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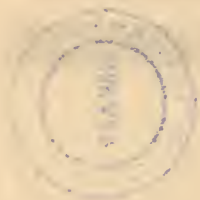


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Ch. Sicouy, lith

Imp. Edouard Bry, Paris

BLESSED PETER CHANEL
Marist, First Martyr of Oceania.



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On Our Lady's Visitation.

BY THE REV. A. B. O'NEILL, C. S. C.

In Judah, country of the hills, one day
There came a dust-stained Maid from
Galilee:

Her soul intent on wondrous things to be,
No man had she saluted by the way,
No city entered, made no brief delay;
But, moved by sweet and eager charity,
Sought her whose old-age son, from sin made
free,
E'en from his mother's womb did homage pay.

Ah, Virgin fair, thy visitation blest
Extend to us, grown old in sin and woe!
Perchance when next we greet thee as our guest
Our sterile hearts, grace-touched, may fruitful
grow;
And, tuned to thine in full and sweet accord,
Like thine our souls may "magnify the Lord."

The Martyr-Apostle of Futuna.

BY VIRGINIA M. CRAWFORD.

INTRODUCTION BY CARDINAL MANNING.

THE life and martyrdom of Father
Chanel will move many hearts
with a desire to share his lot.
It comes so near to us, not
only in time, but in the commonplace cir-
cumstances of his youth and mission, that
he seems to be one of ourselves, and we seem

as if we may be called "to go and do like-
wise." He began in poverty; he went to
school and to college; he became a profes-
sor and rector; then missionary zeal car-
ried him to the islands of the Pacific. In all
this there is nothing uncommon; nothing
beyond the lines and limits of our own life.
The lives of saints and martyrs are for the
most part high above us, or so far apart
from our daily lot that we are beyond their
influence. But Father Chanel seems taken
from such as we are; and why should not
we be the next to be called?

But there was one difference, perhaps,
which we do not see. The humility and
charity of his heart in habitual union with
God and man lifted him above all who
were about him.

On his voyage to the Pacific, the whole
crew of the ship were so drawn to God by
him that on reaching the end of their
voyage they all received Holy Communion.
The island of Futuna became his home.
He lived a hard and humble life among
the natives, "making himself all things to
all men"; winning them by the heart. The
number converted in the four years of his
life was outwardly small; but the hearts of
many were secretly won, and there were
many catechumens under instruction.

Then came suddenly and without warn-
ing the blow which crowned him a martyr
for the faith. Within weeks or even days
eight hundred of the people, including the
murderer, became Christian. What his life-

had begun, his martyrdom accomplished: the island of Futuna was Christian.

The world is wide, the harvest plentiful, the laborers are few. Who will follow in his steps?

HENRY EDWARD,

CARDINAL ARCHBISHOP OF WESTMINSTER.

I.

A little fair-faced shepherd boy, clad in the blue blouse and wooden shoes of the French peasant, who, in the intervals of minding his father's sheep, gathered flowers to place before the statue of Our Lady, and built up little imaginary altars with the stones of the fields,—such, at the age of seven, was Blessed Peter Chanel, who, some thirty years later, was to die a martyr's death in the distant island of Futuna. He seems to have been a delicate, gentle little fellow, slightly built, with regular features, and with that "far-off look" in his eyes which makes a loving mother fear that her precious child may be too good for this world; and so, though we have no proofs of intellectual precocity on his part, it is only natural that there should exist many half-legendary anecdotes which go to prove that the little Peter was marked out by God almost from the cradle as one of His special servants.

Born at the tiny hamlet of La Potière, in the Diocese of Lyons, July 12, 1803, Pierre Louis Marie Chanel, the fifth of eight children, was the son of humble and pious French peasants. His mother, like the mothers of nearly all the great and good men of this world, was a woman of strong religious feeling, who devoted herself with conscientious zeal to the duty of bringing up her family in the love and fear of God. Peter was the most apt of all her little pupils. In his childhood his religious aspirations were shared by a favorite cousin, Jeanne Marie; whilst a little later his constant companion in all his prayers and childish practices of devotion was his younger sister, Mary Frances,—that same

sister who, as a nun of the Holy Name of Mary at Belley, followed her brother's career with the most loving interest and the most ardent prayers.

In his earliest years little Peter's opportunities of general education were small indeed. What with the sheep to be watched, and the distance of La Potière from the nearest national school, the boy's appearances at that rural abode of learning were but few and far between; and at the age of ten he could barely read. Fortunately, his sweet face and gentle manners had already attracted the fatherly notice of M. Trompier, the parish priest of the neighboring village of Cras; and through the intercession of his new friend Peter was established there for the winter, under the care of his aunt and of his much-loved cousin, Jeanne Marie, in order to attend the day school regularly.

And so the happy, dreamy days in the wide fields, which, we may be sure, had had their share in forming the lad's character, came to an end. He himself was overjoyed at the change, and worked away with a will at his books. His cousin tells us that even in these early days, when his aunt would ask him what he meant to be when he grew into a man, the invariable answer was: "I want to be a priest." A year later his kind protector, who had already formed the plan of educating him for the priesthood, arranged with his parents to provide permanently for his education, and took him to live in his own house. The days passed rapidly for Peter, between serving at Mass, studying diligently, and playing endless games of bowls with M. Trompier.

Four quiet years sped happily away under the roof of the good *curé*. Peter was not the only pupil, and it is from the pen of one of his early companions, the Abbé Bernard, that we learn the esteem and affection in which he was held by his playmates. "M. Trompier," observes the Abbé, "tried in vain to hide his predilec-

tion for this promising pupil. We knew well that he loved us all, but it was easy to see who filled the first place in his affections. This partiality was so well deserved that it never excited the slightest jealousy amongst us; and, in truth, Peter was far too good and too modest to allow us to feel his superiority."—"He was even then a *saint*," writes another companion. "We were for the most part very careless, and the inhabitants of Cras used to notice the fact; but they invariably added: "Only look at Chanel, how steady he is!"

Here is a characteristic little anecdote belonging to this period. Above all things the boy could not bear the slightest irreverence in church, and his own conduct had ever been beyond reproach. One day a boy belonging to the catechism class amused himself, on entering the church, by throwing some holy water in the face of a companion. Peter seized his arm and reproved him. "But it was only for fun," pleaded the little culprit. "We are not allowed to make fun with holy things," was the brief though gentle answer.

M. Trompier was very strict in requiring a thorough preparation on the part of his pupils for the Sacraments; and thus Peter, with all his piety, was not allowed the privilege of making his First Communion until he was over thirteen. It is easy to imagine the ardor with which the sensitive, conscientious boy prepared himself for this, the greatest of all events in the life of a Catholic child; and when at length the morning of Passion Sunday dawned, and he knelt at the altar rails with sixty other children, his rapt devotion excited the notice of all who were present.

One more incident belonging to this period must be mentioned; Father Chanel himself often referred to it in after years, and regarded it as one of the turning-points of his life. About the age of fifteen he was suddenly seized with so violent a disgust for his work that he resolved on leaving the presbytery in secret. Just outside the

garden he happened to meet Mlle. Chambard, the teacher of the village girls' school, who asked him where he was going. "I am going away," replied P ter. "Have you spoken to your aunt about it?" she asked; "or, in any case, have you consulted the Blessed Virgin?" Peter hung his head in silence. "Take my advice, Peter," continued the teacher, "and, before taking any step, go into the church and pray to Our Lady." The young man obeyed, and soon after left the church in an altered frame of mind. In after years the apostle of Futuna always attributed his decision to the favor of the Blessed Virgin; from that time he never allowed a day to pass without reciting the Rosary, and his whole moral nature seemed to have been strengthened by the victory he had won.

It was at the little seminary of Meximieux that young Chanel, at the age of sixteen, definitively embarked on his eight years' preparation for the priesthood (1819-1827),—eight years which were to transform him from a simple, gentle peasant boy into the chosen servant of God, eager to shed his blood for his Master. Few events of importance stand out in these quiet years; but the whole tenor of the evidence set down for us by eye-witnesses of this period of his life, goes to prove the saintliness of his character, and the ardor with which he pursued his holy vocation. The Abb  Brouard gives us a glimpse of him at this epoch:

"His character displayed the most perfect modesty and docility. He was remarkable for an air of melancholy, which made him look serious without being cold. His gentleness caused him to be much beloved by his fellow-students, with whom he never had the smallest quarrel. His natural timidity, as well as his goodness of heart, made him one of the most docile of pupils. He kept a good place in his class, without being greatly distinguished. His studiousness was due more to regularity than to ardor, which I attributed to his constitutional

delicacy. On the whole, I think he owed more of his success to his diligence than to his talents."

Young Chanel's devotion to the Blessed Virgin grew in intensity. He early became a member of a congregation among the students dedicated to her honor, and had charge of the little chapel where the meetings were held. Later, by the unanimous vote of the members, he was elected prefect; and then he inspired the pious association with new life and devotion, appearing before his fellow-students as a veritable missionary of the Blessed Virgin. All his actions were consecrated to her, and the motto "*Auspice Dei genitricis Maria*" was to be found inscribed on all his books and papers.

After four years at Meximieux and one at Belley, whither Peter Chanel was sent in order to follow a course of philosophy, he entered the greater seminary of Brou, at the age of twenty-one. He himself describes to a friend, Father Bourdin, his emotions at this solemn time: "I can not tell you how impressed I was when I first put on the ecclesiastical habit in order to go to Brou; but my emotion was far more intense when I had crossed the threshold of the seminary. It seemed to me as though God had created for me new heavens and a new earth. I seemed to be already on the eve of ordination. I touched the priesthood so closely that I felt in the depths of my soul, first joy and confidence, then fear and almost aversion. A retreat followed. Ah, now at last, I said to myself, I shall dig the foundations of my sanctification."

How strict a watch the future apostle kept, even at that time, not only over his senses, but over the most fleeting thoughts of his mind, may be inferred from his own lips. "Who can realize," he remarked one day to one of his most intimate friends, "all that a simple curiosity, a slight sarcasm, a little want of charity, a feeling of pride, may do toward destroying grace, weakening fervor, and causing distract-

tions and indifference during meditation?"

In due course of time Peter Chanel received tonsure and minor orders, and later the diaconate from the hands of Monseigneur Devie, Bishop of Belley; finally, on the sixth Sunday after Pentecost, 1827, he was raised to the priesthood. His heart overflowed with joy when he learned that his greatest wish was about to be accomplished; and, filled with holy zeal, he assembled his fellow-students, explained his ideas to them, and with their unanimous consent he drew up for himself and for them a rule of conduct, which all signed on the day of their ordination.

Had the young Abbé followed the dictates of his own heart, he would have said his first Mass in some solitary chapel; but his old protector, M. Trompier, had set his heart on the Mass being celebrated in the village church of Cras, at the very altar at the foot of which his favorite pupil had made his First Communion. The servant of God naturally felt that such a claim could not be disregarded, and accordingly, on the 17th of July he celebrated his first Holy Mass, in the presence of a large congregation, including his own relatives, who enjoyed the happy privilege of receiving the Blessed Sacrament from the hands of the newly ordained priest.

A few weeks later the Abbé Chanel, at the order of his Bishop, left home for the little town of Ambérieux, where he was to gain his first experience as parish priest.

(To be continued.)

LIFE would be too easy, heaven too lightly gained, if the victor's crown could be won by a single struggle. In that battle the heart's best blood must be drained; the wearied soul must stand to its arms again and yet again. There will be many an apparent truce, and perhaps many a sore defeat, before the end, which sometimes seems so far, is won at last.—
Christian Reid.

The Success of Patrick Desmond.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

XVIII.

Love with anxiety is a living death.—Conrad von Bolanden.

IN a row of brown stone houses, all alike, with heavy balusters and deeply en-cased basement doors, almost in the centre of the city of New York, lived Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Fitzgerald. Mrs. Arthur Fitzgerald, who had been Mary Galligan, had changed somewhat since her marriage. She was handsomer than when she had taught school, and worried about Miles, and managed the household expenses, and kept her lively sister Esther—now Mrs. John Longworthy—in order. She did not seem so careworn as she had been; she was like a half-closed flower that gradually expands in the sun. And there were times when she was as entirely contented as any earthly being could be; yet no day dawned without a dark fear coming with it. She had no fear for her husband: he was good and manly and true. Together every morning he and she went to an early Mass, and then said good-bye until the evening; but she had no fear for Arthur: love and respect and gratitude made a perfume about the very thought of his name. She was not anxious about material things: Arthur's practice at the law was good, and his patrimony had increased in value; he was enabled to live well without anxiety. And she no longer turned her old silk frocks, or indulged in those economies which had formerly excited Esther to rebellion.

But her brother Miles was never absent from her mind. She knew that he seldom went to Mass, that he avoided the confessional; she knew that he was growing more and more careless—Esther had once said "brutal," and Mary had felt as if a dagger had pierced her heart. No, Miles could never be brutal; whatever were his

faults, he could never deserve that epithet. "Brutal!"—how could Esther have used it? Did she realize that he had the pure, Irish blood of a pious father and mother in his veins? And Mary had begged her sister to take it back, but Esther had not done so.

"Miles was made selfish by his education," she had said; "he was indulged and pampered, and all the weeds of his nature brought to the surface. He was bad enough when he was with us; he was only selfish then, now he is brutalized. Do I pity him? No. But I do pity his wife and child. If I can ever help them I will—although his wife is Nellie Mulligan,—but I don't care to live in the same city with him or her."

And so Esther had gone off to London and Paris, glad to get away from the sad look that came into Mary's face whenever Miles' name was mentioned,—glad to live her own life, and to study new problems with that delightful John, whose existence induced her to tolerate the rest of the male sex.

Mary was lonely without her at first, and Arthur's long day at the office seemed doubly long. But she was a woman of many charities; she haunted the tenement house called The Anchor, and did much to improve the condition of the poor in that structure. She had read John Longworthy's "Poverty and Sin" with deep interest. He held that poverty in city life was a terrible curse, because it resulted in degradation and temptation to sin. And, as it was not in her power to apply the remedies he suggested, she went about in the old-fashioned way, directed when in doubt by the priests of the parish,—encouraging, teaching, giving; and among the younger people she had already produced certain results. But among the older women, devotion to beer and gossip was so intense that she believed nothing but death could change them.

She had no theories: she accepted facts as they were. She did not believe that poverty could be ever extirpated from the

earth, or its consequences abolished; but she did believe that it was a greater curse in the crowded tenement houses in New York than anywhere else within her knowledge. She did not raise her voice in condemning the gayety and frivolity of the younger people. She sometimes compared her own carefully guarded youth with that of these young girls, who flaunted at picnics and assemblies, and whose life was divided between drudgery and what they called pleasure; and she prayed for them all with a shudder. She understood them,—she understood how deceitful were appearances; and she understood, too, that the cause of their dangerous gayety and frivolity lay in the fact that they had no homes.

Mary tried to dedicate herself to the task of making the homes in *The Anchor* more homelike. It was not an easy one, for habit had to be contended against. But Mary never lost sight of the truth that love is the secret of success; she loved these people, and her suffering on Miles' account had made her tolerant. It was very difficult for these young girls, after a day's hard labor in a wretchedly ventilated warehouse or factory, to resist the temptation of a dance, in summer on the sea-breeze swept docks, in winter in one of the assembly halls. All this led to many evils; but the evils, so far as Mary could understand, were not much greater than those developed through excessive love of amusement in any position of life. She had read Mr. Ward McAllister's book as well as John Longworthy's; and it seemed to her that the life as depicted in one was not less vulgar than that shown to exist by the other. There was the difference that beer was cheaper than champagne; but surely it was as bad for a young woman to partake publicly of one as of the other.

Mary, through her love and tolerance, got very near to many of the young women of *The Anchor*. Give them home amusements, teach them the household arts,

tread down the weed envy, make them understand the meaning of the *Magnificat*, and the most difficult points of the social problem, over which so many throughout the world were puzzling, would be met. The question, in Mary's opinion, was of mothers and homes. But what homes could be made in *The Anchor*, with drunken ravings and habitual blasphemy filling the air,—where there might be innocence of evil, but no ignorance of it? And how were good mothers to be graduated from a domestic atmosphere of such malarious properties?

There were many true homes and true mothers in the tenement houses of New York. Mary knew this, but her principal concern was with *The Anchor*, where tenement-house life was almost at its worst. Longworthy, in his book, had presented the evils of the overcrowded tenements; but he had offered no remedy, except that the city should look more carefully after their sanitary qualities. Thanks to him, the families in *The Anchor* were provided, in the summer, with good vegetables, milk and ice at moderate rates, through the usual dealers in those commodities; and he had established a system which did away with the ruinous price they paid for their coal in winter. But this was not enough,—and yet John Longworthy, assisted by large wealth and all Esther's capability, had not gone any farther. Extravagance, envy, drunkenness, domestic quarrels, laziness among the young men, and a feverish desire for amusement on the part of the young women, were rampant. So far as Mary could see, the only remedy lay in inducing each individual in *The Anchor* to believe firmly that he had certain duties to perform beyond the mere act of living.

Religion had a strong hold on the young women; it, and not public opinion, kept them from those great sins of which the unthinking might accuse them, judging only from appearances. The annual "mission" at the Catholic church in whose parish *The Anchor* was, had great force with the young

men. Whatever reactionary power against debasement they possessed was due to the confessional. But while religion could keep most of them from becoming entirely degraded,—while it lifted them up after they had fallen,—while they caught at it as men climbing up a mountain side catch at a stout branch as they fall, and save themselves in the very act of falling,—it had little effect in making the habitual “loafer” see that he ought not to live on the earnings of his mother, the washerwoman; or in causing young Grogan, for instance, to support his wife. Nobody in *The Anchor* believed that poverty could be a blessing. And yet Mary saw that they must come to regard it as a blessing—to regard it as a means of grace—before it could be possible to make it endurable. Neither Jong Longworthy nor anybody else writing on the social problem had shown how this might be done. Mary did not know herself, but she wanted very much to find out.

Arthur Fitzgerald did not bother himself with such questions. He had his law business and John Longworthy's real estate to look after. It was his opinion that the city of New York would one day become a place for business and warehouses exclusively. He had read a paper before a Catholic club in which he had said that the rich ought to be kind to the poor, and that the poor ought not to envy the rich; and he had expressed the opinion that a return to Christian feudalism would be the desirable thing. But he never dreamed of explaining how the people in *The Anchor* were to be made the contented subjects of his ideal feudalism.

The real cross in his life was Miles. Miles stood between his wife's heart and his; she never forgot her brother: he would come up in her thoughts just as Arthur had made her almost happy. Again, Miles was an unscrupulous politician, and the tool of more unscrupulous politicians; to take a bribe was a legitimate thing in his eyes,—to be caught was the illegitimate

thing. Politics meant business, and Miles did not hesitate to say so. To Arthur, trained by the Jesuits to a delicate sense of honor in all the relations of life, the necessity of associating with such a man was deplorable.

Esther, in their talks, had sometimes made bitter comparisons between Arthur and her brother. “Why is it,” she had asked, “that Arthur, with the same education at school as Miles, is so different? And I am sure Miles wasn't born bad!”

There was never any answer made to this, but it was Arthur's private opinion that Miles had been ruined by the over-indulgence of his mother and the ease of taking the lowest standard of his companions. But he did not care to ask questions; it was enough to know that Miles existed. It was pain enough to fear that at any moment the name of his brother-in-law might be seen in the lurid heading of a newspaper, weighted with charges that would be irrefutable. When that would happen—and Arthur felt that it was only a question of time—it would be necessary for him to stand by this hateful relative; for he knew that if all the crimes forbidden by the Decalogue were proven against Miles, Mary would strive to hold him innocent; not only that, but she would insist on *his* holding him innocent. The Longworthys had, he often said to himself, done well to flee from a country that contained Miles.

Nellie was bad enough; she was vulgar, yet she must be socially recognized. And she had a way of sending all sorts of people to him with letters of introduction, beginning, “Dear Brother.” It was awkward.

It was absolutely necessary that the Fitzgeralds should give a dinner party at least every six months to these obnoxious relatives. And the time had approached shortly after Patrick Desmond's arrival in New York. Nellie had hinted several times that it ought to be an affair of great splendor on this special occasion, because of Miles' additional prestige in the political world.

Nellie did not explain why Miles ought to be considered as more splendid than usual, but it was plainly her fixed opinion that he was the most brilliant of political stars.

"I will have nobody to meet them, Mary," Arthur said, firmly; "because there is nobody that will understand them. Make the table groan with flowers and ornaments, if you like, but don't ask other people."

Mary's countenance fell. "Nellie will feel slighted."

"Nellie is in a chronic state of 'slight-ness.'"

"But, after all, Arthur, they are my relatives!" said Mary, with a touch of reproach in her voice.

"Nobody would suspect it, if you didn't tell; and I'm sure I don't see why we should be anxious—come," he added, seeing tears in Mary's eyes; "come—don't cry. Ask everybody you like; but if that woman attempts to bring little Miley, and to keep him on her lap during dinner, as she did the last time, I will not endure it."

"Poor little Miley!" said the other, with a sigh. "Why have you such a grudge against little Miley?"

"I love him," answered Arthur, politely, "when he doesn't paddle in the soup."

Mary turned away; this was levity. Why could Arthur see no good in Miles? she asked in her heart. Why, he asked in his, should she forgive all Miles' sins, and treat his lightest remark as if it were a crime?

"I suppose I may ask Father Jackson?"

"Oh, yes!" said Arthur. "*He* will understand,—but nobody else. If you do, Mary, I'll go out of town. I must go to a placé called Eaglescliff, to look into the condition of a mine there belonging to a client. Now, if you ask a crowd to meet Nellie and Miles, I'll go on Wednesday instead of Thursday; I will indeed!"

Mary made no answer; she looked down at a note she held. "Nellie says Wednesday would suit her; and she wants to bring her cousin, Mr. Desmond—"

"A nice young fellow," interrupted

Arthur, approvingly. "Miles calls him his secretary, but he is out of place in that position. He was at my office yesterday with a message."

Mary's face brightened, and then clouded a little. "She proposes to bring the Baroness von Homburg."

"The Baroness von *Humburg*, my dear! You'd better say no to that."

"How can I?"

"Well, let her come; but it is awful!"

"O Arthur, it's such a little thing to do for Miles!" said Mary, piteously.

Arthur shook his head. After all, Miles, at his worst, could not deprive him of his cigar and book.

(To be continued.)

On the Beach.

BY M. E. M.

"THE SEES in every cloud
A ghostly, raggedy shroud,"
Groaned the dismal, dismal woman,

As she strode along the strand,
An umbrella in her hand.

The children glanced aside
From their frolic with the tide,
While she slowly shook her head
And grimly said:

"On this terrible solemn ground
How can you be so bloomin',
With them wrecks all strown around?"

"I counts in every wave
A sailor boy's grave,"
Moaned the dismal, dismal woman.

The children stopped their play,
And stole timidly away,
Leaving her alone.

Striding on, she shook her head
And sarcastically said:

"Young they be, but most inhuman,
Like their hearts was made of stone!"

"How I love the changeful sea!
'Tis a joy to me,"

Said the gladsome, gladsome lady;
 Pausing now to watch the swells,
 Gathering pink sea-ferns and shells;
 Softly glancing, as she smiled
 At each bashful, happy child,
 Laughing back into her face;
 While she lifted her bright head
 And gayly said:
 "What a grand, a glorious place
 For little ones like you,
 Under the rocks so shady,
 And the waves so sunny and blue!"

"Come, let us dance on the sand,
 Hand in hand!"

Said the gladsome, gladsome lady.
 "Now, now the wave to meet;
 Back—not to wet our feet;
 Up and down, around and round.
 Where could better sport be found?"
 And the children never forgot
 That sea-girt, peaceful spot
 And the lovely, lovely lady.

The Little Sisters of the Poor.

BY KATHARINE TYNAN.

THEY had often come to my door on their questing, the Little Sisters, and had accepted the smallest gift with meek gratitude; coming in and resting a while in my room, with their hands folded in their laps, but steadily refusing even a cup of tea as a refreshment after the day's tramp. In the autumn, about the potato-digging, they would come with a cart to beg a bag of potatoes for their old folk, a specially sturdy Little Sister driving, and prepared to do the hoisting if necessary. I had met them on hot and dusty days tramping a highway where there was scarce an inch of shade. They were so pathetic, with their broken English and their quaint dress, I had often promised myself to visit them at their Dublin house, and see the work they were doing. To the Little Sisters one's heart instinctively went out.

They have none of the stateliness and even beauty of look which one associates with the garb of the nun, trailing and sombre, and relieved with just the white bands about the peaceful and transparent face every nun comes to wear. The Little Sisters wear the close cap of a French peasant girl—which indeed their first Mother-General, still living happily, was; round their shoulders they have the thinnest black shawl imaginable; a short skirt of poor blue stuff goes to their feet. After my visit I said they were as poor as the Stable of Bethlehem, and felt that theirs was a vocation of extraordinary holiness and difficulty, more remote from me even than a call to the Carmelites, which hitherto I had held the last triumph of the supernatural.

St. Patrick's Home at Kilmainham is a big building,—so big that the Sisters are inclined to be ashamed of it, but capable of accommodating nearly three hundred inmates. Kilmainham is a suburb of Dublin, out of fashion. In the last century the country-houses of many of the gentlefolk were here; and though now all the place is sordid and decayed, you may see from the top of a tram-car, or some such point of vantage, comfortable, old-fashioned houses, still in good keeping, hiding away behind an orchard, and approached by a grassy path, winding from a green door which jealously guards them from the vulgar eye. His Majesty's old prison of Kilmainham held the United Irishmen; Her Majesty's new prison has bound many convicted of like crimes. It is a stone's-throw from the Little Sisters, and a great old orchard swarms up to its beetling battlements; and hard by is a water-wheel, to remind us that not long since this was the country. Through every break in the poverty-stricken houses, and beyond the bare bits of common devoted to goats, the live stock of the poor, one sees the lovely line of the mountains, which in Dublin is scarcely ever out of sight, and consoles us for many things.

St. Patrick's Home is a little away from

the extreme poverty. Little red brick houses of a certain gentility are its neighbors, and the market-gardens encroach upon it on every side. A ring at the door brings the portress, and we are set to wait in a little waiting-room guiltless of windows, and adorned by photographs of the founder, the Abbé le Pailleur, and the present Pope and his predecessor. There is a rakish little Chippendale card-table amid this severity, which excites our envy. I suppose it was a gift to the Little Sisters, who, it may be, are quite unconscious of the uses of the green cloth. "The good Mother," as they quaintly call their superior, is out; but we are taken in hands by two nuns who had often come to us begging, both French, and vivacious after their meek fashion.

We first visit the big room, where about fifty "old ladies" are making patchwork quilts. The Little Sisters call their charges "the old ladies" and "the old gentlemen," with a pretty courtesy. The room was somewhat "stuffy," truth to tell, despite its height and its big windows, one or two of which were open at the top. The vitality of the old is very low, and they can not bear much air. The poor young Little Sisters (they were all young) have to bear the stuffiness as best they might. Nearly all the belongings of the house are made of bits and scraps as well as the food. Patchwork at the Little Sisters indeed becomes a fine art; and when you come to the chapel you will never detect that the carpet on the altar, with its russet cross on a green ground, is composed of bits discarded in the cutting. The big shops of Dublin give their patterns, when they are old, and their clippings to the Little Sisters, who have effectually proved that there is nothing only fit to be wasted. In the sitting-room, piles of cups and saucers and plates are being brought in by some of the brisker old women from an adjoining scullery. A pile of plates has "Prison Service" imprinted upon them; they are the gift of an English contractor for such wares, who gives of his

surplus. A little library is in a cupboard in the wall; mainly religious books, well thumbed. "The old ladies" don't care about secular literature, say the Little Sisters; and I suppose any time they spare from "making their souls" to amusement is well enlivened by the cackle which they keep up.

They will call you "Sister" as well as the nuns, and I noticed the nuns had the same pretty habit. I should like to have come provided with a gift for each; or, failing that, to have been able to chat with each. Those to whom one can speak respond with alacrity. There are all varieties of them; and one, a wag, kept her table in an incessant chuckle. They are the holiest old creatures, as you will realize finding many of them in the church, the women's benches far fuller than the men's, and each absorbed in prayer. They wear an extraordinary assortment of garments; how many shawls and bodices and petticoats on each I should not like to guess. The Little Sisters try to induce them at times to discard some of their swathings. "But, Sister, I should take cold without that little shawl," they remonstrate, as one of the nuns tells us. At five they have their tea, and after that they begin to go to bed, though the men will saunter in the garden for a smoke. The Little Sisters' inmates are very old: there is scarcely one under seventy, and some pass their century. Here, as everywhere among the Irish poor, they date ages by the Rebellion; and the more juvenile apologize for their slower-witted elders with all the tolerance of seventy-five toward ninety.

They are not all of the poorer classes. Upstairs in the infirmary there is a blind old lady, one of three sisters here, who once kept a fashionable school in Dublin. A sweet-faced, delicate-mannered old soul she is. Several of the infirmary people, who are sitting about the fire, knitting or doing nothing, are blind or stone-deaf or helpless from age. One or two in bed are dying of

sheer age: only the ailments of extreme old age are here. One, who is senile (though I only gather it from the nuns), gives a vivacious 'account of the party at the Viceregal Lodge, to which the good Earl and Countess of Aberdeen invited the old folk and the Sisters. Later the Prince and Princess of Saxe-Weimar imitated this lovely kindness. The old lady smacked her lips over the dainties. "There was ham and beef and veal and turkey, and pies and cakes, and tea and apples and oranges." And they all drove to both festivities—all who were able to go—in the soldiers' ambulance wagons. Great work the Sisters had furbishing them up and beribboning them. And the Lord-Lieutenant, "a beautiful gentleman," said "it was herself did it all," and they weren't to thank him. And they danced after their dinner, at which they were waited upon by the Earl and Countess, and the Prince and Princess, and other ladies and gentlemen. Be sure St. Patrick's Home had subject of conversation for many a day.

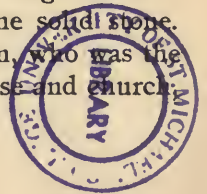
My friend, who is the soul of warmth and sweetness, was meanwhile making friends with a poor old lady who was rather inclined to tears, but who presently cheered up. Her husband is among the old men—the Sisters have many married couples among their old people,—and they are together most of the day; if it is warm and fine, tottering about the garden hand in hand, or sitting in the green arbor hard by the little cemetery for the nuns, still untenanted, but with the great iron cross raised in its midst. Of this pair the old man came in first; there was no vacancy for the old woman. Presently an old woman fell sick, and I'm afraid the poor old husband's eager inquiries after her were prompted by a coveting of her place. Anyhow she soon went to heaven, and then the old couple were once again united.

We spoke with only one or two old men in their infirmary; the others were out in the sun and the fresh southwest wind. As we left their sitting-room downstairs, where

the plates and pieced table napkins were in their places for supper, we saw them coming in. Tea was in a great boiler on the kitchen fire. It is tea made of used-up tea leaves. I am told the nuns make quite a pleasant beverage of the coffee grounds they beg, so why not of the tea leaves? The nuns use only what they reject for their charges—an infusion of tea leaves after the little strength has been wasted out of them for the old people's tea; the crusts of the broken bread, because the toothless old people must have all the soft. The kitchen was the pleasantest room in the house, with its fire and its spotless appointments, its windows open on a green grass plot, and the rosy face of the nun who presides there.

The nuns make up for the closeness of the occupied rooms by having every window in the corridors and the dormitories open. They were full of the fresh, sweet mountain air, and from the upper windows there was an enchanting view of hill and plain. The little beds were all covered with patchwork quilts, some following intricate devices, and harmonizing colors admirably. Here and there a triumphantly good piece attracted us, and we were told some were made by young ladies who are honored in helping the Little Sisters.

The chapel is easily accessible from the infirmary, near which a gallery opens. It is a plain little chapel, with not much attempt at decoration, except about the altar. His Grace the Archbishop of Dublin gave it its Stations. Mrs. Clarke, of Blackrock, a benevolent Irish lady who has dowered half the poor churches in Dublin with altars, gave the Little Sisters their high altar of carved stone. Behind it are a row of painted statues from Munich, such as one sees in nearly all Irish churches, but which are, to my mind, far from beautiful. I would rather have the St. Brigid and St. Joseph outside, carved of the solid stone. The Lord Mayor of Dublin, who was the contractor for the new house and church



gave St. Brigid; his brother, St. Joseph. We saw half a dozen of his benefactions elsewhere, and the nuns speak of his goodness to them with deep gratitude. Two little marble side altars are lavishly decorated with blue tulle and roses; the tulle saved from some ball-dress given to the nuns, to whom no gift is unlikely. At the foot of the Blessed Virgin's altar is a common green toy savings-bank, such as the children buy for a penny. On this a Little Sister has painted with flourishes: "Bank. Manager, St. Joseph. Returns, a thousand per cent." And very happy and merry is that Little Sister over her handiwork.

The money comes to them literally by pennies. On Saturday evening, when the men at the railway works at Inchicore are paid, two Little Sisters wait outside, and each man gives at least a penny. The men count it lucky to give to the Little Sisters, and, no matter how hard the times, insist on giving their pennies. The cattle market on Thursday morning is also attended by the nuns, and they are treated with open-handed generosity. When they stayed away one Thursday, they were met the next with, "Arrah where were ye, then? Sure I'd no luck at all with the bastes last Thursday, because ye didn't come for your money." The nuns said, when we commiserated them for something we thought very repugnant: "There is nothing hard but the begging. But it is easy in Ireland. Everyone is so good to the Little Sisters." Truly it is a hard vocation, and we felt reverent when a Little Sister said softly, in her broken English: "We could not do it *alone*."

The breezy garden promises to be very efficient by and by, with its big beds for vegetables, its espaliered fruit-trees, and raised strawberry banks turned to the south. There is a bit of grass, too, for a cow; and a benevolent neighbor, Mr. Flanagan, never lets the Little Sisters want for hay or straw or vegetables. He lends his horse and cart, too, for their questing.

In a closed outhouse a Little Sister

sorts the rags and bones of the house for sale. Beside that is a fine laundry. The poor nuns are hampered grievously for want of a water-supply: they have to pay heavily for all they use; yet one would think a benevolent board of commissioners might well exempt the Little Sisters of the Poor. Beside the laundry is a room, with benches round the wall and a water-pipe over a trough, where the Little Sisters wash the old people's feet, and cut their nails and even their corns. I might ask the gentle reader's pardon for reciting this—but think of the gentle ladies who do it! They must always think upon the Lord washing His disciples' feet, and so fortify themselves. They say the old people are so grateful, "especially the old gentlemen." The old ladies are given to grumbling.

As we were finishing our tour of the garden and the garden buildings, we visited the carpenter's shop, where a tall, upright, handsome old man stood at the bench, amid sawdust and shavings. He was not at all unlike the St. Joseph on his pedestal. Presently a Little Sister ran off to meet an apple-cheeked old woman trotting cheerfully down the path toward us. "We must meet Mrs. Mooney, she is *so* pleasant!" said the little nun. She was a very original old person certainly, living in a child's world of her own, and as brisk as a bee. The nuns told us she had lost her memory, and did not recognize her own daughters; but there was no sign of dotage about her,—nor indeed did we see one inmate of St. Patrick's Home who seemed doting. She treated the nuns with the most happy-go-lucky freedom, appealing to me from their broken English with, "Arrah what *is* she sayin'? Sorra bit of me can make her out at all, at all." She was touchy, and resented one nun's meek little "Have you been out here all the evening, Mrs. Mooney?" "*All the evening!* Arrah now listen to that! D'ye think I've nothing to do? If the wall there wasn't so high I'd throw you over it." The speech was belligerent, but her

eye was twinkling with fun. Then I asked her if she was fond of the half-bred St. Bernard dog, for which she was carrying crusts. "*Fond* of him! No, indeed. I've something else to be fond of besides a dog. I like him well enough when he's civil, but that's not always." So she trotted round after us, stopping before every statue to say a prayer aloud; and so active that her own description of herself as "here, there and everywhere, like the bad weather," eminently suited her. We were struck at the Little Sisters' wonderful childlike humility with their old people. So far from seeming superiors, they are meeker in manner than the meekest little child.

