land in safety, he raises his heart in grateful thanksgiving.

Almost immediately after his nomination to the archiepiscopal throne of Algiers, Mgr. Lavigerie had occasion to make personal experience of the loving kindness of the Queen of Heaven, invoked under her titles of Our Lady of Africa and *Stella Maris*. He took possession of his see on May 16, 1867. Before many weeks were past he discovered that, for the settlement of the affairs of the diocese, it was necessary for him to go to Rome for an interview with the Pope, and afterward to proceed to France to confer with the heads of the Government on many important matters. He was detained in Paris far longer than he had anticipated, in consequence of a serious illness; indeed, from the time of his leaving Algiers until he was able to return a period of more than three months elapsed.

He re-embarked at Marseilles on September 22, accompanied by several priests and religious of various communities, among whom was the venerated superior of the Monastery of la Trappe at Staouëli. It was the season of the year when the equinoctial gales are to be dreaded, and before the vessel which carried the prelate had been many hours at sea a furious storm arose. So fierce was the rage of the tempest that the sailors belonging to the ports of Marseilles and Algiers subsequently declared that its equal had not been known for years. The steamer, which was called the *Hermus*, was one of the smallest of

those belonging to the Compagnie des Messageries, that were employed to carry the mails between France and Algeria. Upon this occasion it happened, unfortunately, to be more heavily laden than usual; for in addition to the passengers—who numbered over seven hundred, the greater part of them being soldiers,—it carried a considerable cargo.

The captain, seeing the magnitude of the danger, endeavored to make for land. It was too late, however: the violence of the wind, which blew a hurricane from the northwest, was so great that the vessel could not make way against it, and she was compelled therefore to proceed on her course, tossed hither and thither at the mercy of the billows. Presently a wave more powerful than the rest struck the little steamer with such force as to unship the helm, placing it in a situation of imminent danger. The engine fires, too, were extinguished by the water which gradually rose in the hold, and officers, crew and passengers expected every moment that the vessel would founder.

Consternation was written on every countenance; some of the passengers seemed paralyzed with terror, others grew wild with delirium, others again gave way to hopeless despair. The officer who was second in command loaded his revolver, declaring aloud his intention to blow out his brains as soon as death appeared inevitable. This foolish act completed the panic; but amid the general confusion that prevailed faith rose triumphant. Mgr. Lavigerie lifted up his voice and called upon all present to repent of their sins and place their trust in God. After himself receiving absolution from one of the priests on board, he gave it to the other passengers, exhorting them to make a vow to go in pilgrimage to the shrine of Our Lady of Africa should they be delivered from shipwreck; and his suggestion was complied with by the greater number.

Meanwhile the Abbot of la Trappe was resting tranquilly in his berth. The Archbishop made his way down to the cabin, and informed him of the vow that had been taken. "I too," said the good Abbot, "have commended myself to the Mother of Mercy, to Our Lady of Africa. I tell her," he added, with the simplicity that springs from trustful faith, "that if she lets us go down, with an Archbishop and so many priests and religious on board,

it will be something little to her credit. Everyone who hears of it will feel sure that we invoked her aid; and if she leaves us to perish, who can be expected to have any confidence in this new pilgrimage?"

Even in so critical a moment the Archbishop could not help smiling at the worthy Abbot's plain speaking; and in his secret heart he too registered a solemn vow. He resolved to establish, in the Church of Our Lady of Africa, prayers in perpetuity for seafarers, both living and dead,—for the living, in order that the protection of Mary might be extended to them amid the perils to which they were constantly exposed in the pursuit of their calling; for the dead, that although, dying at sea, they were deprived of the privilege of Christian sepulture, they might at least share in the suffrages of the Church for the faithful departed.

Shortly afterward the wind suddenly died away, and the sea became so much calmer that it was possible to improvise a temporary rudder. On the sixth day after leaving Marseilles the *Hermus* reached her destination.

Mgr. Lavigerie was not slow in fulfilling the promise he had made in his hour of need. Exactly a month after landing he issued a pastoral letter, in which, after exhorting his flock frequently to visit the Church of our Lady of Africa for their private devotions, he announced a public ceremony to be held on November 9 in the same year, for the inauguration, by a solemn High Mass, of the prayers it was his intention to institute on behalf of the seafarers of the coast. He invited all the clergy, regular and secular, of the town and its immediate neighborhood to assist, with as many of the laity as possible, more especially the wives and families of sailors and fishermen. In addition to the prayers daily recited in the church, he ordered a service to be performed on Sundays after Vespers on the summit of the cliff whereon the church stands, for the repose of the souls of those whose grave was in the stormy deep.

From that time forward every Sunday afternoon, at the conclusion of Vespers, a procession, composed principally of the Algerian Missionaries, with their pupils and the students of the Missionary College, may be seen to issue from the Church of Our Lady of Africa,

and proceed to the verge of the eminence overlooking the sea. The priest is vested in a black cope, as if he were going to officiate at a funeral; before him four choir-boys bear a pall, while two others carry the incense and holy water. The cross-bearer, who heads the procession, pauses on the edge of the cliff, the base of which is washed by the restless waves. The pall is extended at the priest's feet; beyond it he looks out over the ocean, whose glittering surface is a vast shroud, beneath which lie hidden so many victims sacrificed to the rage of the elements. The *Libera* and *De Profundis* are chanted; then the priest intones the *Pater*, and sprinkles holy water in the direction of the sea. After which he takes the censer, and elevates it three times, turning toward the east, the west, and the north, as if to render the last honors to the children of the Church whose bodies repose beneath the wide expanse of azure water. Finally, the accustomed prayers for the dead are recited for the intention of those who have died at sea.

It must not be imagined that prayers for mariners are in general connected with the cultus paid to the Help of Christians under her title of Our Lady of Africa. The ceremonial described above is a local custom, instituted, as we have seen, by Mgr. Lavigerie in fulfilment of the promise made by him when in peril at sea. The Blessed Virgin is the patron of the whole Continent, and to her was specially dedicated the Society of African Missionaries, founded and directed by Mgr. Lavigerie, as well as the community of Sisters whom he instituted to supplement their apostolic labors.

On July 2, 1872, the Archbishop of Algiers solemnly consecrated the Church of Our Lady of Africa. On the same day the remains of his predecessor, Mgr. Pavy, were removed from the temporary resting-place where they had been laid, and, in accordance with the wish he had expressed, interred in the beautiful structure his piety and zeal had been the means of erecting, at the feet of the statue of her whom he loved to honor under the title of Patroness of Africa. Not merely the site of the church, but also a considerable portion of ground adjoining it had been purchased by Mgr. Pavy; in consequence of this, when the civil authorities of Algiers, infected by the

anti-Christian spirit of the French Government, prohibited the procession customary in all Catholic countries on the Feast of Corpus Christi, Mgr. Lavigerie was able to transfer the solemn celebration of the Festival from the Cathedral of Algiers to the Church of Our Lady of Africa. He invited the inhabitants of the town, instead of assembling in the streets, to repair to the adjoining heights; and there, in the presence of a vast multitude, some 20,000 in number, a procession took place more grand and imposing than any witnessed in Northern Africa since the days of SS. Cyprian and Augustine.

The first Provincial Synod held in Africa since the revival of the ancient glory of the Church on her shores was convoked by the Archbishop of Algiers in 1873. It was held in the Church of Our Lady of Africa, and was attended by a ceremony of great pomp and magnificence. Early in the morning of May 4, amid an immense concourse of people, natives of the place and colonists of all nations—Jews, Mahometans and Christians,—a procession of all the archbishops and bishops of the province, arrayed in their pontifical vestments with mitre and cross, attended by the clergy, regular and secular, and followed by the congregations and schools of the vicinity, left the house of the Algerian Missions, and wended its way, passing beneath a series of triumphal arches, to the temporary Chapel of Our Lady of Africa. There twelve stalwart Neapolitans, fishermen of Algiers, dressed in suits of white made for the occasion, waited in order to carry the statue of their beloved Patroness to the place it was thenceforth to occupy over the altar of the new sanctuary. The appearance of the venerated image was greeted by the spectators with shouts of joy, and, while the *Ave Maris Stella* was sung, it was borne to the church and placed on the throne prepared for it. There it was solemnly incensed by the Archbishop, who, kneeling before it, intoned the antiphon, *Sancta Maria, succurre miseris*, before proceeding to open the Synod.

Three years later Pope Pius IX., in order to encourage the devotion of the inhabitants of Algeria to Our Lady of Africa, published a brief, in which he raised the church to the rank of a basilica, according to it all the indulgences and spiritual privileges attaching thereto.

Furthermore, in a second brief, in accordance with the request proffered by Cardinal Lavigerie, he granted to that energetic and exemplary prelate permission to place a crown on the head of the miraculous statue of Our Lady, in the name of the Supreme Pontiff, for the purpose of enhancing by this visible sign of sovereignty, the veneration and respect manifested toward the Queen of Heaven by her earthly subjects. This twofold favor conferred on the sanctuary of Our Lady of Africa was announced by Cardinal Lavigerie in a pastoral letter, wherein he invited the Catholics of Algiers and its environs to assist at the ceremony of crowning the image on April 30, 1876.

On the afternoon of that day pious pilgrims flocked in crowds to the heights whereon the church stands, eager to pay homage to their Benefactress in her character of Queen of Africa. A large platform had been erected outside the sacred edifice; on it the Cardinal Archbishop, bishops and clergy, arrayed in their ecclesiastical vestments, took their place, and one of the Fathers of Mercy addressed to the assembled multitude an eloquent and appropriate discourse. Then the crown, fashioned of gold and sparkling with gems, was carried in procession round the hill, while the bells were rung and hymns of praise filled the air. Re-entering the basilica, the Cardinal placed the diadem on the head of the statue of Our Lady, while the choir chanted the *Ave Maria*.

Throughout the entire course of his episcopate, Cardinal Lavigerie has shown himself most zealous in promoting and extending the devotion to Our Lady of Africa. Many and rich are the indulgences he has obtained from the Holy See to be gained by the faithful who visit her shrine. From time to time, addressing his flock, he has exhorted them to invoke her intercession, reminding them how many pilgrims have at her feet found cure in sickness, consolation in grief, strength and help in times of trial. Finally, he has lifted up his voice and called upon the whole of Christendom, bidding us look toward Our Lady of Africa, and entreat her all-powerful aid on behalf of those unhappy sons of the soil, the enslaved negroes, whose wrongs are a disgrace to the civilized world, and whose cause he has pleaded so eloquently before princes and people in every capital of Europe.

A Sin and Its Atonement.

IV.

OUR guests on that well-remembered occasion lingered late into the afternoon, and took their leave reluctantly, declaring they should not soon again have such a delightful meeting. Edward and I dined alone. I think all the demons of hell must have been about us that evening: such excitement had taken possession of us both, such blindness had fallen on me! As we passed through my dressing-room on retiring for the night, the light of my oratory filled me with a strong repugnance. It was the only corner of the house where I had always been alone, apart from my husband. It was full of associations of which I did not want to be reminded.

"What would be the most reverent way of disposing of these symbols, which have done their work, and which I no longer need?" I asked, pointing to the crucifix and the figures of the saints.

"We will break them up and bury them in the earth, where Nature hides her symbols of death," he answered. "I never could understand Catholics representing their King in degradation when they believe Him to be reigning in triumph." And, taking a hammer from my work-table, where a medley of tools was lying, he broke up the figure on the cross, while I held a cloth to receive the fragments. "That marble statue of the Virgin is a perfect work of art," he continued; "we will keep that in the drawing-room as an exquisite ideal of pure womanhood. But that statue of St. Joseph is too hideous; that had better go into the earth with the chrysalis skins." And so saying he raised his hammer high to give a vigorous blow to the head of the statue.

Whether it was a misdirected blow, or whether the hammer flew out of his hand, I never knew, but it struck the delicately carved pedestal on which the Blessed Virgin was standing and broke it. The heavy marble statue toppled forward and fell right on his upturned face. I heard a cry of agony, which rang in my ears for months afterward; I saw his head one mass of blood. For a moment my heart stood still with a horror as awful as though I had seen the heavens opened and

the Finger of God stretched out to strike us both. One moment, and then his groans recalled reason, which seemed deserting me. I mastered the suffocating palpitations of my heart and set myself to the task before me.

That next dark fortnight! It stands in my memory like a long cycle of years. The best surgeon in Paris was in attendance, but for the first week it was impossible to tell whether Edward's sight was irreparably injured or not. The fine, noble countenance was covered with wounds, and I was thankful that the utter darkness in which he had to be kept shut out the sight. The pain and inflammation of his eyes brought on delirium, but even then he seemed to cling to my presence, and would quiet a little at the sound of my voice. So I sat on in the dark day and night, feeling sometimes as if the eternity of woe had begun for me. Faith had come back with overwhelming reality. For one brief moment of delirious joy God had been nothing and the creature everything. Now I saw Him all in all, as the devils do, who believe and tremble; and we two were lying crushed—he in body and I in soul—beneath His avenging hand. I could neither think nor pray. I had to gather my whole strength to do what the surgeon suggested. And if ever a possible future in this world presented itself, it came with the conviction that things could never return to their former attitude; that there was a substance between him and me now that could never again be felt to be a shadow.

I must pass hastily on. The long illness came to an end at last, and his eyesight was spared. The skilful care of the surgeon, and (as he assured Edward) my unremitting attention, had done much to prevent lasting disfigurement of countenance. But the moment he was pronounced convalescent my own strength gave way, and, in spite of all my efforts to control myself, the agony I was enduring betrayed itself.

The first effort of his strong will, as soon as he recovered his normal state of mind and body, was to ignore all that had passed, except as a pure accident, and to suppose everything exactly at the same point as before he had been struck down. He had a beautiful painting of the sea, of which I had once expressed great admiration, placed at the end

of the dressing-room, where my oratory had been. I never saw such a reality of waves before or since; and over the great, rolling billows gleamed an angry sky, with one spot of intense sunset brilliancy, which made the water look like fire.

Edward had been moved to the other side of the house, which was quieter, during his illness, and I had never been in that room since that terrible evening. And now, on my exhausted, excited brain, the sight of those wild, howling waves in the place of all my accustomed holy things came as the last stroke, and I utterly broke down. I raved wildly about perishing in the waters where there was no help; that I was going to die, and the little life that was twined with mine would perish with me. And then I implored Edward to promise that if my child lived it should be brought up in the true faith, and that he would not let me die without a priest. My poor husband! The doctor told me afterward he was quite heart-broken. He attributed it all to my over-exertion during his illness. "She has sacrificed herself for me! She will die!" he said.

The doctor was a kind and at the same time a positive man. "This will never do," he said to Edward. "You are mutually doing each other harm. You must go away at once, and complete your cure at the Wiesbaden waters. Send immediately for Mrs. Carlyon's mother. And meantime I know a lady, an angel of goodness, who will soothe and nurse her in this crisis far better than you could. Her life depends on her being tranquillized."

I was put to bed, and so strong a sedative administered that I slept for hours. When I awoke I found a very sweet-faced woman, in a widow's cap, sitting by my bedside. She seized the moment of my waking to give me something in a glass, and said in English, but with a slightly foreign accent: "The good angels have given you such a nice sleep! You will soon be better." And as she spoke she made the Sign of the Cross over the glass she was holding to my lips.

There was something so exquisitely sweet and soothing in the tones of her voice that I felt lulled into repose again. Then the awful fear and suffering rushed back like a tide, and I sat up, quivering from head to foot. "I am

going to die, I think, and I have *apostatized!*" It was the first time I had dared to put the dreadful thought into words, even to myself. There was such a deep, tender pity in those calm, holy eyes that in the midst of my agitation I thought, "Oh, she has suffered too! She has been in the deep waters!" But her manner had command in it, as she laid me back on the pillow and said: "I know your whole story. I have asked an English priest to come here to-day, and all your burden shall be lifted off you. But you must trust to me, and not try to think or prepare." I laid down obediently, and tried to curb my agitation with the thought that she was caring for my soul and would not let it perish.

When the doctor came again I seemed to be asleep. I heard her say in a low voice: "There will be no real tranquillity till she has seen a priest. It must be risked."—"I have profound confidence in you, madame," the doctor answered, respectfully. "Do as you think best. My patient is already in a more hopeful condition. If she can be kept perfectly quiet, I think she will pull through."

That afternoon I learned what the Sacrament of Penance truly is in the hour of deepest need. My dear, true, straightforward husband had waited to see the Duchess de Saintange before she took charge of me, and told her the whole history with the utmost frankness; and the saintly Father Edgeworth, whom she brought to my bedside, was thus able to help me to relieve my conscience with very little effort. The flood of contrition was rest and peace compared to the horror which had been upon me; and the first kiss I dared press on the feet of the crucifix after I knew I was forgiven—what words can describe what that meant to me! But that was the last effort my mind could make. I can recall nothing of the time which followed, during which I went down into the shadow of death, except that when they laid my first-born in my arms I said he should be called Christopher and belong to God alone. I knew I was in my own mother's care, and asked no questions as to what was to be done with me.

I felt neither surprise nor regret when I was told, long weeks afterward, that my husband had been obliged to sail for America, and that my mother was going to take me back to

Glencairn. The tide of life had gone down to its very lowest ebb, and it was not till I had been several months at home, breathing my native air, and soothed by the presence of my beautiful babe, that I fully realized all that had happened, and that I was the very same Margaret Doone who had gone forth as a bride in the strength and pride of life only two years before.

My mother had had several notes of anxious inquiry about me from Edward, but it was not till Christopher was six months old, and I was sufficiently recovered to begin to consider the possibilities of rejoining my husband, that I was handed his first long letter from "Mount Carlyon," the contents of which were almost as startling as that other first letter which had shaped my life. After expressing his joy at my recovery, and the well-being of his little son, he wrote:

"I feel I have need of all the generosity and trust there is in your nature when I say that I feel I made a mistake in taking you from your home to share my responsibilities *before* my life's work was in some measure accomplished. Before I saw you I had resolved not to marry till *after* I had realized my ideal; I saw that the leader of a great enterprise must be free from everything that could distract his attention from his aim for a single moment. Even what I have already gone through has, in some slight degree, weakened the vigor of will and indomitable resolution necessary for coping with the difficulties and hardships of these first beginnings, the extent of which, I frankly own, are greater than I had anticipated. To have you with me here in the present state of things, without the possibility of any religious ministrations whatever, and consequently not happy, would thoroughly unnerve me. I beseech you, therefore, to forgive me, and to show the strength of your affection for me by bearing the effects of my mistake cheerfully, and waiting in patience till I can bring you to a home here, where you can be a help and not a hindrance to my work. How long this may take to bring about it is impossible to say. I am resolved to conquer, however long the struggle may be. Of course, if that word of hope you once spoke could have been realized,—if really and truly you saw things as I do, and could teach the

religion of humanity to all these women clamoring for some place of worship,—it would have been bliss indeed; but something tells me this will never be; and my own pain is doubled in thinking of the pain this enforced separation, temporary as it is, will cost you. Meantime I leave the education of our child entirely in your hands, and hope you will find in him both solace and support."

(Perfectly open and candid as this exposition of his intentions was, I read between the lines something of which he was himself unconscious: a dread and repugnance toward that which he had formerly treated with supreme indifference.)

There followed a few business arrangements; the money settled on me was transferred to the bank at Edinburgh; if I wanted money for any special purpose, I was to be sure to write to him for it. The letter ended with a cry: "Wait for me, my heart's love and only treasure! It may be long, but I will surely come."

I read this letter over and over again before I took in its whole bearing; then it slowly dawned upon me. I was to be a widowed wife till he had satisfied his ambition and reigned king over the minds of his colonists. Any influence running counter to his, even tacitly, could not be admitted. That powerful will concentrated on one object, which had so fascinated me, was now turned against our mutual happiness; and the only alternative from a long separation was active co-operation with him in propagating the "religion of humanity," which I knew so well was utterly false and hollow and opposed to the Truth of Christ.

Thank God! this did not even present itself as a temptation. From his own point of view he was perfectly right. People can dream and talk of work together without feeling the jar of difference of faith; but when it comes to the real struggle, to the influence of others which comes from the force and reality of what one *is*, such mutual work becomes impossible. Our life experiment had been a mistake; our beautiful dream had vanished, touched by the breath of God. And he gave me the entire control of our child as a sort of compensation for the loss of all beside.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

An Afternoon at Northeast Harbor.

BY FRANKLIN B. GOWAN.

A COVE cleft deep into the rocky shore,
 And sheltered by the everlasting hills;
 At whose green base the sea its fury stills,
 And sleeps in peace, tho' the wild storm winds roar.
 Far out above the wave, the ospreys soar
 O'er many a rugged isle, whose beauty fills
 The heart with gladness, and the spirit thrills
 With deep delight and joy unknown before.
 The setting sun illumes the mountain height,
 And to the east, where the wild storm clouds flee,
 A gorgeous rainbow with its hues of light
 Spans with its arch the pathway to the sea;
 And in that Vista, in its wondrous might,
 The glory of the world breaks over me.

Notre Dame de Reims.

BY OCTAVIA HENSEL.

GRAY with the dust of ages, despoiled
 Of its regal treasure,—silent, solitary,
 deserted,—the great Cathedral stands in the
 centre of the old city of Reims; truly "a sym-
 phony in stone," but sad as the strains of
 pathetic minors sung in the gloaming of an
 autumn day.

Pages of history spread before us in day-
 dreamland as we went eastward to this old
 Gallic-Roman city. Skirting the leafy forests
 of sunny Compiègne, through historic Sois-
 sous, with its medieval castle crowning the
 southern hills; between fields well tilled, and
 woodlands of white birch and russet beech;
 past beautiful hedges of plumed lilacs and
 wild currant; castle ruins above us, where
 long grasses waved from bastion and moss-
 patched walls,—Fismes, Romaine, and Muir-
 zon all passed, we finally entered Reims, the
 city whose bishops consecrated and crowned
 the kings of France.

We step from the station, and, looking
 upward to the right, towering above all sur-
 rounding objects, we see the huge stone towers
 of Notre Dame. A few moments' walk and
 we stand in the parvis, where so many royal
cortéges have paused before the great western
 portal, so like the massive Church of Notre

Dame on the Isle de la Cité at Paris that we
 imagine the same architect must have given
 identical plans. But we could not learn the
 name of him whose spiritual sense of Chris-
 tian art designed the massive towers, and
 placed the firm but richly decorated but-
 tresses, upholding aerial galleries that trace
 themselves in lace-like outlines upon a sky as
 blue as the lovely mantle of the Immaculate
 Virgin in Murillo's exquisite vision of Las
 Perlas.

We enter the western portal, and the vast
 stone nave lies before us. The air is filled with
 gray-white dust, floating downward from the
 roof of the choir, where workmen are cleaning
 and repairing a ceiling which had spread above
 the memorable coronation of Charles VII.,
 and the oriflamb of Joan of Arc. Forgetting
 for a while the historic memories that throug
 this old Cathedral, we turn to the tapestry-
 covered walls of the broad aisles that ex-
 tend on either side of the nave, whose huge
 pillars uphold the galleries of the *triforium*.^{*}
 The tapestry is from old Flemish looms, al-
 though some of the panels have the finer mesh
 of Beauvais weaving.† Those on the right
 as we enter represent different scenes from the
 life of Our Lord; those on the left, leading
 up to the transept altar of Our Lady's Chapel,
 are all scenes from the life and history of
 the Blessed Virgin and her holy mother, St.
 Anna.‡

Up the centre of the nave we walked upon
 a pavement of marble and granite slabs,—
 tombs of saintly abbots and bishops who have
 ruled in centuries gone by. These tombs date
 from 1406 and even older,—so old that their
 dates were effaced; only the white marble
 mitre, and white maniple on an arm, where
 once the effigy of a bishop had lain, were all
 that appeared on the foot-worn surface.

* These pillars, formed by a round Norman shaft
 upon which smaller columns cluster, rest on a broad
 pedestal—a massive hexagon which serves to seat
 sixteen persons.

† The best and most rare pieces of these tapestries
 were sent to the Paris Exposition.

‡ The tapestries on the right are: the Nativity of
 Our Lord, the Visit of the Magi, Christ with His
 Disciples, and the Last Supper. On the left we find:
 the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin, the Annunciation,
 the Espousals of Our Lady, the Assumption and
 Coronation.

Half-way up the nave we turned to look back at the magnificent decoration of the western portal in a wall of sculptured stone. Surrounding figures of saints and warriors were branches of laurel, oak, and acorn, with lilies and the rose of Sharon exquisitely twined. Far up above this broad expanse of carving was the great rose-window,* a mass of jewelled light—blue, red, yellow, brown and green, exquisitely blended; while down the dim distance of the aisles in the old glass of the windows above the side doorways, gray and brown with age, repaired with modern ground-glass, we were shown two old bits of the original glass, lovely in sapphire and ruby splendor,—the red emblematic of our Divine Lord, and the blue of the ever-blessed Virgin.

We resume our progress toward the altar, into the gray touchiness of the vast Cathedral, lighted by dim *vitraux* of clere-story windows in the apse above the chapels which encompass the high altar. We glance at the pulpit on our left—an octagon of oak darkened by time, filled with traceries of almost effaced carving; then, as we approach the choir railing of old hammered iron, the points gilded or bronzed, we notice that the tapestries which cover the bare, damp walls of the aisles in this portion of the Cathedral are rolled up to preserve them from dust and damp. Above the northern transept we catch sight of the great organ of sculptured oak, black with time, and the massive leaden pipes, like huge prison bars, shutting into silence the voices of music slumbering there.

The old, jewelled effects of the circling clere-story windows in the apse, in which blue and gray predominate, are very lovely in their sapphire and pearl tints. Standing in the choir, now so desolate—for the canons' stalls are all covered with dark slate-colored muslin, and dust lies thick on the altar of porphyry and marble, with its seven great bronze candlesticks,—memory recalled the many scenes of courtly splendor. Again I seemed to hear the *Te Deum*, intoned by the clergy leading and the crowd pressing after the Archbishop of Reims, as he rode beside Dunois and Joan of Orleans that summer day four centuries

ago.* Just beyond were the altar steps where the maiden of Domremy had upheld the oriflamb as Charles knelt to receive the crown of France. Here, also, that crown had been placed on the head of poor Louis XVI.,† the young King still distrustful of himself; ‡ and yonder, in the Chapel of Our Lady, the young Queen Marie Antoinette had witnessed the splendor of the coronation of a consecrated king. And here, too, after his consecration at St. Remi's shrine, Charles X. had hastened to renew the most solemn rite of ancient monarchy—the coronation at Notre Dame de Reims.§ And here the afflicted knelt to receive the kingly touch, through which they hoped to be healed.||

As we leave the choir to visit the chapels we notice that the nave is lighted by five large circular candelabra hung from the roof on either side, and a still larger one before the western portal. *Prie-dieux* and chairs fill the space; and the immense pedestals of the huge pillars, with seats in their octagonal sides, are begrimed from being much used by the poorer classes, who have no chairs.

The apse of the Cathedral encircling the grand altar contains seven chapels, divided by fourteen pillars, upon which are the pictures of the Stations. Nothing more imposing can be imagined than the superb spring of these lofty arches above the chapels,—arch beyond arch, interlacing and soaring upward. It seemed like a wilderness of marble forest glades petrified to form a shelter to wanderers in earth's wilderness,—a temple to God Most High.

Passing from the southern transept, which contains several pictures of value above the baptismal font, we enter the first chapel, a sepulchre-like church, containing an Entombment—our Blessed Lord lying in a gray stone

* Charles VII. was crowned at Reims, July 16, 1429.

† June 11, 1775.

‡ History tells us that when news of the death of Louis XV. was brought to the palace, Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette threw themselves upon their knees, exclaiming, "O God protect us, direct us! We are too young to reign!"

§ May 29, 1825.

|| As much of antique pomp as was compatible with modern ideas was reproduced at the coronation of Charles X. The King touched those afflicted with scrofula, or king's-evil, bidding them be healed.

* Sometimes called St. Catherine's wheel-window.

grotto, watched over by the Angel of the Resurrection. Thence we go to a smaller chapel, a massive gold reliquary over its altar; beyond this is the Chapel of St. Joseph, and next to it the Chapel of the Sacred Heart, behind the Cathedral's high altar. It was the Vesper hour, and as we reached this chapel six purple and scarlet-robed canons—old, white-haired men—entered and knelt before the repository, while four young deacons in the rear part of the choir, behind the sanctuary but facing the Sacred Heart Chapel, intoned the Vesper Psalms.

Of the succeeding chapels leading into the northern transept, one was dedicated to the Blessed Sacrament; another was a memorial chapel; then there was the lovely Chapel of Our Lady, now being redecorated in exceedingly rich polychrome, in which blue, gold, and red predominate. The gold forms a *fleur-de-lis* on a blue field, with the *R.* of St. Remigius* above and below, among the golden lilies. The beautiful white marble statue of our Blessed Lady with the Holy Child in her arms stands beneath a canopy of gold, brown, and green.

Through the dimly-lighted loneliness of the building golden-toned chimes ring out the hour, while the chaunting of the canons, grand in voice tone, rolls through spaces dim with the twilight of forgotten history. The great Catherine wheel of the western window is a mass of jewelled light, and, as the chaunting continues, forms of the historic past throng the vast temple once more; the gold of their kingly mantles is tarnished, the iron of knightly armor is dim with rust, but the chaunt rolls on, and silences of the past are vibrant with the celestial melody of the angel greeting: "Holy Mary, Mother of God, *ora pro nobis!*"

* St. Remi of Reims.

THOSE who follow Mary will never deviate; those who invoke her will never despair; those who think of her will never go astray. He whom she sustains can not fall; he whom she protects has nothing to fear; he whom she guides will never go astray. Under her protection the Christian will arrive safely at the port of eternity.—*St. Bernard.*

A Glorious Celebration.

FOUR MEMORABLE DAYS.

IN the golden periods of Doctor Gilmary Shea the historical facts of our century of Catholicism have been given, and these lend such absorbing interest to the celebration of November 10 that a slight sketch of that day's ceremonies may prove acceptable.

The weather had been so unpromising—

"The clouds, like hooded friars,
Told their beads in drops of rain"

so persistently—that when the Sunday bells ushered in sunshine and balmy air the city of Baltimore turned out *en masse* to assist in the rejoicing. Catholics and non-Catholics alike crowded compactly all the streets about the Cathedral, and watched eagerly every movement that promised the development of any feature of the day's program.

The Cathedral in which the Centennial celebration was held is an imposing, though somewhat *bizarre*, structure of dingy porphyritic granite, veined here and there with white. Roughly estimated, it is 200 feet long and 180 feet wide, with a dome 127 feet from floor to ceiling, and 200 in circumference. Its façade is upheld by heavy Ionic columns, and two Turkish minarets flanking the entrance, together with the bulbous dome, give it a mosque-like air, at variance with its cross and its Greek supports. Its style is called Grecian-Ionic, and its architect was a non-Catholic, which may account for the lack of religious harmony in its outlines. Its interior, however, is fine. It is a cross with wide arms, the circle of the dome being imposed upon the imaginary lines of juncture. Its ceiling is vaulted and upheld by massive columns, the high arches making fine vistas, and the frescoes and Stations lending a rich though subdued tone of color. Behind the altar, which is hooded by a half dome supported by Ionic columns, hangs a life-size and life colored figure of our Saviour. It is flanked by two marble angels of heroic proportions; from one of the backgrounds starts out the picture of St. Louis burying his plague-stricken soldiers (presented by Louis Philippe), and from another a "Descent from the Cross." Its corner-

stone was laid in 1806, but although the main part of the building was completed and dedicated by Archbishop Maréchal in 1821, and renovated by Archbishop Spalding in 1855, it was not consecrated until 1876—its 55th anniversary.

The Cardinal's residence—a dingy, sombre structure of uncompromising ugliness—was the central point of interest to those who could not get near the church. Its steep stone steps were lined on each side with a detachment of the Knights of St. Ladislaw, their steel helmets and drawn swords being the only war-harness visible on that Centennial day.

The Young Catholic Friends Society did yeoman's service in keeping the line of march cleared until twenty minutes after ten o'clock, on the stroke of which moment the doors of Calvert Hall swung back on their hinges, and the vanguard of the procession marched out and along Saratoga Street to Charles, where they were joined by the prelates; and from that point the torrent of white surplices, with its great wave of purple and gold, and its points—cardinal points—of crimson poured with stately movement and rhythmic windings toward the Cathedral.

Two hundred of St. Charles' College boys, led by forty of the seniors in surplices and cassocks, with a seminarian cross-bearer; one hundred and seventy-five of St. Mary's seminarians, with the faculty; one hundred of the clergy, and the Young Catholic Friends Societies of Washington and Baltimore, formed the advance. Then came a body-guard of the Knights of St. Ladislaw; then thirteen *monsignori*, led by the Very Rev. Father Sorin, C. S. C.; then seventy-two bishops; then fifteen archbishops; then the Papal Legate, and finally two Cardinals—Taschereau of Quebec and Gibbons of Baltimore. Nearly every prelate in the United States was present. Among the *monsignori*, bishops, and archbishops, were representatives of the Church in Canada, Mexico, and England.

The length of the procession was materially augmented by the picturesque figures of the acolytes and train-bearers, each bishop and archbishop having two of the latter in attendance, as well as his chaplain. But the Papal Legate was honored by the attendance of two of the *monsignori*—the Very Rev. Fathers

Farley and Quigley, of New York,—and the two Cardinals were also accompanied by *monsignori*—the Canadian by the Very Rev. Fathers Pâquet and Marois, of Canada; the American by Monsignor O'Connell, of Rome, alone, Monsignor McColgan being too ailing to walk in the procession; he, however, occupied his proper place in the church.

Each of the Cardinals had six train-bearers, and as each of the little lads and youths was dressed in the color of the ranks in which he served—the bishops' boys in white and purple, those of the archbishops in purple and red, and those of the Cardinals in crimson trimmed with ermine,—the effect was rich and harmonious. Add to this the glitter of the crosses and pectorals, the chains and rings, the sheen of cloth of gold and the lustre of silk and satin, accented and sharply foiled here and there by the brown frock of St. Francis or the white serge of St. Dominic, or the medieval figure of a mitred abbot or a bearded prior. The dark habits of the Augustinians were a welcome sight; and the majestic figure of the Superior-General of the Congregation of the Holy Cross, with his masses of flowing white hair and brilliant dark eyes, attracted much attention. The Rev. Father McCabe, of England, who represented the Benedictines of Warwickshire, was often pointed out, and the keen dark face of the Papal Legate was the target of thousands of curious eyes.

In absolute silence—no bands, no chants, no conversation,—through serried lines of equally silent people, who with bared heads watched the stately pageant, the procession entered the Cathedral. Then the silence was gloriously shattered by Asger Hamerik's march, in which organ, strings, trumpets, and voices strove in rich rivalry, fading into the *Largo* of Handel as Archbishop Williams, of Boston, vested for Mass.

The scene was one of the most impressive I have ever witnessed. Far back, through the vista of white arches, rose the altar—a blaze of lights and white flowers, the golden flames and the snowy bloom giving the Papal colors. On the Gospel side of the sanctuary our Cardinal sat, attended by *monsignori* O'Connell and McColgan. On the Epistle side the Canadian Cardinal's throne was reared, before the mortuary tablets of the Archbishops of Balti-

more; and Archbishop Satolli occupied the throne decorated with the Papal colors that was at the extreme end of the lines of *monsignori*. The rest of the sanctuary, which occupies a full half of the church, was filled with the prelates and dignitaries, and the clergy sat in long ranks, dividing the congregation into four sections.

The celebrant had as his assistant the Rev. Doctor Magnien, President of St. Mary's Seminary, the deacon and subdeacon being the Rev. William E. Bartlett, of St. Ann's, Baltimore, and the Rev. James S. Duffy, of St. Agnes', Brooklyn; the master of ceremonies was the Rev. J. A. McCallen, of St. Patrick's, Montreal; and his assistants were Messrs. James Nolen and T. O'Grady, seminarians of St. Mary's; the priests' assistants were the Rev. Fathers Whelan and Reardon, of the Cathedral.

From the moment they knelt and began, "In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost," to the giving of the Apostolic Benediction, the movements of that vast assemblage of clerics were military in their precision. Rising, falling, sweeping, and turning, it was like the ebbing and flowing of a great tide "when the Spirit of God moved over the face of the waters." At the holy Name hundreds of hands—consecrated hands—swept off mitres, berettas, *bonnet-carrés*; hundreds of heads, thick with the thatch of youth, white with the snow of years, grey with the experience of striving, bowed to breasts in which beat hearts devoted to God's service by special vows. The flash of the amices was like the passing of white wings. At the Gospel the priestly ranks stood "attention, with eyes to the front," listening to the order of that Captain whose sword is Love, whose watchword is Peace, whose breast-plate is Humility, whose shield is Prayer. At the Elevation they fell prostrate before the majesty of the Lord in His great Sacrament; and at the moment of departure they swept past in an aureola of color and sunshine, that, please God, presaged the imperishable one awaiting every pure and humble soul among them.

And their faces—what a wonderful gathering of faces! Some saintly, some brilliantly intellectual, some deeply thoughtful, some

simple and gentle as children; some with beetling brows, soldier noses, and jaws of iron—all types, many nationalities, but not one evil look among them; not one that did not bear upon it the impress of the triple vows that make the priest a man of God; not one that did not show forth some reflection of the heavenly light that burns to perpetuity in our tabernacles. Thank God for those faces!

"What a curious mixture!" a stranger behind me whispered.—"It's always that way with these Catholics," answered the second one. And, praise God, it always will be "that way"; for, from the Legate on his throne of white and gold, from the brilliant Keane and the fiery, eloquent Montes de Oca; from Father Tolton, the priest of the dark race; from the Bonapartes, the silver-tongued Dougherty, the Carrolls, the officials of State, to the simplest workman or the humblest negro in that vast congregation, they were one in faith, one in hope—Catholic.

Of "the music of harp, cymbal, and psaltery," of the masterly discourse of Archbishop Ryan, an hundred tongues of the press have already told; and of the solemn benediction and the superb musical prayer, "*Oremus pro Pontifice nostro Leone!*" that halted the entire congregation on the very threshold of departure, and held them spellbound until the last note died away, although it was then three o'clock in the afternoon, and they had been in church since ten in the morning.

The same faithful chroniclers have also told of the dinner that followed; but I do not think they told of the oblivion in which many of the distinguished guests ate or refused the strange and unattractive looking dish that proved to be—terrapin, the diamond-back terrapin, so dear to Maryland palates,—the dish we "shut our eyes and eat to repletion"; the first, because it seems to be compounded chiefly of claws and tails and India-rubber; the second, because of its delicious flavor.

At this dinner the Pope's cable dispatch was received and read, as was also the letter of Cardinal Manning—the greeting of the bishops of England—and that of the bishops of Ireland. The signatures in these last named read like a roll-call of the days of faith in England and of the days of freedom in Ireland. These were read by Monsignor Gadd and

Monsignor O'Connell; Bishop Virtue making a verbal greeting for the English clergy, and briefly alluding to the fact that Lullworth, the scene of Archbishop Carroll's consecration, was near his diocese.

Pontifical Vespers drew another overflowing congregation to the Cathedral. Archbishop Heiss officiated, and an eloquent and patriotic sermon was delivered by Archbishop Ireland. The enthusiasm was unabated, and the night had a crown of fire set on its darkness by the illuminations.

MONDAY AND TUESDAY, NOV. 11, 12.

Monday the Congress of laymen was informally opened by the Cardinal in an impromptu speech characterized by his ardent patriotism, gentle wit, and happy *aproposness*. And then the Hon. Daniel Dougherty, of New York, formally inaugurated proceedings in a speech that evoked round after round of applause from the twelve hundred delegates and dignitaries present. Congratulatory comments were made by the venerable Father Nugent, of Liverpool; the Hon. Honoré Mercier, Primate of Quebec; and Ex Senator Kernan. Then the regular work of the Congress began with Doctor Gilmary Shea's paper on "Catholic Congresses," which was followed by Doctor Brownson's patriotic essay on "Lay Action in the Church"; and Colonel Bonaparte's discussion of "The Independence of the Holy See" closed the day's proceedings. In the evening the city again burned its torches and waxlights, its gas and electricity, and a brilliant reception was given at Concordia Hall, the scene of the Congress.

To choose incidents where all were of special interest is difficult, but perhaps the most striking was the entrance and presentation of the two Catholic Indian chiefs, who reached the city too late to take part in the proceedings of the day, but who came in the full panoply of their savage finery to pay their respects to the Cardinal and meet their colleagues. The Rev. Father Van Gorp, S. J., of the Rocky Mountain Mission, accompanied them and introduced them to His Eminence, upon which they bowed their haughty, crested heads and kissed the archiepiscopal ring with the dignity of great chiefs who bear for love's sake the yoke of a Master, Christ the Lord. The greatest enthusiasm was aroused

by this scene, the spectators were breaking into cheers, and the chiefs were given seats of honor near the Cardinal, and were made to feel they were valued guests.

Another remarkable ebullition of enthusiasm took place when the Cardinals and prelates were leaving the hall; and Tuesday found the crowds unabated in numbers and augmented in fervor.

The papers read during the remainder of the session dealt with questions of vital and special interest, including, "What Catholics have Done in this Country in the Last Hundred Years," by Richard H. Clarke; "The Catholic Press," by George D. Wolff; "The Right of the State in Education," by Edmund F. Dunne; "Sunday Observance," by Manly Tello; "Church Music," by Herman Allen; "Temperance," by John H. Campbell; "Catholic American Literature," by Condé B. Pallen; "Charities," by Peter L. Foy; and "Societies," by Henry J. Spaunhorst.

The torchlight procession of Tuesday evening was declared to be one of the finest ever seen in this country. It was four hours passing the Cardinal's residence; and the torches were so happily constructed and managed that at no point of the march did a single light give out; and the river of flame, with its spray of sparks, ran its brilliant course until long after midnight.

WEDNESDAY, NOV. 13.

Wednesday morning dawned gloomily, and the rain fell in solid sheets; but Catholic enthusiasm was water-proof, and by half after nine the roads were strung with carriages, landaus, gigs, and hansom. The electric cars and the railroad trains were run with a frequency that lifted hundreds over the two miles lying between the city's heart and the University; and a board walk had been considerably placed on the side of the drive-way for foot-passengers.

The Divinity Building is a large and admirably proportioned structure of Georgetown blue gneiss trimmed with Ohio sandstone. The blocks are rough hewn and cemented with white Roman cement. It is five stories high, and on the day of dedication was draped from peak to foundation with flags. Our own dear Stars and Stripes predominated, of course,—one mighty standard depending from the very

top of the main building's roof to the transom of the entrance; but the flags of all nations lent their tints and designs. This part of the decorating was done by the sailors from the U. S. S. "Dale," under the direction of a round-faced, merry Blue Jacket, who was evidently working for the sake of faith and love. He clung to impossible supports and walked on invisible footholds, and his laughing eyes and irresistible good-humor effected as much as his good taste and skill.

The building is finished in oak, and while the closest attention has been paid to hygiene and actual comfort, the greatest simplicity prevails throughout. There is not a soft luxury in its entire extent, but the lighting, heating, ventilation and plumbing are after the most approved and advanced systems. Electric lights cluster at every point; electric clocks with double dials—or quadruple where corridors intersect—hang in the hall-ways; and broad windows with large sheets of plate-glass open on a dozen beautiful prospects—the far-off Chilum Valley; the fair city; the distant circle of forts crumbling peacefully to ruin; the Soldiers' Home, where the human wreckage of war waits for the ebb that will drift it off to the Crystal Sea.

On the chapel all the brilliancy of tint and tone has been lavished. It is a gem, with its semicircular sanctuary, its twelve side chapels, the graceful, arched ceilings, and the beautiful stained-glass windows. Of these last there are seventeen,—five above the main altar and one in each side chapel. The first are (beginning at the Gospel side): the Sermon on the Mount, the Resurrection, the Descent of the Holy Ghost, the Ascension, and the Charge of St. Peter; the others are: Our Lady of Lourdes, St. Peter, St. John Baptist, St. Leo the Great, St. Thomas of Aquin, St. Francis Xavier, St. Vincent of Paul, St. Francis de Sales, St. Augustine, St. John the Evangelist, St. Paul, and St. Joseph.

On the day named the main altar was draped in crimson and gold (which entirely hid its fine bass-relief of "The Last Supper"), and was a mass of white and crimson flowers and points of flame, outlined against the background of palms and tropical foliage grouped and banked upon and about it. Above the tabernacle rose a hemisphere of white roses and smilax,

crowned with a tiara of crimson carnations, from whose spicy circle sprang the gold crucifix. The canopied thrones of the Cardinals were on the east and west extremities of the sanctuary; the seats for the *monsignori*, archbishops, bishops, and clerics, were of richly carved oak, and were ranged in long rows facing one another, and in the side chapels. The latter, which hold each a white marble altar, were fragrant, and gleaming with bushes of white chrysanthemums in gilded wicker-work,—the white and gold of the Papal colors again.

At half-past ten the short but impressive ceremony of the dedication began with an address by the Cardinal, then the voices of the seminarians—two hundred and fifty strong—rose in the *Veni Creator*, followed by the *Miserere*. On the rich waves of sound the purple and gold through swept into the chapel and were seated, their lines extending from below the middle of the church to the very sanctuary railing. And then through the priestly ranks Archbishop Satolli, the celebrant, came, and later the Cardinals. (The three noted clerics are all small, slight, ascetic, and possessed of a gentle dignity that is as becoming as their crimson robes.) During the vesting the Litany of the Saints was sung, and nothing can be imagined finer, more thrilling, than the superb volume of sound that burst into response as the intoners paused after each invocation; for not only did the choir and seminarians join forces, but every monk, priest, prior and prelate as well—five hundred voices,—swelled the chorus in the most harmonious of Gregorian chants.

At eleven o'clock the Mass began—the celebrant singing in a sweet, flexible tenor, the five hundred responding,—and drew to its solemn close amid the rapt devotion of its priestly congregation. And at the "*Ale, Missa est*," surpliced seminarians, with lighted candles, ushered in the venerable Bishop Gilmour, of Cleveland, who preached a powerful sermon on Christian education.

The open-air services were suspended owing to the storm of rain; but the orator, the reverend and eloquent Father Fidelis (James Kent Stone), superior of the Passionists in South America, preached in one of the large lecture halls to the throng that could not gain admission to the chapel.

The ceremonies over, the guests proceeded to the banquet hall, where the decorations were again effectively augmented by national and foreign flags. Long tables were prepared for the clerics, and a smaller table, setting at right angles to the pillar-supported semicircle just under the chapel, was laid for the Cardinals. This last was the only one ornamented *à la Russe*, and the ornamentation was a mutual compliment to the distinguished clerics and to the President and members of the Cabinet, who were invited to dine with them. Table scarfs of cardinal satin were laid in the centre of the board, and some very beautiful floral pieces were placed at intervals. The linen was snowy, but it and the glass, silver, and china were of the plainest description,—a fit setting forth for a clerical dinner party. Above this table a scroll of smilax was placed, starred with white carnations that read "*Deus mea lux*," and the ends of the scrolls significantly touched the frames of portraits of the two Cardinals, on whom smiled benignantly the pictured faces of England's great prelates, Manning and Newman. Above the entrance was an American shield, exquisitely wrought in flowers, and the legend "*Viva Papa nostro Leone!*" The supporting pillars were wound in red, white and blue bunting, and palm, sago, and India-rubber trees were grouped at every available point. The non-clerical guests were banqueted in the refectory, and the glittering uniforms of army and navy officers, the elegant costumes of ladies, and the presence of distinguished delegates and foreigners made this another effective feature.

The arrival of the President on the University grounds greatly augmented the enthusiasm. He was shown to the reception room, in which hangs Signor Gregori's splendid portrait of Washington; and, after divesting himself of cloak and hat, was taken to the banquet hall and seated at the Cardinal's right hand. The Vice-President and his beautiful wife were at the same table.

The Marine Band gave a series of admirable selections, and the visitors' day closed with the presentation of the bust of St. Thomas Aquinas by Monsignor Gadd, on the part of the English and Irish Catholics of Rome.

At four o'clock the University opened its course, the *Veni Creator* preceding the Cardi-

nal's prayer; and the oration of the Rt. Rev. M. J. O Farrell, Bishop of Trenton, prefacing the Latin address of Monsignor Schroeder, the Professor of Dogmatic Theology.

Finally, to the strains of "*Oremus pro Pontifice nostro Leone*," and with the joy of the benediction in their hearts, the crowds dispersed, with a thousand good wishes to the beloved rector and his assistant, Doctor Garrigan, for the future of the University; and the regret that the clouds, through which the stars shone large and soft, had not rolled away just twenty-four hours sooner.

E. L. D.

Leo XIII. and the Labor Question.

THE words of the Holy Father to the two thousand five hundred workmen whom he received at the Vatican the other day should be well considered by those who have taken hold of the modern fallacy that the Church is the enemy of the laboring classes. It is like that other fallacy which identifies the Church with the Cæsarism of Frederick Barbarossa, of the Spanish Bourbons, of Louis XIV. But nothing can be more false than an assumption which throws the blame of tyranny, not on the tyrant, but on the only power which stood fearlessly between the tyrant and the people. The words of Leo XIII. on the momentous question which agitates the world,—a question which the French Revolution made more unanswerable by governments,—deserve to be carefully thought over and made the text of future discourses on this burning problem.

Leo XIII. declares that to labor is an honor. "Our Lord," he said, "gave the example. He supported the hardships of humanity. His doctrine is that the rich are the treasurers of God, and that they ought not to close their hearts to the unfortunate. It is right and meet that the two classes should be united by the bond of charity, which is a remedy and a consolation. During centuries this solution was accepted, and the solidity of this social base was uncontested." The Holy Father alluded to the pernicious doctrines that had undermined this base. "A return to Christian principles would consolidate the union of employ-

ers and workmen, and assure public peace and tranquillity. The employer must consider the laborer as his brother, watch his interests, soften his lot, give him good example, and refuse to obtain unduly rapid as well as dishonest profits. The employed should show respect and resignation, and abstain from all acts that would trouble public order."

The Holy Father accentuated the duty of the rich to subdue their unquenchable thirst for pleasure and gain; it is this that causes the discontent of the laborer. The governments of the world can help to solve this social problem by leaving the Church free to minister to the poor, to protect youth, to teach women their mission in life, to preserve Sunday from desecration, and to teach morality to the young.

The French workmen listened with repressed enthusiasm to the words of this great Pontiff. May they be universally heeded, and bear fruit among workmen everywhere!

Our Creed and Our Country.

A NOTABLE ADDRESS.

THE Hon. Daniel Dougherty, of Philadelphia, is among the foremost of living American orators. His speech at the opening of the Catholic Congress in Baltimore last week is pronounced to be one of the best of his life, and this is high praise. Mr. Dougherty's utterances came from a mind and heart which have always been earnestly and devoutly Catholic. No wonder if they were excited and inflamed on such an occasion, and no wonder if his earnest words found an echo in the hearts of all who were privileged to hear them. All through his address he was interrupted with irrepressible "bursts of applause," and when he had finished prelates, priests and distinguished laymen crowded around to offer their congratulations. Greatly as we admire Mr. Dougherty's address, we can not help wishing that he had dwelt rather on the freedom which the Church enjoys in this land of promise than on what she has had to suffer. We are glad to be able to present this memorable address in full:

I am profoundly touched by this the honor of my life. This Congress is an event in the history

of the Republic; an era in American progress; an advance in humanity; a move of earth toward heaven. Called to your presence, theme after theme comes flashing through my brain and swelling in my bosom. A single exultant thought I shall give utterance to and then resume my seat.

We Catholics, Roman Catholics, American Roman Catholics, proud, high-spirited and sensitive as any of our countrymen, have silently submitted to wrongs and injustices in manifold shapes and from time immemorial. Away back in colonial years Catholics suffered the direst cruelties. Talk of the slaves of the South in ante-war times! Why, they were treated like high-bred guests when compared with Catholics in colonial days! It is the "damned spot" that will not "out." The only religious martyrs who ever stained our fair land with life-blood were Roman Catholics. Spurned with suspicion, disfranchised, persecuted for opinion's sake, hunted as criminals, and punished with death by infamous laws, we have, from time to time, been slandered, vilified and maligned in newspapers, pamphlets and books, in speech and sermon, sectarian assembly, political convention, and even in the Congress of the United States. We have been proscribed at the ballot-box. The highest honors of the Republic are denied to us by a prejudice that has all the force of a constitutional enactment. In integrity, intellect and accomplishments the equal of our fellows, yet the instances are rare when Catholics are tendered exalted distinctions. The exercises of our holy religion as a right are denied the suffering, the sick and unfortunate in many institutions of charity, and to criminals in prisons and penitentiaries. Though the rank and file of the army and navy are largely of our creed, the chaplains are fewer than the fingers of one hand. It is said that Catholic Indians have Protestant teachers. Churches have been burned, convents have been pillaged, and libraries destroyed. Aye, political parties in the past have sought to deprive us of our political rights, and we are branded as tools of a foreign potentate, and unworthy to enjoy the name of Americans.

The time has come, not of our seeking, but in the course of events, when we, the Roman Catholic laity of the United States, can with propriety speak, can vindicate ourselves—not by harsh words, heated retorts, nor defiant threats, but calmly yet firmly, charitably yet proudly, conscious of the integrity of our motives and the impregnability of our position. We assert we are pre-eminently Americans; that there would be no America, that the Continent would be to-day unknown, had it not been for Roman Catholics and the Roman Catholic Church.

That liberty which is the essence of all liberty—freedom to worship God—was first established in America by Roman Catholics, and Roman Catholics alone. It was priests—aye, Jesuit missionaries—who first sought and explored our land, penetrated into the wilderness, tracked the streams, and gave sainted names to localities, bays, lakes, and rivers. The first worship here of the true God was the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. Catholic nations were the first to come to the rescue of our revolutionary fathers in the war against the greatest of Protestant powers. A Roman Catholic was among the signers of the Declaration of Independence. The name of Archbishop Carroll is forever linked with Benjamin Franklin's in the mission to Canada. Catholics have given heroes to the Republic in every war; and in every battle on field or flood Catholics have sealed their devotion with their lives. And now the Roman Catholic laity of the United States, for the first time in congress assembled, are here to proclaim to all the world that their country is tied to every fibre of their hearts, and no power can shake their loving allegiance to its Constitution and its laws.

Why, truly the blood of the martyr is the seed of the Church. Marvellous as has been the growth of population, Catholics have outstripped all. From 40,000 they have become 10,000,000. From a despised people they are a mighty power. In every avenue of industry and intellect they are the peers of their fellowmen. Their schools and colleges, libraries, asylums and hospitals are scattered near and far. In every village, steeple or tower, tipped with the cross, tells where Catholics pray. In every town splendid churches gather each morning thousands of worshippers. In every metropolis a cathedral lifts its massive walls high above surrounding piles, or with its stately dome crowns the city's brow.

Our grand old Church is the protector of learning. She it was who rescued the inestimable jewels of classic lore from the ruins of the Roman Empire, preciously preserved them through the convulsions of a thousand years, and gave them to the printer's art to enrich the learning, elevate the style, and adorn the literature of every language to the end of time. She is the pioneer of civilization. She was the founder of states, the framer of laws, the conservator of order, the champion of the people against the encroachments of tyrants. She it was that struck the chains from the white serfs of the Old World. She it is that beholds kneeling around her altars the black and the white, the rich and the poor, the savage of the forest, the royalty of the palace, the statesman of the cabinet, and the philosopher of the school. She is the patron of art and the theme of

the poet. It is the Catholic Church that guards the home, sanctifies marriage, elevates woman, and places the Blessed Mother nearest the Saviour.

The shadow of an imposing event begins to move. The people of the United States, aye of the Hemisphere, are preparing to celebrate the four hundredth anniversary of the discovery of America. We especially rejoice in this resolve. That tremendous event—with reverence I may say the second creation,—the finding of a new world, and the vast results that have flowed to humanity, all can be traced directly to the Roman Catholic Church, and the Roman Catholic Church alone. Protestantism was unknown when America was discovered. Let the students, the scholars, poets, historians, search the archives of Spain, the libraries of Europe, and the deeper the research the more glory will adorn the brow of Catholicity. It was a pious Catholic who conceived the mighty thought. It was when footsore and down-hearted at the porch of a monastery that hope dawned on him. It was a monk who first encouraged him. It was a cardinal who first interceded with the sovereigns of Spain. It was a Catholic King who fitted out the ships, and a Catholic Queen who offered her jewels as a pledge. It was the Catholic Columbus, with a Catholic crew, who sailed away out for months upon an unknown sea, where ship had never sailed before.

It was to spread the Catholic faith that the sublime risk was run. It was the hymn to the Blessed Mother with which the captain and crew closed the perils of the day and inspired with hope the morrow. It was the holy cross, the standard of Catholicity, that was borne from the ships to the shore and planted on the new-found world. It was the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass that was the first and, for over a hundred years, the only Christian worship on the Continent which a Catholic named America. Why, the broad seal of the Catholic Church is stamped forever on the four corners of the Continent. Therefore let us, in mind, heart and soul, rejoice at the triumph of our country, and glory in our creed. The one gives us constitutional freedom on earth; the other, if we are faithful to its teachings, insures an eternity in heaven.

As the dogma of the Divine Maternity, the source of the glories of Mary, sheds its light over the Christian world, so devotion to the Queen of Heaven extends its influence day by day as age after age rolls on. Happy to assist the piety of her children, the Church never tires of inviting them to celebrate with her the immortal glories of the Immaculate Virgin.

Notes and Remarks.

The proclamation of the President of the United States naming Thursday, November 28, as a day of thanksgiving and prayer, emphasizes the fact that this is a Christian nation. The chief executive of our Republic calls upon us a highly-favored people to be mindful of our dependence on the bounty of Divine Providence, and to seek fitting occasion to testify gratitude and ascribe praise to Him who is the author of our blessings. "It behoves us," he says, "to look back with thankful hearts over the past year, and bless God for His infinite mercy in vouchsafing to our land enduring peace; to our people freedom from pestilence and famine; to our husbandmen abundant harvests, and to them that labor a recompense of their toil." Thus we are made to stand before the nations of the earth, citizens of a country that glories in its belief and confidence in an overruling God, the Creator and Lord of all things. Thus we are perpetuating the thoughts and feelings that animated the founders of our Republic, the immortal signers of the Declaration of Independence, who placed "a firm reliance on the protection of Divine Providence,"—a reliance rewarded with such blessed results.

A gratifying contrast to the intolerance of the House Committee of a trained nurses' institute at Canterbury, England, who discharged one of the nurses on learning that she had been received into the Church, is afforded by the *Liverpool Catholic Times*. It states that the attending physician of St. Mary's College, in the immediate vicinity of Canterbury, happens to be a staunch Protestant, and about thirty destitute families are daily relieved at the college door. And there is no question as to creed.

A French workingman died suddenly on his way to the Vatican with the French pilgrims the other day. The Holy Father was much affected. "He came far to honor me," he said; "but I hope and believe the way was not far from heaven." On the day following he said Mass for the workingman's soul.

Mr. Charles Bonaparte, in his speech at the Catholic Congress on the necessity of the independence of the Holy Father, made a new and good point. He argues: "If the Pope be a subject of the Italian Government—which he never can be,—why should that Government ask him to consent to accept a law? If he be not a subject, then he is—on Italy's own showing—a sovereign." Mr. Bonaparte says: "There was, indeed,

no need that the Pope should accept the law to make it binding on every subject of the Italian crown. If we admit that he is such a subject, then the laws of the Italian Parliament bind him as much if he disapprove as if he approve them; but in this admission is contained what Catholics do not and can not and will never admit. The matter of the law goes for nothing; we do not ask for him honors or rank, least of all money, but freedom. We demand not that he be granted privileges as though he were a sovereign, but that, since he is and always must be a sovereign, his existing rights as a sovereign be respected. It is not for a Parliament of yesterday to confer a patent of honorary precedence on the successor of the Fisherman."

His Eminence Cardinal de Furstenberg, Archbishop of Olmutz, Austria, has entrusted the Society of Jesus with the care of the sanctuary of Vehelehrad, the grand national Slay sanctuary of SS. Cyril and Methodius. The transfer of the direction of this privileged shrine to a religious order has been made necessary by the constantly increasing number of pious pilgrims.

The announcement that the Emperor and Empress of Austria are to make a retreat together at Meyerling, where they have founded a house of the Carmelites, on the spot where the Crown Prince met his sad death, will silence many sensational reports regarding their Majesties.

An eminent German critic has said that "the ultimate purpose of oratorio is neither to minister to our senses nor to afford us what we ordinarily understand by the words pleasure and entertainment; but to elevate our souls, to purify our lives, and, so far as art can conduce to such an end, to strengthen our faith and devotion toward God." If this be so, we fear that few persons who attend oratorio concerts have the attitude of mind to thoroughly appreciate an oratorio like Liszt's "Christus." Says a writer in the *Home Journal*: "This oratorio should be regarded with appreciative reverence. It deals with the highest questions that agitate the human mind, and presents them to the hearer in the great language which alone adequately expresses the emotions. To write a successful oratorio requires not only deep religious feeling and poetic insight, but the greatest technical knowledge. . . . It is certainly by a most natural tendency that the highest order of mind when bending its energies in the direction of any art work finally centres upon the most exalted subjects. Liszt in the fulness of power turned to those scenes and emotions which deal with the religious aspiration of hu-

manity,—an aspiration as ineradicable as life itself."

The writer goes on to say that an oratorio like "Christus" must not be judged entirely from a musical standpoint. "Judged by its intention as well as execution, 'Christus,' notwithstanding a certain monotony which partly results from its excessive length, ranks among the really great oratorios. The true church spirit is manifest throughout, and the continuous dignity is rarely interrupted save by that occasional tendency to florid sweetness which marks all of Liszt's orchestral works. The orchestration shows the climax of modern art in legitimate church-music, and in places, especially in the representation of the storm on Lake Galilee, is thrillingly impressive."

Father Verdin, who died recently at St. Louis, was born in that city in 1822; he was one of the first students of St. Louis' College. Father Verdin was ordained in 1851. During the war he was stationed at Bardstown, and he went much among the troops of Bragg's and Buell's commands; he ministered alike to the Federal and Confederate troops, and his memory is cherished by many a veteran who received absolution from him in the old perilous times. His name will always be held in deep reverence by the old students of the great Jesuit college in St. Louis, with which his life seemed inseparably bound, and of which he was for some years the rector. Chicago, Cincinnati, and Bardstown, each acknowledged his influence as an educator; and the years he spent in missionary work were no less fruitful. As a Jesuit, he fulfilled the double militant mission of both teaching and ministering as a missionary. May he rest in peace!

Rosa Bonheur, the famous animal painter, received the Cross of the Legion of Honor in an unusual manner. The Empress Eugenie was always doing generous and womanly things—the terms are synonymous,—and, being interested in the artist, she implored the Emperor to give her the Cross. He refused; it had never been given to a woman. But when he was in Algeria and the Empress was regent, she slipped into Rosa Bonheur's studio and kissed her. When the astonished painter raised her head she found the coveted Cross glittering on her breast.