The Little Sisters never acquire wealth. With any money given to them they begin a new building, with as much courage as their first members, who, with five pence in the treasury, began building a house with their own weak women's hands. The Little Sisters are in all the continents of the world now; the last foundation is at Ceylon. They have two hundred and fifty-three houses in the care of more than four thousand Little Sisters; and they shelter thirty thousand old men and women. Neither the founder nor the Mother-General, the first of his workers, is so very old. The Abbé C. Pailleur was twenty-four in 1840, Marie Jamet was eighteen. They live to see an enormous growth from that tiny seed planted at St. Servan in Brittany. The Little Sisters all go to the French novitiate to be trained. The founder or the Mother-General has never come to Ireland. "If our good Mother were to come, we should kill her with kisses," say the Sisters. Than the Little Sisters there are none humbler, more holy, more innocent and simple in all the wide world.

An Ancient Representation of the Blessed Virgin.

IN the northern suburbs of Rome, about three miles out, on the road called the Salaria Nova, and just where the hill slopes toward the Anio bridge, is a vineyard which, toward the close of the sixteenth century, belonged to Girolamo de Cupis, and which is now the property of Count Telfener. As late as 1594 there could be seen in this vineyard vestiges of a basilica said to be that of St. Sylvester, in which were the tombs of that Pope and five of his successors. Pope Sylvester died in 335. Beneath the surface there still extends a catacomb known as the Cemetery of Priscilla, and always referred to as one of the oldest cemeteries of the Roman Church. There, in all probability, reposes Priscilla, from whom the catacomb takes its name. She was the mother of the patrician Pudens, and was a contemporary of the Apostles. There, as various ancient documents certify, are the tombs of Pudens, of his two daughters, Pudentiana and Praxeda; of the priest Simetrius, and other martyrs of the reign of Antoninus Pius.

When the illustrious archæologist M. de Rossi began, in 1851, his exploration of the Cemetery of Priscilla, he noticed and carefully examined a certain *arcosolium* (a small vault forming a niche in the wall above a tomb), which seemed to have escaped the attention of all other explorers of subterranean Rome. Among the imperfectly preserved frescos which adorned this *arcosolium*, the least mutilated was a group representing the Blessed Virgin nursing the Infant Jesus. The Virgin is seated; a short and transparent veil falls from the back of her head; and she holds the Divine Infant on her knees. Above the group shines a star, and at the right stands a personage clothed with the pallium. This figure, representing, according to M. de Rossi, the Prophet Isaias, holds in his

LET those who would affect singularity with success, first determine to be very virtuous, and they will be sure to be singular.—*Colton*.

left hand a roll of manuscript, and with his right points to the star.

This fresco, discovered in one of the oldest portions of the cemetery, bears the imprint of an age so brilliant in the artistic sense, that on perceiving it the archæologist felt that he had found a valuable relic of Christian art in its very origin. M. de Rossi's impression was soon confirmed by that of all the critics versed in Greco-Roman art. After studying the painting, they declared that it could not have been produced later than the period of the first Antoninus (138-170), and that it may date back to a much earlier period. M. Vitet has insisted especially on the artistic merit of the fresco,—a merit which in reality suffices of itself to fix its date. "Is not this little Virgin, of the second century at least, a true model, not only of sentiment but of design? The Child is posed on His Mother's knees in a manner quite analogous to that which Raphael gives Him in his Holy Families; and as for the countenance, it is so supple and so suave that one might well ascribe it to Correggio."

To determine the epoch of a monument of such importance, M. de Rossi naturally did not limit himself to arguments founded on artistic excellence. After having compared the fresco with other old paintings of more or less certain dates, he tested the opinion which this comparison suggested by history, and by the topography and inscriptions of the *hypogeum*, arriving at the conclusions given above. The researches made of late years in the Catacomb of Priscilla have confirmed the justness of these conclusions, and have served to throw additional light on the antiquity of this celebrated little fresco.

The group of the Blessed Virgin and the Infant Jesus is in one of the galleries of the catacomb that are nearest the surface of the earth. In the course of the explorations of 1887, it was found that the primitive ground of this gallery had been excavated at a very remote date, to make place for a

large stairway leading to other lower galleries. From numerous inscriptions found near this stairway—inscriptions which, it is worth noting, all partake of the distinctive character that marks the most ancient epitaphs of this Cemetery of Priscilla,—M. de Rossi concluded that the stairway and galleries were made in the first period of the existence of the cemetery. If such was the case, the fresco of the Virgin is certainly of a still older date; as the *arcosolium* which it adorns must have been, for some time after the construction of the stairway, and until the formation of the present soil, exposed to the air, and at an unusual height, where the delicacy of the painting could scarcely have been perceived. If the fresco had not been already there, it certainly would not have been placed there at the time of the construction in question.

It is, therefore, once more confirmed, concludes M. de Rossi, that the celebrated fresco of the Blessed Virgin nursing her Divine Son, found in the Cemetery of Priscilla, is not a work of later years, but dates back to the middle, if not the beginning, of the primordial period of the cemetery's existence,—a period which so many circumstances, fitting so well into one another, force us to fix as between the last ten years of the first and the last ten of the second century.

It was in 1889 that the archæologist wrote the conclusion just given; later on he found himself in a position to fix the date with greater precision. The name of "Ulpus," found twice on marble slabs in a portion of the cemetery posterior to the placing therein of the fresco, suggests the period when that name was especially in use—the reign of Trajan, 97 to 117 A. D. There is no risk, then, of exaggeration in agreeing with M. de Rossi that the picture was painted either in the first half of the second century or at an earlier date.

Thus in the second century, at least, representations of the Virgin and the Child Jesus were in use in the Church. The

tirades of Protestants against this species of "papistical idolatry," unknown, according to them, to the purity of the first ages, are thus deprived of all point. We may add, the little fresco has also done away with the prejudice that existed among certain Catholics themselves. It was believed very generally that pictures of the Blessed Virgin with the Divine Infant came into use only after the condemnation of Nestorius by the Council of Ephesus in 431. Unless one stupidly confounds the art of the second century with that of the fifth, such an assertion becomes at present, on the face of it, absurd.

Notes and Remarks.

Signs are not wanting which indicate a strong movement of the Turks toward the Church. Devotion to the Blessed Virgin is fast gaining ground among Mohammedans, and their increasing reverence for Christianity has been remarked by many travellers and missionaries. The Turkish Governor of Jerusalem lately installed the Sisters of Charity in a new hospital in the Holy City, and his action has been commended by prominent Mussulmans. The devotion of the Sisters during the Russo-Turkish war made a lasting impression on the people, who received them with enthusiasm.

A remarkable essay on Belgium, by Mr. Alfred Wathelet, has just appeared in England as part of a volume on the national life and thought of various nations. Mr. Wathelet, though not a Catholic, declares that Belgium, the European State most thoroughly permeated with the Catholic spirit, is also the most free and progressive.

There is a special fitness in the conferring of honorary degrees by our Catholic colleges on literary men, who must, to remain consistent Catholics and in the literary "harness," have hard battles to fight. No better candidate for the degree of Master of Arts could have been chosen by Notre Dame than the Rev. John

Conway, of St. Paul, editor of the *Northwestern Chronicle* and the author of an excellent and popular work, "Rational Religion." The other candidate for this degree was the Rev. Arthur B. O'Neill, C. S. C., late of Canada, who is so favorably known to our readers as a poet and prose writer. The gentlemen honored with the degree of LL.D. by Notre Dame are likewise most deserving. They are the Rev. Patrick Cronin, of the *Catholic Union and Times*; and Mr. James Jeffrey Roche, of the *Pilot*. We are sure that no reader of THE "AVE MARIA" will refuse to applaud the discrimination of the University of Ottawa in conferring the same degree on Maurice Francis Egan.

The progress of the Church in India is remarkable and gratifying. A veteran missionary in Madura, writing to a friend, gives an account of the visitation of the Bishop to Pudupatti. The visitation lasted thirty days, and was a great event. Mgr. Barthe was attended by a band of native musicians, and his progress was almost triumphal, the pagans swelling the crowd in large numbers. In this one district, the Bishop confirmed 2,081 persons and gave Holy Communion to more than 3,000. A large number of new catechumens were received; and seventy-one, already instructed, were baptized.

If some of our non-Catholic friends still repeat the assertion that the practice of auricular confession is a mere form without after effect, the constant recurrence of cases of restitution made by penitents ought to convince them of its absurdity. The latest of these is that of a Spanish gentleman, who has received a sum amounting to \$955 from a penitent who stole \$250 forty-seven years ago. Six per cent. was added, that restitution might be complete.

In a paper written for the United States Catholic Historical Society by Cardinal Gibbons, in which he recalled many interesting experiences in the Vicariate of North Carolina, he makes this allusion to the conversion of one of our most valued contributors:

"Visiting Salisbury, I became the guest of the Fisher family, and confirmed the two daughters of Colonel Charles Fisher, a gallant Southern soldier,

killed in the battle of Bull Run. The family had become converts. I found myself, a Catholic Bishop, occupying the very same room in Colonel Fisher's residence formerly given to Bishop Ives, when he was the Protestant Episcopal Bishop of North Carolina. The Fisher family is one of the oldest and most intellectual in the State. The eldest daughter, Frances, is the Southern writer known as Christian Reid. The family had been Episcopalian."

The Cardinal adds these inspiring and consoling words; and many of us will recall similar oases in Pennsylvania, in Virginia, in Texas, and in other States, where the whole mass is leavened gradually by a few:

"Salisbury has now a Catholic congregation, school-house, and church. In my visitations I could not but remark how many Catholic families, single or in groups of two or three, were settled over the State. While I saw in this isolation a danger to themselves (that is, to their faith), I saw also how they were a means for the enlightenment of others. Their homes became little centres of Catholicity all over the State."

The Prussian Government has at last found conscience, and the Lower House has just passed a bill to compensate the clergy of the Empire for the penalties they incurred under the Falk Laws. It is said that the salaries withheld from the bishops and priests who refused to acknowledge the royal supremacy in spiritual matters amounts, in round numbers, to £800,000; and this sum is to be turned over to the present hierarchy, each bishop having absolute power to dispose of the share belonging to his diocese. But, as a careful writer pertinently remarks, the chief evils attending the unjust legislation in Germany were spiritual, not temporal; and no official act can make amends for the losses which the Church sustained during that trying period. However, there were perhaps even greater gains, in consequence of the persecution, in other lands, to which so many expelled religious drifted.

Among the many fine allusions to Blessed Thomas More in literature is the famous line by Thomson:

"A dauntless soul erect, who smiled on death."

That in Tennyson's "Dream of Fair Women" to Margaret Roper, who heroically saved her father's head from insult, is, we think, not less beautiful. The impression that the head of the martyr was lost is, it seems, false. There

is every probability that it is still in St. Dunstan's Vault, Canterbury. In 1835 this vault was accidentally opened, and the relic found in a leaden box shaped like a beehive, open in front, with an iron grating before it. The recent discovery of a manuscript bearing on the subject in the British Museum tends to confirm this view of a much-mooted question.

Few of our readers are aware that great good may be accomplished by making collections of old postage-stamps and applying them for the support of the "Work of Mary Immaculate." When received by the Sisters, these stamps are arranged and sold to dealers in various parts of the world, while the revenue is applied to the training of missionary Sisters to aid in the propagation of the faith in India, China, and elsewhere. It will be readily seen that with little trouble thousands may contribute toward this glorious missionary work.

We regret not to know more about the "Work of Mary Immaculate," or the address of the Sisters who receive and make such good use of old postage-stamps; however, they may also be sent to the Rev. Eugene Calon, Episcopal Seminary, Liege, Belgium. This zealous priest has conceived the idea of establishing a Christian village in the Belgian Congo by utilizing old stamps. A collection of forty million, the money value of which would be about 10,000 francs, would enable him to realize his plan.

A recent English book describes the present condition of the ancient Convent of Minster, whose name is closely connected with the lives of many Anglo-Saxon saints. The land near the convent still bears certain unmistakable traces of devotion to the Blessed Virgin, which once flourished there. The tower of the church encloses five bells, the oldest of which has swung in its present place for centuries, and bears the legend in black-letter:

"HOLY MARE, PRAY FOR VS."

The Holy Father's Encyclical on Socialism has excited the warmest commendation in Great Britain. In France and Belgium an enormous number of copies of this remarkable document have been distributed, and cheap reprints still continue to appear.

New Publications.

THE LIFE OF THE BLESSED ANGELINA OF MARSCIANO, Promotress of the Third Order Regular of St. Francis of Assisi. Compiled from ancient documents, by the Hon. Mrs. A. Montgomery. New York: The Catholic Publication Society.

The name of St. Francis of Assisi, magic in its power to elevate hearts to God, gives to this little book a special charm, and awakens a new interest in the privileged soul who promoted so largely the growth and well-being of the Third Order Regular of St. Francis. Blessed Angelina, born of noble parents in 1377, lived at a time when storm-clouds threatened Church and state; still her pure, holy life, despite the trials that came to her, calmly reflected God's peace, and caused rays of sanctifying influence to emanate on the souls of others.

The details of Blessed Angelina's life are few: indeed, the bare outline of events is given; but around them is woven an interesting description of the picturesque surroundings of her native place, and of Civitella, the home of her husband. The historical events of the fourteenth century and the customs of the times are dilated upon at greater length, perhaps, than the strict laws of biographical writing might sanction; but the easy literary style and the religious spirit which characterize the work must insure its favorable reception.

The lives of the saints should be more widely read than they are; and this would be the case were efforts made to give to the public such records as this from the pen of Mrs. Montgomery, showing the beautiful blending of the human and the divine. Such life stories should have a personal interest; for, as the gifted compiler remarks, "we all have the same wants, the like struggles, the like hopes and fears, and for ever and ever the same Father in heaven."

TWO WAYS—TOM BOY. By Anna Hanson Dorsey. Baltimore: John Murphy & Co.

Perhaps no volume of the uniform edition of Mrs. Dorsey's works, published by our enterprising Baltimore firm, will be read with such unqualified delight as this one, comprising two admirable stories for the young folk. Children are the kindest as they are the most honest critics; they never feel it incumbent

upon them, as do some of their elders, to minimize the pleasure they take in reading a good story; and have not learned the principle of the cultured few, that it is rather vulgar to express unqualified approval of anything, no matter how excellent. There is no hearty, healthy, genuine Catholic boy or girl who will not enjoy "Two Ways" and "Tom Boy." Mrs. Dorsey writes for her readers; and when she addresses the younger portion of her *dientèle*, she does not write "over their heads" in a vocabulary with which they are unfamiliar, or cover pages with didactic dissertations on the analysis of the morality of human acts. She awakens her readers' attention, commands their interest in her different characters, and delights them with a series of entertaining incidents that irresistibly appeal to the sympathies of youth. That her stories are elevating in tone need not be said; but the young people imbibe unconsciously the lessons she would have them learn,—and imbibe them all the more surely because they are brought into contact with real human boys and girls, not with unamiable young prigs in knickerbockers, and impossibly demure maids in pinafores.

 Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands, as if you were bound with them.
—HEB., xliii, 3.

The following persons are recommended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

Mr. Thomas Ryan, of Mapleton, Minn., whose happy death occurred on the 7th ult.

Mr. Luke Tully, who departed this life on the 19th of May, at Providence, R. I.

Mrs. Eliza Melaven, whose exemplary life closed peacefully last month, at Erie, Pa.

Mr. Fenton Fitzpatrick, of Philadelphia, Pa., who died a holy death on the 16th ult.

Mr. Patrick Cullen, who piously yielded his soul to God on the 12th ult., at Halifax, N. S.

Mr. William McKeon, who peacefully breathed his last on the 12th ult., at Newburg, Ohio.

Mr. John Tracy, of Pittsburg, Pa.; Mrs. Catherine Bradford, Wilmington, Del.; Mrs. Bridget Lee, Chicago, Ill.; Bernard and Julia Small, Elizabeth McAdden, Co. Westmeath, Ireland; Elizabeth Maay, Waukesha, Wis.; Michael Quigley, William Ward, Mrs. Mary Hall and Mr. James Fitzgerald, Waukon, Iowa.

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



A Song for July.

BY LAWRENCE MINOT.



CALVARY, O Calvary,
 How sad, how sweet
 The thought of Thee!
 How quick, how glad
 I'd go to pray
 Upon Thy stones
 Thrice every day,
 If I were there,
 In Holy Land, O Calvary!

Though far from Thee,
 In this July
 Thy trace I see
 In every place,—
 The red, red rose
 Is redder now,
 Each bud that blows
 Thy color wears, O Calvary!

The sunset flings
 Thy banner out,
 The sunrise brings
 It back again;
 And all July,
 In sky and flower,
 Soft seems to sigh:
 "O Precious Blood,
 O sign of Love, O Calvary!"

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

A LIGHT of duty shines on every day for all.—*Wordsworth.*

The Fortunes of a Runaway.

BY MARY CATHERINE CROWLEY.



HUGH COURTNEY had kind, indulgent parents. He lived in a comfortable house, was always well clad, and never had to go hungry in his life. Many boys would have called him a lucky fellow; but Hugh was not a bit happy—that is, he thought he was not. He was continually grumbling and complaining.

"I can't stand this any longer!" he declared one day to his brother George. "I'm going to run away."

George often made the same announcement when he "got mad," as he said; but he never seriously thought of carrying out his threat. He was two years older than Hugh, and a little wiser; so now he only whistled softly, and remarked, half-jocosely: "I wouldn't if I were you."

"Yes I will," reiterated Hugh, with a jerk of the head and a fierce air. "I'm tired of this having to go to school, and to report to mother when school's out, before going off to the baseball grounds; and of running errands, and having to be in the house before dark. I'll run away and take care of myself. Lots of boys have to support themselves, and I can do as well as any of them. I was thirteen years old last week, you must remember."

George chuckled. He secretly admired his brother's defiant spirit, and was inclined to say he would go too. Through his mind flitted a vision of a gallant dash for freedom. What fun it would be to start off with Hugh to see the world,—to go West, hunt the buffalo on the prairies, and live among the Indians, who would be sure to want to make him their chief; or to become a cowboy, with nothing to do but gallop about on a fiery mustang, or lasso wild

horses upon the pampas of South America!

But George was cautious; he had sense enough to observe that fellows who set out with such aspirations seldom "get there," as he expressed it. To be sure, even a fugitive trip to New York and "a grand lark" would break the dull monotony of existence considerably. But, then, the upshot of it would be a rousing lecture from "the governor"; and likely as not he'd be packed off to college, "for the sake of the discipline," a contingency which had more than once been imminent. No, it would not do. He was as determined as Hugh to be independent and have his own way, but he intended to go about it in a surer manner. To be sent to college would spoil all his plans. He 'hated study, and was figuring to leave school at the end of the term and go into business'; not for the sake of making his father's burden lighter—oh, dear, no! that view of the case did not occur to him,—but it would be very nice to have his own money to spend as he chose. 'Of course mother would not be so mean as to charge him for board; and since father was used to buying his clothes, he would not insist upon any change in that respect.' There would therefore be a definite sum every week at his disposal, which would enable him to "take in" the baseball matches, and the best plays at the theatres—or what he considered the best,—and many pleasant excursions in summer. But, some one asked, would he not be obliged to work hard for this? Not at all. Father would get him a nice, easy place, where he'd have next to nothing to do, and be well paid for doing it. George concluded that this would be much better than running away; so he took from his lips the cigarette he was surreptitiously enjoying, and, turning to Hugh, repeated: "I wouldn't if I were you."

But this good advice, delivered in so tantalizing a manner, only aggravated the latter, who felt it to be a taunt.

"Do you mean to say I wouldn't dare?" he added, with a darker look.

"I mean that you could never manage to get on," his brother replied, with a supercilious smile. "What would you do for a living?"

"Oh, anything! I'd be a professional boot-black, for instance. I have a very respectable kit rigged up already."

George grinned. "You are not particularly fond of brushing father's boots," he ventured to remark.

"Ah—well," stammered Hugh, "this would be different: I'd be doing it for the spondulix—for cash, you see!"

Ungrateful Hugh! He did not consider all that his father, with everyone of the family except easy-going George, was continually doing for him, without thought of recompense save that of affection and duty.

"And if trade were dull, I'd sell papers," he added, strengthening his position. "The newspaper business is always brisk. Or I'd hire out as an errand-boy."

At this George was so convulsed with laughter that he nearly rolled off the garden bench on which he was lolling: "Isn't it partly to escape being sent on errands that you want to run away?" he began.

Hugh looked a trifle disconcerted. "I don't say I intend to take to that," he answered; "it would only be in a pinch. In fact, I've about decided to be a district messenger boy, because they ride in the cars and wear good clothes; and I shouldn't like to disgrace the family by going shabby."

His brother did not suggest that if he did not disgrace them in any other way, they would have reason to be proud of him. George was not apt to indulge in such reflections, but he said to himself: "Jingo! if the district telegraph service isn't running errands by the wholesale, I'd like to know what is!" It was too much trouble to argue the question, however; so he endeavored to dismiss it altogether, and said, taking up the number of the Nickel Library he had been reading:

"Well, it doesn't seem to me that the chaps who have to look out for themselves

have a very jolly time of it,—that's all."

"Pshaw! that's because you are so blamed lazy! I'd get on fast enough; for I'm not afraid of any honest work."

With this parting shot Hugh disappeared into the kitchen, attracted by the odor of frying doughnuts; for he had what is known as a "sweet tooth." And although he thought he should enjoy earning his own bread, he had made up his mind that it should be of the variety known as gingerbread. He considered it necessary to grumble when Hannah the cook asked him to do anything to oblige her; but he would have been surprised to have her interfere, except by a noisy protest, with his raids upon the pantry; for he had long since discovered that even when she caught him in the act, she could be readily appeased by a little bantering or a joke, like most women-folk. Notwithstanding that the doughnuts proved as delectable as he anticipated, and Hannah pretended not to notice when he crammed half a dozen into his pockets, Hugh did not forget his grievances or abandon his purpose to flee.

Every evening, after supper, the young people were accustomed to gather around the sitting-room table and prepare their lessons for the following day. Hugh sat in his usual place, with his geography before him, but his thoughts were not upon it. When the others had completed their tasks, he closed the book with a clap, but remained idly tilting a small cane chair that happened to be near.

"Come!" said his sister Kate. "Let us try some of the college songs in this new collection."

This meant that she would play the accompaniments, and Hugh and George might sing. They both had good voices; and the parish priest, Father Morris, an enthusiast in regard to church-music, had trained them for the choir of St. Mary's.

George indolently assented to Kate's proposition; but Hugh answered, sullenly:

"I don't feel like singing to-night."

"Well, have a game of parchesi with me?" pleaded little Elsie.

"Games of that sort are stupid," he replied, with a yawn.

"The book I brought home yesterday is a capital story for boys," remarked Mr. Courtney. "It is full of incident and adventure, and at the same time of good tone. Have you looked into it, Hugh?"

"Yes, sir: I skimmed through it this afternoon when I came from school," said Hugh. "but, pshaw, it is too tame!"

Mrs. Courtney glanced at him with a reproving expression, that at least had the effect of causing him to put down the chair, the gymnastic performances of which annoyed his father, as was evident from the ominous rattling of the latter's newspaper.

After a while Mr. Courtney began to read a humorous sketch aloud to his wife. Hugh was entertained in spite of himself, but he scowled and lowered his head to keep from laughing at the amusing points.

"I suspect you have been playing baseball too hard to-day, my son," said his father, pleasantly, as he bade him good-night.

"Haven't played at all!" mumbled Hugh, as he left the room.

"I'm afraid the boy is not well," said his mother, nervously, looking after him.

"I did not notice any failure of his appetite at supper," rejoined Mr. Courtney. "No: the trouble is that both he and George are getting spoiled. They have too easy a life. It would be better for them to rough it a little. Matters can not go on as at present: next autumn they must either be sent away to school or be put to work. Discipline is what they need."

Mrs. Courtney sighed. She dreaded to have her boys go away, among companions of whose rearing she knew nothing; but, on the other hand, as her husband sometimes argued, was it not almost impossible to keep track of their associates at home? Sadly she acknowledged to herself that they were getting beyond her gentle sway, and therefore she would not oppose any plans

for their welfare which he might suggest.

Unconscious of the anxious thought of which he was a subject, Hugh stumbled upstairs to the small room to which he had the exclusive right. Striking a match, he lit the bracket lamp. The light showed that it was a cozy nook to call one's own. A neat ingrain carpet covered the floor; beyond the iron bedstead, at one side of the window, was a chest of drawers, above which hung a round mirror just large enough to reflect Hugh's ruddy face, and to show him how crookedly he could part his hair when in a hurry—and it was one of his characteristics to be always in a hurry. Opposite was an old-fashioned triangular toilet-stand and a solitary chair. It was unmistakably a boy's room. In one corner stood a baseball bat; a pair of dumbbells lay on the floor; above the door were disposed a patent fishing-rod and a splendid rifle, a Christmas present from his father. One would suppose that Hugh had almost everything a boy's heart could desire. Now, however, he heeded nothing but the shotgun, which he took down and examined with the fond pride of a sportsman in his trusty companion. But after a moment he put it back, saying, "No: I'll have to leave it. It would only be in the way."

Opening one of the drawers of the bureau, he found a leather skate bag, took out the handsome skates, wrapped them in the chamois skin kept for polishing the fine steel, and laid them again in the drawer. Then he proceeded to pack the bag with small articles. From time to time he glanced apprehensively around. His heart quailed strangely, but he refused to listen to its voice. "I said I would, and so I will!" he muttered, savagely, continuing his packing.

On the wall hung a large photograph of Defregger's exquisite Madonna. Almost every room in the house contained similar reproductions of the masterpieces of Catholic art; for Mrs. Courtney was a firm believer in their silent influences. This

picture was the first object upon which Hugh's eyes naturally rested in the morning, the last to which, from habit, they turned at night.

How beautiful it was!—the mass of white clouds at the foot of the picture; upon either side the silvery mists, which as one looks resolve themselves into a throng of tiny cherub faces with snowy wings; then a glory of sunlight, that cleaves the fleecy haze in twain and reveals the ethereal form of the Virgin Mother floating in the air, with the Divine Child in her arms. Her garments are shining; a veil rests lightly above her gracious brow; she looks so strong in her immaculate purity, and yet so sweet and helpful! And Hugh had never seen a more impressive picture of the Christ-Child. Enthroned in His Mother's arms, He leans against her heart, one dimpled hand upon her neck, the other resting upon the bright tresses which, like a second veil, mantle her shoulders; an attitude caressing and dependent, and yet in the pose of the figure is a suggestion of the power upon which all the world must lean. And the beautiful child face, with eyes gentle like His Mother's, but grave in their unfathomable wisdom and searching the depths of the soul.

All this Hugh felt, though he could not have expressed it in words. That night, however, he avoided looking at the picture, and also the next morning. He arose at dawn, donned his best suit of clothes, then as quickly as possible, so as not to give himself time to waver, broke open the little bank which contained the money he had been saving for the Fourth of July, emptied the nickels and dimes and two or three quarters into his pockets, and, taking his satchel, stole softly downstairs. No one else in the house was awake; no one heard him as he quietly unlocked the side door and went out.

Though the town was hardly astir, Hugh did not dare to walk fast at first, for fear of attracting attention. But when

he had gone some distance without encountering any one, he took to his heels and ran, not in the direction of the railway station, but toward a point known as the gravel-pit, where trains were often switched off; or stopped to take in water for the engine. Here were almost always a number of freight-cars run up on a side track. His plan was to stow himself away in one of these and wait for the train to start. When he reached the place, however, he caught his breath with surprise at the good fortune which apparently attended him. There, upon the main track, stood the Chicago Express. The engineer had found his tank short of water, and took this opportunity to replenish it. The train would not stop again till it reached New York, fifty miles distant. The conductor would be so occupied and flurried as he approached the end of his long route, that he would be apt to overlook a small, well-behaved boy, intent upon attracting as little attention as possible.

All this passed through Hugh's mind with the rapidity of lightning. He felt that it was a rare chance. If obliged to linger in the freight-car, he would have had leisure to repent of his rashness in leaving home; but now, upon the impulse of the moment, he rushed forward, jumped upon the platform of one of the passenger coaches, made his way in, and shrank into a seat. The next minute the train was speeding down the valley.

(To be continued.)

The Order of St. James.

The Spanish Order of San Jago, or James, owes its origin to the miraculous intervention which won a victory for the Spaniards when, well-nigh disheartened, they were battling with the Moors. The infidels had great prospects of success, and the Christians were about to retreat to avoid being cut to pieces, when, as the old

chroniclers tell us, the Apostle St. James appeared, mounted on a snow-white horse, and carrying a cross in his uplifted hand. At that sight the Spanish soldiers took courage, rallied all their forces, and soon defeated the foe.

At one time the Order of San Jago, founded in commemoration of the opportune appearance of its patron, was the most powerful in all Spain. Its usual number was thirteen, but it could command the services of a thousand knights when occasion required. The Order became very rich and powerful, acquiring large estates, and exerting a wonderful influence over the destinies of the country. It is said that it was this body of men who, by championing the cause of Ferdinand and Isabella, blessed Spain with their most glorious reign. It was these sovereigns who, through their encouragement of Christopher Columbus, gave to civilized man a new world. So the American Republic has good cause to honor St. James, who appeared to the soldiers fighting under the standard of the Holy Cross.

A Lover of Freedom.

We have all heard the pretty story about the tenor singer Tamberlik—how he passed through the market-place at Madrid one fine morning, and buying all the caged birds offered for sale, set them free, with the words, "Go, my little brother!" But there is a similar anecdote related, which is not so generally known.

In Virginia there lived long ago a dear old gentleman who could never celebrate the Fourth of July to his satisfaction if there was a dumb creature held in bondage within the confines of the village; so he used, each year, to buy all the caged birds or squirrels that he could find, and give them their liberty on the Day of Independence.

WHEN SUMMER COMES.

ELIZA M. V. BULGER

F. J. LISCOMBE.

Con espress

Voice. 

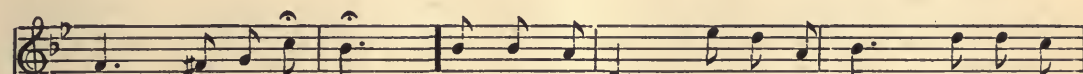
1. When sum - mer comes, the fields grow green, The flow'rs look

Piano. 



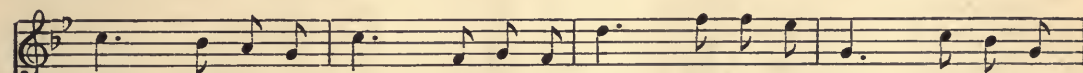
up a - long the way, And hon - ey - bees the leaves be - tween, Hum soft - ly



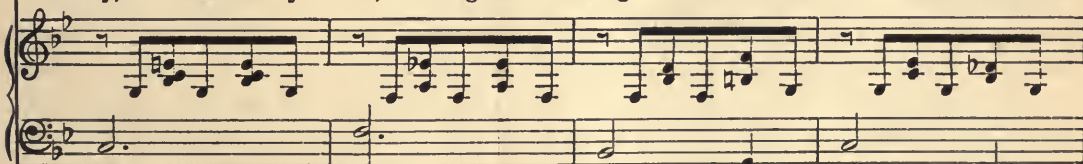


through the long bright day. All things be - low, all things a - bove, — The calm blue





sky, the sun - ny sod, Sing as the song - birds do of love, And raise their





heart to Na - ture's God, When sum - mer comes.....



I. When sum-mer comes—that af - ter - time.... Of glad - ness and e - ter - nal

Lento.
peace, Which dawns up - on a ho - lier clime Than this— all storms shall

cease.... Oh, may we tread earth's low - ly sod Thro' win - try

days of pain and care, That we may all find rest in

God, And dwell in pas - tures green and fair, When sum - mer comes!

THE
AVE MARIA
 TO THE HONOR OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN
 AMAGAZINE DEVOTED
 HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED

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Science and Religion.

BY MARION MUIR RICHARDSON.

HEAR the uproar of conflicting seers,
 The waste, wild warfare, full of wrath
 and pain,

As one from shelter looks forth on the plain,
 Swept by a desert wind that whirls and veers
 This way and that, before the rain appears;
 Hiding all heaven till the dizzy brain
 Looks for repose, and looks not all in vain;
 For soon that tumult melts in rushing tears.

And then the lily's lips are washed from stain,
 The golden flowers and the grass-green spears
 Are bright about the rocks; and, as it clears,
 Each shaken leaf looks to the stars again,
 While from the west across the silvered trees
 The night wind whispers: "He shall give thee
 peace."

Devotion to the Precious Blood and
 the Epistles of St. Paul.

BY THE REV. R. O. KENNEDY.

IN the Book of Exodus (iv, 24) we
 read: "And when Moses was
 on his journey [from Madian to
 Egypt], the Lord met him in
 the inn, and would have killed him. Im-
 mediately Sephora took a very sharp stone
 and circumcised the foreskin of her son, and
 touched Moses' feet, and said: 'A bloody

spouse art thou to me.' And He let him
 go, after she had said, 'A bloody spouse art
 thou to me,' because of the circumcision."
 Thus early was it shown that "almost all
 things, according to the law, are cleansed
 with blood; and without the shedding of
 blood there is no remission." (Heb., ix, 22.)

"A bloody spouse art Thou to me," the
 world might well say to its Creator; for
 from the days of Abel the Just down through
 the history of the Jews—not to speak of
 wars and murders and homicides, but of that
 blood that was sacrificial or typical,—there
 have been lamentation and circumcision
 and blood. "For instead of a fountain of
 an ever-running river, Thou gavest hu-
 man blood to the unjust [Egyptians]. And
 whilst they were diminished for a manifest
 reproof of their murdering the infants,
 Thou gavest to Thine [the Israelites] abun-
 dant water unlooked for." (Wis., xi, 7, 8.)
 "But on the other side there sounded an
 ill-according cry of the enemies [the Egyp-
 tians]; and a lamentable mourning was
 heard for the children that were bewailed.
 And the servant suffered the same punish-
 ment as the master, and a common man
 suffered in like manner as the king. So all
 alike had innumerable dead, with one kind
 of death; neither were the living sufficient
 to bury them." (Wis., xviii, 10-12.)

"A bloody spouse art Thou to me,"
 might the Church say to our Divine Lord;
 for scarcely was He born when the Inno-
 cents were murdered; and in every country

and clime for nineteen centuries she has seen her first-fruits (as the Divine Office calls them) offered as a holocaust without mercy and without stint. And with still greater truth might the Saviour of the world exclaim to His beloved, the Church: "A bloody spouse art thou to Me." For He was but an infant of eight days when there began to flow:

"That Blood all price exceeding,
Shed by our Immortal King."

Blood is everywhere through the framework of man, and blood his life; blood everywhere through the world's ages, and blood its purchase and blood its salvation. It is a mystic but blessed question to discuss, why it was expressly by blood that we have been redeemed: *Redemisti nos tuo Sanguine*. Presently it does not lie within the scope of our subject. By blood we have been redeemed,—that is an adorable fact; and from that we proceed.

Before our Blessed Lord, on Good-Friday, shed His Precious Blood, He had gathered round Him "His chosen few." One was yet to be called, who was to be a "vessel of election." Now, all these men were not of the one, uniform frame of mind: they were of different mould, different dispositions, and therefore likely to receive and preserve different impressions of our Saviour. St. Peter was different from St. John. Rugged and hardy, and now in the meridian of life, the Prince of the Apostles might, when called on, step forth on the surface of the waters, or draw his sword at the first intimation of his Master's danger; but he could not, like the gentle and loving St. John, lay his head on the Saviour's bosom, and let it nestle in childlike confidence there. These men, in their preaching of the Gospel afterward, would be likely to lay stress, one of them on one trait of our Blessed Lord's character, the other on another, and so with the rest.

Except for the vision St. Paul was vouchsafed on the road to Damascus, and his being rapt to the third heaven, whether in

the flesh or out of the flesh *Deus scit*, he had never seen the Lord; but yet everything was as present to him, through revelation, as if he had seen with his bodily eyes. Out of all that was made known to him, the one fact that he repeats and reiterates and emphasizes is the redemption by blood. Not less than fifty times, directly or indirectly, does he state it in his Epistles,—those wonderful Epistles, so mysterious in their teaching, so sublime in their conception, but so difficult of understanding to the ordinary human mind.

Fourteen Epistles in all he has written. He had been a long time preaching and teaching before he wrote any of them. As given in the Bible, they are arranged according to the dignity of the churches to which they are addressed, rather than in the order of their being written. His first in the order of time was written to the Thessalonians. The faithful of Thessalonica seem to have been very kindly and well disposed; and both because of these natural dispositions and of their having had to endure persecutions and trials in accepting the Gospel—"receiving the word in much tribulation, with the joy of the Holy Ghost" (i, 6),—St. Paul seems to have been greatly attached to them. "So desirous of you, we would gladly have imparted to you not only the Gospel of God, but also our own souls" (ii, 8).

The object of the Epistle was this: He had heard that they were suffering a good deal at the hands of those Jews whose synagogues and meetings they had left; and he sent Timothy to remind them that he (Paul) had foretold these very persecutions—that "tribulations were appointed"; and also to see that they would not give way under the pressure of these afflictions. Timothy returned and told him how constant they were, and how anxious to see St. Paul himself. He was greatly consoled by this account, and out of the fulness of his heart wrote to them his first Epistle, telling them of the fears he had for them, and of his joy

when Timothy returned. He next speaks about their dead, and introduces the beautiful hope we have from the death of Our Lord. "And we will not have you ignorant, brethren, concerning them that are asleep; that you be not sorrowful, even as others who have no hope. For if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them who have slept through Jesus, God will bring with Him" (iv, 12, 13). And then he concludes this Epistle, which is comparatively short, with another reminder of the death of Our Lord. "For God hath not appointed us to wrath, but to the purchasing of salvation by our Lord Jesus Christ, who died for us" (v, 9).

His second Epistle to the Thessalonians followed quickly on his first. He had said in the first (v, 2) that "the day of the Lord shall so come as a thief in the night." A terror seemed to have overtaken them, especially as some persons began to proclaim that the Day of Judgment was at hand. He tells them that this will not be until certain signs take place. "Let no man deceive you by any means; for unless there come a revolt first, and the man of sin be revealed" (ii, 3), it will not be. Then he is again drawn to make mention of their generous faith and their constancy under trials; and he attributes these blessings to the merits of the Precious Blood, in which they have been purchased. "We ought to give thanks to God always for you, brethren, beloved of God; for that God hath chosen you first-fruits unto salvation, in sanctification of the Spirit and belief of the truth. Whereunto also He hath called you by our Gospel, unto the purchasing of the glory of our Lord Jesus Christ" (ii, 12, 13).

His next Epistles in the order of time are the first and second to the Corinthians. Both these are very long, and enter into minute detail on points of doctrine and morals, but especially the first. The Apollo whom St. Paul speaks of was either Bishop of Corinth or some teacher highly distin-

guished by God's grace there. "I planted, Apollo watered, and God hath given the increase." The Apostle understands there are parties and factions at Corinth. "I indeed am of Paul, and I of Apollo, and I of Cephas, and I of Christ." He tells them that this should not be; neither should they be induced by the learning of the world to follow after leaders; for it was not in the wisdom of the world that Christ sent him to preach the Gospel. It would be no miracle in that case that the world should be converted.

This brings him to point out the centre miracle of all Christianity—the miracle of converting the world by preaching a doctrine that was 'a stumbling-block to the Jews, and to the Gentiles foolishness—Christ crucified' (i, 23). The Jews had a history of their God, the Gentiles in their mythology had imagined a notion of theirs; but it never entered into the conceptions of either that their God would for love of them stoop to be crucified. *Quis sicut Dominus Deus noster?* He then inveighs against sinful practices and habits, that were part and parcel of the pagan Corinth of that time, and which had tainted to some extent the little Christian community; and his strong, irrefragable argument is: "You are not your own; for you are bought with a great price" (vi, 19, 20). He does not mention the price; they all knew it: it was the Precious Blood of the Redeemer.

Lastly, comparing the miracles and wonders that were wrought in favor of the Jewish people—the fathers of those he is addressing—with the miracles wrought by our Blessed Lord and the favors shown by Him, he has the opportunity of putting forward the ever-abiding glory and mystery of the Precious Blood in the daily Sacrifice of the Mass. Behold how earnestly and solemnly he approaches it! "Wherefore, my dearly beloved, flee from the service of idols. I speak as to wise men: judge ye yourselves what I say. The chalice of Communion which we bless, is it not the Blood of

Christ?" (x, 14-16). And in the next chapter he again insists on the great difference between the sacrifices offered by the Jews and the daily Sacrifice of the New Law. "For I have received of the Lord that which also I delivered to you; that the Lord Jesus on the night in which He was betrayed took bread," etc. "In like manner also the chalice, after He had supped, saying, This chalice is the New Testament in My Blood" (xi, 23-25).

Corinth, of all the Grecian cities, had the unhappy reputation of being the most immoral; and hence the Apostle writes more fully in this Epistle than anywhere else on virginity. (See chapter vii.)

His second Epistle was due to a very sad incident. The immorality of Corinthian society had so corrupted the habits of men, that even among the Christians of that Church there was found one guilty of such enormity "as the like is not among the heathens." In his first Epistle he has already judged such a one. "In the name of our Lord Jesus Christ . . . to deliver such a one to Satan for the destruction of the flesh, that the spirit may be saved in the day of our Lord Jesus Christ" (v, 4, 5). He writes his second Epistle, "lest perhaps such a one be swallowed up with overmuch sorrow" (ii, 7); and he conjures the brethren "to forgive and comfort him," and to "confirm their charity toward him" (ii, 8).

Many vain teachers had arisen in Corinth, asserting that they had as good a right to be heard as St. Paul. In proving his own right, the Apostle remembers the essential difference between the true and the false preacher. It was not himself he was preaching, but—and the old picture rises up before his mind—the bleeding Saviour. "For we preach not ourselves, but Jesus Christ our Lord" (iv, 5); or, as he says elsewhere, "Christ, and Him crucified." He himself can not keep silent, and his excuse is: "The charity of Christ presseth us" (v, 14). And he points out what portion of Christ's life seems to concentrate and, as it were,

crystallize this charity: "And Christ died for all" (v, 15).

He is speaking of the alms to be collected for the poor in Jerusalem; and, coming toward the end, he appeals to them in this pathetic language: "Now I, Paul, myself beseech you by the meekness and gentleness of Christ" (x, 1). And once again before closing, when he threatens the impenitent, he alludes to the sufferings and death of the Redeemer, who, "though He was crucified through weakness, liveth by the power of God. . . . Therefore I write these things, being absent; that being present, I may not deal more severely, according to the power which the Lord hath given me, to edification and not to destruction" (xiii, 4, 10).

The Apostle came to Corinth; and from Corinth he wrote his next Epistle, which was to the Romans. A difficulty might strike one. Was not St. Peter at Rome, and does it not seem, to use a familiar expression, like putting a sickle in another man's corn to write there? With bishops, it would be very questionable conduct for one prelate to write a pastoral letter to the subjects of another; but an "essential difference between the bishop and the apostle," says Father Galwey, "is that the bishop exercises his ministry in one diocese assigned to him by the apostle, but the apostle has a world-wide commission from Christ Jesus to preach the Gospel to every creature and to all the nations. The bishop is to be a watchman in his own diocese, the apostle has authority to watch and rule and govern in every part of the world." "I am appointed," St. Paul writes, "a preacher, an Apostle, and a teacher of the Gentiles." (2 Tim., i, 11.) The bishop's ministration is local; the apostle's is catholic, or universal." ("Apostolic Succession," c. vii.)

It appears that it was to certain disciples of his own St. Paul wrote this Epistle. He had heard from them that the Jews of Rome were vaunting themselves over the Gentiles, as being the stock of Abraham and

the chosen people of God; and that the Gentiles had retorted on them the murder of the Son of God, and had boasted, moreover, of their superior learning.* The Apostle shows both that they have reason to be humiliated rather than boastful, if they saw things aright; the Gentiles, because of the unnatural crimes from which all their learning did not save them. "For, professing themselves to be wise, they became fools. . . . Wherefore God gave them up to the desires of their heart: to uncleanness." (Rom., i, 22-24.) And to the Jews he said: "There is no respect of persons with God" (ii, 11). Again: "According to thy hardness and impenitent heart, thou treasurest up to thyself wrath against the day of wrath, and revelation of the just judgment of God" (ii, 5). But both, on the other hand, may "glory in the hope of the glory of the sons of God" (v, 2); for "the charity of God is poured out into our hearts" (v, 5).

And how did that charity come to us? It is the old answer: by the death of Christ. "Christ died for us. Much more, therefore, being now justified by His Blood, shall we be saved from wrath through Him" (v, 9). And all along through the sacred Epistle there is constant recurrence to this death of blood. "As Christ is risen from the dead . . . if we be dead with Christ" (vi, 4-8). "Dead to the law by the [dead] body of Christ" (vii, 4); "and if the Spirit of Him who raised up Jesus from the dead," etc. (viii, 11.)

Finally, showing what strong grounds we have for hope in God's mercy in this life and in a merciful judgment hereafter, he again appeals to the death of Our Lord. "He that spared not even His own Son,

but delivered Him up for us all, how hath He not also, with Him, given us all things? . . . Who is he that shall condemn? Christ Jesus, who died; yea, who rose also again, who is at the right hand of God, who also maketh intercession for us" (viii, 32-34). What wonder that he breaks out into the exclamation: "Who, then, shall separate us from the love of Christ? Shall tribulation, or distress, or famine, or nakedness, or danger, or persecution, or the sword? . . . For I am sure that neither death nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present nor things to come, nor might, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord" (viii, 35, 38, 39).

(To be continued.)

The Success of Patrick Desmond.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

XIX.

The heart judges finally; the head merely argues.

—*"Paradoxes of a Philosopher."*

ON second thoughts, Mary Fitzgerald felt somewhat doubtful about the Baroness von Homburg. She might be—but Mary, with her habitual charitableness, dismissed the thought—an adventuress, who had attached herself to Nellie with interested motives. To refuse to ask her to dinner would be to add another grievance to those which Nellie already cherished against her sister-in-law. Mary copied the Baroness' address on an envelope, which Nellie had enclosed in her note to Mary, with a broad hint that a dinner party on Wednesday would be acceptable. Mary debated whether she should call on this Baroness or not. She had little time to spare from her household and her poor, so she solved the doubt by sending her card with the invitation to dinner. A dinner to the Galligans

* "The Jews," says St. Augustine, "looked on the Gospel as the reward given to them for the works they had done under the law; and were unwilling that it should be given to the uncircumcised, inasmuch as they had not deserved it. But the Gentiles, on the other hand, looked upon themselves as far superior to the Jews, and upbraided them as the murderers of the Lord."

was no easy task. Miles had been surfeited with all kinds of banquets; Nellie had become more and more critical, and she considered it a mark of high breeding to appear to underrate any new thing or any old thing she had never seen; consequently, a hostess as anxious to please as Mary was at a great disadvantage.

Mary sighed as she thought of the trouble she would have to take in order to give her sister-in-law no pretence for feeling "slighted." A simple dinner might do for the Longworthys, but never for the Galligans. For them every inch of silver in the house had to be brought out, and the table loaded with flowers. Besides, Nellie knew the price of every flower in its hothouse season; and she was as likely to feel "hurt" because there were no jonquils on the table in February, as to have her sensitive heart lacerated by seeing common field daisies in July. Once she had been led away from the dining-room by Miles, because there was only one soup, when—as she had heard on the best authority, that of the cook—there had been two soups served on the day before for the Longworthys. Miles insisted on champagne of a good brand, and he had been known to insinuate that the Fitzgeralds were capable of putting him off with "American stuff." Arthur's last words to Mary on the Monday before the dinner party had been on this subject.

"I must ask as a favor, my dear, that you'll let your brother have all the champagne he wants. I don't like to hear that his wife makes remarks on our stinginess."

"Oh, I am sure poor Nellie has been misrepresented!" Mary began.

"Perhaps. Don't give them any cause to complain. If the fel—if Miles drinks too much, it is his own affair."

Mary changed color. "I think, Arthur, that we might not have any wine for this once. It might be a lesson to Miles."

Arthur Fitzgerald stared at his wife. "A dinner without even a glass of claret! Impossible!"

"Couldn't we have mineral water, or something, instead?"

Arthur laughed. "Ginger-beer with the oysters, lemon soda with the roast, and Hunyadi with the dessert—hey, my dear? Really, it's almost asking too much that one should commit such absurdities just to keep Miles from drinking to excess."

Mary sighed. If Arthur would only understand!

"Has he grown worse of late?" Arthur asked, more serenely.

"I am afraid, from what Nellie says, that he is not the same as he was," Mary answered; and her imagination suddenly lent beauty and tenderness to the past.

"He can't be much worse," murmured Arthur, half smiling, half sighing, as he interpreted his wife's thought. "If you will have it so, Mary, I'll order no champagne. It's vulgar stuff, anyhow. But I can't banish a little claret."

Mary asked no more. She felt that this was a concession costing Arthur much; but she found men very difficult to understand. Why wouldn't mineral water and ginger-beer have done just as well? She had sickened with horror on several occasions to see Miles' face grow redder and redder, and his speech thicker and thicker, as he gulped glass after glass of his favorite wine, and added copious draughts of whiskey to it later. Nellie, at these times, had not been entirely comfortable; and yet there was a certain triumph in the sight of Miles drinking unlimited champagne. In Nellie's eyes, champagne and diamonds were the palms awarded to the highest earthly merit.

Nellie and the Baroness von Homburg had become very friendly in a few days. The Baroness had made a low courtesy when Patrick Desmond was presented to her, and had filled Nellie's ears with rapturous exclamations on his personal appearance. In her heart the Baroness named him a pleasant, honest young man, who might be easily twisted around her finger. If he were rich, he would do very well as

a husband; she said to herself that she was past the time of sentiment: her one desire was to get away from poverty and the pupils in vocal music. If Nellie faithfully delivered to Desmond all the complimentary speeches she had made, she felt sure that he would respond with tender interest. There was one male quality in which the Baroness implicitly believed, and that was vanity. The woman, she held, who offered incense to the vanity of men, might marry anybody she choose.

Desmond's openly expressed horror of the condition of social life, as illustrated by Lize Smith's party—which had ended with a great flow of beer and several black eyes,—had nettled his cousin. The idea of a rustic coming from the country criticising New Yorkers! Lize Smith was only Lize Smith, of course,—she hadn't had advantages; but the life that had been good enough for Nellie Galligan ought to be good enough for Patrick Desmond. Still Patrick would talk about it; the whole scene had shocked him beyond measure, and it had set him to reading John Longworthy's book, and puzzling about means of remedy. Desmond loved money, because, in his experience, money seemed to be the only natural power that could accomplish anything in the world. After that he desired the advancement of men of his own blood; he was none the less an American that he wished his own people—people of his own religion and race—not to dominate especially, but to stand in the van of progress. Strange to say, he never gave the suffering of people of other blood than his own a thought. His sympathy and horror were drawn out by the degradation of the Grogans, the Smiths, and others of Irish descent. This was partially due to the fact that his mother had imbued him with a chivalric and romantic idea of the Irish past. This had something to do with his revolt against the condition of affairs in Redwood. Every Irishman is a natural aristocrat; and, in Desmond's case, the ten-

dency had assumed its best form. He did not look down on others: the nobleness of his blood obliged him to keep himself up.

At Redwood, money had appeared to him to be the great object of life; in New York, it did not seem to him so powerful, unless connected with other things. He had not been ten days in Miles' employ when he began to feel that poverty was better than money earned as Miles was earning it.

Miles' next election was very doubtful. Nellie's tact had been useful in some ways, but her desire to get out of Miles' own district had not had a good effect on the voters. Of course Miles had kept a technical residence there, and Nellie had come and gone—living in Harlem only a while for her health and Miley's; but there was a rumor, growing in volume, that the Galligans were "stuck up." This did not affect the men much, but the ladies made it the subject of much bitter comment. Again, though Miles thought it no shame to pick up dollars wherever he could in the lobby, he had not been so generous as he might have been. Several of his constituents had been allowed to go to the Tombs and the Island without the proper influence being exerted in their behalf. He lied with ease and a certain grace; but there comes a time when the man who has swallowed the light and airy and palatable confection looks for something more solid. But the fact was that Miles had been so much occupied in taking care of himself that he had not given the proper degree of attention to his constituents.

Desmond, let into the secret of Miles' politics, had become sick at heart; for he was both honest and honorable.

"What a bird you are!" Miles said, jocosely, after he had unveiled a scheme of securing a check from a gas company under false pretences. "Money makes things go; nobody considers it wrong to get what he can. Business is business, and politics is the tallest kind of business."

"But how can you—" Patrick paused,

and then went on. "How can you go to confession?"

Miles frowned; his little eyes gleamed ominously. "Just you mind your business, young fellow! Don't preach to me. I've got to make a living."

Desmond's blood was up. "Well, I've not got to help you make a living in a dishonest way," he said, turning very red; "and after this week you must find somebody else to do your work."

Miles recovered his temper. Desmond wrote good letters, and took a great deal of work off his hands; it would not do to break with him. He only said: "You'll die in an almshouse yet."

"I'll die honest, at any rate," Patrick had answered.

Desmond brooded over this conversation; he determined to resign his office as private secretary. The artificiality, the falsity of the Galligans' life, affected him as the air of a crowded street-car affects the skater who has just been careering over clear ice on a bracing winter day. He would take his chances in New York; he *would* succeed honestly, and never return to Redwood until he had succeeded.

Nellie was determined to do away with the impression that Lize Smith's party had made on Desmond's mind. Before taking him to the abode of her mother in The Anchor—a presentation which must soon be accomplished,—she determined to introduce him to the Fitzgerald interior. This would show him that the social surroundings of the Hon. Miles were not entirely of the Lize Smith kind. She was irritated against Desmond. She believed that he was sarcastic; he seldom admired anything and never expressed surprise; he was too independent. At the same time she respected him; she would have liked him much better had he grovelled before the red velvet *portières*, and admitted that he had never seen a finger-bowl before.

On the day before Mary Fitzgerald's dinner party, Patrick received the packet of

the Fly-Away Mines shares from Eleanor. A little note, very formally written, accompanied it. It ran:

DEAR SIR:—I am under the impression that these shares belong to you. My father can not speak yet, nor can he write; and the chances are that he never will do either. Later a clearer explanation of the *unconscious* wrong my father has done you may be forthcoming. At present I can only return to you the mere symbols of what was yours. I have retained some money—which, they tell me, belonged to my mother—until I can begin to repay you in earnest. In sending you the packet, I merely want to show you that I have a desire to undo what has been inadvertently done.

Yours sincerely,

ELEANOR REDWOOD.

Desmond looked at the packet and read and reread the note. At first he did not understand the meaning of it. And then his mother's words came back to him,—the words uttered in explanation of the unfortunate letter which had outlived Mrs. Redwood, and which were responsible for Eleanor's present action. Patrick examined the shares, representing over two hundred thousand dollars, transferred to him with every necessary and unnecessary legal precaution. He had read with intense interest all the newspaper accounts of the Fly-Away Mines disaster; he knew that those shares of stock were worth almost nothing, but this did not lessen in his eyes the nobility of Eleanor's action. Smaller-minded people might have called it a cheap kind of restitution, but Desmond understood it better than such minds could.

He looked long at the few words she had written; they were very precious to him. How gracious, how dignified, how noble she was!—how much more gracious and noble now in her poverty than when she had been the comparatively rich Miss Redwood, of Redwood! His heart melted at the thought of her, perhaps deserted by her friends, perhaps in agony of spirit over the

future. His mother must absolve him from his promise; his mother would see now that Eleanor had no champion but him against the world. He compared the life around him with the ideal life of love-lightened poverty he might lead with Eleanor Redwood as his wife. She was not a Catholic, it was true; but she was one of those who slip into the Church, and find they are almost naturally part of it. She would be a Catholic, and never remember that she had been anything else.


He stood at twilight in the little room of the hotel—a very carelessly kept and cheap one,—where the Galligans had placed him; he stood in the twilight, and lost himself in this dream. Suddenly a thought passed through his mind, like a flash revealing the unreality of it all. It was borne in upon him that his mother would say only a few words when he should tell her of Eleanor's act, but these words would cut him as a sword. She would say that Eleanor was insane, as her mother had been. He realized that, for the first time in his life, he was not sure of his mother's sympathy. He lit the gas with a sigh, and examined the certificates carefully; and he realized that if the Fly-Away Mines had not been flooded, he would now be in legal possession of two hundred thousand dollars. He drew a deep breath and his color came and went. What strength, what power would have been his! The hopes, the desires, of his later life were in his grasp; but these were as worthless as withered leaves,—yet not as worthless, since truth and honor were represented by them.

(To be continued.)

A LIE is never really successful except by chance, seeing that no intelligence is profound enough to foresee the manner in which it will be some day examined; whereas the truth, being always coincident with the reality, can never be wholly refuted.—*Marion Crawford.*

The Death of King Rudolph.

FROM THE GERMAN, BY MARY E. MANNIX.


 IGH in Burgersheim's proud castle,
 Body weak but soul on fire,
 Silent sate the dying Rudolph,
 Musing on his soul's desire.

Soon he spake: "Kind friends, true vassals,
 Answer me without delay:
 When shall these poor limbs be lifeless,
 When this spirit pass away?"

True were they, both friend and vassal:
 "E'en to-day the hour may be."
 "Thanks!" the monarch said, eyes beaming;
 "Loyal have ye been to me.

"On to Speyer let us hasten!"
 Firm he stood, his voice grown strong;
 "Lay me with the gallant heroes
 Who have slumbered there so long.

"Sound the trumpets, bring my charger,
 Comrade of another day."
 No one moved to do his bidding,
 Till he thundered forth: "Obey!"

Then the grooms led out the war-horse.
 Spake the monarch: "Faithful friend,
 Not to battle dost thou bear me,
 Only to the peaceful end."

Weeping courtiers gather round him
 As he mounts the tramping horse;
 Right and left a holy chaplain,—
 Half a monarch he, half corse.

.
 Sadly bow the swaying lindens,
 Sobbing with the wind's sharp breath;
 In their nests amid the branches
 Song birds chant the dirge of death.

.
 Out from Speyer's grand cathedral
 Comes the sound of muffled bell;
 Knights and burghers in procession,
 Weeping dames the concourse swell.

As he kneels before the altar,
 Head uncovered, clasped hands
 Raised in fervent supplication,
 Where the priest, expectant, stands:

“Give to me my Lord and Master!”

Now Christ in his heart doth dwell.
All transfigured are his features—
Hark! is that the midnight bell?

As it tolls a sudden brightness
From the vaulted dome is shed,
And he sleeps the sleep eternal,
Heaven's halo round his head.

“On to Speyer!” Grandest journey
Was that last sad one of thine,
Kaiser Rudolph, still remembered
In the legends of the Rhine!

The Martyr-Apostle of Futuna.

BY VIRGINIA M. CRAWFORD.

II.

AT Ambérieux the young Abbé Chanel lived the simple, laborious life of the French village priest, conscientiously submitting himself in all things to his ecclesiastical superior. Everything about him was of the very simplest; and, in his zeal for holy poverty, he not only performed all his own little domestic offices, but might even have been seen, needle in hand, mending his own clothes. A friend catching him one day in the very act, and joking him on the subject, he replied, with a smile: “It is as well to know something of everything. If ever I go out as a missionary, I shall certainly have to do without a tailor.”

From the very first he won the confidence of his parishioners, and his confessional was always crowded with penitents. But the most lasting boon that he conferred on the town was the institution of the devotion of the Month of Mary, which up to that time was not observed in the locality, but which, with his intense love for Our Lady, he could not endure to see neglected. Already at this time he was so filled with missionary zeal that he petitioned Mgr. Devie to send him abroad; but the good

Bishop considered him still too young, and after a year at Ambérieux he was sent to the little village of Crozet, not far from Geneva, where he labored as parish priest for three years.

On his first arrival, the Abbé Chanel found his new parish in a most pitiable condition—the church neglected and empty, the parishioners indifferent, and the children absolutely untaught. In a few months' time all was changed: schools both for boys and girls were opened; the church was cleaned and embellished; whilst the ardent young priest, by incessant preaching and visiting, stirred up his people to a keener sense of their spiritual duties. In all these undertakings, but especially in visiting and tending the sick, he was enthusiastically helped by his sister Mary Frances, who had come to live with him. His charity to the poor and suffering was only limited by a positive lack of means, and he frequently deprived himself of the barest necessities of life on their behalf. Indulgent to all, he was uncompromisingly stern with himself; he fasted on all Fridays and on the eves of the feasts of the Blessed Virgin, besides wearing habitually an iron waistband studded with sharp points. He also at this time was in the habit of observing, once a month, a day of retreat, which he devoted to prayer and meditation,—a practice which he regarded as so salutary that he frequently recommended it to those who consulted him on their spiritual progress.

During these three years the future apostle of Futuna never once faltered in his longing for a missionary life. After reading his favorite *Annals of the Propagation of the Faith*, he was constantly heard to exclaim: “What am I doing here? Why am I not with them? When will the day come when I too shall be able to suffer and, if necessary, die for Jesus Christ?” Once more he appealed to his Bishop, who put off giving a decisive answer. It appeared to the Abbé Chanel that Our Lord required of him a more perfect spirit of self-sacrifice

than he had yet attained, before granting his wish; and with this end in view he turned his thoughts more definitely toward the religious life.

The Society of Mary was at that time in its first youth, and consisted of but a small number of members. The Abbé Chanel was at first attracted to it by its name; and being acquainted with its pious founder, the Very Rev. Father Colin, then head of the Belley seminary, he wrote to him for advice. Having obtained permission of Mgr. Devie, he resolved to give up his parish work and enter the new Society. At the same time he arranged that his sister Mary Frances should be received as a novice by the Sisters of the Holy Name of Mary at Belley. Thus he felt free to devote himself to his new life, and it was with a heart filled with joy and gratitude that he dedicated himself irrevocably to the service of the Blessed Virgin.

The only event of importance which occurred during the three subsequent years which Father Chanel spent, first as professor, then as director of the Belley seminary, was his visit to Rome in the summer of 1833. The journey was undertaken in company with the Very Rev. Father Colin, who deemed it necessary, in order to strengthen his Society, to lay its claims and objects personally before the Sovereign Pontiff. Father Chanel's secretarial duties to his superior left him ample time to visit all the churches and monuments of the Eternal City, and his letters home are full of enthusiastic admiration. After some delay, the main object of their visit was happily attained through the instrumentality of Cardinal Macchi, and a most gracious reception was accorded to the Marist Fathers by the Pope. As a direct result of this happy event, the little Society increased rapidly in size; and in the following year (1834) the superior, anxious to devote his whole time to the task of drawing up the new constitutions of the Order, retired from his post of principal of the seminary, and

appointed Father Chanel to succeed him.

There is a description of his personal appearance at this period, written by one of the students—who were one and all devotedly attached to their young superior,—which gives a very vivid picture of the future martyr: “He had great refinement of manner, without the least affectation; and a certain nobility in his bearing, which was yet quite free from pomposity: it was the natural fruit of simplicity, candor, and paternal tenderness. His high forehead was serene and calm; his complexion of that exquisite, transparent paleness, which indicates an ardent spirit, but directed and disciplined by a great soul. His eyes were large, his expression gentle, penetrating and profound; his smile was indicative of much sweetness and sympathy, and his whole appearance inspired both affection and esteem at first sight.”

In the course of the two years during which Father Chanel acted as superior, the seminary was visited by a terrible epidemic. First one class and then another was attacked, until the whole place was converted into a hospital. The zeal and devotion displayed by our hero during these sad weeks were beyond all praise; night and day he was in the wards, tending the sick and carrying out the doctors' instructions, whilst his own room was given up to those most dangerously ill. He would only leave his patients from time to time in order to fling himself down before the statue of the Blessed Virgin and implore her intercession; and he felt that his prayers had been granted when the epidemic abated without carrying off a single life.

At length, in May, 1836, the lifelong wish of the future martyr was accomplished. The papal brief *Omnium gentium salus*, solemnly approving of the Society of Mary, was signed by Gregory XVI., and a few days later His Holiness intrusted to it the missions of Western Oceanica. Thus Father Chanel saw a missionary's life opening out before him. His joy burst forth in a beau-

tiful letter, from which we quote as follows:

“Ah, what good news I have to give you! Our little Society has just been approved by the Vicar of Jesus Christ, who has furthermore deigned to confide to our care the Oceanica missions. What acts of thanksgiving ought we not to offer up to God! I have expressed my old wish, and my heart has not ceased to beat with pleasure since my name has been put down on the first list of missionaries. We shall be eight to start with—five priests and three lay-brothers. Father Bret, whom you know, is of the number. He is filled with delight. Nevertheless, he appears to me more serious and absorbed than usual; he is never to be seen without either his Rosary or the Life of St. Francis Xavier in his hand. We shall be ready to depart at the first signal given by the Sovereign Pontiff. . . . Only one thing frightens me, and that is that I am so unworthy of the apostolic life. I am in such urgent need of the assistance of God and of the Blessed Virgin that I am begging prayers from everyone. I count upon yours; Mgr. Devie has been most encouraging, and has promised me his.”

It was not until the beginning of the long vacation in August that Father Chanel was at length free to make his preparations for departure. Curiously enough, at this very time he was suddenly seized with a dread of the missionary life, and with morbid scruples as to his own fitness for his vocation. These depressing doubts were, however, happily dispelled by a few words of sensible encouragement spoken by the Mother Superior of the convent at Belley, where his sister was a nun; and from that time forth his calm faith and confidence in the future remained undisturbed.

In September the whole of the Society of Mary assembled at Belley to make their retreat, under the presidency of Mgr. Devie and of Mgr. Pompallier, who, as Bishop of Maronée, was to be at the head of the new missionary enterprise. Subsequently all the priests belonging to the Society sol-

emly elected the Very Rev. Father Colin as Superior-General of the Order; and, following his example, all bound themselves by the three vows of poverty, chastity and obedience. On this same occasion Mgr. Pompallier was so impressed by Father Chanel that he promptly appointed him his apostolic pro-vicar; whilst the Superior-General, on his side, had already selected him as superior of the Fathers and lay-brothers who were to form the first missionary party.

The few remaining weeks which the apostle of Futuna was to spend in his native land were divided between preaching on behalf of the new missions and the sadder duty of bidding farewell to his friends and relatives. A pathetic scene took place between the brother and sister in the little convent parlor at Belley, in which they encouraged each other in the vocations they had chosen. But when once the doors had closed for the last time on her much-loved brother, the young nun's courage gave way for a moment and she burst into tears. His old mother at La Potière, who little dreamed that she was never again to set eyes on her son, and his friends at Ambérieux, at Meximieux and at Brou, were all visited in turn by Father Chanel; and everywhere his eloquent appeals on behalf of his new labors met with a generous response. Mgr. Pompallier, having started beforehand for Paris, left him to make the final preparations for departure.

During these last days at Lyons, good Father Chanel, accompanied by his friend and companion, Father Bataillon, climbed the hill every morning to the sanctuary of Our Lady of Fourvières, in order to celebrate Mass at the altar of the Blessed Virgin; and on the last day he placed round the neck of the Infant Jesus a gilt heart containing the names of all the Marist Fathers who were about to start for Oceanica,—an act of consecration which has been repeated by all succeeding missionaries of the Order.

It was mid-October before all the Marist missionaries were collected together in Paris, and the end of the month saw them at Havre, eager for a speedy departure. But unfavorable weather condemned them to a reluctant delay of nearly two months; an interval which Father Chanel, with characteristic diligence, turned to good account by studying the English language.

(To be continued.)

In the Heart of the Rocky Mountains.

GLIMPSES OF ST. PETER'S MISSION.

FOURTEEN miles south of Cascade, Western Montana, in the midst of picturesque "Buttes," all stamped by the hand of God with their own characteristic names, lies St. Peter's Mission, the first Ursuline foundation in the Rocky Mountains. Grand and immovable, like sentinels, they stand, these mighty upheavals of Nature's bosom: "Square Butte," shaped like a huge square; "Fish-Back," so called from its resemblance to a shoal of fish; "The Crown," like a giant regal diadem; "Saddle-Back," formed like a saddle; "Black Butte," containing a deep, dark cave; and "Ursula," cleft with a monstrous *U*, rising behind the unfinished novitiate of St. Peter's Mission.

No stately pile of buildings these, clothed in the gloomy grandeur of antiquity; no graceful triumph of lighter modern architecture; only a cluster of log cabins, roughly built, and open through many a crevice to the winds and snows of winter. But to the lover of nature no more attractive spot can be found than this wild, comparatively unknown region, where a few devoted daughters of St. Ursula, obedient to the call of duty, have chosen to consecrate their lives to the conversion and education of the Indian girls of the Rocky Mountains. The air is a tonic, which to breathe but once is

invigoration; the sky, a clear, unchanging blue; the sunlight, translucent gold; while the loveliest feature of the charming landscape is that wonderful play of color which the sun, the snow-capped peaks, and the masses of shifting clouds, combine to throw across the giant Buttes.

Here, more than fifty years ago, that wonderful missionary Father de Smet stayed for a time his wandering feet; and here, in 1865, Father Imoda founded the first Jesuit mission. In obedience to an appeal from the Very Rev. Father Cataldo in 1884, six Ursulines from Toledo, Ohio, under the guidance of Mother Amadeus, came to establish the first female mission school in Western Montana. From the sanctuary of their peaceful convent they went forth to the haunts of the savage; from the halls of civilization to the wilds of semi-barbarism, to cope with vice and ignorance in some of their most revolting forms; to perform the most menial and loathsome offices for a people whose ideas of cleanliness and decency did not go beyond the donning of a new blanket when the old one had rotted to pieces.

In six years the desert has been made to blossom as a rose; the number of Sisters has been increased to thirty, and that of the missions to seven,—St. Peter's containing over three hundred pupils, and each of the others averaging one hundred and fifty. At St. Peter's, the mother-house, they have the Iroquois, Gros Ventre, and other Indians; at Piegan, a school for that tribe; at St. Ignatius they have a prosperous Kindergarten; at St. Paul's, a large school for the Assiniboin tribe; at St. Labre's, for the wild Cheyenne; the Holy Family mission among the Blackfeet; the mission of St. Francis Xavier for the Crows. Another school is awaiting them in Montana. Wyoming and Idaho also want teachers and instructors, and recently the Ursulines have been solicited to plant the standard in far-distant Alaska. To accomplish these ends means and subjects are sorely needed.

Where shall the money be obtained to found these much desired and badly needed missions? Whence the vocations necessary to carry on a work so arduous in its demands? For the first we trust Christian charity will find a way; and some slight knowledge of the work, its requirements and surroundings, may help to stir some favored souls to take up the cross of the Lord and follow Him into the wilderness. To this end the writer has thought that a few extracts from the letters of a dear friend, one of the Sisters of the mission, will be far more eloquent and persuasive than any feeble words of hers, as they can not fail to interest the most casual reader. And if the gentle soul should deprecate the liberty, or her sweet humility blush and take alarm, she will be comforted by the thought that it is for the sake of her "dear Indians," for whom she has left a home of luxury and broken the fondest earthly ties, consecrating to their service the brightest days of her beautiful young life. The letters tell their own story. She writes:

"It is only supernatural charity and tenderness, born in the sweetness of Our Lady's dear maternity, that can reach the souls of these singular beings, children of God, redeemed by His Blood, heirs of heaven like ourselves, yet lost, as it were, in the wilds of barbarism and superstition. Never to hold oneself aloof in the slightest regard where their souls are concerned; to plunge oneself entirely, so to speak, in the atmosphere in which they exist and move; to learn how to lift the veil which surrounds their interior thoughts, to penetrate the reserve of their strange, mysterious souls,—all this is necessary if one would accomplish anything among them. Squalor and general wretchedness, misunderstanding, a dread of deception—for they have been so often deceived, a reserve that is born in the very depths of their strange nature,—all these must be compassed and conquered before one can be said to have made a beginning. Little by little habits of

personal cleanliness are acquired, but the acquisition of household accomplishments is even slower. Day by day the same ground must be gone over, and patiently at that; for the Indian is not to be driven, but led. Then a time comes when a sudden ray of light seems to dawn; the task is no longer irksome: it grows easy, becomes even pleasant, and the work is done. With books it is different: they are fond of study, and music is with them a passion.