The Life of Lincoln, nearly approaching completion in the *Century Magazine*, has not been the easiest kind of reading; but there are some passages in it which metaphorically "catch one by the throat," and more which show that, after Washington, we had no greater President than Abraham Lincoln. Among these is the record of

the President's proposition to distribute \$400,000,000 among the slave States, in order to conciliate the embittered South and to spare further expenditure of blood and treasure. He spoke of it to the Cabinet. "We are spending \$3,000,000 a day," he said, "which will amount to all this money in a hundred days, besides all the lives." The Cabinet unanimously opposed his resolution. The *Boston Pilot*, commenting on this, says: "Abraham Lincoln was the incarnation of American common-sense. The common people, of whom he said so wisely, 'God must love them, since He has made so many of them,' were with him in his humane and generous views. Like him, they believed in maintaining the Union; and, like him, they did not believe in perpetuating the bitterness of the struggle after the fight was won."

Archbishop Ryan, of Philadelphia, recently took occasion to show the little reliance that can nowadays be placed upon the things one reads in the public prints. As an instance he mentioned a late number of the *Contemporary Review*, in which the leading article is an anonymous communication gravely outlining the only way in which the future of Catholicism may be preserved. Cardinal Gibbons is indirectly selected as the next Pope, and the seat of the Holy See is transferred from Rome to London. "Now," the Archbishop says, "the truth of the matter is, that it is absolutely beyond the power of human knowledge to say who will be the successor of our good Pope Leo. God, in His Divine Providence, watches over the Chair of Peter, and in His own time will guide the wisdom of the conclave of Cardinals that a worthy man may be chosen. To speculate as to the man who will be called is sheer nonsense. But I trust it will be many years before the Holy Father will be taken to his reward, and in the meantime the affairs of the Church will be conducted with the same judicious prudence and care that have ever attended the work of the hierarchy."

Lord Tennyson describes the Holy Grail as "cut from an emerald." But this wonderful dish is really of glass. When Napoleon I. stole it from Genoa, it fell and was broken. It was found to be of antique glass, and historically what its guardians held it to be—the dish used by Our Lord at the Last Supper. Napoleon, not caring to keep it as it was not emerald, sent it back to Genoa. It was originally placed in a shrine in the Church of San Guglielmo in 1101, when Guglielmo Embriaco brought it from Jerusalem. By request of King Humbert, it was shown to the Emperor and Empress of Germany the other day as they passed through Genoa.

New Publications.

OUR CHRISTIAN HERITAGE. By James Cardinal Gibbons, Archbishop of Baltimore, author of "The Faith of Our Fathers." Baltimore: J. Murphy & Co.

If the name of His Eminence were not on the title-page, and if the excellent qualities of his former work had not whetted the public appetite for this, the manner in which the publishers have presented it would create an unconquerable prejudice in every person of taste. They have seen fit to "adorn" it with a vulgar, flaming portrait of the Cardinal, and the aspect of the volume—which we hoped might find its way into the home of every fair-minded reader—is so generally untasteful that we should hesitate to offer it without an apology to a friend. If Catholic publishers do not soon learn that careful attention must be given to the mechanical make-up of books, writers can not be blamed for following the example of Cardinal Newman and having their works printed by non-Catholic publishers.

The matter of "Our Christian Heritage" is well adapted to dissipate prejudice, not only against the Catholic Church, but against Christianity; for Cardinal Gibbons writes for all intelligent men, whether they are Christians or not. The Cardinal has supported his assertions by famous authorities most likely to affect the modern mind, which, unhappily, is more open to a line from Goethe or Tyndall than a chapter from St. Thomas Aquinas. His manner of putting things shows his great tact and his intimate knowledge of the American mind. Cardinal Gibbons is both clear and concise. His chapter on science is one of those remarkable utterances which go straight to the heart of a subject, and seem to make all other utterances upon them superfluous. He has considered well the problems of the day, from all aspects; and he has placed keys to them in the hands of every man who can read.

"Our Christian Heritage" is eminently a book for the people. It is above all perspicuous. Its English is as clear and as direct—without being at all archaic—as that of John Bunyan. It surpasses expectation; and all those thousands who read "The Faith of Our Fathers" have here a new volume which must produce a greater harvest of conversions, since it is directed at men who need only to be made to think of the claims of the Church to become aware of her beauty. The Cardinal has used no phrases exclusively adopted by theology; there is no misunderstanding his meaning; and his gentleness, his power of saying the right thing to the right people, were never so evident as they are in the book before us.

OLYMPIAS. By T. Sparrow. London: Remington & Co.

The author of this romance has written other books—"Life as We Live It" and "Fraught with Sorrow,"—and she is not unknown to the readers of THE "AVE MARIA" under her pen-name of Darcy Byrn. "Olympias," elaborated, might have been made one of those thrilling historical novels which are just now in such demand. As it is, it promises that the hand which made it so pure, so fresh, so interesting, may be equal to the doing of a greater work.

The scene of "Olympias" is laid at a most interesting epoch in the history of the Eastern Empire—when the Emperor Alexis Comnenus was dying, and the Empress Irene was intriguing to put her daughter Anna on the throne. The East was overrun with soldiers of fortune, ready to add to the dissensions that were tearing the heart out of the Byzantines. Demetrius, a Greek, half patriot, half bandit, captures a young courier, who is tended in his illness by the bandit's daughter, Zoë. Zoë is a lovely creation; she shines like a streak of silver against the darkness of her father's follower, Sebas. Olympias is a Grecian, somewhat of the type of Hypatia, but more noble,—a brilliant votress of philosophy, courted by all the clever people of Athens. Theodore, the prisoner, resembles Tito in George Eliot's novel "Romola," though he is not as well depicted. The plot is evolved from these characters; it is vital and full of interest, and the author's style is limpid, appropriate, and well-knit. A good story in good English is a rare thing; we have one in "Olympias."

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands, as if you were bound with them.
—HEB., xiii, 3.

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

Mr. John Connaboy, of Mendota, Ill., who died on the 17th of September, fortified by the last Sacraments.

Mrs. John T. Piquett, whose happy death occurred in Baltimore, Md., on the 2d inst.

Mrs. Margaret Beal, of Dixon, Ill., whose fervent Christian life was crowned with a saintlike death on the 10th ult.

Mrs. Bridget Phelan, a fervent Child of Mary, who peacefully departed this life on the 28th ult.

Thomas C. Cannon, of Omaha, Neb.; Francis Gorman, Davenport, Iowa; John Wagoner, Iowa City; and Mrs. Mary Layden, Co. Clare, Ireland.

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



The Singer's Alms.

[A touching incident in the life of the great tenor, Mario, who died a good death in his sunny Italy a few years ago, has been thus versified by Mr. Henry Abbey. Mario had a tender heart, which always sympathized with the poor and suffering. He belonged to a noble but impoverished family, and his real name was Giuseppe di Candia. This episode of his life, so creditable to him, and which perhaps merited his happy death, is well worthy of remembrance. Mario's wondrous voice will never be forgotten by those who were so fortunate as to hear it, and its like may never be heard again. He twice visited the United States.]

JN Lyons, on the mart of that French town,
Years since, a woman, leading a fair child,
Craved a small alms of one who, walking down
The thoroughfare, caught the child's glance
and smiled

To see, behind its eyes, a noble soul ;
He paused, but found he had no coin to dole.

His guardian angel warned him not to lose
This chance of pearl to do another good ;
So, as he waited, sorry to refuse

The asked-for penny, there aside he stood,
And with his hat held, as by limb the nest,
He covered his kind face and sang his best.

The sky was blue above, and all the lane
Of commerce, where the singer stood, was filled ;
And many paused, and, listening, paused again
To hear the voice that through and through
them thrilled.

I think the guardian angel helped along
That cry for pity woven in a song.

The hat of its stamped brood was emptied soon
Into the woman's lap, who drenched with tears
Her kiss upon the hand of help ; 'twas noon,
And noon in her glad heart drove forth her fears.
The singer, pleased, passed on, and softly thought :
"Men will not know by whom this deed was
wrought."

But when at night he came upon the stage,
Cheer after cheer went up from that wide throng,
And flowers rained on him ; naught could assuage
The tumult of the welcome save the song
That he had sweetly sung, with covered face,
For the two beggars in the market-place.

Noëlie.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TYBORNE," ETC.

I.

For twenty years Mr. Chevahier went out every morning in Paris, the pink of neatness. For twenty years he had lived alone with his two servants, Joseph and Catherine (brother and sister) ; and during that whole time the fairy Order could never have found enough dust in the house to fill her thimble. Never was there a crease in the carpet, a chair out of place, an unfolded newspaper, a book lying open. For twenty years Mr. Chevahier rose, breakfasted, dined, went out, came in, retired, at exactly the same moment ; so it is not necessary to say he had neither wife nor child.

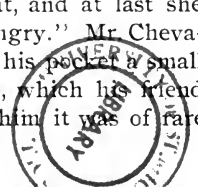
One winter evening, at eight o'clock precisely, Mr. Chevahier went out for a walk. He was elegantly dressed, but in a bad humor ; for, instead of going to his club, he had to visit a gentleman the other side of Paris, who was leaving for the country next day.

Coming back from his visit, trying to take a short cut, he lost his way and found himself in a dark and muddy street. He had to pick his steps, lest he should get a speck of mud on his boots. All of a sudden he heard piercing cries. He listened,—yes, from the house opposite came these heart-stirring shrieks. The street seemed quite deserted.

"Well," said Mr. Chevahier, "come what may, I must see what is the matter."

The house door was open ; he entered, climbed a dark, broken staircase, guided only by the cries, to which he was drawing nearer and nearer ; and at last groping along a corridor, he found, in a perfectly empty room, a little girl lying on the floor. She was between two and three years old, and seemed to be in an agony of fright and despair.

In vain the poor, bewildered man went to the adjoining rooms for help and shouted up the other stairs : all was empty, all was silent. He returned to the little one and touched her ; the cries abated somewhat, and at last she sobbed out : "Petite is hungry." Mr. Chevahier happened to have in his pocket a small parcel of choice chocolate, which his friend had given him, assuring him it was of rare



excellence. He drew this out, and, breaking a bit, gave it to the child. With wonderful rapidity she finished the morsel, and cried for more. He gave her a second piece, and then a third. While eating her eyes were fixed on Mr. Chevahier. At last she said:

"Mr. Friend, Petite wants more. That is good!"

"I think Petite has had enough. And now we can call mamma, for I must go."

"Mr. Friend not go!" cried the little one, throwing herself on him, and clinging to his coat with all her strength. "Petite won't let Mr. Friend go."

"But I must go home."

"Petite will go home with Mr. Friend."

"Petite has odd notions," said Mr. Chevahier, gently. "I will take her to the porter's lodge, and she can wait there till her mamma returns."

The porter's lodge was in darkness; no one was there. "I shall go next door," said the good man; but when he did so the result was the same. At last a large placard struck his eye. The street lamp gave light enough to read it: "To be pulled down. New streets to be made." All the houses in the street were empty. Petite had been deserted and left to her fate.

"Poor little thing!" said Mr. Chevahier. "They left you all alone,—how long ago I wonder?"

But Petite did not hear him. She was asleep on his shoulder.

"What am I to do?" he said. "I must take her to the Sisters of Charity. But not at this hour—there is eleven striking! I shall be late at home. I can't disturb the Sisters now. I must take her with me."

By this time he had reached another street, and a cab was passing. He stepped in with Petite and was driven to his residence.

II.

Mr. Chevahier went up to the first floor and rang the bell. Joseph opened the door, rubbing his eyes. He saw the child's head.

"You are mistaken, sir," said he, rudely. "Go up higher." And he closed the door.

Mr. Chevahier rang again violently. Joseph opened once more.

"What do you mean," said his master, "by shutting the door in my face?"

"But, sir, I did not know you. It's not my fault. You were carrying something. I could not guess—"

"Send Catherine to me."

Catherine, already very cross because her master was late, advanced, and at the sight of Petite fell back.

"What is that, sir?" she asked. "What has happened to you? Give it to me. I'll put it out. It can't stay here."

Petite understood she was not welcome. She threw her arms round Mr. Chevahier's neck. "Petite won't leave Mr. Friend." And she stroked his face with her little black hands, whispering, "Friend!—friend!"

The two servants stood staring at their master, the front door still open.

"What are you staring at me for?" exclaimed Mr. Chevahier. "Joseph, close the door. Catherine, take this child."

"What am I to do with her, sir?" asked Catherine.

"Undress her and put her to bed."

"Where is she to sleep, sir?"

Mr. Chevahier had concluded Catherine would take Petite to her room for the night, but he would not ask it as a favor.

"She shall sleep in my room," he said, in a dignified manner.

"In your room, sir!" exclaimed Catherine, throwing up her hands.

"On my little red sofa," continued Mr. Chevahier.

"On your little red sofa!" cried the servants in one breath.

"Yes," was the answer. "What geese you both are! Catherine, make the child's bed and undress her."

"That won't take long," grumbled Catherine: "she has nothing on but rags. I wonder, sir, you were not disgusted at having to carry her."

When the bed was ready Catherine asked: "What shall I give her for a night-dress in place of these rags?"

Mr. Chevahier was greatly perplexed, but finally replied: "Put on—put on her—one of my shirts."

"One of your shirts, sir!" exclaimed Joseph, letting the warming-pan, with which he was about to warm his master's bed, fall from his grasp.

"No more of this nonsense!" said Mr. Chevahier, sharply. "*One of my shirts*, I repeat."

Catherine unfolded a snowy shirt, well starched and ironed, and put it on Petite. When the little face peeped out from the starched collar, Catherine burst out laughing. Joseph followed her example,—down went the warming-pan again, while the two servants were in convulsions.

Mr. Chevahier could hardly control his countenance, but Petite was too sleepy to laugh. She put out her little arms and asked:

"Mr. Friend, why has Petite a paper night-gown? Petite does not like paper night-gowns."

Mr. Chevahier could no longer restrain his laughter.

"And why do you laugh at Petite?" she said, beginning to cry.

"Lie down, Petite," said he; "lie down."

Catherine turned up the long sleeves, tied a handkerchief round the child's neck, bent back the starched collar, and settled her in bed.

"You don't want me any more, sir?"

"No, Catherine. Go to your room. You too, Joseph."

Then Mr. Chevahier put his watch beside him, lit a cigar, and got into bed with his newspaper. He began to smoke and read in peace, according to custom.

"Good-night, Mr. Friend!" said a little voice.

Mr. Chevahier gave a start. He had quite forgotten he was not alone.

"Good-night, good-night!" said he.

In another minute he heard: "Mr. Friend, I am not asleep."

"Well, try to go to sleep, child. Good-night, good-night!" And he went on reading.

He had read about two lines.

"Mr. Friend, I told you I am *not* asleep."

"Very well, very well!" said Mr. Chevahier impatiently, continuing to read and smoke.

And then, "Mr. Friend, I am hungry again." But Mr. Friend was deep in his newspaper; he made no reply. "Mr. Friend, do you know I am hungry?" she repeated, beginning to cry.

"What, what, what!" said Mr. Chevahier, affecting a gruff voice. "Go to sleep, miss, and be good. You shall have a nice breakfast in the morning and some more chocolate. Go to sleep now. You are not to speak any more."

Perfect quiet ensued. Mr. Chevahier read half a page of his newspaper, and then he heard: "Mr. Friend, why don't *you* go to sleep?"

Mr. Chevahier was ready to tear his hair. In another minute Petite began to sneeze.

"Mr. Friend"—sneeze—"Mr. Friend"—sneeze,—“why,”—sneeze—"do you always smoke in bed?"—sneeze—sneeze—sneeze.

Mr. Chevahier put away his cigar. "Now, then, you naughty child! What more do you want? Go to sleep."

"Petite can't sleep, Mr. Friend," said the child. "Petite wants you to tell her a story."

"A story!" said Mr. Chevahier, raising his hands. "I don't know how, Miss Petite. I tell you to go to sleep."

"Ah, but try and think of one, Mr. Friend."

"Well, it might get her off," thought Mr. Chevahier. "Now listen well."

"Is it a *very* pretty story?" said the little one, smiling.

"You will see, but keep very quiet." And he began to read: "The latest news from Madrid is alarming. The European powers—"

"That story is not pretty at all!" cried Petite. "I want 'The Little White Mouse' or 'The Greedy Little Girl.'" And she began to sob.

"Now she is crying! This finishes all! Petite, do go to sleep, like a good little girl!"

"Petite can't—can't—can't go to sleep. Mr. Friend, if you don't know any pretty stories, sing a nice song."

"What is that striking?" said Mr. Chevahier slowly to himself. "One, two,—half past two o'clock!" Then, in a stern voice, "Now look here! Are we never going to sleep to-night, miss? If you go on like this I shall beat you and throw you out of the window."

Petite went into an agony of sobbing. Mr. Chevahier was melted at once.

"No, no! I won't beat you. I won't throw you out of the window. Don't be afraid. But be good now, and go to sleep nicely."

"I want Mr. Friend to tell me a story or sing me a song," sobbed the child.

"She is as wide-awake as a mouse," muttered the poor man. "It's getting worse and worse. I never had such a night as this in my life! Petite, you seem to me a very spoiled child. Did your mamma tell you stories and sing for you all night when you could not

sleep? It is a fine thing to make people do."

"Oh, no," said Petite, "not mamma! It was godmother who told Petite pretty stories when she could not sleep. Godmother is so good! Petite always slept when she was with mamma."

"Why?" asked Mr. Chevahier.

"Because mamma is sick, and when Petite does not sleep, or when she cries, she is slapped."

"Oh, I am glad to hear that!" said Mr. Chevahier, laughing. "I'll take care not to imitate your godmother. And what is your godmother's name?"

"Sudo," replied the child.

"Consudo," said Mr. Chevahier to himself. "A Spanish name. Does she live in Paris?"

"Yes; but she is gone now, and mamma and papa and grandmamma."

"What is your mother called?—but I think she is going to sleep. Good!"

He began to hum: "Tra-la-la-la-la-la!" Then he stopped. Petite opened her eyes. He began again: "Tra-la-la-tra-la-la!" and so on till the child fell asleep. And when he put out the lamp three o'clock was striking.

"Good-morning, Mr. Friend! Mr. Friend, it is light now. Mr. Friend, Petite wants to get up. Wake up, Mr. Friend!"

Mr. Chevahier shook himself, looked at his watch. Just six o'clock. He seized his bell-rope and rang till the rope came off in his hand. Joseph and Catherine rushed in together.

"Joseph, Catherine, take away this child. Dress her—do as you like with her, but I must sleep a while longer."

"Mr. Friend says Petite may get up, and she wants to get up." And she stretched out her arms to Catherine, who took her and carried her away to the kitchen.

Catherine was very clean and neat, and, though she muttered to herself that she hated children, she washed Petite and combed her fair curly hair. "I really can't put this ragged frock on her again," she said. "What shall I do? Oh, I know! My black cape—that will hide all and make her look tidy."

Petite was enchanted. She walked about, admiring her "beautiful cloak." She threw her arms round the "good lady," as she called Catherine. The woman's heart was touched.

She prepared breakfast, which Petite devoured.

In came Joseph. "What shall I do? Half-past nine and master has not rung his bell! Never did such a thing happen before for twenty years."

"He is still asleep," said Catherine, as she buttered more bread for Petite.

"Petite sleepy too," said the child, rubbing her eyes. "Petite could not sleep in the night. Mr. Friend told a story and sang to Petite; but Mr. Friend does not know any pretty stories or songs. He sang nothing but 'La-la-la-la!'"

The two servants laughed heartily.

"Well, Miss Petite," said Joseph, "you have given my poor master a pretty night. I am not surprised now he is not yet awake."

"Poor, dear man!" sighed Catherine. "I wonder what he will do with this child, and what will become of her?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

An Incident of the Siege of Granada.

Four centuries ago King Ferdinand and Queen Isabella were, with their troops, encamped before the city of Granada. They had well-nigh reconquered Spain: Granada alone defied them, and there the Moors made their last desperate stand. We know of the stirring stages of the progress of the siege, and of the final submission of the Moors to the champions of the Cross. One incident, however, can not be told too often.

It was when the fight was hottest, and deadly missiles from within the walls were raining upon the Spaniards thick and fast, that a young soldier rode gallantly out into the danger. He bore a paper in his right hand, while his left grasped the bridle-rein, and as he advanced he read aloud from the little fluttering sheet, "*Ave Maria*—" The paper contained the words of the Angelic Salutation. He galloped forward undismayed, transfixed it with his dagger to the very gate of the city, and rode back unharmed, amid the delighted and admiring shouts of the army.

When the Spanish troops entered the gates of Granada they uncovered their heads at sight of the paper, still held fast by the dagger of their brave and pious comrade.

THE
AVE MARIA
 TO THE HONOR
 OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN
 A MAGAZINE DEVOTED
 HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.

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The Other Side.

BY ROBERT H. BAYNES.

THE day was done; beside the sultry shore
 The cooling shadows kissed the restless sea;
 The words of wondrous wisdom now were o'er
 That make thy waves so sacred, Galilee!

The thronging multitude from far and nigh
 In eager haste around His bark had pressed;
 And, as He spake, the hours passed stealthy by,
 And many a weary heart found peace and rest.

And then, as gently fell the evening dew,
 And the long day, with all its toil, was o'er,
 The Master saith unto His chosen few:
 "Let us pass over to the farther shore."

So, when our day is ended, and we stand
 At even by the marge of Jordan's tide,
 O may we firmly grasp His piercèd Hand,
 And pass triumphant to the "other side"!

The Shrine of Our Lady of Grace.

BY KATHARINE TYNAN.

THE East End of London is the Sunless City,—as little sun in the streets as in the hearts of the unhappy dwellers therein. Gaunt warehouses, miles of them, wall in the squalid little streets, where a stray shaft of sunlight seems as much out of place as if it were to fall into the heart of a mine. Whitechapel makes even the sun dreary. There is room for a full flood of sunshine in the wide

Whitechapel Road,—one of the finest streets' as regards space, in London; but the human creatures going up and down are even more squalid in what one feels here to be a pitiful glare. Your British vagabond has no art, designed or undesigned, of making his rags and tatters picturesque, or anything but dirty and ill-smelling and terribly suggestive. Even the decent poor in these islands wear the cast-off clothes of their betters, and wear them till they rot apart. Surely one of the first social reforms called for is that the poor should wear washable garments, and should learn to wash them. Coming down here full of sympathy—for it was the days of the great strike,—one was most unwillingly shocked in that niceness and fastidiousness, which a saint would humble by setting himself to dress the leper's sores; the faces, the rude laughter, the uncleanly street manners, or lack of manners, turned one dreary.

It was a bright autumnal day, with a sunny breeze blowing. In the quadrangle of Toynbee Hall—the University settlement in East London—the red leaves of the Virginia creeper were blown one by one from the red brick walls. The house itself, like an old manor-house, lying secluded behind warehouses, was redolent of smoky chimneys. The smoke came down in puffs from the drawing-room chimney, befogging the fine room, with its Benson lamps and Morris cretonnes, its photographs of great masterpieces on the wall; all its pleasant and refined things, amid which Whitechapel lads and lasses may come, as into green pastures,—if they can feel it so, poor things! For Whitechapel life must crush out capacity for fine

feelings, or woe to them who have to live it! Amid all the civilizing appliances of Toynbee—and Christianity and brotherly love have taught its promoters much—that most in evidence was the picture of the Madonna. Her face, in photographs after Raphael and other old masters, was everywhere; it hung above every door, its beauty and purity and tenderness a liberal education.

Great Prescott Street is not far from Toynbee,—nearer the river by a street or two and the width of Commercial Road. It is flanked at the river end by the greatest warehouses in the world,—gigantic structures that shut out the sky. It is a sordid street and mean, and why the prefix "Great" one can not imagine. Yet it is here Our Lady of Grace dispenses her graces,—here where they are much needed. The church of the Oblate Fathers, dedicated to the English Martyrs, carries on the trust of the shrine which Edward III. founded here in memory of, and thanksgiving for, his deliverance in a great storm. The shrine has lost its endowments, and the splendor with which grateful hearts adorned it was reformed away long ago; only the graces remain. The church is a rather gloomy, Puginesque structure, with a fine doorway; it is dark outside with the London smuts, that corrode the solid stone. Over against it is the Jews' Bakery, where the unleavened bread for the Passover is made ready.

The East End of London swarms with Jews, and the poorest and dirtiest Moses or Solomon of them all performs his religious duties as faithfully as a Montefiore or a Rothschild. A strange people, and how well it would be for us Christians if we emulated such faithfulness! How curious it is to think of them keeping the Feast of Tents in their London back gardens,—the sorrowfullest makeshifts of gardens, with London smuts drifting in at each man's tent door, and the hum of prosaic London traffic in the air! And, again, how wonderful to think of the Pasch, with the blood of the symbolical lamb on the London door-posts, and each man shod for a journey, and with his loins girded, just the same as in the golden Eastern land in the days when God talked with men! But I am wandering from the New Dispensation to the Old.

There is a certain fitness in Our Lady of Grace giving her audiences and dispensing

her full-handed graces in this Church of the English Martyrs, close by Tower Hill. To Blessed Thomas More and Blessed John Fisher, to Blessed Margaret Pole and many another, it must have seemed that this grace of martyrdom crowned all God's graces of which His Mother is so often almoner. In the church, dim inside with the East End sunlessness, the carved pulpit is the gift of the descendants of Blessed Thomas More. Round about here is blessed with the footprints of martyrs; and not far away, where are now prosaic tea warehouses, the scaffold stood which was the fallow ground to receive the richest of all seed.

The shrine itself is framed of pure alabaster, with the snowy marble figure of Our Lady in the midst, illuminated forever with a steady glow from some hidden light, which, pouring on the delicate, pure head and shoulders, makes the figure look from a distance like a pale flame. Around and about is a ring of angels, like the angels in Murillo's "Assumption," tending upward, and with eyes toward their Queen. Silver and white the shrine is, with no more garish hue than these: the tabernacle doors, the candlesticks and the vases being all of virgin silver. It is a little place of moonlight in this world of vast shadows. The hanging altar lamp is a silver ship with a blue light,—perhaps for a symbol of the Star of the Sea,—perhaps as a symbol of her who shall be the ship and the ark into which many souls are gathered and saved. In this church there is an altar (the only one I know) dedicated to the Holy Ghost,—the Spirit, the Dove, which descended on Mary Immaculate to give Life to the world.

So not alone in the green solitudes, which were Salette and Lourdes—where the cool silence was only broken by the tinkle of the sheep-bells, or the simple songs of the little shepherding children,—does Our Lady set up her habitation; but here, where there is seething around her the flood-tide of the sin and sorrow of the great city. Who knows what graces the angels carry out through that arched doorway and along the sordid street? Visible angels there are in the shape of the Sisters of the Immaculate Conception, with their gracious nuns' robes of trailing black and azure, pinned well out of harm's way in work-a-day hours,—teaching, nursing, giving

food and comfort,—doing all the gracious, womanly offices which She must love especially who was the sweetest of all women. There are streets around here the very name of which makes the civilized world shudder, because they are associated one way or another with the deeds of horror which have made Whitechapel a name of horror; yet in the worst of them the Blue Sisters can pass unmolested. (Whitechapel—did it take its name from this Abbey of Our Lady of Grace, or from some other stately chapelry of the White Chanceries? O piteous destiny, that it should come to be this slough of despond!) The Sisters influence more than the 20,000 Catholics who work down here, and their belongings. At their approach a street row will disperse like a mist, and the hardiest of desperadoes will sink away with an alacrity which is the besign of respect. "If you'd come a minute sooner, Sister," says a policeman to one of them, "this chap wouldn't have had his head laid open."

The nun I saw was fresh-looking—the one rosy face I met in the East,—with blue eyes and white teeth, and that angelic look of innocence and candor which belongs to a nun. No wonder the poor unlighted souls in the East looking upon such as she, remember their innocence vaguely and are touched. The nun appeals to the latent poetry in even the poorest human nature far more than the strapping Hallelujah lasses, with their pokebonnets, and their rough-and-ready way of doing the work which I am sure is good according to their lights; far more than even the pretty Protestant deaconesses in their charming, prim attire. Around the nun there is a veil of mystery and hiddenness, which the ugliest recognize as a kind of glamour. "Every Quakeress is a lily," said Charles Lamb; every nun is a dove, say I, invested with one knows not what charm of simplicity and gentleness and purity and peace.

The nuns' clean, bare little convent and chapel, with the light throbbing like a heart before the Blessed Sacrament, was an oasis in East London. So too was the Oblates' convent with its pathetic city garden of hardy geraniums and ferns, and such like.

In those days of the great strike hunger stalked in the streets; and the great docks,

well guarded, loomed silent and vast and grey, ringed with a belt of "wan water," as an old ballad writer would call it. And all the time ivory and furs and precious woods lay in the warehouses, and golden fruit and purple wine on the wharves, for no man's profit and no man's pleasure. Happily, that is all over and done with, thanks more to Henry Edward, Cardinal Manning, than to any other man; and once more the busy crowds, no longer famished, swarm to the dock gates, past the warehouses, a whiff from which is like a wind blowing over the Spice Islands. But they are at best joyless crowds, for whom no Star in the East has arisen, or who have never learned its message; pitiful crowds, still waiting for their evangel and evangelist. And all the time in the Chapel of Our Lady of Grace are coolness and silence, and the blue star—blue as her mantle—throbs before that marble effigy of Her who is the tender sister of all Christ's creatures.

A Sin and Its Atonement.

V.

WORDS can not describe the beauty of the childhood of my little Christopher. He was a well-spring of delight, not only in my old home but through the whole valley. The simplicity of his faith and his loving familiarity with divine things by slow degrees dispelled all the haunting associations of my evil days, and restored me to peace and sunshine.

I so well remember his first little suit, when he was three years old; he was charmed with his new clothes, and, having shown them off to me, nothing would content him till he went to the church to show them to Our Lord in the Tabernacle. On one rare occasion, when he had had a breeze with a little play-fellow named Richard, I found him on the altar steps sobbing, "You love me! You love me! Richie doesn't!" He was very much distressed when told by his nurse that the Little Jesus would not care for the marbles which he insisted on leaving before the Crib at Christmas-tide; but when we made him understand that he could give Him everything he *did*, if he did it to please Him, he exclaimed, radiant with delight: "Then I'll give Him my capital letters,

because they're so hard to make!" Father Lindsay used to say, as he watched him: "That child is destined to be a priest, I am sure. Be faithful to your high privilege of rearing him." And the good Father's delight when, after incredible efforts, the little fellow had learned to serve his Mass, was touching to behold.

But I soon became aware that a thread of humiliation and pain was to mingle even with this silver tissue of angelic sweetness. With all his bright intelligence and loving little heart, when it came to any learning which required memory of a technical kind his dullness was insurmountable. Many and many an anxious discussion did I have with Father Lindsay as to the best means of helping him over these insuperable difficulties, and the only grief my boy's happy child-heart ever knew was the perpetual failure in what was expected of him in the way of learning.

I was so uneasy about it that I took him once to a specialist in Edinburgh, telling of the peculiarly powerful character of his father's mind, and a certain amount of natural quickness and retentiveness in mine, which made the total absence of it in him the more remarkable. The doctor took a great fancy to the boy, who asked him with earnest simplicity to give him some medicine which would enable him to learn Latin grammar. "Your boy will make a grand man, and he has a splendid heart," Doctor Quin said to me when we were alone; "but you must resign all hope of his being a scholar: he has no scientific memory."

As we went back to the hotel I thought Christopher looked sad and disappointed. "What are you thinking of, my child?" I asked, feeling my own heart very heavy.—"I'm thinking perhaps I am the ass' colt the Lord had need of," he answered. "I sha'n't urge Our Lady any longer to make me clever. I shall just ask her to let me be a priest, though I *am* a dunce."

These words inspired me with an idea. I went to the Rt. Rev. Bishop (who happened to be in Edinburgh), and laid the whole case before him. I told him of the child's own ardent desire; of Father Lindsay's conviction that he was destined to be a priest; of the great natural gifts in one way, and the serious defect in another. I said I felt it would

be morally impossible for him to attain to the full measure of scholarship required for ordinary candidates, and that it would be cruel to let him go on cherishing the hope, and preparing for a career which would eventually be closed against him. The Bishop listened with the utmost attention, and told me to send the boy to him for the afternoon, saying he would study the case carefully and give me a definitive answer next day.

Christopher set off for the palace, not one whit afraid of Bishop, Vicar General, and innumerable priests, who were coming in and going out. He answered some difficult questions in the catechism splendidly, though he could not recite a single answer without some verbal mistake; he made a frightful hash of all his Scripture history; but when it came to the Gospels he took them all by storm, with the vividness of his pictures and the tenderness of his devotion. The boy came rushing home in an ecstasy of cordial gratitude. "The Bishop says Our Lord *shall* have His Christ-bearer if He wants him; he will help me through everything, and ordain me himself when I have finished my course." I went to the Bishop next morning, and he said, with tears in his eyes: "Whom God has so manifestly chosen, let no man dare to refuse."

So the great event was to be realized, and as the all important time drew near one thought absorbed my heart. I hoped and prayed and *believed* my son's first Mass would win his father's soul. His pure, innocent wisdom had flooded my own heart with light, but I could not even picture to myself what his father would feel about such an unworldly, simple spirit if he saw him in the flesh. I so dreaded any sudden interference that I had ceased saying anything about our son in my letters to my husband. He had never expressed the least interest in, or asked the slightest question about, Christopher's education. How could I ever have expected that a man of such dominating character could be content to see his child brought up on lines which he so thoroughly despised! But I told my boy everything I thought could rouse his interest in his father, and from the time his vocation to the priesthood was settled I continually and earnestly begged him to entreat Our Lady to help him to make the intention in his first

Mass with such fervor that the anger of God might be appeased, and full light won for the blind but upright soul.

The last steps were taken, as all the rest had been, in the midst of much anxiety, humiliation, and apparent failure. I felt as if my boy had to expiate the ambition of his parents, and I never dared pray that he might shine, only that he might get through and fulfil his vocation. The last examination before he received subdeacon's orders (which was, of course, the decisive one) was a terrible strain to me; for I knew that, with all the Bishop's indulgence, a certain amount of knowledge of Latin, theology, etc., was absolutely essential and could not be dispensed with. I spent the time before the Blessed Sacrament in an agony of prayer.

Suddenly there recurred to my mind a picture which the saintly Duchesse de Saintange had put before me when I was lying ill in Paris, raving about the howling waves in which my husband and myself were engulfed. Finding she could in no way dispel the impression which that picture, in the place of all my holy objects, had wrought on my overstrained brain, she seized on it and drew a picture of her own, to make a contrary impression. "Very well," she said; "be it so. You are both struggling in a sea of suffering and sorrow, which lies between you and the haven of rest. But, remember, our Divine Saviour has thrown Himself into that Red Sea before you; and as soon as He reached the shore He turned round with radiant countenance, holding out His arms to each one of His elect, and sending His voice over the waters, saying, 'Come!' If you are to die in this illness, it is because He says 'Come!' If your child dies, it is His voice calling it. And if your husband is to be more battered by winds and waves than either of you, still at the end I surely believe that he too will hear the voice of his Redeemer saying, 'Come to Me all ye that are heavy laden.'"

Madame de Saintange had sounded the depths of that Red Sea herself, and she had spoken with a conviction, a living force, which had left an indelible impression on my heart. It quieted me then, when I was too feeble to receive it fully; it abode with me ever afterward; and in that dark church in Edinburgh, where I had hid myself to pray during the

crisis of my only son's life, it came before me with the vividness of a vision. I seemed to see the noble face of my husband borne on the top of a mountainous wave, and then vanishing from sight; I was struggling myself amidst the rushing waters. But on the shore there stood the radiant form of Him whom I now loved beyond all and trusted more than all; and I seemed to hear Him say "Come!" three times, and in a moment we were all three standing with Him upon the shore. I took the crumb of comfort sent me, and knelt on, abandoning myself rather than praying. I had told Christopher where to come for me when the great decision was over. He appeared, radiant with joy, and we said the *Te Deum*, then went home and had a festive meal together, during which I questioned him as to the momentous examination.

"Were you helped to do well," I asked, "or were you passed in spite of failure?"

"I hardly know how it was," he answered. "I suppose Our Lord, in His condescension, chose to accept me, and so He brought it to pass. Often enough He chooses the base things of the world to confound the strong. Once, you know, He chose an ass."

I looked at him inquiringly, not understanding for the moment to what he alluded.

"Don't you remember?" he continued. "He bade the disciples loose the ass and bring it to Him; and if any one should ask them why they did so, they were to answer that the Lord had need of him. O mother, I have so often envied that poor dumb beast! So often I have said to Our Lord: 'Have need of *me*; send for *me*!' I know I am worthless and good for nothing; but if the poor ass could do Him a service, why not I?"

"Why not, indeed?" I answered. "In the one hour of earthly triumph which He permitted Himself in His life He chose to be borne by that humble beast. It was a wonderful choice."

"Yes," he said; "and now He has chosen me. That was why you were inspired to call me Christopher—the Christ-bearer. I know well enough I am as worthless and foolish as the poor ass, but He has called me; He has willed to have need of me; and I too shall bear Him in these hands, and carry Him to the sick and the dying. O mother, that will

be better than to be called a scholar or a great preacher!"

A light beamed in his eyes as he spoke thus, and I saw that in the very depths of his soul he chose for himself what God had chosen for him, and felt it to be the better part. There was such a nobleness in his humility, such a sense of the priceless dignity of being chosen to be the servant of the Lord, that as I gazed on his countenance, radiant with love and gratitude, the last cloud of earthly regret vanished from my mind. I had feared the disappointment his father might feel about him, knowing what a pride he would have taken in the genius and brilliant gifts of an only son; but all such misgivings gave way before a hope, which was almost certainty, that God Himself was leading my Christopher in a yet more excellent way.

The next year fled by swiftly and peacefully. His studies in philosophy lifted him into his own sphere, and he got on well. He was ordained in Edinburgh by the Bishop, who had been so truly a father to him, and was to say his first Mass, with Father Lindsay as assistant, at Glencairn on the following Sunday. I knew he wished to be in retreat, and I did not attempt to have an interview with him, but wrote on a slip of paper: "Remember the great intention of your first Mass, and, with the Holy Sacrifice, make an offering to God of my life and all that concerns me. Now that you are a priest, my efforts henceforth belong to your father."

I saw him ascend the altar, and go through the preliminary parts of the service with calm, self-possessed dignity. There was not a trace of forgetfulness or nervousness. Then I saw him supremely recollected. I could not watch any longer: altar, priest—all vanished in the intensity of the prayer in which I united myself with that mighty Sacrifice,—God offered to God.

I knelt for the blessing of my only son, and kissed his anointed hands as he sat in the little sanctuary of our village church, which was crowded with friends and well-wishers. All the beautiful presents of church plate and vestments which kind hands had collected were arranged on a table in the sacristy, and with childlike gratitude he rejoiced over them all. He was to dine at the presbytery, and a party of

priests and gentlemen were invited to meet and congratulate him. I went home, saying to myself, "That work, thank God, is finished!"

But it seemed as if a barrier had been suddenly removed from a strong-flowing fountain; for the rush of thought and love and longing for my husband's presence quite overwhelmed me. I spent the whole afternoon writing to him, freely, fully, as I had not done since we had been parted. I told him all about our son, reminded him of the years (almost a lifetime) which had passed, and pleaded that surely now the time had come when we could be once more together. All fear of his influence injuring my Christopher's faith or mine had changed into an inexpressible yearning to help him,—a feeling that he now needed us. I could not sleep all night, and golden dreams of a return of earthly happiness began to mingle with my prayers for him.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Wild Rosebush.*

BY E. V. N.

NOTE you rosebush outward tending,
Wreaths of fragrant blossoms lending
Sweetness to the summer air;
"Tree of Life," by Heaven's selection,
Emblem of Our Lord's protection,
Granted through His Mother's pray'r.

Hail, thou queen of Nature's wildwood!
Well thy buds portray Christ's childhood,
Bristling thorns His tortures show;
Pale-red blooms and glossy green leaves,
Simple faith with mystic skill weaves
Into types of joy or woe.

Gold-tipp'd anthers in communion
Symbolize fraternal union
Firmly knit in prayerful band.
Heart-shaped petals round these cluster,
More expressive than the lustre
Shed by gems of sea or land.

Formed and fed by dews from heaven,
Day's bright king to thee has given
Perfume rich and rare,—
Like the incense (sacred token)
Of petitions humbly spoken
In the Holy Rosary prayer.

* *Rosa lucida*, of Wood's Botany.

The Popes at Avignon.

BY THE REV. REUBEN PARSONS, D. D.

NOW that rumors are abroad concerning a presumed probable intention on the part of Pope Leo XIII. to transfer his residence from the legitimate seat of the Papacy, it may not be amiss to make a few reflections on "the captivity of Babylon," as the Romans have been wont to style the seventy years' residence of their Pontiff-Kings in France.

While Pope Clement V. resided at Poitiers, or at Bordeaux (1305-9), the pressure, and even tyranny, exercised toward the Pontiff by King Philip the Fair had demonstrated the necessity of a fixed residence of the Papal court where the head of the Church could enjoy freedom of action. But Clement V., probably with little displeasure, did not deem it feasible to restore the Papal residence to the Eternal City. The factions of the nobility, headed by the Orsini and the Colonna, held Rome in a state of chronic disorder; and therefore Clement decided to locate his court in the city of Avignon, which, although nominally subject to the House of Anjou, was, thanks to the spirit of its citizens, virtually independent, and which was nearly enclosed in the County of the Venaissin, a possession of the Holy See.* Petrarch, like all the Italian writers of that day, could see no beauty in the rock-perched town, "little and disgusting." He knew of no place "so stinking," and declared that it was "a shame to make it the capital of the world." The Italian contemporaries of Clement V. manifest their indignation at the Pontiff's unfortunate action by such expressions as "scandal to the universe," "the exile of the Holy See," and the famous one, "the captivity of Babylon."

But while it is certain that Rome and all Italy suffered by the prolonged absence of the Papal court, and by the consequent preponderating influence of the French kings in the affairs of Europe; while it is true that to the Papal residence in France may be traced the

causes that produced the Great Western Schism, it would be unjust to Clement V. to suppose that he foresaw the many evils entailed by his determination, or that he realized that his immediate successors would persist in absenting themselves from their See. There were powerful reasons for his conduct. In France, his own land, where the affair of the Templars had detained him for six years, he saw himself respected and loved, while his own capital was a prey to anarchy, and many of his near predecessors had been compelled to fix their residence in Viterbo, Perugia, or Anagni; Tuscany could not afford the Sovereign Pontiff a refuge, for it was harassed by the feud of the Whites and Blacks; Venice was at issue with the Holy See, because of the claims of both parties to the marquisate of Ferrara; either of the Two Sicilies would have been a more precarious asylum than France.

The advent of the Papal court was a happy thing for Avignon. She soon came down from her rocky perch, and extended herself over the plain; whole quarters of elegant streets, flanked by magnificent palaces, appeared; and the arts and taste of Italy soon made the city one of the most beautiful in Europe. In the year 1348 Pope Clement VI. bought Avignon from Queen Jane of Naples, heiress to the counts of Provence. In 1791 it was definitively annexed to France. Seven Popes resided at Avignon: Clement V., John XXII., Benedict XII., Clement VI., Innocent VI., Urban V., and Gregory XI.,—all, quite naturally, French, and all of whom did honor to their country, despite the assertion of Henri Martin that "Avignon was then a Gomorrha,"—a calumny which is refuted by its own exaggeration.

The first of the Avignonese Pontiffs to seriously contemplate the restoration of the Papal residence to the Eternal City was Urban V., elected October 1, 1362. Long before his elevation, the Abbot Grimoard (such was his position in the Benedictine monastery of St. Victor at Marseilles at the time of the conclave) had been prominent among those who most ardently desired to end the exile of the Holy See. Matthew Villani says that when Grimoard heard of the death of Innocent VI., he publicly exclaimed: "If, by the grace of

* It became such in 1228, by a treaty between Pope Gregory IX., represented by Cardinal d'Ossat, and King Louis IX. with Count Raymond of Toulouse.

God, I could see a Pope seriously trying to restore the Holy See to Italy, I would die willingly to-morrow." But not before 1367 did Urban avow his resolution. When the intelligence reached Italy the whole peninsula, save alone the partisans of Barnabo Visconti, of Milan, were frenzied with joy. Even this prince dissimulated, and sent his congratulations to Urban.

In France, however, the discontent was great, and King Charles V. sent to Avignon the eloquent Nicholas Oresme, who had been the prince's tutor, requesting him to combat the pontifical intention. Oresme was admitted to the consistory, and pronounced a prolix oration, well garnished with passages from Scripture and historical allusions, none of which applied to his thesis. Petrarch informs us that his arguments only hastened the Pope's preparations for departure. But the Pontiff encountered very serious opposition from the French cardinals; in fact, the entire Sacred College, save only the Cardinals Orsini and Capoccio, and the Bishop of Viterbo (the only Italians), formally declined to accompany His Holiness. However, as the Frenchmen valued their hats, and Urban threatened to take these away, the opposition subsided.*

On April 30, 1367, the pontifical court bade farewell to Avignon; on June 3 the fleet anchored off Corneto, and on the 9th the Pontiff entered Viterbo. But not before October 16 did a successor of St. Peter, for the first time in sixty-three years, kneel at the shrine of the Prince of the Apostles. And, alas! in less than three years the chief pastor again sought a foreign residence, and no other reason can be assigned for this abandonment of his legitimate post than mere home-sickness. French writers try to palliate his weakness, but none can adduce any more probable reason for his return to France than that he yearned for home. He explained his resolution to the Christian world by the necessity of being on the spot while trying to reconcile the kings of France and England. In vain did the holy Swedish princess, afterward canonized as St. Bridget, threaten Urban with the anger of God and an early death if he effected his de-

sign;* in vain the Roman Senate besought him to remain. On September 5, 1370, he embarked at Corneto, and on the 24th he re-entered Avignon. The menace of St. Bridget was soon accomplished; in the fulness of his strength Pope Urban V. was suddenly attacked by an illness which threatened his life. Then he swore to return to Rome, if Almighty God would permit it; but his hour had come, and, wrapped in his Benedictine habit, which he had always retained, he died on the 19th of December, 1370.

On the first day of the conclave (Dec. 30) the unanimous voice of the Sacred College raised to the Papacy the Cardinal Deacon, Peter Roger de Beaufort, nephew of Clement VI. A cardinal at eighteen, he had continued the public prosecution of his studies, and soon became so remarkable for perspicacity and maturity of judgment that one of his masters, Ubaldo Ubaldi, the first jurisconsult of the age, often consulted him, and would give his opinion, saying, "Our master thus pronounces." The new Pontiff was ordained priest on January 4, 1371; then consecrated bishop, and crowned as Pope under the name of Gregory XI. From the very beginning of his pontificate Gregory was resolved to restore definitively the Holy See to the Eternal City, and in October, 1374, he wrote to the Emperor Charles IV.: "We wish to put off no longer our visit to the Holy City, and we have resolved, with the help of God, to set out next September." He announced his determination to all the European sovereigns; but the commencement of 1376 found him still at Avignon, trying to make peace between France and England. His final departure is generally regarded as due to the influence of St. Catherine of Sienna.

On September 13, 1376, the Holy See bade a lasting farewell to Avignon. Marseilles was reached on the 20th, and the Pontiff found awaiting him twenty-two galleys, most of which belonged to, and were manned by, the Knights Hospitallers; the most beautiful ship of the fleet, however, had been sent by Florence, although this Republic was then at war with the Holy See. Sail was spread on October 2,

* "Chronicle of Bologna," in Muratori.

* "Revelations of St. Bridget," b. iv, c. 138. Gobelin, "Cosmodromium," c. 73.

and after a stormy voyage, and many forced delays at intermediate ports, the Papal court disembarked at the port of Corneto on the 6th of December. Here the Pontiff remained until January 15, 1377, when he ascended the Tiber, and on January 17 landed at St. Paul's. On the 18th, the Feast of the Chair of St. Peter at Rome, he made his triumphal entry into the Capital of Christendom, and the Romans rejoiced that "the captivity of Babylon" was at an end.

It is frequently asserted that on his deathbed Pope Gregory XI. avowed his regret for having restored the Papal residence to its legitimate site. Gerson says that, holding in his hands the Blessed Eucharist, the dying Pontiff enjoined upon the attending cardinals never to be influenced by the imaginary visions of hallucinated men and women; that Gregory admitted that his own facility in this regard, had brought the Church to the verge of a schism.* Now, these words attributed to Pope Gregory reflect too seriously upon the veracity and good sense, to say nothing of the approved sanctity, of St. Catherine of Sienna, of St. Bridget of Sweden, and of the Blessed Alfonso of Aragon, to have been uttered at so solemn a moment by so wise and holy a man. Gerson is, in many matters, a grave authority; but in this matter, unsupported as he is by contemporary testimony, we must decline to accept the many absurdities implied by his assertion. Whatever the great chancellor knew about the deeds and sayings of Pope Gregory XI. he had acquired from others; at the time of the Pontiff's death he was a boy of fourteen in the schools of Paris, and we find no corroboration of the above assertion in any work by an author contemporary with the Pontiff. Gerson was a cultivator of the Avignon idea, and he would probably lend a credulous ear to any tale that would aid to put it in action.

And what must we think of Gregory's supposed foresight of the Great Schism? To one, like Gerson, living amid the troubles of that schism, it would be easy to trace it back to certain seeming causes; but there was nothing in the circumstances of Rome or of the Church while Pope Gregory XI. was dying, except

the obstinacy of the French cardinals, which could have justified the supposed gloomy forebodings of the Pontiff. And would this obstinacy, this home-sickness, this false idea of patriotism, in fine this consummate and unmitigated selfishness, of the French cardinals have justified a Pontiff in lamenting his having performed an act which was praised (save in France) throughout Christendom as an act of common utility? Had the Romans no rights at all in the matter? Had they no right to insist that their Bishop should reside among them? Had they no right to the personal protection and government of their Pope-King? Had the Universal Church no claims in the premises? Was the Papacy to continue to be an appendage of the French crown, a mere contributor to its convenience and glory, merely because of the ultra-nationalism of certain creatures of the French monarch, or because of their want of sympathy with the legitimate aspirations of the Pope's temporal subjects, or because said creatures, forsooth, found the Roman Campagna less suited to their effeminate constitutions than were the beautiful plains of the Venaissin? Again, at the very time that Pope Gregory is said to have expressed his disgust with the "hallucinations" which had contributed to his removal from Avignon to his proper residence, his principal "hallucinator," St. Catherine, was acting as his agent at Florence.* And the Pontiff well knew that God had favored His servant with supernatural gifts; for, in the Bull of Canonization of St. Catherine, Pope Pius II. expressly certifies that she had acquainted Gregory with her knowledge of his secret vow to proceed to Rome.

That ultra-Gallican, Maimbourg, easily concludes that "when this Pontiff viewed the condition of Italy on the spot, he regarded it with an eye different from that with which he had judged it when in distant Avignon; and, finding himself at the point of death before he could prevent the evils which he foresaw, he deplored the horrors menacing the Church. Well did he see how the Romans, who, contrary to their promise of entire submission, had usurped sovereign authority over the

* "Examination of Doctrines," p. ii, consid. 3.

* Bollandists: "Life of St. Catherine of Sienna," v. iii, c. 8, nos. 420-425.

city, leaving to the Pontiff only a shadow of power, would master the conclave, and would not suffer the election of a Pope from beyond the Alps, lest such a one would again transfer the Holy See from Rome. Well did he see, on the other hand, that the French cardinals, then composing more than two-thirds of the College (there were twenty-three members,—eighteen French, four Italians, and one Spaniard), would afterward protest against the violence used toward themselves, and that hence the first election would prove to have been not free and canonical. These considerations, together with the little power vouchsafed him in Italy, in spite of the fine words that had drawn him from France, made him believe that he had left that country at an unpropitious time, and caused him to take, some time before his death, the resolution to return to Avignon.*

In expressing such opinions, Maimbourg was true to the Aulico-Gallican principles which were soon to entail the catastrophe of his life, but nothing that Pope Gregory XI. witnessed or experienced at Rome could have given to that Pontiff any foreknowledge of the embroglio that ensued after his death. But granting that he foresaw that his countrymen of the Sacred College would rend the seamless garment of Christ sooner than abandon their project of confining the Papal residence to France, of making the pontifical dignity hereditary in the French family, would Gregory XI. have been justified in returning to Avignon? Were the wishes of a mere *clique* to be respected sooner than the desires of Christendom; the fancied interests of France rather than the real ones of the Pope's own temporal subjects—yea, rather than those of all other nations? Nor would a return to Avignon have obviated all danger of schism. The fact is, the exile at Avignon had prepared the way to a schism, which, if it arrived not in one way, was almost certain to come by another. Such was the temper of the Romans at the time—owing to the decayed grandeur of their city, and the terrible anarchy of which they were victims,—that a little encouragement would have caused them to resist the authority of an Avignonese Pon-

tiff. In August, 1376, Luca Savelli arrived at Avignon, and informed the Pope that the Abbot of Montecassino had already been asked whether he would accept the tiara if it were tendered him by the clergy and people of Rome; and that the prelate had answered that, as a Roman citizen, he could refuse nothing to the Romans. The Papal legate at Rome had also informed the Pope of this manœuvre,* and Gregory perceived that an aversion of the threatened danger was of sufficient importance to make him ignore the disturbed state of the peninsula.

As for Maimbourg's statement, that Pope Gregory XI. foresaw that "the Romans would master the conclave," it is certain that the Romans did no such thing. The Pontiff may have foreseen, as Maimbourg says, the rebellion of the French cardinals; that is probable, for he knew those prelates well. The French cardinals plunged the Church into the vortex of schism; and they were more than aided by Charles V., whom Maimbourg deems "one of the most pious and one of the wisest of French monarchs, for whose sacred person the ultramontane continuator of Baronio's 'Annals' (Oderico Rinaldi, commonly called Raynald) loses all respect when he asserts that this great prince 'was the author of the schism, into which he forced his subjects to enter by tyrannically oppressing the liberty of the bishops and doctors of his kingdom.'" Had Gregory XI. humored the French cardinals, he would have merely postponed the schism; the only reason for its birth would have subsisted, so long as the French desired to retain the Pope in France, while Rome and the rest of the world wished him to dwell in his own house; and such divergence would, of course, have been perennial. At the first check upon French vanity, in the shape of a definitive restoration of the Papal residence to its legitimate site, the smouldering fire would have burst into flame.

* Gonzalo Illescas, *loc. cit.*, p. 40. Baluze, *loc. cit.*, v. i, p. 437. *Idem*, note, p. 1194.—St. Catherine seems to allude to this plot, when she is so precise as to the time Gregory ought to arrive in Rome. "My amiable Father, you seek my opinion concerning your return. I reply, on the part of Jesus Crucified, that you ought to come to Rome as soon as possible. If you can, come in the beginning of September; if you can not, wait not for the end of the month." (Letters, epist. ii.)

* "History of the Great Western Schism." Paris, 1678, b. i, p. 12.

The Crucifix of Byzantium.*

IN the reign of Heraclius, when Sergius was Patriarch of Constantinople, there lived in Byzantium a merchant named Theodore, a good man and just, fearing God, and serving Him with all his heart. He went on a voyage to the ports of Syria and Palestine with his wares, in a large, well-laden vessel; sold his goods to profit, and turned his ship's head homeward with a good lading of silks and spices,—the former some of the produce of the looms of distant China, brought in caravans through Persia and Syria to the emporiums on the Mediterranean.

It was late in the year when Theodore began his voyage home; the equinoctial gales had begun to blow, and prudence would have suggested that he should winter in Cyprus; but he was eager to return to Byzantium to his beloved wife, and to prepare for another adventure in the ensuing spring.

But he was overtaken by a storm as he was sailing up the Propontis, and to save the vessel he was obliged to throw all the lading overboard. He reached Constantinople in safety, but with the loss of his goods. His grief and despair were excessive. His wife was unable to console him. He declared that he was weary of the world; that his loss was sent him as a warning from Heaven not to set his heart on Mammon, and that he was resolved to enter a monastery and spend the rest of his days in devotion.

"Hasten, husband mine!" said the wife. "Put this scheme into execution at once; for if you delay you may be tempted to change your mind."

The manifest impatience of his wife to get rid of him somewhat cooled the ardor of Theodore for the monastic profession, and before taking the irrevocable step he consulted a

* There are many versions of this strange and beautiful story, which is oftenest entitled "Abram the Usurer." The one which we give, with some changes, is found in S. Baring Gould's "Historic Oddities and Strange Events," First Series. The account is taken from a sermon preached in the Church of St. Sophia at Constantinople, printed by Combesius from a MS. in the National Library at Paris. The probable date of the composition, according to Mr. Gould, is the tenth century.

friend. "I think, dearest brother—nay, I am certain,—that this misfortune came on me as the indication of the finger of Providence that I should give up merchandise and care only for the saving of my soul."

"My friend," answered the other, "I do not see this in the same light as you. Every merchant must expect loss. It is one of the ordinary risks of sailors. It is absurd to despair. Go to your friends and borrow of them sufficient to load your vessel again, and try your luck once more. You are known as a merchant and trusted as an honest man, and will have no difficulty in raising the sum requisite."

Theodore rushed home and announced to his wife that he had already changed his mind, and that he was going to borrow money.

"Whatever pleases you is right in my eyes," said the lady.

Theodore went the round of his acquaintances, told them of his misfortune, and asked them to lend him enough to restock his vessel, promising to pay them a good percentage on the money lent. But the autumn had been fatal to more vessels than that of Theodore, and he found that no one was disposed to advance him the large sum he required. He went from door to door, but a cold refusal met him everywhere. Disappointed and sick at heart, distressed at finding friends so unfriendly, he returned home and said to his wife: "Woman! the world is hard and heartless; I will have nothing more to do with it. I will become a monk."

"Dearest husband, do so by all means, and I shall be well pleased," answered the wife, as coolly as before.

Theodore tossed on his bed all night, unable to sleep; before dawn an idea struck him. There was a very wealthy Jew, named Abram, not far away, who had often importuned him to trade with his money, but whom he had invariably refused. He would try this man as a last resource.

So when morning came Theodore rose and went to the shop of Abram. The Hebrew listened attentively to his story, and then said, smiling: "Master Theodore, when thou wast rich I often asked thee to take my money and trade with it in foreign parts, so that I might turn it over with advantage; but I always

met with refusal. And now that thou art poor, with only an empty ship, thou comest to me to ask for a loan. What if again tempest should fall on thee, and wreck and ruin be thy lot, where should I look for my money? Thou art poor. If I were to sell thy house it would not fetch much. Nay, if I am to lend thee money thou must provide a surety, to whom I may apply, and who will repay me should accident befall thee. Go find security, and I will find the money."

So Theodore went to his best friend and told him the circumstances, and asked him to stand surety for him to the Jew.

"Dear friend," answered he, "I should be most happy to oblige you, but I am a poor man; I have not as much money in the world as would suffice. The Hebrew would not accept me as surety; he knows the state of my affairs too well. But I will do for you what little I can. We will go together to some merchants, and beseech them to stand security for you to the Jew."

So the two friends went to a rich merchant with whom they were acquainted, and told him what they wanted; but he blustered and turned red, and said: "Away with you fellows! Who ever heard of such insolence as that two needy beggars should ask a man of substance like me to go with them to the den of a cursed infidel Jew! God be thanked, I have no dealings with Jews! I have never spoken to one in my life, and never give them a greeting when I pass any in street or market-place. A man who goes to the Jews to-day goes to the dogs to-morrow, and to the devil the day after."

The friends visited other merchants, but with like ill-success. Theodore had spent the day fasting, and he went supperless to bed, very hopeless, and with the prospect growing more distinct of being obliged to put on the cowl of a monk,—a prospect which, somehow or other, he did not relish.

Next morning he started from home to tell Abram his failure. His way was through the great square called the Copper Market, before the Imperial Palace. Now, there stood there a porch consisting of four pillars, which supported a dome covered with brazen tiles, the whole surmounted by a cross, on the east side of which, looking down on the square, and

across over the sparkling Bosphorus to the hills of Asia, was a large, solemn figure of the Crucified. This porch and cross had been set up by Constantine the Great, and had been restored by Anastasius.

As Theodore sped through the Copper Market in the morning he looked up; the sky was of the deepest gentian blue. Against it, glittering like gold in the early sun, above the blazing, brazen tiles, stood the great cross with the holy form thereon. Theodore halted in his desolation, doubt and despair, and looked up at the figure. It was in the old, grave Byzantine style,—very solemn, without the pain expressed in medieval crucifixes, and, like so many early figures of the sort, was probably vested and crowned.

A sudden inspiration took hold of the ruined man. He fell on his knees, stretched his hands toward the shining form and cried: "Lord Jesus Christ, the hope of the whole earth, the only succor of all who are cast down, the sure confidence of those that look to Thee! All on whom I could lean have failed me. I have none on earth on whom I can call. Do Thou, Lord, be surety for me, though I am unworthy to ask it." Then, filled with confidence, he rose from his knees and ran to the house of Abram, and, bursting in on him, said: "Be of good cheer! I have found a Surety very great and noble and mighty. Have no fear to trust thy money; He will keep it safe."

Abram answered: "Very well. Let the man come and sign the deed, and see the money paid over."

"Nay, my brother," said Theodore; "come thou with me. I have hurried in thus to bring thee to Him."

Then Abram went with Theodore, who led him to the Copper Market, and bade him be seated; then, raising his finger, he pointed to the sacred form hanging on the cross, and, full of confidence, said to the Hebrew: "There, Master Abram; thou couldst not have a better security than the Lord of heaven and earth. I have besought Him to stand for me, and I know He is so good that He will not deny me."

The Jew was perplexed. He said nothing for a moment or two, and then, wondering at the man's faith, answered: "Friend, dost thou

not know the difference between the faith of a Christian and of a Hebrew? How canst thou ask me to accept as thy surety One whom thou believest my people to have rejected and crucified? However, I will trust thee, Theodore; for I know thou art a God-fearing and an honest man; and I will risk my money."

So the twain returned to the Jew's quarters, and Abram counted out fifty pounds of gold—in our money about \$12,000. He tied the money up in bags and bade his servants bear it after Theodore. And Abram and the glad merchant came to the Copper Market, and then the Jew ordered that the money bags should be set down under the Tetrastyle, where was the great crucifix. Then said the Hebrew usurer: "See, Theodore, I make over to thee the loan here before thy God." And there, in the face of the great image of his Saviour, Theodore received the loan, and swore to deal faithfully by the Jew, and to restore the money to him with usury.

After this the merchant bought a cargo for his vessel, and hired sailors, and set sail for Syria. He put into port at Tyre and Sidon, and traded with his goods, and bought in place of them many rich Oriental stuffs, with spices and gums; and when his ship was well laden he sailed for Constantinople.