"It is through the children that the parents must be won. They love those who are kind to their little ones; and their confidence once given is seldom withdrawn. It is a cold heart indeed that could resist the sweet helplessness of these dusky children of the mountains. They crowd around you, saying, 'Good-morning, mother!'—'Good-bye, mother!' or merely call your name, while their great, fathomless eyes finish what the tongue has left unsaid. Sometimes, in an effusion of gratitude, they will say: 'Mother, I have said the Rosary for you.' They are fond of that beautiful chaplet of prayers; they recite it again and again, stretching out their arms in the form of a cross. I have never witnessed this pathetic appeal without exclaiming with St. Peter, 'Depart from me, O Lord; for I am a sinful creature!' Sometimes my very heart has stood still, and I have seemed to hear the throbbing sea of human intercession breaking in all its might against the throne of God. I have boundless faith in their prayers. . . . It is all sweet, earnest work; all repugnance vanishes, for God sees and loves it. Formerly I could not have touched with my lips a cup from which another had drunk, or slept in a bed which I had found unkempt; and now—"

Another letter relates some of the most striking characteristics of the Indians:

"They are very reserved. Favored indeed is she who wins their confidence,—who is granted an insight into their souls. They have been so shamefully and frequently deceived, that it is small wonder. With our

Sisters they seem another race from the gloomy, dark-browed savages, who stand apart from their too often treacherous white brother. Chief 'Battler' once told us of a dream he had had many years before our advent among them. He had seen us, he said, just as we are in our habits, teaching the children. It was very impressive. He was not at all surprised to see the Ursulines when they came.

"Their names are descriptive. Mother is called 'the Chief Woman'; Father Prando, 'Iron Eyes,' because he wears glasses. . . . In grief they are speechless and helpless. One of our children was ill; we thought she would die. We sent for her brother, who is at the Fathers' school. He came and sat for long hours beside her without uttering a word. They are ever mute in the presence of sorrow. Sometimes they will say—and the words come as if wrung from desolation: 'I am lonesome.' It means a volume of lamentation.

"The children come at once to tell you if they have done wrong; or, if their courage fails them, they will send another child to tell. . . . They have a keen sense of injustice. I will give you an instance. One of our Sisters at the Piegan school, not knowing which child had committed an offence—disturbance during prayer,—reproved them in general. This seemed so great an injustice to one of the girls that she was making preparations to run away. They think nothing of fording streams, and, swift as the deer, they run ten and twenty miles."

In one letter we have a hint of the old story of the discrimination of the Government as against Catholic schools:

"The Government holds back its contracts from many schools, and for a long time delayed our contract money, which is a mere song. When we can not, for want of means, take all who offer, they go, as a matter of course, to Protestant schools. We are thwarted in many hidden and unexplainable ways, hindered very much in our work. The Government gives nine dollars

a month, *per capita*, for the tribes it recognizes. This will not provide dwellings, or pay doctors' bills, which are enormous. If the children are sick, the parents become angry and take them away. They are suspicious, and foolishly fond of their children. If the child cries, logic may go to the winds—they are absolutely undone. If she can sing or speak English, prays or makes the Sign of the Cross, they are enraptured and ready to be converted themselves. They have an idea that only healthy and well-favored children are fitted for baptism. One can not reason with them. The only thing to do is to take the children and train them; then the elders fall in readily. The Cheyennes are now being converted rapidly, all through the children. The Jesuit Fathers attribute all the good that is done to the children, and say that a mission is no mission at all without a school."

What a subject for reflection are the following pathetic lines!

"When under Catholic influence, they become great lovers of truth and purity. The girls fly to us for protection when their fathers wish to sell them, which they frequently do as early as nine years of age, sometimes for several ponies. . . . A woman whose ears are clipped is like the Puritan, bearing a scarlet *A*. And sometimes—ah, sweet guardian angels!—the very hand that brands her is guilty of the blood of her soul. I formerly wondered why the poor Piegan women kept their hair down over their ears. Alas! I soon learned the reason."

Here is an illustration of their affectionate nature and beautiful simplicity, as well as the saintly devotion of the nuns:

"When Mother opened the St. Ignatius Mission among the Flatheads, the Very Rev. Father Cataldo addressed the Indians in their own tongue, and told them to send her their children. Mother then went among them, embracing their little ones, folding them in her mantle and carrying them herself to the convent. They were moved to tears, and, with the same emotion

as the poetic St. Francis, the chief said: 'The Father has preached well, but the Mother more eloquently still.' They call Mother *Ninaki* (the Chief Woman).

"'Little Plume' left the mysterious fascination of the camera, where they were taking his picture, to follow the nuns and look at them. 'White Calf,' the head chief of the Blackfoot nation, addressed the tribes in their native tongue, telling them to send their children to 'Natuapaki' (Holy Mother), not to the other school. And 'Big Nose,' who proudly wears a medal of Abraham Lincoln, and who is the most influential man in the nation, raised up his hand in solemn promise that he would uphold and help the nuns."

Here is something interesting, relative to some of their habits and customs:

"Polygamy is common among them. I will give you an incident of their astuteness. I knew that the agent had held a 'powwow' (talk) with them, telling them that they must give up the practice or they would lose their lands. 'Big Brave' had two girls in our school. 'Natuapaki,' he said, 'I give you these girls, because I know you will be kind to them, and teach them no harm; for I am a poor man.' He had one of his wives (the second) with him. 'Yes, Big Brave,' I answered; 'but you must do what the agent said.' 'Mother,' he continued, with one of those impassive and uncompromising Indian stares, 'I will come next Sunday to the mission with this child's *first* mother, and then I shall tell you something you will be glad to hear.' In the presence of No. 2 he was not master of the situation; and she, poor creature, did not seem to know what was impending.

"The sun is their deity. They have what is called the sun-dance; but so wild does this dancing make them that the Government is obliged to restrict them on this point. They have a melancholy minor music, which, repeated incessantly in two or more strains, is enough to kindle tamer

souls to frenzy. One drop of liquor makes them wholly beyond control; for one drop is enough to cause a mad desire for more, and then they never stop until intoxicated. I have known them to exchange valuable full-blooded horses for a single glass of whiskey.

"They do not bury their dead, but leave them on the tops of high hills, with a supply of food and whatever they have cherished during life. There is something appalling about these monuments."

I could fill pages with these interesting extracts, but I forbear. Delicacy forbids me to dwell, scarcely to touch, upon the personal privations of these favored daughters of St. Angela, who have given the flower of their youth and strength to the arduous duties of the Indian missions in Montana. But we know well that these privations exist; how is it possible that they should not, when, deprived of nearly every comfort, the Sisters are forced to live during the winter season where the thermometer sometimes falls 40 degrees below zero; when, through the chinks and crevices in the loosely built walls, their blankets and pillows are often covered with snow, which sometimes falls so heavily and lies so thickly as almost entirely to shut out the light from the windows?

Not for themselves, not for their own sufferings, do they ask relief and sympathy. But they are in sore need of money and all that money can buy,—their allowance a mere pittance, their charges so helpless, their wants so manifold. Here is the sinking fund for the truest charity; here a field for the genuine Christian philanthropist, wherein he may work simultaneously for the salvation of bodies and souls.

So far out of the ordinary routes of travel that many of those who read this will have heard of it for the first time, and yet so near all centres of civilization that it is but a few days' journey from the most remote portion of the continent, St. Peter's Mission, near Cascade, Montana, stretches

forth a supplicating hand to the Catholics of the United States, that the devoted workers within its confines may find means to enlarge, improve and continue their severe, though sweet because heaven-directed, labors. New helpers, willing hands and hearts, are also needed. It is a sublime vocation, one worthy of the apostolic times, of the days of the martyrs of old. "These Sisters are saints, not to say martyrs," said one not long since, himself an heroic Jesuit missionary. "Blessed indeed are they who have chosen that thorny way!" exclaimed another saintly priest, a recent visitor to St. Peter's.

Where are the young unfettered souls to whom the lesson of this holy mission will come as a message and an invitation heeded? Ah, what a life to live, how sweet a death to die!

A Question of Capital.

EVERYBODY admits that Catholic literature is necessary to the preservation of our children to the Church in this country. And most cultivated people insist that the Catholic literature of the time ought to be supplied by writers who are not only religious, but thoroughly equipped for the work. The periodical, says the enlightened Catholic public, that supplies the demand will be a gift of God,—a light which will drive off the miasmatic darkness which the writers in the opposition camp of literature are trying to bring on.

"Why have not we a *Century*, a *Scribner's*, a *St. Nicholas*?" our friends ask. They do not count the cost. Well-equipped writers must be paid, artists must be paid, engravers must be paid. We can have a *Catholic Century* or *St. Nicholas* when there is capital enough subscribed for such an undertaking. It is simply a question of capital. The old delusion that a periodical could be begun and carried on without a

sufficient subsidy has been dissipated by many experiments. It remains now for some Catholics who are well off as regards the goods of this world, to subsidize those Catholic periodicals in which they express so much interest. We have many writers, but only a few of them can afford to write for our publications. A number of Catholic editors pay liberally for contributions, and would willingly pay better prices if they had the means. Again, it is a question of capital. As the editor of the *Catholic Review* recently put it: "Of the hundreds of Catholic writers in America, all but a mere handful have been driven over to the service of the enemy." And this handful are kept together by loyalty to the cause.

A friend of THE "AVE MARIA," an eminent lawyer of Faribault, Minn., says in a recent letter: "It is an inspiration for your readers to see that, in addition to the numerical strength of your contributors, they are men and women of admitted fine culture and great literary attainments, and in the ranks of the foremost *littérateurs* of the day. Their influence in building up an excellent Catholic literature through THE 'AVE MARIA' is of immense value to Church, country, and civilization. Would that some philanthropist might come who would direct his benefactions to the sole end of putting your magazine into every Catholic household in the land!"

Here is one amongst us who appreciates the difficulties in the way of providing week after week for a periodical such as THE "AVE MARIA." We would gladly do even more for our readers than we do; we would gladly give them a great illustrated magazine, and even more gladly a Catholic *St. Nicholas*; but until our friend's philanthropist acts on his inspiration, our means must be inadequate.

THE ill-doing of a good thing is a very great evil.—*Faber*.

Notes and Remarks.

On an elevated spot on the island of Pulo Penang, to which civilization had never penetrated until recent years, now stands a beautiful statue of Our Lady of Lourdes. At the foot of this eminence is a Buddhist town of about one hundred thousand inhabitants, with a slight sprinkling of Christians. The statue, which seems at first thought so strangely out of place, was erected by the Christian Brothers, who have a sanitarium there, in gratitude for favors which they ascribe to the intercession of the Blessed Virgin. They piously hope that the sweet face of the Madonna may shed a kindly light on a region that is still to a great extent in the darkness of paganism.

Sometimes it is a great strain on that innate sense of politeness which Americans possess to avoid showing wonder at the strange things which appear in our esteemed English contemporaries. An especially esteemed contemporary in London contains several advertisements similar to these:

"Catholic gentleman of good position and income wishes to marry lady who has been educated in a convent. Highest references.—M. L., care of *Catholica*," etc.

"All Catholics wishing to avoid the evil of mixed marriages, and desirous of marrying in their own faith, should apply to," etc.

There is a frankness about this which leaves us in doubt as to whether it is not audacious.

The *Pilot* prints a delightful interview with the venerable poet Whittier, at his house at Amesbury, Mass. We and many other readers would be glad to see more of the same kind of writing in the Catholic press. Speaking of the late John Boyle O'Reilly, Whittier said: "That was a beautiful light too early quenched." But later he spoke of the beauty of dying, even prematurely, while one's record is fair, and the sadness of living to make some error or blunder which tarnishes a noble past. The sympathetic "interviewer" recalled his poem on St. John of Matha. "You had to come to the Old Church for a patron saint for your abolitionists." "Yes," replied Whittier, "we have our debt to your saints, and to the Old

Church for her antagonism to slavery. Thou knowest, perhaps, my poem, 'The Men of Old,' where I spoke of St. Anselm melting down the sacred vessels to make coin for the redemption of captives."

He then praised Cardinal Lavignerie's work in Africa; and, in further conversation, the interlocutor said: "Church property was used in the early Irish Church also, as far back as the time of St. Patrick, for the redemption of slaves." "I remember that, too," the poet answered; "but not all the Irish of a later day felt kindly to the negroes. I knew an Irishman in Amesbury"—his eyes twinkled at the remembrance—"who was very much opposed to social equality for the negro. I said to him: 'But there are many Catholic negroes in Brazil, the West Indies, and other places. Thy Church accounts of them as it does of thee. Thou wilt have to come to it in heaven: thou wilt have to meet the negroes there on equal terms.' I thought that I had silenced him with an unanswerable argument. He sat musing for a moment, then, looking up at me, 'And can't the Lord make them white in heaven, Mr. Whittier?'" Age mellowed great men, and the old poet, who once looked on the Church with almost fierce suspicion, casts loving eyes on the beauty of her saints.

An interesting relic of St. Aloysius, a souvenir of his residence at the court of Spain, is preserved in the Jesuits' church at Louvain. It is a quarto sheet, written in a beautiful hand, containing the discourse pronounced by the Saint as a page of honor at one of the royal receptions. This highly-prized relic is exposed at the left side of the church, in front of the rich urn containing the heart of St. John Berchmans.

In 1800 the work of Catholic education in India was non-existent; at present there are 2,000 schools of all grades, attended by 100,000 scholars. Does this look as if Buddhism and all the Indian sects were impregnable, as so many people hold?

The celebration on the 24th ult. of the Golden Jubilee of St. John's College, Fordham, marks an event in the history of Catholic education in America. The modest building

originally erected by Archbishop Hughes has developed during the half century into a great institution, with magnificent structures and numerous ancillary buildings. On the occasion of the celebration a statue of the venerated founder was unveiled with becoming solemnities. Fordham College numbers among its *alumni* some of the most distinguished clergymen and laymen of the Eastern States. Its first president was Cardinal McCloskey, who was succeeded by many eminent ecclesiastics, among them Archbishop Bayley and Father Augustus Thebaud, S. J. Archbishop Ryan delivered an eloquent oration at the celebration, which was attended by many prominent people, lay and clerical. Degrees were conferred on Mgr. Preston, Vicar-General of the Archdiocese of New York; on Richard H. Clarke, Esq., the well-known Catholic historian; and William J. Onahan, Esq., of Chicago, whom to honor is itself an honor. Let us hope that the future of Fordham may be as prosperous as her past is glorious.

It is very unusual to hear of the Golden Jubilee of two sisters in the same convent and almost on the same date. Georgetown Convent celebrated, in a quiet way, this interesting double Jubilee on the 7th inst. Two sisters, belonging to one of the old Maryland families, have lived to offer to God conjointly one hundred years of service. Both were professed by Archbishop Eccleston,—the one on April 13, the other on July 7, 1841.

How many archbishops have passed from our midst since then!—how many changes, religious and political!

Our esteemed contemporary the *New Zealand Tablet*, in a recent number, kindly refers to THE "AVE MARIA" as "a publication in which we find an abundance of good things," and speaks in particular of the sketch of General de Sonis which lately appeared in our pages. The article in the *Tablet* is creditable alike to the head and heart of the writer, and is evidently the work of one who could duly appreciate the merits of the illustrious dead. Says the *Tablet*:

"Carlyle has compared French glory to burnt straw, which blazes for a moment, but leaves behind ashes,

approaching as nearly as possible to nothing. Something more, nevertheless, is the glory of the country that has produced St. Louis and Joan of Arc, and which in every walk of life has given to the world men whose brilliant genius was enriched by all that a sublime spirit of Christianity could bestow upon it. Nay, as it was in the past, so it continues to the present day. . . . The martial spirit of the past also survives in France. In our own time Charette and De Sonis have brought before us evidence of what those crusaders were who truly entered into the sentiment of their great mission. And even a more trying part was played by the noble soldier of our own degenerate days, who in every movement of his calling showed himself first of all the faithful son of Holy Church. De Sonis was a devout Catholic in everything, a spiritual father to his soldiers, and the protector of their faith. He was, nevertheless, in every thought a soldier—strict and rigorous in the enforcement of discipline and the fulfilment of duty, and lion-like in bravery on the field of battle. There is nothing more sublimely pathetic in the history of war than his lying, cruelly wounded, all the length of a freezing night on the disastrous field of Loigny, while he held converse with Heaven, and hardly felt his suffering in resignation to the will of God. There also a young soldier of his corps dragged himself to his side, that he might have the consolation of his presence in his dying moments.

"French glory, then, is not, as the sour-minded scoffer Carlyle called it, merely like the blaze of burnt straw. It is real and continuous. It is not only where the body of De Sonis rests, under the banner of the Sacred Heart—under which also he fought at Loigny, unsuccessfully indeed, so far as this world is concerned, but we doubt not, in respect of a better world, with infinite gain,—that the proofs of its genuineness may be seen. In the eye of God, we may be convinced, they are frequent and clear enough to merit for the race, in spite of all its shortcomings and all its unworthy sons, a further period of the career that crowned their land with honor, and conferred countless blessings on the world."

We have pleasure in acknowledging the receipt of the following contributions:

To promote the cause of the Ven. Curé d' Ars:

The Rt. Rev. Bishop B., \$5; the Rev. A. M., \$5; the Rev. J. F., \$1; M. F. H., 25 cts.; Mrs. Mary D. Case, 50 cts.; G. C., \$1; A subscriber of THE "AVE MARIA," in honor of the B. V. M., \$2.50; S. F., \$1.

For the Carmelite nuns:

G. C., \$1; B. J. Mulligan, \$2; Mrs. James D., \$1.25; S. F., 25 cts.

For the missions of the Passionist Fathers in South America:

E. M., \$1; S. F., 25 cts.

For the lepers of Japan:

Mrs. J. D., \$1.25; E. M., \$1; S. F., 25 cts.



The Fortunes of a Runaway.

BY MARY CATHERINE CROWLEY.

II.

QUITE a distance from his home now, Hugh ventured to look about him. He realized that he was in a corner of a sleeping coach, which presented the usual scene of confusion at that hour of the morning. The passengers, having completed their toilet, were collecting their luggage; the porter was shutting up the berths, and persons kept passing from one car to another.

By and by the conductor came along. He glanced sharply at the boy, and for a moment hesitated,—a moment during which Hugh's heart seemed to stand still, and a choking sensation came in his throat. If he had been a ragged, forlorn little urchin he would have been discovered at once; but as it was, the man saw only a well-dressed, quiet lad, who was apparently absorbed in looking out of the window. "Strange I didn't notice that chap before! I suppose he belongs to that family in the other car," he said to himself, and passed on. The train was late, and he had a good many things on his mind.

Hugh breathed freer, and congratulated himself that he had escaped detection, and would be in New York in half an hour. He even laughed in his sleeve a bit at the royal manner in which he was travelling. The thought that he was doing wrong in stealing a ride, and, as he expressed it, "beating the company out of his fare," did not trouble him as yet. Since he had

been left undisturbed, he became more confident, and proceeded to enjoy the novelty of his position. He was afraid to study the passengers, lest he should draw their notice to himself; but he began to take a lively interest in the panorama continually unfolded before him from the car window, and felt the exhilaration of being borne onward so rapidly, past white farm-houses and newly-planted fields; past snug villages, with here and there a prosperous town; on, on, to the metropolis, where, according to his boyish dreams, fame and fortune awaited him.

The sun shone bright; the car was exceedingly comfortable. From his surroundings one would not suppose that there were such stern facts as poverty and penury, illness and trouble, in the world; or that death might be waiting just ahead, at a misplaced switch or a broken rail. Singularly enough, there seems to be a peculiar sense of security and comfort in travelling in a luxurious train.

In his self-reliant exultation that he was making the journey without obstacle or adventure, Hugh had not taken the porter into consideration. After a time he remarked that this functionary, in going to and fro, eyed him curiously once or twice; and then, while ostensibly occupied at the end of the car, watched him furtively. If Hugh had boldly ignored this, and thus "bluffed" the negro off as he had the conductor, he might perhaps have averted suspicion; but he had not the self-possession to stand the prolonged gaze of those curious eyes. In spite of himself he fidgeted and wriggled uneasily.

"Pshaw! I reckon I'll have to make myself solid with that 'ace of spades,'" he muttered, impatiently. Having this end in view, he sauntered up to the man with as much assurance as he could muster, and remarked sociably:

"Train's a good deal behind time, isn't it?"

The darky grinned from ear to ear, show-

ing a row of shining white teeth, as he answered: "Yas. Berry sorry too, sah; 'cause 'pears like young massa was in conside'ble ob a hurry dis mornin'."

Hugh felt the hot color rush to his face at this unexpected attack. Was it a random shot or a shrewd home thrust?

"Hang it!" he said to himself. "There'll be the mischief to pay if this black booby suspects anything." With these thoughts coursing through his brain he replied, confusedly: "Oh, no, sir! I'm in no great haste; but a fellow likes to get to the end of his journey."

Now, politeness costs little, and generally serves us well. What darky would not have been disarmed by being respectfully addressed as "Sir"?

"Ah!" thought he. "Dis yere's a mighty discernin' chap. He sees right off I ain't no common nigger. Takes me for one o' de 'fficials o' the road, sure as a gun!"

With patronizing good-humor he leaned against the side of the car, and looked at Hugh through half-closed eyes. "Come from Chicago?" he asked, adroitly.

"N—n—o," stammered the boy. "I—er got on at one of the way stations some distance up."

The porter chuckled. "Sonny, dis yere ain't none o' yor slow 'ccommodation trains dat stops at folks' back-doors."

Hugh saw at once that he had blundered. "Oh—er I live up—er toward Rochester," he faltered, inwardly trying to reassure himself that he had escaped telling what he called a whopper, though by a subterfuge that would hardly have satisfied his conscience at other times.

The porter grinned again, and said, with a knowing sidelong glance: "'S'pose you slept in de other coach. 'Pears I disremember makin' up yor berf las' night."

As this was not a direct question, Hugh was glad to let it pass without response. But he was in a tumult of agitation. "Thunderation!" he ejaculated. "Sambo is sizing me up pretty well!"

At this moment he bethought himself of several of his father's cigars, which he had taken from the library table on his way out that morning. "George has never got beyond cigarettes, but I intend to begin with the genuine article," he had soliloquized while appropriating them. "Father won't mind, since my success in life depends upon it; for what kind of a boot-black or a newsboy would I make if I didn't know how to smoke? The fellows would all say I was an impostor and drive me out of business." Now, however, eager to change the conversation, he produced one of the fragrant Havanas and handed it to his new acquaintance. The darky took it, smelt of it, bit off the end, then patted the cigar appreciatively, and put it into the breast pocket of his coat.

"I 'claire yor a fine young gem'man, you are!" he said. "It must cost you a heap to smoke dat brand. Mighty expensive dose, I bet!"

"Oh—er," rejoined Hugh, "that was one of my father's. Somebody gave him a box for a present, I believe."

Sambo was again on the alert. "Father trabellin' wid yer?" he asked, inquisitively.

"He's back there," replied Hugh, with a backward jerk of the head, which might naturally be supposed to indicate the rear car; though he mentally endeavored to justify himself by the argument that he had really nodded in the direction of Hazleton.

Sambo was not so easily hoodwinked, however. To stop his troublesome questions, Hugh pressed upon him one after another of the cigars, every minute confirming his suspicions. But the darky, though unprincipled, was good-natured.

"It's none of my business if dis young chap's off for a lark," he said to himself. "He'll find his way home again, sure 'nough, when his cash is all gone; for, bet yor boots on it, he's too cute to come away 'thout havin' his pockets well lined, even if he is stealin' a ride. Ob course I might make it mighty oncomfor'ble for him! A

hint to Conductor Binks, and de train would be stopped and de boy sot down in de middle o' dese salt-marshes in a jiffy. But what good ud dat do me? No, sah! My 'pinion is let dese young gem'men what feels so big, and tink dey knows more 'an any one libin' can teach 'em,—let 'em, I say, go to de end o' thar rope. Dey'll fin' 'emselves brought up short 'fore long; den dey'll be a heap wiser, sure 'nough."

So the porter, always willing to idle away a quarter of an hour, and amused alike at the boy's swagger and his simplicity, remained chatting with him, occasionally rolling his eyes in sly enjoyment at his own reflection in the mirror opposite; but otherwise maintaining his usual expression of countenance, which was a very solemn one. They grew so friendly that Hugh was even tempted to confide in him, but Sambo repelled such advances.

"I always do my dooty, sah," he took occasion to explain. "S'ppose, for instance, I cotched a fellah what had no ticket and no call to ride on dis yere train. Course I'd have to inform on him right off. I might be sorry, but 'twould be my dooty, yer see." Then he would close one eye and leer at his counterfeit presentment in the glass.

Thus alternately by cajolery and covert threats he managed to wheedle out of the unsophisticated traveller, in addition to the cigars, two silver quarters, a fine silk handkerchief, and a handsome jack-knife. How much more he would have obtained possession of it is impossible to say, if at this moment the train had not stopped a second at the entrance to the tunnel just outside the depot.

"We'll be thar in two minutes!" cried the porter, pulling out a silver watch about the size of a turnip. "Can I help you wid yor traps, sah?"

"No, thanks!" responded Hugh, nervously. Mumbling something about looking up his friends, he hurriedly said good-bye, and retreated to the other car. The darky looked after him with a grimace, and

nudged the brakeman, who came in at the other door.

"Jake," said he, "see dat chap a disappearin' yondah? Wall, you wouldn't tink it now, would you?—but he's cut stakes, and sot out to see de world for hisself, by gum! Beat his way from up country somewhar. I can't say when he boarded de train. He pulled de wool ober old Binks' eyes—think o' dat! Plucky leetle fellah as eber you see, but fresh as spring violets. He'll get lots o' 'perience in dis yere town, sure 'nough. Reckon by night he'll be ready to take de express home to his mammy."

They both laughed, and speedily forgot the runaway in the hurry of arrival. Jake ran out to attend to his work; and the porter, on the lookout for fees, officiously busied himself in helping the passengers with their luggage.

Hugh in the meantime, as soon as the train came to a standstill, leaped upon the platform of the station and hurried away with the crowd. The railway depot is on the Jersey shore of the Hudson; there was still the river to be crossed. During the passage Hugh went out on the forward deck of the ferry-boat, and stood watching the scene. A stiff breeze was blowing; the blue waters, crested by snowy caps, gleamed in the sunshine. He saw several sea-gulls; one seemed to follow the boat, hovering over the waves, and at times dipping its wings in the foaming tide. In the azure sky floated a few fleecy clouds, like a fairy galleon caught up from the deep; almost as ethereal seemed the white sails in the distance. But more interesting to Hugh was the fleet of vessels, from all parts of the world, coming up the bay to the feet of the great bronze statue, the pride of the harbor—the figure of Liberty, with face turned toward the sea to welcome the oppressed of all the nations of the earth. And how splendid the shipping in the river and at the apparently endless line of piers,—shipping that represented the commerce and wealth of two hemispheres! At their docks

were the ocean steamers, several of which were to sail that morning. And there—Hugh, overhearing a word from a bystander to his companion, ran to the other side of the deck to see,—there, anchored in mid-stream, were the magnificent new United States war-ships, *Chicago, Atlanta, Boston,* and *Yorktown*, just returned from their cruise in European waters.

Now the boat reached the slip; the passengers rushed onward, as if intent upon catching a train, instead of coming from one. Hugh followed mechanically, and was soon dodging, apparently at the risk of life or limb, under the horses' heads, through a seemingly endless procession of trucks upon West Street, from which he finally emerged amid the produce marts and other warehouses of the surrounding thoroughfares—if anything can be called a thoroughfare where blockades of freight continually abound. In a dazed fashion, he wandered on till he came to City Hall Park. Somehow, though Hugh always said he hated the country, the bit of green grass was a pleasant sight. It made the massive buildings of the vicinity appear less frowning, and was a spot to rest amid the noise and confusion everywhere—the endless rattle of teams upon Broadway, the tinkling din of the horse-cars, the rumble of the elevated trains near by, and the jostle of the ever-surging crowd.

Hugh sank upon a seat and tried to collect his thoughts. He was at length in New York and independent. But he was hardly the Hugh upon whom the pleading eyes of the pictured Madonna looked down the night before. How much the journey had cost him!

“By Jove, I believe it would have been cheaper to have bought a ticket!” he soliloquized, with a sigh of regret for his beloved knife. “But how to get a ticket—that was the rub!”

He stifled another sigh by an attempt at whistling; already his conscience pricked uncomfortably. To what had he stooped

to make the trip? To cheating, lying, and bribery. He did not put this before himself as definitely as is herein set down, but he felt that he had made a bad beginning. He was not as happy in his freedom as he expected to be; already he had begun to ask himself, “Does it pay?” Perhaps these serious thoughts would not have suggested themselves, but that there had come upon him an appalling sense of being alone and without a friend among more than a million and a half of people. He had visited the metropolis several times before with his father. Once they stayed at a great hotel, where his father met several business acquaintances. Hugh remembered one especially—a big man, who noticed the boy a good deal and took him to Barnum's Circus. Many people about the hotel knew his father, and had something to say to Hugh. Then the city seemed such a lively, sociable, jolly place. But how different everything was now!

If Hugh had been wise, he would then and there have concluded to take the first train home; but a foolish fear of ridicule caused him to banish the thought at once. “How George would laugh at me if I did!” he exclaimed. Suddenly he remembered that he was hungry, for until then he had been too excited to realize the fact. “Now for Hannah's doughnuts!” he said, seeking for some he had stowed away in the skate satchel. It was not exactly a wholesome meal; but, with a drink of water from the fountain near, Hugh felt that he had breakfasted like a king. His spirits rose, and he began to plan for the future. “I think I'll take to-day for seeing the lions,” he decided; “to-morrow will be time enough to look for work.”

(To be continued.)

OH, there is never a sorrow of heart
That shall lack a timely end,
If but to God we turn and pray,
And ask Him to be our friend!

—Wordsworth.

The King's Heart.

When Robert Bruce, of Scotland, lay dying, he called all of his knights to him and spoke these memorable words:

"My dear friends and faithful followers, you well know how eagerly I have desired to visit the Holy Land. But God has willed otherwise, and has given me so much work to do that I have never been able to realize the desire of my heart. Now what I have to say is this: When that heart is stilled forever, I beg you to have it embalmed and carry it to the land I fain would have seen, and there bury it. To you, Sir James Douglas, my devoted friend, I give this trust."

Then Sir James, when at last he could speak—for he was weeping bitterly,—made the following reply:

"Most dear King, I thank you for this high honor and for the dear treasure with which you trust me. I will do what you ask without delay, unworthy as I am for such high distinction."

His Majesty asked: "Is it a promise, then, Sir Douglas?"

"A solemn promise, by all a knight holds most sacred."

The King replied: "Thanks be to God! Now I can die in peace, since the bravest knight in Scotland will perform this deed for me."

When the King had breathed his last, his heart was removed and embalmed with the greatest care, placed in a silver case, which was fastened with a lock. Then Sir James hung the precious heart about his neck and set out at once. Many noble followers he had, all looking forward to the time when, his pilgrimage over, their beloved leader should return to his dear Scotland again.

Unfortunately, the vessel in which this gallant band embarked touched on the shores of Spain, and Sir James was persuaded by Alfonso, the King, to stop for a

while, and help rid the country of the hated Moors. It took many arguments to convince him, but at last he yielded. Then came a great battle, and the brave Scotchman, unused to Eastern modes of warfare, was in the most perilous plight. Seizing the reliquary about his neck, he tore it off, crying, "Pass first in fight, as thou wert wont to do, and Douglas will follow thee or die!" Then he flung the heart in advance, right among the infidel invaders, and followed it as he had said. So Sir James never saw Scotland again; for, in the midst of the fray, a spear-thrust put an end to all that was mortal of that brave man. His body was rescued by his faithful knights, and tenderly borne back to the Land of the Thistle,—

"His soul is with the saints, we trust."

Saddest of all to tell is the fact that the heart of King Robert Bruce never reached the Holy Land. It was taken back to Scotland instead, by Sir Simon Lockhard, and found a peaceful resting-place in the famous Melrose Abbey. Since that time Sir Simon's family have worn a heart, fastened with a lock, upon their shield; and the name is no longer called Lockhard, but Lockhart.

The Force of Fashion.

When young Reynolds was painting the portraits of the aristocracy of England, it was the fashion for the sitter to be represented with his hat held under his arm. One of the nobility desired to break away from this custom, and asked Reynolds to paint his hat on his head. The painter was silent. When the picture was sent home, what was the astonishment of the customer to find that the great artist had given him two hats,—one on his head, and the other tucked under his arm in the conventional style, from which he could not break away!

THE
AVE MARIA
 TO THE HONOR OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.
 A MAGAZINE DEVOTED
 HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.

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A Water-Lily in July.

BY ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

PERFECT flow'r, arrayed in virgin white,
 And hiding in thy heart a golden crown,
 Pride of some inland pool, serenely bright,
 Set, like a diamond, in the marshy down!
 Thou mindest me of Mary, Virgin Queen,
 Our white-rob'd Mother with her crown of gold,
 Floating, a silvern Lily, on the stream
 Of God's great love and graces manifold!
 Deep in her sinless heart He hid His power,—
 Slumbered, a Babe, upon her snowy breast;
 The fragrance of this one, rare, perfect Flower
 Enamored and refreshed Him in His rest,
 Till soft He bless'd each lily's fairy bell
 For Her sweet sake, Lily of Israel!

A Calumniated Pope.

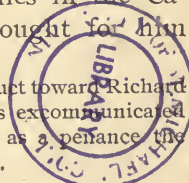
BY THE REV. REUBEN PARSONS, D. D.

THE pontificate of Innocent III. has been a target for the shafts of all those historians, whether Gallican, courtier, Jansenist, parliamentarian, philosophical, or rationalistic, who, each in accordance with, and in the interest of, the system of his school, have beclouded or belied the true character of the civilization of the Middle Age. We shall notice the varied judgments of these

gentry, but the reader must first take a rapid view of the state of Europe during this reign. By the death of Frederick Barbarossa, and that of William II., of the Two Sicilies (1190), Henry VI., of Germany, became the most powerful prince in Europe. He was a man of beastly ferocity, and capable of the lowest kinds of perfidy.* He soon became an object of horror even to his own wife Constance. She was the daughter of Roger II., of Sicily; and it was as her husband that Henry claimed the Two Sicilies. She could not be other than indignant when she saw the most conspicuous families of her kingdom reduced to penury, and the treasures accumulated by her ancestors taken from their splendid palaces and packed off to Germany. But Henry did not long enjoy the imperial crown, which he had received (as Henry V.) from Pope Celestine III. He died, apparently repentant, in 1197; enjoining upon Constance, in his will, to beseech from the Holy See a confirmation of his son's rights to the Sicilies; and decreeing that if that prince should die without heirs, those rights should accrue to the Roman Church.

Immediately after the death of her husband, Constance had the baby Frederick crowned King of the Sicilies in the Cathedral of Palermo, and sought for him

* Witness his treacherous conduct toward Richard the Lion Heart, for which he was excommunicated by Pope Celestine III., receiving as penance the task of an expedition to Palestine.



the protection of the Holy See, sending ambassadors to the new Pontiff, Innocent III., to receive from him, in the name of Frederick, the Sicilian dominions on both sides of the Straits, under the conditions heretofore subsisting between the Holy See and its Sicilian vassals. At this time Northern Italy was being lacerated by civil war. The Guelph cities raged against the Ghibelline, and the communes were ferocious in their determination to submit no longer to the tyranny of the feudal lords, who, by virtue of imperial concessions, rendered citizen and peasant life a torment. One by one the castles were reduced or stormed, and their noble owners forced to lead the life of private citizens; in all upper Italy the only nobles who preserved their dominion were the Count of Savoy and the Marquises of Este and Monferrato. Venice had become very powerful, owing to the development of her commerce by the Crusades, and was the only really independent state in Italy. Genoa and Pisa were better disposed toward the emperor than toward the Pontiff. Among the cities of the Lombard League there now prevailed a feeling of hostility, rather against the Hohenstaufen family than against the empire itself. In France reigned Philip Augustus, in the fulness of strength, and devoted to the consolidation of the royal power. In England reigned the half-savage hero, the lion-hearted Richard, trampling upon the rights of all, and not sparing even the clergy, who had given the precious ornaments of their churches to provide his ransom. The Scandinavian kingdoms were just commencing a civilized life; Denmark alone, thanks to her strict relations with Rome, was pretty well advanced in culture. In Eastern Europe, but lately converted from paganism, Poland and Hungary were entering the European family of states, which their heroism was one day to save from destruction. In the Orient, the only prosperous state was Armenia. The Byzantine throne, occupied by Alexis III., existed

only by the sufferance of the Bulgarians and the precarious good-will of the Varangian guards. The kingdom of Jerusalem had become a little district of a few square miles around Acre.

Such was the situation of Christendom when, on January 10, 1198, the Sacred College chose, as successor to Pope Celestine III., the Cardinal Lothaire Conti,* of the counts of Segni. The first studies of the young Lothaire were made in the schools of the Lateran, his theological course at Paris, and finally he was one of the ten thousand students of law at Bologna. Returning to Rome, he received minor orders in his twenty-first year, and soon afterward the diaconate. When thirty years of age he was made a cardinal-deacon by Clement III. As cardinal he was simple in his habits, severe in his morals, a rigid censor of luxury, and absolutely free from cupidity; some of his best works were composed while he wore the purple. When the cardinals met to choose a successor to Celestine III., they had many things to consider. "The power of the Hohenstaufen," says Hurter, "menaced the Church more than it had under Frederick; in Italy it had developed more than ever. . . . The Pope, surrounded by the domains of this house, or by provinces held by the Germans to strengthen their pretensions to those territories, would have been exposed, as indeed the last emperor had designed, to become a mere patriarch of the house of Hohenstaufen; and Christendom might have beheld him subject to the conqueror, as had happened at Constantinople. On account of the situation of Sicily, the complete separation of those provinces from the Holy See, or the preservation of the right of suzerainty over them, would depend as much on the energy of the new Pope as upon the sort of rela-

* Although not so noisy as the Orsini, Colonna, Frangipani, and some other houses, the Conti were one of the oldest and most distinguished families of Rome. They became extinct in 1808, with the Duke Michael Angelo. The last cardinal of the family was Innocent, secretary of Briefs to Pope Pius VI.

tions he would establish with the empire. The Crusades had to be encouraged, to be prepared by a more solid union of the Western peoples, and by a firmer and more sustained direction of those who assumed the Cross. In every kingdom many ecclesiastical interests were to be regulated, to be redressed, to be set aright."* The cardinals thought of all these things, and on the very first day of the conclave their unanimous choice was the Cardinal Lothaire, though he was only thirty-seven years of age. At first Lothaire resisted; but the dean of the cardinal-deacons, Gratian, approached and saluted him as Pope Innocent III. †

When Innocent III. mounted the papal throne the poet Walther von der Vogelwaide cried: "Alas! this Pontiff is too young. Come, O Lord, to the aid of Christendom!" But time showed that Innocent had the prudence of age as well as the energy of youth; that he was a noble monarch, an enlightened scholar, and a saint. We refer the reader to the work of Hurter for the details of this pontificate, and merely sketch its principal events. He found himself compelled to place the kingdom of France under an interdict, in order to force Philip Augustus to respect the sanctity of the marriage tie. This powerful monarch, having repudiated Ingelburga, his legitimate spouse, had united himself to Agnes, daughter of the Duke of Merania. Innocent used the same coercive means in the case of Alfonso, King of Leon, who had married his niece without a dispensation. Our Pontiff was involved, for a time, in trouble with Sancho I., of Portugal, because of that prince's violence toward the Bishop of Oporto; but he finally established order in the kingdom. He organized a crusade against the Moors, and his efforts culmi-

nated in the brilliant victory of Naves de Tolosa in 1212; a victory which greatly diminished the power of Islam in Spain. By means of his legate, Innocent consecrated Ottokar as King of Bohemia, after that prince had renounced his promotion by an illegitimate emperor, and had accepted the crown from Otho IV. This Pontiff also conferred a royal crown on the sovereign of Bulgaria and Wallachia, that prince having renounced the schism. Innocent reconciled Huneric, King of Hungary, with his brother Andrew, and enrolled the princes among the Crusaders. He restored waning ecclesiastical discipline in Poland, and in Norway he resisted the violences of King Swerrer. When Waldemar II., of Denmark, undertook the conquest of the pagan tribes bordering the North Sea, Innocent pronounced anathema against all who would interfere with that King. Richard the Lion Heart sought the intervention of Innocent in securing the dowry of his wife, the King of Norway having retained it; the same prince also recurred to our Pontiff to obtain the restitution of his portion of Normandy which the French had appropriated during his expedition in Palestine. The reader is probably familiar with the course of Innocent III. toward King John of England, and with the recognition by John of the temporal suzerainty of the Roman Pontiff over the English crown. The last act of this Pontiff to be noticed by us was his excommunication of King Louis VIII., of France, who had raised pretensions to the throne of England.

Pope Innocent III. died at Perugia on July 16, 1216. Circumstances had aided him in realizing the ideas of Gregory VII., and under him the temporal influence of the papacy attained its highest development. Equally with Hildebrand he was the most energetic representative of the popedom of the Middle Age in its struggles and in its triumph. But, according to the superficial Hume, this Pontiff was despotic; and he encroached not only on the domain

* "History of Pope Innocent III.," b. i. This work, written while Hurter was yet a Protestant minister, can not be too highly praised, especially as an accurate and appreciative picture of the time.

† At that period the name of the new Pontiff was assigned to him, not chosen by himself. (Roman Ordo.)

of earthly princes, but upon the rights of the clergy. His object in exciting the "frenzy of the Crusades" was the acquisition of greater revenues; his interdicts were instruments of vengeance for the court of Rome; he was guilty of barbarism in exterminating the Albigenses, "the most innocent and pacific of men."* If we believe Gibbon, Innocent could boast of the two most signal triumphs ever gained over good sense and humanity: the *establishment of the dogma of Transubstantiation*, and the first foundation of the Inquisition.† Hallam, who expects to understand the Middle Age without having any appreciation of, or, apparently, any intimate acquaintance with, the Catholic institutions of the time, declares that in all the annals of the papacy there can be found no such instances of usurpation as in the pontificate of Innocent III.‡ The author of the "Defence of the Declaration of the French Clergy in 1682," supposed by many to be Bossuet, reproves our Pontiff for his deposition of Otho and John Lackland; making him responsible for the cruel wars which followed his action in the case of the German sovereign, and for the misconceptions and hatred engendered, in time, in the English mind, by his conduct in the latter instance.§ After this one is not surprised on finding that Fleury, who was a confidant of Bossuet, and had taken part in the famous conferences of the time, allows no occasion to pass without attacking Pope Innocent III. In his "History," which is often a mere rehash of the calumnies of Matthew of Paris, Matthew Villani, Petrarch, and Theodoric of Niem, Fleury has furnished, in the present matter, welcome material to nearly all the Protestant, and to a few of the Catholic, historians of later days. He accuses Innocent of preferring his own interests and those of his

see to those of the Universal Church;* he says that this Pontiff's interference in German affairs was a consequence of the *false maxims* of Gregory VII.;† he reproves Innocent for so interpreting the constitution of the empire as to deny the right of the emperor to confirm the election of a Pope;‡ he finds fault with Innocent's pretension to act as arbitrator between kings.§ However, in spite of his reproach of Innocent for having, as he insists, encroached upon the prerogative of sovereigns, Fleury is constrained to admit that the Pontiff's conduct accorded with the usages of the time.

(Conclusion in our next number.)

The Success of Patrick Desmond.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

XX.

A trifle? There are no trifles in life. Do you call the pebble that lames the horse and makes the difference between life and death a trifle?—MARKSTEIN.

WITH all her tolerance, Mary Fitzgerald did her sister-in-law injustice in her thoughts. It seemed to her that if Miles had married a higher type of woman, he might have developed all those good qualities which she believed existed in him. But the truth was the reverse of this. If Nellie had married a man who was her superior, she would not only have kept pace with him, but doubtless gone before him in time. Nevertheless, Mary, in her thoughts, was prone to throw the burden of Miles' sins on the temperament and lack of training of his wife.

Women, as a rule, are not only better but cleverer than men; and Nellie, though she was not at all shocked by Miles' smaller dishonesties, would have shrunk with horror from anything she believed to be a

* "History of England," vol. ii.

† "Fall of the Roman Empire," vol. ii.

‡ "View of the State of Europe during the Middle Ages," vol. ii.

§ Chap. 20, 21.

* "Discourse on the State of the Church in the Eleventh and Twelfth Centuries."

† Vol. v, b. 75, c. 32. ‡ Ibid., c. 37. § Ibid., c. 58.

great sin. She had the wonderful adaptability of her race, with that tendency toward the acquirement of good taste which is a peculiar quality of American women. She was inclined to laugh or to sneer at any new thing adopted by people whom she regarded as in her own station of life; but let her once see this new thing, in manners or speech or ornament, in the possession of those whom she in her heart regarded as above her, and she immediately adopted it as her own. She might recall the days when Mary Fitzgerald was "only a school-teacher"; but still she held Mary in high respect as a social luminary, and she was very willing to imitate her, provided that Mary should not know it.

The days preceding the Fitzgerald dinner party were very delightful to Nellie. She made a pilgrimage down to Lize Smith's, in order to talk about the Baroness. She kept her unfortunate dressmaker on the rack, and the occupants of the adjoining flats wished that "Comrades" and "Only a Violet" had never been invented; for, we must remember, she had the courage of a sincere conviction of the greatness of her vocal abilities and the perfection of Professor Fortescue's method.

It seems hard to understand how deeply a very simple social function can be made to agitate many people not immediately concerned in it. Lize Smith and all the Smith connections were deeply moved by the entrance of Nellie into society as the chaperon of a baroness. And young Grogan actually composed a song on the subject, which was warbled with great effect in Miles' district, to the accompaniment of the accordion.

The Bayards at Redwood were anxious about the outcome of the dinner; for was not the Baroness to have her chance of capturing the susceptible and simple Desmond and the mining stock? Miles was somewhat agitated, too; for though he disliked Arthur Fitzgerald, he knew that he was gaining influence in important places;

and, as he was not too sure of his political "pull" for the next session, he felt that it would be well to arrange something pleasant into which he might fall,—something to which a man might be nominated by influence, not elected by votes.

Desmond was seriously unhappy during these days. In the first place, he was homesick; in the second, he was horrified by the cynical dishonesty of Miles and most of his associates; he felt that he must cut loose from an employment which was likely to make him an accessory in what seemed to Miles "legitimate" dishonesty. In the third place, he wanted very much to see Eleanor Redwood; she was in affliction; she had lately performed an act of restitution which made him regard her as the most noble of women; and yet he could not go near her without his mother's permission, for he had given his word. In the fourth place, Nellie was badgering him about the Fitzgerald dinner party; she gave him lessons in etiquette in season and out of season; she declared that he must have an evening suit. Patrick rebelled at this; he said that he could not afford such a luxury.

"My coat was good enough at Judge Redwood's—the best house in our town," he said; "and it will have to do."

"Good gracious!" cried Nellie. "How can you compare a country party with a dinner at my brother-in-law's? And what will the Baroness think of you?"

"I don't care," Patrick said. "Scarcely anybody at home wears those old-fashioned, claw-hammer coats in the evening, and I don't think Redwood is much behind in the fashion."

Nellie raised her hands in horror. "You'll spoil the looks of the table, that's all; and make me ashamed to tell people that you are my cousin!"

"I can't help it,—I'll stay at home, then," he replied, obstinately. "Besides, I can't afford it."

"Miles will get it for you on credit," Nellie went on, brightening; "and you

can't imagine how well you'll look in it."

But Patrick was obdurate. The thought of getting anything on credit—a very familiar one to Nellie—filled him with disgust. Like a wise woman, she discovered that the inevitable must be accepted. Her cousin would have to go as the young man from the country; and Nellie rehearsed in her mind the half-sympathetic, half-amused attitude she would take toward him. He heartily wished it were over. It is probable that he would have refused to go, had he not been drawn to Arthur Fitzgerald at his first meeting, and anxious to find out whether New York was entirely made up of political cormorants, pretentious vulgar-ians, and folk of the Jim Smith and Grogan types.

The Fitzgeralds had not escaped a slight domestic ripple over the question of wine. Mary, after some thought, had again timidly suggested that, in view of Miles' habits, perhaps it would be well not to have any wine at the table. But Arthur, who was tractable on all other subjects, almost lost his temper.

"I am obliged to receive Miles as cordially as possible, because he is your brother; but you know, Mary, I can't be expected to inconvenience myself and all my guests simply because he is inclined to make a hog of himself."

He regretted these words the moment he had uttered them; he knew that he was somewhat jealous of Miles, and this knowledge made it all the more difficult for him to admit that he had been rude about him. It would have exasperated any man to see a woman like Mary overlooking his perfections, or taking them as a matter of course, in order to burn incense and drop tears before a hideous idol like Miles. And, to make things worse, Mary actually cried. For almost the first time in their married life Arthur had been unpleasant, and about such a little thing! Why, when so much was at stake, should he insist on such a trifle? Lemonade was

an eminently respectable and safe drink; and if there were only lemonade on the table, or some nice mineral water, Miles would be safe for one evening at least. The consequence of this was that Arthur went down to his office in a discontented mood; and Mary, who could condone the gravest of Miles' offences, felt that her husband had failed her at a supreme moment.

Probably the only person who looked forward to the dinner party with real satisfaction was the Baroness. She had come to that time of life when a good dinner, with all the luxuries of lights and flowers, is a matter for rejoicing; and good dinners were not common now in her experience, although she was a baroness. And so she mended her fripperies and made her train more imposing, with a certain feeling of pleasant expectation.

Mary had spared no pains to make Nellie feel that the dinner was better than anything hitherto done in the Fitzgerald household. And when Mr. and Mrs. Miles Galligan, the Baroness von Homburg, and Patrick Desmond arrived, they found the drawing-room decorated with palms and glowing with the light of a dozen red-shaded lamps. Mary, clothed in soft gray, with a few red roses at her belt, welcomed the obnoxious guests with a gentle warmth, that caused Arthur to wish that he had made the dinner table a lagoon of mineral water and lemonade. After all, who could be so gentle and tender as Mary? Her every movement had a grace and distinction which the highest breeding could not give; it came from habitual kindness and courtesy of thought. And Arthur, appreciating this, resolved to make amends for his rejection of the eminently respectable lemonade by being as polite to Miles as he possibly could. He found it easy enough to receive Desmond cordially; there was a frankness and lucidity about the latter that attracted other good men.

While Nellie was apologizing in whispers to the Baroness for the absence of the

dress suit which Desmond ought to have worn, and fancying that it was the subject of everybody's thoughts, Mary was looking at him and making up her mind that he had a good mother; Arthur was thinking of his evident honesty, and the Baroness concluding that he was handsome, but too ignorant to know that a title was worth anything. Nellie, if Patrick's frock-coat could have been blotted from her mind, would have been satisfied for the moment. Her red velvet gown, with a pink and silver front, and a train to match, was much finer than the Baroness' blue brocade; and Miles, in a new evening suit, with a large red rose in his lapel, and a cluster of diamonds on a much-embroidered shirt front, contented her æsthetic sense. His face was somewhat redder than an artist would have considered natural, and he certainly was growing stout,—so stout that he had acquired a "presence"; and his eyes, according to some of his brilliant friends, had "a double chin" around them. Looking at him, Nellie felt that the Galligans were on the crest of the wave.

When Father Jackson came in, Nellie suddenly elevated her fan and blushed. Her frock was not nearly so low in the neck as that of the Baroness, who was entirely unembarrassed. Father Jackson looked somewhat surprised, as Nellie was compelled to lower her fan in order to shake hands with him. He was not prudish by any means; but he asked Mary Fitzgerald, in an audible voice, which made Nellie furious, whether the ladies were Catholics. Nellie afterward said that priests ought to be taught in seminaries something about the customs of fashionable society. Since she had become a politician, Nellie was very critical about priests.

Father Jackson was young and clever, at once intelligent and sympathetic, with an air of detachment from the world, and yet with an evident knowledge of its dangers. He was tall and slight, with a suspicion

of delicacy in his looks that forced everybody to wonder at his energy. Earnestness and enthusiasm seemed to supply the place of physical strength. His qualities and manner were typical of the younger priests of New York; and Arthur often thanked God in his heart that there were many priests in his native city of the metal that made his friend, Father Jackson, so attractive and valuable.

Desmond's heart warmed toward Father Jackson at once; and he felt a subtle sympathy with Arthur Fitzgerald, too,—a sympathy which only the pure in heart feel for one another, and which is very different from that which arises from a coincidence of intellectual tastes. Desmond felt that, knowing Jack Conlon as he did, he had the key to Father Jackson's character.

(To be continued.)

On the Alps.

BY EUGENE DAVIS.

FAR from the haunts of men I'd fly
To waft me nearer to the sky,
Where mystic songs, like angels' trills,
Float 'round the everlasting hills.

The heart finds here sweet peace and calm,
For o'er it falls a precious balm—
The holy dew that God distils
Upon the everlasting hills.

Here with the lonely edelweiss
Communing, I would find me bliss,
Nor pine for rose or daffodils
Amid the everlasting hills.

For pain and sorrow go to rest
Soft pillowed on each snowy crest;
And care no more its chalice fills
Where rise the everlasting hills.

So let me climb where eagles soar,
And dreaming dream for evermore
Beside the lakes and flashing rills
That crown the everlasting hills!

Devotion to the Precious Blood and
the Epistles of St. Paul.

BY THE REV. R. O. KENNEDY.

II.

OF all the Grecian peoples, those of Galatia seem to have been the most simple-minded and straightforward. Teachers and preachers, who wanted to preach themselves and not Christ, taking advantage of this guilelessness, were casting doubts upon St. Paul, and leading the people astray.* Hence the Saint says, in the first verse of his Epistle to the Galatians: "Paul, an Apostle, not from men, neither by man, but by Jesus Christ, and God the Father who raised Him from the dead." And again: "O senseless Galatians, who hath bewitched you, that you should not obey the truth, before whose eyes Jesus Christ hath been set forth, crucified among you? This only would I learn of you: Did you receive the Spirit by the works of the law or by the hearing of faith?" (ii, 1, 2). After declaring the miraculous manner in which he had received the doctrines he preached to them, he adds: "But though an angel from heaven preach a gospel to you beside that which we have preached to you, let him be anathema" (i, 8).

These teachers were proclaiming that all should be circumcised; and, to add emphasis to his denunciation of this teaching, the Apostle declares what happened between himself and St. Peter in this matter: "I withstood Cephas to the face" (ii, 11). Nowhere else in his Epistles does he seem to grow so warm and vehement, possibly because he wished so earnestly to put these poor people on their guard. Time after

* "St. Paul was moved to write this Epistle to the Galatians," says St. Augustine, "because there were some of the circumcision—Christians indeed in name—who wished to bind the Galatians to all the works of the law, asserting that the Gospel availed them nothing unless they were circumcised," etc.

time, therefore, we find him appealing to the sacred death of our Blessed Lord. In the very opening, "Grace be to you," he writes, "and peace from God the Father, and our Lord Jesus Christ, who gave Himself for our sins." Again, at the moment that he calls the Galatians "*insensati*" (guileless, witless), and asks "who hath bewitched you," he recalls to their mind the central truth that he had put before them in his preaching: "Before your eyes Jesus Christ hath been set forth, crucified among you."

How strong is that expression of the Apostle, "Before your eyes"! With what impressiveness must he not have preached, when he could say to them that they all but saw with their eyes Jesus Christ set forth among them! But what portion of the life of Christ did the Apostle set forth with such reality? The Passion and death—"Jesus Christ crucified among you." "While I studiously read through the Epistles of the blessed Paul," writes St. Chrysostom, "I exult with joy at the sound of that spiritual trumpet. I become excited and grow warm with love; nay, listening to that language which is so familiar to me, I think I see him present, and hear his very words sounding in my ears."

Once again, when he is giving them advice as to their daily life and actions; when he wants to tell them to mortify the passions and desires of the flesh—as if he can not remove from his mind the picture of the death of Our Lord,—he has no language but a simile borrowed from the Cross: "And they who are Christ's have crucified their flesh with the vices and concupiscences" (v, 24). Lastly, when he is drawing the Epistle to a close, it is again the same: "God forbid that I should glory but in the Cross of our Lord Jesus Christ: by whom [or through whom—*i. e.*, Jesus Christ; because of whom] the world is crucified to me, and I to the world" (vi, 14). In the second last verse, the impulse of the Holy Ghost, if we may be allowed to say it that

way, has been too strong for the humility of the man, and we learn a new reason why those preachers that he condemns should not be heard near him: "From henceforth let no man be troublesome to me; for I bear the marks of the Lord Jesus in my body." In this confession, too, we see why it is that remembrance of the Crucifixion has been so present to his mind.

His next Epistle is the first to St. Timothy. It is believed that Timothy was a relative of St. Paul's, some say nephew. At this time Timothy was bishop, and was about thirty years old. He had been consecrated by Paul, and it was in order that he might worthily fulfil the office of bishop that the Apostle wrote him this letter. It is taken up by the details of work, and in this we are not to expect any special mention of the Precious Blood. Yet he will remind him that "there is one God, and one Mediator of God and men—the Man Christ Jesus, who gave Himself a redemption for all" (ii, 5, 6). With very solemn words, too, he closes the Epistle: "I charge thee before God, who quickeneth all things; and before Christ Jesus, who gave testimony under Pontius Pilate... that thou keep the commandment without spot, blameless, unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ" (vi, 13, 14).

The Epistle to St. Titus seems to be next in the order of time. Titus was the beloved disciple and almost constant companion of the Apostle. He was consecrated Bishop of Crete, and this Epistle written to him is engaged with much the same matter as that written to Timothy. The letter is short, occupying only three chapters; but is very striking. Of the people of Crete it gives a startling character. "One of them, a prophet of their own, hath written: 'The Cretians are always liars, evil beasts, slothful bellies.'" And the Apostle does not question or modify the truth of this description; but, on the contrary, adds: "This testimony is true; wherefore rebuke them sharply, that they may be sound in the faith" (i, 12, 13). Seeing that such a people

had to be dealt with, what does he advise? "Speak thou the things that become sound doctrine... renouncing impiety and worldly desires... live soberly and justly and piously in this world, waiting for the blessed hope, and coming of the glory of the great God, and our Saviour Jesus Christ, who gave Himself for us that He might redeem us from all iniquity, and purify unto Himself an acceptable people" (ii, 1, 12-14).

For his next Epistle—that to the Philippians—we have to go far on in his life, when he was a prisoner in Rome. The Philippians were among the first converted by St. Paul, and always evinced a great attachment to him, as did the Apostle to them. "I have you in my heart... God is my witness, how I long after you all in the bowels of Jesus Christ" (i, 7, 8). As soon as they heard he was a prisoner, they sent their Bishop Epaphroditus to carry to him the means of supplying his wants. While the holy Bishop was at Rome succoring the Apostle, he fell ill of a serious malady; and "indeed he was sick nigh unto death" (ii, 27). Immediately on his recovery he was sent home by St. Paul, and charged with this Epistle to his flock.

To this people, who were so very dear to him, he has the following beautiful advice to offer: "Let nothing be done through strife nor by vain-glory, but in humility... Let this mind be in you, which was also in Christ Jesus; who, being in the form of God, thought it no robbery Himself to be equal to God: but debased Himself, taking the form of a servant, being made to the likeness of men, and in shape found as a man. He humbled Himself, becoming obedient unto death, even the death of the Cross; wherefore God also hath exalted Him, and hath given Him a Name which is above every name: that in the Name of Jesus every knee should bow of those that are in heaven, on earth, and in hell; and that every tongue should confess that the Lord Jesus Christ is in the glory of God the Father. Wherefore, my dearly beloved,

work your salvation with fear and trembling" (ii, 3-12).

It is proper to remark, perhaps, that in this place the Apostle has in mind the false doctrine of Cerinthus and others who began about this time to preach that the adorable flesh of our Blessed Lord was not real, but assumed; that, in fact, the sacred Humanity was but an appearance; and that therefore Christ did not really suffer in the flesh. It was to counteract the teaching of such that St. John also in his Gospel so emphatically laid down that the Eternal Word was made flesh. In the second portion of St. Paul's statement here given—"that every tongue should confess that the Lord Jesus Christ is in the glory of God the Father,"—the sacred writer means to condemn the doctrine of those who denied the Resurrection.

There is again a tribute to their goodness in the Epistle before it closes: "You have done well in communicating to my tribulation. And you also know, O Philippians, that in the beginning of the Gospel, when I departed from Macedonia, no church communicated to me as concerning giving and receiving but you only. For unto Thessalonica also you sent once and again for my use. . . . I am filled, having received from Epaphroditus the things you sent. . . . And may God supply all your want, according to His riches, in glory in Christ Jesus" (iv, 14, 19).

The two next—that to Philemon and that to the Colossians—were written at the same date, and brought by the one messenger. One of the beautiful works of St. Paul while in chains was his conversion of the fugitive slave. Onesimus had run away from his master Philemon, a citizen of Colossæ in Phrygia, and one who was most generous to the faithful. Of his own house Philemon had made a church, and later on suffered martyrdom under Nero. St. Paul, making use of the services of the runaway slave, had converted him from paganism, and now wrote that his master would take

him back, "not as a servant, but as a most dear brother." In this letter the Apostle speaks of himself as "the aged Paul." Philemon received into his house the former slave; but instead of keeping him, sent him back a freeman to St. Paul, who so cultivated his good qualities that he who had been a slave became a model and ornament to the early Church.

St. Paul had sent with Onesimus a trusty companion named Tychicus, to whom he gave the letter for Philemon, as also the letter for the people of Colossæ. "All the things that concern me Tychicus, our dearest brother, and faithful minister, and fellow-servant in the Lord, will make known to you; whom I have sent to you for this same purpose, that he may know the things that concern you, and comfort your hearts; with Onesimus, a most beloved and faithful brother, who is one of you. All things that are done here they shall make known to you." (Col., iv, 7-9.)

What a subtle thing the Greek mind was, and what an infinity of dangers lay in the path of the early Church! Up to ten schisms or heresies in the first century, and close on thirty in the second. Here in Colossæ philosophers—Christians in name, but more imbued with the system of Aristotle than the truths of the Gospel—were teaching, concerning the angels, doctrines that were injurious to the Headship of Christ. Hence everywhere through his letter the Apostle is emphatic in pointing out the pre-eminence and divinity of Christ. "Giving thanks to God. . . who hath delivered us from the powers of darkness, and hath translated us into the kingdom of His beloved Son, in whom we have redemption through His Blood, the remission of sins" (i, 12-14). And then he proceeds in a magnificent burst: "Who is the image of the invisible God, the first-born of every creature. For in Him were all things created in heaven and on earth, visible and invisible, whether thrones or dominations or principalities or powers: all

things were created by Him and in Him; and He is before all; and by Him all things consist. And He is the Head of the body, the Church, who is the beginning, the first-born from the dead; that in all things He may hold the primacy. Because in Him it hath well pleased that all fulness should dwell; and through Him to reconcile all things unto Himself, making peace through the Blood of His Cross" (i, 15-20).

"And you," the Apostle goes on, "He hath reconciled in the Body of His flesh through death, to present you holy and unspotted and blameless before Him" (i, 22). Then he advises them thus: "Rooted and built up in Him, and confirmed in the faith . . . beware lest any man impose upon you by philosophy and vain fallacy. . . And you, when you were dead in your sins, God hath quickened together with Him, forgiving you all offences, blotting out the handwriting of the decree which was against us, which was contrary to us; and the same He took out of the way, fastening it to the Cross. And divesting principalities and powers, He made a show of them confidently, triumphing openly over them in Himself (ii, 7-15).

The Epistle to the Ephesians also was brought by Tychicus. "But that you also may know the things that concern me, and what I am doing, Tychicus, my dearest brother, and faithful minister in the Lord, will make known to you all things; whom I have sent to you for this same purpose." (Eph., vi, 21, 22.) It is believed that Tychicus was sent by St. Paul with visitatorial powers rather than as a simple messenger, to look after the state of the churches and report upon them.

Ephesus was not far from Colossæ, and the things that were a cause of disturbance in the one place were likewise in the other. The letter to the Ephesians, therefore, has much the same object in view as that to the Colossians. The present Epistle, it is true, has doctrines that are not to be found in the Epistle to the Colossians; for in-

stance, the mysterious doctrine of Predestination, which he couples with the adorable mystery of the shedding of blood: "He hath chosen us in Christ before the foundation of the world . . . who hath predestinated us unto the adoption of children through Jesus Christ, in whom we have redemption through His Blood" (i, 4-7).

And again, putting before them "the riches of the mercy of God, through the exceeding charity with which He loved us" (ii, 4), he leads up to his favorite doctrine: "Having no hope of the promise . . . but now in Christ Jesus, you, who some time were afar off, are made near by the Blood of Christ. For He is our peace, who hath made both [the circumcision and the incircumcision] one . . . that He might make the two in Himself into one new man . . . and might reconcile both to God in one body by the Cross" (ii, 12-16).

(Conclusion in our next number.)

The Martyr-Apostle of Futuna.

BY VIRGINIA M. CRAWFORD.

III.

OWING to contrary winds, it was not until Christmas Eve, 1836, that the *Delphine* was able to sail out of Havre, with the Marist Fathers on board. After encountering a severe storm, they reached Santa Cruz, in the Madeira Islands, only to be delayed another fifty days. Here, owing to the unhealthiness of the season, several of the Fathers were attacked with fever, and among them Father Bret, the early and most intimate friend of Father Chanel, who succumbed to the malady after they had once more resumed their voyage. "What a loss to our mission, and what a wound to my heart!" writes the future martyr, in a letter to his mother. "But what am I saying? The fate of our dear departed

ought rather to excite our envy than to throw us into mourning.”

An immediate result of the death of Father Bret was the conversion of the whole ship's crew; and at Valparaiso, the next stopping place, the Fathers had the satisfaction of seeing all the sailors receive the Blessed Sacrament. From thence the voyage to Tahiti was continued in an American brig, a short stay being made at Mangareva, the chief of the Gambier Islands, where the missionaries were welcomed with the most exuberant joy by the already Christian natives. At beautiful Tahiti the Protestant Queen Pomaré received them graciously; and here the missionaries were obliged to hire a small schooner on their own account, to convey them to their ultimate destination.

The first island at which a landing was effected was Vavao, in the Tonga Archipelago. But here the King, though receiving them politely, informed them that they could not be allowed to remain without the permission of the Protestant missionary,—a permission which, naturally enough, was not accorded.

The next island visited was Uvea, or Wallis Island. Here the Fathers profited by the friendly services of an Englishman, Thomas Boog, who had taken advantage of their steamer to return in it to Futuna, his adopted home, and who had previously spent some months in Wallis Island. Thanks to his acquaintance with the islanders, the King not only welcomed the party graciously, but immediately gave his consent to Father Bataillon and Brother Joseph remaining permanently on the island. Mgr. Pompallier was overjoyed at this; and a few days later the rest of the party set sail once more for Futuna, to convey the Englishman to his home.

The Bishop had not originally included this island in his evangelizing scheme, but the opportunity seemed too good to be lost; and accordingly, accompanied by Father Chanel, Brother Marie Nizier, and Thomas Boog, he made his way to the valley of

Alo, in which King Niuliki resided, in order to present his request. The King called together his chiefs in council, and after some deliberation it was agreed to make the white men welcome. The Bishop immediately selected Father Chanel and Brother Marie Nizier for the post, and then sailed away with the rest of the missionaries to New Zealand.

Thus the venerable servant of God found himself established on the distant isle which was to be his earthly home during the three short years of his apostolate. But before beginning the pathetic tale of his devoted labors and his glorious death, we must say a few words of explanation as to the island itself. Futuna, as it is called by the natives, or Horn or Allofatou, as it has been named by different geographers, is the larger of two small islands separated by a narrow arm of the sea, the other being known as Alofi. They are both of volcanic origin, intersected by deep ravines; but fertile, well wooded and well watered. As savages go, the Futunians were a rather gentle people, amongst whom cannibalism had already disappeared. They believed in the immortality of the soul, and worshipped many fierce and cruel gods, whom they tried to propitiate with gifts. Futuna itself, which at that time contained about 1,000 inhabitants, was divided into two kingdoms, and the rival factions kept up unceasing hostilities. At the moment of Father Chanel's arrival King Niuliki's power was in the ascendency.

At the outset this monarch treated the missionaries with great hospitality, entertaining them in his own hut, and conferring on the priest the honor of being *tapou*—that is to say, sacred and inviolable. In spite of all this kindness, Father Chanel was very grateful when, a month later, Niuliki had a hut and garden specially prepared for them; for quiet and solitude were unattainable luxuries in the King's household.

For some weeks Father Chanel was entirely deprived of the privilege of celebrating

Mass; but at length, on the Feast of the Immaculate Conception, he succeeded in offering up the Sacrifice unknown to the natives. He was enabled to do so again on various occasions before Christmas; but, feeling that it would be impossible to preserve secrecy much longer, he resolved to explain matters to the King, and request him to be present at the celebration on Christmas Day. The King and all his court were filled with admiration and wonder, and from that time forth Father Chanel was enabled to say Mass without risk.

His first efforts were, of course, directed to acquiring a knowledge of the Futunian language; a task of no easy accomplishment where neither grammar nor dictionary was in existence. After some weeks of hard study he felt himself sufficient master of the simpler idioms to begin visiting the island and making friends with the simple inhabitants. But unfortunately, in the following January, we learn from his diary that hostilities again broke out between the two rival factions; and, having entirely failed in his friendly efforts as peacemaker, Father Chanel determined to take advantage of a passing vessel to pay a visit to Father Bataillon in Wallis Island. The meeting of the two friends can best be described in the latter's own words:

"We were busy, Brother Joseph Xavier and I, in building our new hut near that of the King, when, toward midday, the firing of a cannon suddenly announced the arrival of a ship. We learned in the course of the afternoon that it came from Futuna and had a Frenchman on board. We ran down to the shore at once. Imagine my surprise and delight when the Frenchman turned out to be our own dear Father Chanel! We spent half the night in imparting all the news to each other."

The King of Wallis Island received Father Chanel in the most gracious manner; and during the four weeks of the priest's stay he treated the missionaries with every possible kindness, sending them

food in abundance and doing the honors of the island. The two priests spent much time in working at a translation of the "Our Father," "Hail Mary," Creed, etc., into the native language; a task which presented almost insurmountable difficulties, owing to the unavoidable necessity of inventing words.

At the same time the Marist Fathers did all in their power to sow the seeds of Christianity in the island. One young chief, Tungahala, was so deeply impressed by what he saw and learned, that at Easter time he solemnly promised the missionaries to do all in his power to help on their work. A few days later the King himself requested to be allowed to be present at the celebration of Mass. He watched the service with the most scrupulous attention, and appeared to be dumb with astonishment. All day long he could talk of nothing else to his courtiers, whose curiosity was so much excited that they begged a similar favor; and from that time the King and his people frequently presented themselves before Father Bataillon's hut at the hour for Mass. "This is a people," said Father Chanel, "who will be Christian before long"; a prophecy which was to be happily verified.

When the martyr of Futuna returned to his own island, he discovered that Brother Marie Nizier and Thomas Boog were no longer residing in the missionary hut at Alo, but had removed, at the request of Niuliki, to another valley, where the King had taken up his residence. This proved to be but another mark of the royal favor, which continued to be bestowed upon the missionaries without interruption. Both on the Feast of the Patronage of St. Joseph and on Ascension Day Father Chanel had permission to celebrate Mass publicly in the King's own house; and on the Eve of Pentecost he announced that there would be a special celebration for that great festival. The following description of the event is taken from his diary:

"As we arranged every object in its

place, exclamations of admiration might be heard on all sides. The King, who had gone out, hastened to return; the fathers, mothers and children crowded round us. Everybody was very quiet. The chanting of the *Veni Creator* caused the most profound silence to reign through the assembly. The same attention lasted through High Mass, at the end of which we sang the *Laudate Dominum* and the *Regina Cæli*. We left our altar for a little while, with all its decorations, in order that the poor natives might have a good look at it. The crucifix seems to impress them more than anything else."

The savage King was so enchanted and impressed by these religious ceremonies that he loaded the missionary with favors, and even offered to have a special room built onto the royal dwelling, to be placed at Father Chanel's exclusive disposal. Here the priest could retire for prayer and study, besides enjoying the inestimable privilege of saying Mass daily.

Thus the summer months passed quietly away, in learning the language, visiting and healing the sick, and baptizing a few dying babies; and in September Father Chanel took possession of the new house which King Niuliki had built for him, and which is described as being the wonder of the island. It was built of bamboo canes fixed into the ground, and bound together with rope. The Father was not destined, however, to be left long in peace, as we learn from the following extract from his diary, giving a vivid picture of one of those terrible hurricanes which occur so frequently in the tropics:

"During the night from the 2d to the 3d of February, 1839, a storm, which we had been led to expect from the cloudy sky and strong east wind of the preceding days, broke in all its fury over the island. The thunder and lightning, the torrents of rain, the roaring of the ocean, and the shrieks of the natives invoking the aid of their false gods, all combined to form a

terrible picture. Shortly before daybreak the wind changed its course and redoubled in violence. Half-dressed, we struggled against the storm in order to save our little house; but in spite of all our efforts we had the grief of seeing the roof blown away in strips, and soon the very walls, swayed and shaken in every direction, collapsed, and left us shelterless. Most of the huts in the island were doomed to a similar fate. The palms, banyan trees, bread-fruit trees, and all that grew on the island, suffered so terribly that we were threatened with famine."