But again misfortune befell him. A storm arose, and the sailors were constrained to throw the bales of silk and bags of costly gums and vessels of Oriental chasing into the greedy waves. But as the ship began to fill, they were obliged to get into the boat and escape to land. The ship keeled over and drifted into shallow water. When the storm abated they got to her, succeeded in floating her, and made the best of their way in the battered ship to Constantinople, thankful that they had preserved their lives. But Theodore was in sad distress, chiefly because he had lost Abram's money. "How shall I dare to face the man who dealt so generously by me?" he said to himself. "What shall I say when he reproaches me? What answer can I make to my Surety for having lost the money entrusted to me?"

Now, when Abram heard that Theodore had arrived in Constantinople in his wrecked vessel, with the loss of all his cargo, he went

to him at once, and found the man prostrate in his chamber, the pavement wet with his tears of shame and disappointment. Abram laid his hand gently on his shoulder, and said in a kind voice: "Rise, my brother. Do not be downcast. Give glory to God, who rules all things as He wills, and follow me home. God will order all for the best."

Then the merchant rose and followed the Jew, but he would not lift his eyes from the ground, for he was ashamed to look him in the face. Abram was troubled at the distress of his friend, and he said to him as he shut the door of his house: "Let not thy heart be broken with overmuch grief, dearest friend; for it is the mark of a wise man to bear all things with firm mind. See! I am ready again to lend thee fifty pounds of gold. And may better fortune attend thee this time! I trust that our God will bless the money and multiply it, so that in the end we shall lose nothing by our former misadventure."

"Then," said Theodore, "Christ shall again stand security for me. Bring the money to the Tetrastyle."

Therefore, again the bags of gold were brought before the cross, and when they had been made over to the merchant, Abram said: "Accept, Master Theodore, this sum of fifty pounds of gold, paid over to thee before thy Surety, and go in peace. And may the Lord God prosper thee on thy journey, and make plain the way before thee! And remember that before this thy Surety thou art bound to me for a hundred pounds of gold."

Having thus spoken, Abram returned home. Theodore repaired and reloaded his ship, engaged mariners and made ready to sail. But on the day he was about to depart he went into the Copper Market, and kneeling down, with his face toward the cross, he prayed the Lord to be his companion and captain, and to guide him on his journey, and bring him safe through all perils with his goods back to Byzantium once more.

Then he went on to the house of Abram to bid him farewell. And the Jew said to him: "Keep thyself safe, brother; and beware now of trusting thy ship to the sea at the time of equinoctial gales. Thou hast twice experienced the risk; run not into it again. Winter at the place whither thou goest; and that I may

know how thou farest, if thou hast the opportunity, send me some of the money by a sure hand. Then there is less chance of total ruin; for if one portion fails, the other is likely to be secure."

Theodore approved of this advice and promised to follow it; so then the Jew and the Christian parted with much affection and mutual respect; for each knew the other to be a good and true man, fearing God, and seeking to do that which was right.

This time Theodore turned his ship's head toward the west, intending to carry his wares to the markets of Spain. He passed safely through the straits of Hercules, and sailed north. Then a succession of steady, strong breezes blew from the south and swept him on, so that he could not get into harbor till he reached Britain. He anchored in a bay on the rugged Cornish coast, in the very emporium of tin and lead—in the Cassiterides famed of old for supplying ore precious in the manufacture of bronze. He readily disposed of all his merchandise, and bought as much tin and lead as his ship would hold. His goods had sold so well, and tin and lead were so cheap, that he found he had fifty pounds in gold in addition to the cargo.

The voyage back from Britain to Byzantium was long and dangerous, and Theodore was uneasy. He found no other ships from Constantinople where he was, and no means presented themselves for sending back the money in part to Abram, as he had promised. He was a conscientious man, and he wished to keep his word.

He set sail from Cornwall before the summer was over, passed safely through the straits into the Mediterranean, but saw no chance of reaching Constantinople before winter. He would not again risk his vessel in the gales of the equinox, and he resolved to winter in Sicily. He arrived too late in the year to be able to send a message and the money to Abram. His promise troubled him, and he cast about in his mind how to keep his word. At last, in the simple faith which colored the whole life of the man, he made a very solid wooden box, and tarred it well internally and externally. Then he enclosed in it the fifty pounds of gold he had made by his goods in Britain over and above his lading of lead and

tin. And with the money he put a letter couched in these terms:

"In the name of my heir and God, my Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, who is also my Surety for a large sum of money, I, Theodore, humbly address Master Abram, who, with God, is my benefactor and creditor. I would have thee know, Master Abram, that we all, by the mercy of God, are in good health. God has verily prospered us well and brought our merchandise to a good market. And now see, friend! I send thee fifty pounds of gold, which I commit to the care of my Surety, and He will convey the money safely to thy hands. Receive it from me, and do not forget us. Farewell!"

Then he fastened up the box, and raised his eyes to heaven and prayed to God, saying, "O Lord Jesus Christ, Mediator between God and man, who dwellest in heaven, but hast respect unto the lowly, deign to hear the voice of Thy humble servant this day! Because Thou hast proved Thyself to me a good and kind Surety, I trust to Thee to return to my creditor Abram the money I promised to send him. Trusting in Thee, Lord, I commit this little box to the sea."

So saying he flung the case containing the gold and the letter into the waves; and, standing on a cliff, watched it floating on the waters,—rising and falling on the glittering wavelets, gradually drifting farther and farther out to sea, till it was lost to his sight; and then, nothing doubting but that the Lord Christ would look after the little box, and guide it over the waste of waters to its proper destination, he went back to his lodging, and told the ship pilot what he had done. The sailor remained silent, wondering in his mind at the great faith of his master. Then his rough heart softened, and he knelt down and blessed and praised God.

The summer passed; the storms of autumn had swept over the sea, and torn from the trees the last russet leaves; winter had set in; yet Abram had received no news of Theodore. He did not doubt the good faith of his friend, but he began to fear that ill-luck attended him. He had risked a large sum, and would feel the loss severely should this cargo be lost like the former one. He talked the matter over with his steward, and considered

it from every imaginable point of view. His anxiety took him constantly to the shore to watch the ships that arrived, hoping to hear news by some of them and to recover part of his money. He hardly expected the return of Theodore at that time, after the injunctions he had given him not to risk his vessel in a stormy season.

One day he was walking with his steward by the seaside, when the waves were more boisterous than usual. Not a ship was visible: all were in winter-quarters. Abram drew off his sandals and began to wash his feet in the sea water. While so doing he observed something floating at a little distance. With the assistance of his steward he fished out a box black with tar, firmly fastened up like a solid cube of wood. Moved by curiosity, he carried the box home, and succeeded with a little difficulty in forcing it open. Inside he found a letter (not directed, but marked with three crosses) and a bag of gold. It need hardly be said that this was the box Theodore had entrusted to Christ, and his Surety had fulfilled His trust and conveyed it to the hands of the creditor.

Next spring Theodore returned to Constantinople in safety. As soon as he had disembarked, he hastened to the house of Master Abram to tell him the results of his voyage. The Jewish usurer, wishing to prove him, feigned not to understand when Theodore related how he had sent him fifty pounds of gold, and made as though he had not received the money. But the merchant was full of confidence, and he said: "I can not understand this, brother; for I enclosed the money in a box along with a letter, and committed it to the custody of my Saviour Christ, who has condescended to act as Surety for me, unworthy as I am. But as thou sayest that thou has not received it, come with me, and let us go together before the crucifix, and say before it that thou hast not had the money conveyed to thee, and then I will believe thy word."

Abram promised to accompany his friend, and rising from their seats they went together to the Copper Market. And when they came to the Tetrastyle, Theodore raised his hands to the Crucified and cried out: "My Saviour and Surety, didst Thou not restore the gold

to Master Abram that I entrusted to Thee for that purpose?"

There was something so wonderful, so beautiful in the man's faith, that Abram was overpowered; and withal there was the evidence that it was not misplaced so clear to the Jew, that the light of conviction, like a dazzling sunbeam, darted into his soul; and Theodore saw the Hebrew usurer fall prostrate on the pavement, half fainting with the emotion which oppressed him.

Theodore ran and fetched water in his hands and sprinkled his face, and brought the usurer to. And then Abram said: "As God liveth, my friend, I will not enter into my house till I have taken thy Lord and Surety for my Master." A crowd began to gather, and it was bruited abroad that the Jewish usurer sought baptism. And when the story reached the ears of the Emperor Heraclius, he glorified God. So Abram was put under instruction, and was baptized by the Patriarch Sergius.

And after seven days a solemn procession was instituted through the streets of Constantinople to the Copper Market, in which walked the Emperor and the Patriarch and all the clergy of the city; and the box which had contained the money was conveyed by them to the Tetrastyle and laid up, along with the gold and the letter before the image, to be a memorial to all generations of what had taken place. And thenceforth the crucifix received the common appellation of *Antiphonetos*, or the Surety.

As for the tin and lead with which the vessel of Theodore was freighted, it sold for a great price, so that both he and Abram realized a large sum by the transaction. But neither would keep to himself any portion of it, but gave it all to the Church of St. Sophia, and therewith a part of the sanctuary was overlaid with silver. Then Theodore and his wife, with mutual consent, gave up the world and retired into monastic institutions.

Abram afterward built and endowed an oratory near the Tetrastyle, and Sergius ordained him priest, and his two sons deacons. He also founded and built a church and monastery in Constantinople. Abram was afterward raised to the metropolitan See of Ephesus.

“Style” in Literature and Art.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

THERE is often heard a complaint that Catholic writers give too little attention to style. And in some cases it may be true that they depend too much on the steel in their arrow, without giving sufficient attention to the feather that carries it through the air. It is true that style in writing, as means to an end, is very little considered in our schools. As to style in the pulpit, it is doubtful whether Massillon himself, if he had to crowd into his day's work the duties of a financier, of a ministering angel, of an adviser of all sorts of people on all kinds of topics, would find time to cultivate a fine manner. As to style in our printed books, it is generally as slipshod as possible, when the author translates from a foreign language. Dip into some of our books of devotion, for instance, and try to imagine the result of a study of these on the spoken or written style; it is probably, however, the manner in which our books are published which makes people associate all kinds of glittering and horrible ornaments with a Catholic book.

We are constantly told that Catholic books are avoided because people have degenerated; that they must have food for babes, not meat for strong men. And yet there are certain Catholic books which everybody of taste longs for, and gives them places of honor when he can get them decently bound. But the Catholic publisher—the English Catholic publisher as well as his American brother—is like the merry news-vender of the railroad cars. He drops a lump of leaden literature into one's lap and expects one to keep it. Take, for instance, “The Dream of Gerontius” or “Dion and the Sibyls” or “I Promessi Sposi,” and who would not—be he Catholic or Protestant—be glad to see well-printed editions bound appropriately?

Who longs for an angular palm-tree on the back of his book? Or a wreath of cheap and unnatural flowers? Or a chunk of gilt dropped on a surface of crude red or green cloth? The publisher will probably tell you that the hideous palm-tree stamp, or the other abom-

inable ornament, costs money. It is not, however, a question of money: it is a question of taste. A simple, honest binding may cost less than the gilded stuff which has made the “premium volume” a thing of horror.

There may come a time, too, when the proof-reader will not be entirely monopolized by the secular press, and when the now unhappy author may find pertinent queries and lovely suggestions on the margins of his proofs; when his Greek accents will be laboriously looked into, and his slips of the pen ruthlessly marked. Every Sir Walter Scott can not have a Lockhart, but every publisher ought to have a good proof-reader; and a good proof-reader is worth his weight in gold.

A careful attention to the style of getting out Catholic books might increase their circulation. Cardinal Gibbons' “Our Christian Heritage”—a book long and anxiously waited for—is an example of how pleasantly the publisher can disport himself at the expense of good taste.

It is a very fortunate thing that the members of the Catholic hierarchy in this country are so remarkably humble and modest that they would rather welcome shocks to the *amour propre*, if they had any. Who but the most modest of men could endure the counterfeit presentments of themselves which our press presents to its readers on every occasion? The suggestion of the late Catholic Congress, that there should be a daily paper, opens an agreeable vista. Fancy how everybody yearns to see these pictures every day instead of merely once a week.

The present writer remembers that a long time ago he, being then in a house of bondage, sought to appease an insatiable public appetite for the pictures of prelates by serving them up in the usual fashion; and he was only awakened to the enormity of his offence when a devout subscriber—a lady who had married a non-Catholic husband—pathetically begged him to stop them, as they prejudiced her husband against the Church!

Ah, yes! we need more style.

A LILY among thorns, Mary crushed the head of the serpent; fair as the moon, she guides our wandering footsteps.—*St. Peter Damian.*

A Thought in Season.

IT is a fact worth consideration that no thoughtful people seem to have escaped the influence of the Catholic Church, even at times when Christianity itself has been little considered. Probably no age was more really indifferent to religion than the epoch in which Goethe and Sir Walter Scott lived—they both died in 1832,—yet we find in Goethe's works a constant return to that faith which Goethe's world had labelled "outworn." Goethe was a pagan, a materialist, with sentimental proclivities.

Sir Walter Scott was made of better stuff: in a materialistic age he was a Christian; he died with the *Dies Irae* on his lips. And his only descendant is a devout Catholic. Lord Byron at times seemed touched by the beauty of our holy religion. To-day, happily, the daughter of his only daughter is a Catholic. With us, when we read anything that inspires us with noble thoughts, one of our first impulses is to offer a prayer that the author may have the consolation of finding the true Church.

Who has not heard John Howard Payne's song, "Home, Sweet Home"? And who has heard it without emotion? Only he

"with soul so dead

Who never to himself hath said,

"This is my own, my native land,"

could have so heard it. And all of us have a kindly thought for the author. In this November time we may also breathe a kindly prayer for him.

John Howard Payne died a Catholic, at Tunis, in 1852, in the sixty-second year of his age. He was nursed during his illness by Sisters of Charity, and though he died in a country of Mahomedans, far from "home, sweet home," he found the aspiration of the "*O Salutaris*" answered,

"Nobis donet in patria."

CAST forth thy act, thy word, into the ever-living, ever-working universe; it is a seed-grain that can not die; unnoticed to-day, it will be found flourishing as a banyan grove—perhaps, alas! as a hemlock forest—after a thousand years.—*Carlyle*.

Notes and Remarks.

In the course of an able article in the current number of the *Nineteenth Century*, on "Roman Catholicism in America," the writer remarks: "Men may disapprove the methods of the Catholic Church and discredit her beliefs, but few will deny that her ideal is the most perfect ever set before the human race."

This interesting and well-written article is so very liberal, so entirely respectful to Catholics and their religion, that one is led to suspect that its author is a Catholic himself posing as a Protestant. Not a very honorable thing to do, by the way. Certain expressions convey this impression. For instance, alluding to the qualifications of Cardinal Gibbons for "the most exalted honor in the Church's gift," the writer remarks: "It is not for a layman to speak of these."

The late Dr. Ricord had a Frenchman's weakness for decorations, and is said to have enjoyed the privilege to wear a greater number than any Frenchman since Alexandre Dumas. It was Dr. Ricord who claimed the favor of fastening the Cross of the Legion on the breast of Brother Philip, Superior-General of the Christian Brothers, after the Franco-Prussian war, during which he and his fellow-religious rendered distinguished services in the hospitals and on the battle-field.

Philadelphia contains nearly as many Catholics as the entire population of Rome; and there is no city in Italy except Naples, or in Spain save Madrid, or in France but Paris and Lyons, or in Belgium besides Brussels, with a greater Catholic population.

The French correspondent of the *Liverpool Catholic Times* states that as many as 267,000 persons visited the Paris cemeteries on All-Souls' Day.

The gift of Lady Herbert of Lea to the Princess of Hatzfeld, of whose marriage the secular papers have had so much to say, was a Bible and Rosary blessed by the Pope.

The abuse of what is now called "hypnotism" is described by a writer in the *London Tablet*. In spite of the able advocates for the use of hypnotism in medicine, it should be kept in mind that anything which neutralizes the will, and leaves one human being at the mercy of another, must have evil results. The writer in the *Tablet* says that he was once a spectator at an "hypnotic" exhibition. "Three men out of the audience were induced to accept the general invitation to ascend

the platform in order to be subjected to the suggestive process. It was a pitiable sight. The alternations of whimpering sorrow and silly, convulsive laughter, the idiotic countenances and attitudes which these men were constrained to assume, as, bent half double, they pothered round the stage after one another like three boobies, or, meeting, knocked noddles together—and all by the secret suggestion and at the pleasure of the hypnotizer,—presented a spectacle of human degradation at once humiliating and repulsive to witness. One poor fellow muttered to himself, as he slunk back to his place: 'I have had enough of this!' He had probably a confused impression that he had been made a fool of."

Mesmerism and spiritism have had a trial, and they have come to no good. Both these so-called sciences are dangerous. Hypnotism has previous experience against it.

Cardinal Lavigerie's patriotism is so great that he might be spared by his countrymen. A French paper accuses him of living luxuriously. The fact is, Cardinal Lavigerie is a poor man, and lives like one. He devotes his whole income to the needs of his diocese; he can not afford to keep a carriage, and he lives in rooms in the seminary at Algiers, to avoid the expense of keeping up what is called "the palace."

Mr. Gladstone has sent a very creditable note to an English Catholic gentleman. He wrote, he says, two pamphlets on the Vatican question. "In the first," he continues, "I asked my Roman Catholic fellow-citizens to declare their loyalty. In the second, having read their replies, I declared that they had placed it beyond question."

The Count Hatzfeld, the German Ambassador, came late to the *Requiem* Mass in London for Don Luis of Portugal, shook hands with his neighbors and tried to enter into conversation. The Spanish Ambassador fixed a look on him of such intensity that the Count was glad to subside into silence.

Miss Mary Anderson has been visiting Lord Tennyson. Miss Anderson's art is admired by all classes of persons, and her faith has edified many who do not share it.

The *Catholic Union and Times* has the following appreciative notice of a valued contributor to THE "AVE MARIA":

Among the professors of the Catholic University, Charles Warren Stoddard's personality is perhaps the most interesting to Americans. Mr. Stoddard is a convert. He possesses a unique literary style, full of color and warmth. He writes more picturesquely

than any other American author. He has not appeared in any Catholic periodical except THE "AVE MARIA," to which he has sent some of his best work. He is a young man with a great future. He has, in addition to power, much literary prestige in that inner circle which makes reputations. Among his admirers are James Russell Lowell, Whittier, Holmes, Howells, —nearly every noted man of letters in this country and Europe. Mr. Stoddard's lectures will have all the qualities which close study, wide travel, keen observation, and warm sympathy can impart.

The readers of THE "AVE MARIA" will not fail to breathe a prayer for the repose of the soul of Mrs. M. A. Stace, who died at Garrett, Ind., on Tuesday, the 18th inst., in the eightieth year of her age. Mrs. Stace was possessed of a mind highly gifted by nature and culture, and, up to a few years ago, contributed much to our Catholic literature by her writings in THE "AVE MARIA," the *Catholic World*, and other periodicals, and by the publication of several works. She was the mother of Prof. A. J. Stace, whose productions have frequently graced the pages of Our Lady's magazine. Mrs. Stace was a convert to the true faith, and her life was marked by an edifying fulfilment of the duties of our holy religion. May she rest in peace!

Emile Augier, the greatest of the modern French dramatists, is dead. Augier was a consistent Christian; his plays are strong, interesting, but never scrofulous, like those of the younger Dumas. In one drama, which the present writer remembers to have seen, there is a cutting passage. A young woman is tempted; she tells her thoughts to an old man; she declares that she has no one to whom to go for relief. The old man answers: "In my time, madame, we had God." M. Augier had been prepared for death, as his sickness had been prolonged. May he rest in peace!

As an illustration of the rapidity of Catholic growth in some parts of the West, the *Republic* quotes a remark made by a speaker from Dakota at a recent Sunday-school convention in Boston. "When I first came to — to live," he said, "folks would go twenty miles to see a Catholic; now there are 3,500 of them in our town."

Further offerings toward the support of the missions of the Passionist Fathers in South America:

E. H., Greene, Iowa, \$1; Mrs. C. Mansfield, \$2; Mrs. M. Bowman, 50 cts.; J. C., for the benefit of the Souls in Purgatory, \$2; Mrs. A. Wise, \$1; A Friend, in honor of the Immaculate Heart of Mary, \$1; Mrs. J. D., \$1; M. M., Lewiston, Me., \$1.

New Publications.

SATAN IN SOCIETY. By Nicholas Francis Cooke, M. D., LL. D. With a Biographical Sketch of the Author by Eliza Allen Starr. Chicago, Ill.: C. F. Vent Company.

This is a work the judicious circulation of which can not fail to be productive of good. The evils of which it treats are but too prevalent, and too subversive of all that is noblest and best in humanity and the social order, not to justify its preparation, and to stamp its publication with a character of timeliness and even necessity. The author had, in the words of the late Archbishop Purcell, a difficult task to perform, but he has done it well; and his biographer, Miss Eliza Allen Starr, has admirably depicted the grand character and gifted mind which he possessed. His was a mind keen in its perceptions and indefatigable in the pursuit of truth; and his sincerity and uprightness of purpose, yielding to the secret influence of divine grace, brought him into the bosom of the grand old mother Church in the year 1866, then in his thirty-seventh year. It was after his conversion that his sense of the responsibility of his profession led him to prepare the work above named. To it, says Miss Starr, "he gave his large experience as a physician, his best thought, his best conscience, and, we may add, his best English; for the clothing of his subject in a way to instruct fully, yet to wound no modesty, however shrinking, was a work which required a hand both firm and delicate to a degree seldom found, if he would accomplish his intention. The touch must be that of the skilful surgeon, which lays bare the seat of disease without endangering life. The response which his effort met from great thinkers and great moral legislators was such as to justify the declaration he had made, that it was needed. The book was examined by those in charge of the young, and no careful perusal of its pages was ever made without a conviction that a merciful, even if a painful, light had been thrown upon the ways of human infirmity and

'The trace of the ancient wandering.'

Orders for this work may be addressed to the widow of the author, Mrs. Nicholas F. Cooke, 261 Dearborn Ave., Chicago, Ill.

BEFORE OUR LORD CAME. An Old Testament History for Young Children. By Lady Amabel Kerr. London: Burns & Oates. Limited. New York: Catholic Publication Society Co.

The difficulties attending the presentation of the Scripture narratives to the unformed minds of children have been very well met by the accomplished lady who has prepared this book for

their entertainment. It is adorned with numerous wood-engravings, as works of this class should be; and it will be a treasure to the little ones in all the homes into which it makes its way. The letter-press and binding are excellent, and the brilliant colors and gilding are such as to fit it for a gift-book. We wish we had more such writers as Lady Amabel Kerr, who would be content with this humble yet eminently blessed field for their undoubted talents, in laboring for the benefit of those who will in future years learn the debt of gratitude they owe to their instructors. Such books as this should be found in the parlor and nursery alike of every Christian family.

THE ART OF PROFITING BY OUR FAULTS. According to St Francis de Sales. Translated from the French by Miss Ella McMahon. New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago: Benziger Bros.

The numerous letters of approval from distinguished members of the French hierarchy which accompany this little manual need no endorsement from us. Its merits, so well recognized in the land of its production, will be also appreciated even among those who speak an alien tongue; for they have an excellent interpreter in the lady who has undertaken the difficult task of translation. Those who have read the voluminous works of Father Faber will remember how imbued they are with the spirit of St. Francis de Sales, and will rejoice at the opportunity here offered them of gathering the wisdom of this great Saint in the gardens of its original growth. The book may be read and re-read with profit, and each of its chapters may furnish the theme of a morning's meditation. We trust it will find its way into the hands of all our readers.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands, as if you were bound with them.

—HEB., xii, 3.

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

The Rev. Edward Brennan, rector of St. Luke's Church, Mansfield, Pa., who departed this life on the 8th of September.

Sister M. Jane Frances, who was called to her reward on the 12th inst., at St. Joseph's Convent, Toronto, Ont. And Sister Mary Jerome, who died peacefully last month at Dubuque, Iowa.

Mr. John C. Wood, of Selvin, Ind., whose happy death occurred on the 15th ult.

Mrs. Elizabeth Meagher, who passed away on the 19th inst., at Kinsman, Ill.

Mr. Francis de Wulf, who breathed his last at Frostburg, Md., on the 27th ult.

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



In the Twilight.

BY LAWRENCE MINOT.

WHEN the sun goes down and the birds are still,
 And the darkness falls and the day is done,
 Then can we forget the souls who fill
 That place of gloom where there is no Sun?—
 Where they see not His light nor His presence feel;
 Where they love and wait—those whom we love?
 Come, come in the twilight,—come and kneel,
 And pray that their souls may fly above.

Noelie.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TYBORNE," ETC.

III.

At last Mr. Chevahier rang his bell. He felt weary, but was ready for breakfast at ten o'clock. He picked up some letters which were on the table, and began to read. Suddenly a little hand was laid on his knee and made him start.

"Mr. Friend, do you eat paper with your bread?"

"Oh, here you are!" said Mr. Chevahier, who could not help smiling at the bright little face.

"Mr. Friend must not eat any more paper. Petite is not hungry; she has had a good breakfast."

"I am very glad, and now I want *my* breakfast."

Petite danced round the table. "Look, Mr. Friend, at my beautiful cloak! The good lady gave it to me."

"It is only Catherine's old cape," said Joseph. "She did not know how to dress the child."

"Very good! Tell Catherine I want her."

Petite danced on, singing, "Petite has got a beautiful cloak!"

"Dear, dear me!" said Mr. Chevahier. "My head is turning round!"

Petite had picked up the poker, which she was dragging about after her as an accompaniment to her song—"Petite has got a lovely cloak!"

In a little while Catherine appeared.

"My good woman," said Mr. Chevahier, putting his hand to his head, "I don't know what I am saying."

"Hush!" said Catherine, taking hold of Petite and forcing her to be quiet.

"Catherine, buy clothes for the child, and then take her to the Sisters of Charity." And he took some gold from his purse and gave it to Catherine.

"Thank you, sir. The poor child does need clothes. I should be ashamed to take her to the Sisters as she is. Now, Petite, thank Mr. Chevahier and come away."

Petite blew him a kiss and disappeared.

"Ah!" said Mr. Chevahier, with a long sigh of relief, as he sank back in his chair.

When he was about to leave the house, at one o'clock, he met Catherine and Petite in the hall. Catherine told him that she had purchased a hat and shoes for Petite, and materials for a frock and other garments; but as she could not possibly have them finished before night, she asked if she might keep Petite one day more.

"Yes, certainly, keep the child," said Mr. Chevahier.

"And, sir," pursued Catherine, "if you could get some information about the place where you found the child, perhaps you might hear of some one who knows her. The best thing would be to send her back to her parents; she has been crying for her mamma and her godmother."

"I will try and go there myself," answered Mr. Chevahier, as he went down-stairs; "but it is a frightful place."

"Mr. Friend," cried a little voice, "be sure and have pretty stories and nice songs for Petite to-night."

Mr. Chevahier paused and leaned against the baluster. "Another night like the last!" he murmured. "Oh, no! I shall sleep at a hotel first."

Catherine smiled. "If you please, sir, Miss Petite shall remain with me, and she'll sleep like a dormouse. Won't you, Miss Petite?" holding up her finger.

"Yes, yes, good lady!" cried Petite, who began to think that Catherine could not be trifled with.

Mr. Chevahier came home at his usual hour. He could learn nothing of Petite's parents. An army of workmen were pulling down the houses; no one knew whither the former inhabitants had gone.

Petite was in high spirits; she walked up and down the hall, that Mr. Chevahier might admire her beautiful hat, pretty frock, and nice shoes. "But my lovely cloak is gone!" she said.

"Well, Catherine," observed Mr. Chevahier, with a smile, "you have worked hard. But early to-morrow you will take the child to the Sisters."

"To-morrow is Christmas Day," said Catherine. "The first thing I shall have to do is to hear Mass."

"To be sure!" said Mr. Chevahier. "As you like and when you like, Catherine."

IV.

The moon was still shining when Catherine went out on the morrow. The ground was white with snow. She had risen very early, and on her way to Mass had stopped at the convent. She told the story of Petite to Sister Lucy. Alas! the orphan asylum was full, and Petite was too young: the children were not taken until they were five years old.

"What shall I do then?" said Catherine.

"You had better take the child to the Home for Forsaken Children," answered the Sister.

"Forsaken children!" repeated Catherine.

"Yes,—children who have been deserted."

"Where is it, please?"

"The other side of Paris," replied the Sister. "It is an immense place."

Catherine thanked her and took leave.

"Forsaken children!" she said to herself.

"Poor Petite!"

The snow was falling heavily, and she hastened into the church. It was resplendent with lights, and after a few moments Mass began. The music and singing were very grand. At the sermon the priest spoke of the Divine Child. "He had come to save us all," he said; "yet He was refused by all. There was no room for Him in Bethlehem. A stable, with a little straw, was His first dwelling-place and His first cradle."

Tears ran down Catherine's cheeks. "O Jesus!" she said, softly; "O sweet Child! Thy tender Heart was full of love for us, and see how we received Thee! Thou couldst not suffer in Thy beautiful heaven, and Thou didst take this little body that Thou mightst suffer in our place, to redeem us. Oh, that I had been hidden in a corner of the stable of Bethlehem! I would have spread my best clothes in the crib to keep Thee warm. I would have covered Thy little feet with kisses."

But it was no longer the Divine Child, radiant with beauty in His privations, that Catherine thought she saw; another little face rose before her, thin and pale, with great black eyes and fair curly hair,—Petite, not radiant and beautiful like the Infant Jesus, yet poor as He was. And these words sounded in her ear: "Whosoever shall receive one such child as this in My name, receiveth Me."

Was the priest saying those words, or was God Himself repeating them to her? Catherine did not know. She clasped her hands and exclaimed: "Sweet Jesus, to warm this poor little girl is, then, warming Thee; feeding her is to feed Thee; clothing her is to clothe Thee! It is a little like being allowed to serve Thee in the stable at Bethlehem. O Infant Saviour, I promise Thee that I will not forsake her!"

During the rest of the Mass Catherine prayed fervently. When she left the church she forgot her prayer-book for the first time in her life. She went on talking to herself, while the snow fell in heavy flakes around her.

"It is decided, then, for the love of the Infant Jesus, that I will protect this unfortunate child. I will often go to see her at the Home—but why should I take her to that place at all? Why can't I keep her? I have little to do. I could easily find time to wash and dress her and make her clothes. But my master—there is the difficulty. A child cries and talks and runs about and makes such a fuss. I'll manage to have Petite with me constantly. I'll keep her quiet for a while, and let my master see very little of her till he becomes accustomed to her. And I think he is already very fond of the little thing—only she is so noisy."

When Catherine reached home Petite was

awake. After she was dressed and had her breakfast, Catherine ordered her not to stir from the kitchen. Petite was quite ready to obey; she sat still and seemed sleepy.

Catherine presented herself before her master, told him of her visit to the Sisters, and asked if she should take Petite to the Home for Forsaken Children.

"Yes,—just as you like," answered Mr. Chevahier.

"But it is snowing hard, sir. No conveyances are to be had, and the place is at the other side of Paris."

"It is a fearful day," said Mr. Chevahier, who had just come in from Mass.

"But if you wish, sir, I can go with her. I am quite ready."

"No, no!" said her master; "certainly not—only to-night—I can not—"

"Oh, I'll take care of the child to-night!" said Catherine, with a smile.

Next day Catherine appeared again to ask if she would take the child away.

"Certainly," said Mr. Chevahier.

"But, sir, do look! It is thawing; the streets are in an awful condition."

"Very well. Put it off till to-morrow. I hope she does not bother you at night?"

"She sleeps like a dormouse, sir,—a real dormouse."

"Very good! Glad to hear it!" said Mr. Chevahier, pleasantly.

The next day Catherine appeared again with the same question.

"Well," said Mr. Chevahier, "I think it is really fine to-day."

"Yes, sir," said Catherine. "I am sorry I did not take her yesterday."

"How is that?" replied her master. "The streets were in a dreadful state with the thaw."

"Yes, but the poor child has caught cold. She has a cough and is feverish. She is in bed still. I would not let her rise, but if you wish it, sir—"

"Of course I don't wish to let the little thing out if she is ill. Put it off till to-morrow or next day."

V.

Petite really had a bad cold. Every day Catherine ordered Joseph to tell Mr. Chevahier how the child was, but on the fifth day he was told to say nothing.

Mr. Chevahier seemed puzzled, and at last he asked:

"How is the little girl?"

"Better, sir, but not quite well yet. She is coming to thank you for your kindness."

The door opened and Catherine led in Petite, who was very clean and neat, but also very thin and pale, and coughing with a hard cough.

"I thank you, Mr. Friend!" piped out the little voice, and then Catherine led her away.

But Mr. Chevahier's kind heart was deeply touched. He called them back.

"Catherine, you must take good care of the child. She seems very poorly."

"I'm doing my best, sir," said Catherine.

Petite stretched out her little arms. "Oh, the good lady is so good to me!" she said.

"See, Catherine, here is plenty of money. Get warmer clothing for her; and if you think she ought to see a doctor, you can send for mine."

"Oh, thank you, sir! She is getting on nicely. With care she will soon be well."

And from that time there was no further thought of sending Petite away.

Every day she came to wish Mr. Chevahier good-morning at his breakfast. At first she only came and went like a shadow; then Mr. Chevahier gave her a lump of sugar dipped in coffee, which she called a duck; and after that she had her duck daily.

She got well and her spirits came back. She rushed into the hall when she heard Mr. Chevahier ring, and took away his cane, and went to look for his slippers; and she would come and say, "Dinner is ready," when she saw Joseph carrying in the soup.

One day Mr. Chevahier found her very busy settling a chair and plate and glass at the table, Joseph looking on in admiration.

"Mr. Friend, Petite's going to breakfast with you. You are all alone for breakfast. The good lady has breakfast with Joseph, and you are alone. So Petite will breakfast with you." And she sat down, her chin resting on the table.

"This is very good of you, Petite. But you are too low. Joseph, find something to raise her."

Joseph did the best he could with a cushion, remarking that he would have it all right

before dinner. And at dinner Petite had a high chair of her own; and as she was very good, and took her meals nicely, she was never afterward banished from the table.

One evening, shortly after this, Catherine asked Mr. Chevahier if Petite ought not to be baptized.

"Why," said he, in surprise, "she is always talking of her godmother. She must have been baptized."

"That is true," answered Catherine. "Now then," addressing the child for at least the hundredth time, "what *is* your name?"

"Petite," said the little girl.

"That's not a name!" replied Catherine.

"Three years old," repeated Petite, as if saying something by heart.

"Yes, I know your age. I want to know your name. And what was your godmother's name?"

"Sudo," said the child.

"Consudo," remarked Mr. Chevahier.

"Very well," said Catherine; "let us call her Consudo. I don't like it, but no matter. Petite, we are going to call you Consudo."

"No, no, no! Sudo is godmamma's name; Petite is my name."

"Suppose, sir, we call her Noelie, because it was the day before Christmas you found her?"—she stopped short. She could not bear to picture Petite half naked, dying with hunger, in a deserted house.

"Very well, let it be Noelie."

"Now, Petite, you understand, you are to have two names: Petite and Noelie. Oh, Noelie is far the prettier!"

"Yes, yes, very pretty!" said Petite; and she repeated: "No-e-lie!"

And when at dinner Mr. Chevahier said, "Petite will you have a cake?" Petite put her finger on her lips and said: "Not Petite, Mr. Friend,—No-e-lie. It is prettier."

And so she was called Noelie.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

WE have no time to waste
In critic's sneer or cynic's bark,
Quarrel or reprimand;
'Twill soon be dark.

Then choose thine aim,
And may God speed the mark!

—Anon.

Paul's Five Dollars.

BY FLORA L. STANFIELD.

Paul's chief worldly ambition was to own a certain bust of the great Beethoven, which was the central figure in a shop window on Broadway. Four times a day, on his way to and from school, he had to pass it, and he always turned his head as he went around the corner for a last glimpse of his beloved musician. After a month of this silent admiration had passed he ventured within the shop and asked the price of the bust.

"Five dollars," answered the clerk; and he might almost as well have said five hundred, as far as Paul's financial abilities were concerned.

The boy counted his available money and then estimated the value of his expectations. He had already just forty-two cents, and his allowance for pocket-money was twenty-five cents a week. And while he was waiting to scrape together the five dollars somebody might buy his Beethoven and make off with it. Horrible thought! But his birthday was near, when his Uncle Ned usually handed him a silver dollar and said: "For some candy to eat in my honor, my boy." That would be a great help, and so he wisely concluded to hope for the best, and deny himself every accustomed little luxury for which his pocket-money had usually been spent.

He came of a long line of musicians, and the divine spark of music glowed brightly in his soul. His father played the big organ in St. Xavier's Church and taught harmony all the week in a boys' school. But he was an improvident man—as men of genius often are,—and found it rather difficult to support himself and Paul in any sort of comfort and keep the bills honestly paid. Paul was his best pupil,—a kind-hearted and pious lad, who, after religion and his father, valued music most of anything among the gifts of Heaven. And of all the great masters of music Beethoven to him was king.

One morning, the hoard of pocket-money amounting now to more than three dollars, Paul looked in the shop window to find that the bust was gone! Dismayed and alarmed,

he went inside. It was not sold, the man said, only put up-stairs to make room for fresh attractions; and he told Paul just where to look for it. The boy was delighted to know that his treasure was hidden from the passers-by, and once a day after that he would slip into the shop to gaze upon the earnest face, adorned with the frown, which was beautiful because it was Beethoven's.

The five dollars was a long time in coming; for Uncle Ned, for once, paid no attention to his birthday. But at last—at last, with a little box of coin, Paul started in haste to bring home his *terra cotta* treasure. When within a block of the shop he saw a poor boy about his own age, who was weeping in the most frantic way.

"What's the matter?" asked Paul, going up to him.

The boy's only answer was to sob the harder. He could not speak, but took Paul's hand and led him up a narrow staircase. In a tiny room, unwarmed and nearly unfurnished, lay a sick woman. She smiled faintly at sight of Paul's honest face, and whispered:

"My little boy could not bear to see me suffer. And, then, he has had nothing to eat since yesterday."

The poor lad's tears burst out afresh. Paul put his hand into his pocket where the box of coin was, thought of the beloved bust which might never be his, and emptied the money upon the bed.

"It is my own," he said to the woman, "to do just what I like with. And now what do you need most?"

It was hard to tell that when they needed everything, but you may be sure that it was not long before there was a fire in the stove and a meal upon the table. It was not very skilfully cooked, to be sure; but the boy was too hungry to be fastidious.

And when Paul at last went home and told his father, and saw that father's happy pride in his generous child, he quite forgot to long for the earnest face of the dear musician, which had for so many weeks seemed essential to his happiness.

"Your Uncle Ned has been here," said his father, "and says that as he was so stupid as to forget your birthday, he will ask you to spend five dollars in his honor this time."

"Hurrah!" Paul cried, and was off like the wind, reappearing in a few minutes with the precious bust, frown and all, clasped tightly in his arms.

The kind people of St. Xavier's parish cared for the sick woman and her child, but they always think of Paul as sent to them by Heaven, as no doubt he was.

He is a tall young fellow now, and his talent has made him a general favorite and brought him many dollars; but he has never parted with the bust of Beethoven that he so rapturously carried home that winter's evening. And his heart, people say, is as pure and tender as a little child's.

Emblem Flowers and Trees.

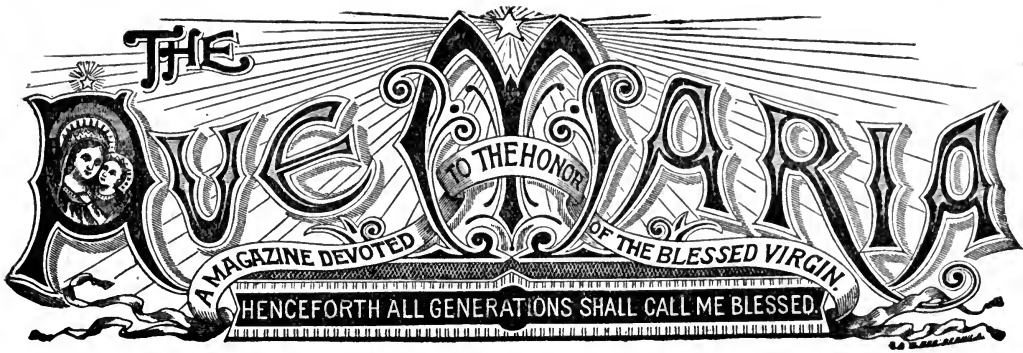
The blue speedwell is sometimes called the Veronica flower, from a fancied resemblance of its markings to the handkerchief of St. Veronica upon which the features of our Blessed Lord were imprinted on His way to the place of crucifixion.

The passion-flower as an emblem of Christ's agony is well known. The Spanish explorers of South America gazed upon it with awe, calling it the Flower of the Five Wounds. Jacomo Bosio wrote of it: "It would seem as if the Creator of the world had chosen it to represent the principal emblems of His Son's Passion; so that in due season it might assist, when its marvels should be explained to them, in the conversion of the heathen people in whose country it grew."

It is difficult to find which tree in legendary lore is named as the one upon which Judas hanged himself, but prominence seems to be given to the elder. Said Sir John Mandeville: "The tree of eldre, that Judas henge himself upon, for despeyr." Shakespeare, in "Love's Labor Lost," says, "Judas was hanged on an elder." And in the quaint Piers Plowman's vision are these lines:

"Judas, he japed
With Jewen silver,
And sithen on an elder
Hanged himselve."

Sicilians say that the tree was a tamarisk, and others mention the fig-tree as the ill-fated one.



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Immaculata.

BY AUBREY DE VERE.

COULD she, that Destined One, could she
 On whom His gaze was fixed for aye,
 Transgress like Eve,—partake that Tree,—
 In turn the serpent's dupe and prey?

Had He no Pythian shaft that hour,
 Her Son, her God, to pierce the foe
 That strove her greatness to devour,
 Eclipse her glories? Deem not so!

O Mary! in that First Decree
 He saw the assailer, sent the aid;
 Filial it was, His love for thee
 Ere thou wert born; ere worlds were made.

One Innocence on earth remained
 By grace divine, not nature's worth,
 And welcomed (thro' His Blood unstained)
 Redeeming Sanctity to earth.

The Hall of the Immaculate Conception,
 in the Vatican.*

I.

BEFORE entering upon our pilgrimage
 to the sanctuary rendered famous by
 its dedication to the august mystery
 of the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed
 Virgin Mary, let us transport ourselves in
 spirit to the time when the Council of 1854
 declared the dogma an article of faith, and in
 our mind's eye reproduce the picture of which

the painting in the Hall of the Immaculate
 Conception is a faithful reproduction.

There were at that time in Rome fifty-four
 cardinals, forty-two archbishops, and ninety-
 two bishops. At eight o'clock on the morning
 of the 8th of December the Pontiff went from
 the Vatican to St. Peter's, proceeded by this
 magnificent *cortège* of ecclesiastics. The pre-
 lates, clothed in their richest vestments, defiled
 through the vast nave, chanting the Litany of
 the Saints, as though inviting all the celestial
 court to join them in honoring their Queen
 and adding greater glory to her triumph. Mass
 was then celebrated pontifically.

After the Gospel, which was chanted suc-
 cessively in Latin and Greek, the Dean of the
 Sacred College, Cardinal Macchi, advanced
 with the deans of the Latin archbishops and
 bishops, the archbishop of the Greek and the
 archbishop of the Armenian rites, to be-
 seech the Pope, in the name of the whole
 Church, to proceed with the definition of the
 dogma of the Immaculate Conception.

Pius IX. arose, and in a clear, ringing voice
 intoned the *Veni Creator*, to invoke upon
 himself and the assembled multitude the light
 of the Holy Spirit. Then, in the midst of the
 most profound silence, the Pontiff proceeded
 to read to this vast assembly of more than
 fifty thousand persons the decree which he
 had prepared. As he went on he began to be
 visibly affected; his voice, always grave and
 majestic, grew tremulous and broken; tears
 choked his utterance, and from time to time
 he was obliged to pause. At the solemn mo-
 ment when he had reached the formula of the
 definition he remained an instant in silence;

* *Revue du Culte de Marie.* Adapted.

then, wiping his eyes, he said in the clear and persuasive accents of faith :

“By the authority of our Lord Jesus Christ, the blessed Apostles Peter and Paul, and Our own, we declare, pronounce and define that the doctrine which holds that the Blessed Virgin Mary was, at the first instant of her conception, by a special grace and privilege of Almighty God, by the merits of Jesus Christ, Saviour of mankind, preserved and exempted from all stain of original sin, is revealed by God, and that consequently it is to be firmly and inviolably believed by all the faithful.”

The dogma is defined and promulgated, the chant of the *Te Deum* resounds through the vaulted arches of St. Peter's, the great day is at an end. But the echoes of five and thirty years still reverberate through the aisles of faith and devotion, as we turn our pilgrim steps to the Hall of the Immaculate Conception, as full of ardor and love and earnest supplication, let us hope, as were the participants in that wonderful and sublime pageant of 1854.

II.

The sanctuary of which we are about to speak is situated in the finest part of the immense Palace of the Vatican, which belongs to the Sovereign Pontiffs, and which must always remain in their possession, not only as the patrimony of the Prince of the Apostles, but also as a family heritage, whose treasures are the property of universal science and art preserved to the world in the person of the Papacy.

In the second series of galleries known to tourists under the name of Loggie di Raphael, because they were decorated by that immortal painter and his pupils,—at the end of the chambers called of Raphael, since the genius of this illustrious master has also immortalized them,—may be seen a large panel, for many years untouched by brush or pencil because of its great extent. Pius IX. at once foresaw that this would be the choicest spot for commemorating by a magnificent painting the history of the definition and promulgation of the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception, —there representing the living theological, philosophical and vital proofs that this doctrine was always believed and faithfully guarded by the traditions of the Catholic Church.

We all know that under the name of the mystery of the Immaculate Conception the Church teaches us that, by a miracle of Divine Providence, and through the merits of Jesus Christ, the august Virgin Mary, from the first moment when her soul was united to her body, was exempt from all the sad consequences which the fault of our first parents has bequeathed to their posterity.

Now, what is the teaching of Catholic tradition on this mystery so glorious for Mary and for humanity? Catholic tradition tells us that, from a philosophical point of view, the doctrine of the Church concerning the Immaculate Conception holds nothing repugnant to reason. Is it not evident that if God in His justice can make a law of death and dishonor against culpable humanity, He can also exempt therefrom one of His creatures?

Catholic tradition also informs us that this beautiful doctrine is in conformity with all the requirements of the moral law. If in the midst of the universal deluge of waters which engulfed the human race God could save one just man, who should be as it were the father of a new race, could He not also, from out of that moral deluge which overwhelmed the souls of men, preserve one favored creature, one star of virtue and innocence soaring far above the grand cataclysm? And for whom should this exception be made if not for her whom He had chosen to be the Mother of His Son, and who was to share, under that title, in the salvation of humanity?

Catholic tradition teaches us, too, that the belief in the Immaculate Conception dates from the beginning of the world; for side by side with the universal belief in the coming of the Saviour stands that mysterious hope in the Woman who was to crush the head of the serpent. And Catholic tradition teaches that this belief was preserved through the ages that preceded the coming of the Messiah, in the treasury of sacred teachings which formed the patrimony of the true Church of God under the Old Dispensation.

Thus, in every tradition on the subject held sacred by the followers of the O'd Law, we behold the wise men and the patriarchs lifting up their souls in prayer and longing for a sight of the Redeemer who was to save them, and the favored Woman who was to

give Him life. Thus the holy women mentioned in the Bible as the liberators of their people, such as Esther and Judith, prefigure the sinless Virgin who was to deliver humanity from the tyranny of the demon. And in the inspired chants of the prophets—of David in particular, as well as Isaiah and Ezekiel,—there are several passages which can not be explained unless they apply to the Virgin Immaculate, the future liberator of the human race.

Catholic tradition further adds that the majority of the other privileges of Mary, figured and indicated in the Gospels, presuppose her Immaculate Conception as a logical consequence. How could the Angel have saluted Mary with the title "Hail, full of grace!" if this exceptional creature had not been in a state of sanctifying grace, or had been for a moment deprived thereof? How admit that she whose merits the Gospel proclaims in these words, "*Maria de qua natus est Christus,*" had been for one instant under the shame of sin and the tyranny of the devil? Catholic tradition teaches, therefore, that while for eighteen centuries the Immaculate Conception was not declared as a dogma, it was nevertheless admitted as a truth, to which the majority of theologians had always adhered, and the infallible teachings of the Sovereign Pontiffs favored, encouraged and protected against those who from time to time ventured to assail on this subject the faithful followers of Mary.

These affirmations of Catholic tradition are clearly explained in the magnificent frescoes of the painter Podesti which decorate the sanctuary we are about to visit, appreciating to the fullest extent their glorious beauty and their intrinsic meaning.

III.

What strikes one as the predominant characteristic of this beautiful fresco? It is the attitude of the personages assembled,—people of all nations and climes; a multitude speaking all languages of earth; listening, attentive, hearkening to the words of some unseen oracle. That oracle is the Church of Christ, instructing the nations of Christendom with the infallibility vested in her by Jesus Christ,—an infallibility which now defines the sublime dogma of the Immaculate Conception, as it

has defined all the other dogmas which compose our Creed.

Observe those fine medallions around and above the central painting. This represents our first parents under sentence of death, but receiving from God at the same time the promise of a Saviour; that, the Ark of Noah riding triumphantly above the waters of the deluge; these others, Jael, Esther, Judith, triumphing over the enemies of the people of God. Here also we find the touching episodes of the birth of Mary, the Presentation in the Temple, and the Annunciation,—all proclaiming her spotless purity; then the grand figures of the Prophets and Evangelists who have sung and testified to her resplendent glory.

Turn we now to another figure on the opposite wall, seemingly allegorical. At the foot of a representation of Mary Immaculate a woman of noble and imposing aspect is seated in a kind of chair; this is Theology. The writings of the Fathers of the Church are in her hands and surround her chair. Around her are grouped prelates, priests, and religious of every order—the entire Catholic clergy of all times and all countries, testifying, through their illustrious representatives, to their faith in this glorious privilege of the Queen of Heaven.

But now let us hasten to examine the most prominent painting in the magnificent group,—the painting to which all the others are only introductory, and which occupies an entire side of the space devoted to the frescoes of the Immaculate Conception.

The work represents the interior of St. Peter's. Pius IX. is at once recognized as the central figure of a large group. Around him are cardinals in their respective order, the assistant prince of the throne, the prelates of the pontifical household, the Consistory, the members of the Congregation of Rites, the Roman Senators in official togas, the Canons of St. Peter, religious of the different congregations; then, in regular order, the archbishops and bishops of the Catholic world assembled at Rome for the solemnity of the 8th of December. The Pontiff wears the chasuble in which he has just celebrated the Holy Sacrifice. He also wears a golden mitre, and holds in his hands the precious parchment from which he has just read the dogmatic decree of the Bull

Ineffabilis. The last words are pronounced. The Cardinal Dean advances to the foot of the throne to thank the Holy Father in the name of the Church and the entire Christian world, after which Pius IX. intones the *Te Deum*. At these holy words the dome of Michael Angelo seems to open and a celestial apparition appears. It is the Immaculate Virgin on the globe of the earth, where she crushes, with conquering heel, the head of the serpent. The August Virgin is surrounded by the Three Persons of the Blessed Trinity, who gaze on her with looks of the deepest affection. Not far from this group, also appearing in the clouds, we see the saints of the Old Law, with St. Joseph and St. John the Baptist at their head; on the other side, the great theologians and doctors of the Evangelistic Law, led by SS. Peter and Paul. All seem to proclaim the mystery and to protest the truth of the new dogma. At a short distance from these groups an immense cross appears in the air, and from this cross escapes a single ray of light, which illumines the countenance of the Pontiff.

Such is the picture which, under the inspiration of Pius IX., as is indicated by a Latin inscription at the foot, Podesti has painted on the principal wall of this venerable sanctuary.

Let us finish our pilgrimage by uniting, with all our hearts and souls, in the grand *Amen* which heaven and earth respond to the decree of the Sovereign Pontiff. Let us finish it by joining in the *Te Deum* of the Pontiff and the Church, still echoing through the years that have passed since the 8th of December, 1854. Let us finish it by repeating with affection the name of the Pope for whom was reserved the august privilege of proclaiming to the world this new glory of Mary. Let us finish it by saluting Mary Queen of Heaven, and in realizing the ministry of the two angels which the artist has placed in his principal tableau, and of whom I have as yet said nothing.

One is pointing toward the doors of the Basilica, proudly scattering the enemies of Mary, the would-be defamers of her grand privilege. The other lifts his radiant eyes toward her; he presents her the homage of her children, and asks for them in return the blessing of Mary Immaculate, Mother of Jesus.

A Sin and Its Atonement.

VI.

THE Bishop had given my son full faculties, that he might in every way assist Father Lindsay, whose health was evidently failing. One very stormy afternoon, about three weeks after his ordination, I received a message from him, saying that he could not come to the Farm that evening, as he had promised, because he had a sick call. About ten o'clock the next morning he came, and as usual I knelt to receive his blessing. There was something in his whole bearing, as he raised me, that thrilled me with a sort of awe.

"I have a long story to tell you, mother," he said, as he placed me in an arm-chair and sat down beside me. "Yesterday afternoon a message was brought to Father Lindsay that a woman was dying on the little island of Kinfell (which you know is served from here). The Bishop had charged me to spare our good old Father all the fatigue I could, so I claimed my privilege, and he let me go in his place. I took the holy oils, and for the first time was the custodian of the Blessed Sacrament. When I came to the beach the sea was running very high, and the only two fishermen I found there refused to put out. Both were Scotch Presbyterians. So I betook myself to Pat Connor's cabin, and said: 'Pat, I am sure you'll not refuse the request of a priest to take him to help a poor dying creature?' I hadn't to ask twice, and we reached the island safe, in spite of wind and surf. I was in time to hear the woman's confession and anoint her, but, to my great disappointment, she was too continually sick for me to give her Holy Viaticum. I did all I could for her, and she died whilst I was reciting the commendatory prayers.

"When I reached the beach again the storm was raging even more fiercely. Pat and his boy had drawn the boat high upon the beach, and they declared it would be impossible to get back through such a surf, and that we must wait till morning, when the wind would probably go down. There was no reason now for urging risk of life, so I turned to look for a place where I could find shelter for the night. But the village is only a cluster of cabins, and

they were all swarming with people, and were filthy and very noisy. I could have taken the Lord of life and glory into them to help and save an immortal soul, but not merely to procure shelter for myself. There was a deserted hut down on the sea-shore, and I took possession of it. Pat brought me a horn-lantern, an oatmeal cake, and some whisky, which I begged him to change for milk, but he persuaded me he could not succeed in getting any. And so, after fastening the door, I began my midnight watch before the Blessed Sacrament.

“By the time I had finished my Office the storm had risen to a perfect hurricane. Every now and then it seemed to seize the frail hut in its grasp, and every plank shook and rattled. Then a fiercer wave than usual would break on the rocks with a roar like a canou. Such a wonderful feeling came over me of the Eternal Life of Him I was bearing on my breast! He Himself had stood by the sea-shore when the waves were lashed to fury even as now. He Himself had said, ‘Peace! be still!’ and winds and waves had instantly sunk to rest. They would obey Him again to-day as absolutely, whatever He commanded. It was Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day, and forever. But never, to my dying day, shall I forget all that those words revealed to me last night.”

There was a concentrated emotion in my son’s voice and a power in his words which impressed me with the conviction that he had something to say for which he was trying to prepare me; and I could only articulate, feebly: “Go on.”

“Once or twice during the storm I fancied there was a rattle at the door, more like a person trying it than the effect of the wind; and a slight feeling of fear came over me as I realized how far I was from human help. Suddenly, in a lull of the storm, I distinctly heard groans, and then again a feeble effort to push the door open. I instantly unfastened it, and found a man lying on the threshold, drenched with water and fearfully bruised and battered. When I first drew him in he was so weak he could not speak, and oh, how thankful I was then that the whisky had not been taken away! I put a few drops of it into his mouth, and after a while he opened his eyes and gasped out: ‘I am dying! Get me a priest,

as you hope for God’s mercy for yourself!’— ‘I am a priest,’ I answered. ‘I am ready to do all you ask of me.’ He looked at me a moment, and groaned: ‘How can you mock a dying man in that manner! No priest ever lived in a hut on the shore like this. I beseech you try to get a priest for me!’ I was wrapped in my seminary cloak, and I suppose looked young in his eyes. I threw off my cloak that he might see the *soutane* and stole. ‘Indeed, indeed, I am not mocking!’ I said. ‘I stand here a true priest, with power to pronounce the words of absolution. I am speaking the truth, as I hope for mercy.’ Still the anguish did not go out of his eyes. ‘It is impossible to believe!’ he said to himself. ‘It would be a miracle!’ And I, in despair at seeing the precious moments ebbing away, suddenly opened my *soutane* and showed him the pyx on my breast, saying, ‘Not only am I a priest, but I have Him with me who can work miracles, and who has worked one for you. Make your confession without delay, that I may absolve you and anoint you, and give you Jesus Himself as Viaticum.’ He was sure then. Oh, if you could have seen the look of thankfulness on that face!

“It was a slow confession, but once, when I was afraid he would not last, I told him I could now give absolution for all. ‘No, no!’ he said; ‘I shall have strength to finish.’ There was time for everything,—for the crowning gift of all. Only broken words came now, but they were of such unutterable gratitude! When all that Holy Church could do was done, I sat down that I might support him more comfortably in my arms. ‘What have you done,’ I asked, ‘that could have won for you such an extraordinary grace as this?’ He tried to raise his poor bruised hand to his neck, round which hung a rosary. ‘Nothing, nothing,’ he murmured; ‘but my mother put this on when she was dying, and I have recited an *Ave* on it every day, because I promised to do so.’

“I said a *Memorare* by him, which evidently harmonized with his thoughts. ‘The storm drove our ship right out of its course,’ he went on; ‘and when she struck on the rocks my faith seemed to spring up out of some hidden depth. I cried out to Our Lady to pray for me. When I saw my two companions washed off the spar to which we were clinging,

and perish in the waves, I had faith enough to cry, 'Jesus, mercy!'—'He has been *rich* in mercy, has He not?' I answered.

"He smiled the sweetest smile, and something drew my heart powerfully to him. He whispered so faintly I could hardly catch the words: 'Tell my wife all about it. She has been praying for me. Tell her I loved her to the last; that I ask her forgiveness; I have blighted her whole life, but she will forgive me, even as God has forgiven.'"

My son stopped, trembling from head to foot. I knew the truth now, and he was well aware I knew it. Suddenly he drew my head down on his breast, with an action of authority I could not resist.

"A few hours ago," he said, in a voice broken by tears, "my God was resting here; He laid here my father's dying head. Mother, remember *here* the offering you made in union with my first Mass, and give thanks for this marvellous grace."

For a moment I was held in a sort of ecstasy; the time that must intervene vanished; we were all three standing, the Red Sea safely passed, with Jesus on the shore. Then nature claimed its own, and I wept out my bitter anguish where my husband had breathed out his soul.

"Did he know who you were before he died?" I asked, when, after a long time, I could frame words to speak.

"No," answered the young priest. "The end was so very near I was afraid to say anything that might bring up a rush of human regrets and affections. But he seemed conscious of the love I was pouring out on him, for he murmured faintly once: 'It is so sweet to die like this!'"

"Perhaps God told him," I thought to myself, struck with the keen spiritual instinct of my son. He had brought me peace; he had brought salvation to his poor father; he was a true Christ-bearer, and self had vanished out of sight.

"Tell me the very last, my son," I said. "Don't keep back anything, I beseech you! The more I suffer the better, for it is all offered for his dear soul."

"The actual death agony was terrible," said Christopher, with quivering lips. "It was the life of a man in the full vigor of health

forcibly driven from a body which was literally broken to pieces. I hope the expiation of many years was condensed into those awful paroxysms of pain. There were a few wandering words—your name repeated several times, something about 'scoundrels,' and 'must go back and build a church.' But at last the struggle was over, and he lay quiet on my breast. I had kept my right hand free for the blessing and absolution, and imparted the last just as he was going. He gave me the sweetest, most peaceful smile, sighed out a long, fervent 'J-e-s-u-s!' and was gone."

When all the necessary preliminary arrangements had been made, I was taken to the presbytery, where the husband of my youth was laid. "Wait for me, my heart's love!" he had said two and twenty years ago. "It may be long, but I will surely come." He *had* surely come. In the bright September sunshine, in which I had seen him come in the glory of his manhood, I received the ruins of his mortal frame. The only part unchanged was the high, noble brow; the dark hair around his temples was thickly strewn with grey; the expression of the mouth was not in the least the same. There was not a single spark of what might be called natural consolation; and yet, as I kissed the cold forehead, I murmured in the fulness of conviction: "Now, my husband, we are truly, truly one!"

The day before he was laid in the grave an inspiration came to me with such overpowering force that I was compelled to yield to it. I felt that if some public reparation could be made, which might in some measure undo the harm his influence and my marriage with an unbeliever had wrought at Glencairn, it might shorten his purgatory more than anything else. I went to Father Lindsay and told him my whole mind.

"I know this event has produced an immense sensation," I said; "hearts will be open now to impressions that will sink deep. In your funeral sermon speak the whole truth as strongly and undisguisedly as though I were lying dead by his side. Tell them we could not really be a help and comfort to each other through life, because God had not been the bond of our union; and if there is such peace now, it is through the utter ruin of everything we had built on, and the all-

embracing mercy of Him whom in the pride of our youth we had forgotten."

The old priest was deeply moved. He laid his hands on my head and blessed the sacrifice I was making. "I will do as you say," he answered; "and I feel you are right. But I do not think you ought to be there."

"Yes," I said, "we will be there together, and ask pardon together for the harm we have done. Do not fear for me. I shall have strength."

Shrouded in my solemn widow's dress, and sheltered from sight by my mother and Flora, I went through the solemnities of that funeral day. The lines of the *Dies Irae*,

"Recordare Jesu pie,
Quod sum causa tuæ viæ,"

seemed to bring before me with intense vividness the reality of all that had happened. There on the sea-shore Our Lord had waited; the obedient waves at His command had washed the wanderer to His very feet; the horn-lantern, like the lamp of the sanctuary, had shone out through the tempest and guided his dying efforts; and the priest who was to act as His minister was the one who had offered his first Mass for the conversion of his father.

The sermon followed. The public reparation I had asked for was very delicately but firmly and fully made. There was a thrill of emotion through the church, and I learned afterward that many thought Father Lindsay stern, even cruel, for speaking as he did at such a time; but when he said, "I speak in the name of the dead and at the desire of the living," all censure ceased. I knew I was loving my husband even to the end; and though I felt as if I had been on the ground, and a stampede of wild horses had passed over me, yet at the heart's core I was at peace. But when he was laid in the grave, and everything that love could do was done, I was carried to my bed utterly exhausted, and lay there a whole day in a sort of stupor.

(CONCLUSION IN OUR NEXT NUMBER.)

THE human race, made subject to death by one virgin, has been rescued by another Virgin. Thus the obedience of one made amends for the disobedience of the other.—*St. Irenæus*.

A Mute Appeal.

BY SARA TRAINER SMITH.

A HEART deep dyed with ruddy life,
And crowned with fire;
The flames around a naked cross
To heaven aspire.

Its swelling pulse with twining thorns
Is closely bound;
Beneath the oozing drops they force
A gaping wound.

What means the fire? Love's ardent flame,
Deathless, unspent;
Thro' the cold world, the grave's chill night,
Its warmth is sent.

What means the cross? Love until death,
Its passion pain;
Its anguished yearnings pleading still
In vain, in vain!

What mean the thorns? They speak of love
Too strong for fear.
This love pressed all its sinless life
A rending spear.

What means the wound? Love's seal and key,
Death's reign is o'er;
The banished, through that riven Heart
Reach home once more.

Whose is the Heart? Whose love is this
It strives to tell?
O Blessed Jesus, Thine the Heart
Loves man so well—

So well! so well! No single drop
Of life-blood spared;
No pang of human shame or death
But Thou hast shared.

So well! so well! So patiently
Thou waitest still,
To woo and win all tenderly
Man's laggard will;

To flood with love his loveless heart
And lonely years;
To bear his burdens, heal his woes,
And dry his tears.

And *this* the record Thou hast set
Upon our walls,—
This mute appeal where all forget
To heed Thy calls!

O image fair! stand forth as light
 To darkened eyes;
 Break up the depths and pierce the gloom
 Where error lies.

Be lifted up by every hand
 Of Mother Church;
 Melt every heart where sin has left
 A fouling smirch.

Plead, senseless brush and molding tool;
 Plead, tint and dye;
 Plead, master-hand and fervent heart,
 For Christ on high!

From every wall, from every niche
 Love sets apart,
 Plead earnestly! Bid all adore
 The Sacred Heart!

When fair June dawns and sweet June eves
 Again are here,
 Bring in a harvest from the seed
 Ye sow this year.

A Poetic Pilgrimage in Italy.

BY CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

IN the evening of a summer day we came to Ferrara, and lodged there. Unfortunately, it had been raining very hard. The air was moist and cool, and we heard a chorus of frogs as we entered the gate of the walled city—for there are marshes all about it, and the place has been asleep these two centuries or more.

Ferrara has seen her best days. In the Middle Ages she numbered 100,000 souls—she has now but 30,000. She was then a great commercial emporium; her court was renowned through Europe; her school of art was highly respected; her University an important institution. About all that is left now to remind you of her greatness is the imposing castle in the heart of the town, with its towers at the four corners; its moat flooded with dark, sluggish water; its drawbridges that are left down in these more peaceful times, and are freely and frequently crossed by the citizens, who must enter the castle to transact much of the more important business of the day.

The telegraph office is in this castle. Think of a telegraph office in a ducal palace, where once Parisina, the unhappy wife of the Marquis of Este, was imprisoned with Hugo, his unfortunate son! Within these gloomy walls they were ultimately beheaded. On this melancholy theme Byron founded his poem "Parisina." My amiable companion and myself thought of this and talked of it as we explored the castle, and drove away over streets that are grass-grown, so that the noiseless wheels of the carriage actually seemed muffled.

The Cathedral has still an attractive façade—which, please Heaven, I will not describe,—but the palaces of Ferrara are crumbling. The town is so generally ignored by the tourist that the city guides are nearly or entirely extinct, and her beggars mostly starved out. There is nothing of the old life left save the clanging of the bells; and, with the mellifluous murmur of the *Ave Maria* in our ears, we entered an inn, and sat down to our macaroni in company with a talkative doctor and four boisterous play-actors. The latter had an engagement at an open-air theatre, but were rained out—or in—for the evening; so they sipped wine and smoked cigarettes and jabbered in the villainous Milanese dialect till ten o'clock, when they hid them to their respective chambers. The doctor proved to be a Genoese; a street singer entertained us part of the evening, and he was from Naples,—here we had three sorts of Italians with their separate and distinct speech, and each having the utmost difficulty in understanding the other.

The next morning in Ferrara broke gloriously. The air was full of singing-birds. On a high wall near our window a peacock screamed, and was answered by a fellow-peacock at the other end of the town. It seemed that there was some life left in the old town, after all.

There are two sights to be seen in Ferrara besides the dungeon of Hugo and Parisina; these are the house of Ariosto and Tasso's prison cell. It is a very plain house wherein Ariosto lived, and where he was ten years at work on his "Orlando Furioso." The rooms on the two sides of the hall are square; the street in front is uninviting; so is the garden

in the rear, since it differs but slightly from town-bred rear-gardens all the world over. To be sure it has in it a small tree or two, which the poet never saw. Some thickly-leaved vines descending—shall I say ascending?—from the ancestral root, which he may have watered, afforded us the customary sentimental souvenir.

The antique custodian of the house showed us all that was to be seen—which was mighty little,—and we left the home of the epic poet with a feeling of disappointment coupled with a written description of the building transcribed in a marvellously beautiful hand. The fine old fellow, who charged us well for these mementos, assured us that he was eight and seventy years of age, and that he had written with his own hand the papers which he sold for snuff-money.

Ariosto's epic was first published in Ferrara (one volume, quarto) in the year 1516, and in 1530 his body was borne from the house we visited to the Church of San Benedetto, only a block or two distant, where it now rests in peace.

What a stormy life had Tasso! In his youth he roved about the highlands of Sorrento, and swam in the fairy grottos that honey-comb the abrupt walls on that shore of the Vesuvian sea. Later he was patronized by the court of Ferrara, and in those prosperous hours (1575) completed his epic, "Jerusalem Delivered." Very foolishly, the poet gave his unpublished manuscripts into the hands of the critics and impatiently awaited their verdict. There be poets who do that sort of thing to this day; but in these times poets are common enough and criticism of little weight; and no man, even though he be a poet, need imperil life or reason in so doing.

The critics fretted poor Tasso until he lost his balance; there can be no doubt of this. He suspected everyone of being a spy upon him, and all because he had written an extraordinary poem, which the critics were making sport of, while the just public—the public *is* pretty just—was not permitted to see a line of it. Tasso grew quite beside himself, drew a dagger on a domestic who looked suspicious, and was imprisoned on a plea of temporary insanity.

He managed, somehow, to make his escape

to Sorrento, where he speedily recovered. One proof of his recovery, as it seems, was a burning desire to return to Ferrara, where he had seen so much of sorrow. Alas! no sooner had he re-entered the scene of his late misfortune than his reason again deserted him, and he was imprisoned for seven years and two months—as the custodian was at some pains to tell us—in a roomy cell, which must at that period have been rather comfortable than otherwise.

The cell of Tasso is in the basement, and at the back of a great hospital. Its windows, in Tasso's time, looked into a court on one side, and out upon a garden on the other; but the garden has been built over and the window walled up. Byron rushed madly to this cell, and caused himself to be locked in for the space of two mortal hours, so that he might meditate and have time to scratch his name in the plaster on the wall. The place where the name was cut is now shown by the porter of the hospital, who acts as *cicerone*, and who holds a flaring candle so close to it that there is nothing visible but a coating of cold smoke an inch thick.

When we came out of the cell we returned through the hall of the hospital. At one end was an altar, before which a few convalescents were kneeling. Two attendants in long blouses approached us bearing a litter, on which lay a poor fellow who was the picture of hopeless suffering. We noticed several white-hooded Sisters passing noiselessly to and fro. And we were dismissed by the custodian with a superior air, as if he thought the prison of Tasso a poor affair in comparison with the great work that was transpiring on the floors above.

Very likely this scene, or one similar, might have been witnessed within those walls when Tasso was an enraged prisoner below. Seven years and two months within four bare walls, and the brain of him who had delivered Jerusalem on the rack of suspense the while! But he was destined to make a fortunate recovery, and to see Naples again in her beauty, and Sorrento on her heights above the fawning wave; to be summoned to Rome, the Capital; to be crowned with his laurel at last, and then expire satisfied within the peaceful ruins of that loved Convent of San Onofrio,

on the brow of the Janiculum, where his dust is now entombed.

Full well I remember Tasso's tree in the content garden, where I sat one morning looking off upon the valley of the Tiber, and thinking how his closing days must have been to him a triple blessing. His relics are treasured in his convent cell; his tree still thrives; his poem lives and shall live forever; and pilgrims come hither and rejoice together that so stormy a life came to so sweet and calm a close.

Arqua del Monte lies removed from the beaten track, away up in the cool shadow of the Euganean hills. It is really a little pilgrimage thither; for you must quit the station away down in the valley, and either foot it, ride or drive up the long, winding road, between hills and rough rock quarries, and wild-looking fastnesses that would make capital backgrounds for brigands. The twists and the turns are not ended even when you have entered the village—for there are no two streets in it parallel,—and the house where Petrarch lived and died lies at the farther end of them—just on the brink of a hill that slopes down into a valley miles and miles away.

Of course it was raining before we came to a halt at the lower end of the village, close by the chapel before which stands the tomb of the poet. And what a tomb it is! The sculptured head, cut off at the throat, is set upon the roof of it; it looks as if the immortal sonneteer were actually sitting up in his shroud, and gazing out of a round skylight in a small windowless house—for that is the shape of the sarcophagus.

We asked for the house of Petrarch, and were directed to the top of the steep village; the half dozen narrow streets were by this time water-courses,—indeed that is what they might have been in the beginning, for they meander at their own sweet will. No one offered to guide us to the poet's home, though at every door there were maids or matrons spinning, while children played about the streets, or climbed the rocks that crop up everywhere.

At last we came to a high gate in a higher garden wall, and rang for admission; there was no response. The rain increased and we were driven for shelter under the deep arch

in the wall, which was quite deep enough to roof us over. Some one saw us waiting, and sent a child to summon the keeper of the house. He must have been hiding or perhaps sleeping, for it was a very long time before he made his appearance. And all the while the rain increased, and the heavens grew dark with low and threatening clouds.

The green lawn surrounding the house, enclosed by the high stone-wall, is the picture of poetic solitude. Stone steps lead to the second floor of the house, and the upper landing is covered with a stone arch. Swallows darted from their nests as we approached the door—I fear it is not often that they are thus disturbed. All the chambers were scrupulously clean and tidy; the frescoes, the carved panels, and some bits of old furniture are still tolerably well preserved. In his room—the room in which he died—I saw Petrarch's chair, and a cabinet which was his, his autograph, and a few small relics of less interest.

The house of Petrarch possesses a peculiar charm—at least I thought so; perhaps the marvellously beautiful site has something to do with it. Doubtless the soft summer rain, the lowering clouds, the delicious quiet of the land, had their full effect upon me; and when I leaned from the light iron window of the balcony that overhung his garden, and saw the broad fig-leaves glossed with rain, and inhaled the odor of syringa and orange flowers, and thought how often he must have walked in those paths, and rested under those picturesque arbors, and looked off upon the surpassing loveliness of the landscape,—it seemed to me that there I could always be content. It is a retreat well suited to reverie. The world lies all beneath you; the birds and the clouds are your companions, and they are never antagonistic.

Poor Petrarch! It was at Avignon he met his Laura. After his law studies at Bologna and Montpellier, he returned to Avignon and passed much of his earlier life. He was but two and twenty and a poet; she was nineteen and a French girl. It is written, "The French woman never grows old," and no doubt she was always nineteen in his eyes. But the cynical Byron has asked, in parenthesis:

"If the fair Laura had been Petrarch's wife,
Would he have written sonnets all his life?"

Well, after having been crowned with laurel at Rome on Easter Day, the world-weary poet accepted an appointment to the Cathedral at Padua,—an office so liberal in its nature that he was permitted to reside at Arqua, visiting Padua at intervals. He knew at this time as much earthly glory as a poet can know, and he turned his back upon it all and sought the sublime solitude of the mountains.

Surrounded by his books, visited by his beloved and chosen friends, nested in the healthful groves that darken the Euganean hills, he sat under his vine and fig-tree and was wooed of Nature, till his day ended suddenly in unpremeditated night. He was found dead in his chamber, sitting at his table, with his face buried in an open book. All this seemed but as yesterday as I stood by that very table, while the identical book lay in a glass case close at hand; and yet it happened five hundred years ago. Goodness gracious, how time flies!

The rain drove us into a wine-shop—a very good resort in an Italian storm,—and then we heard the thunder rending among the hills with terrible voice. Almost immediately the bells—three of them in the chapel by Petrarch's tomb—began to ring in the liveliest manner. I asked what service was to be held at that unpropitious hour, and was informed that the bells were rung to disperse the clouds and save the town from lightning stroke, and that such has been the custom in Arqua del Monte ever since the invention of bells. The Church and Science do each other a sisterly turn up yonder!

We drove down from the hills with our coat-sleeves gushing like water-spouts. And the last sound we heard from that darling half-drowned village was the jangle of those sweet wild bells; and the last glimpse we had of the poet's house was at a moment when it was wreathed in the broken arrows of flame that leaped from the black battlements of heaven and seemed to threaten that deserted shrine with total and speedy destruction.

FOR the structure which we raise
Time is with materials filled;
Our to-days and yesterdays
Are the blocks with which we build.

—*Longfellow.*

Favors of Our Queen.

TWO REMARKABLE CURES AT LOURDES.

BROTHER GUSTAVE LEGEARD entered the novitiate of the Fathers of the Assumption, at Livry, in September of last year. Two months later he became subject to violent pains in the head and back, and finally was obliged to return home. He himself relates his case in the following words:

"From February, 1889, I was confined to my bed. Doctors Hardy and Laurent defined the malady as a cerebro-spinal congestion. Different remedies were tried, such as blisters, antipyrine, application of hot bran to the spine, etc.; none of them, however, proved of any avail. In April I could no longer use my arms or hands, even to eat; for the disease had paralyzed these members. Neither could I endure light, natural or artificial. Each day the malady became more alarming and hopeless. Finally I resolved, if possible, to go to Lourdes.

"During the fortnight preceding the National Pilgrimage my sufferings were intense, and as to those endured during the journey, they can scarcely be imagined. The least noise was unbearable; the motion of the train, the slamming of the doors, joined to loss of appetite and of sleep, reduced me to such a condition that I became insensible to cold and heat. However, on arriving at Lourdes I felt a slight improvement, and was able to exchange my stretcher for a little car. I was at once conveyed to the Grotto. On the way thither I felt the gentle and powerful hand of the Blessed Virgin infusing new life into my diseased body; and yet, by a strange contradiction, my heart remained cold: I could not shed a tear, neither could I find a word to thank our Heavenly Mother. From the Grotto I went to the Church of the Rosary, where, in my little car, I received Holy Communion. I again felt my strength coming back gradually.

"The same morning, on returning to our humble lodging, I tried to walk a few steps, supported by two litter-bearers. I was able to go up one story, and felt a great desire to return to the Grotto on foot; but it was feared

this would be too much for me. I sent at once to ask permission of my superior; he advised me to wait patiently a little longer. It was two o'clock in the afternoon when one of the Fathers, with two *brancardiers*, came to convey me. I declined their charitable services and walked down-stairs without help. From that moment I was perfectly cured! I went, however, to the piscina; for I had resolved to plunge myself into the miraculous water. My gratitude is boundless; I can not express the sentiments of love that fill my soul at the very name of Mary. But every truly Catholic heart will understand it."

* * *

Sister Julienne, portress of the Ursuline Convent of Brive, had been declared by five doctors to be in an advanced and incurable state of pulmonary consumption. The disease continued to make great ravages in spite of the usual remedies, and death seemed imminent. The patient took no nourishment, except a little beef-tea; she could hardly speak, and was unable to stand alone. The doctor in attendance, seeing all the resources of his art unavailing, remarked one day: "Sister, you must go to Lourdes." These words brought a smile to Sister Julienne's lips; for she had unbounded confidence in Mary's help. When the doctor left the room she said to a nun present: "Oh, I am quite sure I should be cured at Lourdes! But nothing in the world could induce me to ask to go there." Then she added: "But if, after being cured, I were to offend God, would it not be better to die now, when I am so well prepared?"

About this time the annual retreat of the community took place. On the 15th of August, which was the third day, the Father who conducted the exercises went to the infirmary to visit the patient, and spoke to her of the desire of the superioress to see her cured. "O Father!" she answered, "I prefer going into the gardens of Paradise than ever again to walk the streets of Brive."—"Nevertheless," rejoined the priest, "you must pray for health; not for your own sake, not even for the good of your Order, but solely for the honor and glory of Mary." The following day the Father visited her again, and enjoined on her, through obedience, to pray for recovery, and to have no scruple on the subject. "I will

obey," replied the young nun; "and the Blessed Virgin will perhaps restore me to health."—"You must not say *perhaps*; you must have no doubt about it," added the Father.—"Oh, yes indeed, I shall be cured!" repeated the docile religious; and from that hour her faith never wavered. But the doctor, who was the first to mention Lourdes—half in jest, as he afterward declared,—was uneasy about the fatigue consequent on the journey; and the return home seemed even more difficult, owing to the inconvenient hours of the trains. Sister Julienne naïvely observed to her superioress: "Why are you uneasy, dear Rev. Mother, since I shall be cured, and can return home at any hour and in any way?"

The departure was fixed for the 31st of August. At half-past four in the morning Sister Julienne was carried to the chapel to receive Holy Communion, and at five she set out with another nun, Sister Claire, and a charitable friend of the convent named Mlle. Peyrot. At Toulouse, so great was the fatigue of the journey, the patient seemed to be between life and death. Many persons protested it was folly to proceed farther with her; in truth, her condition became more alarming as she approached her journey's end.

Arrived at Lourdes, a messenger from the Carmelite nuns came to meet the travellers, and carried the patient to the convent. The Mother Prioress sent at once for the chaplain, as it was feared Sister Julienne could not pass the night; even the Carmelites were inclined to blame the Ursulines of Brive for permitting a dying nun to undertake such a journey. However, the Sister did live through the night, and the next morning was taken in a cab to the Grotto and piscina. The ladies who were attending the sick that day hesitated to plunge "a dying person" into the bath. On being entreated to do so, they declared that Sister Claire and Mlle. Peyrot must assume all responsibility of the act. The patient was in her death-sweat, and to immerse her in icy water was a serious thing to do.

As she was put into the piscina, Sister Julienne opened her eyes wide, as a person about to expire. She was hastily withdrawn,—but, to the astonishment of the beholders, her cheeks, pallid with death a minute before, grew rosy with circulating blood, and she

exultingly cried out: "I am well! I can stand alone!" She was instantly cured, and, having dressed herself with speed, she returned to the Grotto, where she remained twenty minutes on her knees, blessing God and His Holy Mother, and chanting the *Magnificat* with crowds of pilgrims.

During six successive days the late invalid walked four times back and forth from the Carmelite Convent to the Grotto,—in all à distance of a league. Doctor Pomarel, after a careful examination, attested that her lungs were *perfectly sound*. She began to sleep well and to have a good appetite.

On her return home, the inhabitants of Brive, heretofore not remarkable for piety, came out in a body to meet Sister Julienne,—*la resuscitée*, as they called her. The Ursuline community, in procession, welcomed her at the entrance of the convent. Opposite the door, an altar to Our Lady of Lourdes was erected; and while the Sisterhood intoned the *Magnificat*, the Rev. Mother placed in the hands of the favored pilgrim a statue of our Immaculate Lady, which she was directed to leave in the choir as a memorial of her cure. Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was then given by the chaplain, and the *Te Deum* was joyously and gratefully chanted.

The Philistine.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

THE Philistine is a man who sees only with his material eyes.

"A primrose by the river's brim
Only a primrose is to him,
And it is nothing more."

His native country is England, though there are many of him in Germany. In France and Italy he does not exist. Here, under the Stars and Stripes, he is as common as the blue-jay; he is more destructive than the sparrow; he is heavier than lead; he is more nipping than an east wind; he is more gloomy in his gaiety than a November twilight; he is as joyful as the elephant, and as destructive to all the ornamental things of life as a bull in a china shop. And, withal, he is entirely satisfied with himself.

Mark Twain meant to be funny in describing the American abroad as asking, when the unhappy Italian guide showed him some relics of Columbus, "Is he dead?" But what Philistine has not asked, with the utmost seriousness, questions quite as paralyzing? Again, when the American "innocent" sees the autograph of Columbus, he asserts, with swelling pride, that a boy of twelve years old at home could write as well as that!

The Philistine is unanswerable, impregnable. He does not know anything, and he does not want to know anything. He can understand the useful, but never the beautiful. In his heart he admires the performance of a waltz by the hand-organ as greatly as a song of Mendelssohn or of Abt by a *virtuoso* of the violin. "He has no use for ruins," although he always goes to Europe, if he can afford it, to finish an education that was never begun at home. If he had his way, every ruined castle on the Rhine should be fitted up as a "first-rate hotel"; an elevator should be run to the dome of St. Peter's, and an electric railway girdle the Eternal City.

He does not see the use of poetry; he never could understand it. He laughs regularly at the bad jokes about spring verses and mothers-in-law in the newspapers; and he tells these delightful and time-honored jokes to his friends. He admires pictures when he is sure they cost money,—for he must have the guinea stamp on everything before he feels safe in liking it. "The Angelus" might have rotted unseen in an old picture dealer's shop for all he cared. An immense price is offered for it, and lo! he rushes with his wife and family to see it. He is the enemy of simplicity, the frost to the rose of refinement, and the unconscious apostle of materialism.

Patti will sing. Who cares for her notes? A musical box, the Philistine thinks, can do as well. But it is rumored that Patti gets a hundred dollars for every note she utters. The Philistine rushes to add his dollars to the sum laid at the feet of the songstress.

A good, square, warm church is good enough for him. If it be a question between a plain window and one of stained glass, he is for a plain glass one. It's just as good; he can read his prayer-book with more ease; and he doesn't see what use saints and angels in

outlandish clothes are. Better have the pastor's portrait in a black coat, or that of some "pillar of the Church,"—his own, for instance. People could understand *that*. Fra Angelico and Raphael! Why, those fellows would be nowhere nowadays! They couldn't earn their salt in Chicago. Let's have something modern in the churches: a comfortable auditorium, and electric bells in the pews, so that a man can ring and make the preacher feel that he's got to stop sometime.

Read? He reads the newspapers, and he read "Robert Ellsmere" in six months, because he heard so much about it. He likes to have things solid and costly, and he likes to tell the price of them; and when he comes from Europe he generally brings several pictures of classical personages, 12x12—"remarkable for their size, sir,—and every foot hand-painted." He is a patron of art.

The prevalence of Philistinism among Catholics causes our colleges and our periodicals to struggle along. Your Philistine will not endow a college or help to build up a literature for his people; there's no money in it. He likes to read about Catholic congresses in the papers; they make a great show, are impressive, and cost him nothing. But when he is told that nearly every non-Catholic college in the country is endowed through the generosity of Protestants, and that the schools which must leaven the country with faith—if it is to be leavened at all—are handicapped by the indifference of men like himself, he replies: "It's a matter of business; Catholic schools ought to be made to pay." And he appears pompously at all functions, "my Lords" the bishop, and subscribes liberally to any project which may advertise him.

His children are made purse-proud and inately vulgar, if they do not happen to have a mother who is not a Philistine. His skin is so thick that he never feels the stings of his incompleteness. He thinks he is a man, and that he has done much in the world. But no Philistine was ever great, because the eyes of the Philistine are never raised to Heaven.

THE talent of success is nothing more than doing what you can do well, and doing well whatever you do, without a thought of fame.
—*Longfellow.*

The Advent Season.

THE name "Advent" is given to the four weeks immediately preceding the festival of Christmas; it is a time which marks also the beginning of the ecclesiastical year. Formerly it was of longer duration than now, extending over a period of six weeks, corresponding to the time of Lent; formerly, too, abstinence and fasting were enjoined, in order that the preparation for the Feast of the Nativity might be equally solemn with that of the Resurrection.

The obligation of fasting during Advent is still in force in many religious orders, but no longer exists for the faithful in general. However, it is always true of the Church that, though she may change in her external practices—in matters relating to discipline,—her spirit is ever the same, and her intention is always that the faithful should prepare fervently for the celebration of the birth of Jesus Christ, by approaching the Sacraments, by prayer, and by separation from worldly pleasures.

With the Church, we should be entirely occupied at this time in preparing for the celebration of that great event which brought joy to the whole world—the birth of its Redeemer. At this holy season the liturgical offices are made up of those portions of the Scripture which express the vows, the prayers and the hopes of the patriarchs who awaited the advent of the Messiah; the predictions of the prophets who foretold His coming; and the miseries of man, made captive under the law of sin, unceasingly sighing for his Liberator.

"Who is it that comes into the world?" asks St. Bernard. "And what is the object of His coming? When I consider the dignity of His Person, I can not refrain from admiring His greatness and His divinity. When I regard man, whom He comes to redeem, I am touched with His mercy and goodness. When I think of all that He comes to endure and suffer upon earth for our salvation, I am amazed and lost in the abyss of His charity. The sovereign Lord and Master of all things—God the Creator of the universe—comes to save weak, sinful man, and take upon Himself the burden of human nature. Angels wonder to see Him

descend upon earth who is so infinitely far above them in heaven. O men! prepare to receive the King of glory; forget all else; forsake all pleasures, and attend to His august presence. He comes to save, to deliver, to heal you. You are wandering away, He is seeking you. You are in slavery, He is prepared to ransom you. You are covered with wounds, He comes to heal you. You are blind and weak, He brings light and strength. If He watches over you, who can lead you astray? If He is with you, who can overcome you? If He is for you, who can stand against you?"

Beautiful words, worthy of being embalmed in every Christian heart!

A Martyr Beatified.

ON Sunday, November 10, the long-expected solemn beatification of the Venerable John Gabriel Perboyre, of the Congregation of the Mission, took place in the Hall of Canonization. Two thousand French workmen were present. In a special gallery a brother and sister of the blessed martyr were seated. Such an episode is very rare. The brother is Father Perboyre, also a Lazarist, and the sister a member of the community of St. Vincent de Paul. Another brother is a missionary in China. In the afternoon the Holy Father, according to custom, venerated the relics of the martyr, and spent some time in conversation with his brother and sister.

The Blessed John Gabriel Perboyre was born at Puech, Diocese of Cahors, France, on January 6, 1802. In December, 1818, he entered the novitiate of the Vincentians. He was ordained priest in 1825. He became superior of the College of St. Fleur and sub-director of the novitiate. But he begged so persistently to be allowed to go to China, that he was finally sent thither. He had worked zealously and lovingly for four years when a persecution broke out, and he was picked out as the principal victim. At the head of a small band of Christians he fled, but he was delivered to the pagans by a renegade "for thirty pieces of silver." He was tortured a whole year by the haters of the Christian name, who seemed to be possessed of diabolical cunning.

The martyrdom of Father Perboyre, as de-

scribed by an eye witness, was appallingly horrible. He was very slowly strangled, having first been made to witness the death of five criminals; and while he was still alive an executioner finished the work by kicking him in the stomach. A few days after his execution the Christians obtained his body, and, clothing it in the sacred vestments, buried it with religious rites.

The introduction of his cause was signed by Gregory XVI. in 1840, with the causes of other martyrs. The evidence in his case was so clear that it was expedited, in spite of the scene of his martyrdom being so far from Rome. It was not until 1882, in spite of unusual celerity, that the preparatory congregation was held; and this shows how slowly and with what scrupulousness Rome moves in the matter of beatifications.

A Profaner of the Rosary.

IN one of our recent issues, says *La Semaine de Toulouse*, we reported, upon the testimony of a friend from la Touraine, the tragic death of a sportsman named Diort, who, with sacrilegious intention, hung a rosary around the neck of his dog. The Curé of Vallières les Grandes, Loir-et-Cher, in whose parish this event occurred, has received many letters asking an explanation of the report published in *La Semaine* and copied in almost all of the religious journals of France. He replies that nothing is more authentic, and adds the following details:

The rosary had been brought from Lourdes by a devout lady, who gave it to a young girl employed upon the farm of which the impious Diort was manager. Seeing it in her hand, he snatched it from her, and with an oath hung it around the neck of his dog, as narrated. He then went out shooting, and having captured a fine hare, returned in high spirits, saying, "Really, it would be well to get a wagon-load of these rosaries, to bring us always such good luck!"

Soon after he was attacked by a singular disease of the neck and throat, from which, after great suffering, he finally died. During his last days especially it caused him horrible tortures, and he literally choked to death.

The physician who attended him, though also a freethinker, felt compelled to acknowledge that he could not define the malady.

Dirot used to go into fields where the peasants were at work, and try to pervert them, by giving them irreligious newspapers, etc.; and he was accustomed to say to them, among other things, that one might as well baptize a calf as a human being. All the community in which he lived have seen in the terrible end of this unhappy man a chastisement of God.

Notes and Remarks.

The failure of Protestant missions in India—a country where the Church is reaping abundant harvests—is attested by a letter in the *Indian Churchman*, quoted by the *Indo-European Correspondence*. The writer says that the trumpeted conversions are indicative of “no change whatever of thought, belief, or sentiment. Their worthless character is set forth by ‘Bishop’ Thoburn (Wesleyan) himself, when, with characteristic *naïveté*, he confesses that eighty-five off-hand baptisms, which were sources of pleasure to him, turned out mere shams ‘in a time of trial.’”

Mr. William J. Florence, the actor, whose long experience of the stage gives him a right to speak, reminds us that the Church has much to do with an art which has at one end “Shakespeare, and at the other Mary Anderson and Augustin Daly.” No man can say certainly that Shakespeare practised any religion, because little about him is positively known; but what evidence we have points to the probability that he was a Catholic. He was certainly not an informer.

The *London Register* notices the Catholic Centenary in a delightfully ‘aughty’ manner. It ends its article with these words: “But what in America is the proportion between the Catholic and the Protestant literary life and intelligence of the country? Here we more than hold our own in all departments; but among the New World writers of fiction (the chief creation of American pens) who delight Europe, we miss Catholic names, if Miss Tincker’s alone be excepted. In the newspaper world, again, it can not be said that Catholic editors permit themselves to appeal to a very delicate literary taste, or even a very cultivated general intelligence; though, in the secular world, the American periodicals, in these respects, surpass many of our own. But these defects have ready explanations, as well as ready remedies.

And one of these is to be found in the establishment of the new University at Washington.”

We confess that we have looked in vain in the columns of the *Tablet* or the *Register* for reviews of fairly good works of fiction by Catholic writers. While the trash manufactured by Lady Colin Campbell and the Marquis Biddle-Cope (who used to be an American) fill the pages of these periodicals, whose influence on the general thought of the British public seems *nil*, the Catholic work of fiction is seldom noticed, except when the review is directly inspired by the publisher’s interest. It happens that the cleverest Catholic writer of fiction across the water is Rosa Mulholland, who is Irish; and the most promising poet Katharine Tynan, who is also Irish. The *Weekly Register* has many good points,—its bad points are too servile truckling to the slightest Protestant literary recognition and the common admiration which exists among the little band who write in it. If Miss Tincker be known in England by “Signor Monaldini’s Niece” and “By the Tiber,” we regret it. But if she be known by those lovely stories she wrote for the *Catholic World*—and which *Merry England*, under the same editorial management as the *Register*, reproduces without credit to that periodical,—a very limited circle of English readers know her at her best. Neither the *Register* nor the *Tablet* has ever discovered any Catholic writer or encouraged him until he had a non-Catholic *imprimatur*. Our respected friends on the other side ought to be less ‘aughty.

The Bishop of Albi has set an example. During a sensational murder trial in the episcopal city the court-room was crowded with ladies. On the following Sunday the Bishop preached a sermon, in which he declared that if such a scandal were repeated he would publish the names of the “curious impertinents.” On Monday the gallery for ladies was deserted.

The daily papers announce the conversion to the faith of General Russell Thayer, a distinguished citizen of Philadelphia. About two years ago a friend sent him a book filled with calumnies against the Church. As he himself says, this book led him to study the religions of the world. He applied for enlightenment and information to Archbishop Ryan, who took him under his personal guidance and teaching. General Thayer soon brought his wife and children to join him in the instructions, and on the 16th ult. he, together with his entire family, was baptized at the Cathedral.

In a conversation reluctantly held with a reporter, General Thayer said: “I am sorry that any publicity is to be given to this matter, and I

can hardly see how the public is interested in it. But you have asked me a fair question, and there is no reason why I should hesitate to answer. My paramount reason for joining the Catholic Church is because it brings me nearer to God and into a closer communion with Him. It is no sudden decision I have reached, and my course is not the result of a sudden determination. I had been studying and considering the subject for two years. I have examined all the Christian religions and some that are not Christian, and I have reached the conclusion that the Catholic belief is the true religion of the Lord Jesus Christ."

The death of Father Barbelin, S. J.,—this name has very sweet associations for the Catholics of Philadelphia—is announced. Father Barbelin was driven from France by the decrees against religious communities. He established at Littlehampton, England, an Apostolic School for the training of candidates for religious orders. In spite of his ignorance of English, prejudice against him, and poverty, when he died his college contained eighty students.

The *Monitor*, of San Francisco, gives the following facts in refutation of the charge that the Church is opposed to "edjecation," as they say in the rural districts: "We support one-fifth of all the theological seminaries in this great country; one-fourth of all the colleges; besides six hundred academies and thirty-six hundred parochial schools, attended by over half a million pupils."

One of the speakers at the Catholic Congress in Baltimore—Judge Kelly, of St. Paul, whose paper was on Religion in Education,—had something to say in behalf of our colored brethren at the South, which we trust will be reiterated till it finds a response in the heart of some one able to carry out Mr. Kelly's suggestion. He said in concluding his excellent address:

"There is, however, an unsown field for effective educational work, which, as I stand before this great assembly of Catholic laymen, I dare not neglect to mention. I refer to the colored people—to the freedmen of the South. I know those people. I know their hunger for knowledge. I know how docile they are and how patient; how susceptible to good influences. I know these things, and I say to you, my brethren of the first Catholic American Congress, that we owe it as an act of reparation to these children of a cruel fate to do all we can to lift them out of that darkness, mental and moral, into which they have been plunged through no fault of theirs. Oh that God would inspire some great-hearted man or woman to undertake this work,—some one who has been blessed with this world's abundance to lead in laying the foundation

for Catholic mission schools for the colored people of the South! When that glorious leader comes the field will be found ripening for harvest."

A pleasant story is told concerning the Silver Lion which has been a notable attraction at the Barye Monument Loan Exhibition in New York. That great sculptor was a man of rare simplicity and scrupulous good faith. He was asked to estimate the cost of such a lion, which the city of Paris proposed to offer as one of the prizes at the races. Barye gave the number of ounces of silver which he considered necessary, but his estimate proved too high. After Mr. Walters, of Baltimore, had purchased the lion at the sale of the Count la Grange's collection, Madame Barye wrote him that if he would examine the bottom of the pedestal he would find several bars of silver fastened there, which had been added by Barye to make good his estimate as to the amount of silver required. These bars remain where Barye placed them, and they can be seen on examining the bottom of the pedestal.

According to a traditional custom of the House of Bavaria, the heart of Queen Marie, the mother of the late unfortunate Louis and of the present King Otho, was embalmed and placed in a niche in the Chapel of Our Lady of Mercy at Alt-Oetting. In a niche in the chancel wall of the church rest the hearts of the princes of Bavaria from the foundation of the Wittelsbach dynasty, many centuries ago.

M. Louis Veuillot is buried in the Cemetery of Montparnasse, Paris. His tomb bears the simple inscription: "I have believed; now I see."

The eloquent discourse of Father Fidelis, C. P., at the opening of the Catholic University was on "The Vitality of the Church a Manifestation from God." The only full report of it we have seen was in the *Catholic Review*. One passage in particular—it was a rosary of beautiful passages—is really prose poetry.

"For a hundred years," he said of the Church, "she has been here, and she is at home in this land. Look upon her, I say, and tell me, what think you of Christ's Church? Whose spouse is she? Is her form bent and her forehead wrinkled? Are her sandals worn or her garments moth-eaten? Is her gait halting and feeble, and does she walk with trembling steps? Think you, forsooth, that she is afraid to trust herself to our new civilization?—that she clings reluctant to the mouldering fashions of an age that has passed? Oh, see! her face is radiant and her brow erect and starlit,

and on her lips is the smile of peace; her robes are beautiful with variety and fragrant as with spices; and the step with which she advances is elastic with triumph. *Vera incessu patuit dea.* Her movement betrays her divinity. She is the Daughter of the King."

Father Blenke has reproduced, as far as possible, the Grotto of Lourdes under the main altar of St. Aloysius' Church at Covington, Ky. Father Blenke furnished the sketches for the grotto, also for the walls which are decorated with views of the celebrated monasteries of the world. Rocks, apparently old and moss-grown, surround a cataract of water, which falls into a miniature lake. The effect of the whole is said to be very devotional.

Emile Augier, the French dramatist, whose death we chronicled last week, published his collected works without a word of preface, and replied when once asked by a biographer for notes regarding his life: "I was born in 1820, sir. Since then nothing has happened to me." Augier was one of the most important dramatic authors of the century.

The Chair of Flemish Literature in the University of Louvain was established through the influence of Dr. O'Hearn, an Irishman, "more Flemish than the Flemings themselves." Dr. O'Hearn had no doubt learned from the sad experience of his countrymen that a nation suffers much when it loses its language.

The death is announced of Sister Marie de Sainte Victoire, for twenty-one years Superior-General of the Augustinians of the Holy Heart of Mary.

The *Home Journal* commends the following anecdote of Berryer, the great French lawyer, to members of the legal profession:

Shortly after the war of 1870 the Duke of Brunswick, who had frequently employed Berryer in important cases, sent him a request that he should defend a suit brought against the Duke by his daughter, whom he had abandoned because she had abjured Protestantism. Fearful lest Berryer might not like the case, he added to the papers a retainer of fifty thousand francs. Shortly afterward he received the following letter: "Monseigneur:—If I defended your Majesty against the King of England and the powerful princes of your family, it was because you were in the right. But I decline to defend your case to-day against the Comtesse de Civey, your daughter, because you are a hundred times in the wrong. Berryer."

And the fifty thousand francs were returned with the papers.

The St. Cecilia Mænnerchor of Cincinnati, Ohio, celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of the founding of their society on the 22d ult., the feast of their patron saint. About three hundred and seventy-five members of the society, escorted by various sodalities, marched in procession from their hall to the Church of the Sacred Heart, where Solemn High Mass was celebrated by the Very Rev. Father Albrinck, Vicar-General of the Archdiocese. The sanctuary, which was handsomely decorated for the occasion was filled with a large number of priests of the city. During the Holy Sacrifice the splendidly trained chorus of the Cecilia Society sang, with great accuracy and fine musical effect, Van Bree's Mass No. 3, the *Veni Creator* of Wallace, and an *Ave Maria* by Wiegand. The Rev. Dr. B. H. Engbers delivered the jubilee address. He dwelt at length on the beauties of sacred music, and showed how the Church has ever encouraged all arts and sciences, especially music.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands, as if you were bound with them.

—HEB., xliii, 3.

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

Brother Ephrem, C. S. C., who died at Notre Dame last Saturday, after a long illness, borne with saint-like fortitude.

Sister Mary Veronica, of the Sisters of Charity, Madison, N. J., who was called to her reward some weeks ago.

Mr. John M. Sims, of Washington, D. C., whose fervent Christian life was crowned with a holy death on the 5th ult.

Mr. John C. Healy, who breathed his last at Pierce City, Mo., on the 14th ult.

Mr. Edward Keogh, of Washington, D. C., who departed this life on the 11th ult.

Mrs. Ellen McCarthy, who passed away on the 20th of October, at Pontypool, England fortified by the last Sacraments.

Mr. James H. Leah, of Edwardsville, Ill., who died a happy death on the same day.

Mrs. Martin Hussey, who piously yielded her soul to God on the 14th of October, at Baltimore, Md.

Mr. Richard White, of Philadelphia, Pa.; Albert Moyer and Thomas Griffith, Chicago, Ill.; Mrs. Sarah Flemming, New York city; Mr. and Mrs. James Cahill, Miss Winifred Tracy, Mrs. Mary O'Sullivan, Miss Johanna Duggan, and Miss Ellen Duggan,—all of Lawrence, Mass.; Mrs. Carr, Washington, D. C.; William F. Reilly, La Salle, Ill.; and Michael Keegan, Glasgow, Montana.

May they rest in peace!



The First Snow.

LIKE snowflakes fall Thy mercies, dearest Lord,
Soft in the morning and the evening light;
And may our hearts, like the awaiting sward,
Lie on Thy august footstool, pure and white!

And may their whiteness know no touch of hate,
No blot of malice or uncharity!
May they reflect that Heart Immaculate
Which, of all hearts, is nearest unto Thee!

L. M.

Christmas is Coming.

BY MARY CATHERINE CROWLEY.

"Yes, I'll have to send thirty Christmas cards," concluded May.

"You have a great many friends, love," said grandma.

"Oh, the people I must send cards to are not all friends!" answered the girl. "A number are only acquaintances, who remembered me last year. I have to try to pay all such debts, past, present, and to come. Unfortunately, it will cost a good deal, and I shall not have any money left to buy other presents. Besides, it is a bother."

"Then why send any?" suggested the old lady.

"What would be thought of me, grandma, if I didn't?"

"Sensible persons would think you a girl of sense. When this pretty custom becomes a tax upon patience or pocket, it degenerates into a meaningless fashion," replied Mrs. Dalton.

"I ought to be willing to take trouble for my friends," protested May.

"Certainly. But anything we do for a friend should be gladly done, otherwise it loses all value. It is indeed a graceful practice to send greetings at this time to our friends, and even to some persons who are hardly more than acquaintances. The attention proves to the

former that they have part in our Christmas joy; to the latter that we have a kindly thought for them during this season of happiness. All this, however, may be expressed, and perhaps most elegantly, by a mere visiting card. But for young folk the artistic little designs which may be obtained for a trifle are especially appropriate. Yet this is not your view of the matter. I believe you want to send a pretentious souvenir to each of the companions whose names you have noted. To make your money go as far as possible, you will journey from store to store, jostled by the crowd, growing every moment more confused, and cross possibly. You will come home tired and flurried, sort your purchases hurriedly, mail them, and in the end will wish you had distributed them differently, or discover perhaps that you have forgotten somebody who of all others should have been included in your list."

May laughed at this description of her past experiences.

"Still," she answered, "the cards must be as handsome as any that the girls have sent to me."

"There's the folly of it!" sighed grandma. "We are all in danger of being influenced by the calculating spirit which thinks more of the gift than of the giver, and gauges sentiment according to its market-price. Will you spare your desk-mate, Amelia Morris, twenty-five or fifty cents' worth of love and good-wishes this year?"

"Grandma, you are dreadful!" pouted May.

She consoled herself, however, with a reflection such as we are apt to make when we do not agree with the opinions of those older and wiser than ourselves: "Grandma does not understand." An interval of silence followed, during which she conned her list.

Before long her little sister Celia came into the room. Celia was a rosy, merry creature, whom everyone loved, because, with the instinctive charity of childhood, she saw only the good in those with whom she came in contact, and diffused wherever she went something of her own winsome trustfulness. She had just returned from the stationer's, and gaily waved aloft a yellow envelope, exclaiming,

"Look! Christmas cards! Bought them

with the ten cents papa gave me for not forgetting to say please."

"Let me see," said May.

Celia proudly exhibited three bits of floral pasteboard, of the gaudy coloring which most readily attracts the taste of a child.

"What are you going to do with them?" asked the elder girl.

"I don't know" rejoined Celia. "I think though—yes, I'll give one to Mrs. Fagin, the washerwoman, 'cause she's poor; and one to Miss Old Maid Mason, 'cause, poor thing! she's rich and fussy and lonesome-looking; and one to the little girl that comes every morning to pick cinders out of our ash barrel, 'cause I don't believe she ever had a Christmas card in her life."

May tittered. "What queer people to choose!" she said, looking up to exchange an amused glance with grandma. With surprise, she noticed that the old lady was nodding approvingly.

The circumstance set May thinking. "Yes," mused she, "it would be nice to carry out Celia's idea: to send Christmas cards to some persons who have few friends, or who are ill or sad or neglected. We always do something for the poor at Christmas. I am so pleased to have cut out and finished that dress for the little orphan. And there's the funny mite of a flannel petticoat that Celia made for the baby in short clothes, pricking her finger at almost every stitch. But I begin to see the meaning of what grandma said the other day. I wrote it down, thinking it might do to quote in a composition. Our teacher gives us such odd subjects to write about, she may hit upon this next."

May took a small diary from her pocket—it was her latest fad to keep a diary,—and, after turning the leaves, found and read the following:

"Charity is not mere almsgiving: it is something we all need,—something we must all give and take, one from the other. There are none so rich as to be able to do without it, none so poor that they can not bestow it; for charity is forbearing love and friendship; charity is true neighborliness,—the clasping of hands in sympathy and kindness with the unfortunate, whether they be rich or poor; it is the overflowing of the love of human hearts

for the blessed Christ-Child, who from the Manger of Bethlehem stretched out His tiny hands in tenderness to all."

"Yes," thought May, laying down her diary, "there are many people who, with all the comforts that wealth can procure, are often sadly off for want of a little thoughtful friendliness. This is what grandma means by the true spirit of Christmas-tide,—the wish to share our happiness with others. Let me see. To whom would a Christmas card from an insignificant girl like me bring a bit of brightness and pleasure? Old Mrs. Merrill? Humph! she is rich enough, I'm sure; but she is the last of her family, and lives in a great house, with only the servants around her. She is so fond of young girls too, and often asks me to go and see her. I think *she* would be pleased. And Miss Rayner, who has been an invalid for years. She must be lonely sometimes; for when persons don't go about they are apt to be forgotten. Then Miss Pierce, who sets type in the news-letter office. She is a stranger here. Yes, I'll send her a card; Kate Leslie too,—how could I have left out Kate's name! We have never been intimate; but then, she belongs to our class, and this will be the first Christmas since the death of her mother. Julia Stone, another girl who used to go to our school. How peculiar she was! By no means a favorite. She has a hard time at home. It is as much as the Stones can do to get on, and Julia is obliged to keep busy; she won't have many Christmas greetings. I believe I'll send one to Delia Tracy, who used to be our cook before she was married. She will be delighted to know that I thought of her."

And May set about to re-arrange the old list.

"There's Alice Carr," she went on. "Gracious! no doubt she'll have a whole stock of such souvenirs, and would not prize the costliest I could send. I'll enclose my visiting card to her. That will be stylish, and Alice dotes on style. Phœbe Hollis will have a good many too. Phœbe fancied those verses that Uncle George wrote in my album. I'll copy them prettily with gold ink for her. The names that come next may as well be crossed off. I don't know why I put them down; probably because Amelia was going to send some to those girls. Our Western cousins? They would prefer pleasant letters; so would our

friends in New York. Why, by a little management, all will be provided for. I shall be able to get handsome cards for those to whom I am really under compliment; and by taking care not to send any 'just for show,' shall still have a little money left for the other presents."

May selected her cards according to this new plan. On Christmas Eve they were sent forth like a flight of messenger doves, or little angels of good-will, bearing in many directions greetings of kindness and friendship. If the warm-hearted girl could have followed them, she would have been more than satisfied with the welcome they received.

"What a dear child May Dalton is!" said old Mrs. Merrill, when she opened the large envelope which the servant brought to her early the next morning. And for the aged and solitary woman the Christmas sun shone brighter, and her home, before so desolate, appeared less dreary in its splendor.

Miss Rayner, the invalid, was aroused from a despondent reverie by May's pretty missive. "It is so sweet to be remembered!" sighed she; "to feel that one is not entirely shut in from the beautiful world! This little card brings that which it wishes me—'A joyful Christmas.' It sounds the first note of my *Gloria* to-day. How much I have to be thankful for!"

The young type setter, in her small room in a cheerless boarding-house, was homesick enough that Christmas morning. But what a transformation May's card wrought! She stood it on the mantel in the midst of her family photographs, and every time she glanced at it during the day it seemed to smile back at her, like the cheery face of a friend. "After all," the young girl said to herself, "I am not alone in this great city: some one thinks of me; some one hopes I may have 'A happy Christmas.'"

Motherless Kate Leslie dropped a few tears upon the dainty souvenir that came to her. Yet she smiled as well; for it told her all that May longed to express, and showed a rift in the cloud that so darkened for her this Christmas Day.

Julia Stone had helped her mother to collect a few toys, etc., for her small brothers and sisters. She did not expect any gift for herself. If, by rare fortune, anything should fall to her

lot, it would surely be something which must necessarily be provided, holiday season or not. She was wondering, discontentedly, why she could not have lovely presents like other girls, when the postman's ring summoned her to the door. He handed her a packet addressed to herself, and hastened on his way. "How nice of May Dalton to think of me!" she exclaimed, having torn off the wrapper. Half an hour later, as she hung the tasteful little banner upon a corner of her dressing-table, she reflected: "I haven't so many pleasures as some girls, perhaps; but, after all, with father, mother and the children to love and work for, there is no reason why I too should not have, as May reminds me, 'A merry Christmas.'"

As for the worthy woman, Delia Tracy, it would be hard to describe her pleasure at May's kind remembrance of her. The simple token long occupied the place of honor upon the table in her "best room." "Shure Miss May was always so considerate-like!" she exclaimed, as she placed it there. "The Lord love her and give her many blessed Christmas Days!"

Thus a little thoughtfulness, so trifling in itself that May did not even think of noting it in her precious diary, brought a thrill of gladness to many a heart.

A kind act ever wins its own reward. May's Christmas was a particularly blithe and joyous one. And grandma, who happened to catch a glimpse of her "revised list" as she was on the point of tearing it up, said gently: "I think, dearie, that you have discovered the true mission of the Christmas card."

Noelie.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TYBORNE," ETC.

VI.

Years flew by without any marked incident. Mr. Chevahier had all but forgotten the deserted house. Noelie, naturally, had no memory of it; for neither Catherine nor Joseph ever spoke to her on the subject. After a time the porter of Mr. Chevahier's house and other domestics went away, and soon no one remained who had any idea that Noelie was not some relative adopted by him.

Noelie no longer resembled the pale, thin Petite. She was a tall, lovely child, with blooming cheeks. Mr. Chevahier, Joseph and Catherine simply idolized her, and the poor thing was quite spoiled. Nevertheless, she was inclined to be pious; she said her prayers, learned her catechism from Catherine's lips, and liked to listen to "stories about the good God." The Nativity, the Flight into Egypt, the Little Jesus teaching in the Temple, the manna falling in the desert, Joseph and his brethren,—these were her favorites. But when it came to reading and writing, Noelie would remark:

"You said, Catherine, that the catechism teaches us all that God wants from us. Where does it say that I am to learn to read?"

Catherine might have replied: "It says you are to obey your parents, and I stand to you in place of a mother." But the child's cleverness baffled the good woman, and she had no answer ready. However, she took Noelie to a small school which existed in the opposite house, and after many struggles between Noelie and the mistress she was able to read and write, and had learned the first rudiments of music.

Catherine spent all her spare time in making clothes for Noelie, but it was a hard task. She rushed about in such a way that her frock was constantly in tatters; her hat would become battered in a week; her shoes were tossed into corners and got lost. She hated to have her hair combed, and persuaded Catherine to cut it short like a boy's. And whenever poor Catherine remonstrated Noelie would say:

"There is nothing in the catechism about my hats and frocks. Will God ask me how I was dressed before He lets me into heaven?"

Poor Catherine could only answer: "All other children are nicely dressed,—all except you."

Gradually the girl grew more and more self-willed. One day, when she was twelve years old, she was in disgrace with her mistress about a simple sum which she had not done correctly.

"Catherine," she said, "please do this sum for me."

"I can't," answered Catherine.

"Why not?"

"I don't know figures, my child. I never was taught"

"Oh," exclaimed Noelie, "then I won't learn them any more! You are good enough, dear Catherine! I love you and I want to be like you."

Catherine's tears flowed, but she said: "Do your sum, Noelie. I don't want you to be as ignorant as I am."

"But you love God and you are going to heaven, Catherine."

"I hope so, Noelie; but when I was a child I was taught very little. If I had been better instructed, no doubt I should love God more and serve Him better. Now, Noelie, do your sum."

And for a wonder Noelie obeyed.

VII.

For some days after this Catherine seemed uneasy, and she was seen to hold long conversations with the servant of the next floor,—a very rare occurrence, for she hated gossip. Finally she went to speak to Mr. Chevahier.

"Have you remarked, sir, that Noelie—Miss Noelie—is not as good as she used to be? In fact, sir, things can not go on like this."

"What! what! what!" said Mr. Chevahier. "I'm quite satisfied with everything. Only let us be exact. It is one o'clock. I must be going."

"Please, sir, listen to me for a minute. You can not help seeing that Noelie is self-willed, untidy, and disobedient. She is not well brought up."

Mr. Chevahier made no answer, but looked for his hat. Catherine took the knob of the door in her hand.

"Sir, you took in this poor child; you have fed and clothed her for ten years; will you now forsake her?"

"Why, who ever heard of such a thing! Just continue as you have been doing all these years. Let me go now,—five minutes after the hour!"

At this moment Noelie opened the door and came in, with rough hair, black hands, and torn apron. Seeing Catherine and Mr. Chevahier in conversation, she rushed away, slamming the door after her.

"No, sir," said Catherine, "we can not go on this way. Grant me a favor, please. No doubt you know Miss Grenville, who lives above us,

and you have remarked two young girls who come to see her?"

Mr. Chevahier shook his head, then sat down with an air of resignation.

"Why, everyone knows them," said Catherine, "they are so refined in their manner, and so nicely dressed. I am told they are educated by a lady, to whom they go every day from nine to five. This lady teaches them grammar and music, and gives them very practical instructions on good behaviour, personal neatness, etc. If, sir, you would send Noelie to this lady!"

"Very well, very well!" said Mr. Chevahier. "You can do as you like."

"No, sir, I can not do as I like. You know it is your place to call on Miss Beaumont and ask her to take Noelie. She lives near here. Perhaps her terms are high, but I should be quite satisfied if you would lower my wages in order to meet the expense."

"No, no, Catherine," said Mr. Chevahier, touched by her generosity. "Thank God, I can pay a few hundred francs for the child, and I will cheerfully do as you wish. Give me the lady's address and I will call on her to-day."

And Mr. Chevahier thought he might go now; but no, Catherine had not done.

"Please, sir, do you think Miss Noelie ought to continue to call you 'Mr. Friend'? It was all very well when she was a child, but now she is over twelve."

"What is she to call me, then?" asked Mr. Chevahier, with a smile. "Must I go now and find a name for myself?"

"Don't you think she might say 'Uncle'? No uncle could have been better to her than you have been."

"Let her say 'Uncle,' then!" replied Mr. Chevahier, and at last he made his escape.

In the evening he sent for Catherine. "All is arranged with Miss Beaumont," he said. "Noelie can begin class next Monday."

"Thank your uncle," said Catherine, turning to Noelie.

"Thank you, Uncle," murmured Noelie; then she cried out: "Uncle Friend, I thank you and I love you very much!" And she put her arms around his neck. "I'll never say 'Uncle' by itself,—no, never!" Then she danced out of the room.

Next Sunday Catherine pointed out to Noelie two girls with pretty hats trimmed with black ribbon and rosebuds.

"Those are your future companions," she said. "Observe them well, and try to become like them."

Noelie's only answer was to make a grimace.

VIII.

The following Monday—a fine October day—Catherine took Noelie, dressed in her best clothes, to her new teacher. Miss Beaumont received her pupil kindly, and introduced to her Regina and Augusta. They made graceful bows to Noelie, who hung down her head, frowned and pouted a little. Several days passed before the ice was broken.

"I fear you are not kind enough to your new companion," said Miss Beaumont to Regina and Augusta.

"She won't answer us when we speak to her, ma'am. It seems as if she were made of wood."

Next day Miss Beaumont said she would take the girls out for a walk during recreation. Augusta ventured to put Noelie's girdle straight. Noelie sprang away like a young fawn.

"What are you touching me for?" she cried.

"Only because your girdle was crooked. I beg your pardon!" said Augusta, with mock civility.

"What does it signify whether it be straight or crooked?"

"We are going out," said Regina.

"Well?"

"In the street everyone will see you are not properly dressed."

"What does that matter to me?"

"People will laugh at you."

"What harm will that do? So much the worse for them."

Then they went out, Noelie having made her girdle as crooked as possible.

Another day a dispute arose over some cuffs.

"You don't look like a young lady," said Regina.

"What do I care about looking like a young lady?"

"People will say you are very untidy," remarked Augusta.

"Who cares what they say? So much the

worse for those who take the trouble to speak of me."

Noelie hated her school, and managed to arrive there as late as she could. One morning she fell asleep after being called; another morning her skirt had fallen into the bath; another, she could not get the ink stains off her hands. On another occasion, when Catherine thought she was ready, she found her in her dressing-gown, sitting by the window, thinking, she said, of her faults, she had so many. One day she was not ready till ten o'clock, and then she rushed upon Joseph and said:

"Lay a plate for me, Joseph. I shall breakfast with Uncle Friend."

"But you have had your breakfast already."

"No matter. I am always hungry, and I want my duck—good-morning, Uncle Friend! Poor Uncle Friend! Aren't you very lonely breakfasting without me?"

"Oh, no!" said Mr. Chevahier. "And why are you not at school, Noelie?"

"I am going presently, but I don't like you to be left alone so much, Uncle Friend. I am afraid you'll be lonely."

She came very late to school that day, and missed a music lesson.

"You will never learn anything," said her companions. "You will grow up a dunce."

"I don't care," replied Noelie. "If I love God that is sufficient. Catherine says so. What is a dunce?"

Her companions answered with a laugh.

IX.

One morning Catherine, having some other business to attend to in the city, brought Noelie to school very punctually. In the vestibule Noelie met Regina and Augusta.

"Let us make haste," they said; "nine o'clock is striking." And they began to mount the stairs.

At that moment a little girl about twelve years old came in from the street. Her clothes were shabby, her face thin and pale. She was out of breath from running, and had a picture in her hand.

"You must have dropped this picture, I think, Miss," she panted, looking at Noelie. "And you went so fast I had to run to catch up to you."

"Oh, my beautiful picture of Our Lady," said Noelie, "that I bought yesterday! It

must have slipped out of my book. How glad I am not to have lost it!"

"Yes, it is very pretty," replied the little girl.

"You may keep it, then," said Noelie, with a pleasant smile. "I am glad I dropped it."

"O Miss, you are too good! How could I deprive you of such a pretty picture, which you have just bought!"

"I give it to you with much pleasure," said Noelie, going up-stairs as she spoke.

The little girl kissed the picture, took up her heavy basket and went out.

"What are you thinking of?" said Augusta to Noelie. "Talking to a little girl in the street whom you do not know!"

"And giving a picture to a dirty child like that! Do you know her parents?" remarked Regina.

"I know she ran after me to give back the picture, that she thought it very pretty, and that I had the greatest pleasure in making her a present. That is all I know."

"But," pursued Regina, "well brought-up girls don't speak to people of whom they know nothing."

Noelie's answer was to hang over the balusters and scream out: "If I meet you again I will give you more pictures. Do you hear, little pale girl?" But the child had disappeared.

The portress overheard and replied: "Do you want to speak to Mary, Miss? She is gone. I will try to call her back."

"No, no," said Noelie; "not now. Does she live in this house?"

"Yes, Miss," answered the portress.

"Do be quiet, Miss Noelie! To shout on the stairs like that! It is dreadful! Really, if this continues we shall be obliged to ask our English maid to accompany us to Miss Beaumont's very door," said Regina and Augusta together.

Noelie shouted again, and Regina muttered: "What a little savage!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

HEAVEN is not reached at a single bound,
But we build the ladder by which we rise
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies;
And we mount to its summit round by round.

—G. H. Holland.

THE AVE MARIA

A MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE HONOR OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.

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Perhaps.

BY MARGARET H. LAWLESS.

UPON the placid water's breast
 Is mirrored the blue sky;
 Its golden stars are burning there,
 Its clouds are sailing by;
 But every little breeze that blows
 And ruffles the calm deep,
 Breaks and distorts the images
 That on its bosom sleep.

Our earth lies ever like a sea
 Neath heaven's matchless skies,
 And down upon its wide expanse
 'Are turned God's sleepless eyes;
 But for the winds of ill that blow
 And stir its bosom clear,
 It might be ours perhaps to see
 A heaven mirrored here.

Notre Dame de Pontoise.

BY GEORGE PROSPERO.

PONTOISE, a town of France, derives its name from Pont-sur-l'Oise—the bridge that spans the river Oise. It was called by the Romans *Briva Isaræ*, whilst in the Middle Ages it was known as *Pons Isaræ*. The town is built on a rocky hillside, and forms as it were an amphitheatre, extending down even to the banks of the Oise. In former times Pontoise was the capital of the French Vexin, and was strongly fortified; the

Capetian Kings frequently selected it as their residence. Louis XIV. retired within its hospitable walls during the troubles of the Fronde, and the Parliament has been transferred there at various periods. In our days it is a pleasant excursion from Paris, and contains two interesting churches—Notre Dame de Pontoise and St. Maclon.

Notre Dame de Pontoise is one of the most celebrated sanctuaries of Mary in the diocese of Versailles,—a diocese noted for its devotion to the Mother of God. Chroniclers do not give the precise date when this shrine first became renowned; all we know for a certainty is that it existed before the thirteenth century. A pious youth, tenderly devoted to Mary, felt inspired to carve a statue of the Immaculate Virgin and offer it to the veneration of the faithful. Not having any place wherein to work, he was obliged to seek refuge in a quarry at Blangis, near Abbeville. There the statue was made, and when finished it was transferred to Pontoise.

The first thought of the pious inhabitants of Pontoise was to construct a sanctuary in which to place the loved image of Mary. The spot of ground on which the statue had first been deposited belonged to the monks of St. Martin's Abbey, and to them the people applied for permission to erect a chapel over it. The request was gladly granted; the chapel was built, and the monks chose a saintly priest to whom the care of this sanctuary was confided. In 1226 the Archbishop of Rouen came to dedicate and bless the chapel, and immediately crowds of fervent pilgrims began to flock to Pontoise. The saintly King Louis

was one of the most frequent visitors to this shrine, thus encouraging his subjects, by his example, to pay devout homage to the Mother of God.

Soon the sanctuary became too small for the number of pilgrims that were constantly visiting Pontoise, and accordingly a new chapel was built on the same spot. In July, 1249, this edifice was erected into a parish church by the Archbishop of Rouen; and the venerated image of Mary was placed outside, over the principal entrance, in order that devout clients of the Holy Virgin might be enabled to offer her their veneration by night as well as by day.

Then came glorious days for Notre Dame de Pontoise, when the lame, the blind, the deaf, the dumb, together with kings and princes and all the great ones of the earth, prostrated themselves before our Blessed Lady's image,—some in humble supplication, others in earnest, heartfelt thanksgiving for favors received; and many were the rich and costly gifts laid at Mary's altar by the royal visitors. These bright days of prayer and devotion continued until about 1431, when the English, then masters of a portion of France, during the unhappy reign of Charles VI., plundered all the riches belonging to the sanctuary, and finally destroyed the church. The venerated statue alone was saved.