When the storm had passed, the natives set to work to repair the destruction as best they could. As for Father Chanel himself and his two companions, they hastened to build themselves a simple little hut, twelve feet long by seven feet broad, where they took up their temporary abode.

IV.

In the month of May of the same year (1839) a party of Marist missionaries, fresh from Europe, arrived suddenly at Futuna, having picked up Father Bataillon at Wallis Island on their way. They remained with Father Chanel for the feasts of Ascension and Pentecost, which were thus celebrated with much pomp before an admiring throng of natives. Father Bataillon, who had thoroughly mastered the island dialects, addressed the assembled people on all the intervening evenings.

It is from the pen of one of these Marist priests, Father Epalle, that we obtain the most vivid picture of the mode of life adopted by the future martyr, and of the ascetic simplicity in which he loved to indulge. "When we approached his humble dwelling," writes the missionary, "warned by the villagers, he hurried out to meet us. We entered his hut. In it there was nothing to be seen but a little altar of rough wood, a floor composed of uneven pebbles picked up on the sea-shore; the trunk of a tree, which was used by night as a bolster; a 'tape,' or mat, to keep off the myriads of

mosquitos during the hours of sleep; a few pieces of clothing, falling into rags; his sacerdotal vestments and other articles essential for the celebration of the divine mysteries; finally, his agricultural implements, including the hatchet which was to prove the instrument of his martyrdom. These were his only possessions. As to the materials with which this miserable hut was built, they consisted merely of bamboo canes planted side by side in the form of a square, and thatched with reeds. Owing to the number of knots in these canes, they could not be joined very closely together, and they thus obviated the necessity for any window. When evening came the nine missionaries lay down, and, having chatted far into the night, they fell asleep side by side, with their heads resting on the log of wood.

“Without either kitchen or provisions, it was easy to forget the hour for meals. I, however, was blessed with a good appetite, and could not forbear mentioning the fact to our beloved host. He answered with a smile that no doubt the meal would be a royal one, but that the hour depended on the appetite of His Majesty. We were somewhat mystified by these words, when suddenly a shout was heard, which turned out to be a signal from the monarch of the island. We accordingly made our way to the royal palace—or rather to the smoky hut—of the sovereign, who a little later issued the death-warrant of our saintly companion. The dinner consisted merely of taro and yam roots. The tastelessness and absence of nutritious substance in such food made it impossible to satisfy my hunger; yet this was the everyday fare of Father Chanel.”

After the departure of the new missionaries for New Zealand, Father Bataillon remained two months longer in the island of Futuna; and during his stay encouraging progress was made in the difficult task of sowing the seeds of Christianity amongst the natives. The two priests

adapted all the prayers and hymns which Father Bataillon had translated for the use of the inhabitants of Wallis Island; and at Father Chanel's urgent entreaty he composed, in the Futunian language, a hymn to the Blessed Virgin, in the form of a free paraphrase of the *Ave Maria* and the *Salve Regina*. The missionaries even persuaded the King to authorize the public burning of a number of the minor deities, who were much feared on the island; and when the people saw their gods thrown into the flames and utterly consumed, whilst no calamity befell either the island or the missionaries, they felt that a miracle had indeed occurred, and their old pagan faith was profoundly shaken. Two whole villages asked to be instructed previous to baptism, and King Niuliki himself appeared to lend a willing ear to the new doctrine.

Father Chanel's newly awakened hopes were, however, destined to be rudely shaken by events which occurred a few months after the return of Father Bataillon to Wallis Island. Hostilities broke out once more between the rival claimants to the supremacy of the island, and all the missionary's efforts as a peacemaker proved abortive. “We do not wish to be spoken of as the conquered tribes when the great missionary [the Bishop] comes to visit us,” was the answer of the leader of the vanquished party. “As soon as we are the conquerors, we promise to become Christian.” Nevertheless, in the great fight that ensued, when many were slain on either side, King Niuliki succeeded in maintaining his supremacy, and the vanquished tribes were reduced to even a more pitiable condition than before.

“We hurried to the field of battle,” notes the apostle of Futuna in his diary, “in order to relieve the unfortunate sufferers. The sight was a horrible one. The principal weapons of our islanders are spears and hatchets, with which they inflict enormous wounds. We had to draw the lance-heads from the wounds, bandage

them up, and convey the men to some neighboring huts. I was enabled to administer baptism to three natives, who were sufficiently conscious. Among them was the brother of the vanquished King. It was piteous to see his wife collecting in her hands the blood that flowed from his gaping wound, and sprinkling it over her own head, whilst emitting the most horrible shrieks. All the relatives of the wounded soldiers collected every drop of blood in the same way. They could even have been seen licking the leaves and the grass which had been dyed red in the fight."

Amongst the vanquished chiefs who specially distinguished themselves in the fight was one Sam-Kélétaona, well known for his brave and generous nature. Having taken refuge in the hills, Father Chanel sought him out and persuaded him to escape to Wallis Island, where the grateful native readily put himself under Father Bataillon's instruction, and at a later date played an influential part in the conversion of his native island.

(Conclusion in our next number.)

Our Lady of Victories and the Tower of Babel.

THREE days' journey from Bagdad, the traveller comes upon an immense mass of ruins, piled in a confused heap—the *débris* of the famous Tower of Babel, which the pride of men built after the Deluge, as a secure fortress against future inundations. Everyone knows how God punished such unparalleled presumption. Among these mountainous ruins there still rises to a considerable height a large portion of the original wall, with a flat surface at the top. By means of a cleft which time has worked in the rocks, a man may without much difficulty make the ascent.

At the beginning of his explorations in the desert, the Rev. Father Mary Joseph, of

the Order of Carmelites, arrived at the foot of this Tower of Babel. Filled with holy indignation at the puerile attempt of human pride, and saddened at the sight of the divine malediction that has weighed for centuries on this work of the genius of evil, the thought occurred to him of consecrating to Mary what remained of the huge monument, and of placing on the highest summit of this Tower of Confusion the image of her whom the Church hails as the splendid Tower of David.

Putting on his stole, and carrying with him holy water, he made his way to the summit of the wall. Having sanctified by the blessing of the Church the stones that in bygone ages were accursed, he cast his eyes over the heap of ruins, and from them around the horizon that bounded the desert, and cried: "O Virgin, why should not this place, once the fortress of the demon, belong to you, who have crushed the demon's head? I would that from these ruins there should one day rise a sanctuary dedicated to your name. While awaiting that happy day, I desire to place here your image. From the summit of this tower, august Virgin, you will preside over the labors of the missionaries; from this height your benediction shall be wafted over the whole desert. May it become for you a new empire, which shall soon embrace, not the ferocious followers of Mahomet, but the faithful disciples of Jesus Christ!"

Detaching as he spoke a large brass medal from his rosary, he placed it among the ruins, and added: "Holy Virgin, if you accord me your protection and bless my labors, I will return some day to take back this medal; but it will be to replace it by a beautiful statue, representing you carrying your Divine Son in your arms."

Preaching some months afterward in his native land, Father Mary Joseph related this incident, and the emotion which accompanied the recital electrified his audience. At the conclusion of his sermon, members of the Archconfraternity of Our

Lady of Victories, of Paris, solicited the privilege of presenting him with the desired statue. He consented, and a bronze statue, a faithful copy of Notre-Dame des Victoires, was blessed by him on the festival of Our Lady of Mount Carmel. And this bronze image of Our Lady now occupies the spot where the zealous missionary had first left the medal of his rosary.

Dominating the most stupendous monument of human pride ever attempted, the humble Virgin of Nazareth once more proclaims, as of old in the *Magnificat*: "*Deposuit potentes de sede, et exaltavit humiles.*" — "He hath put down the mighty from their seat, and hath exalted the humble."

A Secret of the Confessional.

IN the month of November, 1864, a certain Robert Dubois, whose brother was a priest of Autun, France, was brought before the court of assizes of that city, charged with the murder, for the purpose of robbery, of Louis Vion and his wife, an old couple living in the country. After a protracted trial, Dubois was at last condemned to imprisonment for life, the evidence against him, though strong, not being sufficient to warrant the death penalty.

Whilst the trial was going on, it happened that the brother of the prisoner was visited by a man who came to make his confession. In his confession he declared he was guilty of the murder of the two Vions. In vain did the priest urge on the wretched man the obligation which he was under of freeing an innocent person: the criminal had such an overpowering fear of death that he could not be induced to make the reparation required. Meanwhile sentence was pronounced on the unfortunate Dubois. The lips of his brother were sealed to secrecy.

On the day of his condemnation, the unhappy culprit, surrounded by soldiers, was

led through the town, and passed under the windows where his brother, the priest, lived with their aged mother. When she recognized her son borne off in chains, she fell fainting into the priest's arms. Two months after this agonizing scene the poor mother died of a broken heart.

A few months ago the Abbé Dubois was hastily summoned to visit a sick man, who was crying loudly for the priest. It was the murderer of the Vions, whose confession he had heard years before. The guilty man, tormented by remorse of conscience, wished before his death to make public confession of the fact that he, and he alone, was guilty of the double murder. Accordingly he dictated and signed a paper in which he confessed his crime and furnished all the details above related; and this paper he put in the hands of the priest. He died a few hours afterward, loudly asking God's pardon for his crimes, in presence of a great number of witnesses.

The priest hastened to present the document to the proper authorities, and he had the consolation, after some necessary preliminaries had been gone through, of seeing his brother restored to liberty, and his innocence publicly acknowledged.

Hopeful Signs.

THE world is slow to learn the beauty of simplicity, and the apparent tendency is ever toward the ornate. A few wise souls, however, see with joy the token of a wide reaction, which may, in fact, be said to have already set in. One finds evidences of it everywhere; only gentle whisperings, like the soft stir in the mellow earth of spring; or the whir of swiftly-moving wings, as when a flock of birds fly toward us from the far blue. It is only the acute ear which catches these sounds; it is only the thoughtful observer who knows that the signs of the times point toward simpler and

purser standards. It will be well for us if this change comes without catastrophe; if the power we call "society" learns its lesson without an overthrow like that which has overtaken other nations: perishing because of their luxury, dying of their sins.

Happily, there seems to be no such calamity imminent. Simplicity bids fair to become even fashionable. Mrs. Lofty, seeing with horror that her maid is outdressing her, affects a quietness of attire; and thus, whatever may be thought of her motives, she invariably helps on the good work; for an hundred Mrs. Lowlys in a short time are led to follow her example.

Houses are no longer mere storehouses of bric-à-brac; and the overcrowding of rooms is giving place to the large spaces which Nature, that finest of artists, delights in. The long words which formerly heralded the most admired talkers and writers are considered in the worst of taste, and have given way to their Saxon equivalents. Doctor Johnson would, we fancy, have difficulty if he lived in our day and offered a communication to one of our contemporaries.

Musical entertainments are not now melodious Fourth of Julys; and ill-executed piano pyrotechnics are fast being superseded by the chaste compositions of the great masters.

If all this continues, a real reformation may ensue. If women return to simpler modes of living, they may find time in which to minister to the wants of the neighbor who is starving in body or soul. If men have less need to scramble for the gold which goes to purchase the barbaric trappings of a misguided civilization, they may at last see the beauty under their eyes, and know for the first time in their hurried lives what a simple thing it is to be happy if one takes time to be good.

ALL friendship, all true love, is spiritual. What you love in a friend is not what you can see.

Notes and Remarks.

There died recently in Sydney, Australia, a priest, Father Angelo Ambrosoli, whose career might justly be taken as the typical missionary life. Through many vicissitudes he preserved the imperturbability that comes of a saint-like trust in Providence. His charity for the poor and sick was equalled only by his self-sacrifice. He practised the most rigid poverty, and died penniless. His spirit of prayer was remarkable. For thirty-five years he never missed the daily offering of the Holy Sacrifice. His saintly life won for him a happy death, and the immense throng that gathered at his obsequies proved how sincere was the affection which he inspired in the hearts of all who knew him. *R. I. P.*

An ancient tabernacle, which is rather an altar-canopy of the style in use during the Middle Ages, has been secured for the new St. Patrick's Church in Rome. It was discovered in a ruined church near the city. It is supported upon four marble pillars, and its whole structure is marked by rare perfection of workmanship. The proprietor of an English museum desired to secure it as a curio; Catholics should be grateful that it is to be put to a holier use.

In the current number of the *Educational Review*, the Rt. Rev. Dr. Spalding, of Peoria, has a paper that forms a decidedly valuable addition to the literature of the much-vexed school question. In "Religious Instruction in State Schools," the distinguished prelate gives a fair statement of the case for and against the purely secular system now prevailing. The article will bear attentive reading and thoughtful consideration. We can not forbear quoting a few extracts for the benefit of such of our readers as may not have access to the *Review*:

"The Catholic view of the school question . . . rests upon the general ground that man is created for a supernatural end, and that the Church is the divinely appointed agency to help him attain his supreme destiny. If education is a training for completeness of life, its primary element is the religious; for complete life is life in God. Hence we may not assume an attitude toward the child, whether in the home, in the church or in the school, which might imply that life apart from God could be anything else than broken and fragmentary. . . . Religion is the vital

element in character, and to treat it as though it were but an incidental phase of man's life is to blunder in a matter of the highest and most serious import. Man is born to act, and thought is valuable mainly as a guide to action. Now, the chief inspiration to action, and above all to right action, is found in faith, hope, and love, the virtues of religion; and not in knowledge, the virtue of the intellect. . . . The education which forms character is indispensable, that which trains the mind is desirable. The essential element in human life is conduct; and conduct springs from what we believe, cling to, love, and yearn for, vastly more than from what we know. The decadence and ruin of individuals and of societies come from lack of virtue, not from lack of knowledge. . . . The moral influence of the secular school is necessarily feeble, since our ideas of right and wrong are so interfused with the principles of Christianity that to ignore our religious convictions is practically to put aside the question of conscience. If the State may take no cognizance of sin, neither may its schools do so. But in morals sin is the vital matter; crime is but its legal aspect."

In concluding his article the Bishop sums up as follows. The substance of his admirable paper is crystallized in one short paragraph:

"If the chief end of education is virtue, if conduct is three-fourths of life, if character is indispensable while knowledge is only useful, then it follows that religion, which more than any other vital influence has power to create virtue, to inspire conduct, and to mold character, should enter into all the processes of education. Our school system, then, does not rest upon a philosophic view of life and education. We have done what it was easiest to do, not what it was best to do; and in this, as in other instances, churchmen have been willing to sacrifice the interests of the nation to the whims of a narrow and jealous temper."

The truthfulness of "figures" being proverbial, it would be well for those who delight in comparing the status of morality in different countries to note a statement of Dr. W. C. Bennett, of the Methodist Institute, Evanston, Ill., to the effect that "in Scotland, the heart of the most Protestant of countries, illegitimacy is greatest."

The Sisters engaged in the African mission are worthy helpers of Cardinal Lavigerie in his great work. No enterprise seems too arduous for these devoted souls, who are to be found toiling in the fields, and clearing the ground for their new foundations. The people among whom they labor are descendants of those early Christians who were once so numerous in Northern Africa. Twelve several attempts were made to force the teaching

of the Koran upon them, without success, until finally they grew faint-hearted and apostatized. There are still found among them traces of the ancient faith, the cross, their favorite emblem, being frequently tattooed on their faces. The eagerness of these people to be instructed is most touching. "One little Mussulman," says a writer in the *London Tablet*, "owned to saying the Rosary regularly every night before he went to sleep. A little girl whose mother had died was found one day kneeling before a statue of the Blessed Virgin, imploring her to be a mother to her and to make her a Christian; and when, in spite of her ardent entreaties, her baptism was deferred by the Fathers on account of the great uncertainty of her being able to practise her religion under the circumstances in which she then found herself, she wrote off to the Cardinal herself, entreating him to allow her to become a Christian, in order that she might eventually become a nun. 'I am an infidel in name, but a Christian in heart,' wrote another child whom the Fathers had hesitated to baptize, probably for the same reason.

The dense ignorance in which the natives have thus far lived makes the task of instructing them especially difficult. Still, marvellous changes are sure to be wrought by the zeal of the devoted Sisters.

We have frequently commented on the change that has been brought about of late years in the treatment of Catholics and Catholicity by the press of this country. The same thought is suggested by a paragraph in "Across the Plains in the Donner Party," a paper in the *July Century*. The narrator, Mrs. Virginia Reed Murphy, was a young girl at the time of the trip, in 1846, and gives the following personal reminiscence, which, we opine, would a few years ago have effectually excluded her sketch from the pages of the *Century*:

"I am a Catholic, although my parents were not. I often went to the Catholic church before leaving home, but it was at Donner Lake that I made the vow to be a Catholic. The Breens were the only Catholic family in the Donner party, and prayers were said aloud regularly in that cabin night and morning. Our only light was from little pine sticks split up like kindling wood and kept constantly on the hearth. I was very fond of kneeling by the side of Mr. Breen and holding these little torches so that

he might see to read. One night we had all gone to bed—I was with my mother and the little ones, all huddled together to keep from freezing,—but I could not sleep. It was a fearful night, and I felt that the hour was not far distant when we would go to sleep never to wake again in this world. All at once I found myself on my knees with my hands clasped, looking up through the darkness, making a vow that if God would send us relief, and let me see my father again, I would be a Catholic. That prayer was answered.”

“It may interest some of our reverend pastors,” says the *Catholic Home*, “to learn the relative results in Protestant churches of the rented and the free pew systems. According to the latest statistics, twenty-five per cent. of the Congregational churches of Massachusetts now have free pews; and twenty-five churches in the State have recently changed from rented to free pews, and they report increased receipts; while thirty churches now renting desire to change to free pews. Omitting the question of revenue, no Catholic needs to be told which of the two systems is the more conformable to Catholic instinct.”

Let us add, for our part, that we trust the time may speedily come when the whole system of pew-renting will be done away with. It is a Protestant practice at best, and is desirable only as a substitute for something better.

Canon O’Hanlon, who recently sent the seventh volume of his “Lives of the Irish Saints” to Mr. Gladstone, received a very graceful note of thanks, in which the ex-Premier, speaking of Ireland, said: “May those who shall hereafter be added to the roll reap in joy what has been so long sown in tears!”

Few institutions are more deserving of the honors of a Golden Jubilee than the Academy of St. Mary of the Woods, near Terre Haute, Ind. Like all great achievements, it involved heroic sacrifices on the part of its founders, and the history of its early years shows clearly that these sacrifices were generously made. Fifty years ago a small frame house, hidden among the trees, the gift of the saintly Bishop Bruté, was all that marked the spot where now stands a beautiful and spacious academy, which is also the mother-house of the community, numbering over five hundred religious. Six Sisters formed the original community; and these

heroic souls, with those who afterward joined them, have, under the favor of Heaven, wrought this great change. At the Jubilee celebration the Rt. Rev. Bishop Chatard, of Vincennes, recounted the early trials of the institution, and congratulated the Sisters on the success of their labors. A large number of the clergy and former pupils of the Academy were present on the joyous occasion.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands, as if you were bound with them.
—HEB., xiii, 3.

The following persons are recommended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

The Very Rev. Matthew Finn, P. P., V. G. of the Diocese of Achonry, Ireland, whose happy death occurred on the 7th ult.; the Rev. Father Heidenreich, S. J., who departed this life on the 29th ult., at St. Peter’s College, Jersey City, N. J.; the Rev. J. J. Toomey, the worthy rector of St. Agnes’ Church, Utica, N. Y., deceased last month; and the Rev. T. L. Murray, Co. Cork, Ireland.

Mr. G. Henry, of Philadelphia, Pa., whose exemplary life closed peacefully on the 26th ult.

Mr. James Heery, whose good death took place on the 2d ult., at Cascade, Iowa.

Mrs. Alice Hetherington, of Detroit, Mich., who was called to her reward on the 7th of May.

Miss Elizabeth Byrne, a devout Child of Mary, who passed away on the 11th ult., at Yuma, Ariz.

Mrs. William McKenna, of Lonsdale, R. I., who died a happy death on the 18th of May.

Mrs. Bridget Casey, who breathed her last on the 3d ult., at Potosi, Mo.

Mr. James McArdle, of Cincinnati, Ohio, who expired on the Feast of the Visitation.

Mrs. C. M. Olivevos, who yielded her soul to God on the 27th ult., at St. Augustine, Fla.

Mrs. Catherine Brady, of New Bethlehem, Pa., whose fervent Christian life was crowned with a holy death on the 25th ult.

Mrs. C. D. Scannell, who went to receive the reward of a good life on the 22d of April, at Millbury, Mass.

Mr. John Treasy, of Pittsburg, Pa.; James, Ellen, and Catherine Ford, Wilmington, Del.; Mrs. Angeline Quigley, Detroit, Mich.; Mrs. Catherine Sheekey, Watsonville, Cal.; Mrs. Catherine Rademacher, San José, Cal.; Mr. James Hughes and Mrs. Anna Burrows, Providence, R. I.; F. M. Jarboe, Washington, D. C.; Joseph Lewandoski, South Bend, Ind.; Mrs. Hannah Maher, Penacook, N. H.; John, Thomas, and Mary King, San Rafael, Cal.; Mrs. Mary Carty, Petaluma, Cal.; Mr. Peter H. Douns, Cohoes, N. Y.; and Miss Ellen Moore, Erie, Pa.

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



A Summer Song.

BY LOUISA DALTON.

THE birds are warbling in the wood,
 The bees are in the clover;
 We, too, rejoice; for God is good,
 And heaven's blue is over.
 Come out! come out! the lambkins bleat;
 Come out! the birds are crying;
 Come out! come out! The day is sweet,
 And summer fast a-flying,—
 Come out and praise the Lord!

The clouds are sailing through the air,
 The breezes joy are bringing;
 The sun is shining everywhere,
 All nature is a-singing.
 Come out! come out! the flowers call;
 Come out! the bees are humming;
 Come out of doors, ye children all;
 The frost will soon be coming,—
 Come out and praise the Lord!

Oh, who could pine on day like this!
 Oh, who could have a sorrow!
 Then come and share the robin's bliss:
 The skies may weep to-morrow.
 Come out! come out! the winds repeat;
 Come out! the pines are sighing;
 Come out! come out! The day is sweet,
 And summer fast a-flying,—
 Come out and praise the Lord!

THERE never did and never will exist anything permanently noble and excellent in a character which was a stranger to the exercise of resolute self-denial.—*Sir Walter Scott.*

WE become like those with whom we associate. As Tennyson says: "I am a part of all that I have 'met.'"

The Fortunes of a Runaway.

BY MARY CATHERINE CROWLEY.

III.

ROOKLYN Bridge was Hugh's first point of interest; and stepping up to a party of ragamuffins, who were playing marbles on the street, he inquired his way thither.

One of them looked up, and, running his eyes over the well-dressed youth, who repeated the question, replied, with a ludicrously patronizing air: "Right across the park to the L—— Station, sonny. The train'll take yer straight there."

Though nettled at the manner of the gamin, who he imagined had seen at a glance that he was from the country, Hugh complied with the instructions, and was soon riding over the wonderful highway which spans the East River, and again delighting in a grand view of the port, and looking out toward the sea, which had for him the special fascination it possesses for those who have lived inland. He walked back, the better to enjoy the scene; and, as he paused frequently to watch the tall masted vessels pass under the superb arch, and to note the many objects of interest, it was noon when he returned to the city.

"Wouldn't this be a good time to take a look at the Stock Exchange that father talks about?" he said aloud. "The bulls and bears will be coming out to lunch." Directed by an old man who was selling shoe-blackening at a crossing, he strolled down Broadway, leaving behind him the time-worn façade of City Hall, the massive Post Office, the lofty edifices of the *Tribune*, *Times* and *Sun* newspapers; and noting as the next objects of interest which presented themselves the spire of Trinity Church and the colossal quarters of the Equitable Insurance Co., which the old

man had told him was the largest building in New York, a gigantic hive of striving, toiling humanity.

When he turned into Wall Street, he saw two imposing structures on the left, which he thought might be the place. He stopped and interrogated a liveried coachman, who stood near a handsome equipage before the banking house of Drexel, Morgan & Co.

"The Stock Exchange?" repeated the man. "Oh, no! That's in Broad Street, just 'round the corner. Those are the Sub-Treasury and the Assay Office opposite."

While he was speaking Hugh noticed a volume of flame-colored smoke issuing from the chimneys of the latter, and enveloping them in an amber cloud.

"Oh, look!" he cried, in alarm. "Surely that building is on fire!"

The man broke into a loud guffaw. "That—why, that's gold smoke!" he answered.

"Gold smoke!" said Hugh, astonished.

"Yes," added the *jehu*. "The Assay Office is the 'stablishment where they test the gold and silver bullion for the mint. The smoke is yaller 'cause it's full of gold."

"But I should think they'd try to catch and save the gold in some way," Hugh ventured to remark.

"You bet they do," laughed the coachman. "But for all their care a certain 'mount escapes. If you could look down them chimneys now, I'll wager you'd see 'em specked with gold inside. I believe money is coined here, too."

Hugh now made his way to the Stock Exchange, and from its gallery looked down upon the floor, which was a scene of intense activity and commotion. The babel of voices was deafening. Everywhere were little groups of men talking excitedly and gesticulating wildly. Every now and then one would break away from the rest and rush to the tickers of the telegraph, which, Hugh had noticed, kept up a constant click in the passages downstairs; and in a twinkling the news of the rise or fall of certain stocks was dispatched to all parts of the

country. Occasionally a broker in the crowd would raise his hand, wave a paper, shout to command attention, and then call out something like this: "I offer a thousand shares of Atchison & Topeka at 110½!"—"I'll take two hundred!" a speculator would cry from the end of the hall.—"Five hundred!" would come from another quarter; and so on till the lot was disposed of.

Hugh turned to an attendant in uniform and asked: "Where are the seats?"

"Seats! Why, there are none; nobody has time to sit down here," replied the man.

"But," persisted Hugh, "I've often read of brokers who paid fifteen and twenty thousand dollars for their seats in the Stock Exchange; and I see nothing worth anything like that,—nothing but a few old chairs and desks here and there."

"Ha-ha, greeny!" roared the man. "Those seats are all in the mind's eye. The brokers pay the money just for the privilege of coming in here and selling their stocks. There can only be a certain number of members any way; those that can't get in have to sell on the street. That doesn't mean on the curbstone, like peddlers of notions; but in the offices outside."

Mortified at his mistake, Hugh made a hasty exit. He began to think of dining. A man whom he met on the bridge had told him there were places where he could get a comfortable dinner for fifteen or twenty cents. With the hope of finding one of these cheap restaurants, he turned into a narrow street. A burly policeman was standing at the corner. Hugh approached him and asked, hesitatingly:

"Is there any place around here where I can get a square meal? I don't want to go to a stylish establishment, but to a place where a fellow can be sure of good, plain fare." The sea-air had sharpened Hugh's appetite, and made him wish for something more substantial than dainties.

The man looked down, and, seeing that the boy wore handsome clothes and was

well cared for, he thought, "Probably the son of one of the brokers about here."

"Sure it's Old Tom's that'll suit you to a T," he answered, good-naturedly. "You see that queer little *cabbeen* half way down the block below? You might seek from now till Christmas and never find a better."

Hugh thanked him and started for it. "Old Tom's"—what a pleasant name! So suggestive of a hospitable welcome, and plenty of good cheer and of a jocund host!

"Old Tom must be a big-hearted fellow," Hugh said to himself. "One can tell by the name that he doesn't go in for style; but I bet his house is comfortable and homelike, and I shouldn't wonder if he turned out to be a sort of friend and adviser to all the boys like me that work around here."

When he reached the spot, appearances rather bore out his theory. The building looked as much out of place in that locality as a real bull from the famous Havenmeyer Stock Farm, or a bear from the Ramapo mountains, would have done. It was a relic of ante-revolutionary times, built by a knickerbocker settler in the days when Trinity Church was surrounded by cultivated acres; a dingy, one-story structure, with peaked roof and a wooden step trenching upon the sidewalk. The door was painted green, and was in two sections, divided crosswise in the thrifty Dutch fashion, by which in sultry weather the upper part could be set open to admit the air, while the closed lower one was a safeguard against the intrusion of stray dogs or such uninvited visitors.

In this position Hugh found them. He had but to raise the latch, push open the gate—for such indeed it was,—and walk into a small, square entry, upon the right side of which were piled a number of barrels and beer-kegs. Turning to the left, he went up a flight of half a dozen steps, that led directly into a room which he at once realized was the quaintest he had ever seen.

The pointed roof was unceiled, and showed its rough rafters like those of a barn. Birds might have built undisturbed under the quiet eaves; here spiders had long pursued their work without interference: cobwebs hung from every point. What struck Hugh as still more curious was that the beams, here and there, and the unpainted walls, were adorned with entire branches of trees brought from the country just as they were, for the sake of the hornet's-nests, the bird's-nests, and the cocoons discovered among them. Below these, and somewhat counteracting the rural effect, were disposed at intervals a few prints of race-horses and similar subjects. The floor was of pine boards and sprinkled with sawdust, after the manner of an ancient inn. Around and about were little deal tables, clean but old, notched and destitute of damask. They appeared to be well patronized, however; for almost every one was occupied.

Hugh did not notice the guests particularly, except to remark casually that they appeared to be quiet, respectable men. A waiter motioned him toward a kind of rostrum at the right of the entrance, where a stout, rosy-cheeked man, of jovial aspect, stood in a funny raised box, like a pulpit, from which exalted position he could oversee the apartment, and make sure that his patrons were properly served. In front of him and on either side were displayed, upon white and blue-and-white delf, the uncooked meats, from which each customer might make his own choice.

He greeted Hugh with a nod, and waved him toward the tables, where tender-looking steaks and succulent chops seemed to cry out: "Order me!" The boy timidly selected one of the latter. The waiter, who had followed close behind, whisked it up on a plate and bore it away to the kitchen. Another attendant conducted him to one of the dining tables, and seated him with a flourish.

A Painting that was not a Picture.

The great painter Hogarth was quick to resent an injury, whether fancied or real. On one occasion a somewhat famous nobleman employed him to paint a picture of the destruction of Pharaoh's host in the Red Sea. Hogarth had been warned by a friend to be on his guard: that his new patron was a driver of hard bargains and a most parsimonious man.

"I think I can look out for my own interests, however," answered the painter. So it proved.

The nobleman at once began to find fault with the price set by Hogarth. "I will give you just half of what you ask," he said, "and not one farthing more."

"Very well," said Hogarth. "I do not often lower my prices; but on account of the immense advantage it will be to me to have so distinguished a customer, I will make an exception in your favor."

The nobleman, unconscious of the sarcasm, bade him proceed. In two or three days the artist announced that the picture was finished. The great patron was thunderstruck at the shortness of the time occupied, and went, with some misgivings, to inspect the work of art which he had procured at such a low price. He simply found all of the space painted over a bright red color. He was highly indignant, at which one does not wonder.

"What do you mean," he cried to Hogarth, "by daubing some of your miserable paint on my wall and calling it a picture? You know I ordered a painting of the Red Sea."

"And you have it," answered Hogarth, with great calmness.

"But where are the Israelites?" persisted the other.

"Oh, they have crossed over!"

"And where are the Egyptians?"

"Every single one of them is drowned."

The nobleman began to laugh. "You have beaten me at my own game," he said. "Allow me to present you with the price you at first demanded; and I hope that at your first leisure you will paint me a picture of the Red Sea more easily recognized than the one before me."

Friends Not to be Parted.

Once there dwelt in Paris a man who had been wealthy, but was so reduced in circumstances that he was obliged to be a weekly applicant for alms from the poor-fund of the parish. He wrote a note to the curate one day, saying that his supply of bread was insufficient, and that he must have more for supper. The priest was surprised, and in his answer asked him to call upon him, which the man did.

"Do you live alone?" asked the curate.

"As I have told you," replied the man, "I have not a friend in the world."

"Then what can you want of so much bread?"

The poor man, much embarrassed, hesitated, then finally said: "I have a dog, and he—poor fellow!—is hungry too."

"Now, my dear sir," said the curate, "the parish fund is not for dogs. There is no objection to keeping one, surely, when people can afford it; but we can distribute food only to very poor persons; not dogs, no matter how poor or hungry they may be. You surely can not expect it. Sell your dog, and you will be comfortable and have enough to eat."

The man's eyes filled with tears. "He is all I have," he said; "my only comfort, my only friend on earth. I can not sell him. I would rather starve with him."

At that the kind priest put his hand in his pocket, saying, "I can't give you the parish money, but this is my own to do what I please with. Keep your dog if you will, and go at once and buy him a good dinner."



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

The Love of God.

FROM THE SPANISH OF ST. TERESA, BY THE
RT. REV. J. LANCASTER SPALDING, D.D.

THY love, O God, so lives and burns in me,
Were there no heaven, still would I
love but Thee;—
No gift, no bribe of love Thou needst to bring;
But Thee, tho' there were no dread hell to flee.
For tho' all hope were dead to which I cling,
Still would Thy love be my sole comforting.

The Martyr-Apostle of Futuna.

BY VIRGINIA M. CRAWFORD.

(CONCLUSION.)



THE apostolic labors of Father Chanel were resumed when peace was once more established in Futuna. He continued for some months teaching and baptizing, making slow though steady progress; King Niuliki meanwhile maintaining a neutral and even a friendly attitude toward the Christian faith. However, as soon as he discovered that the new doctrines were really taking root amongst his subjects, his

heathen mind was filled with alarm; his demeanor toward Father Chanel became cold and distant; and as a proof of his displeasure he removed himself and his court to the village of Tamana, and neglected to send the priest his customary supplies of food. Under these altered circumstances, Father Chanel, assisted by Brother Marie Nizier and Thomas Boog, found himself under the necessity of cultivating the strip of land which King Niuliki had previously granted him, in order to escape from the danger of positive starvation.

About this time another Marist priest, Father Chevron, accompanied by a lay-brother, paid a visit to the island, and from him we learn the straits to which the little party was reduced. A few roast bananas constituted their habitual food; for though their plantation contained cocoanut-palms and bread-fruit trees in abundance, nearly all the fruit was stolen by the natives at the instigation of the monarch. King Niuliki further strictly forbade his subjects to give food to the missionaries, and it was only with the greatest precautions that certain friendly natives were able to relieve their wants.

Amidst all these trials, one joy at least was vouchsafed to Father Chanel. Thomas Boog, the young Englishman who had proved himself so valuable a friend and ally, abjured the Protestant religion in which he had been educated, and was solemnly received into the True Fold. On the Feast

of All Saints he heard Mass and made his First Communion, to the great edification of all the natives, who were allowed to be present at the solemn ceremony.

After Father Chevron's departure for Wallis Island, the apostle of Futuna, undismayed by the increasing danger of his position, calmly continued his arduous labors, visiting the various villages in the island, and preaching the word of God to all who would listen to him. But for the fear of incurring the King's wrath, many would have come forward and declared themselves ready to embrace the true faith; and even the threats of Niuliki could not prevent a certain number of young men from secretly entering their names as catechumens, and visiting the priest by stealth in order to obtain instruction.

But, on the other hand, the indignation of Father Chanel's enemies grew daily more ungovernable, and the most sinister rumors spread through the island. On one occasion the lay-brother overheard several old chiefs talking over the situation, and agreeing amongst themselves that the missionaries must be got rid of,—that it was the King's desire. Brother Marie Nizier immediately reported these words to the priest, who happened to be engaged in digging in the garden, and said to him: "Why do you go on working, Father, when I tell you that to-morrow we may be killed?"—"Well," answered Father Chanel, looking up from his work for a moment, "it will not be the most unhappy day of our lives. Do you not remember the answer made by St. Louis Gonzaga when he was asked what he would do if he had to die the next minute?" And without another word the future martyr continued his labor.

Such was the calm and saintly frame of mind in which the servant of God passed through the terrible weeks which preceded his martyrdom. All the native witnesses are agreed that he was fully aware of the danger he was in, but not a word of fear or of anger ever escaped him. His only grief

was caused by the small amount of success with which God had been pleased to crown his labors, and which, in his touching humility, he attributed to his own unworthiness. For his enemies, and for all who were planning his death, this faithful follower of Christ had nothing but words of gentleness and of love. As a consequence, even his most bitter opponents felt no anger against him personally; it was the religion, not the man, that they abhorred.