Happily, twelve years after, these impious men, smitten with remorse for the crime they had committed, determined to erect another church, even more beautiful than the one they had so ruthlessly destroyed. The nave, the choir and the tower were already built when Charles VII. fell upon them with his troops, and drove them from Pontoise. The moment the enemy had disappeared, the French immediately took up the work of rebuilding the sanctuary. But some years later the English again returned to Pontoise, in the hope of taking the town, on which they had always looked with covetous eyes. The inhabitants rallied at the church, and, in spite of the furious assaults of the enemy, they resisted all the attacks directed against them. Mary's sanctuary proved to them an impregnable fortress, from which they forced the English to raise the siege. In the year 1484, when all was again at peace, the church was

solemnly consecrated to the Queen of Heaven.

The many vicissitudes through which Our Lady of Pontoise had passed drew the attention of the Holy Father, Julius III., toward this venerated sanctuary. The innumerable cures and conversions wrought at the shrine having been brought under his notice, the Pope ordained, by a bull dated January 19, 1550, that the Church of Notre Dame de Pontoise should be the only station for the Jubilee of that year, for the entire province of Rouen; and it is recorded that on the Feast of the Nativity more than one hundred thousand pilgrims visited the sanctuary.

Some years later, it is related that a Protestant, visiting Pontoise, felt exasperated at the ardent piety and devotion shown toward Mary, and tried to take down the statue. Fortunately, the image was so securely fastened in its niche that the sacrilegious hands of the fanatic were unable to dislodge it. Wild with rage, the unhappy man determined, at least, to mutilate the statue, and with one blow knocked off the head of the Divine Infant which Mary held in her arms, and threw it over the bridge into the river. But the toll-gatherer of the bridge happened to have his net spread at the time, and drawing it up when daylight came, he found the precious head. The good inhabitants came to seek it, and carried it back to the church in procession. Their only fear was lest the clergy might remove the statue into the interior of the church, dreading other profanations; but the Archbishops of Paris and Rouen, then at Pontoise, decided to leave the image of Mary and the Holy Child in the place where the faithful were accustomed to see it.

The history of Notre Dame de Pontoise is too long to be given in detail within the limits of this short sketch. We must be satisfied with relating the principal events connected with this venerated shrine.

In the year 1580 a terrible epidemic spread terror throughout France, and in a single day thirty thousand persons fell victims to the dire malady in Paris alone. Stricken with fear, the inhabitants of the surrounding country flocked to Pontoise, and as many as sixty processions were seen together before Mary's shrine. The Holy Virgin could not remain deaf to these earnest entreaties: the plague

ceased its ravages; and in the following year the inhabitants of Pontoise, to testify their gratitude to their heavenly Benefactress, went themselves on a pilgrimage to Notre Dame de Mantes.

Little more than five years later the Duc de Mayenne, whose garrison was at Pontoise, was attacked by a large army commanded by Henri III. The little garrison resisted bravely, and finally took refuge in the church. But, alas! the King's army fell upon them with great fury, and soon after the beautiful church was reduced to ashes. Of Mary's sanctuary there remained nothing but the statue, which was again miraculously preserved, and carried to St. Martin's Abbey. Deep was the grief that filled all hearts at this misfortune, especially as no possibility seemed to exist of rebuilding the sanctuary.

It was at this period that the celebrated Sodalitium Clericorum may be said to have changed its clerical character by receiving laics, both men and women, among its members. This Confraternity, which exists even to our day, was then in a most flourishing condition. All the members seemed to vie with one another in practising various good works, such as visiting the sick and poor, distributing alms, and instructing poor or abandoned children. The principal feast of the Sodality was celebrated on the Sunday within the Octave of the Assumption by a splendid procession, in which the Kings of France either took part or were represented by one of their courtiers. In that of 1652 Louis XIV. himself carried a lighted candle, to the great edification of all present.

After the destruction of Notre Dame de Pontoise the meetings of the Confraternity were held in the Eglise des Cordeliers, until a new sanctuary was erected on the spot where the original one had stood. The new chapel was far from equalling the former building either in beauty or size. As it was then constructed it may be seen to this day. Nevertheless, humble as the shrine appeared, it was with feelings of unbounded joy that the pious inhabitants transported thither the miraculous image of our Blessed Lady. Again the Holy Father ordained—as Julius III. had done many years before—that during the great Jubilee of 1600 Pontoise should be

the only station for the entire province of Rouen. The Jubilee proved fruitful in offerings for Mary's shrine; and among the various gifts was a chime of bells, which many times each day rang forth joyful peals summoning Our Lady's clients to the foot of her altar.

Soon the sanctuary became the resort of numerous pilgrims, as in days gone by, and the Holy Virgin did not remain deaf to the heartfelt petitions daily poured forth at her favorite altar. As with Notre Dame des Vertus, so with Notre Dame de Pontoise,—she showed herself particularly propitious in recalling to life still-born infants. The first of these miracles of which the record is preserved dates back so far as the 18th of July, 1580; and the last of which mention is made in the parish registers took place on the 9th of May, 1840. For more than two centuries the Queen of Heaven deigned in this favored sanctuary to restore to life the innocent babes who were brought before her altar.

In 1631 one of the most eloquent preachers of the time, Père Lefebvre, visited Notre Dame de Pontoise, and, in accents of sublime and heartfelt thanksgiving, made known to his auditors that he had been amongst the privileged babes to whom the Holy Virgin had shown herself so singularly merciful. His father had carried him, a still-born infant, to Our Lady's shrine, imploring only that he might be restored to life for sufficient time to receive baptism. But Mary, having infused life into the inanimate body, marked him as one of her most favored clients. And as the good priest went on extolling his celestial Patroness, he remarked that in the course of his life many singular graces had come to him, in the most visible manner, through the intervention of the Mother of God.

In 1640 a dreadful plague spread over many of the towns of France, and Pontoise was sadly afflicted by the loss of a large number of its inhabitants. In this calamity all hearts turned to Mary, and the people cried out spontaneously: "Let us make an offering to Notre Dame." It was therefore decided that a stone statue of the Madonna and Child should be placed over each of the principal entrances of the town; that a solemn procession should be made to the Church of Notre Dame for the

purpose of offering to the Holy Virgin a silver statue of the value of six hundred francs; and the people likewise promised always to abstain on the eve of the Immaculate Conception. The procession was one of the grandest manifestations of faith which could be witnessed, as all the chronicles of the time relate. The statues placed over the gates may still be seen, as well as the silver image offered to Our Lady's shrine. It was not long before Mary's protection became manifest, and soon the dreadful malady had entirely disappeared. A few years later aid was again implored from the Holy Virgin in a moment of terrible drought; and scarcely had the fervent supplications ceased when an abundant rain fell, gently fertilizing the parched earth.

So great and widespread did the fame of this sanctuary become that in times of public calamity the inhabitants of far-distant towns often came in procession to Notre Dame de Pontoise, as to a sure refuge; and, needless to add, Our Lady always showed herself a tender and powerful benefactress. Nor were those who sought her protection in private afflictions less favored; for, as the annals of this honored shrine tell us, many and costly were the offerings laid at her feet in thanksgiving for favors received.

These bright and glorious days were succeeded by the Reign of Terror, and over the fair land of France the loved sanctuaries of Mary lay bare and deserted. Notre Dame de Pontoise shared the same fate as the rest. On the 3d of July, 1790, the church was closed to the faithful and turned into a storehouse. All the riches of the shrine were to be disposed of at public auction,—the vestments, silver, church furniture, pictures—all; even the miraculous image was not excluded. A poor artisan named Debise, who had ever been a devoted client of the Holy Virgin, bravely went forth to the sale with the little money he possessed, and returned home bearing joyfully the venerated statue. He placed it in a quiet corner of his garden, and thither the faithful came in secret to pray before it. The continual coming and going to the artisan's dwelling finally aroused the suspicions of the Revolutionary committee, and an agent was appointed to ascertain what took place at these "fanatical meetings," as they were

termed. But somehow the devoted clients of Mary were never even once disturbed.

When the Reign of Terror had passed away and brighter days began to dawn, the Church of St. Maclon, at Pontoise, was thrown open, but the doors of Notre Dame remained closed. The pious inhabitants first applied to the prefect of the department, and, receiving no reply from him, wrote a touching letter to the municipality of Pontoise. Far from obtaining the grant of their petitions, it was decided that Notre Dame de Pontoise should be demolished. At this announcement the piety of the people took alarm; the most distinguished personages of the town formed a deputation and went to the prefect. He was at last touched by their pleadings, and promised the church should be preserved. No sooner was the glad news spread abroad than Debise at once offered to restore the miraculous statue, together with other things belonging to the shrine which he had been fortunate enough to secure, poor as he was. His generous offer was accepted, but only on condition that the town should yearly give him three *setiers* of corn, in testimony of the public gratitude he had so well deserved.

On the 4th of October, 1800, after eight days of devout preparation for the event, the loved image of Mary was carried back in triumph and again deposited in its old resting-place. It was decided that whilst Debise lived he should have special charge of the sanctuary, and the good man's joy knew no bounds. His sole care was to see in what manner he could best contribute toward the ornamentation of the shrine. The pious example of Debise encouraged others to follow his example, and soon the sanctuary began to reassume somewhat of its old appearance. Processions and pilgrimages again were seen at Notre Dame de Pontoise, as in former times; and the Immaculate Virgin, ever prodigal of her gifts, showered down many blessings on those who sought her aid at this shrine.

In 1849 the cholera, which had ever spared Pontoise, suddenly appeared in the town, and in a couple of days fifty persons were carried off by the terrible scourge. The inhabitants immediately invoked Our Lady, and not only did the cholera cease at once, but all those stricken by the dire malady recovered. In

memory of this great favor a yearly procession takes place, and from neighboring and even far-distant towns more than twelve pilgrimages come to pay grateful homage to Notre Dame de Pontoise.

Pontoise has remained most faithful in its devotion to the Mother of God. Few thoughts can be more consoling and encouraging to her devoted clients, when visiting this sanctuary, than to recall the fact that, despite the many tribulations which have befallen it in past centuries, Our Lady's shrine has survived them all. Generations have passed away, revolutions have swept over the land, but the love of Mary has remained strong and fresh in the hearts of all. Dynasties have disappeared, but there, over the gates of Pontoise, stand the images of the Queen of Heaven, as if to proclaim to each and all that those who place their trust in the powerful intercession of the Mother of God shall never be confounded.

A Sin and Its Atonement.

(CONCLUSION.)

VII.

TIME went on, and after the effects of such a hard trial had passed I was really much happier, and felt much nearer my husband than during the long years of widowed wifehood. All conflict of interests, all fear, all longing, all perplexity, were over now forever. Father Christopher and I were always laboring for the speedy rest of his beloved soul; and I had an abiding sense of its being well with him, that enabled me to go cheerfully through the duties of my daily life.

About six months after the events above related I received a packet of letters from Mount Carlyon. I opened De Verac's with trembling eagerness. He had always been most brotherly, and had often written to me about small services I could render to Edward, and little personal wants I could supply. I knew he would understand what the things were that I most longed to hear. His letter expressed the deepest regret for the loss of his colleague, and sympathy for me, who, as he expressed it, had suffered final bereavement in the moment which was to have brought reunion. He continued:

"For the last year Carlyon had been evidently depressed. He had worked incessantly, and had shared all hardships with his men to a degree which told on his health. In November he completed the building of the 'Margaret Hospital,' so called in honor of you; and I found him on the day of the opening decorating your portrait with a wreath of laurel. 'It is the anniversary of our wedding-day,' he said; 'and this is my gift. But when shall I be able to present it?'

"'Carlyon,' I exclaimed, 'you are letting your life slip by, and sacrificing yourself and her too! It is not just; it is not right. Why do you not bring your wife out at once?'

"'Because it would be hauling down my colors before I have won the victory; and from the beginning I resolved *that* I would never do. I have not yet succeeded in welding the colony into a moral unity. Just the half dozen picked men we brought out with us comprehend our principles and the advantages of fraternity and co-operation; but look at the young generation! In spite of the good education we give them, they are growing up as selfish as young pigs; and the women are the worst of all. If Catholicism were represented in the leader's own household by a woman of the strength and sweetness and religious fervor of my Margaret, half of them would become Catholics, and the other half would violently abuse them, and demand their own religious rights; and there would be an end of all that union which is strength. But I do sometimes wonder,' he concluded, mournfully, 'whether what I shall really achieve will be worth all that I have sacrificed.'

"I argued and pleaded in vain: the moment of confidence had passed, and he silenced me with his favorite proverb, uttered in the most determined tone: 'All things come round to him who knows to wait.'

"About five months after that conversation, as I was returning to the settlement late at night, I heard a great row going on in our large timber-shanty, situated at the extreme limit of our territory. I crept along the palings to a little 'lean-to,' where I could hear without being seen. There, standing on a barrel, surrounded by an excited audience, was Josiah Gudgeon, an Anabaptist preacher, possessed of a certain rugged, vivid eloquence,

haranguing at least half the inhabitants of Mount Carlyon on the soul-destroying tyranny which refused them a conventicle in which they could worship God after their own conscience, and sowing broadcast seeds of rebellion and fanatical hate, which threatened the destruction of all our prosperity. And there were our fellows, who owed everything to our efforts and sacrifices, giving lively tokens of assent and applause.

I rushed home, feeling some satisfaction in the thought that this outbreak would dispel once and forever Carlyon's Utopian theories about the basis on which all men could work in union. I burst into his room, exclaiming, 'You won't have to haul down your flag, Carlyon! It has been done for you already with a vengeance.' And I proceeded to give him a full account of all I had heard and seen. He turned perfectly white, sat in dumb silence several minutes, then said, in a voice which sounded hollow and broken: 'I have attempted the impossible. We will all meet to-morrow and consider what is the next step to be taken.'

"The result of that conference was that we all agreed that if we must have some religious influence at Mount Carlyon, it neither could nor should be anything but the Catholic faith. Carlyon spoke in his usual frank, straightforward way of the immense sacrifice he had made for the good of the colony, and his wish now to go immediately to Scotland to fetch his wife, and make the necessary arrangements for a Catholic chapel. We were all unanimous in our adhesion to his views and wishes; and the special object of the visit to the Old World, which has ended so disastrously, was to bring all this about.

"These were your husband's last wishes; and, though I do not attempt to conceal from you we are asking you to take up a very difficult position, in the midst of what greatly resembles a wasp's nest, if you are still what I remember you in Paris, no fear of pain or peril will hinder you from fulfilling them. If, as the account of his death seems to indicate, Carlyon's son and natural heir is a Catholic priest, the solution of our religious difficulties lies in a nutshell."

"This explains the words he let fall when he was wandering," said Father Christopher,

after reading the letter. "I caught distinctly 'go back and build a church,' and then something about 'those scoundrels.' Mother, we must fulfil his intention as soon as possible. This will be the final making all things right."

The other letters were from Edward's colleagues, on business matters. They were most anxious to carry out his will, which left to me all monies not actually sunk in the works of the colony. But the whole property was so inextricably mixed up with the affairs of the colony that it was imperative my son and I should come over and settle some difficulties which could not be solved by letter. I was assured of a most hearty welcome from those who owed their prosperity to Mr. Carlyon's efforts and sacrifices. The men declared that they were in a peck of trouble, resulting from having staved off the religious question too long; and that they would willingly lend their aid in establishing the only religion, which, if they could not believe, at least they respected.

In two months from that time we sailed for Mount Carlyon, taking with us all the requisites for immediately opening a small chapel. The old brilliant dream of youth was taken up in middle age. Tolerance at best, and open hostility at worst, were to be our portion; and possibly, after much humiliation and suffering, we shall see but little fruit in my lifetime. But of the final success neither my son nor I have the faintest shadow of a doubt, for our hope is founded on the victory of the Cross. My saintly son, in his utter unworldliness and humility, will set the seal upon his father's work, which without it would evidently crumble into dust.

Fulget crucis mysterium!

ADDENDUM, BY A. M. M'P.

This MS., written at the request of her family, was entrusted to me by my aunt, Margaret Carlyon, with the strict injunction that it was not to be published till after her decease, and that of her son. It is now six months since we received the tidings of her death, in what one may almost call the odor of sanctity.

The difficulties in the way of establishing the Catholic faith at Mount Carlyon have

been overcome in a marvellous manner. When she and my cousin, Father Christopher, first went out, they were assailed with the bitterest hostility by those who were determined to make the place "too hot to hold them." Father Christopher's first act was to take the letter of recommendation from his Bishop in Edinburgh to the Bishop in whose jurisdiction Mount Carlyon lies, and place himself utterly at his disposal. The moment the old missionary Bishop looked on the face of the young priest he seemed to recognize in him the instrument sent by Providence for planting the banner of the Cross on this hitherto impregnable fortress of unbelief. "Go, my son," he said at last, after keeping him with him several hours; "and as the first Mass of your priesthood, we may humbly believe, secured the salvation of your father's soul, may the first Mass you offer at Mount Carlyon turn aside the judgments of God, and convert them into blessings on your father's work!"

My Aunt Margaret immediately took possession of the hospital which had been built by Mr. Carlyon, and devoted herself with such assiduity and skill to nursing all the sick of the colony, that prejudice and opposition crumbled away before her. Her chief characteristic seems to have been a sweet cheerfulness, which nothing could exhaust; and for years past she has been looked up to as a sort of mother of the whole community. She has had the joy of seeing the saintliness and hidden gifts of her son acknowledged by learned and simple; and of building a church, where Our Lord is truly worshipped. Father Christopher's special gift is in the confessional, and people come from distant settlements to open their hearts to him.

The three remaining founders always treated my aunt with the greatest respect; and one, M. de Verac, said of her that he had never before seen a woman of such power, such sweetness, and such indomitable courage. Perhaps one of the greatest joys of her life was the conversion of this old friend of her husband's to the Catholic faith.

We had letters from her written two months before her death, speaking of her happiness, and the peaceful life she was leading, after so many storms, under the shadow of her priestly

son's ministry. She died quite suddenly in the midst of her work, at the age of seventy-two, in full possession of all her faculties, the remains of her youthful beauty still lingering on her venerable countenance. The grateful people are having a memorial window painted for their church, in which the names of Edward and Margaret Carlyon will be united, as authors of the prosperity of the settlement.

After taking advice of those qualified to give it, I feel justified in presenting this history to the public, though Father Christopher is still alive. He moves in a sphere far out of reach of seeing or hearing this narrative, veiled as it is with disguised names. I can not but think there are powerful motives both for fear and hope in this true story of Mary's rescue of a soul.

Will They Remember?

BY FLORA L. STANFIELD.

OF all our prayers how many did we give
 For souls in pain?
 Through all the days how meekly did we live
 That they might gain?
 From all our garden what bud did we lay
 Upon a bier?
 Among the jewels glittering in our way
 Where was a tear?

Pale hands were fluttering through the gathering
 gloom,

And silent lips were moving. We were blind.
 'Twas chill within the shadow of the tomb,

We turned away—we would not keep in mind
 The gentle friends we lost. "There is no thought
 To give to them," we said; "a thousand cares
 Are by each day in sad November brought.

Some other time the dead shall have our prayers;
 In some November
 We will remember."

Some other time? Some other time will come

When we, perchance, will reach out feeble hands,
 And try to speak, and find that we are dumb,

And our friends deaf and held with iron bands
 To binding duties, so they can not see

The pallid lips which fain would beg a tear.
 O in that other time for you and me,

When wintry heralds of the passing year
 Bring in November,
 Will they remember?

The Middle Ages not a Starless Night.

BY THE REV. REUBEN PARSONS, D. D.

SO widespread is the notion that the Middle Ages furnish no material for admiration, that their very name appears synonymous with all that is dark, cruel, and contemptible. The nineteenth century is pre-eminently well pleased with itself; the eighteenth—that is, the philosophasters who gave it its tone—vaunted that period as *the* bright one; the seventeenth and sixteenth complacently smiled at the prospect of an era of prosperity, universal and nearly unalloyed, finally opening to humanity. Then there were the Reformation, and the “philosophy” of the last century, each proposing the demolition of the civil and religious hierarchies, to increase contempt for the Middle Ages.

In our own day, even among Catholics, we find many who distrust this eminently Catholic period; for the poison distilled by the Reformers, and by the infidel or semi-infidel historians of the last century, has been eagerly imbibed by many who are deceived by the speciousness of its disguise, and by the ignorant who know not of an antidote. There is, for many, a certain charm about Voltaire, even when he says that an inquiry into the Middle Ages produces contempt; about Gibbon, when, overcome by his admiration for pagan Rome, he feigns to lament the corruption of the ensuing centuries; about Montesquieu, when he styles nearly all the mediæval laws barbarous; about Botta, finding fault with the miserable time when society was regulated by the promises and threats of a future life. We are not disgusted with the nineteenth century, nor do we regard the Middle Ages as enviable in every respect; but, with Montalembert, we regret the divine spirit by which they were animated, and which is no longer to be found in the institutions that have replaced them.

The remark of De Maistre, that for the last three centuries history has been a permanent conspiracy against truth, is now not quite so true as when he made it. The labors of such Protestants as Ranke, Voigt, and Hurter, have somewhat changed the current of Protestant thought, wherever it has been unallied with

wilful blindness. What Ranke, in spite of himself,* partially did for the Papacy of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, Voigt did more fully for the Popes of the eleventh, and Hurter almost completely did for those of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. The shelves of Catholic libraries had been always loaded with triumphant refutations of Protestant and infidel calumnies against the ages of faith; every Catholic scholar had been conversant with these works, but the great mass of those outside the fold were in Cimmerian darkness as to the real significance of those ages. We could not have expected the prejudices of our dissenting friends to permit of their studying the pages of authors like Cantù, Semichon, or Christophe; but Providence willed that they should be enlightened by some of their own brethren. However, the impression still remains among the masses—to some extent among Catholics as well as among Protestants and infidels—that there is but little for men to learn from the Middle Ages; that these were pre-eminently ages of barbarism and superstition.

There are two kinds of barbarism, remarks Condillac: one which precedes enlightened periods, and another which follows them. And, well adds Benjamin Constant, the first, if compared with the second, is a desirable condition. Deeply hostile to the ages of Catholic unity—to that period to which they would fain ascribe the adulteration of primitive Christianity,—heterodox polemics have not adverted to the ungraciousness of an accusation of barbarism brought against the Middle Ages by men who regard as enlightened the times which produced Henry VIII., Elizabeth, and Cromwell, in England; which tolerated the civil wars of the sixteenth century in France; which have witnessed the modern Wars of Succession, and more than one Reign of Terror. And whence came the amount of

* Saint-Cheron, in his preface to his second French edition of Ranke's work, says that the German author was not a little disappointed on observing the hearty reception accorded to his book by the Catholic public, and on finding it acting as “an active organ of a propaganda in favor of the misunderstood authority of the heads of our holy Church. . . . In spite of him, the divine face, which he tried to leave in shadow, has been illumined by the splendor of truth.”

cruelty and injustice: which so many complacent moderns deem characteristic of the Middle Ages? The ignorant and malignant ascribe it to the Catholic clergy, ignoring the innate barbarism of the Northern hordes and the posterior civilization of these by the same Catholic clergy.

The fact is also ignored that, while nearly every ruin on European soil was made such either by the pagan invaders or by heretics, nearly all the miracles of architectural skill and beauty now admired in Europe are the work of the Middle Ages—conceptions of Catholic minds and results of Catholic generosity. As for the barbarism so justly lamented when and where it did exist, blind injustice alone can ascribe it to the Catholic clergy; for these were always the first victims of the barbarians. Their churches, monasteries, and libraries were sacked and burned, the priests and monks often ruthlessly massacred. And how ungrateful is this charge, since it was the Catholic clergy who transformed the devastating beasts into men and Christians; who repaired the damage inflicted, and preserved all of civilization that they themselves had not created!

We are told that the Middle Ages were distinguished for oppression of the individual; but in those days originated the political constitutions of modern nations. "I say nothing," writes Cantù, "about the Canon Law, which was an immense advance in mercy and equity, and in which brute force was first opposed by discussion, baronial caprice by written law; in which, for the first time, all were declared equal before the law. Then England wrote her *Charter*,—imperfect, yes; but not yet excelled or equalled; and which, although founded on feudalism, so well guarantees personal and real liberty. Then the commercial republics of Italy compiled a maritime code, which is still in force. Then the various communes provided themselves with statutes, which appear curious only to those who know nothing of those times and places. Then the republics of Italy, Germany, and Switzerland, experimented with every kind of political *régime*, trying constitutions not at all academical,—constitutions adopted, not because they were English or Spanish, but because they were opportune and historical. Then the middle class, showing the best indication of

strength—growth, caused by resistance,—penetrated into the monarchy, giving to it life, force, and glory; and although the present and future importance of this class was not understood, it became the people, the nation, the sovereign.

"Observe the Congress of Pontida," continues Cantù; "or the Peace of Constance, or the nocturnal meetings under the oak of Truno or in the meadows of Rutli; where simple-minded men swear, in the name of that God who created both serf and noble, to maintain their customs and their country's freedom. Observe those synods in which religion makes herself guardian of the rights of man. Observe the people at the *witena-gemot* in England; at the French *Champs de Mai*; at the diets of Roncaglia; or at that of Lamego, where a new nation draws up the constitution of Portugal—more liberal than some modern ones,—with a throne surrounded by a nobility not derived from conquest, not founded on possessions or bought with money, but conferred on those who have been true to Church and country. And these laws were confirmed because they were *good* and *just*,—conditions ignored by the ancient jurists and forgotten by many modern ones."

A very efficient reason for that hostility to the Middle Ages which is evinced by nearly all Protestant writers and by all materialists, is the fact that those days formed the golden period of monasticism,—a system which is as much a part of the history of the human mind as it is of ecclesiastical history, and which must necessarily find an enemy in the spirit of the world. Of Eastern birth, and at first unacceptable to the Westerns, the influence of St. Athanasius, who had studied its spirit during his exile, introduced it to Rome, and in less than two centuries it was spread throughout the Empire. With the sixth century came the great monastic legislators, SS. Benedict and Columbanus; and new rules, providing every constituent of wise government, enabled the monks to survive the influence of barbarism, and to become the refuge of virtue and enlightenment.

The twelfth century beheld the hitherto unimagined spectacle of an alliance between the religious vocation and the military profession,—the genius of the age directing valor

against the enemies of the faith, while the soldier observed his monastic vows amid the duties of the field. The Knights Hospitallers of St. John—afterward styled of Rhodes, and finally of Malta; the Templars—in time corrupted and at length suppressed, but for a long period a glory of Christendom; the Teutonic Order—at first devoted to the care of the sick poor, but soon arming for the civilization of Northern Germany;* the Knights of Calatrava, of Alcantara, of St. James, and many other associations, were probably the most efficient of all the human means used by the Roman Pontiffs in their struggle to preserve European civilization. And, then, with the thirteenth century came the mendicant orders, devoted to the combat against the errors and vices of the Albigenes and other innovators of the period. Since wealth had caused the discredit of many of the olden religions, SS. Francis and Dominic prohibited every kind of property, even in common, to their disciples; and although this severity lasted but a short time, these friars obtained and preserved, by their general virtue and zeal, the esteem of Church and State.

What service did these religious render

* During the pontificate of Innocent III. (1198–1216) Christian, a Cistercian monk, introduced Christianity into yet idolatrous Prussia; and in 1214, on his visit to the Holy See, was made bishop of that region. Returning, he found his converts relapsed into idolatry and at war with the Christians of Culm, having already destroyed over two hundred churches. As a measure of defence, Christian instituted the Military Order of Christ; but in 1224 the knights, five only excepted, were killed in battle. Christian then persuaded Conrad, Duke of Mazovia, to implore the aid of the Knights of Our Lady of the Germans, commonly called Teutonic Knights. Conrad ceded to the Order all the lands it could subdue. In fifty years Prussia, Lithuania, and Pomerania were conquered. Into this Order the reigning families of Germany proudly enrolled their sons; it soon reached the height of power, but in time fell into debauchery and tyranny. Its last grand master, Albert of Brandenburg, yielded to the temptation of Luther to convert his power into a secular principality,—a temptation which another Albert of Brandenburg, his kinsman and Archbishop of Mentz and Magdeburg, had resisted. He stole nearly all the property of the Order, became a Protestant, married the Princess Dorothy of Holstein, and divided his Prussian territories with Poland, swearing allegiance to the latter kingdom for the portion reserved to himself, and thus founding the present Kingdom of Prussia.

society? In the first place, agriculture, the source of all real wealth, grew to be respected by our ancestors, because of the example of the monks. Fleury, speaking of the work of the monks in Germany, says: "They were useful in the temporal order, owing to the labor of their hands. They levelled the vast forests which covered the land. By their industry and wise management the earth was cultivated; the inhabitants multiplied; the monasteries produced great cities, and their dependencies became considerable provinces. What were once Bremen and the new Corbie, now two great towns? What were Fritzlar, Herfeld, cities of Thuringia? Before the monks, what were Saltzburg, Frisingen, Echstadt, episcopal cities of Bavaria? What were so many other cities of Germany?"*

Secondly, the monks aided the poor and oppressed. Even Voltaire admits that "for a long time it was a consolation for the human race that these refuges were open to those who wished to escape Gothic and Vandal tyranny."†

Thirdly, the monks cultivated letters. They were constantly at work transcribing and perpetuating such monuments of intellect as the barbarians had spared. "I declare," wrote Cassiodorus to his monks of Viviers, "that of all bodily labors the copying of books is the most to my taste." Without that jealous love of their libraries which caused the monks to say that "a cloister without a library is like a citadel without weapons," we should to-day possess not one monument of ancient lore.‡

* Discourse iii, num. 22.

† "Spirit and Customs of Nations," vol. iii.

‡ The most eminent archæologist of modern France, M. Charles Lenormant, speaking of the gigantic historical tasks accomplished by the Benedictines, says: "Subordination of agents in a common direction, division of the one task among many workmen—a division proportioned to the extent of the work,—are primary conditions for every great historical undertaking. All such enterprises as are very exact and very extensive have been the work of religious bodies. In these bodies alone have been found men with a spirit of self-denial sufficient to renounce the joys of personal fame. . . . Here facts speak more eloquently than argument. The Revolution, by destroying the Benedictine Order, put an end to the great records of our history. Of these works some, such as 'Christian Gaul' and the 'Annals of the Order of St. Benedict' and the 'Letters of the Popes,' have not been resumed

History especially owes everything to the monks, who not only preserved all records of the far past, but minutely recorded the events of their own day. In all the great monasteries an exact and able writer was appointed to keep this record, and after mature examination the chronicle was handed down to posterity. Italy owes all knowledge of her history to her innumerable cowed chroniclers; France is a similar debtor to Ado of Vienne, William of St. Germer, Odoric of St. Evroul, both Aimoins, and Hugh of Flavigny; England to Bede, Ingulph, William of Malmesbury, and the two Matthews of Westminster and Paris; Germany to Regino, Wittikind, Lambert of Aschaffenburg, Ditmar, and Hermann Contractus.

In fine, so assiduously did the monks of the Middle Ages cultivate letters and every branch of science, that the slow progress of these, during the early portion of that period, can be ascribed only to the then existing political situation of Christendom. The most brilliant results of intellectual culture depend on the lot of states; for only when government is

[they have, since Lenormant wrote]. Others have been continued by the Institute, but slowly and imperfectly. In confiding to the Institute the prosecution of the work of the Benedictines, and providing generously for its expenses, the State believed all had been done; but, despite the fixity of the academies, and the often admirable zeal of their members, no equivalent has been found for the continuous, persevering, and multiple action of the monks. An equitable discernment has not guided the choice of editors. Political considerations and momentary interest have entered into the task; and the consequence has been an unequal mass, an incoherent agglomeration of excellent and inferior volumes. And remember that there was a question merely of printing manuscripts. What, then, would have been the result if the Institute had undertaken the composition of great works like those of the Benedictines? I show only the exterior inconveniences of the actual organization of science; I do not push the lantern into its innermost recesses. I could have given a deplorable tableau of the combats of vanity or of want against the counsels of duty. . . . When I behold an attempt at a new organization, at the base of which there is a little honor, and much security for those who devote themselves to science, then I will admit that great historical works can be produced by a lay society." (See this writer's "L'Association Religieuse dans la Société Chrétienne," § xix, Paris, 1844. The Benedictines to whose labors he specially alludes were indeed posterior to the Middle Ages, but his judgments are strictly applicable to their mediæval predecessors.)

somewhat settled do men readily turn to the Muses. Nevertheless, very many of the mediæval monks would have honored the reign of Pope Leo X. Science can show no more devoted or brilliant disciples than Gerbert (Pope Sylvester II.), Albert the Great, or Roger Bacon. Of the first, the inventor of the wheel and weight clock, and the projector of the telescope, D'Alembert well said that he who first thus used wheels and weights would have invented watches in another age; and if Gerbert had lived in the time of Archimedes, perhaps he would have equalled that mechanician. Messrs. Guyot and Lacroix, in their "Histoire des Proletaires," one of the most bitterly anti-Christian works of our day, are constrained to speak as follows concerning monastic labors in the Middle Ages:

"A Benedictine monastery was a barrack for work and prayer, but the time devoted to labor shows the special characteristic of the Western monasteries. A monastery was an insurance company, and also an industrial and agricultural association. Certain works required great enterprise and a great cohesion of forces. During the Merovingian period credit did not exist; shares and stocks were unknown. But the monks established something similar. There was plenty of land, and the elements for its utilization were at hand; but men feared the desert, the swamp, and the forest; for the redemption of these was apparently above human strength. Then, like the American pioneers of to-day, came the monks. They selected a valley or some propitious spot; they set to work, levelling the trees, draining the swamps, and founded an agricultural colony. All this the monks did by association; they formed veritable industrial societies. Among the most celebrated were the Bridge-Building Friars (*Fratres Pontifices*), who daringly threw bridges over the torrents throughout Southern France. These constructed the Bridge of Saint-Esprit across the Rhone."*

Until comparatively late days few historians admitted that the Middle Ages merited serious

* Guyot and Lacroix describe the vast possessions of the Abbey of St. Germain des-Près, which, at the time of Louis le Débonnaire, had a radius of forty leagues around Paris, and every foot of which the monks had reclaimed from the desert.

investigation. Many of these generally successful formers of public opinion held that even the land of Dante and Petrarch was buried in densest ignorance until the fall of Constantinople caused Grecian scholars to claim her hospitality; as though, says Cantù, "not a painter had flourished before Cimabue, and no artist merited notice until the favor of some prince created Michael Angelo and Raphael! As though the Italians had lost even the remembrance of their ancient laws, until, during some devastation, a copy of the 'Pandects' was unearthed! As though only a capricious jargon was written and spoken until the present Italian language was improvised, and—like armed Minerva from the brain of Jove—issued forth, wonderful virgin, to influence the entire universe!"*

But with the indefatigable labors of Cardinal Baronio, who, from the monuments of the Vatican, methodically and lucidly extended the "Annals of the Church"—and precisely, therefore, of what was then the civilized world,—new light was shed upon the intellectual condition of the Middle Ages. Much more knowledge was contributed by Muratori, a diligent and critical annalist, to whom, more than to all other sources, modern historians must refer. Tiraboschi, Maffei, Cantù, Du Cange, Tillemont, Pertz, Leo, and Moeller, may be consulted with profit. As for English historians of the Middle Ages, several are pretentious, few recommendable. Gibbon, certainly most renowned of them all, is erudite, a persevering hunter for new sources, and an artful poser of figures on his canvas so that they may mean what he would wish them to mean; but the reflecting reader will agree with Cantù, who perceives in this venerated historian only the author of "a continuous diatribe, inspired by the simultaneous prejudices of a Jew, a heretic, and a 'philosopher,'—a diatribe permeated by two ideas—admiration of Roman greatness and hatred for all religion."

Hallam has eyes for governments, but never for peoples. Again, he is not given to criticism or to investigation of original sources of history, because, forsooth, he did not regard such labors, he tells us, as incumbent on a compiler. Nevertheless, he hit upon

truth when he said: "Italy supplied the fire from which other nations, in this first, as afterward in the second, era of the revival of letters lighted their own torches. Lanfranc, Anselm; Peter Lombard, the father of systematic theology in the twelfth century; Irnerius, the restorer of jurisprudence; Gratian, the author of the first compilation of Canon Law; the school of Salerno, that guided medical art in all countries; the first dictionaries of the Latin tongue, the first treatise on algebra, the first great work that makes an epoch in anatomy,—these are as truly and exclusively the boast of Italy as the restoration of Greek literature and of classical taste in the fifteenth century."*

The statistical researches of Guérard, of Dureau-Delamalle, and especially of Count L. Cibrario, prove that the Middle Ages formed an epoch of immense progress in public prosperity. It was then that *industry* and *commerce* founded the Communes; and so influential did the industrial and commercial classes become, that even in the thirteenth century their representatives sat in the States General of every country in Southern and Western Europe. Even then the workingmen of Florence claimed a share in the sovereignty snatched from the nobles by the wealthy bankers and manufacturers. The weavers and artisans of Ghent and Bruges could claim their privileges from the *bourgeois* with a firmness equal to that shown by the latter in resisting the encroachments of the Counts of Flanders. Industry indeed held a secondary place in a pre eminently religious period; but, though labor must be respected, devotion is a virtue. "The soldier who gives his blood, and the priest who gives his entire self, occupy a more elevated position than that of a man who hires out his muscle, and a far more elevated one than that of the manufacturer who seeks his fortune." †

* "Introduction to the Literature of Europe in the 15th, 16th, and 17th Centuries," vol. i, c. ii.—Abp. Martin Spalding, in his valuable "Lecture on Literature and the Arts in the Middle Ages," regards Hallam and Maitland as superior to all other English writers on this period; but he well remarks that, compared with the labors of Muratori and Tiraboschi, "their works, learned and excellent as they are in many respects, are but pignies."

† Feugueray: "Is Christianity Hostile to Industry?" Paris, 1844.

The First Martyr of Western Oceanica.

ON November 17 the second of the beatifications announced at Rome during the stay of the French pilgrims took place. It was that of the Venerable Peter Louis Chanel. Father Chanel is the first martyr of the Order of Mary, and also the first of Oceanica. He was born at Potière, a village in the parish of Cuet, diocese of Belley, in 1803. His childhood was worthy of his-after life. He seems really to have begun to live after he had received Holy Orders. His bishop found great merit in him, and this might have led to the imposition of some high trust upon him; but God ordained otherwise. Father Chanel joined the Marists, to whom the Holy See had confided the missions of Western Oceanica. He longed for the salvation of souls, and gladly left home and friends, in 1837, for the isle of Futuna.

The King and the inhabitants of Futuna treated Father Chanel and his lay assistant with consideration. He was permitted to live in a hut at Alo, and he subsisted on the food of the country, which was not sustaining to a man in weak health; but the missionary esteemed himself happy. He was so amiable, so edifying in his conduct, that the savages seemed to like him. But when the King, who was also the priest of his people, discovered that Father Chanel was converting his subjects, his regard changed to suspicion. The missionary had been made *tabu*—that is, inviolable,—but the King drove him in fury out of his small hut into another, surrounded by trees. Here, too, the missionary was happy; for he could celebrate Mass. This happiness he enjoyed for the first time at Futuna on the Feast of the Immaculate Conception.

To celebrate the Feast of the Nativity, he invited the King and his nearest neighbors to be present at the Midnight Mass. They were amazed. After that he offered the Holy Sacrifice whenever he could, and often many of the natives assisted. Father Chanel tried hard to learn the language, and while thus engaged preached Christ by actions since he could not use words. "Thus," he said, "we shall bring down the grace of God on our dear savages. The more we cultivate the

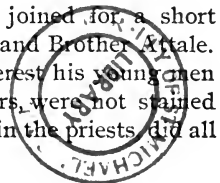
spirit of sacrifice, the more success we shall have in situations that seem hopeless."

The savages began to love him; the sick waited for his coming; whenever he could baptize a child in danger of death, he did so. He led a life of constant abnegation; he lost himself in the love of God and his neighbor. Each missionary had been ordered to keep a journal. That of the Blessed Chanel began on December 26, 1837. The first volume ends December 31, 1839; the second, which is reddened with the blood of the martyr, goes up to April 22, 1841, the sixth day before his death. Though he took every means, his mission did not succeed: in over three years only forty-five persons—nearly all children in danger of death—were made Christians. Yet he was not daunted: he persevered.

The island was divided into two parts; that of the conquerors, of whom Niuliki was King; and the conquered, under another chief. The war ceased for a time, and Father Chanel profited by this calm to visit Father Bataillon at Wallia. The brother of the King was impressed by the celebration of Mass. "Oh," he cried, "how soft and beautiful is your way of speaking to your God! I want to be of your religion." The missionaries told him that they had left relatives and friends in France, to preach the faith to these people ignorant of it. The prince was touched. "Go to the King," he said; "if he can be converted, the isle is yours." The missionaries prayed ardently during the Mass, at which the King assisted. He seemed astonished, and he talked all day of the wonderful thing he had seen.

Back at Futuna—April 26, 1838,—Father Chanel found that Brother Nizier and the young Englishman who lived with them had been invited to reside in Niuliki's own house. As the missionary learned the language, the King began to fear that he would destroy authority by undermining belief in the gods. Father Chanel was accordingly banished from the village. No more food was given to him, but he managed to live by tilling a small plot of ground.

In May, 1840, he was joined for a short time by Father Chevron and Brother Attale. The King, seeing the interest his young men—who, unlike their fathers, were not stained with cannibalism,—took in the priests did all



in his power to dishearten the missionary. In 1840 the latter had a great consolation: nearly all the islanders of Wallis declared for Christianity, and the young Englishman, hitherto a Protestant, made his First Communion. Meitala, a son of the King, also became a convert. This enraged the savage ruler; he said to Musumusu, his minister: "Will these whites, who come to make us slaves, succeed?" Musumusu answered: "If you detest them, take their goods and I will kill them." The King was silent.

The satellites of the King, headed by Musumusu, found Father Chanel alone,—he had sent Brother Nizier away. One of them asked for some medicine for Musumusu, who had lately been wounded; Father Chanel went into the house for the remedy. "Why do you hesitate to kill him?" asked the minister, impatiently. One of the satellites then fell upon the priest and struck him. He extended his arm; it was fractured by the blow. The murderer struck him a second time on the temple. "It is well!" the martyr said, in the language of the savages. A lance and a club were now used. Father Chanel fell to the ground, blood flowing from his face. One of the catechumens tried to raise him. "Leave me," he said; "death is a happy thing for me." The catechumen, fearing Musumusu, went away; but turned at the threshold and heard a noise. He saw the servant of God lying on the ground with a hatchet fixed in his head. Musumusu's blow had cut it in half.

Father Chanel had tasted the bitterness and sweetness of martyrdom. A burst of thunder was heard from the clear sky, and many witnesses declare that a cross appeared in the air. Musumusu and the other murderers fled, frightened. The King's son, who had been converted, and the catechumens managed to escape the anger of the King. Niuliki, with his minister, shortly afterward suffered a violent death.

The blood of this martyr was indeed the seed of the Church. Father Chanel's death brought nearly all the island to the faith.

It takes a soul

To move a body; it takes a high-souled man
To move the masses.

—Mrs. Browning.

The Season of Gifts.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

THE season of gifts is almost here. Anxious people are beginning to wonder *what* they shall give the expectant. And it is this anxiety, this feeling that much is expected, that spoils the serenity of the season.

Somebody recently told a story of a rich man whose life was burdened by the fear that Christmas Eve would pass without his having found a suitable gift for his nephew. Late on that day it was discovered that he had secured a silver bootjack, set with brilliants! He knew that his nephew already possessed all manner of things; he felt that much was expected of him, and he wanted to live up to these expectations. The consequence was, a gift which in its ostentation and uselessness represented truly his condition of mind. The bootjack neither pleased him that gave nor him that received it.

Christmas finds too many unfortunates in the state of mind of the purchaser of the bootjack. If simplicity were the fashion,—if people were civilized enough to be simple,—the artist would, as Emerson says, give the work of his brush, the author, of his pen, and even the little child something made by his own hands. But it will take many years and many Russians to make simplicity possible.

Many of us, who do not want to be ostentatious even if we could afford it, are puzzled as to what to give our friends; and perhaps somewhat overburdened by feelings of gratitude to them, and a fear that our means of showing it may not be adequate. Any cheap attempt at competition is always as vulgar as is the spirit of competition in giving. When gifts come to be measured, they undergo a process the reverse of that which changed the bread in St. Elizabeth's apron into roses;—the roses of gratification, which should idealize the smallest gift, turn to ugly objects in the garish light.

We are always safe in giving books. Everybody not absolutely imbecile has some favorite book. It is easy to find out what it is. A book outlasts a life, and to how many good impulses does it give new energy! It is a gift which will

always live and never fail to recall the giver. It is a compliment to one's good taste to get a good book from a friend. We know that he has bestowed some thought on us and on our taste. Other gifts, however beautiful, disappear in time; other gifts, however useful, leave but little impress on life; but a good book influences our whole life long.

Let us give books, then, by all means. They need not have costly bindings, but let them have bindings that will not have a look of having been born for festive occasions. The "show book," made especially for sale at periods of gift giving, is better than a boot-jack set with brilliants, and yet is not what most people would like to receive. Give them an old favorite or a new favorite of your own—but the "old are best,"—and you may be sure that your gift will brighten, not only Christmas Day, but the whole year.

Notes and Remarks.

The elders of the Church of the Covenant in Washington, where President Harrison and his family are attendants, have not yet recovered from the shock they received a few Sundays ago when a noted singer, who had been invited to join the choir, treated the congregation to Gounod's *Ave Maria*. She sang like a seraph, it is said, and the listeners were delighted,—that is, most of them. The Rev. Dr. Hamlin, who was to occupy the pulpit that day and plead for the support of foreign missions, and the grave Presbyterian elders were sick at heart. At the words, *Sancta Maria, Mater Dei, ora pro nobis peccatoribus*, their misery became so ludicrous as to excite the smiles of a keen-eyed but unregenerate reporter, whose item next day caused many a laugh at the expense of the elders.

The editor of the Michigan *Catholic*, in a leader on Miss Eliza Allen Starr's lecture in Detroit, relates an anecdote which excites thought. After writing a most appreciative article on the always interesting subject of Miss Starr's genius, he says: "We happened to be seated near a group of Protestant clergymen. They seemed to be the centre of a group of ladies, all of whom were, apparently, deeply attentive to and interested in the lecture. But when Miss Starr was talking of Donatello's 'Annunciation,' and describing the spiritual beauty of the Blessed Virgin, and the veneration of the angelic messenger for one so

pure and so highly honored, *then* the Protestant clergymen referred to got to whispering and nudging one another, smiling—and the smiles were like sneers,—and this became contagious and affected the ladies too. We could not help asking ourselves as we watched this group: 'Why are they so strangely excited by a word-painting of Her who was deemed pure enough and holy enough to become the Mother of God?' But as the lecturer's description of the 'Annunciation' developed into a reference to the sublime mystery of the Incarnation, expressed in the language and with the manner of a Christian heart, then the faces of the Protestant clergymen and their lady friends were seen to fall into repose. They probably felt ashamed of the levity of a moment before."

The editor of the Michigan *Catholic* points to an anomaly which has struck most Catholics in their acquaintanceship with most Protestants. Why is it that while they revere the Son, they should deem it a sort of duty to sneer at the Mother? Why is it that they will not admit that She is blessed among women? The present position of Protestantism, which is like an iceberg eaten away by a thousand waves, ought to show the thoughtful among the sects that to deny the source of the Incarnation is to begin to deny the Incarnation itself.

At the anti-slavery conference at Brussels all the plenipotentiaries were present. The Prince de Chimay welcomed them in the name of the King and the Government of Belgium. The Prince graciously declined the honor of presiding in favor of the Prince de Lambrmont. The latter accepted, and made a thrilling speech to the assembled deputies of all nations on the horrors of the African slave trade. Previous to the opening of the conference, Bishop Brincat, Cardinal Lavigerie's coadjutor, announced that it was the intention of the French Committee to send an armed force to Lake Tanganyika.

The Catholic Church, says the Chicago *Times*, everywhere to the front in all our cities, especially so in the West, has been quick to see and as quick to seize its opportunity among the Mormons. In Salt Lake City there is St. Mary's Academy, with its large buildings, in the heart of the city; and the Hospital of the Holy Cross, a magnificent structure on a lot which six years ago cost \$6,000, and which is now said to be worth \$200,000. These institutions are conducted by the Sisters of Holy Cross.

We may add that All-Hallows school, lately established by the Rt. Rev. Bishop Scanlan, is in a

very flourishing condition, and he has purchased a handsome property in Salt Lake for the erection of a cathedral. Bishop Scaulan built the first Catholic church in Mormondom, and for his long and devoted service deserves to be called the Apostle of Utah.

The death of the Abbé Bonhomme, Curé of St. John the Baptist, Grenelle, Paris, is much lamented by lovers of serious religious music. Father Bonhomme was an enthusiastic promoter of plain chant in its original form. The poor of his parish crowded the church on the day of his funeral, and it was remarked that the "good Curé of Grenelle had more poor than rich mourners"; and this, adds an observer, would have pleased him well.

We are reliably informed that Mr. J. E. C. Bodley, the writer of the article in a recent number of *The Nineteenth Century* on "Roman Catholicism in America," is not, as we were led to surmise, a Catholic. It is gratifying to make this statement, as the impression which the tenor of certain passages in the paper conveyed to us took all the good out of Mr. Bodley's tributes to the American Church.

Gounod, the composer, has been asked to write a Mass for the opening of the immense organ which is building for St. Peter's at Rome. Four thousand choristers will sing it. At St. Sulpice, Marie Antoinette's organ, decorated with white and gold garlands, after the fashion of the time of Louis XVI., was recently restored, and opened ceremoniously in the students' chapel.

Speaking of the Catholic Congress which met at the recent Centennial celebration in Baltimore, *The American Catholic Tribune*, of Cincinnati—a journal owned and published by colored men,—calls attention to a feature of the occasion which deserves to be recorded. The representation in this memorable assembly was truly Catholic. Neither race nor color nor section was considered in the admission of delegates. "Baltimore, which more than any of the great Southern cities clings to certain customs, was proud to honor alike the three ethnic divisions of mankind so fully represented in the Congress. The negro, the Caucasian, and the Indian, were all received alike, socially and otherwise. It was a deep feeling of Christian love and respect that caused great and wealthy Irishmen, Germans, and others—all true American citizens,—to kneel at the feet of the negro priest to ask him to invoke the blessings of Almighty God upon them. White priests with negro acolytes, and a colored priest with

white acolytes, offering the Holy Sacrifice in the Catholic churches of Baltimore; bishops, priests and students of the different races, each occupying his respective place in the street procession and in the great Cathedral,—all taught a salutary lesson that will awaken the colored man to a sense of duty. It was emphatically reiterated in the Congress, by its action and by the magnificent addresses, that the 'Catholic Church knows no east, no west, no north, no south, no race, no color.'"

On December 8 the fiftieth anniversary of the landing of the Fathers of Mercy in this country was commemorated at the Church of St. Vincent de Paul in New York. The Most Rev. Archbishop Corrigan officiated. The Fathers of Mercy, though a small community, have done truly apostolic work in New York, Brooklyn, Trenton, N. J., and St. Augustine, Fla. This Congregation was founded in France by Father Rauzau, with the intention of giving missions in the rural parishes of his native land. In 1839 two of the community, the Rev. Annet Lafont and the Rev. Edmond Aubril, were sent to the United States, from which a cry for more French priests had come. In 1841 the Bishop of Nancy made a movement to build a church for French-speaking people in New York. St. Vincent's was the result, and Father Lafont was its first pastor. He introduced the Christian Brothers into this country,—an act which should make his name worthy of reverence even if he had performed no other. Whatever impulse has been given to the work of the Propagation of the Faith in this country is also due to Father Lafont. Father Aubril was equally zealous in Florida. When these two pioneers passed away, others filled their places, among whom Father Gaston Septier and Father Porcile are well known and well beloved in the country of their adoption.

The establishment of a Republic so suddenly in Brazil requires no comment, except that a country which could emancipate many thousands of slaves without strife or bloodshed ought to be able to govern itself.

Two new congregations have been added to the Benedictines. They are Austrian,—that of St. Joseph containing six houses, and that of the Immaculate Conception with nine.

The Roman correspondent of *The Catholic Review* mentions an interesting fact connected with the sovereigns of Portugal. Don Carlos I., the new King, will not be crowned. As a reason for this it is stated that "since the time when Portugal was placed under the protection of the Immacu-

late Conception no king has ever been solemnly crowned. The cult of the Immaculate Conception began in 1279 in the diocese of Coimbra, at the stimulation of Queen Isabel, wife of King Dionysius, and was propagated throughout the entire kingdom, but principally in Villaviciosa, where the Dukes of Braganza took for their special patroness and protectress 'the Most Blessed Virgin of the Immaculate Conception.' John IV., in 1640 the head of the reigning House in Portugal and Brazil, specially signaled himself by his great devotion toward the Mother Immaculate, whom he sought to have honored throughout his dominions, to which he gave her as patroness—*Padroeira do Reino*,—causing lasting monuments of his homage toward the Mother of God to be erected in all the cities of the kingdom. His successors followed his example with equal ardor, and the Roman Pontiffs recompensed the devotion of the Portugal sovereigns toward our Blessed Lady with numerous privileges and special favors." The Blessed Virgin is considered by the devout Portuguese to be the perennially crowned Queen of their country.

A sensation was created at the National Temperance Congress at Birmingham by a speaker who stated that £20,000 had, whilst the Welsh parsons were starving, been invested in one brewery by a body of clergy, which included two archbishops, two bishops, three deans, four archdeacons, and six canons.—*London Paper*.

This is horrible, if true. But let it serve to recall to our minds the discomforts which the poor suffer at this season. There are many avenues for charity—we have recently pointed out one, the support of needy missions in South America,—and there is one always easy to enter, that which leads to the help of the poor. Everywhere around us children, so dear to Our Lord, shiver in the wind, and everywhere the discomfort of cold paralyzes the everyday work of life among the poor. A little thoughtful charity now, a little "wide-awakeness" to the indications of poverty, will make part of the treasures laid up more safely than in banks or breweries. Our readers, we are happy to say, have not been backward in showing their sympathy for the poor of the Passionist Fathers' South American missions, whose needs at present are so urgent. We append the list of additional contributions:

A Friend, in honor of the Sacred Heart, \$1; *Enfant de Marie*, \$1; A Friend, in honor of St. Joseph, \$1; A Friend, Bernard, Iowa, \$1; M. C., \$1; A Friend, in honor of St. Joseph, \$5; A Friend, in honor of St. Anthony, \$1; A Friend in honor of St. Joseph, \$1; Mrs. J. A. Hennessy, \$2.50; M. A. B., in behalf of the Souls in Purgatory, \$5.

New Publications.

THE DIVINE OFFICE. EXPLANATION OF THE PSALMS AND CANTICLES. By St. Alphonsus de Liguori, Doctor of the Church. Edited by the Rev. Eugene Grimm, C. SS. R. New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago: Benziger Brothers.

St. Liguori's admirable treatises and discourses on prayer as the great means whereby the Christian soul may attain to perfection and salvation have justly merited for him the title of Doctor of Prayer. The elevation of the soul to God in petition and thanksgiving is the grand thought which the Saint seems to keep prominently before the mind of his readers in all his works, and was evidently the inspiring motive of the preparation of the present volume. The Divine Office, or the Breviary, is one of the great prayers of the Church, who, through her ministers and religious souls obliged to its recitation, thus offers to God the tribute of adoration, petition, praise, and thanksgiving, on the part of all entrusted to her care. The object of the holy author was to aid in the intelligent and devout recitation of the Office, which, he says, "after the administration of the Sacraments and the preaching of the divine word, is the holiest occupation of persons consecrated to God." He gives not only a translation of the psalms and canticles, but also a more or less extended paraphrase of each verse separately, accompanied by different explanations; thus making it a work useful not only to the priest and religious, but also to the devout laity who would seek to penetrate into the mystical meaning of those portions of Scripture which occur most frequently in the offices of the Church and in the daily devotions of the practical Christian.

St. Alphonsus undertook this difficult work at the advanced age of seventy-eight, and accomplished it in the midst of almost constant sufferings and numerous occupations. He explains so skilfully the sense and the obscure passages of the psalms that, without detracting from the purity of the inspired word, he aids both the heart and the mind of those who read it. The Introduction is a valuable and learned commentary on the psalms, their authorship, the different versions which have been made, and concluding with words of instruction on the recitation of the Office. In the decree conferring on St. Alphonsus the title of Doctor of the Church, the Holy See speaks of this as one of his most useful and salutary works. It forms Volume XIV. of the Centenary Edition of the complete works of St. Liguori, and, like the others of the series, has been issued in excellent style by the publishers.

SONGS OF REMEMBRANCE. By Margaret Ryan.
Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son.

Miss Ryan's pen-name is familiar to the readers of *The Irish Monthly*. She possesses sweet and original notes, a high purpose, and a gift of melody; but a persistent undertone of sadness mars her best poems. Frankly, while one never grows weary of the singing, one finds this recurrent accompaniment monotonous. Why should all our young poets be sad? An assemblage of these youthful bards must be very dismal, if in real life they persistently turn their eyes to death and sorrow. This is the one fault in many of the best women poets. Miss Ryan's first poem, strong and sweet, is called "Bereaved," and her last ends with the lines:

"I ever look upon one sad, white face,
And all the happy past with tears retrace."

One of the tenderest and sweetest poems in the volume is "Our Emigrants."

"Why must ye go away
In hundreds every day,
As from a plague ye fled?—
O young man, maid, and child,
Ye leave a fertile soil,
A climate soft and mild,
A land to pay all toil,
A land of glorious dead!

"The savage rears her child,
And in the forests wild
Finds all their need demands;
But from a verdant shore,
And from the hills ye love,
Ye rush forth evermore,
While angels weep above,—
Sad exiles in all lands."

Miss Ryan is not self-conscious. What art she has is simple and therefore beautiful. Her poems are even and so meritorious that one looks with interest for a second volume, for which the poems before us are only exercises in melody and harmony.

BOOKS AND READING. A Lecture Read Before the New York Cathedral Library Reading Circle. By Brother Azarias, of the Brothers of the Christian Schools. New York: Office of the Cathedral Librarian.

We are glad to know that this little *brochure* is having a large sale. It deserves unlimited circulation. Brother Azarias has read everything, it would seem,—and everything with a purpose. Moreover, he has acquired the arts both of remembering and forgetting, and of making a synthesis between all the best things to be remembered. Each page has a brilliant wit or some solid nugget of common-sense in it. For instance, what can be more practical than this?—

"You complain of the impossibility of remembering all you read. That comes of your reading over-hastily or reading aimlessly. When you read with a purpose and take notes, and make running

comments, and mark passages or chapters which you re-read, your memory will be retentive of all essential points."

There is a great temptation to quote from this fascinating pamphlet. In fulness of comprehension, breadth of culture, and acuteness in the discovery of the best in literature, it has no superior. It will not do to find fault with the quality of the work of American Catholics who write for Catholics while we have such men as Brother Azarias among us.

NOTES OF LESSONS FOR YOUNG TEACHERS.
With Models from Actual Examination Papers.

By John Taylor, author of "How to Compose and Write Letters," etc. Boston: School Supply Co.

This is one of those little books which are intended to be very useful. Perhaps they are so. The young teacher is taught how to assume imposing attitudes, and how to be very impressive, and so forth. Latin derivations are furnished for many terms. "Illustration," for example, is said to be derived from *luceo* (to shine). Perhaps it is. Figures of speech are also beautifully explained. On page 30 we read: "Thus, in the phrase 'the light of truth,' we have light and truth compared. They are two widely different things, and yet they have one property in common. They are both diffusive" (!). This is a specimen of the light the author throws on various subjects. The book is extraordinary in many respects. We wonder whether the amiable author has any sense of the humorous. The print is very clear and free from errors.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands, as if you were bound with them.
—HEB., xiii, 3.

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

Mr. Joseph M. Hill, of Lowell, Mass., whose happy death occurred on the 25th ult.

Mr. John Molloy, who passed away on the 16th ult., at Somerville, Mass.

Mrs. Mary Redmond, who died at Savannah, Ga., on the 4th of October, fortified by the last Sacraments.

Mrs. John Montague, a fervent client of the Blessed Virgin, who departed this life on the 22d ult., at Dubuque, Iowa.

Sister Mary Aquila, O. S. F., St. Agnes' Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa.

Mrs. Mary Hawkins, of Lewiston, Me.; Mr. William Flynn, Mrs. Rose Smith, and Mrs. Bridget Simons, of Elizabeth, N. J.; Mrs. Margaret Blumenschein, Chicago, Ill.; Mr. Richard Shanahan and Mrs. Elizabeth Meehan, Lowell, Mass.

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



Noelie.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TYBORNE," ETC.

X.

When lunch time came Regina drew her sister and Noelie into the music-room, with her finger on her lips.

"Sit down," she said; "I have something important to tell you. Look at that door"—pointing to a heavy, barricaded door at the other end of the room. "It opens on a staircase, which leads to the story above; and at the top is a ladder, which leads into a horrible garret; and there lives—let us just see if that door is safe!"

The three girls flew to the door and tried to open it, but in vain: it was quite secure. They came back, trembling.

"Well, *who* lives in the garret?" whispered Noelie, in breathless suspense.

"A witch!" murmured Regina.

"What is a witch?" gasped Noelie.

"At your age you don't know what a witch is! Why, a witch is an old woman in horrid clothes," said Regina.

"And very wicked," added Augusta.

"I don't understand," replied Noelie. "Have you ever seen a witch, Regina?"

"I don't know; I think not—but you interrupt so, Noelie; and the lesson bell will ring directly!"

"Have *you* ever seen one, Augusta?" persisted Noelie.

"No, never," replied Augusta; "and I never could bear to see one. I would not sleep in this room for anything, for fear the old witch should come in."

"How could she when the door is blocked up?" asked Noelie.

"Oh, that does not matter, witches are so wicked and cunning!"

The bell rang, and the children had to go to studies.

Next day Noelie was later than ever at school. She had dawdled about, to the despair

of Catherine. Alas! poor Catherine could see no change wrought in Noelie by her new school. "Miss Beaumont says," sighed Catherine, "that Noelie is like a little savage, and she fears she can make nothing of her. However, I will have patience a little longer."

Patience was necessary when Noelie pursued both Catherine and Joseph with questions about the origin and nature of witchcraft.

Catherine usually accompanied Noelie to school. This morning, when they arrived at Miss Beaumont's house, they met the little pale girl, dressed in a thin cotton frock (though it was bitter cold weather), and carrying a heavy basket.

"Catherine," said Noelie, "how ill that poor child looks, and how badly she is dressed! How cold she must be! Oh, do let me give her one of my frocks! Tell me which you will give her?"

"The one you have on, Noelie. It is too short for you, and I am making you another."

"And the jacket also?" said Noelie. "Oh, let me give it, please!"

"Very well, you may do so."

"And my hat?—and I promise you I'll take care of my other hats."

"Yes, dear; yes," said Catherine.

Noelie gave her a hug and a kiss.

At lunch time Regina had fresh news.

"Mamma's maid brought us here the last few days," she said, "and she has been talking to the porter's wife. No one has ever seen the witch. She was living here when the portress came. For six years at least no one has ever laid eyes on her. Persons have often knocked at her door for some excuse or other, on purpose to see her; but there was not a ray of light, even through the keyhole."

"Then," said Noelie, "if no one has seen her, how do people know she is here?"

"O Noelie, how you do interrupt!"

"But she must want something to eat," continued Noelie.

"Food is taken to her," answered Regina.

"But what do you think, she will often be a week—eight, nine days—without eating! Isn't it wonderful?"

"Then," said Noelie, "the person who takes food to her must have seen her."

"Isn't it horrible?" continued Regina. "An old woman hidden away so long that

nobody remembers ever to have seen her!"

"I dare say she is a murderess," observed Augusta, with a shudder. "She must have done something dreadful."

"And to think she is living above our heads!" whispered Regina.

XI.

Next day Noeie rose in good time. She put on her new clothes without grumbling, and then made up the bundle for little pale Mary, as she called her, adding a pair of shoes. Then she was ready to set out.

"It is only eight o'clock," said Catherine.

"Oh, our clocks are slow! Do make haste, Catherine dear!"

They reached Miss Beaumont's at half-past eight, and met Mary on the stairs. Noeie flew to her.

"It is so cold!" she said. "I thank you so much for finding my picture! Here are a frock and jacket and hat, too small for me. They will just fit you. Please put them on to-morrow, and wear them out, and then I can bring you others."

"O Miss, how good you are! How thankful I am!"

"I am so glad I met you!" said Noeie.

"I always go out at this time," replied Mary.

"Then if I come early every day I shall meet you?"

"Yes," said Mary, flushing with pleasure.

Noeie flew joyfully up the stairs; for once in her life she was before the others. At recreation time Noeie wanted to play at some game, but Regina put on her mysterious manner and said:

"I have made a discovery! Our maid has had a long conversation with the portress, and now I can answer all your questions, Miss Noeie. The former portress told this one all about the witch. She used to go out, and the other portress saw her often. So, you see, she exists and has been seen. Her face is yellow; she has large, round white eyes; her wrinkles are so deep you could put your little finger into them; she has long hands like claws. No one ever heard her speak, and she is very tall and thin."

"There are many old women who are tall, thin, yellow, and have large eyes," said Noeie.

"But," continued Regina, "the most ex-

traordinary thing is that the little pale beggar to whom you, Noeie, gave a picture is grand-daughter to the witch! Did I not tell you it was wrong to speak to people you did not know?"

Noeie turned pale. "A witch's grand-daughter!" she said to herself. But she soon recovered, and, turning to Regina, asked: "Well, what harm did it do me to speak to the poor child?"

Regina went on: "And the little witch, like the great one, does not eat for eight or nine days together."

"Poor little thing!" said Noeie. "One can see by her face that she suffers."

"Oh, it is awful to think of such people living above us!" cried Regina. "By opening that door and going up the little staircase we should be close to them!"

There was a short silence, then Noeie said: "My nurse says"—Regina and Augusta leaned forward, eager to hear something about the witch,—"my nurse says that the catechism classes will begin next Thursday, and she is going to take me. Are you coming?"

"Yes, indeed," said Regina. "We shall follow the course this year, and next year make our First Communion. My sister is rather too young, but I am past thirteen. We have been preparing this long time. Are you going to make your First Communion next year?"

"I don't know," said Noeie. "I should like it very much."

XII.

Next day Noeie met Mary in her new clothes.

"I thank you very much, Miss," said she. "I feel so warm now."

At this moment Regina and Augusta came in and went up-stairs. Noeie followed them.

"Why, there is the little witch!" said Augusta.

"And with Noeie's frock and hat on!" added Regina. "After all we have told you," she continued, "is it possible you have given one of your dresses and hats to the little witch? Why, she will be taken for you!"

"What a pity you are not a little shorter and thinner!" remarked Augusta.

Despite the pleasure which Noeie felt at seeing Mary so happy, this little mockery pained her. She turned red and rushed into

the school-room. "The little witch will be taken for me!" she said to herself. Next day she took care to be late, so as not to meet little pale Mary. The day after it was nearly twelve before she reached Miss Beaumont's. Mary was coming in with her heavy basket, and shivering in her old thin clothes.

"What!" said Noëlie. "Where are your other clothes? Why don't you wear them? How cold you look!"

Mary made no answer, but tears gathered in her eyes.

"Is the frock worn out?" asked Noëlie, who knew how to destroy one even in a day.

"Oh, no!" said Mary.

"Then why don't you wear it? Tell me this minute, please! If you think it ugly I will give you another. I will ask Catherine for one."

"Don't, don't!" pleaded Mary. "I don't like to wear the frock, because I met your two companions—"

"What!" said Noëlie, angrily.

"No, they only looked hard at me, and I heard them say: 'Just like Noëlie! A pleasant thing for Noëlie to be taken for the little—' I did not hear the other word, but that was enough. Then I looked for you these two days, and you never came to meet me; so I thought the young ladies were right, and it was a real vexation to you." And again tears started to her eyes.

"I shall be very vexed if you do not wear the frock," said Noëlie, in her gentlest tone; "and I will be here before nine to-morrow to meet you."

Noëlie went slowly up-stairs, saying to herself: "I did not want to see Mary these two days because my companions mocked at me. I have given her pain and made her shiver in her old thin clothes. God forgive me! I'll never act so again."

XIII.

The catechism course had begun, and Noëlie liked it very much; but, as she wrote badly, she did not take notes of the instructions, as many of the other children did, bringing them back nicely copied out, and receiving a pretty prize in return. Neither did she learn to repeat parts of the Gospel. But she paid great attention to the priest who was giving the instructions, and prayed to God that she might be good.

Regina and Augusta found fault with her.

"It is a disgrace that you can't take notes!" said Regina. "*We* did so when we were seven years old. What will the other girls say?"

"Why, they will say I am lazy," replied Noëlie, with a laugh.

A few days afterward Regina said to her sister and Noëlie during recreation:

"I have made a fine discovery. The little witch goes to catechism."

"Impossible!" said Augusta.

"She does indeed. She sits on the fifth bench behind us."

"Are you sure?" asked Noëlie.

"Yes,—the fifth bench."

The two girls went on chattering, but Noëlie did not seem to listen.

The following day was the catechism. Noëlie watched till she saw Mary arrive, then placed herself beside her. She said in her heart:

"My companions despise you, and I almost did the same the other day. I gave you pain. I want to make you forget it."

Noëlie was surprised to see that Mary took notes, and she instantly made her a present of her portfolio and pencil. She had never found it so easy to learn the lesson; and the priest, who came round to collect the children's notes, gave her a smile of approval.

But the next catechism day Mary was not there. Noëlie was troubled; she persuaded Catherine to inquire of the portress.

"I have not seen her for three days," replied the woman. "But this often happens. I think the old woman has some sort of fits, and during that time neither she nor the child eats or drinks."

Some days passed away, and at last Noëlie grew so unhappy that she asked Catherine to climb with her to the garret. She did so.

"Knock," said Catherine. Noëlie knocked, —no answer. "Knock louder," said Catherine, —no answer. "Call her," said Catherine. Noëlie called, "Mary!" but all was silent. She listened at the door, —not a sound. She looked through the keyhole, —all was darkness. "No one can live here," said Catherine. "Let us go down."

They went back to the portress, and asked whether they had made a mistake in the room.

"No," said she; "it is that room at the top of the ladder. But it is just as I told you:

no one can get in. It is as if they were both dead."

The next day Noelie was more uneasy than ever; she persuaded Catherine to make another attempt at the garret door. But while going up the stairs they saw Mary mounting also, with a heavy basket.

"Mary, Mary! Then you are not ill? Your grandmother has not done you any—" She was going to say harm, but she stopped suddenly.

Mary looked pale, and as if ready to faint.

"I have been miserable about you," continued Noelie. "You were not at catechism, so yesterday I came to see you. I called and I knocked, but all in vain."

"How good you are!" said Mary. "I heard you knocking."

"You heard me and never came! That was too bad."

"I could not help it. Grandmother had one of her attacks. But if you could come now, I should be so happy!"

"But—but—" stammered Noelie, turning pale and receding a step or two; "your grandmother—"

"Oh," said Mary, with a smile, "grandmother won't even see you! She is fast asleep. Her attack is over, and she always sleeps for a long time afterward, so that I can go out and buy provisions. Come! do come!" she continued, taking up her basket.

"Please, Catherine, let me go in only for five minutes!"

So Catherine sat outside, while Noelie went into the garret with Mary. It was in total darkness, but Mary drew Noelie on till they reached the window, and, lifting a heavy curtain, they found themselves by a wide window-seat.

"Oh, I am so glad to have you," whispered Mary, "and to show you my window, my dear window! Look at my bit of sky, and that acacia. It is so pretty in summer. And I can see the street by which you come here, so I watch for you, and that is why I always meet you,—except when grandmother is ill. Just look where I keep your picture."

She lifted a corner of the curtain, and Noelie saw a little wooden table, on which was a crucifix; at its foot was the picture of Our Lady which Noelie had given to Mary.

"That picture is such company to me

when I have to sit here for hours together while grandmother is ill,—for she can't endure the slightest noise. I can't even sew or write."

"And can't you read?" asked Noelie.

"Yes, I do read; but I have only a few books, and I know them almost by heart, I have read them so often."

"And what do you do all these long days, my poor Mary?"

"I look into the street, and then at my crucifix and my picture. I pray a little and read and dream. And I have guessed a great deal about you."

"Really?" said Noelie, surprised.

"First of all," continued Mary, "like me, you have no mother. You come with your maid, and once or twice I saw you with an old gentleman. I think he must be your grandfather."

"No, my uncle," said Noelie.

"You have neither brother nor sister, and you are the only joy of your uncle's life. When you go home, I follow you in thought. You run to kiss him; you tell him what you have learned, and how hard you have studied in order to please him. Then at dinner you wait on him so carefully, watching his least desire; and after dinner you read to him, or play on the piano; and then at bed-time you give him a kiss and go to pray for him. Now, haven't I guessed right?"

Noelie made no answer; her cheeks were red, her eyes full of tears. How different was the picture from the reality!

At that moment Catherine knocked at the door.

"Oh, she will wake grandmother!" said Mary. "And if she is awakened suddenly her attack will come on again. Dear Noelie, farewell! Give me your hand that I may lead you safely to the door."

"I'll come again to-morrow," said Noelie.

As soon as she was safely down the ladder she gave Catherine two big kisses.

"Oh, you don't know how good little Mary is! Do let me go again to-morrow!"

"Why, you staid a half hour to-day instead of five minutes!"

"Never mind, dear Catherine. Promise for to-morrow."

"We'll see," said Catherine.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Greater than the King.

BY FLORA L. STANFIELD.

A very long while ago, in the good or the bad old days, whichever you choose to call them, a certain King lived and reigned. He wore a real crown—not keeping it put away in the best closet, as kings do now,—and he held a bright sceptre in his hand, and had his velvet robe trimmed with ermine and carried by pages when he walked. Along with the crown and the sceptre and the robe he had the authority of an old-fashioned king; and when he thought best to take away some man's property, or even to put him to death, he simply ordered it done, and did not ask the members of parliament one word about it. One reason for this was that there were no members of parliament; and the only person of whom he ever asked advice was his counsellor, Seraphael by name. He was a good man, and had such influence over his master that in the course of years he saved many lives and managed to keep the people comparatively contented.

Now, it happened one day that the King got into a wretched entanglement with a neighboring monarch, and saw no way out of the dilemma except to go to war or tell a lie. He thought the matter over, sending spies to ascertain the strength of his enemy's forces; and, finding them much stronger than his own, he concluded that the lie would be safest, and would help him out of his perplexity without the public loss of his honor. He sent for Seraphael and stated his decision. The counsellor, who was quite familiar with the state of affairs, simply bowed.

"And so," said the King, beginning to be enraged, "you are to go to the King of the West and give my message."

"Your pardon, dearest King, but I can not do this errand."

"Can not" is no word to be used to me."

"Then I *will* not, if that suits better."

"This is treason!" cried the King, who was on the verge of apoplexy just from anger. "I have trusted you and loved you, but I will serve you no better than I have served others who have defied me—to their cost."

The counsellor bowed again. Then the King argued and threatened, all to no purpose; and, seeing that Seraphael was quite determined to have his own way in the matter, he dismissed him, saying mysteriously, "To-morrow you shall see!"

Seraphael left the royal presence with a light heart, rejoicing that he had been strong enough to defy a monarch in his wrath, and went to his home. The next day the King's messenger waited upon him.

"His Majesty wishes to know if you are of the same mind as yesterday."

"The same."

"Be it known then," said the messenger, in a loud voice, "that your houses and lands are confiscate unto the crown." Saying this he departed.

Days passed, and the King, expecting the recantation of his counsellor, called an officer of the palace.

"Doth Seraphael relent?"

"May it please your gracious Majesty, he seems happier than ever, and bids me tell you that he thanks you for relieving him of the care of wealth, which was heavy on his mind."

"How doth the traitor occupy his time?" stormed the King.

"In playing with his children three upon the lawn, may it please your Majesty; and in singing, while his wife doth listen, many a song of war and love."

"Take away his wife and children!" said the ruler. "I will see if that will tame him."

A week passed.

"Doth he yet yield?" asked the tyrant.

"Nay, sire; he bids me say that he now hath time for study and contemplation, and he asks kind Heaven to bless his wife and babes, wherever they may be."

"Oh, he takes refuge in his books!" exclaimed King Robert. "Burn them and put the viper in a dungeon."

In a fortnight came the officer again.

"Doth he crave my pardon yet?" demanded the sovereign.

"May it please you, sire, he only bids me tell you that he hath still left the power to pray, and in his prayers he begs Heaven to have mercy on all tyrants."

"I will trifle no longer," said the King. "To-morrow at dawn he shall be beheaded."

The fatal morning was dewy and sweet, but no more peaceful than the mild face of the patient man about to die.

"Do my bidding and live," said the King.

"I can die, but I will not lie," answered the condemned man. "You can but take my life; you leave me the glory of heaven."

Then the King fell upon his neck, forgiving and blessing him.

"Noble Seraphael!" he exclaimed. "You would die rather than lie! You are greater than the King!"

Then followed many quiet years for both ruler and counsellor; and when King Robert died, leaving no son, the courtiers cried, "Give us Seraphael for our king!" And they crowned him, calling him "King Seraphael the True." And the people wept for joy.

La Santa Casa.

The humble House of Nazareth, sanctified, according to the testimony of the Holy Fathers, by the birth of our Blessed Lady, and later on by the labors of the God-Man, was at all times a centre of veneration to Christian people. Hardly was peace restored to the Church than the Empress Helena enclosed the modest habitation within a superb temple, to which the pilgrims of the East came in great numbers, watering it with their tears and adorning it with their gifts.

Galilee, whitened with the bones of Latin warriors, had again fallen under the Ottoman dominion. The monument erected by St. Helena was no more than a ruin; and the august sanctuary, left standing, was going to share the same fate, when God commanded His angels to detach it from its foundation and transport it to the fields of Dalmatia. It was on the 10th of May, 1291. Great was the surprise of the inhabitants at the sight of this unfamiliar edifice; great their transports of devotion when they recognized its sacredness; great also was their desolation when, after three years and a half, the sanctuary disappeared from their sight, and was transported to the shores of the Adriatic, to a wood belonging to an illustrious lady named Laureta.

The news of this event spread rapidly, and from all points of Italy and of Europe nu-

merous pilgrims hastened to lay their pious offerings at Mary's feet. The sight of the treasures awakened the cupidity of certain wicked men, who, favored by the civil wars, infested the forest, and soon rendered the holy dwelling inaccessible. But it was not to consign it to oblivion that God had brought thither from such a distance the birthplace of His Holy Mother. The chapel was again transported about a thousand feet from the forest, to a hill which belonged equally to two brothers of the Astici family. This removal caused fresh admiration and rekindled the fervor of Christendom. However, the riches accumulated in the holy chapel soon excited the covetousness of the two brothers, and whilst they disputed with weapons for a sacrilegious booty, the sacred walls rose up once more in the air and fixed themselves a little farther off, on the public highway, on the spot where now nestles the town of Loreto.

The house of such strange destiny was surrounded by a large and beautiful church. Millions of pilgrims—pontiffs and priests, princes and people,—came in turn to repeat the *Ave Maria* within those walls which heard the Archangel's salutation, and to sing the beautiful Litany called of Loreto, because from time immemorial it has been intoned every day in that glorious sanctuary.

That this dwelling is the same in which "the Word was made flesh and dwelt amongst us" is a fact confirmed by the briefs of the Sovereign Pontiffs, the piety of all Christendom, the continual prodigies which take place there, and the heavenly blessings of which it is the source. Therefore, wishing to excite more and more the devotion of the faithful toward the sweet Mother of our Lord Jesus Christ, Pope Innocent XII. ordained that the anniversary of the Translation of the Holy House (December 10), already held in great veneration in the province of the Marches, should be celebrated by a Mass and an Office appropriate to that miraculous event.

A WELL-KNOWN Cardinal says a gentleman is one who never inflicts pain. This is hard on the dentist, isn't it?

THE happiest days in our life are those in which we have made others happy.





MADONNA DELLA SCALA.
Correggio.

THE
QUEEN MARYA
 TO THE HONOR
 OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN
 A MAGAZINE DEVOTED
 HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED

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The Christ-Child's Birth.

BY WILLIAM D. KELLY.

THE Syrian sky with sheen was all alight,
 And night's full noon hung over Bethlehem,
 When all at once, like some surpassing gem
 Whose sudden splendor flashes on the sight,
 The stars that sentinelled the azure height
 Beheld another rise, whose faintest hem
 Eclipsed in brilliancy the whole of them;
 And downward darting through the dreamy night,
 Singing sweet carols as along they swept,
 Myriads of angels clove the ambient air
 With swift white wings, which on and onward kept
 Till they were folded in the starlight where
 Thy fair face smiled above the Babe who slept,
 Madonna, on thy bosom softly there.

The Great Christmas Choral.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

HERE is a particular halo around the hymns of the Christmas season. The hymns for Easter and for May leave an exquisite perfume; but, somehow or other, the Christmas hymns are dearest to all who have heard them in their youth. Blessings on the compiler of the little hymn-book printed by Peter F. Cunningham, in Philadelphia, sometime in the fifties! If many of those delightful tunes came out of the operas, were they not, in reality, all the better for it?—

since we heard the hymns before we heard the operas; and when we did hear the operas afterward, they seemed to be full of musical quotations.

What if "Macula non est in Te" was sung to an air from "Lucrezia Borgia"; or Heber's "Brightest and Best" had come to us from a Protestant collection of "sacred songs"? Were they not good? And we know that every hymn in the Protestant collection, with any heart or intellect in it, was originally Catholic. Luther's "A Mighty Fortress is Our God" is not Luther's at all, but an old choral sung in Germany long before Luther thought of the heresy, whose effect he afterward so much regretted.

There was a time when our separated brethren claimed Dryden's translation of the "Veni Creator" and "Rock of Ages" and "Jerusalem, my Happy Home"; but they have learned much since then, and now the clever ones among them would as soon think of claiming the Sacred Scriptures or Raphael's Madonnas as "Come, Holy Spirit," the "Dies Iræ," or the "Adeste Fideles."

It is a remarkable thing that Protestantism, so long as it remained the religion of the narrow-minded, and dreamed of the Catholic Church after the manner of John Bunyan, claimed every good hymn that had no allusion to the Blessed Virgin in it. The Wesleys were responsible for this; for English Protestantism owes nearly all the vitality it has to those two men. Charles Wesley borrowed the idea of the Sunday-school from St. Charles Borromeo, and of the "revival" from the Neapolitan "missions." To the Sunday-school and the

hymnal—made up, as the late Henry Ward Beecher frankly confessed, very largely from Catholic sources—the English dissenters owe all the life there is in their practices.

Of all the hymns, the sweetest, the most solemn after the "Tantum Ergo," is the old "Adeste Fideles." It has literally gone thundering down the ages; and the air to which a divine genius seems to have set it is part of itself. It is both the thought and the expression, welded together like the soul and the body. Listen to the solemn breadth of tone as the first line fills the church, sung—as it should always be sung—by a great mass of people, with children's voices to ring out above the rest in the third line,

Natum videte Regem Angelorum.

Three hundred years ago, and before that, little children were placed in the clerestory gallery of the French cathedrals, to sing at the Midnight Mass, because their voices were more like those of the angels than any human voices could be. And now the children's voices should sing the invocation in this most solemn yet most joyous of hymns. The "Adeste Fideles" is a choral of chorals, and so easily learned that no Christian voice need be silent when it thunders and ripples and dies away, like the waves of the sea, and goes appealingly, commandingly, triumphantly, to its end.

We have before us four versions, Englished by various authors, of this great old hymn. How old it is we do not know, or how old its music; all we know is that, like many sweet and solemn airs, the latter had its origin in Portugal. The first version is by J. C. Earle, whose sonnets are so well known and appreciated. This, like all the English versions, unfortunately does not go well with the music.

Mr. Earle begins:

In triumph, joy, and holy fear,
Draw near, ye faithful souls,—draw near;
The Infant King of Heaven is here.
None treads aright but Bethlehem-ward;
Come hither and adore the Lord.

R. Campbell writes:

Oh come, all ye faithful,
Adoring, triumphant,
Oh joyful, oh joyful, to Bethlehem repair!
Behold in a manger
The Monarch of Angels;
With glad alleluias His glory declare.

We think Mr. Charles Kent's version very beautiful:

Come, O faithful, with sweet voices
Lift the song that heaven rejoices,
Song to Bethlehem glory bringing:
Where the swathing clothes enfold Him,
King of Angels, there behold Him.
Come, with thoughts to heaven upsoaring;
Come, with lowly knees adoring;
Come, angelic anthems singing.

The hymn is sung from

Adeste fideles, læti triumphantes,
to the line

Patris æterni, Verbum caro factum.

Mr. J. R. Beste's rendering differs somewhat from the three we have given:

Hasten, ye faithful, glad, joyful, and holy,
Speed ye to Bethlehem, to honor the Word.
See, there the King of Angels is born lowly.

Oh, come and kneel before Him;

Oh, come and all adore Him;

Oh come, oh come, rejoicing, to honor the Lord!

All these versions will be found in Orby Shipley's excellent collection "Annus Sanctus." If a more perfect rendition can be made of this great choral, let us have it, so that the English words may be one with the grand old music. We wish that space would allow us to give all the English versions. The one we prefer is less elegant, and even in parts less accurate, than any in the "Annus Sanctus"; but because it sings itself to the music, and because thousands of Catholic American children sing it every Christmas, we give part of it,—the part including the invocation, which is very strong and direct. It is out of the old hymn-book printed at Philadelphia in 1854:

With hearts truly grateful,
Come, all ye faithful,
To Jesus, to Jesus, in Bethlehem.
See Christ, our Saviour,
Heaven's greatest favor!
Let's hasten to adore Him,
Let's hasten to adore Him,
Let's hasten to adore Him, our God and King!
God to God equal,
Light of light eternal,
Carried in the Virgin's spotless womb;
He all preceded,—
Begotten, not created.

This is not good poetical form, but it is what we know best, and what has been saturated with the reverberating tones of the grand old air; for, after all, the best hymns are the hymns that sing themselves.

Dom Romuald's Christmas Masses.

A TALE OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

I.

THE year 1525 was a very unfortunate one for Alsace. About the middle of April an army of Lutheran fanatics formed along the banks of the Rhine, from Basle to Wissemburg; seized upon and pillaged the city of Strassburg, massacring all who made any show of resistance; burned monasteries and destroyed castles throughout the surrounding country. They even penetrated into Lorraine, but were met by Duke Anthony, at the head of a brave army, by whom they were cut to pieces and their remnants driven beyond the Rhine.

About thirty of these rebels managed to conceal themselves in the thickness of the forests. Guided by a country lad, they took possession of one of the deepest gorges of the mountains, the entrance to which was scarcely six feet in width, and lay between two steep rocks, beneath the battlements of an old tower. Here the rebels erected a barricade, and appointed ten as guards,—a number more than sufficient to defend the passage against the largest army.

The others advanced, during the night, to a little village of about twenty families, called St. Mary's, a dependency of the Abbey of Saint-Dié, which was a few miles distant. It was a charming hamlet, situated on the banks of a beautiful river, embowered in fruit-trees in bloom, encircled by well-cultivated vineyards, and higher up by the fir-trees of the forest. It was protected by an ancient feudal castle erected upon one of the steepest and highest rocks of the Vosges,—a construction given by Charlemagne to the monks of Saint-Dié, on condition that they would build a chapel and found a perpetual daily Mass for the soul of the great Christian Emperor. The castle thus became a little church, with two or three apartments adjoining for the priest, and surmounted by a belfry from which pealed forth the three best bells in the country. Dom Romuald, an old and learned monk, who for many years had taught literature and theology, and who had travelled

extensively through Europe, had asked for the post of chaplain, that he might spend the declining years of his life in this calm retreat. There he had lived for nearly fifteen years, during the fine season—from April to November. The winter he passed in St. Mary's, for the inhabitants could not use the road leading to St. Michael's Tower on account of the snow and ice.

This road, or rather path, was at its best rough and dangerous, winding along the edges of bottomless precipices, and crossed in several places by torrents, over which fallen trunks of trees afforded the only means of passage. Not content with these natural defences, the soldiers of Charlemagne had dug a large ditch at the foot of the castle, through which the most violent of the mountain torrents poured with a deafening noise. Over this they threw an iron drawbridge, which, when raised against the side of the fortress, would most effectually prevent any entrance to it.

From spring to winter the son of the principal farmer of St. Mary's, Gerald Harneck—a tall and brave young man, about twenty years of age,—used to go every morning to bring provisions to Dom Romuald, serve his Mass, and relate all the news of the village. After which, if any necessity required his presence, Gerald would lead the good monk to the village, and accompany him back to his hermitage, as an affectionate son would help an old father.

II.

On the 30th of May, 1525, after Mass was over and as he was about to cross the drawbridge, a terrible scene presented itself to Gerald as he looked down upon his beloved village, usually so peaceful and happy. He saw his father's house in flames, and the conflagration extending to other abodes in the village; he could hear the cries of horror and despair, and see armed men furiously rushing through the midst of the affrighted people.

Gerald, whose courage was roused by this horrible spectacle, rushed at once to the aid of his unfortunate neighbors. He flew down the mountain path at the imminent risk more than once of falling into some abyss, when suddenly he saw before him a number of soldiers, who discharged a volley of musketry at him. He was slightly wounded, but recovered him-

self with the quickness of a wounded chamois, crossed a torrent, and threw the trunk which had formed a bridge into the abyss, then rapidly regained the drawbridge at the foot of the castle. In the meantime his enemies, with their axes, had cut down a large fir-tree, by means of which they were enabled to cross the torrent and continue the pursuit. But Gerald found himself unable to raise the drawbridge, and called loudly for Dom Romuald to come to his assistance. Happily his cries were heard. The old priest hastened out, and, as he saw Gerald bleeding from his wound, he understood at once the danger that threatened them. Together they succeeded in raising the heavy iron bridge, leaving open the raging torrent beneath, and effectually barring all access to their retreat. A quarter of an hour afterward the shot of the enemy beat harmlessly on the massive walls; and Dom Romuald, after having cared for his companion, watched from one of the battlements of the castle the vain efforts of these unknown invaders. They perceived him and cried out:

"We are called rebels, and we are proud of the name. We want no more priests, monks, lords, or masters. We have killed Duke Anthony and a hundred thousand people in Lorraine. There are a million of us, and we are going to kill the Pope and the Emperor and all the kings and princes. Surrender, you wretches, and you will save your lives! If you don't, you will be killed and your bodies burned. There are ten thousand of us below in the valley, and we can easily break down your walls. If we can't take your fortress, we shall keep you prisoners until you die of hunger. If you surrender now we will spare you and also the people down in the village. If you resist we shall destroy them all and yourselves afterward."

Dom Romuald, turning to Gerald, said: "You hear all they say! What will you do?"

"I shall wait until God sends us help," replied the young man; "or die here after receiving the last Sacraments from you."

The old monk replied: "We have bread and wine enough to last us until winter. May God protect us!"

III.

And so Dom Romuald and Gerald, who soon recovered from his wound, remained

confined within the castle walls, nourishing themselves day by day with a little bread and wine, praying with confidence and resignation, studying the Latin language, in which the monk gave lessons to Gerald that the time might not drag heavily. Every day the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass was offered up, and on Sunday the offices of the Church were solemnly recited, and were announced by the sound of the bells, rung as usual, which increased the fury of the rebels.

The latter had made themselves masters of the entire valley. The people, conquered by the destruction of their homes and the death of some of their number, had bowed to the yoke of the invaders and become their slaves. They believed the lies and the boastful stories told by the rebels in regard to the death of Duke Anthony, the massacre of the monks of Saint-Dié, the defeat of the Emperor, the captivity of the Pope, and the triumph of Martin Luther and his apostate companions. It was impossible for them to communicate with the rest of the world. A messenger from the Abbey had presented himself at the entrance of the gorge leading to St. Mary's, but narrowly escaped being shot. The abbot informed Duke Anthony of the state of affairs; but the latter, ignorant of the number of the rebel forces, did not dare to expose his men to what might be a complete massacre. He contented himself with guarding all the roads leading from the valley, and awaited the issue.

IV.

Winter at length set in. After the Feast of All Saints the two poor prisoners were obliged to diminish their daily allowance of food, already scanty enough; and, as a consequence, they were gradually becoming enfeebled in strength and bodily powers. The survivors of the Harneck family had tried in vain to bring them relief: the rebels had stationed a guard at the entrance of the path up the mountains, and no one was allowed to pass. Still Dom Romuald and Gerald were safe from the attacks of the enemy, as the drawbridge could not be approached, and the snows of winter made their position even more inaccessible. But hunger would ere long conquer them, and, after the 8th of December, they added to their daily devotions the prayers for the dying.

After Mass on the fourth Sunday of Advent Gerald said to the monk: "Father, we have not food enough to enable both of us to live three days longer. Only one of us can live until the Christmas festival."

"It will be you, my son," said the monk, tenderly.

"No, Father," replied Gerald: "it will be you. On that day you will, for the last time, celebrate Mass for the soul of the great Emperor Charles, and for my soul—unless, through God's merciful Providence, we shall by that time be delivered from those fiends who have besieged us for the past seven months."

"What do you mean, my son? What are you going to do?"

"Leave here this very day. Like St. Paul escaping from the window in a basket, I shall descend this side of the rock which overhangs that wide plain, secure from the observation of the enemy. I know well that no one has ever attempted such a feat, but I place my trust and confidence in God. I have gathered in my room all kinds of clothing and linen, and made an immense rope, which I shall fasten to the trunk of a large tree. I have calculated and made my measurements. Some strength remains to me now, to-morrow there will be but very little. I still need about forty or fifty feet of rope. Let me have the bell-ropes. They can be of no use, since we have come to the end of our provisions and of our lives; but they may perhaps aid in our deliverance. You know that we have tried many times to attract the attention of the people by ringing these bells, but all to no purpose. I must go myself to the help of those brave Christians, if there are any yet alive, and call upon some gallant leader to come to the rescue of St. Mary's. If, through some misfortune, my rope be not long enough, I shall commend my soul to God and let myself drop to the ground. The snow is very deep and will render the fall less dangerous. I have every hope, dear Father. God, Our Lady, and the angels will be with me and will save us both."

Dom Romuald was deeply moved, and, blessing Gerald, said to him: "I believe that God has given you this inspiration and will make you a hero. Go, my son, in His holy name. I have given you absolution this morning and

you have received the Sacred Body of Our Lord. I shall remain in prayer before His altar whilst you execute your design. And if you should perish in your devotedness to me, I shall not delay to go and thank you in Paradise."

For the last time they sat down together to their meagre repast. At noon the last *Angelus* was rung, and to the monk it sounded like the knell of death. Then they knelt together before the tabernacle, and parted. Gerald proceeded toward the extremity of the rock overlooking the plain; and, after removing the snow around a large fir-tree, made the rope fast to its trunk. Then, blessing himself, and invoking the aid of Our Lord, the Blessed Virgin, and St. Michael, he let himself down the side of the rock.

(CONCLUSION IN OUR NEXT NUMBER.)

A Christmas Idyl.

BY MARY E. MANNIX.

A CHILD played on the cushioned window-seat; Without, the bitter air was thick with sleet And blinding snow; within, all warmth and light. Smiling, he started up. "See, mamma, see, That boy across the way? Well, he knows me. I would so love to call him, if I might!"

The mother rose. "That ragged fellow, Ned? How dare he beckon so?" she wondering said. "But, mamma, he's so poor and pale and thin! I met him in the park the other day, And told him if he ever came this way. Maybe—perhaps—you'd let me ask him in. And, mamma, there's a letter in his hand. Please may I get it? He can hardly stand. The snow and ice and hair are in his eyes." "He has no letter, child, for you or me. You are so odd, my darling! Let him be." "But, mamma, he is just about my size, And I've got lots of clothes,—I told him so. Some are too small for me to wear, you know. Do let me call him,—only to the door!" The mother raised the window at her side; "Be off, you little vagabond!" she cried. "Be off, I tell you; and come here no more!"

The child made no reply, but turned away; A stranger passing heard him softly say: "I guess that Mister God don't care for me."

Then into a dark court he trembling crept,
And moaned and gnawed his fingers till he slept,
To wake no more. O Heaven, can such things be!

And when they found him, in his stiffening grasp
(What last the feeble hand had strength to clasp)

A tear-stained letter lay, and thus it read :
" Dere Mister God, that little chap in the square
I met t'other day, with shinin' curly hair,—

Why, *he* tole *me* that mebbe, if I wos to rite,
You mite take notiss; sed he seen in a book
How a feller's letter was jest cot up and took
Strait into heven 2 you, on Crismus nite.

Dere Mister God, an' he sed, too, that day
Mebbe he'd ax me in sometime to play,

An' now I'm a-goin' cos it's Crismus Eve.
An' mebbe he kin gi' me some ole clo'es,
Cos, why, I'm nearly starved an' almost froze.

An' if he knows how to git to you, I'll just leave
This 'ere with him, so he kin send it off.

I'd be obleeged if you'd please cure this orful coff,
An' find me somewheres perm'nent for to stay.

Dere Mister God, my hand is dreadful cold,
An' I'm so hungry, I kin hardly hold

This blamed ole pensil Jake gi' me to-day.
So, hopin' you're in good helth, and won't forgit
A kid with nowheres to lie nor stand nor sit,

I'm yours respectful allus,—Gallup's Jim."
Kind hands uplifted the poor homeless child,
And Jesus and Our Lady sweetly smiled

When in white robes they swathed and buried
him.

In that fair home, but fifty steps away,
A stricken mother kneels. What! She dares pray
Who turned the Christ-Child's image from her
door?

Now Death is whispering to her own loved child,
And, spent with grief and supplications wild,
She calls on God to save him, o'er and o'er.

Pitiful Death, to snatch that precious flower
Before the promise of its brightest hour

Shrinks withered 'neath the upas-tree of pride!
Merciful Death! Two blossoms softly rest
Upon the dear Child Jesus' loving breast,
Keeping their happy Christmas side by side.

O mothers of young children, sweet and dear,
The Manger and the Child are very near!

Reach out the little hands to those who wait,
Hungry and cold, in these bright Christmas days;
Speeding in crowds adown the rugged ways
To Bethlehem, where Christ lies desolate.

PROVIDE a cradle wherein you may rock the
Infant Christ to rest. Nurse Him in your heart,
that He suffer not from cold.—*Juan de Avila.*

Two Midnight Masses.

I.

IN the height of the Reign of Terror my
grandmother, then a young girl, lived in
the Faubourg Saint-Germain. She dwelt there
alone with her mother; their friends and
relatives, the head of the family himself, had
quitted France; so the two women changed
their rich apartments for a modest lodging,
where they lived hoping for better times. The
hotels were deserted or inhabited by their new
possessors. The churches were turned into
shops and places of local industries. All ex-
terior practices of religion had ceased; never-
theless, behind the shop of a bootmaker, in
the Rue Saint-Dominique, an old priest, who
had returned to the humble trade of his
father, occasionally assembled the faithful for
prayer. But it was necessary to use great
precaution; for the humble temple was im-
mediately adjacent to the dwelling of a member of
the revolutionary government, an implacable
enemy of religion.

On Christmas Eve Midnight Mass was to
be celebrated in the little impromptu chapel.
The shop had been carefully closed, but the
fumes of the incense filled the apartment where
the faithful were gathered together. A bureau,
covered with a white cloth, served for an altar.
The sacerdotal ornaments were taken from
their concealment, and the assembly, com-
posed principally of women, with a sprinkling
of men, were already on their knees when a
knock at the door caused every heart to beat
with trepidation.

One of the priest's servers opened the door.
A man entered with hesitating step. All
gazed at the new arrival with consternation.
It was evident from his manner that he was
unfamiliar with the place and its associations;
while, alas! to some he was too well known,
being the neighbor whose animosity to relig-
ion was a matter of public comment, and whose
reason for appearing at this particular time
could be susceptible of only one explanation.

The Holy Sacrifice proceeded, but fear had
seized all hearts: they trembled for them-
selves, for their friends and relatives; but
more than all for the old priest, who became
thus exposed to persecution, perhaps to

death. With an impassive face, and a manner calm and cold, the new arrival remained silent during the Mass. When all was over, and the lights upon the miniature altar had been extinguished, one by one the worshippers glided away. Then the stranger advanced toward the priest, who stood awaiting him, his countenance composed and calm.

"Citizen priest," he said, "I have something to say to you."

"Speak, sir. What can I do to serve you?"

"I wish to ask a favor of you, yet I know how ridiculous it will make me appear. I feel myself blushing at the thought, and dare not continue."

"My age and my profession should preclude all such hesitation on your part, and if some sentiment of piety has directed you to me—"

"Ah! that is far from being the case. I know nothing of religion,—I do not wish to know anything of it. I belong to those who desire to compass the destruction of such as you. But, unhappily, I have a daughter."

"Why do you say *unhappily*?" asked the priest.

"Listen, citizen; you shall hear. We, men of firmness and principle though we be, are the victims of our children. Inflexible toward all who deny or impugn the sentiments we inculcate yet we hesitate and become children before the prayers and tears of our own. I have, then, a daughter whom I have brought up to be an honest woman and a true citizen. I had believed her a child after my own heart, and behold! I find myself grievously mistaken. A solemn moment is approaching for her. Before the New Year she will wed a noble young fellow, whom I myself have chosen for her. All seemed to go well; they loved each other—I thought so, at least,—and all was ready for the ceremony, when this evening my daughter threw herself at my feet and begged me to defer her marriage. 'And why?' I asked. 'Do you not love your betrothed?'—'Yes, my father,' she replied; 'but I do not wish to marry yet.' Having set myself to discover her reasons for this caprice, she finally acknowledged that she did not wish to marry unless her union could be blessed by the Church.

"My first anger having passed, I can not tell you all the good reasons I gave her why she should not wish to do a thing so contrary

to my practice and professions, so foreign to my position and manner of life. All was in vain: she remained inflexible. Her dead mother had been married in the Church; her memory had dictated this pious wish; she would not believe herself married unless at the foot of the altar; she would remain unmarried all the days of her life unless I would grant her request. All this she said on her knees, with tears and prayers, until I confessed myself conquered. She herself informed me of your retreat, on condition that I would promise impunity for you all. This is why I am here. And I say to you: your persecutor is before you; will you bless, according to your ceremony, the marriage of his daughter?"

The venerable priest replied: "My ministry recognizes neither revenge nor ill-will. I shall be happy to do what you ask of me. One thing only troubles me: it is that the father should be so opposed to the wishes of his daughter."

"You are mistaken. I understand her feelings perfectly, and can sympathize to some degree with them. They are those of a daughter who thinks it more honorable and respectable to be married as her mother was. And to-night, while watching these ceremonies, I have seen something in them—I can not explain what—that enables me more fully to comprehend and appreciate her thought."

A few days later, in the same little room, several persons assembled to assist at a marriage. It is scarcely necessary to relate that, without changing his principles or sentiments in the least, one member of the revolutionary government was the secret protector of the little church, which henceforward subsisted in peace, unknown to its persecutors.

II.

The hero of the touching episode I am about to relate was a young student of medicine, whose father fell at Patay, fighting for France. The family of this young man consisted of his mother and a sister, a little younger than himself. The mother had been an invalid since the loss of her husband; but greater even than her grief for his premature death was the sorrow that continually filled her heart on account of the infidel principles of her only son.

One Christmas Eve, in a moment of effusion, the young girl said to her mother:

"Mamma, if I could go to the Midnight Mass at Notre Dame des Victoires, I would pray so fervently to the Divine Infant that I am sure He would convert my brother."

"But, my child, I could not accompany you there, and who would go with you?"

"Brother," she replied.

"Your brother? Alas! you know but too well that he never goes to church; even when he assists at a funeral he remains outside."

"He will go with me. I am fully determined as to that."

"If you can obtain even so much I shall be rejoiced; but I fear your persistence will only serve to strengthen his resistance."

At first the young man refused to accompany his sister, but she became so persuasive, her entreaties were so pressing, that he could not find it in his heart to deny her this favor.

The magnificence of the ceremony did not appear to displease the freethinker. If he was not conquered, he was at least surprised at the novelty of the spectacle. At the Communion he was astounded to see the numbers who approached, one by one, to the Sacred Table. He saw this one and that one whom he knew go forward to partake of the Living Bread. Then his sister, like the others, went in her turn to the Feast of the Lamb. He saw himself all alone, a pariah; he felt afraid in his isolation. Then the grace of Baptism miraculously reasserted itself; his First Communion returned to his memory. All at once he sank on his knees, his bosom heaving with sighs. When his sister returned to her place she saw his head bent low to hide the falling tears.

At the close of the solemn service the young man went to confession, and at the six o'clock Mass his sister had the consolation of accompanying him to the altar of the Blessed Virgin, where, with a contrite heart, humbled and sanctified, he received the God of perfect love and infinite mercy.

This is not a romance made to order. I have heard all the details from the lips of this new Augustine.

God loved us when He made us after His image; but a far greater work was it to make Himself after our image. He abases Himself to us, that He may exalt us to Himself.—*Spanish Mystics.*

The Doyles' First Christmas-Tree.

IF you knew Nellie Doyle, you would know a brave young girl. Outwardly she was cheerful. At home her overburdened mother never dreamed of the depth of anguish her daughter's heart endured. At school, where the children, who had learned to love her, seemed never to notice her dress, she broke down once. It was when Sister Clement whispered to her:

"Nellie, come into the house after school, and I will give you a nice warm dress."

Then a great sob filled Nellie's throat. She raised her eyes, full of tears, to the kind face of the Sister. The latter looked a little surprised.

"O Sister," said Nellie, "I can't take anything,—I can't! It would be no use."

The Sister passed on. She understood. She had seen many such cases before.

Mr. Doyle, Nellie's father, pawned everything he could get for drink. It was no use to try to help the Doyles unless their father would reform. He had been a contractor; he had built many houses. Suddenly a panic had come and he became poor. He had acquired drinking habits when he was prosperous. And, when wealth fell from him, these habits strengthened each day. He kept himself constantly in such a besotted condition that his coming home was the terror of his family. Poor Mrs. Doyle managed to keep her children from starving. It was all she could do. Her husband, who never worked now, sold or pawned everything that kind hands gave them,—for the world is full of kind hearts and hands, or the poor could never live under the oppression of those hearts and hands that are not kind.

One evening in December, when the streets were crowded with people anticipating Christmas, Nellie and the other children were seated in the cold kitchen.

"Doesn't Santa Claus ever come to poor folks, Nell?" asked little John, as he looked wistfully into his sister's face.

"Why, yes, Johnnie. Don't you remember how he came to us two years ago?"

"Oh, yes! He brought us a little candy and an apple. But why doesn't he bring us sleds and drums and dolls, or caps, coats, and mitts, like he does to other children? Why, we can

not even play snowball, because we have not clothes enough to keep us warm." And little John was ready to cry.

Nellie had been telling the children Christmas stories, and this was a sad outcome of their evening's amusement,—the more sad because it was true.

"Well, children, I'll tell you what we'll do. Let us ask our Blessed Mother to send Santa Claus this year, and to make him more generous. You know it was through her that we received our first Christmas Gift—Jesus; and she has been obtaining gifts for us ever since. So let us ask her for a happy Christmas." And, suiting the action to the word, she took out her Rosary.

"Nell, you know I want a cap, a coat, a drum, and mitts," said John.

"I want a sled and *lots* of apples,—not *one* apple, but all I can eat," added Jim.

"And I want a doll and some nice candy," said little Margaret.

"In a word, we want a happy Christmas," answered Nell; "so kneel down."

The children did as they were bid, and, after the Rosary, went to bed in high glee. Nellie had never told them an untruth, and they never doubted a word she said; so Santa Claus' coming was to them a certainty.

As for Nellie, her spirits were not so high. She had great confidence in prayer, but she did not expect a miracle to be performed; and, as she glanced over the poverty-stricken room, it seemed that nothing short of a miracle could bring comfort there. "If father did not drink!" and her eyes filled with tears. But a pleasant thought chased away the sad one. Our Lady's feast, the Immaculate Conception, was approaching. The next day the school-children were to begin a novena in her honor. Why could she not offer up her novena for her father? And with this happy thought came sleep.

John Doyle was not an utterly bad man. One Sunday, early in December, he passed the church in Mott Street. He had been drinking and dozing all night in a low dram-shop, whose proprietor was growing rich through the propensities of such as he. He saw the crowd going in, while the red sunrise tinged everything around. A strange longing filled his heart. He did not know it, but it was the

result of his children's prayers; and a fragment of the prayers he had long ago learned came into his mind: "Pray for us *now* and at the hour of our death. Amen." He said it again, as a lost sailor without compass hails the one visible star: "Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us *now* and at the hour of our death." He drank as much as usual during the days that followed. He was more quarrelsome than usual. The serpent of remorse was gnawing at his heart; but remorse is not penitence. Things said which would not have touched him before now aroused him to a blind fury against himself and those who spoke them.

"It's only Doyle," he heard the saloon-keeper say, as somebody pushed against the table on which he was half-lying. "He's soaked through and through. There'll be no need of embalming him when he dies."

There was a laugh. Doyle, roused as he had never been before, got up and left the place.

"I'm lost—lost!" he muttered. "I can't change now." Then the fragment of the prayer he had learned at the parochial school in his childhood floated across his mind: "Pray for us sinners *now*—"

He went homeward. It was the last day but one of the novena. Nellie had been to confession, and on her way home she stopped at the grocery. As it was Saturday, the store was crowded, and she had to wait some time before making her small purchase. A blinding snow-storm had set in, and it had grown quite dark. Just as she stepped out her foot slipped and she fell against a finely dressed young man, who was hurrying on his way.

"Get out, you ragamuffin!" exclaimed the son of the proprietor of one of the largest saloons in the city, as he roughly pushed her aside.

Mr. Doyle came around the corner just in time to see the accident and to hear the remark.

"A ragamuffin. to be sure!" said he to himself; "but, by the grace of God, my money shall go in future to dress her instead of you, my lad. Come, Nellie," he added aloud, as he took the basket of groceries from her arm; "I'll go home with you."

Nellie raised her eyes to heaven, as she murmured: "Blessed Mother, I thank thee!"

"John!" Could the astonished mother be-

lieve her eyes? Had her husband really come home sober on Saturday night?

"Yes, mother, I am here. Let us have supper." And without another word they sat down.

The children's surprise was equal to their mother's when, after supper, their father knelt with them and gave out the Rosary.

"I didn't think father knew how to pray; did you, John?" said little Jim, as they lay talking in bed.

"Of course I did. All men know how to pray," answered John. "But," he added to himself, "I wonder how he got through the Apostles' Creed? He must have found a catechism somewhere and learned it before he came home."

It was not long before Mr. Doyle obtained work as a carpenter, which trade he had thoroughly learned. The day he resolved not to drink began his prosperity.

Christmas came, and Santa Claus also. Nothing short of a Christmas-tree would suit Mr. Doyle, who for the first time was taking part in the children's celebration. And Santa Claus had seemed to think nothing too good for the family. He brought coats, caps, mitts, drums, and sleds for the boys; frocks and a book for Nellie; dolls, etc., for little Margaret; while a great basket of red apples stood peering out from a corner for mother. On the table was a packet containing a nice, warm shawl and a pretty work-basket.

It was yet dark when, on Christmas morning, Mr. and Mrs. Doyle returned from five o'clock Mass.

"Won't the children be happy!" said the father; and as he lit the last taper on the tree he called them. He himself was supremely happy.

The two little ones had never before seen a Christmas-tree, and they were fairly wild with delight.

"Isn't Santa Claus good!" said Johnnie to his father, as he stuffed his pockets with candy. "And it was our Blessed Mother sent him to us; wasn't it, Nell?"

"Yes, little brother. Never forget to go to her when you are in trouble." And Nellie was off to Mass.

John Doyle bent his head reverently. He *knows* what Mary's power is.

The Shepherds of Bethlehem.

THE Shepherds of Bethlehem were the first to whom the birth of the Saviour of the world was announced. By many it is thought that it was the Angel Gabriel who appeared to them, saying, "For this day is born to you a Saviour, who is Christ the Lord, in the city of David." At the same moment all the celestial choirs joined in a hymn of gladness. The heavenly messenger added: "And this shall be a sign unto you: You shall find the Infant wrapped in swaddling clothes and laid in a manger." The Shepherds hastened to prostrate themselves before this poor couch, and offer their homage to the Messiah so long expected.

There may be seen even at this late day, at some distance from Bethlehem, a poor hamlet, composed of several huts, the title of which, in the Arabic language, signifies "Village of the Shepherds." It was from there, according to tradition, that the Shepherds, to the number of three, were selected by the Angel to offer their adoration at the Crib of the Saviour. The number was significant, as representing before the Messiah the three races descended from the three sons of Noe. The most ancient chronicles, the engraved stones of the Catacombs, the bas-reliefs of tombs, the *vignettes* of Oriental manuscripts of great antiquity, and the judgment of *savants*, are united on this point. On the strength of these evidences, joined with others, Pope Benedict XIV. pronounced that there were three Shepherds, and only three. And their names are said to have been Isaac, Jacob, and Joseph.

Perpetuated from century to century, the tradition of the three Shepherds is—or was until recently—renewed every year in Rome, that city *par excellence* of traditions. In the beginning of Advent the *pifferari*, or shepherds, of the Sabine descend from their mountains, and come, in their poor but picturesque attire, to announce to the Eternal City, to the sound of joyful music, the approaching birth of the Infant of Bethlehem. Although in considerable numbers, they walk three together, —no more: an old man, a man of middle age, and a youth; thus representing the three races and the three ages of man.

The Eastern Church and several Western churches celebrate a feast of the Shepherds at the Crib. In Palestine there was formerly a magnificent church built by St. Helena in honor of the Holy Angels and the Three Shepherds. Their bodies reposed there until the middle of the ninth century, when the church fell into ruins. To-day nothing remains but the crypt, which is reached by a descent of ten or twelve steps. Pilgrims who have the good fortune to be in Bethlehem during the solemnities of Christmas never fail to visit the spot, chanting the *Gloria* in the place where it was sung for the first time to the adoring Shepherds.

After the fall of the church the bodies of the holy Shepherds were transported to Jerusalem, where they remained until the year 960. Spanish historians affirm that at this epoch the precious relics were carried to Spain by a pious knight, and deposited in the city of Ledesma, in the neighborhood of Salamanca. One thing, however, is beyond a doubt: no other city in the world honors with so much devotion the first adorers of the Infant Redeemer born at Bethlehem.

On the 16th of July, 1864, the Bishop of Salamanca removed the relics of the Shepherds from the Church of St. Peter to that of SS. Peter and Ferdinand in the same city. They were deposited in the interior of the grand altar, enclosed in a case in the form of a tomb, nailed, cemented, and fastened with a lock. The interior is lined with white silk, and contains several bones, two or three skulls, a small shovel, a spoon of box-wood, a pair of iron scissors, a fragment of a leather stocking, and broken pieces of shepherds' crooks. There is also a separate collection containing other relics, such as fragments of bone which had become detached from those in the coffer. This is wrapped in paper, bearing the following legend: "Of the glorious Joseph, Isaac, and Jacob, Shepherds of Bethlehem, who merited to see and adore before all others Christ our Lord, born in a stable."

These holy Shepherds well deserve the honor which is accorded them. The virtues they practised, and the prerogatives in which they share, may well lead us to believe that they occupy a high place in the heavenly Jerusalem.

Readings from Remembered Books.

THE JOY OF CHRIST'S MOTHER.

A MOTHER'S joy over her firstborn has passed into a proverb. But no creature has ever rejoiced as Mary did. No joy was ever so deep, so holy, so beautiful as hers. It was the joy of possessing God in a way in which none had possessed Him heretofore,—a way which was the grandest work of His wisdom and His power, the greatest height of His inexplicable love of creatures. It was the joy of presenting to God what was equal to Himself, and so covering His divine majesty with a coextensive worship. It was the joy of being able by that offering to impetrate for her fellow-creatures wonderful graces, which were new both in their abundance, their efficacy, and their excellence. It was the joy of the beauty of Jesus, of the ravishing sweetness of His countenance, of the glorious mystery of every look and touch of Him, of the thrilling privileges of her maternal love, and of the contagion of His unspeakable joy, which passed from His soul into hers.

The whole world, by right of its creation,—by right of having been created by a God so illimitably and adorably good and bright and loving,—is a world of joy. Joy is so completely its nature that it can hardly help itself. It blossoms into joy without knowing what it is doing. It breaks out into mirthful songs, like a heedless child whose heart is too full of gaiety for thought. It has not a line or form about it which is not beautiful. It leaps up to the sunshine; and when it opens itself, it opens in vernal greenness, in summer flowers, in autumnal fruits; and then rests again for its winter rest, like a happy cradled infant, under its snowy coverlet adorned with fairy-like crystals, while the pageantry of the gorgeous storms only makes music round its unbroken slumber. Mary, the cause of all our joy, was herself a growth of earth, a specimen of what an unfallen world would have been; and it was on an earthly stem that Jesus Himself, the joy of all joys, blossomed and gave forth His fragrance. Thus nature and life tend to joy at all hours. Joy is their legitimate development, their proper perfection, in fact the very law of living; for the bare act of living is itself an inestimable joy. Nothing glorifies God so much as joy. See how the perfume lingers in the withered flower; it is the angel of joy, who can not take heart to wing his flight back from earth to heaven even when his task is done.

It is self which has marred this joy. It is the worship of self, the perpetual remembrance of self, the making self a centre, which has weighed

the world down in its jubilee, and almost overballasted it with sadness. It is humility above all other things which weakens or snaps asunder the holdfast of selfishness. A lowly spirit is of necessity an unselfish one. Humility is a perpetual presence of God; and how can self be otherwise than forgotten there? A humble man is a joyous man. He is in the world like a child, who claims no rights, and questions not the rights of God, but simply lives and expands in the sunshine round about him. The little one does not even claim the right to be happy: happiness comes to him as a fact, or rather as a gracious law; and he is happy without knowing of his happiness, which is the truest happiness of all. So is it with him whom humility has sanctified. Moreover, as joy was the original intent of creation, it must be an essential element in all worship of the Creator. Nay, is it not almost a definition of grace,—the rejoicing in what is sad to fallen nature, because of the Creator's will? Thus Mary's devotion to the Babe of Bethlehem was one of transcending joy. There is no worship where there is no joy. For worship is something more than either the fear of God or the love of Him: it is delight in Him.—“*Bethlehem,*” *Faber.*

A BISHOP'S DRIVE ON CHRISTMAS EVE.

Dr. Grant was fond of telling a story on himself,—of how one day he fell asleep at a sermon, and awoke as the preacher, Cardinal Wiseman, was emphatically pronouncing the words, “Charity never sleepeth!” It was probably the only time that Charity ever caught him napping. He was always on the *qui vive* whenever a good work was to be done. Sometimes his quickness in seizing an opportunity of this sort led to incidents that were both droll and picturesque.

He was driving home from Norwood one Christmas Eve. The cold was intense; everything was covered with frost and snow; the cabman, petrified on his box, was slapping his arms about vigorously, to keep himself from freezing. The Bishop watched him for a while, compassionating his discomfort; but concern for his bodily sufferings was quickly followed by anxiety as to the probable state of his soul. Was it as chilled and frozen as his blood? The Bishop let down the window in front of him, and entered into conversation with his charioteer by a few kind words of sympathy, which soon led up to the desired information. The man was an Irishman, consequently a Catholic by birth; but the wear and tear of life had been too much for him; he kept the faith, but he had long since given up practising it.

“Well, now,” said the Bishop, in his most coaxing tone, “you are going to turn over a new

leaf this Christmas. Promise me, like a good boy, that you will go to your duty before the week is out.”—“Oh, then, bedad, and there's nothing I'd like better, my Lord, if only I had the time,” declared Paddy; “but sure I niver have a spare minute. It's either dhruvin' I am, or looking afther the mare at home.”—“Indeed I dare say that's true,” assented the Bishop; “but where there's a will God sends a way. Just pull up a moment.” And before the cabman knew what was coming, the Bishop was up on the box beside him. “Now, just see how good God is!” he said affectionately, putting his arm through his companion's. “You could not go to the priest, so He has sent the priest to you. Now let us begin, and make a good, hearty confession; we have plenty of time and nothing to interrupt us.”

With the docility of a child the poor fellow made the Sign of the Cross and began. So they journeyed on to London, the silence broken only by the rumbling of the vehicle and the dialogue of the two men,—the rough voice of the penitent alternating with the low tones of the confessor; while angels, keeping their vigils in the midnight heavens, sang a new canticle, whose echoes fell in dews of peace upon the soul of the prodigal brought home that night. He went to Communion on Christmas morning, and told the story of that memorable drive, amidst tears and blessings, when Dr. Grant had gone to his rest.—“*Life of Thomas Grant,*” *Kathleen O'Meara.*

CHEERFULNESS IN LIFE AND ART.

“Rejoice always; and again I say, rejoice,” says one of the highest authorities; and a poet who is scarcely less infallible in psychological science writes:

“A cheerful heart is what the Muses love.”

Dante makes Melancholy dismally punished in Purgatory; though his own interior gaiety—of which a word by and by—is so interior, and its outward aspect often so grim, that he is vulgarly considered to have himself been a sinner in this sort. Good art is nothing but a representation of life; and that the good are gay is a commonplace, and one which, strange to say, is as generally disbelieved as it is, when rightly understood, undeniably true. The good and brave heart is always gay in this sense: that, although it may be afflicted and oppressed by its own misfortunes and those of others, it refuses in the darkest moment to consent to despondency; and thus a habit of mind is formed which can discern in most of its own afflictions some cause for grave rejoicing, and can thence infer at least a probability of such cause in cases where it can not be discerned. Regarding thus cheerfully and hope-

fully its own sorrows, it is not overtroubled by those of others, however tender and helpful its sympathies may be. It is impossible to weep much for that in others which we should smile at in ourselves; and when we see a soul writhing like a worm under what seems to us a small misfortune, our pity for its misery is much mitigated by contempt for its cowardice.

A couple of generations ago most people would have opened their eyes wide at any one who should have thought remarks like these worth making. Such truth formed part of the universal tradition of civilization and moral culture. But a wilful melancholy, and—the twin sign of corruption—a levity which acutely fears and sympathizes with pains which are literally only skin-deep, have been increasing upon us of late in a most portentous way. The much-vaunted growth of “humanity” has been due rather to a softening of the brain than of the heart. . . . Men and times do not talk about the virtues they possess. Which is more inhuman: to punish with rack and wheel the treason which voluntarily sacrifices or jeopardizes the welfare of millions, or to condone or ignore it for the sake of momentary ease? The England in which melancholy and levity are becoming prevalent habits is “merry” England no more. “The nation thou hast multiplied, but not increased the joy.” And we are not the only nation which deserves this lamentation of the prophet. The growths of melancholy and levity have been still more marked in France. In America, some traveller has observed: “There is comfort everywhere, but no joy.” America is accordingly the only country which has no art.

It is, as we have said, a vulgar error to consider Dante a melancholy poet. In the whole range of art, joy is nowhere expressed so often and with such piercing sweetness as in the “Paradiso”; and it flashes occasionally through the dun atmosphere of the other parts of the poem. The “Inferno” is pervaded by the vigorous joy of the poet at beholding thoroughly bad people getting their deserts; and the penances of Purgatory are contemplated by him with the grave pleasure which is often felt by the saner sort of persons, even in this world, under the sufferings they acknowledge to be the appropriate punishment of and purification from the sins they have fallen into.

Shakespeare is the most cheerful of poets. We read his deepest tragedies without contracting even a momentary stain of melancholy, however many tears they may have drawn from us. Calderon flies among horrors and disasters on the wings of a bird of Paradise, without any resulting

incongruity; and like things may be said of the greatest painters and musicians, until quite recent times. But since about the beginning of this century how many of our geniuses have mingled their songs with tears and sighs over “insoluble problems” and “mysteries of life,” which have no existence for a man who is in his right senses and who minds his own business! while the “scrannel pipes” of the smaller wits have been playing to the sorry Yankee tune of “There’s nothing new, and there’s nothing true, and it doesn’t signify.” Music has taken to imitate the wailing of lost spirits or the liveliness of the casino; and the highest ambition of several of our best painters seems to have been to evoke a pathos from eternal gloom.

This is false art, and represents a false life, or rather that which is not life at all; for life is not only joyful, it is joy itself. Life, unhindered by the internal obstruction of vice or the outward obscurations of pain, sorrow, and anxiety, is pure and simple joy; as we have most of us experienced during the few hours of our lives in which, the conscience being free, all bodily and external evils have been removed or at least quiescent. And though these glimpses of perfect sunshine are few and far between, the joy of life will not be wholly obscured to us by any external evil—provided the breast is clear of remorse, envy, discontent, or any other habitually cherished sin.

The opportunities and hindrances of joyful life are pretty fairly distributed among all classes and persons. God is just, and His mercy is over all His works. If gardens and parks are denied to the inhabitant of a city lane, his eye is so sharpened by its fasts that it can drink in its full share of the sweetness of nature from a flowering geranium or a pot of crocuses on his window-sill. There are really very few persons who have not enough to eat. Marriage is open almost equally to all, except, perhaps, the less wealthy members of the upper orders. None are without opportunities of joy and abundant reasons for gratitude; and the hindrances of joy are, if justly considered, only opportunities of acquiring new capacities for delight. In proportion as life becomes high and pure it becomes gay. The profound spiritualities of the Greek and Indian myths laugh for joy; and there are, perhaps, no passages of Scripture more fondly dwelt upon in the Roman Breviary than those which paint the gladness of the Uncreated Wisdom: “When He balanced the foundations of the earth, I was with Him, forming all things; and was delighted every day, playing before Him at all times,—playing in the world. And my delight is to be with the children of men.”—“*Principle in Art*,” *Coventry Patmore*.