Father Chanel had for some time entertained hopes of converting the young prince Meitala, the son of Niuliki; he had always found him a ready and sympathetic listener, but he had never received from the prince any definite pledge. It was certain that if Meitala could be induced to declare himself openly a Catholic, a large section of the population would follow his example. With this object in view, Father Chanel, on April 17, 1841, sent two of his most zealous catechumens to visit Meitala at Avaui, where he was living with his sister Flora, who was already converted. The discussion was long, and continued far into the night. At length the prince declared himself convinced. The next day the missionary, filled with joy, hurried to Avaui in order to complete the work of conversion; and the good news was subsequently circulated amongst the catechumens with the happiest results, many young men coming forward and expressing their readiness to follow the example of their prince.

But it was impossible to keep so important an event hidden from the King for many days. Niuliki had already, after consultation with his chief minister Musumusu, summoned a council, at which it was agreed that Father Chanel and all his effects should be transported to Tamana, in order to be under the eye of the monarch. Shortly after Niuliki was informed that his own son was among the converts. "Is this true?" he inquired of his minister. Musunusu answered affirmatively. "If it

is true," continued the King, "I will have nothing more to do with him, and you can treat him as severely as you please." An interview took place between father and son, but the young prince's firmness only increased the King's anger. All the royal family urged on Niuliki the necessity of crushing this new religion by killing the priest, and the King openly expressed his approval of the bloodthirsty suggestion.

From that moment Musumusu, together with some of the other chiefs, determined to carry out the will of their master. A favorable opportunity soon presented itself. On April 26, Father Chanel, kept at home by an injury to his foot, sent Brother Marie Nizier on an errand of mercy to a distant valley, and remained all day alone in his little hut at Poï. On the following day three converted natives of Wallis Island happened to arrive at Futuna in their canoe, and joined the catechumens at Avaui in their religious exercises. This news reached the ears of some of the King's friends, and so filled them with rage that they resolved to kill all the native Christians.

They sent for Musumusu, and a council was held that night, at which the King's favorite declared that it was of no use merely killing the converts: that if they wished to put an end to the new religion, they must first kill the priest at Poï. "Will that be agreeable to His Majesty?" asked one of the chiefs. "Yes, it will please him," answered Musumusu. After much discussion, it was finally decided that they should at first maltreat the catechumens, and then murder the servant of God. At Musumusu's suggestion, it was resolved to defer the execution of the cruel deed until the following day, that they might not be accused of cowardice by striking in the dark.

VI.

Wednesday, April 28, 1841, was the fatal day on which the island of Futuna was to be dyed with the blood of her martyr-missionary. At earliest dawn the conspirators, led by Musumusu, were on foot; and,

hurrying from Vélé to the little village of Avaui, where many of the catechumens had passed the night, they invaded the hut in which they were assembled and brutally ill-treated them. The young Prince Meitala was himself struck down, whilst in the general struggle Musumusu received a slight cut on the face. The house was then burned to the ground, and the murderers rushed onward toward Poï, resolved on completing their bloody work.

Father Chanel meanwhile, calm and collected as ever, had risen early according to his rule, had said Mass, made his meditation and recited his Office. He was standing in the garden feeding some hens, when Filitika, one of the conspirators, appeared and asked him for something to heal Musumusu's wound. As the missionary turned toward the hut to fetch what was required, he was met by another of the band, Ukuloa, with a request for the loan of the stick which the Father held in his hand. Suspicious as he must have felt of the good faith of those early visitors Father Chanel unhesitatingly complied with the request. Then Musumusu himself appeared before him.

"What has brought you here?" asked the priest.

"I have come to ask for a remedy for a blow I have received," was the unblushing reply.

"How did you hurt yourself?"

"By knocking down cocoanuts."

"Remain here while I fetch what you want." And the priest entered the hut and passed into his room, closely followed by Filitika and Ukuloa. While the missionary's back was turned, the former seized a bundle of linen and flung it out of the window; and Father Chanel returned to the door, to find his hut surrounded by a crowd of clamoring natives, and to hear Musumusu exclaim: "Why don't they kill the man?"

Immediately Filitika stepped forward and seized hold of him, whilst at the same moment Umutaouli rushed up, swinging his club in a menacing manner. In the

first moment of surprise, the missionary held up his right arm to ward off the blow, and exclaimed: "*Aua! aua!*" (Stop! stop!) The next instant his arm, shattered by the club, fell helpless to his side; and as he stepped backward, a second heavy blow struck him on the temple, so that the blood burst forth. Ukuloo, too, joined in, and struck the priest more than once with the stick that he had traitorously borrowed from him for the purpose; whilst a fourth, Fuasea, arrived with a long lance and tried to stab him to the heart; but the spear-head slipped beneath the armpit and inflicted no wound, though the force of the blow caused Father Chanel to fall backward to the ground, his head resting against the bamboo partition. There, wounded and bleeding, he lay for a while, gentle and unresisting to the last, and murmuring from time to time, "*Malie fuai!*" words which can best be translated by "It is well!"

Meanwhile the avaricious natives turned to the more pleasing task of pillaging the house, and then hurried off in all directions with their scanty booty. Musumus alone persisted in his original design, and kept ordering his men to finish their work of killing the priest. Just then—too late to be of any service—two catechumens arrived and rejoined Father Chanel in his hut. "*Malie fuai loku mate*" (My death is a happy event for me), murmured the dying priest, as his disciples knelt beside him. And as they tried to lift him up, he repeated with gentle resignation: "Leave me—let me lie here! Death is very welcome."

Thus urged by the dying martyr, and threatened with violence by the enraged Musumus, the timid natives withdrew; and the next moment the chief, finding that the murderous deed would be done by no other hand than his own, seized the Father's axe, which he found under the bed, and, rushing upon him, dealt him so furious a blow on the head that the skull was cleft in two, killing him instantly.

Such was the death of this gentle, pure-

souled follower of Christ, after three years of apostolic labor in a remote island of the Pacific. The intense pathos of the tragedy lies in his absolute renunciation of self, in the almost childlike simplicity and resignation with which he awaited his fate. Not a groan, not a murmur escaped him. It is reported that at the very moment when the saintly missionary breathed his last, a great roar as of thunder filled the air, although at the time the sky was cloudless, and it was accompanied by neither rain nor lightning. This sign of the wrath of the God of the Christians filled the hearts of the murderers with alarm, and, flinging away their booty, they rushed from the scene. The bleeding body of the murdered saint was washed and tended by sorrowing catechumens; and by order of King Niuliki was buried on the same day, on the very spot where the crime had been committed.

Viewed from a human standpoint, the death of Father Chanel appears a lamentable loss, whilst the arduous labors of three years seem to have been entirely thrown away; but in the design of the Almighty events proved very different. That which Father Chanel was unable to accomplish in his lifetime was accomplished by his death; and from the blood of the blessed martyr there sprung up the seed of Christianity, which was to fertilize the whole island.

For the moment the anti-Christian party in the island openly triumphed; whilst the catechumens hid themselves away, and dared do no more than cherish the new religion in their hearts. But, thank Providence, a great change was soon to take place. Brother Marie Nizier and Thomas Boog had escaped from Futuna on a passing vessel about a fortnight after the murder was committed; and, having taken refuge on Wallis Island, the sad news was sent thence to Mgr. Pompallier. In the following January the good Bishop arrived off the island, accompanied by a French *corvette*, and bringing with him Sam-Kélétaona from Wallis Island, to act as

interpreter. King Niuliki had in the meantime died a terrible death; and the catechumens, encouraged by the example of the young Prince Meitala, had begun openly to confess their conversion; so that the Bishop was received with every mark of reverence and pleasure, and the body of the martyr-priest was given over to his keeping.

Sam-Kélétaona remained on the island, and was recognized as king by the vanquished party; and so rapid was the growth of Christianity that eighteen months later, when Mgr. Pompallier paid a second visit to Futuna, he had the consolation of baptizing over a hundred natives. On his departure he left two Marist Fathers to complete the good work, and within a few more months two churches had been erected and the entire population of the island had embraced the Catholic faith. In the words of Father Ducrettet, one of the commissioners delegated by the Sacred Congregation of Rites: "No one doubts that the conversion of the whole island should be attributed to the prayers of the venerable martyr, who has continued in heaven the work of charity which he began at Futuna."

The body of Blessed Peter Chanel now reposes, enclosed in an exquisite shrine, in the chapel of the mother-house of the Marist Fathers at Lyons. The axe with which the fatal blow was dealt is preserved in the museum of the Propagation of the Faith in the same city; whilst the blood-stained cassock, the lance and club, and the altar vestments of the martyr, are treasured up as precious relics in the mission churches of Futuna. Many undoubted cures and miracles have taken place both in France and in the islands of Oceanica by the intercession of the blessed martyr, on behalf of those who have appealed to him for help. These miracles were formally examined by the Sacred Congregation of Rites; and on May 30, 1889, the Holy Father pronounced the solemn beatification of Blessed Pierre Louis Marie Chanel, the martyr-apostle of Futuna.

Devotion to the Precious Blood and the Epistles of St. Paul.

BY THE REV. R. O. KENNEDY.

(CONCLUSION.)

AND now we come to the penultimate of St. Paul's letters, his famous Epistle to the Hebrews, which, in its wonderful doctrine, its eloquence of language, daring sublimity of thought, cogency of argument, and wealth of reference to the riches of the Precious Blood, almost surpasses man's language to characterize. Behold the bold burst with which it opens: "*Multifariam, multisque modis, olim Deus loquens patribus in prophetis; novissime, diebus istis locutus est nobis in Filio.*" The translation into our language seems to lag, as if unable to represent the majesty of the original. So like that opening of St. John, "*In principio erat Verbum,*" which made St. Augustine compare the Evangelist to an eagle soaring into the presence of the sun. And so like that other, "*In principio Deus creavit cælum et terram,*" of Genesis. What a marvellous three—St. Paul bearing the stigmata, the sacred writer of the Pentateuch with flaming brows, and the Beloved Disciple leaning on the bosom of the Lord!

And scarcely has the Epistle made mention of the Son, than it hurries on to tell of the shedding of His Blood. "Who being the splendor of His glory and the figure of His substance, and upholding all things by the word of His power, maketh purgation of sins, and sitteth on the right hand of the Majesty on high."

The object of this Epistle was to warn the converted Jews against the teaching of those (Christians or non-Christians) who would persuade them that it was necessary to be circumcised and follow other ceremonies of the law. It is well to bear in mind that the Jews were to be found in all the towns and cities of the Roman Empire, following the

same avocations and characterized by the same love of money as to-day. A very large number also of those to whom he addressed his several Epistles were converted Jews; but it was to the Jews in Palestine that he particularly addressed this letter, although its teaching was equally applicable to the Jews of the other churches.

We now come to examine what he says about the sacred mystery of the shedding of blood in this letter; and we find that in none are his references to it so frequent, so ample, and so direct. In the second chapter, ninth verse, we read: "We see Jesus, [He] who was made a little less than the angels; [we see Him] for the suffering of death crowned with glory and honor." And immediately he adds a reason for this: "But it became Him, for whom are all things, and by whom are all things, who had brought many children into glory, to make the author of their salvation perfect by suffering." A mysterious reason, it is true; but one to ponder on, and to thank God for. "Inscrutable are His ways."

Again, though he does not expressly make mention of blood, he has undoubtedly in his mind the solemn yearly sacrifice of blood; for the high-priest, when he entered the Holy of Holies once a year, bore with him a vessel filled with fresh, steaming blood, which he offered for the sins of the people. Remembering this, St. Paul cries out: "Having therefore a great High-Priest, who hath penetrated [not the Holy of Holies but] the heavens, Jesus, the Son of God; let us hold fast our confession. For we have not a high-priest who can not have compassion on our infirmities," etc. (iv, 14, 15.)

Farther on he enlarges on this comparison. What sacred trembling does he not bring to the heart, and almost tears to the eyes, when in two or three masterly sentences he sums up in a new way the constant pleading and suffering of our Divine Lord! "Who in the days of His flesh, offering up prayers and supplications, with a strong cry and tears, to Him that was able

to save Him from death, was heard for His reverence. And whereas [*i. e.*, although] indeed He was the Son of God, He learned obedience by the things which He suffered; and being consummated, He became the cause of eternal salvation to all that obey Him" (v, 7-9).

The sixth chapter concludes with the same idea—the high-priest offering sacrifices; as if that steaming bowl of blood, so symbolical and so touching, could not leave the Apostle's mind. The same argument runs through the next, and again the Apostle winds up with the one great duty of the high-priest—that of offering the sacrifice of blood. "For it was fitting that we should have such a High-Priest, holy, innocent, undefiled, separated from sinners, and made higher than the heavens; who needeth not daily, as other priests, to offer up sacrifices, first for His own sins, and then for the people's; for this He did once by offering up Himself" (vii, 26, 27).

The ninth, the chapter of chapters, which may well indeed be called a blessed one, it is impossible to epitomize. It must be read; and truly, for its own sake, it is well worthy to be read. After describing all the sheddings of blood which took place under the Old Law, how beautifully the Apostle says: "It is necessary, therefore, that the patterns of heavenly things should be cleansed with these [blood]; but the heavenly things themselves with better sacrifices than these" (ix, 23). Thanks be to God that we live in the times of the heavenly things, and not in those of the mere patterns!

In chapter tenth he continues to develop the subject, if anything even more beautifully. "For it is impossible that with the blood of oxen and goats sins should be taken away. . . . Then said I: Behold I come to do Thy will, O God! . . . By the which will we are sanctified by the oblation of the Body of Jesus Christ once. . . . But He offering one sacrifice for sins, forever sitteth on the right hand of God" (x, 4, 9, 10-12).

In the twelfth chapter he returns to it

again, and tells a mysterious thing, which but for him we would never have known: "Looking on Jesus . . . who, having joy proposed unto Him, underwent the Cross, despising the shame; and sitteth on the right hand of the throne of God" (xii, 2). Later on he cries out: "But you are come to Mount Sion . . . to Jesus, the Mediator of the New Testament, and to the sprinkling of blood."

In the last chapter, entreating and beseeching, he again exclaims: "For the bodies of those beasts whose blood for sin is brought into the sanctuary by the high-priest are burned without the camp. Wherefore Jesus also, that He might sanctify the people with His own Blood, suffered without the gate. Let us go forth, therefore, to Him without the camp, bearing His reproach" (xiii, 11-13). And this is the blessing that the Apostle deigns to send them: "Now the God of peace, who brought again from the dead the great Pastor of the sheep, our Lord Jesus Christ, in the Blood of the everlasting testament, make you perfect in every good work, that you may do His will; working in you that which is well-pleasing in His sight, through Jesus Christ, to whom is glory forever and ever" (xiii, 20, 21).

There remains now but one Epistle of the sacred writer—his second to St. Timothy. St. Paul was a prisoner at Rome when writing the last few Epistles we have been considering. After about two years of such captivity he was given his freedom. He made use of it only to preach the Gospel. Among the converts he made during this time were certain persons in the palace of the Emperor; and, blessed be God, one of the most penitent and exemplary was a former concubine of Nero. When the tyrant learned this, he ordered St. Paul to be cast into one of the most hideous dungeons; and so well known was the sovereign's displeasure that not one dared to come near or console the Apostle. "At my first defence no man stood with me, but all forsook me. May it not be laid to their

charge" (iv, 16). After a time it pleased God that St. Paul should obtain a comparative liberty. "But the Lord stood by me, and strengthened me; that by me the preaching may be accomplished, and that all the Gentiles may hear; and I was delivered from the mouth of the lion" (iv, 17).

It was during this season he wrote his second Epistle to St. Timothy. This letter, which was one of advice to a bishop, does not contain those stirring appeals to the sufferings and Passion of our Blessed Lord which were to be expected in letters to lay people; yet it is not without these allusions. The Apostle, it seems, could hardly write an epistle without touching on this central doctrine, inscribed on his heart; for instance: "Be not thou, therefore, ashamed of the testimony of Our Lord" (i, 8). And as if sufferings made the disciple like the master, as Our Lord Himself says they do, he adds, "Nor of me, His prisoner"; not Nero's prisoner, but *His* prisoner. "Labor with the Gospel . . . which now is made manifest by the illumination of our Saviour Jesus Christ, who hath indeed destroyed death, and hath enlightened life and incorruption by the Gospel" (i, 8-10).


And of this sacred Gospel, the outcome and fruit of the sufferings and Blood of the Saviour, St. Paul says solemnly: "I charge thee before God and Jesus Christ, who shall judge the living and the dead, by His coming and His kingdom, preach the word," etc. (iv, 1, 2.) And, urging him to earnestness and faithfulness, he once more introduces the sufferings and death of the Redeemer: "For if we be dead with Him, we shall live also with Him. If we suffer [with Him], we shall also reign with Him" (ii, 11, 12).

There was but one thing more for St. Paul to do. It was no longer to write epistles about the Precious Blood of the Saviour, but to shed his blood in confession of that adorable Blood; which he did, about three miles from Rome, on the 29th of June, and probably in the year A. D. 66.

St. John Chrysostom uses remarkable words with regard to these Epistles: "I am sadly troubled and grieved when I find there are some who unfortunately do not know this man as he ought to be known. There are even some who do not know the very number of his Epistles. And this does not arise so much from want of parts, as because they will not take up his writings, and have them in their hands. For ourselves we will say that if we know anything about them, it is more from our love for them than from any natural gifts; for it is true that those who love will have a quicker insight than those who do not. Wherefore if you also desire to attend diligently to these sacred writings, "nothing more is wanting than that desire; for the word of Christ is true: 'Seek, and you shall find; knock, and it shall be opened to you.'" (Pref. to Epistles.)

The True Shepherd.

BY KATHARINE TYNAN.

 HALL, one be scourged by wind and tide
While ninety-nine are warm asleep?
Dost Thou remember with what pride,
'The Shepherd dieth for His sheep,'
Thou saidst, and none denied?

Here it is sweet. The stars are sweet;
The dews are falling, heavy with scent;
And winged folk go on silvery feet,
Tending Thy white flock innocent;
And days and nights are fleet.

But even now one perisheth,—
Yea, Shepherd, even a lamb of Thine.
Lo! the wolf crieth, drunk with death,
And this is caught in marsh and brine,
And no man succoreth.

Nay, wilt Thou go? Then, Lord, return
At dawn, when many stars are red,—
Stained at the heart and pierced with scorn,
But on Thy breast that helpless head,
Over which Thou dost yearn!

The Success of Patrick Desmond.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

XXI.

Into all our lives comes every year some event which, put into a novel, would seem utterly improbable.

—"Paradoxes of a Philosopher."

THE atmosphere of the Fitzgeralds' dinner was different from that of Eleanor Redwood's Coffee; but, in spite of all those pretty devices with which a careful hostess makes a dinner both stately and graceful—or, rather, because of them,—Patrick enjoyed himself. The Baroness, who sat next to him, annoyed him a little at first; he soon understood, however, that she intended to be amiable, although her "society" jargon was without much meaning to him. He thought it was very kind of her to insist on pinning the rosebud he found on his napkin to the lapel of his coat. This little manoeuvre did not escape Miles, who winked at Nellie; and Patrick, catching this telegraphic signal, felt that he had made some mistake. The possibility of having made a mistake in a matter of form did not seem such an awful thing in New York as it had seemed at Redwood. Mary's gentle face was a guarantee of tolerance; and during all the various courses Desmond was entirely at ease; for nobody could fail to understand that her main object was that everybody should be happy for the moment, and that the lights and the flowers and all the accessories which civilization has invented in order to elevate eating into an art, were merely second to this object.

The Baroness herself, who was a direct contrast to Desmond in most things, lost for the time her cynicism; and, as she glanced from the Fitzgeralds to Father Jackson, she began to be almost persuaded that there were good people in the world. She said to herself that if she had four or

five thousand a year, she, too, could exercise all the virtues; but as she looked at the priest again and heard him speak, she recognized that the goodness that shone in his face was not dependent on so many thousand a year. Still, she was different from these people; their goodness must be in the blood. As the dinner proceeded she became more and more amiable to Desmond. After all, the Bayards were clever; and no doubt the best way of getting rid of the music pupils would be to follow their lead. To the delight of Nellie, she took a leading part in the conversation, and related the most brilliant anecdotes about everybody in society.

"I find it so difficult to found a *salon* in New York. One can find brilliant men, but the women are *so* difficult," she observed, with a sigh.

"What's that, ma'am?" asked Miles, awakening from a sulky reverie, occasioned by the evident intention of his brother-in-law not to serve champagne. Both Miles and Nellie considered this a new "slight," and were determined to make Mary suffer for it. The Baroness repeated her remark. Miles laughed.

"Saloons!" he said. "There are more saloons in New York now than you can shake a stick at. If you want to start a saloon, ma'am—and you might do worse,—you've only to pay your license and go in."

The Baroness put her napkin to her mouth. And Nellie, feeling that Miles had gone wrong somehow, looked Arthur Fitzgerald full in the eyes with the intention of promptly avenging the ghost of a smile. There was none, however; and Mary, on whose heart Miles' sixth glass of claret was making a scar, did not notice the lapse. The Baroness, later, made a capital story out of it. Nellie's face flushed as she caught that lady's giggle behind her napkin, and she resolved that this impudence should not go unpunished; and Nellie seldom made a vain resolution.

Mary was pleased with Desmond from the first; to Arthur's disgust, he actually

drank water through the dinner, but this only raised him in her estimation. In answer to Father Jackson Arthur announced his intention of going to Eaglescliff.

"Eaglescliff?" asked Desmond. "That is near Redwood."

"So I believe," said Fitzgerald. "I don't care to undertake the journey, but a client of mine is interested in the Fly-Away stock."

The Baroness raised her head.

"The Fly-Away Mines!" exclaimed Desmond, speaking with an energy which was accentuated by his previous silence. "I, too, am interested, Mr. Fitzgerald,—exceedingly interested; and if you will permit me to say a few words to you on business—"

"Certainly. In the study, when we have our cigars," answered Fitzgerald, wondering at the young man's earnestness.

Desmond thanked him.

"Redwood?" repeated Mary. "Did not somebody mention the name of Redwood!"

"I did," observed Desmond.

"I met a young woman of that name yesterday," said Mary; "a very nice person."

"Was it Eleanor?" cried Desmond.

"But it could not have been Eleanor—I mean Miss Redwood," he added, letting his voice fall.

"Mrs. Fitzgerald met Miss Redwood at our house," said Father Jackson. "And, if you know her, you will be glad to hear that, although a stranger in the city and a Protestant, she came first to St. Anselm's. The rector sent me down to see her, and Mrs. Fitzgerald happened to be in the parlor."

Desmond's eyes shone like stars. "Miss Redwood here—*here* in New York!"

Then the light went out of them: he remembered his promise to his mother. The meaning of his thoughts seemed plain to everybody present, and the Baroness concluded that she need not trouble herself to be agreeable to him; henceforth she gave all her attention to a very delicious ice. A little later she heard Nellie ask Desmond if he did not find the "dear Baroness" very sweet.

"Yes—of course," Patrick answered, absent-mindedly. "She has a kind, motherly way."

Nellie had her revenge; for the Baroness was informed by that remark that her little arts had failed; and Nellie let her know by a peculiarly artificial smile that she, too, was aware of it.

When the ladies had gone, Arthur asked Desmond: "To what extent are you interested in the Fly-Away Mines?"

"I have a lot of the stock,—that is—"

Arthur interrupted him excitedly. "Then you are fortunate. This telegram came just before dinner."

Patrick read the words on the yellow slip with dazzled eyes:

"Fly-Away Mines in good condition. Examiners have found a new and immense bed of coal. Come."

"What does it mean?" he asked.

"Mean!" exclaimed Arthur. "You had better go down to Eaglescliff and find out. It means that every share in the Fly-Away Mines is worth a hundred per cent. more than before the flood."

Desmond's brain seemed to turn. His dream was realized; he had succeeded by no effort of his own; he was wealthy!

There was music in the drawing-room. Arthur smoked his cigar in silence, watching Desmond's face. The sound of the piano above mingled with the gentle snore from the corner of the table, where Miles had fallen asleep. Nellie's voice could be heard in the inevitable,

"Only a violet, dawling,
Only a violet blu-oo."

Arthur looked from Desmond's face to Miles', and he was struck by the contrast between the two. Desmond's was clear, healthy, capable of nobility, although a dark cloud rested on it at this moment; Miles', stupid, narrow, animalized,—a very different face from that of the young Miles whom Arthur had known at school. Arthur looked at the lines traced on the brow and around the eyes, and shuddered. It was a

relief to turn his eyes to Desmond; he asked whether this frank, bright face could ever come to be as terrible an index of selfishness and sin as Miles' face was. And yet, in Arthur's remembrance, Miles' face had been as frank and as honest, if not as handsome, as Desmond's.

The voice above became louder. Desmond did not speak; his social education had not reached that point where a man speaks often principally because he has nothing to say. His brain was in a whirl. Arthur, whose cigar always consoled him for silence on the part of other people, hoped that Nellie would soon cease her screams. The last refrain of "Only a Violet" died away. It was succeeded by a rattling Wagnerian march by the Baroness, and still Desmond did not speak.

Arthur wished Mary had not insisted on carrying Father Jackson into the drawing-room. He was anxious not to appear curious about Desmond's connection with the Fly-Away Mines; he could not think of anything else appropriate to the occasion; and Miles' snore irritated him almost as much as Nellie's singing. Father Jackson knew how to enliven people; things always went well when he was about. Arthur's cigar was not as great a comfort as usual. The flowers on the table had begun to droop, and the candles to flare. Arthur turned his eyes toward Miles, with the intention of shaking him if he did not awake in a few minutes. For the first time he noticed a dark flush on his brother-in-law's cheeks; it was not a natural color. He tapped Desmond on the shoulder and asked: "Is he well?"

The young man gazed at Fitzgerald as if he had been awakened from sleep. "Well? Who?"

"Oh, Miles Galligan, of course!" Arthur said, impatiently. "He looks bad to-night. His wife would do better if she would take him home, instead of bawling upstairs."

Desmond looked at him in surprise; this was not the elegant manner he had ex-

pected, from Nellie's description of Arthur.

"I suppose I seem rude," Arthur went on, apologetically. "You must pardon me. But the look on that man's face startled me. The blood is all in his head. He has drunk too much."

"But I saw you offering him wine very often," said Desmond, with a frankness that startled Arthur, but gave him no offence.

"I didn't think the fellow was a brute. He'll die of apoplexy or something. Listen to that snore! He must have been drinking before he came here."

"Probably," said Desmond. "People in politics *must* drink. Shall I awaken him?"

Miles was awakened with some difficulty. He asked for a little whiskey, and got it; for Fitzgerald was one of those hosts who would allow a man to have delirium tremens at his table rather than appear inhospitable.

Just at this moment Father Jackson appeared, sent by Mrs. Fitzgerald for the men. Miles grasped the decanter and was about to refuse to go; but Father Jackson, with a smile that gilded a great deal of firmness, took his arm and led him up to the drawing-room.

"I'm afraid the ladies will not excuse us longer," Fitzgerald said to Desmond; "and we shall have to postpone our talk in the study until another time. Can I be of any use to you?"

Desmond stopped him at the foot of the stairs. "Did you really mean what you said about the Fly-Away Mines being much more valuable than they were before the accident to them?"

"Yes," replied Fitzgerald.

"Will you let me go to Eaglescliff with you?"

"Certainly—if you can get Mr. Galligan's permission."

"Oh, Mr. Galligan and I are out! His kind of politics is not in my line," said Desmond. "It may be all right, but I couldn't go about feeling that I could not respect myself—even for money."

Fitzgerald looked at him curiously, and then spoke, with a feeling of confidence in the frank young man:

"Although Galligan is my brother-in-law, I am glad that you will cut loose from him. But let me tell you that politics are made bad by the men that follow them for money. A good man who does not make money a god may be a politician. People who say that a man in politics must be bad lie for their own purposes."

"You are probably right," observed Desmond. "But a man that resists the power of money in our day must be both great and good; and to resist it means to accomplish more good than money can do."

"Hello!" said Arthur, with new interest. "You evidently believe, with Cardinal Manning, that it is better to choose poverty and faith rather than money and error. But have you been tempted?"

"Oh, yes!" said Desmond, flushing.

"And have you resisted?"

"I don't know. I am just thinking about it now."

Mary's voice was heard at the top of the stairs; and Arthur and Patrick, adjured by it to delay no longer, ascended. Desmond went to a sofa in the corner, where, at the end of another musical fusillade by the Baroness, he was joined by Father Jackson.

"You spoke about Miss Redwood," he said to the priest. "I am astonished to hear that she is in the city. I inferred from a letter I had from her yesterday that she was still at Redwood."

"She came in for a day or two. It seems she is about to settle in New York with her father."

Desmond started. How strange it seemed! How could he ever imagine her as apart from her old surroundings?

"It seems that she found Father Rodnor's address among her mother's papers—Father Rodnor has been the pastor of St. Anselm's ever since it was built, back in the Fifties;—and, knowing nobody else, she came to him for information about the city. I found

her very interesting; and she delighted me by saying that she had come because she believed that she could trust priests more than other people in a large city, because the priest at Redwood seemed to have only one object—to make his people good. She must have known some exemplary Catholics," added Father Jackson, looking at Desmond with a smile.

"I am so glad you like her," said Desmond, not noticing the smile. "I wish she would become a Catholic."

"For your sake or her own?" asked Father Jackson, with a touch of malice. Desmond was silent, and Father Jackson went on: "Father Rodnor was ill when she came, and he sent me down. But he has a wonderful memory for names; and I had not been talking to her for five minutes when he sent a letter to me written by Miss Redwood's mother, from which it appeared that, after years of carelessness, she had come to New York and been reconciled to the Church. In this letter she asked Father Rodnor to tell her how best to go about making the fact of her return to the Church public. The young lady looked at the date, and said, weeping: 'My mother died the day after that was written. Oh, I wish I knew more about *her* Church!'"

Desmond listened with all his ears and heart. Every circumstance seemed to be bringing him nearer Eleanor. Nobody but a man accustomed to the most direct intercourse with his fellows would have asked the next question.

"Was Mrs. Redwood insane at any time? Did Father Rodnor know? Excuse the question," he said, as he noticed Father Jackson's hesitation; "but it is a vital one."

Father Jackson still hesitated. Before he could reply, Nellie called to him not to talk: she was about to sing "Comrades." And she assumed the proper attitude taught her by Prof. Fortescue, with a photograph of little Miley held pathetically to her heart.

(To be continued.)

A Calumniated Pope.

BY THE REV. REUBEN PARSONS, D. D.

(CONCLUSION.)

AT the fourth Council of the Lateran, the twelfth General, held in 1215, there were present 412 bishops, 71 metropolitans, more than 800 abbots, and ambassadors from all the sovereigns. Certainly in such a gathering of the learning and responsibility of the world, nothing would be decided in a sense contrary to the sentiments of the time. In this council it was decreed that if any temporal ruler, after being admonished, neglected to clear his domains of heretics, he should be excommunicated; that if he did not obey within a year, the Pope should be notified, in order that he might absolve that ruler's vassals from their allegiance, and thus open his lands to their acquisition by Catholics. Speaking of this decree, Fleury says: "Here the Church seems to encroach upon the secular power; but it must be remembered that at this council assisted the ambassadors of many sovereigns, who consented to these decrees in the name of their masters."* Why, then, asks St. Cheron of Fleury, do you find fault with Innocent for using a power the exercise of which, in so solemn a circumstance, after the decisive events of France, England, and Germany, did not elicit the slightest reclamation on the part of the representatives of the sovereigns of Christendom? Fleury is positively malignant when he comes to speak of the death of our Pontiff. He says that after he had excommunicated Louis, the son of Philip Augustus, Innocent fell into a fever; but "he continued to eat a great deal, as was his habit. . . . In many things he was excessively rigorous, and for this reason his death caused more joy than sorrow to his

* "Discourse on the State of the Church in the Eleventh and Twelfth Centuries," b. 77, c. 147.

subjects. Matthew of Paris says that King John of England knew this Pontiff for the most ambitious and proudest of all men; and that he was insatiable as regards money, and was capable of every crime to procure it.* After this complacent citation of John Lackland as a witness to the character of Innocent III., we are not astonished at Fleury's more than insinuation that the Pontiff had a narrow escape from hell. He recites a pretended vision of St. Lugaarde, who, after the Pope's death, saw him surrounded by flames, and asked him why he was so tormented, receiving for answer: "For three things, which would have caused my eternal reprobation had I not repented at the close of my life." †

Sisimondi, one of the most patient of investigators, and therefore one of the most reliable of historians when he is not overpowered by party spirit, is extremely hostile to Innocent; he goes so far as to accuse the Pope of having accepted the guardianship of the infant Frederick of Sicily for the purpose of despoiling him. ‡ Capefigue, who reproaches all the Pontiffs with a tendency to "enclose everything within the limits of Catholic dogma"—that is, with the habit of regarding things from a Catholic point of view,—nearly always speaks of

* The insinuation of gluttony is not corroborated by the old chroniclers. According to them, Pope Innocent III. was very simple as to his table; never were there more than three courses. The author of the "Deeds" disposes of the charge of money-loving. He tells us that Innocent always defrayed the expenses of his journeys; never availing himself of the custom which allowed him to charge the churches, abbeys, etc., where he might be. He always resigned all gifts and one-tenth of his revenues to the poor. During a famine at Rome he fed, at his own expense, eight thousand persons a day, besides those whom he succored at their homes. Poor children were allowed, every day, to carry off the leavings of his table. Every Saturday of his reign, after having washed and kissed the feet of twelve pilgrims, he gave to each twelve pieces of silver. But the greatest of all his works of charity was the rebuilding, enlarging, and endowing, of by far the most extensive and best-equipped hospital that the world has seen to this day, that of Santo Spirito at Rome.

† B. 77, c. 62.

‡ "Italian Republics," vol. ii.

Innocent as actuated by a spirit of ambition and violence;* nevertheless, he says of this pontificate: "This Pope is the only Pontiff, contemporary with Philip Augustus, who shows a vast and active capacity which embraces the Catholic universe. There is not a question concerning crowned heads, barons, or castellans, not a private or public quarrel between kings, not a difference between barons and monasteries, that escapes his vigilance. His vast correspondence is yet one of the great monuments of the Middle Age. His legates and cardinals visit every province, prescribing laws, proclaiming interdicts, pronouncing anathemas; and every one bows the head before the apostolic lightnings. He would raise armies by a bull and by indulgences; he directed the policy of states, interfering in the government of France, England, and the empire, and *merely by the ascendancy of opinion*. Whenever I meet great ability, I like to recognize it; and, let us say it, Innocent III. ruled his century far more than did Philip Augustus and the contemporary princes." † Michelet acknowledges the influence of Innocent III. upon his age; he admits the popular enthusiasm in the war on the Albigenses, and shows us the Pontiff trying to lessen the horrors of that struggle, and protecting the Count of Toulouse and his son. But he makes Innocent responsible for the "immense execration" heaped by many upon the Holy See, and finally he represents the Pontiff as dying with an uneasy conscience. ‡

Very different from this estimate is that formed by Du Thiel, Lingard, Müller, and Hurter. In the year 1791 M. de la Porte du Thiel published a "Collection of Charters, Acts, and Diplomas Relating to the History of France," and in it he gave to the world many hitherto unedited letters of our Pope. Incited by these studies, he afterward published the result of his investigations into the reign of Innocent III. From

* "History of Philip Augustus," *ibid.*

† *Ibid.*, vol. ii.