A PILGRIMAGE TO BETHLEHEM.

Christmas approached. The Reverend Father warden of the Holy Sepulchre had already gone to Bethlehem, with the greater part of the community, for the purpose of celebrating so important a day on the very spot where the Son of God deigned to be born. Being urged to share their great happiness, I set out on the 23d of December, at three in the afternoon, accompanied by a dragoman and a janissary. I rode a superb Arab mare, full of spirit; and yet I only walked her, lest by a too rapid pace I should lose the pleasure of observing anything of interest which the country might present for my mind and my heart. Oh, how different were my feelings from those with which I approached Jerusalem! Then I was drawing near to a city under a curse,—to a city where everything reminds you of the excruciating torments and ignominious death of the Saviour. And my afflicted soul beheld there nought save spots stained with the blood of the August Victim, or instruments of His cruel execution—a Prætorium, a Calvary, a crown of thorns, nails, a cross. But Bethlehem! All my life that name of itself had produced in me impressions of a pure joy, of an inexpressible charm. Never had I heard it uttered, never had I uttered it myself, without a sort of thrill. Judge, then, how much more vivid and delicious must have been the emotions of my soul as I approached it!

“In a few moments my eyes will behold that Bethlehem, the name of which is so dear to me! They will behold it! They will behold that Stable in which was born the fairest of the sons of men, the Word of life, my Saviour! They will behold that Manger in which He was laid, wrapped in swaddling clothes,—that Manger, the only cradle that His Mother had to give to such a Son. They will behold the place whither the Shepherds of the neighboring country, apprised by the voices of the Angels, came to adore Him; and that upon which knelt the Kings of the East, brought by a Star to pay homage to the King of kings, and to offer Him their presents; and that where Mary Immaculate suckled her Infant, warmed Him at her bosom, pressed Him to her heart!”

Thus did I inwardly say to myself, and with these thoughts which filled my soul were blended the fondest recollections of my childhood,—of that age when the reading of the Holy Scriptures constituted my chief delight; when the affecting histories of Abel, of Isaac, of Joseph, of the Child Jesus, especially of His having but a handful of straw for His bed and a stable for His palace, moved me to the bottom of my heart, and moistened my eyes with tears; when a mother, whose name too was Mary, mingled with those admirable

narratives the simple commentaries of her piety and her tenderness, rendered sensible to my eyes by means of engravings what my too young understanding alone would not have thoroughly comprehended, answered my little questions, and never appeared more happy than when I dunned her with my innocent curiosity. . . .

As we advanced, the view became more lovely and delightful. Bethlehem, seated amidst the hills and the plains which surround it, presented a picturesque prospect: the fields irregularly divided, according to the extent of the different properties, and sometimes enclosed by walls, appeared to me better cultivated; trees, the fig and the olive especially, were much more frequent. On the one hand, I perceived the mountains of Judea; on the other, beyond the Dead Sea, those of Arabia Petræa; the most unimportant objects captivated my whole attention. I stopped, I went forward, I turned back, I looked about, I mustered my recollections. In sight of that blessed land, of those plains, of those hills, I called to mind the rural manners of the patriarchs who dwelt there, their pastoral life, and the charming pictures of it left us in the Scripture. I thought of the ancestors of the Saviour, who had lived in these same parts; of the boy David tending his father's flocks; of Boaz, David's grandfather; of that admirable Moabite whose name was destined, by the dispensation of God, to be inscribed in the genealogy of His Son; of Ruth gleaning the fields of him whom Heaven decreed for her husband;—that Ruth whose touching history was well worthy to become one of our canonical books, and for whom religious Poesy has thought that she could never choose colors sufficiently soft and vivid.

It was six o'clock when I reached the monastery where I was expected. I was informed that the Reverend Father warden of the Holy Sepulchre had gone, with part of the community, as far as Rachel's tomb to meet me. As I had not taken the same road, and had gone first one way and then another, I had not fallen in with him.

I am at Bethlehem,—at Bethlehem! Amidst the attentions and the testimonies of a tender charity lavished upon me by the monks, my mind was occupied exclusively with one idea: I thought of nothing but the happiness of beholding the Sacred Grotto. But, a stranger, unacquainted with the monastery, not knowing whether I must apply to the Turks for the keys, in spite of myself I appeared grave, absent, and my looks betrayed my fears and my preoccupations. And, besides, I wanted solitude, night, silence, as at the tomb of our Saviour and on Golgotha. A good Father guessed what was passing within me, seeing me

so pensive. "You wish, perhaps," said he, "to visit the holy places this evening?"—"This very evening," I replied, "if there be nothing indiscreet in that wish; but as late as possible and alone."—"Well, wait till the community has retired to rest, and I will come and fetch you." He then accompanied me to the cell which had been prepared for me.

The lights were extinguished one by one in the monastery: In the cloister, where my cell was situated, nought was to be heard save the vibration of the pendulum of the clock, and the faint murmur of some of the monks praying beside their beds. Presently the good Father Joseph came for me. I followed him, with a lantern in my hand. We descended the great staircase, passed through several vaulted rooms, and arrived at the church. Turning thence to the right, we proceeded, by a staircase cut out of the rock, and very narrow, to a winding way equally narrow and still in the rock, where my guide pointed out to me an altar, and told me that beneath it is the tomb of the Holy Innocents. He was then directing my attention to another, when, impelled by a pious impatience, "I will look at that another time," I whispered; "let us proceed." We ascended some steps, and, having gone a few paces farther, we found ourselves before a door, which he hastily opened. I beheld a deep grotto, lighted by a great number of lamps. My guide withdrew, and I, my soul moved by fear, respect, love,—I entered, I fell on my knees, I prayed, I contemplated, I adored!

And those hours of night, during which I had watched near the Manger of the Lamb without spot, reminded me of that night and that hour when the Angel of the Lord appeared to the Shepherds keeping watch over their flocks; when the glory of the Lord shone round about them, and they were sore afraid. Methought an angel said to me as to them, "Fear not." I had felt the great joy which had been promised to them, because I was in the city of David; and on that very spot whither I had come to pray was born for me a Saviour, who is Christ the Lord. Like them I had found that sign given by the messenger of the Most High—the Stable, the Manger, and the Infant Jesus wrapped in swaddling clothes. I had felt in my heart His divine presence, which the lapse of time had not permitted me to behold there; I blessed the happy hour of my life when I said, "Let us go to Bethlehem and see." And I returned glorifying and praising God. The clock struck two as I got back to my cell.

Glory to God, glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men! Amen!—"Palestine, Egypt, and Syria," *De Geramb*.

Notes and Remarks.

Before another week comes round Christmas will have passed. We now heartily wish the readers of THE "AVE MARIA," far and near, a joyous Christmas and a happy New Year. May the celebration of the first coming of Our Lord draw us nearer than ever to the Source of all true joy, and may the New Year be one of growth in holiness,—of preparation for the happiness that shall never end!

This is the season of good deeds as well as of good wishes,—a time when the nearness of the Divine Presence makes every moment precious. A week from to-day we may look back to regret chances of doing good to those little ones whom Our Lord so loved. Now is the time to forestall all regrets and after-thoughts by instant action. Surely each one who reads this may make one sad, perhaps orphaned, heart happier. It takes so little to do it! Let the thought be followed by the act. If you have but a trifle to give, let it be given considerately at a season when what would be mere alms at another time takes on a halo of the season.

The Earl of Lichfield, speaking at a recent conference of the Church Association at Leicester, declared that he was perfectly persuaded, from a very careful study of the history of England, that there had never been a moment, since the country freed herself from "the tyranny of Rome," when the Church [*i. e.*, of England] was so corrupted by strange doctrines, so divided, and, to his mind, in such imminent danger of disruption, as now. Sad utterance this,—sad and significant.

The *London Tablet*, in noticing the fiftieth anniversary of the production of Verdi's first opera, says with acuteness and truth: "He began with tawdry tinsel,—Wagner came; and, though we may refuse the tribute to Wagner's work, the logic of his teaching has produced in Verdi results which must rank among everlasting music."

It is consoling to know for the sake of our common humanity that the ruffianly attack made by certain bigots on Archbishop Walsh, of Toronto, has been exaggerated. Although the Toronto police have not yet found the perpetrators of the outrage, the best public sentiment of that city indignantly repudiates it. The Rev. John Potts, a Protestant minister of Toronto, represents this sentiment when he says, in a letter to the *Toronto Empire*: "I am sure I am expressing not only my own feeling but that of every Protestant in Toronto when I express my unqualified

disapproval of the dastardly misconduct of the rowdies who insulted our Roman Catholic friends, and especially his Grace the Archbishop of Toronto. Roman Catholics were insulted, but, in my opinion, the Protestants of Toronto were grossly insulted by such villainous conduct."

When our Toronto friends understand the gentle and beautiful character of the Archbishop they will even more deeply regret the insult that has been offered him.

The Rt. Rev. John Tuigg, D.D., Bishop of Pittsburg, whose death occurred last week, was born at Donoughmore, County Cork, Ireland, in 1820. He began his studies for the priesthood at All Hallows' College, Dublin, and completed them at St. Michael's Seminary, Pittsburg. He was ordained priest by Bishop O'Connor. His first appointment was that of assistant priest at the Cathedral; later he was charged with the task of organizing St. Bridget's congregation. Afterward he was sent to Altoona, where he was the first resident priest. His work here left a deep impression. Having been Vicar-General of the diocese for several years, he was preconized Bishop of Pittsburg on January 16, 1870, and consecrated on March 19 of the same year by Archbishop Wood. For the past five years he has been an invalid, supported and consoled by his coadjutor with the right of succession, the Rt. Rev. Bishop Phelan. Bishop Tuigg was one of the pioneers of religion in Pennsylvania, and the works he so humbly and devotedly undertook are his best monument.

Protestant preachers all over the country are still discoursing on the Baltimore celebration, and the happy events connected with it. One of them thinks that the Catholic Congress will result in bringing the claims of the Church before the whole American people. The Rev. Dr. Potter, a prominent Baptist minister in New York, says that all Protestants could stand upon the platform of the Congress. As the *Western Watchman* remarks, and if they knew the principles of the Catholic Church they would find standing room there also. An association of prayer for the conversion of America would be in order now.

Sarah Mytton Maury, in "The Statesmen of America," a recently published work, pays the following tribute to the Church, with the remark that her words can not be applied to the same extent to any other whatever:

"I am an Episcopalian, or Protestant of the Church of England; but I am not, can not, be blinded to the many excellences of the Catholic Church; and especially as to its institutions regarding America: they

are, beyond comparison, the best adapted to curb the passions of a young, impetuous, intelligent, generous, and high-minded democracy; to protect the religion of the Republic from annihilation; to subdue the struggling and discordant interests of an immense territory into harmony, and to enchain the sympathies of a whole people in one magnificent scheme of morality and devotion. 'They shall be one fold under one Shepherd.' The institutions, besides, of this Church are themselves based upon that very equality which their discipline so efficiently modifies. There is one common law, and one alone, for all. In the words of the Old Testament, so admirably adapted to the description of the Catholic faith: 'Here the wicked cease from troubling, and here the weary are at rest; here the prisoners rest together; they hear not the voice of the oppressor. The small and great are there; and the servant is free from the master.'"

A mistaken impression has gotten abroad that the Holy Father opposes the proposed marriage of King Humbert's son, the Prince of Naples, and the Princess Clementine of Belgium. The Holy Father, notwithstanding the fact that the House of Savoy has despoiled the Church, would not permit that to influence his opinion of any marriage proposed to the Prince within the pale of the Church. It is probable that if he does not marry the Catholic Belgian Princess, the Liberals will try to arrange a marriage with a Lutheran Princess—the youngest sister of the German Emperor.

In France during 1884 there were 7,500 suicides; 331 of these were of young people between the ages of sixteen and twenty-one, and 67 under the age of sixteen. A comment on Paul Bert's school system.

The Catholics of Stockholm have at last secured, through the influence of King Oscar, a suitable cemetery. This is a great concession from the municipality in a country where the Church is merely tolerated.

The thirty-one priests and prelates assembled for the inauguration of the new Church of the Rosary at Lourdes have supplicated the Holy See for a special feast, with the proper Office, for Our Lady of Lourdes.

A writer in *The Fortnightly Review* tells an anecdote with a moral. The women of Christendom are constantly—and with reason—pitying the fate of their sisters who live under the degrading influence of the Mahomedan religion. At the same time it ought to be remembered that Mahomedans and others outside the Christian pale judge us by our practices, not by our professions. If

the Chinese women, for instance, exploited themselves in what is called "full dress" as indecorously as some of the women of society, what would be our conclusion? The writer in *The Fortnightly* shows from her observation how others see a modern practice which would have astonished even the Roman matrons of the Decadence. There is no question about the degradation of Mahomedan women, who are held by their lords and masters to have no souls; nevertheless, their modesty is not stamped out of them. Says the writer in *The Fortnightly*:

"I was once showing some photographs of friends of mine to a Moorish lady. She did not try to conceal her astonishment at the fact that 'well-behaved women,' as I had repeatedly to assure her they were, could be so bold as to have their pictures taken in this way to be exhibited to every chance acquaintance. But when we reached one taken in full evening dress, she seemed simply stupefied. 'Wallah!' she exclaimed, 'you are laughing at me! This is impossible! No modest woman could allow any stranger to see even a picture of herself with her shoulders thus exposed. This can not be the portrait of a real living woman.' But I assured her that she was mistaken. 'Then,' she exclaimed, in high excitement, 'may Allah curse her and her house and her offspring to all eternity! Shame on her!' Now, this lady was no old and haggard maiden, such as even among ourselves is sometimes found to frown upon the gayly-dressed damsels around her, and to reprove, in the bitterness of her envy and loneliness, their mad and merry frolics. She was a young woman of eighteen years of age, herself a perfect type of the far-famed Moorish beauty, a wife for the last five years, and a mother of three children. The tone of her voice left no doubt on my mind as to the honesty and genuine character of her disapprobation."

Mgr. Satolli speaks very little English. He has been accompanied in his travels by Father Howlett, who acted as his interpreter. Mgr. Satolli was pleased with America, and the gossips say he is "fast learning" American ways. He stopped in Ireland on his way to Rome.

Father Schynor, a Catholic missionary, is with Emin Bey's party. He is a Rhinelander, and he was sent out to choose suitable sites for missions. He has recently published a book, "Two Years on the Congo."

General de Charette's eldest daughter, Madame d'Haunoncelle, is dead. She was, when a little child, called by the Pontifical Zouaves "the Daughter of the Regiment."

The London *Tablet* has admirable and appreciative articles on the Centenary celebration and the Congress; and if we have ever had any

doubts about its broad-mindedness, or showed any feeling that it was "insular," we retract. Nothing could be more fraternal than the greeting it sends across the sea.

Mary Howitt's "Autobiography" contains some anecdotes of interest to Catholics. In 1850 Mrs. Howitt wrote of the anti-Catholic spirit of the English, and gave as an example the fact that the statue of the Blessed Virgin and Our Lord put up over the Catholic chapel at Hampstead was pelted with mud and stones. Mrs. Howitt thus describes her visit to the Vatican, after her conversion:

"I saw the Holy Father seated, not on a throne, but on a chair, a little raised above the level of the floor; and the English bishops, in their violet silk cloaks, seated in two rows on either side of him. The gracious, most courteous Duke of Norfolk came forward and acknowledged us. This might last, perhaps, two minutes. Then Mr. Clifford led me forward to the Holy Father; Margaret, as my daughter, following with Miss Clifford. I never thought of myself,—I was unconscious of everything. A serene happiness, almost joy, filled my whole being as I at once found myself on my knees before the Vicar of Christ. My wish was to kiss his foot, but it was withdrawn and his hand given me. You may think with what fervor I kissed the ring. In the meantime he had been told my age and my late conversion. His hands were laid on my shoulders, and again and again his right hand in blessing on my head, whilst he spoke to me of Paradise."

Alexandre Rapin, a good artist and a good Christian, died recently in France. He was a landscape painter of talent and sincerity.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands, as if you were bound with them.

—HEB., xiii, 3.

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

Mr. Matthew Smith, who piously breathed his last at Perth Amboy, N. J., on the 22d ult.

Mr. John Minahan, of San José, Cal., who departed this life on the 9th inst.

Mrs. Mary Hoar, whose happy death occurred in Lowell, Mass., on the same day.

Mrs. Mary Foley, who passed away on the 17th ult., at Anamoso, Iowa.

Miss Mary Raway, of Hastings, Minn.; Mrs. Bridget Beirne, Lowell, Mass.; Mrs. Ellen Doyle, San Francisco, Cal.; Mrs. Bridget Connolly, Philadelphia, Pa.; Mrs. Bridget Downey, Chippewa Falls, Wis.; Mary Ellen O'Toole, Waterville, N. Y.; and Andrew O'Day, Washington, D. C.

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



The Light of Christmas Morn.

A CAROL BY NORVAL CLYNE.

THE welcome snow at Christmastide
Falls shining from the skies :
On village paths and uplands wide
All holy-white it lies ;
It crowns with pearl the oaks and pines,
And glitters on the thorn,—
But purer is the Light that shines
On gladsome Christmas morn.

At Christmastide the gracious moon
Keeps vigil while we sleep,
And sheds abroad her light's sweet boon
On vale and mountain steep ;
O'er all the slumbering land descends
Her radiancy unshorn,—
But brighter is the Light, good friends,
That shines on Christmas morn.

'Twas when the world was waxing old,
And night on Bethlehem lay,
The Shepherds saw the heavens unfold
A light beyond the day ;
Such glory ne'er had visited
A world with sin outworn,—
But yet more glorious Light is shed
On happy Christmas morn.

Those Shepherds poor, how blest were they
The Angels' song to hear !
In manger cradle as He lay,
To greet their Lord so dear !
The Lord of heaven's eternal height
For us a Child was born ;
And He, the very Light of light,
Shone forth that Christmas morn.

Before His infant smile, afar
Were driven the hosts of hell ;
And still in souls that childlike are
His guardian love shall dwell.
O then rejoice, good Christian men,
Nor be of heart forlorn :
December's darkness brings again
The Light of Christmas morn !

As soon as Christ is born in your heart,
take ye care to nurse Him.—*Spanish Mystics.*

Francisco and Panchita.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

The "boom" was on in San Mateo. Bands of musicians paraded the streets, followed by antiquated vehicles of every description, conveying strangers hither and thither, for the better inspection of "choice lots," through the vast imaginary area of the magical city, which had sprung up, as it were, in a single night, no one knew how, no one knew why. Other glad sons of the goddess of the lyre sent forth harmonious strains from decorated wagons, bearing legends of fair promise and golden realization, pausing in their triumphal march only long enough to permit the bland, deep-chested, sonorous-voiced real-estate agent, who accompanied and directed the cavalcade, to proclaim at different objective points the natural advantages and particular characteristics of this or that quarter-section.

Carriages at command ; free lunches with every sale of large "additions" ; noise, bustle, confusion everywhere. The hotels were overcrowded ; lodging-housekeepers rubbed their foreheads in despair at being obliged to turn away hundreds on the arrival of each successive train. Hastily erected tents stood in long rows on vacant lots, where a dollar a night was charged the weary occupant for the privilege of resting his limbs on one of the hundreds of canvas cots that comprised their sole furniture. For toilet appliances he must trust to the street pump, or some friendly restaurant, if by chance he could succeed in obtaining thereat a hastily snatched meal.

Men stood six abreast, in lines fifty feet deep, waiting for letters and papers they seldom received, for the very good reason that when the accumulation became too formidable to be handled by the small force of clerks then employed, the surplus was carried, under cover of night, to the bay, and quietly deposited beneath its placid waters.

Property changed hands with astonishing rapidity. Lots were bought and sold, and bought and sold again, without any save their original owners having beheld them. Corner lots brought fabulous prices ; holes in the ground were at a premium. The little world

of San Mateo had lost its head completely; a few wiseacres shook their heads and predicted disaster; but the wide-awake denizens of the town, as well as the strangers within its gaze, laughed and sang on.

Even in sleepy Far Town, which had been the original settlement of San Mateo,—where dark-browed Mexicans and swarthy, stolid Indians still clung to the adobe houses and primitive usages of their fathers,—the inhabitants had already begun to feel premonitory symptoms of a strange yet not unpleasant fever in the blood, which increased and developed in direct ratio to the size and number of the lands they had acquired or inherited. Groups of citizens, in short jackets and huge *sombreros*, gathered daily on the *plaza*, after which reunions here and there might be seen: some old-time proprietor furtively “stepping off” his few patrimonial feet of earth, silently calculating its possible money value in the near future,—shining, to his illuminated vision, with brilliant golden dollars.

But in the little adobe house standing on the hill behind the church all things went on as usual; for it was tenanted only by an old Mexican sewing-woman and two children—a boy and girl of twelve years. El Señor Tiraille, the father, had come to the place five years before, in the last stages of consumption, hoping but vainly to receive some lasting benefit from the mild climate. For a while he had rallied, but after a few months he succumbed to the disease. Somehow it had become known that El Señor had served in the Mexican army; had married, it was said, the daughter of a once famous general, who, long ago, was reduced by the caprice of revolutionists to poverty and obscurity. The mother of the children had died in giving them birth, and old Maddalena, her own nurse, had chosen to follow the uncertain fortunes of the father and his orphans. He was in receipt of a pension from the Government, and bore the marks of several wounds—souvenirs of many battles. “He was surely a brave soldier,” said the gossips; “for he is still so young.”

During the short time of his residence in Far Town El Señor had become very intimate with the Padre Antonio, who to these simple-minded people was the incarnation of law and gospel, their comfort in sorrow, their refuge

in adversity, their devoted pastor and faithful friend. On this good man devolved the guardianship of Edward Tyrell’s orphans,—a trust he assumed with all the generosity of his kind heart. There was a life-insurance amounting to twenty-five hundred dollars, but the pension died with the recipient. With unbounded faith in the future of San Mateo,—a prophetic faith which had filled his soul when for the first time, twenty-seven years before, he had beheld its glorious bay, and which still remained unshaken,—Father Antonio had invested five hundred dollars of this amount in the purchase of twenty acres of land, and the small adobe house in which the little family had lived from the beginning. For he hoped great things for the children, and their fortunes were to be made from this very purchase,—at least it was to afford them a good start in life. The remainder of the money being put out at interest with good security, they found no difficulty in providing for their simple wants.

More than this: Maddalena contrived to lay by a certain sum yearly toward defraying the expenses of the education which, after much preliminary instruction from Father Antonio, the two children were to receive. For her part, she did not see why the good Father himself could not teach Francisco all it was necessary for him to know,—unless indeed the poor priest, being pressed for time, and often without an assistant, could not compass the task. And as for Panchita, she could already read and write; that ought to be enough, with the embroidery that Maddalena could teach her so well. Then, again, she would reason with herself that the time might come when the child would return to the sphere wherein she had been born, and in that case it were well that she should hold her own with the best.

Maddalena was very proud of the children, and in her opinion Francisco was almost as good a Latin scholar as the Padre himself; her knowledge of the boy’s facility being confined to his responses during Mass, which he always served, Sundays and weekdays, whenever it was said in the chapel,—the church in new San Mateo claiming the larger part of the Father’s time and attention. But she pinched and saved, cultivating the little garden in

front of the house, patching and remaking new garments out of old ones, whereof she had a goodly store. Her whole thought was for her charge; her life was bound up in theirs.

Early in the married life of her beloved mistress, Maddalena had learned that "El Capitano" had wealthy relatives abroad. She also knew that after his death Father Antonio had endeavored to communicate with them, though unsuccessfully; and deep down in the recesses of her devoted heart she cherished a hope that some day they would be recognized and restored to their rightful heritage. From their earliest infancy the good nurse had tried to impress the children with the belief, which was sincerely her own, that a great fortune was awaiting them beyond the sea, and no sooner was one novena finished than she began, and made them join with her in, another to Nuestra Señora de Guadalupe, the patron of the church where they went daily to pray. To St. Francis also, the patron of both children, she made many an appeal; and now that Christmas was approaching, and the time at hand when the boy would depart for the Jesuit College at Santa Maria, she bade them redouble their prayers that something might intervene to prevent the separation.

It must be confessed that the little ones were happy enough in their poor estate, and did not share as much as Maddalena would have wished in her anxiety and regret; for they were sensible children. And Francisco would say, in answer to her occasional complainings that they did not value as they should the rather unsubstantial fortune with which she would fain endow them:

"But, *Maddalena mia*, in any case we should have to part some time, Panchita and I. Were we ever so rich we should have to go to school."

"Not so, *mio Francisco*," she would gravely make answer, her hands on her hips and her eyes upturned to heaven. "Not so, darling! I am told that among the rich and great the little ones go not out from home for an education. Men and women are brought for that purpose to the house, and all studies are there pursued. So in such case you would not have to part from each other, you and Panchita,—twins too, with one heart and one soul I might say,—until—unless you so wished it."

"That we should never wish!" Panchita would exclaim; and, hand in hand, they would run away, laughing.

Then, solemnly shaking her head, Maddalena would stand on the door-step, with tears in her eyes, looking out vainly for the long-delayed relatives who were to come in search of her dear children. In these busy days especially she eagerly scanned the occupants of every carriage that rolled along the dusty highway; for "is it not always in chariots and with horsemen in numbers that the stories tell of the lost who are reclaimed?"

"Ten days before Christmas!" said Francisco one morning on the way to Mass. "Have you forgotten the novena, Maddalena? You have always so many intentions!"

"I was just about to speak of it, dear," said the old woman. "This time we will redouble our prayers, and offer up all our actions to the Holy Infant, who watches over all good children."

"And the bad also?" said Panchita. "Does He not love the good and the bad alike?"

"Surely, child; but He will doubtless grant more favors to those who love Him and keep His Commandments than to those who are wicked. Listen now with both ears open. Thou knowest, Cisco, and thou too, *Chita mia*, what is always our grand intention, after we have prayed to be kept unspotted from the world."

"But, Maddalena, we have prayed and prayed, but no rich relatives have come to take us away. Not that we wish to go; for we are very well off, and no one could be half so good as Father Antonio. And if they should come, and wish to leave you behind, Maddalena, we would not go,—no, not one step!"

"Bless your dear heart!" said the old woman, stooping to kiss the upturned face of the child. "That must be as God wills."

"It was only yesterday," continued the boy, "that Chita and I said to each other it was not fitting that we should pray to Our Lady and the Holy Infant that we might be taken far away to strange places by people who do not love us."

"If they do not love you, they will not seek you. If they do not love you when they find you, they will not take you away. Truly, many a time does my heart misgive me that

such is the case. But, again, it may also be true that the letters did not reach that far country where your dear papa lived when he was a boy. We pray that God may enlighten their hearts, if it so be that they are kind."

"Well, only this once then, Maddalena!" said the boy, very decidedly. "Panchita and I have quite agreed that we shall only pray this once."

"Yes indeed, Maddalena!" echoed the girl. "As Cisco was saying, we are very well here."

"You speak truly, my children," she replied; "for we are not beggars. We have good money at interest and land of our own, thanks to the dear Father Antonio. Only last night Jean Moreno, who is often in town, told me, when I met him near the *plaza*, that it would soon be worth much gold. To sell it then would be to make our fortunes. But your dear father and mother would have wished that their children should come into their own. This I know. Let us, then, once more begin the novena to the Holy Child; for it is only to those who pray without ceasing that the treasury is opened."

"Well, dear Maddalena, so be it!" said Cisco. "Only *once* more, though; for we are well content as it is."

(CONCLUSION IN OUR NEXT NUMBER.)

Noelie.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TYBORNE," ETC.

XIII.

The next day Mr. Chevahier, who had a cold, could not go to the club after dinner. He was very dull, walked up and down the room, took up the newspaper and then threw it down, for his eyes were weak.

"Uncle Friend," said Noelie, "shall I read the paper to you?"

Uncle Friend was astonished.

"Why, child, you would not like that! You would not understand."

"Well, you'll see, Uncle," said Noelie. And she drew her chair near his, and began to read clearly and distinctly.

Oh, how she hated that newspaper, and such long words and such close lines! But Mr. Chevahier liked it beyond measure. He lay

back in his arm-chair, his feet on the fender, and every now and again made an exclamation of interest.

"Look on the third page," said he, "to see if those reports are confirmed. There—just there. The latest news is always in that corner. But are you not tired, little one?"

"Oh, no!" said Noelie. "I can go on if it gives you pleasure."

"Pleasure!" said Mr. Chevahier. "Of course it does. This is the first pleasant evening I have had since this horrid cold prevented me from going out."

At nine o'clock Mr. Chevahier stopped Noelie. "Bed-time, my dear," he said.

Noelie could hardly keep her eyes open, so she got up and kissed her uncle.

"I will read again to-morrow night, if you like."

"Very well, my dear. I shall like it exceedingly."

Noelie went to her room and danced for joy. In rushed Catherine to see if anything was the matter.

"I have done as Mary wished me," cried Noelie, "and I am so happy! I read that horrid newspaper to Uncle Friend, and he was pleased, and I am pleased; and I'll tell Mary to-morrow, and she will be pleased. Can't I go and see her to-morrow, dear, good Catherine?" she pleaded.

"Very well, my child," said Catherine; "provided you are up in good time—and if you will stop dancing."

Next day the two friends were again together in the window-seat.

"Now, Mary," said Noelie, "tell me all your history. To begin, how old are you?"

"I am twelve years old," answered Mary.

"So am I; but I thought you were younger, you are so small."

"I have no history," continued Mary; "what can I tell you? We have lived here ever so long. Before that we were in the country. I don't know what the place was called; I can only remember the big trees, and that grandmother began to be so ill and sad. And when we returned to Paris my father died, and grandmother and I came to live here. I think it must be seven or eight years ago. During the first years grandmother could still walk, and she always accompanied me when—"

ever I went out. Then she lost her health. We have always a supply of those cakes you may have seen in the basket the other day. They are sea-biscuits. I don't like them, they are so hard. At first I wanted to go out and get some bread and meat, but grandmother could not bear me to leave her. She sometimes cries out in agony, 'Mary!—where is Mary?' and when she sees me by her side she grows calm. One day she woke up when I was out, and I found her in such a state, crying and sobbing and saying, 'Lost! lost!'"

"And how do you get money?"

"I take it from the little grey bag. Twice a year a fat gentleman comes and gives grandmother a little grey bag full of money. It is a pension she receives because her husband was a sailor. When grandfather was alive we were not at all poor, I believe. Since her illness grandmother can not walk, nor sleep at night; she generally sleeps from eight in the morning till midday, and during that time I go out."

Nine o'clock was striking.

"May I come to-morrow again?" asked Noëlie.

"I am sorry to say no," replied Mary. "Grandmother will be awake then. We shall meet at catechism on Thursday."

"That's a long way off!" sighed Noëlie.

XIV.

The day for catechism came at last, and when it was over Noëlie joined her friend.

"May I go home with you now? Catherine has some errands, and she will call for me after a while."

"Yes," answered Mary. "Grandmother is not asleep, but she said you might come in."

The room was not in total darkness as before, but curtains shaded the bed where the old woman lay. Noëlie could not see her, but she heard her low moaning, which made her heart beat fast. However, she took care not to show this to Mary.

"Who gave you that beautiful crucifix," she asked aloud.

"Hush, Noëlie dear!" said Mary. "Speak low. Grandmother never saw my little altar. Alas! poor granny knows nothing of Our Lord and His Blessed Mother. Once I tried to speak to her of them, and she said, 'No, no!' and I dared not speak again. When she gets up she sits in her arm-chair and always

has the curtain drawn behind her, so she sees nothing."

"Now, Mary, will you finish your story, please?" asked Noëlie. "You remember you left off the other day at where your grandmother began to lose her health."

"Oh, yes! Well, one day in winter I went to the porter's lodge on an errand, and I found the porter's wife sick in bed, and by her side stood a priest. He looked at me and asked if I were ill, and where my mother lived. He came out into the courtyard, and I told him all about grandmother. Then he told me to come to see him next day, and he taught me many things about God and our holy religion, and how to say my prayers. A little later he asked the Sisters of Charity to let me come to school from nine to twelve every day, because then I can leave granny. The first time I went to confession he gave me this pretty crucifix and said: 'Let it be, my child, the companion of your solitude. Never forget that Our Lord left the joys of heaven for your sake, that He died upon the Cross, and that He loves you with an infinite love.'"

Mary's eyes were full of tears.

"How beautiful!" exclaimed Noëlie.

As time went on the friendship of Mary and Noëlie grew apace, and had an excellent effect on the latter. By degrees Noëlie gained courage enough to glance at the old grandmother when she was sitting in her arm-chair, her head resting on her breast, and her face bearing traces of great mental suffering and a look of settled despair.

Noëlie had been very careless about her music, but when she learned from Mary that the sounds of her playing seemed to please grandmother and rouse her a little, she threw all her heart into her practising, paid more attention to her teacher, and made great progress. She also grew more attentive to her uncle and well-behaved at home. And on one occasion, when an old friend from the country came to dine, she showed so much thoughtfulness that on leaving he remarked: "My dear Chevahier, I am so glad you have such a sweet adopted daughter to take care of you!"

By degrees also Mary induced Noëlie to be more neat in her dress. This cost her some trouble at first. When Mary began to arrange her collar and her girdle, Noëlie exclaimed:

"What does it signify? Why should you trouble yourself about such trifles? Are you going to be like Regina and Augusta?"

"I don't consider these things trifles at all, Noemie. I think it is a duty to be neat," answered Mary.

"A duty!"

"Yes, indeed. Look at the flowers, look at the works of God. They are never in disorder. Besides, every action, however small, can be done for God. Now, didn't Father Adrian say so at catechism?"

"Well, yes," said Noemie, slowly, "he did."

"And then," continued Mary, pointing to her favorite picture, "our Blessed Lady is our model in everything; and, Noemie, can you imagine her with her veil crooked, her mantle torn?"

"Oh, no, no! It makes me shudder. Listen, Mary: *I will mend.*"

And so she did.

At first Regina and Augusta, perceiving the change, laughed at her. Then it could no longer be concealed from their curious eyes that Noemie had made friends with Mary and penetrated the dwelling of the witch. For a time this led to many little breaches of charity, and Noemie came to Mary with red eyes and flaming cheeks, and declared that she hated Regina and Augusta. But Mary gave her no rest till this evil feeling was subdued, and at last Regina and Augusta were won over to be friendly.

Grandmother had begun by tolerating Noemie's presence in the garret, then she took some notice of her; and one day when Noemie brought a bottle of wine, saying it might brighten her up, the old woman burst out:

"Brighten me up! Never, never! Don't you know it is grief that is killing me? No, no: you know nothing. I must tell you, or I shall die. Listen! Her mother"—pointing to Mary—"had twin daughters, and three years afterward a son was born. Then news came that the house in which we lived and the whole street were to be pulled down, and we had to move. We decided to go outside Paris to Vincennes. So my daughter and her husband went with the baby, and I was to follow next day with the two little girls. I set off, holding each by one hand; but we had not gone far when Jenny began to cry and say she could

not walk. I could not carry her,—O God, Thou knowest I could not! But no, Thou dost not know; for Thou didst not aid me!"

"Grandmother," said Mary, kissing her, "He does know. He is all-powerful and so good!"

"Oh, yes!" sighed the poor woman. "Once I loved the good God. I prayed to Him. I was very happy. But all that is over now.—I had to go back to the house with my two little ones. I gave Jenny to our neighbor Consudo, her godmother, who was also coming to Vincennes to be near us; and I went back with Mary to the railway. Jenny was often with her godmother, and was very fond of her. Consudo was to come in two days. She came, but without my Jenny,—without Jenny!" she repeated, with a hoarse scream; "do you hear? Without Jenny! Yes, she told her story. I can hear her now, the accursed one! She said that the day after we left the workmen entered to pull down the next house, so she set out that afternoon. Her husband went with the cart containing their furniture, and Consudo delayed to say good-bye to her mother, and then hurried on to meet her husband. Oh, the horrible creature! She thought Jenny was in the cart with the furniture, and her husband thought she was with his wife. And when they met they discovered their mistake, and they were miles away from Paris. And when Consudo returned she found no child, and could get no clue to her. Then she came to us and told us. May she be accursed forever!"

"Grandmother, dear grandmother!" said Mary, gently laying her hand on the cold face, and again kissing her.

"I flew back to Paris to the house, but it was half pulled down. I inquired of the workmen and the passers-by if they had seen the child. I wept, I cried aloud, but all to no purpose. Her mother came also, but all in vain. It was her death-stroke: she faded away in a few months; the baby died also, and when Mary was seven years old her father died. And from the hour I lost Jenny I have never held up my head. My daughter trusted her child to me and I lost her! Wretch that I am, I can never forget that awful day! It is in my mind always. I can not pray,—I can not raise my eyes to heaven."

The old woman lay back exhausted. In a few moments a soft knock was heard at the door, and Noelie, with tears in her eyes, bade Mary good-bye, and hurried away.

"I know now," she said to Catherine,—"I know now why Mary's grandmother is so ill and miserable."

"What is the reason?" asked Catherine.

"Only imagine, Catherine! Mary had a twin sister called Jenny; and, as the house they lived in was to be thrown down, the grandmother, who was going to live at Vincennes, left Jenny to the care of a neighbor; and the neighbor accidentally lost her, and she was never found."

"The idea of leaving a child to a neighbor!" cried Catherine. "Where were its mother and father?"

"They were both gone."

"There it is!" said Catherine. "Some parents are so careless, and when it's too late they weep and mourn. What became of the child? I suppose she is dead."

"I suppose she is," said Noelie.

XV.

Some weeks had passed, when one pleasant Sunday Noelie persuaded Uncle Friend to take her to see the Sainte Chapelle—the beautiful chapel erected by St. Louis, King of France, to contain the holy Thorns of our Lord's Crown, and now used as a show place. Noelie enjoyed the treat, and the part of Paris in which the chapel stands was new to her. They drove to the chapel and walked back.

"Look at all these new houses," said Mr. Chevahier. "They have been built only a few years; they are younger than you are."

"Younger than I am!" said Noelie, in surprise. "Are you very sure, Uncle Friend?"

"Certainly these houses and these trees were not there when—"

He stopped short, stood still, and seemed lost in thought.

"What is the matter?" asked Noelie. "How sad you look, Uncle Friend!"

"Child, I am only thinking of this part of Paris nine years ago. There stood here—just here—a narrow, dirty, muddy street called Rue de Venise. I think I can see it now on a winter night, and I think I can hear those sad, piercing cries."

He was speaking to himself.

"O Uncle Friend, do tell me what it was! Who cried?"

"A little girl dying with hunger. She was all alone in the house. A passer-by heard her, and took her away and had her cared for."

"Then gave her back to her parents?" asked Noelie.

"No: they were never found."

"What became of the little girl?" asked Noelie. Her heart was beating; she was saying to herself, "Perhaps it was Jenny!"

"I can't tell you any more," said Mr. Chevahier. "God has taken good care of her."

The next time that Noelie and Catherine went out together, Noelie began:

"Catherine dear, is Uncle Friend my father's brother?"

"No, child," said Catherine.

"Then he is my mother's brother?"

"No, he is not."

"Oh, I see! He is my great-uncle. Is he brother to grandpapa or grandmamma?"

"Neither of them, my dear. Why do you worry your head with such things? Look at those pretty birds opposite in a cage!"

"Catherine, how can he be my uncle at all?" persisted Noelie.

"He is better than an uncle: he is like a father to you."

Noelie was silent for a while, then she began:

"Catherine, did you know my mother?"

"No, darling."

"Or my father?"

"No, no."

"But Uncle Friend knew them?"

Catherine did not reply.

"Did Uncle Friend know them?" repeated Noelie.

"No," said Catherine, greatly embarrassed.

"Are they dead a long time? *Are* they dead? Where are they?" continued the child.

"Pray for your parents, dear," said Catherine; "that is the best way in which to remember them."

By this time they had reached home, and no more was said on the subject.

(CONCLUSION IN OUR NEXT NUMBER.)

HE comes as a stranger and in great poverty. Give Him your heart to rest in, that He may say in the last day, "I was a stranger and ye took Me in."—*Juan de Avila.*

THE
AVE MARIA
 TO THE HONOR OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN
 A MAGAZINE DEVOTED
 HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED

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The Swan-Song of the Year.

BY HENRY C. WALSH.

A SWAN-SONG rises, soft and low and sweet,
 That blends its joy-notes with some vague
 regret,

As of a wanderer whose face is set
 Toward brighter realms, who yet looks back to
 greet

The land he leaves with slow, regretful feet.

With song the Old Year hails the New, but yet
 We backward glance. Ah, we will not forget,
 Though cold he lies in snow-white winding-sheet!

So, Christmas like a smiling oasis

In Winter's desert, maketh glad and green

The palsied Year, upon his couch of snow:
 Let him not die until good-will and peace

Reign in thy heart in place of hate and spleen,

And greet as friend whom thou hast scorned
 as foe!

A Christmas Baptism and St. Remi's Shrine.

BY OCTAVIA HENSEL.

MEMORIES of sunny woodlands full of
 dancing shadows; grey old towers of
 convent and church rising from out
 branches of osier, poplar, and birch, whose
 leaves seemed whispering an endless "*Ave
 Maria*" beneath the spire cross; gardens of
 dahlias, red, white, and golden brown; huge
 roses, and trailing vines of sweet-pea tangled

in mignonette; mile-stones of marble on
 meadows, over which chalky white roads lead
 on to Reims;—all these scenes come to me
 here in the twilight of the Christmas firelight,
 and a winter moon rising over the silent city;
 for I have been dreaming, with half-closed
 eyes, of that grand Christmas baptism in the
 old Gallic-Roman Basilica of Reims, now the
 church and shrine of St. Remi, the simple,
 devoted priest and bishop, whose silver coffin
 lies surrounded by the marble statues of
 princely lord bishops, descendants of the
 noblest ducal families of France, whose an-
 cestors he had baptized in the ranks of the
 Frankish armies of the son of Childeric.

A holy calm now fills the grand old temple
 where, fourteen centuries ago (496), on a
 Christmas morning, Clovis walked to his bap-
 tism hand in hand with Remi, the saintly
 Bishop of Reims. Very simply does Arch-
 bishop Hincmar tell us of that scene.*

"The Bishop," says he, "went in search of
 the King † at early morn in his bed-chamber,
 in order that, taking him at the moment of
 freedom from secular cares, he might more
 freely communicate to him the mysteries of
 the holy word. The King's chamber-people
 received him with great respect, and the King
 himself ran forward to meet him. Thereupon
 they passed together into an oratory dedicated
 to St. Peter, chief of the Apostles, and adjoin-
 ing the King's apartment. When the Bishop,

* "Life of St. Remi," by Archbishop Hincmar,
 successor to St. Remi at Reims.

† Clovis, son of Childeric, and his wife Clotilde,
 daughter of Chilperic.

the King and the Queen had taken their places on the seats prepared for them, and admission had been given to some clerics and also some friends and household servants of the King, the venerable Bishop began his instructions on the subject of salvation. . . .

"Meanwhile preparations are being made along the road from the palace to the baptistery; curtains and valuable stuffs are hung up; the houses on either side of the street are decorated; the baptistery is sprinkled with balm and all manner of perfume. The procession moves from the palace; the clergy lead the way with the holy Gospels, the cross and standards, singing hymns and spiritual songs; then comes the Bishop, leading the King by the hand; after him the Queen, lastly the people. On the road it is said that the King asked Remi if that were the kingdom promised him. 'No,' answered the prelate; 'but it is the entrance to the road that leads to it.' . . . At the moment when the King bent his head over the baptismal font, the Bishop cried: 'Lower thy head, Scambrian! Adore what thou hast burned; burn what thou hast adored.'"^{*}

Fourteen centuries have passed since that Christmas morning, and yet Roman triumphal arches stand as when Clovis gazed upon them; and the western façade of the Roman Basilica, which Time has gently touched with reverent hand, still rises upon the sequestered square, and throws its shadow over the narrow streets of the old Gallic-Roman city through which the son of Childeric went to his baptism.

We can not now enter where he trod, nor does the great western portal roll back in our day for any but kings; we must seek entrance at the southern transept. There we see where aisles to the old basilica and chapels of the apse have been added to the Roman building, and note the flying buttresses that support the eastern apse,—huge girders of stone, unornamented, square and massive, upholding a canopy-like dome above the tomb of the saintly prelate.

The nave of the building, from its western entrance to the great altar, is a Roman basil-

^{*} The King's two sisters, Alboflède and Lanté-childe, likewise received baptism; and so at the same time did three thousand of the Frankish army, besides a large number of women and children.

ica; but later, when Catholicity ruled in the land, Norman pillars rose to support arches that uphold galleries like broad cloistral walks, almost cathedrals in themselves, with spandrelled and bossed roof exquisitely carved from a sandy grey stone, too yellow in hue for Caen, too firm and hard for yellow sandstone.

The first arches at the right of the western portal are upheld by exquisitely proportioned pillars, Greco-Roman in style, formed of twelve small shafts which surround two larger central shafts, suggesting to the lover of symbolism the twofold nature of our Blessed Lord, surrounded by His holy Apostles. The remaining pillars^{*} are round or octagonal, and uphold the great galleries, which are seen through huge arches, divided into smaller spandrel arches by circular shafts crowned with Corinthian capitals, and which in turn support a wall with small arched openings, showing it to contain a small corridor or dark story—the *triforium*,—encircling the entire church. Above this are the clerestory windows,†—simple Norman arches, each surmounted by a small circular window filled with somewhat modern glass, grey, blue and brown in hue; but they were once as rich in jewelled light as the band of conjoined Norman lancets which glorify the termination of the eastern apse. Simple wooden benches of oak fill the nave, in the centre of which, toward the northern aisle, we caught sight of a pulpit of dark, richly sculptured oak, with sounding-board surmounted by the Angel of the Resurrection.

There are two choirs at the intersection of the transepts. One is surrounded by a railing of stone, in which are two gates of hammered iron, with flame-like twisted tongues or points. Verd-antique and porphyry columns surmount the stone parapet near the altar. In this first choir are two music desks, beside which bass viols rest; and upon the desks are strange old parchment missals,—a mass of

^{*} There are thirteen pillars on either side of the nave, but only the first two on the south are of elaborate workmanship.

† On the north these clerestory windows are only painted to resemble stained glass; for the church adjoins a building once a cloister or a palace, but now fallen to decay.

black letters illuminated with golden capitals, and colored lines on which appear the *numa*, *breva*, and *longa breva* of old musical notation. Gazing upon them we seem to hear the tonal chant of the *canto-fermo* which has echoed through the solemn nave since St. Remi stood upon the altar steps.

The transepts contain chapels between stone confessionals under four grand arches, supported on Greco-Roman columns, very old, almost crumbling with decay. The statue of the Holy Virgin and Child forms the termination of the northern transept; but the southern transept contains the entrance portal, and on its eastern side has a magnificent Entombment in a chapel or cave seemingly cut into and surrounded by solid rock.

In the second choir is the tomb of St. Remi. Through an iron-barred opening of the great marble sarcophagus is seen his silver coffin. On either side of this massive marble tomb are sculptured figures of the noble and military prelates of France. On the northern side stand the ducal bishops of Aquitaine, Normandy, and Burgundy, the Counts of Champagne, Toulouse, and Flanders; on the south the archducal Bishop of Reims, the ducal bishops of Laon, Langres, Beauvais, Chalons, and Noyon. Porphyry and Sienna marble columns divide them; their shields, with crests and armorial bearings, are sculptured on panels beneath.

As in Notre Dame de Reims, seven chapels are grouped around the apse. The pillars whence spring the lofty arches of these apsidal chapels, and which separate them from the tomb, are round and Corinthian crowned, with exquisitely sculptured acanthus leaves. Above these arches is the wall of the dark story, and higher yet a conjoined band of arched clerestory windows, exquisitely jewel-like in effect.

All is dark, grey, and silent around the altar tomb,—silent from the songs of praise,—silent save for the mysterious spiritual presence of prayers murmured by kneeling pilgrims,—silent as the marble forms of those whose lives have made the history of France;—silent, for night has fallen on the spot where, in the sunshine of a Christmas morning, Clovis bowed before the saintly Remi, and received the baptism of a Christian King.

A Business Transaction.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

I.

THE poor old woman kissed her son for the last time. Her pale cheeks flushed as she did it, and a braid of white hair—hastily put up that morning before she went to court—fell from under her faded, black bonnet.

The train was about to move out. She spoke no word, but moved back and took her place at the station door. The groups on the platform—mostly happy and expectant groups, laden with Christmas packages,—surrounded her. Her only boy was going from her, and he was going to prison. He kept his eyes down. Only when he had to move toward the train, between two policemen, he turned and tried to kiss his hand to her; but he had forgotten his handcuffs. His face turned red; he did not look at her again.

She stood, with the braid of white hair hanging over her eyes; she watched the train disappear. With a heavy sigh she went out into the muddy streets. They were full of noise; wagons dashed past, evergreens swung from awning posts and shop windows. The world was glad, for the Christ-Child was coming. But her son had gone from her. Her eyes caught the gilded sign, "Foreign and Domestic Liquors." She shuddered, and, hailing a car, went home. That home was desolate enough. It consisted of three little rooms: one in which a sewing-machine stood,—this was her sleeping-place; there was another, the kitchen and dining-room; and still another, his bedroom. The house might have been called a "shanty," if it were not for the scrupulous neatness of everything outside and in.

She walked from room to room as if dazed. She was alone. Sometimes, in the first years of her widowhood, she had feared for the future of the chubby little boy, who was all she had in the world; but no such fear as this dreadful reality had oppressed her. She had imagined him dead; she had dreamed of his encountering many dangers in the world; but she had never dreamed that he would leave her with the brand of disgrace on his brow.

It had come to pass on that day young

Nicholas Harding had been taken to prison, handcuffed as a thief. His mother believed in his innocence, nobody else did. It was generally acknowledged in the village of Holstein that drink did it. Nicholas had been "steady" enough until he fell in with the members of what was called a target club. His employer, the best carpenter in the place, had then begun to complain of him. His mother noticed a change. He no longer stayed at home in the evenings. His mother owned ten acres of land just outside of Holstein, on which she had put up, with her own earnings, a little house. She and Nick had often talked of building a larger one; for in the pleasant weather Holstein, because of its medicinal springs, was a famous resort for city people. Why should she not cease her perpetual work at the sewing-machine and take some of these people into her house,—if she had a house big enough for them?

Nicholas entered heartily into this plan. As an apprentice, he earned little, but part of that little was put away for the new house. How often they talked of this! By and by, when Nicholas had learned his trade, and the money began to come in, he would go to college. This dream lightened many a weary day as Mrs. Harding bent over the ever present sewing-machine. But the target club ended it all. Nicholas brought no more money home. He wore flaming neckties and a pin of colossal size nestling among their folds. He was out every night; he had his "committees" to attend to, and other important business.

Mrs. Harding saw by the village paper that the target club was about to give its first annual "reception," and that her son's name headed the list of managers. She sighed, but thought no evil. "Boys will be boys"; *her* Nicholas could not forget all the lessons of his lifetime. One Saturday night he stumbled up-stairs, and the next morning he was not up in time for Mass. His mother did not go into his room; she knew what was the matter; she had knelt by her bedside all night. She would not accept the horrible truth. "The poor boy is not well," she said aloud. Nobody asked her about Nick as she came home from church; it was well known in Holstein that he had been dragged home drunk by his friends the night before.

The time of the target club "reception" came round. Nick wanted money. He had invited a "lady friend." He must have a carriage,—all the other fellows were to go to this dance in carriages. He calculated that the whole thing would cost him fifteen dollars. Where was he to get it? He could not borrow it, he could not beg it. He asked his mother for it; she had put all her money—it was not much—in the savings-bank. She could not get it without two weeks' notice at the bank. He said nothing, but he made up his mind that he would have the money; he *must* have it. He was the first floor manager; he had asked the most dashing girl in the village to go with him; it would be ridiculous to back out; everybody would know the reason. He *must* have the money, and he had it. He took a twenty-dollar note from his employer's desk and went to the dance. That same night he was arrested.

Mrs. Harding would not believe him guilty. She mortgaged her lot to get money to pay the lawyers,—she had the highest-priced men in the State. She did her best; he was sentenced to eighteen months in jail; thither he was taken on December 24, 1880.

II.

Mrs. Harding had several earnest friends in Holstein,—all self-respecting people have earnest friends. The best of these was Father MacDowell, the priest of St. Michael's. He never tired of praising her industry, her faith, her charity. When this misfortune befell her he said little, but he went, on the first "visiting day" at the jail, to see Nicholas. He returned with much consolation for the mother.

"The boy is thoroughly penitent," he said; "I can vouch for it. God will bring good out of evil, and when you see him here again he will be a man. Keep your heart in peace, and make a home for him here. With God's help, he'll be a good man yet. He will never touch a drop of liquor, depend on it, if he gets home safe."

Mrs. Harding was greatly comforted. She went back to her work, supported by the sweet hope of the priest's words.

Another friend of hers was Mr. Dornin, the owner of the great hotel at Holstein and of the mineral springs. He sent her a ten-dollar gold piece in advance for some mending he asked her to do for him. He held the mort-

gage on her lot, and three months afterward that ten-dollar gold piece went back to him as part of the five per cent. interest she had contracted to pay him.

The winter and spring were wearisome to her. She worked all day and half the night; but all her little hoard spent itself. She fasted many a day that she might save enough to pay her way to the jail. The "visiting days" were oases in her life. Nicholas was well spoken of by the authorities. His term of eighteen months would be cut down to one year. This was joyful news to his mother; it was better than a tonic, and she worked and worked with renewed courage.

It was the general opinion in Holstein that this industrious little old woman could help herself, and she was allowed to do it. How hard it was! She paid the first three months' interest on the mortgage; she refunded the twenty dollars which the carpenter said Nick had taken,—she never believed that her son had taken it, and she gave it to the man with that protest; she paid several debts which Nick had contracted, and she existed. Work became scarce; and her friends, who would have given her alms, would have let her starve rather than inconvenience themselves to make work for her. If there is anything most worthy of admiration in American civilization it is strict attention to business.

Mr. Dornin, who was never absent from his pew at High Mass, noticed with satisfaction that the Widow Harding was devout. He would have a lot of overalls made for his laborers in the spring and help her along. Of course she would do them for less than the tailor,—say at fifteen cents a pair. One hundred overalls at fifteen cents—he remembered he was at Mass, and thumped his breast industriously. Then his thoughts wandered to the mortgage. She couldn't pay the interest; he would have to foreclose. Her lot was one of the best in the place, and the water-power went with it. The electric lights and the motor might be in his control if he could get that water-power; and if he could get it by foreclosing, it would be the best bargain he ever made in his life—the *Sanctus* rang, and he thumped his breast again. After Mass he watched the old woman, in her thin shawl, go out of the church; he saw Father MacDowell

take off his hat to her in a manner which he seldom used to anybody in the village, and he thought with satisfaction of his magnificent project about the overalls.

If she could only keep her home, Mrs. Harding said to herself! If her boy could only have a home to come to! She was sure that the people of Holstein would not remember the boy's residence in jail against him. If she could only keep the home it would give him a start in life.

During those weeks of enforced idleness, between the winter and the spring sewing, she fasted like a Trappist. She sold a few eggs and some winter cabbage, but she could not get together enough money to pay the interest. One day Mr. Dornin called, and, after some pleasant words, changed his tone and told her that he must foreclose the mortgage. She could not realize what he meant.

"What! Take the house and lot?"

"Oh, you may move the house, if you want to," he said. "I've no objection to that."

Move the house! Where could she move the house? How could she move it? Where could she get money enough with which to move it?

"I'll pay all the interest when Nick comes home and gets work," she said.

"We had an agreement,—a special agreement. I gave you the money when you needed it. Time's up. Business!"

Nick would come back and find no home,—no little spot that he and she could call their own! She said no more.

"By the way," Mr. Dornin said, "I'll need some overalls in the spring—about a hundred—for my men. I'll give them to you instead of the tailor, if you'll make them for fifteen cents a pair."

She bowed her head, with dark sorrow in her eyes; she could not speak.

Mr. Dornin went out dissatisfied; he expected thanks. "The poor are seldom grateful," he said. "But women never understand that business is business."

Mrs. Harding went to her friend, the priest. He listened to her story, and at once ordered a number of unnecessary things to be done in the summer. He gave her the last ten dollars he had in the world. Then he went to see Mr. Dornin.

That gentleman was most amiable. He admired and respected Father MacDowell, but he expressed his surprise that so good a man should forget that business is business. And what could Father MacDowell say? Do you think he could make a fool of himself in the eyes of Mr. Dornin by denying the first article in the creed of the religion of Mammon? Well, he did. He told his friend that that phrase was rank paganism when used as a mere legal covering for hardness of heart, for avaricious gain; that a bargain like the one he had made must bring a curse instead of a blessing.

"Come, Father," Mr. Dornin said, "don't try the Peter-the-Hermit racket. We're in the nineteenth century."

Anxiety was gnawing Mrs. Harding's heart. Her cheeks were hollow and flushed. Mr. Dornin had sent her the overalls very graciously in advance of the spring. She worked as slaves have seldom worked. Oh, if she could only pay the interest and save the place, that Nick might have a start in life, in spite of the world's being against him!

According to the special contract, Mr. Dornin could not take possession of the place until January 2, 1882. He longed for that day. What fools other people had been not to see how valuable that water-power was! He chuckled and gave out mysterious hints to his friends. He was rich, but he was as happy over the chance of adding to his gains as if he were poor.

In the meantime Father MacDowell was sad at heart. He realized what the ten-acre lot meant to Nick and his mother. He had no money; his parish consisted of about seventy-five heads of families, mostly very poor. What could he do in a place where business was business, and a separate thing entirely from either religion or justice? It occurred to him that he might sell the lease of a certain Irish farm which had fallen to him by inheritance, if anybody would buy it. He sent a power of attorney over to Carrick and waited. But he heard no word.

The overalls so kindly sent by Mr. Dornin were too much for Mrs. Harding. She never finished them. On All Saints' Day she had a hemorrhage, and the next day she died suddenly, after Father MacDowell had given her

Extreme Unction. Her last words were: "O Father! keep Nick from going to the bad, and ask Mr. Dornin to let him have his chance."

Father MacDowell was very hopeless when he left her house. He knew she was safe, but what of her son,—this pariah, who must in another month begin life a tramp?

On December 24, 1881, Nicholas Harding came down to Holstein. He went with Father MacDowell to his mother's grave; there he knelt and sobbed as if his heart would break. "Thank God, she believed in me!" he said. "Oh, thank God!"

Father MacDowell went back to his house and left him there, almost as sorrowful as the boy himself was. His housekeeper gave him an Irish letter. He opened it, and laughed for the first time in many days. He looked out the window of his dining-room a little later, when he had written a note to Mr. Dornin. He saw some figures near Mrs. Harding's house—to be Mr. Dornin's in a few days more. He pulled out his field-glass. He saw Mr. Dornin, evidently in a jolly frame of mind, pointing out the advantages of the lot and the stream to two interested strangers. Nick Harding stood near, with a sullen look in his face.

Father MacDowell put the Irish letter in his pocket and walked over toward them. He frowned and murmured: "Business is business."

Mr. Dornin greeted the priest effusively.

"Greatest water-power in the State!" he said. "Mr. Whitley and Major Comings are quite impressed with it. If it was not mine, they'd snap it up. Ha! ha! ha!"

Nick turned to Father MacDowell.

"Father," he said, in a low voice, "I'm going away. I hoped to have *her* to work for; and when she died I thought I'd make the old place what she wanted it to be. But I'm down, and I'll never get up again."

"Wait!" said the priest. "Do you think your mother's prayers went for nothing?"

He went up to Mr. Dornin and gave him the note he had written.

"What's this?" Mr. Dornin asked, in astonishment, as he read it a second time.

"It contains a draft for two thousand five hundred dollars and a little more in English money. And it means that this lot belongs to

Nicholas Harding. I want the mortgaged satisfied."

Mr. Dornin grew red in the face. He glared at Father MacDowell.

"Business is business," said the priest, quietly.

Mr. Dornin, with a forced bow, turned away.

"Nicholas," the priest said, taking his hand, "I have sold my Irish farm, and acted in a very business-like manner as far as Mr. Dornin is concerned, and in a very unbusiness-like manner as far as you are concerned. I lend you all the money I have in the world,—you, just out of prison as you are. You can pay back in your own time. The memory of your mother is my only security."

Nicholas, undemonstrative as he was, kissed the priest's hand, with his eyes glistening. He did not speak; but his silence was as good as his bond. And the priest has never regretted the transaction.

Notre Dame de Noël.

BY ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

HER mantle shades His blooming cheek,—
The dear blue mantle 'neath whose fold
We joy to hide when hopes grow weak,
And love itself seems waxing cold.

Her eyes are fixed upon His face;
She sees nor crib nor straw nor beast,—
Only the Child of her embrace,
Only her God, her King, her Priest!

Mark how He nestles at her breast!
(His ivory throne her virgin knee);—
Shall we not love that bosom blest
To which the Christ clings tenderly?

Shall we not praise the lily-bed
Whereon the Holy One reposes?
The House of Gold, wherein His head
Is pillow'd upon thornless roses?

O Mother, as the years roll on,
And Christmas visions come and go,
The more we love thy Blessed Son,
The dearer, sweeter thou dost grow!

Life's Bethlehem is rude and wild,
Our errant thoughts on hazards bent;
But, entering in, we find the Child
With thee,—and, through thee, are content.

A Bit of Old China.

BY CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

"IT is but a step from Confucius to confusion," said I, in a brief discussion of the Chinese question. "Then let us take it by all means," replied the artist, who had been an indulgent listener for at least ten minutes.

We were strolling upon the verge of the Chinese Quarter in San Francisco, and, turning aside from one of the chief thoroughfares of the city, we plunged into the busiest portion of Chinatown. From our standpoint—the corner of Kearney and Sacramento Streets—we got the most favorable view of our Mongolian neighbors. Here is a goodly number of merchant gentlemen of wealth and station, comfortably, if not elegantly, housed on two sides of a street that climbs a low hill quite in the manner of a tea-box landscape.

A few of these gentlemen lodge on the upper floors of their business houses, with Chinese wives, and quaint, old-fashioned children gaudily dressed, looking like little idols, chatting glibly with one another, and gracefully gesticulating with hands of exquisite slenderness. Confucius, in his infancy, may have been like one of the least of these. There are white draymen and porters in the employ of these shrewd and civil merchants, and the outward appearance of traffic, as conducted in the immediate vicinity, is rather American than otherwise.

Farther up the hill, on Dupont Street, from California to Pacific Streets, the five blocks are almost monopolized by the Chinese. There is, at first, a sprinkling of small shops in the hands of Jews and Gentiles, and a mingling of Chinese bazaars of the half-caste type, where American and English goods are exposed in the show windows; but as we pass on the Asiatic element increases, and finally every trace of alien produce is withdrawn from the shelves and counters.

Here little China flaunts her scarlet streamers overhead, and flanks her doors with legends in saffron and gold; even its window panes have a foreign look, and within is a glimmering of tinsel, a subdued light, and china lamps flickering before graven images of barbaric

hideousness. The air is laden with the fumes of smoking sandal-wood and strange odors of the East; and the streets, swarming with coolies, resound with the echoes of an unknown tongue. There is hardly room for us to pass; we pick our way, and are sometimes curiously regarded by slant-eyed pagans, who bear us no good-will, if that shadow of scorn in the face has been rightly interpreted. China is not more Chinese than this section of our Christian city, nor the heart of Tartary less American.

Turn which way we choose, within two blocks, on either hand we find nothing but the infinitely small and astonishingly numerous forms of traffic on which the hordes around us thrive. No corner is too cramped for the squatting street cobbler; and as for the pipe cleaners, the cigarette rollers, the venders of sweetmeats and conserves, they gather on the curb or crouch under overhanging windows, and await custom with the philosophical resignation of the Oriental.

On Dupont Street, between Clay and Sacramento Streets—a single block,—there are no less than five basement apartments devoted exclusively to barbers. There are hosts of this profession in the quarter. Look down the steep steps leading into the basement and see, at any hour of the day, with what deft fingers the tonsorial operators manipulate the devoted pagan head.

There is no waste space in the quarter. In apartments not more than fifteen feet square three or four different professions are often represented, and these afford employment to ten or a dozen men. Here is a druggist and herb-seller, with huge spectacles on his nose, at the left of the main entrance; a butcher displays his meats in a show-window on the right, serving his customers over the sill; a clothier is in the rear of the shop, while a balcony filled with tailors or cigar-makers hangs half-way to the ceiling.

Close about us there are over one hundred and fifty mercantile establishments and numerous mechanical industries. The seventy five cigar factories employ eight thousand coolies, and these are huddled into the closest quarters. In a single room, measuring twenty feet by thirty feet, sixty men and boys have been discovered industriously rolling *real* Havanas.

The traffic which itinerant fish and vegetable venders drive in every part of the city must be great, being as it is an extreme convenience for lazy or thrifty housewives. A few of these basket men cultivate gardens in the suburbs, but the majority seek their supplies in the city markets: Wash-houses have been established in every part of the city, and are supplied with two sets of laborers, who spend watch and watch on duty, so that the establishment is never closed.

One frequently meets a travelling bazaar—a coolie with his bundle of fans and bric-a-brac, wandering from house to house, even in the suburbs; and the old fellows, with a handful of sliced bamboos and chairs swinging from the poles over their shoulders, are becoming quite numerous; chair mending and reseating must be profitable. These little rivulets, growing larger and more varied day by day, all spring from that great fountain of Asiatic vitality—the Chinese Quarter. This surface-skimming beguiles for an hour or two; but the stranger who strolls through the streets of Chinatown, and retires dazed with the thousand eccentricities of an unfamiliar people, knows little of the mysterious life that surrounds him.

Let us descend. We are piloted by a special policeman, one who is well acquainted with the geography of the quarter. Provided with tapers, we plunge into one of the several dark recesses at hand. Back of the highly respectable brick buildings in Sacramento Street—the dwellings and business places of the first-class Chinese merchants—there are pits and deadfalls innumerable, and over all is the blackness of darkness; for these human moles can work in the earth faster than the shade of the murdered Dane. Here, from the noisome vats three stories underground to the hanging gardens of the fish-dryers on the roofs, there is neither nook nor corner but is populous with Mongolians of the lowest caste. The better class have their reserved quarters; with them there is at least room to stretch one's legs without barking the shins of one's neighbor; but from this comparative comfort to the condensed discomfort of the impoverished coolie, how sudden and great the change!

Between brick walls we thread our way, and

begin descending into the abysmal darkness; the tapers, without which it were impossible to proceed with safety, burn feebly in the double night of the subterranean tenements. Most of the habitable quarters under the ground are like so many pigeon-houses indiscriminately heaped together. If there were only sunshine enough to drink up the slime that glosses every plank, and fresh air enough to sweeten the mildewed kennels, this highly eccentric style of architecture might charm for a time, by reason of its novelty; there is, moreover, a suspicion of the picturesque lurking about the place—but, heaven save us, how it smells!

We pass from one black hole to another. In the first there is a kind of bin for ashes and coals, and there are pots and grills lying about—it is the kitchen. A heap of fire kindling wood in one corner, a bench or stool as black as soot can paint it, a few bowls, a few bits of rags, a few fragments of food, and a coolie squatting over a struggling fire,—a coolie who rises out of the dim smoke like the evil *genii* in the Arabian tale. There is no chimney, there is no window, there is no drainage. We are in a cubic sink, where we can scarcely stand erect. From the small door pours a dense volume of smoke, some of it stale smoke, which our entry has forced out of the corners; the kitchen will only hold so much smoke, and we have made havoc among the cubic inches. Underfoot, the thin planks sag into standing pools, and there is a glimmer of poisonous blue just along the base of the blackened walls; thousands feed daily in troughs like these!

The next apartment, smaller yet, and blacker and bluer, and more slippery and slimy, is an uncovered cesspool, from which a sickening stench exhales continually. All about it are chambers—very small ones,—state-rooms let me call them, opening upon narrow galleries that run in various directions, sometimes bridging one another in a marvellous and exceedingly ingenious economy of space. The majority of these state-rooms are just long enough to lie down in, and just broad enough to allow a narrow door to swing inward between two single beds, with two sleepers in each bed. The doors are closed and bolted; there is often no window, and always no ventilation.

Our "special," by the authority vested in

him, tries one door and demands admittance. There is no response from within. A group of coolies, who live in the vicinity and have followed close upon our heels ever since our descent into the under world, assure us in soothing tones that the place is vacant. We are suspicious and persist in our investigation; still no response. The door is then forced by the "special," and behold four of the "seven sleepers" packed into this air-tight compartment, and insensible even to the hearty greeting we offer them!

The air is absolutely overpowering. We hasten from the spot, but are arrested in our flight by the "special," who leads us to the gate of the catacombs, and bids us follow him. I know not to what extent the earth has been riddled under the Chinese Quarter; probably no man knows save he who has burrowed, like a gopher, from one living grave to another, fleeing from taxation or the detective. I know that we thread dark passages, so narrow that two of us may not cross tracks, so low that we often crouch at the doorways that intercept pursuit at unexpected intervals. Here the thief and the assassin seek sanctuary; it is a city of refuge for lost souls.

The numerous gambling houses are so cautiously guarded that only the private police can ferret them out. Door upon door is shut against you; or some ingenious panel is slid across your path, and you are unconsciously spirited away through other avenues. The secret signals that gave warning of your approach caused a sudden transformation in the ground-plan of the establishment.

Gambling and opium smoking are here the ruling passions. A coolie will pawn anything and everything to obtain the means with which to indulge these fascinations. There are many games played publicly at restaurants and in the retiring rooms of mercantile establishments. Not only are cards, dice, and dominos common, but sticks, straws, brass rings, etc., are thrown in heaps upon the table, and the fate of the gamester hangs literally upon a breath.

These haunts are seldom visited by the officers of justice, for it is almost impossible to storm the barriers in season to catch the criminals in the very act. To-day you approach a gambling hell by this door, to-

morrow the inner passages of the house are mysteriously changed, and it is impossible to track them without being frequently misled; meanwhile the alarm is sounded throughout the building, and very speedily every trace of guilt has disappeared. The lottery is another popular temptation in the quarter. Most of the very numerous wash-houses are said to be private agencies for the sale of lottery tickets. Put your money, no matter how little it is, on certain of the characters that cover a small sheet of paper, and your fate is soon decided; for there is a drawing twice a day.

Enter any one of the pawn-shops licensed by the city authorities, and cast your eye over the motley collection of unredeemed articles. There are pistols of every pattern and almost of every age, the majority of them loaded. There are daggers in infinite variety, including the ingenious fan stiletto, which, when sheathed, may be carried in the hand without arousing suspicion; for the sheath and handle bear an exact resemblance to a closed fan. There are entire suits of clothes, beds and bedding, tea, sugar, clocks—multitudes of them, a clock being one of the Chinese hobbies, and no room is completely furnished without at least a pair of them,—ornaments in profusion; everything, in fact, save only the precious *queue*, without which no Chinaman may hope for honor in this life or salvation in the next.

The throng of customers that keep the pawn-shops crowded with pledges are probably most of them victims of the gambling table or the opium den. They come from every house that employs them; your domestic is impatient of delay, and hastens through his daily task in order that he may nightly indulge his darling sin.

The opium habit prevails to an alarming extent throughout the country, but no race is so dependent on this seductive and fatal stimulant as the Chinese. There are several hundred dens in San Francisco where, for a very moderate sum, the coolie may repair, and revel in dreams that end in a deathlike sleep.

Let us pause at the entrance of one of these pleasure-houses. Through devious ways we follow the leader, and come at last to a cavernous retreat. The odors that salute us are offensive; on every hand there is an ac-

cumulation of filth that should naturally, if it does not, breed fever and death. Forms press about us in the darkness,—forms that hasten like shadows toward that den of shades. We enter by a small door that is open for a moment only, and find ourselves in an apartment about fifteen feet square. We can touch the ceiling on tiptoe, yet there are three tiers of bunks placed with head boards to the wall, and each bunk just broad enough for two occupants. It is like the steerage in an emigrant vessel, eminently shipshape. Every bunk is filled; some of the smokers have had their dream and lie in grotesque attitudes, insensible, ashen-pale, having the look of plague-stricken corpses.

Some are dreaming; you see it in the vacant eye, the listless face, the expression that betrays hopeless intoxication. Some are preparing the enchanting pipe,—a laborious process, that reminds one of an incantation. See those two votaries lying face to face, chatting in low voices, each loading his pipe with a look of delicious expectation in every feature. They recline at full-length; their heads rest upon blocks of wood or some improvised pillow; a small oil lamp flickers between them. Their pipes resemble flutes, with an inverted ink-bottle on the side near the lower end. They are most of them of bamboo, and very often are beautifully colored with the mellowest and richest tints of a wisely smoked meerschaum. A small jar of prepared opium—a thick black paste resembling tar—stands near the lamp.

The smoker leisurely dips a wire into the paste; a few drops adhere to it, and he twirls the wire in the flame of the lamp, where they fry and bubble; he then draws them upon the rim of the clay pipe-bowl, and at once inhales three or four mouthfuls of whitish smoke. This empties the pipe, and the slow process of feeding the bowl is lazily repeated. It is a labor of love; the eyes gloat upon the bubbling drug which shall anon witch the soul of those emaciated toilers. They renew the pipe again and again; their talk grows less frequent and dwindles to a whispered soliloquy.

We address them, and are smiled at by delirious eyes; but the ravenous lips are sealed to that magic tube, from which they draw the breath of a life we know not of. Their fingers

relax; their heads sink upon the pillows; they no longer respond, even by a glance, when we now appeal to them. Here is the famous Malay, the fearful enemy of De Quincy, who nightly drugged his master into Asiatic seas; and now himself is basking in the tropical heats and vertical sunlight of Hindostan. Egypt and her gods are his; for him the secret chambers of Cheops are unlocked; he also is transfixed at the summit of pagodas; he is the idol, the priest, the worshipped, the sacrificed. The wrath of Brahma pursues him through the forests of Asia; he is the hated of Vishnu; Siva lies in wait for him; Isis and Osiris confront him.

What is this key which seems for a time to unlock the gates of heaven and of hell? It is the most complicated drug in the pharmacopœia. Though apparently nothing more than a simple black, slimy paste, analysis reveals the fact that it contains no less than five-and-twenty elements, each one of them a compound by itself, and many of them among the most complex compounds known to modern chemistry. This "dread agent of unimaginable pleasure and pain," this author of an "Iliad of woes," lies within reach of every creature in the commonwealth. As the most enlightened and communicative of the opium eaters has observed: "Happiness may be bought for a penny, and carried in the waistcoat pocket; portable ecstasy may be had corked up in a pint bottle; peace of mind may be set down in gallons by the mail-coach."

This is the chief, the inevitable dissipation of our coolie tribes; this is one of the evils with which we have to battle, and in comparison with which the excessive indulgence in intoxicating liquors is no more than what a bad dream is to hopeless insanity. See the hundred forms on opium pillows already under the Circean spell; swarms are without the chambers awaiting their turn to enter and enjoy the fictitious delights of this paradise.

While the opium habit is one that should be treated at once with wisdom and severity, there is another point which seriously involves the Chinese question, and, unhappily, it must be handled with gloves. Nineteen-twentieths of the Chinese women in San Francisco are deprived!

Not far from one of the pleasure-houses we

intruded upon a domestic hearth smelling of punk and pestilence. A child fled with a shrill scream at our approach. This was the hospital of the quarter. Nine cases of small-pox were once found within its narrow walls, and with no one to care for them. As we explored its cramped wards our path was obstructed by a body stretched upon a bench. The face was of that peculiar smoke-color which we are obliged to accept as Chinese pallor; the trunk was swathed like a mummy in folds of filthy rags; it was motionless as stone, apparently insensible. Thus did an opium victim await his dissolution.

In the next room a rough deal burial case stood upon two stools; tapers were flickering upon the floor; the fumes of burning punk freighted the air and clouded the vision; the place was clean enough, for it was perfectly bare, but it was eminently uninteresting. Close at hand stood a second burial case, an empty one, with the cover standing against the wall; a few hours more and it would find a tenant—he who was dying in rags and filth in the room adjoining. This was the native hospital of the quarter, and the mother of the child was the matron of the establishment.

I will cast but one more shadow on the coolie quarter, and then we will search for sunshine. It is folly to attempt to ignore the fact that the seeds of leprosy are sown among the Chinese. If you would have proof, follow me. It is a dreary drive over the hills to the pest-house. Imagine that we have dropped in upon the health officer at his city office. Our proposed visitation has been telephoned to the resident physician, who is a kind of prisoner with his leprosy patients on the lonesome slope of a suburban hill. As we get into the rugged edge of the city, among half-graded streets, strips of marsh-land, and a semi-rustic population, we ask our way to the pest-house. Yonder it lies, surrounded by that high white fence on the hill-top, above a marsh once clouded with clamorous water-fowl, but now all, all under the spell of the quarantine, and desolate beyond description. Our road winds up the hill-slope, sown thick with stones, and stops short at the great solid gate in the high rabbit fence that walls in the devil's acre, if I may so call it. We ring the dreadful bell—the passing-bell, that is seldom rung save to

announce the arrival of another fateful body clothed in living death.

The doctor welcomes us to an enclosure that is utterly whitewashed; the detached houses within it are kept sweet and clean. Everything connected with the lazaret is of the cheapest description; there is a primitive simplicity, a modest nakedness, an insulated air about the place that reminds one of a chill December in a desert island. Cheap as it is and unhandsome, the hospital is sufficient to meet all the requirements of the plague in its present stage of development. The doctor has weeded out the enclosure, planted it, hedged it about with the fever-dispelling eucalyptus, and has already a little plot of flowers by the office window,—but this is not what we have come to see. One ward in the pest-house is set apart for the exclusive use of the Chinese lepers, who have but recently been isolated. We are introduced to the poor creatures one after another, and then we take them all in at a glance, or group them according to their various stages of decomposition, or the peculiar character of their physical hideousness.

They are not all alike; with some the flesh has begun to wither and to slough off, yet they are comparatively cheerful; as fatalists, it makes very little difference to them how soon or in what fashion they are translated to the other life. There is one youth who doubtless suffers some inconveniences from the clumsy development of his case. This lad, about eighteen years of age, has a face that is swollen like a sponge saturated with corruption; he can not raise his bloated eyelids, but, with his head thrown back, looks downward over his cheeks. Two of these lepers are as astonishing specimens as any that have ever come under my observation, yet I have morbidly sought them from Palestine to Molokai. In these cases the muscles are knotted, the blood curdled; masses of unwholesome flesh cover them, lying fold upon fold; the lobes of their ears hang almost to the shoulder; the eyes when visible have an inhuman glance that transfixes you with horror. Their hands are shapeless stumps that have lost all natural form or expression.

Of old there was a law for the leprosy of a garment and of a house; yet, in spite of the stringency of that Mosaic Law, the isolation,

the purging with hyssop, and the cleansing by fire, St. Luke records: "There met Him ten men who were lepers, who stood afar off; and they lifted up their voices and cried, Jesus, Master, have mercy on us!" And to-day, more than eighteen hundred years later, lepers gather on the slopes of Mount Zion, and hover at the gates of Jerusalem, and crouch in the shadow of the tomb of David, crying for the bread of mercy. Leprosy once thoroughly engrafted on our nation, and nor cedar-wood, nor scarlet, nor hyssop, nor clean birds, nor ewes of the first year, nor measures of fine flour, nor offerings of any sort, shall cleanse us for evermore.

Let us turn to pleasanter prospects—the Joss House, for instance, one of the several temples whither the Chinese frequently repair to propitiate the reposeful gods. It is an unpretentious building, with nothing external to distinguish its façade from those adjoining, save only a Chinese legend above the door. There are many crooks and turns within it; shrines in a perpetual state of fumigation adorn its nooks and corners; overhead swing shelves of images rehearsing historical tableaux; there is much carving and gilding, and red and green paint. It is the scene of a perennial feast of lanterns, and the worshipful enter silently with burnt-offerings and meat-offerings and drink-offerings, which they spread before the altar under the feet of some colossal god; then, with repeated genuflections, they retire. The thundering gong or the screaming pipes startle us at intervals, and white-robed priests pass in and out, droning their litanies.

At this point the artist suggests refreshments; arm in arm we pass down the street, surfeited with sight-seeing, weary of the multitudinous bazaars, the swarming coolies, the boom of beehive industry. Swamped in a surging crowd, we are cast upon the catafalque of the celestial dead. The coffin lies under a canopy, surrounded by flambeaux, grave offerings, guards and musicians.

Chinatown has become sufficiently acclimatized to begin to put forth its natural buds again as freely as if this were indeed the Flowery Land. The funeral pageant moves,—a dozen carriages preceded by mourners on foot, clad in white, their heads covered, their feet bare, their grief insupportable, so that an at-

tendant is at hand to sustain each mourner howling at the wheels of the hearse. An orchestra heads the procession; the air is flooded with paper prayers that are cast hither at you to appease the troubled spirit. They are on their way to the cemetery among the hills toward the sea, where the funeral rites are observed as rigorously as they are on Asian soil.

We are still unrefreshed and sorely in need of rest. Overhead swing huge balloon lanterns and tufts of gold flecked scarlet streamers,—a sight that maketh the palate of the hungry Asiatic to water; for within this house may be had all the delicacies of the season, ranging from the confections of the fond suckling to funeral bake-meats. Legends wrought in tinsel decorate the walls. Here is a shrine with a vermilion-faced god and a native lamp, and stalks of such hopelessly artificial flowers as fortunately are unknown in nature. Saffron silks flutter their fringes in the steams of nameless cookery—for all this is but the kitchen, and the beginning of the end we aim at.

A spiral staircase winds like a corkscrew from floor to floor; we ascend by easy stages, through various grades of hunger, from the economic appetite on the first floor, where the plebeian stomach is stayed with tea and lentils, even to the very house-top, where are administered comforting syrups and a *menu* that is sweetened throughout its length with the twang of lutes, the clash of cymbals, and the throb of the shark-skin drum.

Servants slip to and fro in sandals, offering edible bird's-nests, sharks' fins, and *bêche de mer*,—or are these unfamiliar dishes snatched from some other kingdom? At any rate, they are native to the strange people who have a little world of their own in our midst, and who could, if they chose, declare their independence to-morrow.

We see everywhere the component parts of a civilization separate and distinct from our own. They have their exits and their entrances; their religious life and burial; their imports, exports, diversions, tribunals, punishments. They are all under the surveillance of the six companies, the great six-headed supreme authority. They have laws within our laws that to us are sealed volumes. Why should they not? Fifty years ago there were scarcely a dozen Chinese in America. In 1851,

inclusive, not more than 4,000 had arrived; but the next year brought 18,000, seized with the lust of gold. The incoming tide fluctuated, running as low as 4,000 and as high as 15,000 per annum. Since 1868 we have received from 10,000 to 15,000 yearly.

After supper we leaned from the high balcony, among flowers and lanterns, and looked down upon the street below; it was midnight, yet the pavements were not deserted, and there arose to our ears a murmur as of a myriad humming bees shut in clustering hives; close about us were housed near twenty thousand souls; shops were open; discordant orchestras resounded from the theatres; in a dark passage we saw the flames playing upon the thresholds of infamy to expel the evil shades.

Away off in the Bay, in the moonlight, glimmered the ribbed sail of a fishing junk, and the air was heavy with an indefinable odor which to this hour puzzles me; but it must be attributed either to sink or sandal-wood—perchance to both!

"It is a little bit of old China, this quarter of ours," said the artist, rising to go. And so it is, saving only a noticeable lack of dwarfed trees and pale pagodas and sprays of willowy bamboo; of clumsy boats adrift on tideless streams; of toy-like tea gardens hanging among artificial rocks, and of troops of flat-faced but complaisant people posing grotesquely in ridiculous perspective.

Homeward Thoughts at Christmastide.

FLOWERS on the green, green hillsides,
 Golden wine in the air;
 Deep in the shady cañons
 Sweet-fern and maiden-hair;
 From blue peaks, dim and distant,
 The pearly cloudlets shift;
 Out on the emerald waters
 The white-winged shallows drift.

High in the liquid azure
 A gay bird floats and sings;
 Would that my soul could follow,
 Would that I too had wings!
 Never was land so lovely,
 Never was brighter day,—
 But O for an old-time Christmas
 In the home far, far away!

Here we have summer always,
Smiling and crowned with flowers;
Queen of the radiant Southland,
Gemmed with its priceless showers.
Fair as the Garden of Eden
This bright spot is, I know,—
But O for the happy fireside
And the friends of long ago!

Out of the bloom and sunshine
Ever the same refrain
Steals through the aisles of memory,
Filling my soul with pain.
Fair are the grassy hillsides,
Fairer the wave-girt shore,—
But O for a cold, white Christmas
And the days that are no more!

M. E. M.

Dom Romuald's Christmas Masses.

(CONCLUSION.)

V.

IT was Christmas Eve. For four days the bells of St. Michael's Tower had been silent. The rebels were in great glee, and mocked and taunted the people of St. Mary's with their triumph over the prisoners in the castle. "They have been starved to death!" they cried. "Your precious eagles up there are both dead. When spring comes, and the snow is gone, we'll bury them."

The poor villagers wept silently as they heard these mockeries, and offered many a fervent prayer for Dom Romuald and Gerald, whom they believed to be dead. The rebels, in order to celebrate a victory which they thought they had gained, and at the same time to ridicule the pious customs of Christmas Eve which they had abandoned with their religion, gave themselves up to all kinds of rioting in the house where they had established their headquarters. The guards came down from their post on the mountain side, and those who had been placed at the entrance to the valley were also invited to join in the festivities. These latter were replaced by two others, whose condition, however, gave no indication of prolonged or watchful sentinel duty. But after months of perfect security no one dreamed of attack on that particular night.

Dom Romuald, oppressed with grief and exhausted by hunger, almost fainted away at

the foot of the altar, where he had dragged himself in the hope of celebrating, for the last time, Midnight Mass. As if in a dream, he had bade farewell to earth; he saluted the luminous gates of heaven; he thought he saw there Gerald, the dear companion of his captivity. Suddenly the great silence that reigned supreme was broken by the joyful peals of bells announcing the glad hour of the Birth of Jesus. The monk, aroused from his dangerous torpor, saw the chapel resplendent with light more dazzling than the noonday sun in midsummer. As if impelled by a supernatural force, he made his way to the bell-tower, crying out, "Gerald! Gerald! Have you come back to me?" But no, it was not Gerald. They were angels!—a group of heavenly spirits ringing the bells! Then he saw a beautiful procession formed, with the Blessed Virgin at its head, majestic and radiant as the Queen of heaven and earth. She bore in her arms the Divine Child, and was accompanied by St. Joseph. The old priest threw himself on his knees, but the Blessed Virgin made a sign for him to rise and lead the way to the sanctuary. On entering, the Immaculate Virgin placed the Divine Child on the credence table to the right of the altar, and, with St. Joseph, knelt before Him, while a throng of angels and saints filled the whole chapel. There were Apostles, martyrs, and doctors of the Church, all brilliant in their heavenly garments.

Before this celestial assembly Dom Romuald proceeded to put on the sacred vestments. His astonishment was increased to see that they were enriched with fine embroidery and marvellous needle-work. The chalice was adorned with most precious stones and artistic engravings, such as he had seen in the Chapel of St. Louis at Paris. The missal, too, was rich and costly and filled with beautiful miniatures. He was amazed at all this splendor and richness.

Midnight Mass was begun, served by two angels. The choir of virgins, accompanied by St. Cecilia on the organ and the angels with their instruments, sang the sacred chants. The Mass was offered with a solemnity and devotion that no human language can describe. After the last Gospel the whole assembly knelt before the Infant Jesus and sang the "*Adeste Fideles*,"—that beautiful Christmas

hymn which the Church for so many centuries has sung on the day consecrated to the Birth of the Redeemer of the world. Beside himself with joy, Dom Romuald exclaimed: "Oh, this is Paradise! Now that I have tasted the delights of heaven. I desire no more to live upon earth." Then he fell into a deep and prolonged sleep.

VI.

It was three o'clock in the morning. The rain fell soft and warm, and melted away the snow in the valley of St. Mary's and on the mountain. The rebels were sleeping after their excesses of the night, when suddenly the light from a hundred torches roused them from their slumbers. They found themselves surrounded by soldiers from Lorraine, all fully armed. They made one weak, vain attempt to seize their swords and guns, but were at once made prisoners, and bound hand and foot.

Duke Anthony was hailed with joy by the people of St. Mary's, but he said: "It is not to me that thanks should be given, but to God, first of all—*Gloria in excelsis Deo!* Then thank this brave Gerald Harneck, your heroic townsman, who wondrously escaped from Mount St. Michael on the side of the plain. He had, indeed, a great fall, but he was not very severely injured, and managed to reach my camp at Schirneck, tell me of your enemies, and describe the shortest route to St. Mary's. Then he himself overpowered the two sentinels at the pass and opened the way for my soldiers. Give praise, then, to Gerald Harneck."

The mother and sisters of Gerald embraced him tenderly. With grief-stricken hearts they told him how his father was murdered, but their sorrow was mitigated by their joy on finding once again him whom they had so long given up as lost.

But Gerald, turning to Duke Anthony, exclaimed: "My Lord, my work is not yet finished. We must go to the rescue of our beloved chaplain, Dom Romuald, in St. Michael's Hermitage. We must save him, unless, alas! he be already dead of hunger."

"No, no, he is not dead!" cried two little children. "We heard the bells of St. Michael's ringing at midnight." But they were told they were little dreamers.

Gerald, taking with him a quantity of pow-

der, and accompanied by some brave soldiers, ascended the mountain path. He knew a spot hidden in the forest where he could leap across the torrent and reach the drawbridge at the foot of the castle. By the light of the torches carried by the soldiers he accomplished this feat, and with the powder blew away the supports of the bridge.

The noise sent a shudder through Dom Romuald as he lay at the foot of the altar. The bridge fell across the torrent, and the soldiers rapidly crossed into the castle. Later Duke Anthony and his officers appeared within the walls.

VII.

Gerald rushed into the cold, dark, deserted church. There on the steps of the altar, he found the good monk stretched cold and apparently lifeless; but his heart was still beating, and Gerald uttered a cry of joy. He rubbed the hands and feet of the old priest, carried him to the fire made by the soldiers, and, opening his lips, tried to make him take an invigorating potion. Romuald, opening his eyes, rejected the beverage, sighed, and murmured gently: "I wish to go to heaven." Gerald redoubled his efforts, and soon the dying priest regained consciousness. Looking around him, he saw his dear companion, the soldiers and the Duke, and he asked what had happened. He recognized his saviors and saluted them amiably. "But," he said, "what a pity! That Midnight Mass was so beautiful before the whole court of heaven!"

No one understood what he meant. At length Duke Anthony said: "But will it not be beautiful also to say your second Mass on Christmas Day in the presence of the Duke of Lorraine, his soldiers, and the people of St. Mary's? But, Father, you are too weak for that."

"No, my Lord," said the monk, who was gradually recovering his strength. "I shall be strong enough, if I can rest on the arm of my dear Gerald."

The good priest offered up the Holy Sacrifice and continued fasting, so that when, an hour afterward, the whole population of St. Mary's joyfully flocked up the mountain side to the little chapel, Dom Romuald was able to celebrate his third Mass of Christmas. All the splendors of midnight had disap-

peared; the vestments, missal and chalice were very simple. But Duke Anthony, his officers and soldiers, and the people of St. Mary's, sang with all their souls the beautiful hymn, "*Adeste Fideles*":

Ye chorus of Angels,
From heaven descending,
Oh haste ye, oh haste ye, our triumph to share;
Singing, "Glory to God
In the highest forever!"
With glad alleluias His glory declare.

Supported at the altar by Gerald, the venerable priest finished the Holy Sacrifice. He then partook of a little nourishment, which completely restored his strength. Then he went down to the village and persuaded Duke Anthony to spare the lives of the rebels, and let them be imprisoned until such time as they should return to the path of duty.

A few days afterward Gerald entered the Abbey of Saint-Dié. There he made his profession in 1527, and was ordained priest on Christmas Eve, 1530. Dom Romuald gave forth his soul to God in 1531, to join the angelic choirs in singing an eternal *Gloria in excelsis*. Dom Gerald succeeded him in the valley of St. Mary's and the hermitage on the mountain. There he lived for almost fifty years. He died on Christmas Day in the year 1580, and was buried at the foot of the rock whose side he had so bravely descended to the plain. Since that time it has been called *Geraldseck*, or "Gerald's Corner."

On a Certain Aggressiveness.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

IN writing the last of these short articles I may be pardoned for taking advantage of the chance of making a little sermon; it will be my only opportunity for this year, and the chance is tempting. For a text I take Cardinal Gibbons' "Christian Heritage,"—not the book itself, but the spirit of the book. He has taught us what we ought to have taught ourselves—that Christian zeal does not excuse un-Christian bitterness; that the knowledge that we are of the Fold of Christ does not justify us in calling foul names at those who happen to be outside. He has taught us this

by example, and we would do well to heed the example.

We Catholics are brought more and more into contact with men of opposite religious opinions or of no religious opinions. Among these is the agnostic, who says he knows nothing, but pretends he knows everything. The Cardinal has shown us how to deal with him, and, I hope, cured us of flinging the decrees of the Council of Trent at men who deny the Divinity of Our Lord, and of an unpleasant habit of trying to knock our dissenting brethren on the head with "The End of Controversy."

We start out with a false premise—that all who do not see the truth are blinded by their own fault. The teaching of the Church of Christ does not warrant this. To say a sharp thing about the spiritual raggedness of another may be easy and seem deserved, but what man of heart and good-breeding would say similar things to a man who was physically ragged?

The cruel and but half-concealed theory of modern civilization, that all the poor are undeserving, is just as Catholic and charitable. There are Catholics who take advantage of death in a household to tell what they hold to be hard truths,—that is, they collect a quantity of jagged paving-stones and drop them on hearts already bruised. And their manner of doing this, so offensive to charity, decency, and common-sense, irritates the sufferers against the religion they assume to represent. Yet who are more complacent than these militant Christians? They generally delight in casting their paving-stones when their victims are in their power. Has this method ever made a single convert? Do we not all know of people within our own circle whose hearts have been hardened against the beauty of the Church because some of our extra-militant friends have used her symbols as objects of assault?

It is not aggressiveness we need, but charity,—the charity which sees clearly the struggles of others and understands them. Has not St. Paul defined it for us? And while some of us exhaust our sarcasm on the man who calls this great Saint merely "Paul," how many of us reverence him as we ought by getting his words by heart?

If our Protestant friends in writing used the word "Roman Catholic" as an adjective to as many unpleasant nouns as some of us now prefix the adjective "Protestant," we would be more bitter than we are in our outcries against their bigotry. The time has gone by when the name priest was synonymous with all horrible cruelties and deceptions. Why is this so in the United States? Is it because more people read Catholic books and understand our doctrines better? Not at all. It is because they have come to know priests personally.

Novels are the expression of our time, just as the drama was the literary expression of the time of Elizabeth, or the satirical essay that of the time of Queen Anne. Take the priest in any late work of American fiction, and you will find out what the average American thinks of him; or, more, how he affects the man who judges him without regard to his spiritual character. In "The Midge," by H. C. Bunner, for instance, there is a French priest who seems to have the hearty esteem of the author. In John Habberton's latest story, "All He Knew," there is another priest. There are no gibes at him: he is drawn reverently and even with affection. The reason is easy to find. Contact with priests has taught these writers that they are not ready to howl anathema on every occasion; that, from their pulpits, they do not send all souls to hell who outwardly bear the name of Protestant. And these writers reflect, too, public opinion, which may be directed by gentleness, but which can not be forced.

If there is a man among the roll of our prelates who deserves to be held up to us all for special imitation, it is that Bishop of Boston afterward known as Cardinal Cheverus. He subdued the most un-Christianly bigoted town in this country to a recognition of the real spirit of the Church. It is not recorded that he thundered and stormed, appealed, and objurgated; or that instead of a crook he used a club, and stunned strayed sheep that he might drag them into the fold. He was gentle to Protestants, though he never concealed the pain he felt that they should have been led astray by Luther and Calvin and the rest. He recognized that it is very hard for a Protestant to hear hard things said of a belief

which his father and mother loved. You sometimes feel that his prejudices ought not to be spared in the interests of truth; and that may be true,—but prejudices rooted in the heart often seem to be principles. And to root out one of these requires all the skill of a Cardinal Cheverus; and if you and I go at it thoughtlessly with our little hatchets we may make a mistake, dear friends. Let us not forget, in our zealous Christianity, that we are Christians.

The London Arts and Crafts Exhibition.

BY A SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.

THE object of this Exhibition, which is now being held in the New Gallery, is to bring about a revival of design and handicraft; and to unite, or rather reunite, the artist and the craftsman, so sundered by the industrial conditions of our century. Without good designs it is impossible for a workman to produce good work, and hence it comes that the simplest article of common use made by the hand of man is capable of receiving some touch of art. Of late years decorative art has made immense strides, and people living in the humblest way do their best to surround themselves with pretty though inexpensive articles of all kinds. So in order to encourage and concentrate this awakening feeling of beauty in the accessories of life the Arts and Crafts Exhibition Society commenced its work.

And at the Arts and Crafts we should all be in our element. We all know, or want to know, something practical about cretonnes, wall-papers, lamps, and needle-work. Everything in the show is a work of art, but a work of art that has in it some living interest. So here everybody may go, and pick up hints about that in which all persons seem interested—the decoration of their houses and the furnishing of their tables. For these things are not all intended for the rich, as some are exceedingly simple and quite within the reach of moderate purses.

There is a large variety of material on view, from rich tapestries to printed cottons. Those

designed by Mr. Morris are remarkable for their decision and picturesque coloring. Mr. Burne Jones contributes figures to one arras, which is to be seen in process of weaving. This is an interesting sight, and the skilful manner in which the craftsman manipulates his wools at the wrong side of the design, the right side of which is reflected in a hanging mirror, is truly wonderful. To the department of wall papers Mr. Vallance contributes a design of simply treated foliage, showing three variations of color; and Mr. A. F. Brophy one in transparent water-colors.

Amongst the needle-work and embroidery there is much that is very lovely. Miss Una Taylor's book-cover, designed by Walter Crane, and a panel in silks by Miss Elinor Hallé, are exquisitely worked. A chalice veil and burse, designed by Mr. A. Vallance (one of the six Anglican clergymen recently received into the Church), are skilfully carried out, with a conventional treatment of Tudor roses in silk and gold thread upon a background of red figured silk of handsome mediæval pattern. Conspicuous by its beauty and delicacy in the show of lace is that contributed by the nuns of Kenmare, Kinsale, and Youghal, Ireland. It is perfect in execution and design.

Amongst the drawings must be noted Mr. N. H. J. Westlake's small study of the Holy Family for the memorial to the late Lord Gerard; Mr. Hungerford Pollen's harmonious and well-composed designs for mural paintings; and Mr. Henry Ryland's graceful and spiritual *gesso* panel, "*Ecce ancilla Domini.*" Mr. Whall's cartoon of St. Christopher carrying the Child Jesus upon his shoulders is admirable and shows great power.

There are, of course, many things in this delightful Exhibition that I have not time or space to mention; and I regret that so many of my readers will not be able to pay the Arts and Crafts a visit, as I am sure they would derive as much profit and pleasure from the show as I myself did.

WE ought to aim rather at doing well than being well; and thus we should come, in the end, even to be better.—*Manzoni.*

GUILT is a rigid and inflexible tyrant, against whom all are powerless but those who entirely rebel.—"*The Betrothed.*"

Notes and Remarks.

There is a difference of opinion about the Catholic population of the United States. Archbishop Ryan estimates our numbers at nine millions, Archbishop Ireland at a million more, and other persons at twelve millions. Some time ago Bishop Spalding made the number eight millions. We are inclined to take the highest figure, as we have long believed that our number is underestimated. From a careful collation by Bishop Hogan of the statistics of the different dioceses, as given in the Catholic Directories, it appears that the number of infant baptisms for last year was 440,000. If these represent one out of thirty Catholics, our part of the population would number 13,200,000.

The house of Laforge, on the Lower Rhone, which supplies Portland cement to one half the world, is managed on Catholic principles that delight the Count de Mun. The organization of schools, insurances, pensions, and recreations, is admirable. The workmen lately celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of the foundation of the house with a banquet, in which they manifested their sense of the justice with which the business is managed.

The Archbishop of Dublin, whose interest in sacred music is well known, presided over the recent annual festival of the St. Cecilia Society in Dublin and awarded the prizes. His Grace addressed the audience at considerable length on the subject of music, and announced a competition next year. The first prize—a purse of £20,—offered by His Grace, was won by Dr. Smith, organist of the Church of the Three Patrons, Rathgar. The decision was made by Dr. Haberl, of Ratisbon.

The memory of good Abbé de l'Épée, who did so much for deaf-mutes, is fresh after a hundred years. He passed to his reward on December 23, 1789. The anniversary was observed by deaf-mutes the world over.

The *C. T. A. News*, of Philadelphia, relates a beautiful example of charity shown at a recent meeting of St. James' Total Abstinence Society in that city. One of the young men who was transferred a few months ago from the Cadet Society (a branch of the Total Abstinence Union for boys) lost his mother by death, leaving him the oldest of six orphan children, and in poor circumstances. The attention of the Society was called to the matter, and fifty dollars was unanimously subscribed to assist them.—"The mem-

bers feeling that such acts of charity will do more for the cause of total abstinence than the watchfulness of the treasury 'Watch Dogs.' We don't quite understand this remark, but we will say for ourselves that the observance of total abstinence on the part of these excellent young men was probably what made their generous deed possible. And the new head of that poor family will no doubt prove a good one for being a total abstainer.

The controversy about Mr. Gladstone's recent article in the *Nineteenth Century*, in which he asserted that the Blessed John Fisher had assented to the "spiritual supremacy" of Henry VIII. and afterward regretted it, has at last come to an end, and the honor of the Saint is vindicated. Mr. Gladstone founded his assertion on the Roman edition of *Sander*. The *London Tablet* prints a letter from Mr. Gladstone, in which he says: "Allow me again to thank you. Father Bridgett's assiduity and acumen appear alike remarkable. The effect upon the *Sander* we hold in our own hands, of whatever edition, is serious. For myself, I own to an impression that Bishop Fisher did, after the Convocation of 1531, do something that he afterward regretted, but what or when I can not feel very sure."

The famous public school of Winchester in England was founded by William of Wykeham, a Catholic Lord Chancellor of England. The no less celebrated school at Fulda, in Germany, is older than the time of Charlemagne. Münster, in Westphalia, was founded by Charlemagne as a Latin school in 791. The Catholic Gymnasia of Hildesheim was established by the same Emperor in 804.

The Irish correspondent of the *Weekly Register* gives a very interesting account of the school for fishing at Baltimore. The boys are there taught how to use their nets, to mend their own clothes, and to be at once so obedient and independent that they have excited the admiration of the old soldiers who visit the place.

There are now only seventy-eight archdukes and archduchesses in the Austrian Empire,—the Archduke John Salvator having become, by his own wish, Mr. John Orth.

The French correspondent of the *Catholic Times* says that when Sainte-Beuve was writing one of his well-known works he asked Père Lacordaire for some information respecting the ordinary life of a seminary. What Lacordaire wrote on the subject Sainte-Beuve introduced into his book without altering a line. The great Dominican's

words were: "On entering a seminary a great peace takes possession of the soul. It is as if the world, with its triumphs and defeats, were at an end, and as if a new heaven were surrounding a new earth." "O legislators," exclaims a recent writer on this subject, "touch not those great schools of Christian love! It is by means of them and of the living examples which they offer that society is enabled to exist."

The editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, who recently visited Rome, is full of concern about the Church, and has taken upon himself to offer the Holy Father various proposals—some of them very absurd—for its improvement. He is sure that if they were adopted a new era would open for the Church. Think of it, a Protestant advising the Pope! Mr. Stead has no sense of humor, and people laugh the more at him because he can not see anything to laugh at.

On the first Friday of Advent Padre Agostino da Montefeltro delivered the first of a new series of conferences which he is to preach in the Church of the Santi Severino e Sossio, at Naples.

The following offerings for the needy missions of the Passionist Fathers in South America are gratefully acknowledged:

Mrs. B. A. Quinn, \$10; Mrs. Ella Huskinson, \$5; A Friend, in honor of the Immaculate Conception, 50 cts.; Miss Belle Pronhet, \$1; S. O'F., Elgin, Ill., \$1; Patrick Clerk, \$6; E. L. Hereford, 50 cts.; P. Burkard, \$1; M. J. Cooke, 50 cts.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands, as if you were bound with them.

—HEB., xliii, 3.

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

The Rev. Father Emig, S. J., whose happy death occurred on the 10th inst., at Conewago, Pa.

Sister John Evangelist, of the Sisters of the Holy Cross, who was called to the reward of her blameless life on the 19th inst.

Dr. A. A. Sappington, who departed this life at Libertytown, Md.

Mrs. Mary Gilligan, of New Brunswick, N. J., whose exemplary Christian life closed in a happy death on the 8th inst.

Charles J. Mooney, Charles Cronin and Mrs. Eliza Donovan, of Philadelphia, Pa.; Mrs. Mary Riordan, Baltimore, Md.; Mr. Patrick J. Dooley, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Miss Susanna Nolan, St. Louis, Mo.; and Miss H. M. Fitzgerald, Sandusky, Ohio.

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



Francisco and Panchita.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

(CONCLUSION.)

The novena was finished on the morning of Christmas Eve. The children sat on the porch of the Indian school, waiting for Father Antonio, who always took breakfast there when he said Mass in the chapel. At length the door opened and he came out, a huge Havana between his fingers.

"Good-morning, my children!" he said, gayly. "Come, let us away to Maddalena. I have some good news."

"For us, Father Antonio?" inquired Panchita.

"Yes, dear, it nearly concerns you," replied the priest. "Now pray a while until I have had a few words with Maddalena."

The conversation lasted some time, the old woman making many gestures and uttering frequent "*Gracias a Dios*" while the Father talked.

Finally Father Antonio appeared at the door, and said: "My little ones, it may be that the 'boom' has brought us good fortune. Do you know what it means, the 'boom'?"

"Yes, Father, yes," replied Panchita. "Men going about in wagons, and music playing, and people walking so." The child here endeavored to imitate the "stepping off" process by stretching one little foot before the other as far as she could.

Father Antonio laughed heartily.

"So you have used your eyes well, Panchita," he said. "Know, then, that a company is being formed to take water from the San Mateo river into New Town by pipes which they will lay in the ground. To pump the water into those pipes engines will be necessary and a pumping house, which they are persuaded would be best located on this little plot of ground. Yesterday Mr. Alvaredo came to tell me that they will examine the place this afternoon. And if they conclude to buy it

we shall ask a good price—always in reason, of course,—and then there need be no further trouble about the education; all will then be well. Is this not a fine prospect?"

"Yes, yes!" cried the children, and then ran off to chase a butterfly.

"Poor little ones, they do not know!" said Maddalena. "But I am glad; for if it falls out as we hope, then, besides the education, there may be something after."

"Ah, Maddalena," said the priest, gravely shaking his head, "of that I have given over thinking! And perhaps it is better so."

"Truly, if God wills it," she replied. "But prayer is a good thing, and we have prayed,—oh, we have prayed! It may be very well now, while you are living and I, Padre Antonio; but afterward?"

"When that time comes," said the priest, "God will provide. This afternoon, then, they will be here, and I have promised to accompany them." So saying he got into his buggy and drove away.

About three o'clock the children called out from their station on the veranda, where they had been waiting since midday: "They are coming, Maddalena! they are coming! Father Antonio and Mr. Alvaredo are together in the buggy, and two carriages follow them."

The old woman took off the blue handkerchief that covered her grey hair, and replaced it with one of vivid scarlet. Taking her knitting, she came out on the veranda to survey the party. They alighted at some distance from the house, rather to the relief of the children; for they were both somewhat shy. After some time had been spent in conversation—the party breaking up into groups, thus taking in the situation at various points,—one of the number, a tall, distinguished-looking man, approached the spot where the children were standing. As he evidently wished to speak to them, they advanced a few steps, Panchita lingering timidly behind her brother.

"Good-morning!" he said, extending a hand to each. "I am always glad to become acquainted with young people, especially when I have heard such a good account of them as my friend Mr. Alvaredo has given me of you. What are your names, my dears?"

"Francisco and Panchita," replied the boy.

"The same name for both?" said the stran-

ger. "That is odd. Is not Panchita the diminutive for Francisca?"

"Yes, sir," replied the boy; "but we are twins, and our papa and mamma named us alike,—me for our uncle, the brother of papa; and Panchita for mamma, who was Francisca."

"Francis is my name also," said the stranger. "We should be great friends if I were to remain hereabouts. But I have a houseful of little ones at home in England, and I must very soon be going back to them. Little girl, what is that you are saying to your brother?"

"She was whispering that you are like our dear papa," said Francisco.

"I like your papa, with my blond hair and fair skin? But now I see that you both are naturally fair, only tanned by the sun. If it were not for your eyes, which are Spanish, you might be taken for English children."

At the first mention of the word England Maddalena had come forward, and now took occasion to say, with a profound curtsy:

"The father of these little ones was English, señor."

"Good-morning, madam!" replied the gentleman. "You are perhaps their—grand-mother?"

"I, señor!" she exclaimed. "I am only their faithful servant, as I was also that of their mother, who died shortly after their birth. As I said before, their father was from England; but, like yourself"—with another curtsy,—"different from the people of that cold land. He was a true-hearted and generous gentleman, a brave and fearless soldier."

At this moment Father Antonio made his appearance.

"Well," he exclaimed, "the sale has been concluded, and we are now very rich!" Seeing the stranger, he said, politely: "I beg your pardon, sir, but when Mr. Alvarado introduced us I did not catch your name."

"Tyrell,—Sir Francis Tyrell," replied the gentleman. "And I am pleased to make the acquaintance of one of whom I have heard so much."

Father Antonio looked grave. His countenance flushed, then he became very pale.

"Pardon!" said the stranger; "but you look disturbed."

"It is nothing," observed the priest, laying a hand on the shoulder of each of the chil-

dren. "I was merely reflecting on a coincidence of names."

"You know some one then," said the gentleman, eagerly, "whose name is the same as mine? Ah! if I could but hope—"

"Only these little ones," replied the priest. "Their name is the same. Their father was Edward Vivian Tyrell, of Wooton—"

"What do you say, Father?" cried the stranger. "Are you sure? If so, these are the children of my dear brother whom I thought dead these many years."

Father Antonio's expression relaxed. He felt that some leniency must be due him who seemed so affected by this discovery.

"You sought your brother then, my dear sir?" he said. "For beyond doubt he was your brother. We had thought his relatives had wilfully ignored him."

Explanations soon followed. The father of Sir Francis and Edward, the younger brother, had been a stern, uncompromising man. When, in obedience to his wish, Edward began to study for the ministry of the Church of England, and had soon become convinced, through his studies, of the truth of the Roman Catholic Church, he cast him off without a shilling, forbade his mother or brother to communicate with him, and also forbade him ever to give them any sign of his existence. The young man had come to America and drifted into Mexico, where he had joined the army, in which he performed admirable service. In the last days of his life he had yielded to the persuasions of Father Antonio, and endeavored, for the sake of his children, to communicate with his mother and brother. Father Antonio had also written after his death, but no reply had been received by either. It was now evident that the father, Sir James Tyrell, had intercepted both letters.

At the time of his father's death—which had occurred five years before—Sir Francis had been travelling in Italy, where he too was received into the Church. As a member of an English syndicate owning large tracts of land in Southern California, he had journeyed to America, with scarcely a hope that he might learn some tidings of his absent brother. And now, in this unexpected manner, he had found not that dearly loved brother, but his children.

Words can not portray the joy of the happy family so strangely brought together on Christmas Eve. It was indeed a joyous Christmas for all. And if a shade of sadness mingled with the delight of the children when they remembered that this meeting with their uncle meant parting from Father Antonio, they comforted themselves with his laughing promise that some day, when he had made his fortune, or had become a bishop, he would visit them in their English home.

"Say rather," said the astute Maddalena, "that you will come to us for a refuge in your old age. For what with the holes that are always in your pockets from constantly turning them inside-out to give to Peter and Paul, and I know not who beside; and what with your modesty and humility, which will always make them forget that you are there when they are searching for a bishop; and the rank ingratitude of Christians in general and those of San Mateo in particular,—if I am not mistaken you will need such a refuge. For myself, my future is provided for. Would that yours were as secure!"

Wise Maddalena! you were not far astray.

The "boom" is long past in San Mateo. The voices of the sackbut and psaltery are no longer heard in the streets; the thoroughfares are deserted; the lodging-housekeeper has departed to a more northern clime; new growths of underbrush have hidden thousands of town-lot stakes driven high upon the hill-sides and low in the cañons for miles and miles along the dusty road. A disused and deserted building, with machinery lying idle and boilers grown rusty, marks the site of the little adobe house where Maddalena dwelt with Francisco and Panchita in days gone by. They are happy in their home across the sea; but they never forget Father Antonio, to whom they write often, hoping that some day they may see him again.

Once more it is Christmas Eve in the land of perpetual sunshine. Father Antonio sits on the deep veranda of his old-fashioned adobe house, smoking an after-dinner cigar, and gazing on the beauty of the scene before him, which has greeted him daily for thirty years, and of which he would not tire in thirty more. Soon he will have to go to the confessional,

there to remain till midnight; but this one little half hour is his to enjoy and remember. Before him sparkle the blue waters of the bay—rippling, laughing, dancing, "like living diamonds whispering soul to soul." To the south the light-house lifts its stately head above the rocky height, where it has stood guard so long. In the distance the hazy mountain peaks melt into the azure, save where here and there some lordly summit uplifts its mighty forehead, lightly crowned with snow.

Father Antonio thinks of many things; for at seasons like this old reminiscences crowd one another in the soul, and life is lived over again, with all its hopes and disappointments, its pains and its fruitions, its joys and its regrets. Fame has not come to him nor fortune; he smiles while he remembers that laughing promise, no nearer fulfilment now than then. And I doubt if anything could make him leave his beloved San Mateo, than which, putting aside the forlorn state in which the greed and cupidity of men have left it (though the prophetic soul of Father Antonio still holds forth for it a glorious future), the present chronicler must fain agree with him, "there is no lovelier spot on God's bright earth."

SYLVIA HUNTING.

Noelie.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TYBORNE," ETC.

(CONCLUSION.)

XVI.

The weeks went by, and the lovely Christmas-tide was again at hand. On Christmas Eve Noelie went to take presents to Mary. Grandmother was in bed, and Mary said she seemed more weak and suffering than usual. She was moaning with pain.

"Suppose I were to sing?" said Noelie.

"Well, try," replied Mary.

So Noelie began to sing a carol:

"See amid the winter's snow,
Born for us on earth below—"

Groans from grandmother stopped her.

"Christmas!" cried the old woman, wringing her hands. "It is Christmas to-morrow, and you can sing about Christmas to me! Don't

you know it was at Christmas I lost Jenny? It was on Christmas Eve that Consudo came without the child. Oh, bitter, awful Christmas Eve!"

Then she sank back, moaning as before, and Noëlie crept away.

In the afternoon Catherine took Noëlie out to choose a Christmas present. As they went along Noëlie asked, suddenly:

"Why was I called Noëlie? It is a funny name."

"It is a very pretty name," said Catherine. "Imagine," she added, speaking to herself, "Mr. Chevahier wanting to call her Consudo!"

"Consudo!" exclaimed Noëlie. "That was a still more funny name. Why, Catherine?"

"Oh, because, because—never mind. Look at that shop window."

Noëlie went into the shop and chose her present. She seemed lost in thought, and on the way home she was silent.

"Consudo!" pondered Noëlie. "Where did I hear that name before? Oh, I know! It was that of Jenny's godmother. Consudo! There is something strange in this. I am not related to Uncle. Was I the child found in the deserted house? But it was quite a poor person's house. It could not have been me." She raised her head haughtily. Then she thought of the Divine Child born in a manger, and the thought came: "When He left the glories of heaven to come down to earth, did He come among the rich or among the poor? Just at Christmas Jenny was lost, and the other little girl was found. Uncle Friend would not tell me what became of her, and Catherine won't tell me about my parents. Oh, can it be that the little girl was *me*? Oh, then I have no parents, no one that knows who I am! Yes, I am the little girl who was lost,—I am Jenny. But then I should be Mary's sister,—my dear Mary! Oh, no, no! I should be granddaughter to the *witch*. Oh, no! Impossible! I am a young lady. I am Miss Chevahier. Still, he is *not* my uncle. O my God, have pity on me! I know not what to think or do."

When they reached home Noëlie made Catherine sit down, and, kneeling beside her, she said:

"Catherine dear, I am old enough now to know the truth. I was a deserted child. Uncle

Friend found me on Christmas Eve, and you and he have taken care of me ever since."

"O my Petite!" said Catherine, clasping her in her arms and weeping; "my own Petite!"

"Oh, I remember now! Once I was called Petite. Tell me all, Catherine."

And so with many tears the story of Petite was related to herself. At the end she said:

"But there is more yet, Catherine. I feel sure that I am Jenny, Mary's sister, who was lost."

"Impossible!" exclaimed Catherine.

"I think not, Catherine dear. It was nine years ago that child was left in an empty house, two days before Christmas; the same year and day I was found in an empty house. Her godmother's name was Consudo."

"Merciful Heaven," said Catherine, "this is indeed extraordinary! But go to bed now, my darling; it is very late, and to-morrow we will go together to Mass and to the Crib, and thank our Blessed Lord for all that He has done for my Petite."

Noëlie was very happy when she knelt by the Crib. The thought of telling the old woman that she was her lost grandchild was still very painful, but she was determined to do her duty, and a sweet voice seemed to whisper to her: "Console those who suffer." Then came the thought: "Oh, how my school-mates will laugh at and despise me when they know who I am!" And another unpleasant thought: "Shall I have to live with her and sleep in her room?"

And the voice said: "The Cross was His bed. He loved, suffered, and died for thee. Now He asks thee to console a dying woman. Wilt thou refuse to make this little return for all His love?"

Noëlie left the church full of the divine strength which comes of prayer and sacrifice.

XVII.

After breakfast the story was told to Uncle Friend, and he was so much interested that he set off with Noëlie and Catherine, and climbed up into the desolate and mournful attic. The old woman was very ill, and Mary at her bedside.

"Grandmother," said Noëlie, in a trembling voice, "I have news of Jenny."

The sad eyes opened wide.

"Jenny—Jenny—where?"

"Yes, grandmother. Jenny is alive in Paris, and if you will be calm you shall see her."

"I am calm," said the old woman. "Bring her to me quick—but no, it is not true."

"Yes, grandmother, it is true. She is here. Look at me." Noëlie caressed the old woman's hands. "Look well at me. Don't you know me? I am Jenny, your little Jenny."

"You, you,—a rich young lady? You are mocking me; you are not my Jenny." And she hid her face under the bedclothes.

Noëlie paused for a minute; then she bade Mary give her a cap and little shawl like those she wore, and hand in hand the twin sisters stood by the bed.

"Mary, my own sister!" exclaimed Noëlie, kissing her most affectionately. "Grandmother, look at us."

The old woman raised her head and looked at them, but she doubted still.

Mr. Chevahier came forward.

"Where did you live when you lost your grandchild, my good woman?"

"Rue de Venise, sir," she faltered.

"And on what day did you leave the child?"

"The day before Christmas Eve, nine years ago."

"Then doubt no longer. On that day, in that street, I found this child, and all that she could tell me was that her godmother was called Consudo."

"And so she was!" gasped the old woman.

"Noëlie is your Jenny without doubt, and don't be uneasy. She is my adopted child, and Mary shall share all she has."

"O Providence of my God," murmured the old woman, "what mercy dost Thou show to me who have so wickedly refused to forgive another and rebelled against Thy will! O my child,"—as Noëlie threw herself into her grandmother's arms—"I am unworthy to behold you! Send for a priest, that I may be reconciled with the God whom I have so grievously offended."

The priest came in haste, and when grandmother had made her humble confession and received absolution, he went to bring the Holy Viaticum; for he saw the old woman was very weak, and a doctor whom Mr. Chevahier had called in said she could not live many hours.

The two children knelt beside her, while she poured out her soul in fervent thanksgiving.

"O my good God," said she, "while I wept for this child with my rebellious tears Thou didst watch over her! Has she not been far better cared for than the one I kept beside me? And thou, my daughter, who art with God, see, I have both thy children safe!"

Then she blessed and thanked Mr. Chevahier for his great goodness, and Catherine for having been a mother to Noëlie.

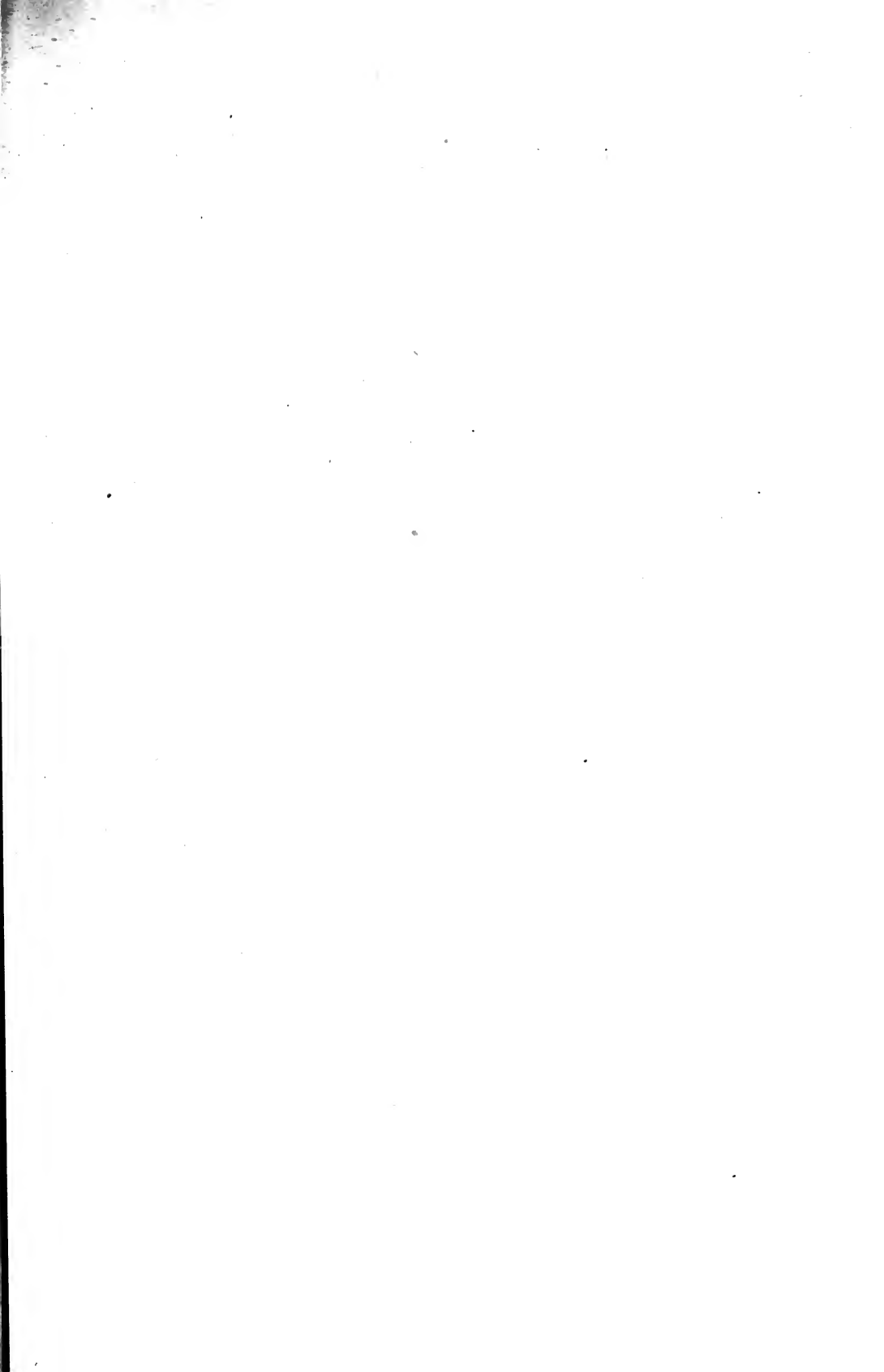
The priest returned, and a nursing Sister who had been sent for came also. The sick woman was anointed, then received Our Lord in the Sacrament of His Love; and a few hours later, with a smile of wonderful peace and joy on her wrinkled face, she passed away.

After the first few days were over, and grandmother had been laid to rest in the quiet cemetery, Noëlie began to make plans. She was anxious that the twin sister should share all her lessons. But Mary had other thoughts in her head. She soon pointed out to Noëlie that Catherine and Joseph were getting old and wanted help in their work, and before long the two little girls were trying their best to assist the old servants. But Catherine would not accept much of their time. She insisted on their attending different classes, and spending some hours in study at home; and she never rested till Mr. Chevahier, by a formal legal act, had adopted both for his daughters.

The day of the First Communion came at last. It was a lovely sight to watch the long files of white-robed children kneeling at the altar to receive the Food of Angels. Among the congregation was Mr. Chevahier. His eyes rested fondly on Mary and Noëlie as they advanced and returned.

"My children!" he said to himself. "They are praying for Uncle Friend, and their love and their prayers are worth a great deal to me. Yes, I have two children, and I shall not be alone in my old age. My God, what have I done to deserve such goodness? I climbed a dark staircase, I carried a little child home, I passed a sleepless night, and for that slight act of charity Thou hast thus rewarded me!"

And another in the church was also kneeling and fervently thanking God. It was the faithful Catherine.





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Ave Maria.

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