‡ "History of France," vol. ii.

this work* St. Cheron, in his introduction to his French translation of the great work of Hurter, makes some lengthy extracts, of which we present a few: "The name of Innocent III. will always awaken the remembrance of one of the most remarkable personages of history; of one whose virtues and faults will with difficulty be exactly defined by an impartial philosophy. . . . Who can refuse praise to Innocent's Christian firmness, when he sees him sustaining, for fifteen years, against a powerful King who is blinded by passion, the cause of an unfortunate princess, innocently become the object of unjust disgust and of cruel persecution? Thanks to the inflexible Innocent, justice finally triumphed. When this unfortunate Queen was again embraced by her spouse and replaced upon her throne, the King owed to the act of justice and of humanity the remarkable return of his subjects' affection, and therefore those incredible and generous efforts which secured him, in the following year, the victory of Bouvines. . . . If it is hard to totally excuse the conduct of Innocent in the affairs of England, and if we avow that the temporal interests of the Holy See were the visible objects of his policy in regard to King John, we can not deny that in England, on a thousand occasions, he sustained justice and caused it to triumph against the most detestable of princes. . . . It was not easy to arrange the differences which agitated Germany. To speak impartially, there was no real injustice on the part of Innocent in preferring the cause of Otho to that of Philip of Suabia. Immediately after the death of the latter, Otho lost the good-will of his protector; but this was on account of his own ingratitude, and his unfaithfulness to his own engagements. . . . The temporal power of the Holy

See in Italy increased during his reign. And if he soon saw the Roman people, for a long time indocile, become submissive; if the provinces stolen by the late emperors soon returned to his obedience, almost without a compelling blow, is it not just to appreciate that ability which restored its ancient brilliancy to the pontifical throne, and without a bloody revolution?" Lingard speaks as follows of Innocent's deposition of John Lackland: "At first, indeed, the Popes contented themselves with spiritual censures; but in an age when all notions of justice were modelled after the feudal jurisprudence, it was soon admitted that princes by their disobedience became traitors to God; that as traitors they ought to forfeit their kingdoms, the fees which they held of God; and that to pronounce such sentence belonged to the Pontiff, the vicegerent of Christ upon earth." Speaking of John's becoming a vassal of the Pontiff, the same author says: "It was certainly a disgraceful act." And almost immediately he proceeds to show that it was not a disgrace.* "In the thirteenth century there was nothing so very degrading in the state of vassalage. It was the condition of most of the princes of Christendom. The King of Scotland was the vassal of the King of England, and the King of England was the vassal of the King of France. . . . Henry (father of King John), powerful as he was, had become the feudatory of Pope Alexander III.; and the lion-hearted Richard had resigned his crown to the German emperor, and consented to hold it of him by the payment of a yearly rent. John, in his distress, followed these examples; and the result seems to have recommended his conduct to the imitation of the Scottish patriots, who, to defeat the claim of his grandson, Edward I., acknowledged the Pope for their superior lord, and maintained that Scotland had always been a fief of

* It was inserted in the "Notices and Extracts from the MSS. of the National and other Libraries, Published by the National Institute of France," vol. vi.; and bore the title "Biographical Memoir on Robert de Courcon, with Extracts and an Analysis of Ten Letters of Pope Innocent III."

* In his anxiety to placate his Protestant countrymen, this author often tends to a minimization of the truth, and sometimes verges on the inaccurate.

the Church of Rome. . . . To the King it offered this benefit: that the very power which had so nearly driven him from the throne was now bound by duty and interest to preserve him and his posterity on it. . . . To the barons it offered a protector, to whom, as superior lord, they might appeal from the despotic government of his vassal. *From that moment they began to demand the grant of their liberties.*" The celebrated Swiss historian, Müller, says of Pope Innocent: "To great firmness of character he joined sweetness and amenity. Simple and economical in all his habits, he was benevolent even unto prodigality. He fulfilled toward the young Frederick his duties of guardian like a magnanimous prince and a loyal cavalier."

If the reader wishes to become familiar with the pontificate of Innocent III., he can do no better than to read Hurter's admirable work. What Ranke partly did in the way of lifting clouds of prejudice from our view of several Pontiffs; what the Protestant Voigt almost entirely did for St. Gregory VII., that the Swiss Protestant minister fully did for Innocent III.

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Saint Anne.

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BY WILLIAM D. KELLY.

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IF to a mother's heart, when first she charms
 Her babe to sleep, bliss comes in such excess
 That words are weak to voice her happiness;
 Albeit dread, which joy but half disarms,
 Her prescient soul doth stir with vague alarms
 Lest in the years to come, with sore distress,
 Our common heritage may rudely press
 The child she clasps so fondly in her arms;
 What bliss must thine have been, dear Saint,
 to know
 Thy babe from such inheritances free!
 For more immaculate than spotless snow
 In her white purity of soul was she
 Who came down from the skies, long years ago,
 A little daughter to become to thee.

A King's Daughter.

—

BY FLORA L. STANFIELD.

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THE street-car was crowded with people of all sorts and conditions, but principally with business men, engrossed in the morning papers. At — Street a lady was taken on board, so adorned with embroidery and jewels that one hardly noticed a modest Maltese cross of silver which nestled upon the waist of her silk gown. Several men arose, and she sank languidly into one of the vacated seats, with a murmured response indicative of thanks. Two blocks farther on the car stopped again, this time for a lame girl with one crutch and a heavy basket. No one arose now. The readers applied themselves with redoubled eagerness to the news, the other passengers stared indifferently.

The girl put her basket down in the aisle, and lifted one hand to the strap above, that she might steady herself, at the same time bringing her crutch down with some force upon the well-clad foot of the woman in silk, who, forgetting her dignity and the meaning of the little cross she wore, uttered a scream of pain and then broke into reproaches. The girl, greatly embarrassed, tried to excuse herself; but the indignant sufferer would not permit it.

"You should be more careful! You ought to be arrested! You may have disabled me for life!"

"Indeed, madam—"

"You needn't say a word. You may be very glad it was a *lady* whom you injured in this dreadful manner."

"It's a queer lady you are, mum," ventured a sturdy woman at the end of the car. "Come here, dear, and sit on my lap, and don't cry. She is not worth it. She's—"

"Oh, hush, please!" said the lame girl, growing more alarmed and confused. "I suppose I did hurt her cruelly."

"Indeed you did, Miss!" retorted the dame in silk, still heated with anger.

The conductor threw metaphorical oil upon the troubled waters. "Here's where you stop," he called.

The wearer of the cross limped out, escorted by several of the passengers; and the driver waited, regardless of rules, until she was safe within the entrance of a large building which bore in gilt letters the inscription "King's Daughters." When it came time for the girl with the crutch to leave the car, the driver, impatient at the loss of a few minutes, was not so considerate, but started his horses a trifle too soon, and she was thrown to the stone pavement, a helpless, insensible mass. The woman who had befriended her, and who had also left the car, was instantly at her side.

"Make way there," said a policeman: "the ambulance is coming."

They lifted the girl inside, and Mrs. Riley climbed in too.

"Are you her relative?" asked the surgeon. "If not, this is irregular."

"Oh, now then, dear, don't ask so many questions, and take her to my house"—giving the address.

The surgeon said no more, and the driver turned the horses' heads around, according to Mrs. Riley's directions.

Not until she was lying in Mrs. Riley's own clean bed did the girl open her eyes. The injury was serious. Her fall had undone the work of weeks, and a fractured joint was all wrong again.

"If we can keep the fever down," said the surgeon, shaking his head. But they could not. She babbled in her delirium of many things, but most of all she spoke of being a King's Daughter.

"What's your name, dear?" her kind nurse would ask. "Alice. I'm a King's Daughter." This was the only clue Mrs. Riley could get to her relatives. "Oh, if she'd only get over being flighty and pretending to belong to the royal family!" said the good woman, who was neglecting

her work that she might care for this poor child whom God had thrown in her way.

At last the fever wore itself out, leaving Alice only a little pale shadow, but with her own calm senses.

"And now, my dear, if you'll just tell me where your people live."

Alice gently shook the weak head, from which all the long fair hair had been cut. "I haven't any."

"But you talked of them when the fever was on. You said you were a King's Daughter, and stuck to it; of course that wasn't so. But now you've got your senses: tell me where to find them, child. They must be wild about you."

Alice smiled. "No, really, I have nobody who belongs to me. I lived in a house for working girls, and the King's Daughters is a society to help us to be good and help others as best we can. That is what this little Maltese cross means."

"She had one on, too. Was *she* a King's Daughter?" asked Mrs. Riley.

"She—who?"

"The fine lady who made the fuss when you put your crutch down on her foot."

"I think so."

"Well, I'll tell you what. I don't believe you two belong in the same family, royal or not; and I've no folks and you've no folks, and you just stay here for good, and tidy up the house while I am off at work."

"Oh, it is you who are the real King's Daughter!" exclaimed Alice, crying for joy.

"*Me!* Good gracious, dear, are you flighty again? I'm only Ellen Riley, from County Kerry, a plain old widow woman; and my father—Heaven rest his soul!—never saw a king a mile off."

Alice has not attempted to explain the matter again, but has just stayed on and on with the kind friend whom the King sent her in her need. And she is a Queen's daughter as well now; for in place of the little cross, laid reverently away, she wears a medal of Our Lady, and goes with her sorrows to the Comforter of the Afflicted.

The Moral of an Old Story.

LONG, long ago, before any of the modern means of communication were in vogue, a certain king desired information concerning an event of importance which was about to take place in the distant confines of his dominion. For the purpose of acquainting him with the tidings, a number of runners, as soon as the event occurred, set out; and the one most fleet of foot speedily returned, and poured into the royal ear the tale he had to tell.

It was alarming and exciting news. "Your Majesty," cried the courtiers, "instant measures should be taken to avenge this insult." And they advised and urged as much as subjects dared to do in those old days. The king, a good-hearted man, shook his head, and intimated that he wished to hear the reports of the other messengers. "They will be the same," said the prime-minister; "for all set out together."—"The testimony seems conclusive, but I think I will wait," answered the king.

The runners came in, all but one. He, they explained, had fallen lame directly upon starting out, and his progress would be that of a snail. "I will wait for him," remarked the king; and wait he did. And when at last the lame runner came limping into the throne-room, the judgment of the king was so modified, and the anger of the people so cooled, by his testimony, that they were able to sift all the excited stories and learn the simple truth, thus averting dire calamities and awful war.

It would be well for us if we acted with the calm wisdom of the king of the old tale. We are ever ready to listen to the first wild rumor, the first exaggerated recital of which our enemy or our neighbor is the central figure. The newspapers cater to this desire; their columns are filled with accounts of things which never happened, and contradiction of information, so-called,

to which they have given publicity the day before. Our minds, wrought up to an excited pitch, morbidly crave new events, new gaieties, new horrors to discuss and shudder over; and when the lame messenger arrives with reliable testimony, we are apt to ignore his explanations.

Of course this is due to the high-pressure speed of modern life. Some day, happily, a change will come; some day we may be content to bury ourselves with the sweet cares and wholesome pleasures of a quiet existence, with leisure to stop and strike a balance as we weigh the testimony in the tardy tidings of the lame messenger.

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 Notes and Remarks.

It is an event of more than ordinary interest in the religious world when so celebrated an Anglican divine as Frederick George Lee, D.D., publishes an essay on "The Sinless Conception of the Mother of God"; and it is exceptionally interesting to learn that in the treatment of his theme he is more "Catholic than the Pope." Catholic theologians claim that if Our Lord was to be born of a human mother, it was supremely fitting that she should be preserved from sin from her first origin; but they do not hold that the Immaculate Conception was absolutely and metaphysically necessary, on the hypothesis of the Incarnation. Mr. Lee takes this latter position, and we assuredly are not inclined to quarrel with him therefor. The difficulties of individual Anglicans will vanish in proportion as they learn to appreciate properly Mary's office in the divine plan, and her unquestioned right to the highest homage, short of worship, of which we are capable. As St. Bernardine says: "Above her is God only, below her is all that is not God."

Those who are disposed to question the beneficial effects of Christianity upon social life will hardly be helped by the study of civilization among Western peoples, who, try they ever so hard, can not completely put off the Christian influences which are, uncon-

scious to themselves, continually in operation among them. Paganism—pure, unmitigated paganism—can be seen only in Oriental lands. This fact is known to all travellers, and it has often been illustrated with unnecessary minuteness in books. The latest demonstration was that of the late Sir Richard Burton, who was, through the mercy of God, converted on his death-bed. Much of what he wrote about the Orient was indelicate enough, but his last work, "A Scented Garden," is said to have gone far beyond its predecessors in this respect. It was still in manuscript when the famous traveller and scholar died; and Lady Burton, though it is said she was offered \$30,000 for the work, committed it to the flames. Thus the moral courage of a woman led her to destroy a work the indiscriminate reading of which might have done incalculable evil to souls.

In the court-room at Rio de Janeiro not long since a non-Catholic jurymen demanded that the crucifix which hung upon the wall, according to the custom of Catholic countries, should be removed, declaring that only then would he enter the box as a juror. The *Pittsburg Catholic* quotes the response of the Minister of Justice, to whom the matter was referred: "The demand of this jurymen is simply an exhibition of fanatic intolerance, for the image in question wounds the faith of nobody. For Catholics it represents God, and for those who are not Catholics it represents at least the Founder of a religion and philosophy worthy of the respect of all civilized beings. It is your duty to reject an excuse so futile and extravagant, and to condemn the jurymen to a fine should he persist in refusing to take his seat."

Thus was fanaticism properly rebuked, and another instance furnished of the intolerance of sectarians, whose sole *raison d'être* was the "tyranny" of the ancient Church.

It is often remarked that when persons of unusually vicious nature have been converted, they sometimes give proof of higher virtue and stricter lives than those who have sinned little. A narrative which proves that examples of this kind are not wanting in our own day has been translated from the unpublished manuscripts of the saintly Oblate missionary, the

late Bishop Faraud, and appeared in a recent number of the *Owl*:

"François Beaulieu was a brave of rare power of mind and body. He was brought up in total ignorance of religion; he allowed his passions full rein, and acknowledged no law but that of brute force. He had spent many years in the practice of every vice, when one day a Christian Indian warned him of the wrath of God, which must surely fall upon him if he did not repent. This was the first intimation poor François had of the existence of God, and its effect upon him was electric. He publicly announced his intention to make amends for the scandal he had given, and from that moment he performed the severest penances and practised the most rigid morality. He could never afterward converse without speaking frequently of God and of the 'black-gowns,' whom he did not fail to consult before every important undertaking. His devotion to the Blessed Virgin was as edifying as it was remarkable. Once, in midwinter, he brought his wife a journey of several days that she might satisfy her longing to see a statue of Our Lady. Afterward they travelled for eight days, through the snow, to a place where they could learn a few prayers and make their First Communion. François had often to solve cases of conscience. He never failed to impose a penance, and his instruction was always conditional—"Until you can see the Father." Once, when asked if it were sinful to sharpen an axe or a knife on Friday, he answered: 'I don't remember that the Father ever told us anything of the kind. If it were a sin, it could be only because Our Lord died on that day. But in case it should be a sin, you would do well to fast on Friday as often as you have been guilty of it, until you see the Father.' Asked whether it was a greater sin to be angry on Sunday than on other days, he replied very seriously: 'The greater the day, the greater the sin. And to atone for that fault, you would do well henceforth to pray twice as long on Sunday, until you have seen the Father.'"

François died at a ripe old age, with his penances nothing altered, and his fervor nothing abated; and his memory is kept among his people as one of their most valued traditions.

The memorial cross which the National Leprosy Fund of England is about to raise over the grave of Father Damien, at Molokai, is now completed. It will shortly be shipped to that dismal island, and the Hawaiian Government will see to its erection. The cross is of red granite, with a pedestal formed of three finely-worked steps, into which is cut the inscription in English and Hawaiian: "Joseph Damiende Veuster. Born January 3, 1840. Died April 15, 1889. 'Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his

friends.' This monument is raised to his memory by the people of England." The central feature of the monument is a sculptured portrait, in white marble, of the sainted Apostle of the Lepers.

Comparison is frequently made between the methods of Catholic missionaries and emissaries of the sects,—between the men as well as their methods. Not a few Protestant writers, strange to say, seem to take delight in the discomfiture of their own "missionaries." Thus an Englishman, writing from West Africa to the London *Graphic*, offers a new example of this difference as ludicrous as it is convincing: "An old priest who had been in Freetown for sixteen years was at last prevailed upon to go home for a year. On his journey the ship touched at the Gambia, when it was at once learned that a plague had broken out. The *padre* spent his holiday there! Here is the reverse of the medal. The English bishop of that time, hearing at the 'palace' that an epidemic had broken out at Freetown, sat shut up in his rooms, his teeth a-chatter with fear, until he could hie him to the first homeward-bound vessel. And from England he addressed a pastoral to his flock, in which he assured them that his prayers went up daily on their behalf."

The prayers of such a missionary would doubtless avail as little as his preaching.

"It is only just to state that the parochial schools of Boston have already attained a high degree of efficiency and progress; in fact, there is not a school in the fourteen in which the superior in charge has any fear or hesitancy in inviting examination or competition with the corresponding grade in the public schools."

So say the representatives of the Boston *Herald*, after visiting the fourteen parochial schools in that city. What is true of the Catholic schools of Boston is, we venture to say, equally true of the majority of the parochial schools throughout the country. This being so, Catholics no longer have any reason to extol, as some few seem fond of doing, the superior excellence in secular education of the public schools.

In one of an interesting series of articles on the origin and uses of heraldry which the

Rt. Rev. Monsig. Seton, who is an authority on this subject, is contributing to the *Home Journal*, he thus speaks of the services rendered to heralds by a priest:

"An Italian Jesuit, Silvestro Pietra Santa, who flourished in the first half of the seventeenth century, is gratefully remembered by all heralds for his ingenious method, since universally adopted, of representing the different colors of blazonry by lines and dots according to a few easy rules. The importance of such a simple discovery to the lapidary, the sculptor, and the engraver, who could thus show with extreme accuracy, and in a language which was the same in all countries, what were the particular tinctures of a coat-of-arms—a matter often of importance to the genealogist and of interest to the antiquarian,—can hardly be overestimated. It is a melancholy circumstance that the first instance known of the use of this invention in England was on the engraving of the death-warrant of King Charles I., to which the seals of the regicides are represented attached."

Heraldry, as well as most of its symbols and practices, was, of course, of Catholic origin. It was the outcome of a chivalrous spirit, such as Catholic instincts alone could inspire.

The *Michigan Catholic* quotes this remark of a writer in the *Atlantic Monthly*: "The transformation of Rome during the past twenty years is unique in the history of civilization for barbarism, extravagance, and corruption; never since the world began was so much money spent to do so much evil."

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands, as if you were bound with them.
—HEB., xiii, 3.

The following persons are recommended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

Mr. Michael Kieran, of New York, who died suddenly on the 24th of June.

Mr. John McGuire, deceased last March in San Francisco, Cal.

Miss Gussie Cassidy, who departed this life in New York, on the 12th ult.

Mrs. Mary Elliot, of Washington, D. C., whose happy death took place on the 2d inst.

Mr. Pierce Johnson, of Harrisburg, Pa.; Mr. John Bradley and Mrs. Elizabeth Bradley, Jefferson, Pa.; Mr. David Joyce, Taunton, Mass.; Patrick Healy, James Higgins, Patrick McKiernan, Mrs. P. B. O'Brien, James Morrissy, Mrs. Patrick Flynn, and Mr. Patrick Kelly,—all of New Haven, Conn.

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



The Fortunes of a Runaway.

BY MARY CATHERINE CROWLEY.

IV.



HE details of the picture could now be observed at leisure. Leaning back in his chair, Hugh mused in this wise: "Here is just the sort of a place I wanted. It is, a queer den, but neat as far as appearances go. Though cheap, the fare is excellent, I'll be bound, or that man opposite, who looks as flush as a millionaire, would never come here for his luncheon. I should think, indeed, that a good many of these people might afford to go to a more tony restaurant. But, as father says, folks get wealthy by keeping down their everyday expenses; so I suppose my neighbors are not above economizing a little, especially when they can do so without any real inconvenience."

The waiter returned, bringing with the chop a dish of crisp potatoes, fried a delicious golden brown, an abundant supply of French bread, and a pat of fresh butter.

"Will you 'ave beer, sir?" he inquired, half ironically, amused at the lad's pompous manner.

The query was a temptation to Hugh. He had never tasted beer, and had resolved that he never would; but now came the impulse: "Pshaw! I am doing New York; why not carry out the lark in the usual way? A glass just this once won't hurt me." Surely his Guardian Angel aided him now in the wrestle against his weaker self.

"No," he decided. "I belong to the Temperance Cadets of St. Mary's, and I will not break my pledge. Besides, I left home to carve out a career for myself" (here he manipulated his knife and fork as if the chop were the said career). "I didn't make a good beginning; but, by Jove, I'll not go on in the same way, and drag myself down to the dogs!"

The waiter repeated the question. Hugh had not the moral courage to say: "Of course I won't take beer." Without looking up, he mumbled, "Coffee," and helped himself again to potatoes.

"Well, 'e is a more sensible kid than I thought," soliloquized the waiter, as he brought the coffee. He lingered near, ready to respond to one word with half a dozen.

"My friend is evidently from Hengland," laughed Hugh to himself. "Is that man up there Old Tom?" he asked, giving the talkative cockney a chance.

"'E? Well, there'll always be a hold Tom in these parts, I trow, sir. 'E's the son of the first one. Plum-puddin', sir?"

Hugh had now reached the dessert and looked around for a *menu*. There was none. One could hardly expect a bill of fare in a place like this, he reflected. Plum-pudding was a good suggestion, and he ordered some. Having finished his dinner, he pushed back his chair, and, smiling condescendingly, inquired: "What's to pay?"

"Settle *hat* the desk, sir," was the reply.

Hugh had taken two dimes from his pocket, but he now slipped them back again, to the chagrin of the waiter, who had supposed they were intended as the fee for which his palm itched. The boy walked up to the pulpit and repeated the question.

"What did you have for dinner?" asked the proprietor.

"Chops off that platter," said Hugh, indicating the one from which he had chosen, as he had seen the man before him do. Then he named everything he had ordered.

"Seventy cents," said Old Tom No. 2, in an off-hand way, without looking up.

"What—er?" stammered Hugh, unable to believe his ears. "I do not think I understood you, sir."

"Seventy cents," reiterated the man, glancing at him sternly.

Poor Hugh! He had only a dollar in dimes and nickels to his name, and here he was required to pay nearly all of it for a single dinner! How was he to get on during the coming days? Even if he obtained work to-morrow, as he fully expected to do, he would have to earn his wages before he could ask for them.

"Hurry up, please!" said the proprietor, with cheery impatience; "the next gentleman is waiting."

"I—er thought, sir," faltered Hugh, "that this was one of the places where a fellow could get a dinner for fifteen or twenty cents."

"Ha-ha!" laughed the jovial host. "Had a notion Old Tom's was a sort of Bowery restaurant, eh? Hear that, Mr. Smith?"—this to the gentleman behind Hugh. "Good joke, eh? Capital! Ha-ha! Fine story for the boys! Ho-ho!" And again his stout frame shook with mirth. "Well, my son," he said at length, checking his merriment, "I'm mighty sorry, but I don't see any help for it this time. Your pa'll have to double your allowance this week, I expect. But if you tell him you dined at Old Tom's he can't but give you credit for good taste; for no doubt he can inform you that you hit upon one of the best-known haunts of good livers in the city of New York. So struck on good luck. Ha-ha!"

Like the policeman, Old Tom evidently surmised that the lad was a son of one of the wealthy merchants or brokers of the vicinity. Hugh was too proud to undeceive him. He felt that there was nothing to be done but to abide by his own mistake; so he ruefully paid the money and turned away, to see the waiter nudge a companion

when he passed, and to hear their subdued jeer as he stumbled down the steps and into the street.

V.

On several of the passing street-cars Hugh saw the sign "Central Park." "I think," he said to himself, "I'll go there and see the animals." Having followed the route of the cars for nearly an hour without seeing even at a distance a vista of green trees or of an open space, he paused to inquire the way of a young Hebrew peddling collar buttons on the sidewalk.

"Valk to de Park!" repeated he. "Doin' it for a vager, vas yer? No? Yer must vant ter make good use o' yer trotters. How far? Lem me zee. A long two mile from here, I should say."

This was discouraging. Hugh, after considering a moment, said: "Well, if I ride? Is it the L— railroad? Is there a station near?"

"Over on de Sixth Avenue," said the peddler, incredulous that any one should want to trudge farther when he could take a car at the crossing. "Go straidt down Vaverley Place here till yer come ter de Avenue, den up a block, und dere yer are!"

Hugh thanked him and started off.

"Must be from de country," mused the street vender, looking after him with pitying disdain.

Hugh had been quite near the grateful shade of trees and a lovely bit of sward, after all; for in a few minutes he found himself in Washington Park. He hurried on, however, and a quarter of an hour later was enjoying the sensation of being whirled along through the air, above the gay windows of the handsome stores, above the rumbling teams and trams, and the ever-changing throng of pedestrians.

Upon arriving at his destination, he went at once to the menagerie. Perhaps it was because he was beginning to feel very tired that the animals did not seem as interesting as when he was here once before with his father. He wandered about for an hour

or two, however; saw the baby hippopotamus and the midget monkey, paid his respects to the majestic lions and the royal Bengal tigers, and called upon the elephants and camels.

Suddenly he realized that the sun had set and it was almost dusk. With a pang he remembered that among the thousands of homes in the great city there was none for him. It may be all very well to start out in the early morning, with hours of blue sky and sunshine before one, to see the world; but when night comes, even the wild beast of the forest is glad of a shelter that he can call his own.

In consternation, Hugh wondered where he should pass the hours of darkness. Singularly, this was a point which until now had well-nigh escaped his consideration. He had a vague idea that cheap lodgings were to be obtained, but where should he look for them? He inquired of a quick little man whom he met after leaving the Park, and who proved to be a French waiter looking for employment. "*Je ne sais pas,*" was the reply. "*Mais, perhaps—oui, you can, I tink, get them at ze Five Points, or encore in ze Avenue A——.*"

He pointed toward the lower part of the city, and at the same moment Hugh caught sight of an electric car spinning along Madison Avenue, a block distant. He hastened up the street and boarded the next one. He felt uneasy about seeking refuge in the densely populated section of the town, however; would he not find there, not only the poor huddled together, but thieves and desperadoes of every description? What if he should fall in with such a gang, who would either do away with him, or make him the victim of some escapade which would lead to his being brought up in the police court the next day? It is wonderful how conducive to reflection is the gloom of nightfall; how prone one's bravado is to vanish, as through the soles of the boots, at the approach of the hours most fit for "stratagems and spoils."

Now the car sped past the Orphans' Home, and the grand Cathedral, which Hugh thought must be the most beautiful church in the world. He timidly questioned the conductor as to the route.

"We only go to the post-office," was the terse reply.

Hugh brightened with a sudden idea. Why not spend the night in the post-office? He could hide away in a corner and thus save his money. He had only twenty cents left, and must make this sum last as long as possible.

When the car reached the great building he got out and went into one of the corridors. He walked around and read some of the notices posted about. He was hungry, but felt that he could not afford the luxury of supper, even if he had known where to procure something to eat. It grew late; and, tired and chilled, he leaned against the wall in a secluded spot and slept a while. Aroused by a chance noise from what could hardly be called a restful slumber, he went and sat on the stairs and slept again. Several times he awoke. He wished he had his overcoat, that the stairs were not so hard; his limbs were cramped: they ached all over.

After a long time morning came. As soon as he dared, he went out and walked around. He did not appear at all like the well-dressed lad of yesterday. His clothes were covered with dust, his shoes unpolished; he had taken off his collar and forgot to put it on again; his face and hands were unwashed, his hair uncombed; his Derby hat was ruined: a man had stumbled over him on the stairs and stepped on it. Something worse had happened, too. Being in a hurry for his breakfast, he put his hand in his pocket to feel for the twenty cents. He staggered back into the doorway with a cry of dismay. His money was gone! A thief had relieved him of it while he was asleep.

Thoroughly miserable, Hugh went and sat on the stairs again and buried his face in his hands. He wished he was a little fellow, so that he might cry; as it was, he

wiped away a tear or two with his grimy fists. But nobody saw, and, he remembered bitterly, nobody cared. A policeman came along and demanded brusquely: "What are you loafin' around here for?" He made some inarticulate reply. "Come, move on!" continued the guardian of the peace, assisting his locomotion by taking him by the back of the neck and landing him in the street. Hugh was very angry, but the shaking caused him to brace up at once. "I must see if I can not earn my breakfast," he said to himself.

He heard a newsboy calling, "*Herald! Sun! Tribune!*" Hugh accosted him with, "Will you let me sell papers for you?" The urchin looked at him in amazement. Perhaps those suspicious stains upon his cheeks and his reckless air told their own story, however. The New York gamin is rude and uncouth, hard upon the surface as a walnut with its double shell; but often deep down in his heart there is a kernel of kindness, and he who reaches it will find it wholesome and sweet.

Jinksy (for such was the name of this particular specimen) understood what those daubs of dirt about a fellow's eyes meant. He knew well by experience the trials of roughing it. "Here's a young blokie way down on his luck," he said to himself; and, notwithstanding the risk in trusting a stranger, magnanimously handed Hugh two papers. When he had sold them Jinksy said, "Good!" and gave him a cent. He tried again; finally, all the papers were gone, and he had five cents, which he carefully concealed in an inside pocket.

Jinksy disappeared across the Park. Hugh wandered in the same direction till he came to a restaurant. He went in and said to a man behind a counter at which people were eating: "Will you give me a cup of coffee and a piece of bread for five cents?" The man had boys of his own, and he was in good-humor that morning. "Here's your coffee and bread, and keep your five cents," he answered.

After that Hugh met a man with a valise. "Here, boy," said he, "carry this for me, and I'll give you five cents." Hugh carried it to the man's store.

"How much did he give yer?" sang out an inquisitive street Arab, who watched the parting transaction.

"A nickel," replied Hugh, pleased at his success.

"Jiminy crickets! He couldn't ha' got any one in the reg'lar business ter do it for less 'an a tenner! Yer'd better look out, freshy! Yer'll have the Errand-Boys' Selves-Protective Union down on yer for doin' it so cheap."

This warning caused Hugh a little concern. "Still," he said aside, "there is no use in borrowing trouble. I have ten cents anyhow." With this he bought his dinner, this time in the Bowery. Then he strolled around again.

By and by he saw some ragamuffins in a doorway, apparently engaged in waiting for something to turn up, but really intent upon annoying and pilfering from a young Italian fruit vender who had his stand at the corner. The youth, though small and weak-looking, was bright and smart. He had displayed his wares to advantage: here a pile of golden oranges, there a branch of luscious red bananas and a pyramid of dates. His manner, too, was winning and pleasant. His smile and the respectful "*Si, signora,*" with which he answered the buxom German *frauen*, and the workwomen too tired to care for a substantial lunch, but craving a bit of fruit; the "*Mille grazie,*" with which he thanked the shabby little cash-girl for her penny purchase; and the "*Ecco, signor,*" with which he greeted the roughest of the men, won him many customers.

But, though gracious, Beppo was a high-spirited little fellow. He was so busy waiting upon his patrons that he did not notice what was going on at the doorway. The idlers had a long stick with a pin stuck in the end of it. When Beppo was looking the other way, one of them slipped out, stretched

over to the stand with the stick till the pin stuck into a date, then jerked it away and ate the date. They continued this till all but one had secured a date. Just as this last boy had hooked a fat one, Beppo turned and caught them. "Stop that!" he cried, with flashing eyes. "*Si, macaroni!*" called his tormentors, mockingly.

Beppo tried not to mind, but a tint of crimson glowed in his swarthy cheeks, and for the next few moments he was more formally polite to those who paused to buy. The rascals kept on jeering at him and joking among themselves; then for an interval they were quiet, and the young fruit vender, watching from under his dark brows, thought they were about to depart. But not at all. Cautiously the vagabond who had not succeeded in getting a date stole out with the stick and plunged it into the pyramid.

Though he happened to be the largest and strongest of the group, Beppo sprang upon him, and in a twinkling there was a general scuffle, the others siding with their comrade against the unfortunate little merchant, who, of course, was rapidly getting the worst of it. They got him down, and were going through his pockets, when Hugh, who could stand it no longer, rushed in and pommelled right and left. He was no fighter, but had plenty of pluck, and could make good use of his fists in a good cause. Hugh's aid gave Beppo a chance to get upon his feet again. He and his champion could hardly have held their own against so many, however; but, fortunately, at this point two other boys, attracted by the shouts and yells of the combatants, came running round the corner, and drove the rogues away by the cry of "Cheese it! The cop!"

The newcomers, seeing that their ruse proved effectual, laughed heartily. One was a district messenger boy; the other, a lad with a tattered jacket and the swagger of a walking delegate.

"I'm Nick Davin, of the D. M. Service,

as you see," said the former, tapping the buttons of his uniform. "And this is Buck Swivels. He ain't got anybody belongin' to him, but I have a mother, I have."

Hugh bowed politely, and soon the little party grew very friendly.

(To be continued.)

The Corinthian Column.

The origin of the beautiful Corinthian capital is said to be as follows: Some five hundred years before the Christian era a young maiden died in the city of Corinth, and her old nurse, according to the custom of the period, lovingly carried a basket of food and placed it upon her tomb. In order to preserve it from marauding animals, she placed upon the basket a heavy tile. By accident, the gift of the old friend was set upon the roots of an acanthus tree; and when the spring came the leaves and branches grew up around the basket, forming so artistic and graceful an object that the sculptor Callimachus, seeing it, immediately used it as a model for the exquisite column ever after known as the Corinthian.

A Grateful Heart.

A thankful heart is better than much wealth. James, the man-servant of the poet Wordsworth, is known as one of the most grateful of human beings. In his earlier years he knew no home but the workhouse, and was turned out of that and told to shift for himself when he was nine years old. The keeper of the workhouse gave him two shillings and some good advice. When the money was nearly gone, James found employment with a farmer. "What a fortunate being I am!" he exclaimed. "When I had come to my last sixpence I found employment. I am quite a favorite of fortune."

THE AVE MARIA

TO THE HONOR OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN

A MAGAZINE DEVOTED

HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED

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Our Lady of the Snow.

THE dawn in misty gray stole o'er the sea,
And, blushing 'at its image there in-
shrined,

With radiance flooded Rome; then swift un-
twined

The darksome bonds of night, and day was free.
Behold! the morn revealed a mystery;

For on a field of snow the summer wind
Was playing, where at dusk sweet flowers re-
clined,

And Rome in holy wonder bent her knee.

Ah! well, loved Mary, did the Pontiff know
Thy message in each spotless, heaven-sent flake.
Fulfilling thy behest, he bade fair Art
Immortalize that wondrous fall of snow,
From whose white depths thy accents seemed
to break:

"Thrice blessed are the snowy-pure of heart!"

The Testimony of the Catacombs.



MANY of my readers will remember that, during the Vatican Council, as the question of Papal Infallibility became more and more prominent, not only those who were afterward called "Old Catholics," but even faithful sons of the Church, were doubtful as to the issue. Pius IX. was one day approached by a member of the com-

mittee appointed to examine the historical side of the question. "Holy Father," said he, "we had better drop this matter. Honorius really gives us too much trouble." "Dear friend," Pius replied, with his usual smile, "if Honorius makes trouble, this is only another reason for investigation. I know what the truth is in this matter, and I know that you will find it in the end." Everybody is now aware that the sainted Pope was right; and that the more thoroughly the question about Honorius was examined, the clearer it became that it offered no evidence against Papal Infallibility. Pius was not the profound scholar his successor is, but his natural genius was one of the brightest that ever adorned a throne; and he here proclaimed a truth which all Catholic scholars would do well to hold fast—viz., that the Church is Truth, and teaches Truth, which fears not investigation.

Many strange theories have passed under the name of Christianity. In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries there was Calvin's doctrine of predestination—of a few created for heaven and the many created for hell; in the eighteenth century there were the utilitarian sermons of the rationalistic ministers, in which the people learned many good things about farming and the manufacture of home-made cloth; in the nineteenth, what might aptly be called the artistic or "museum" religion. Emotional people, with nothing serious on which to

waste their emotions, are sometimes heard, while walking through collections of Greek or Roman antiquities, to utter exclamations such as these: "That little Amor there is too charming!" "How majestic seems that old Jupiter with the curled beard!" "It was a beautiful religion, the Greek. . . I am becoming quite solemn for merely contemplating these mementos of it."

There are in our times a great many people styling themselves Christians whose religion has no more solid foundation than those "solemn feelings" at the sight of a marble Jupiter. Their leader is that beau-ideal of the German Protestant universities, the philosopher Schleiermacher. He places before us, as it were, a statue of our Blessed Lord, inclines his head toward one side and exclaims: "How touching! how exalted! Christianity is something beautiful indeed,—nay, it is sublime!" However, if we were to question Schleiermacher: "Was this Christ truly the Son of the living God born of a Virgin Mother?" the answer might be: "A touching and poetical myth." And if we should ask further: "Are the precepts of this Law-giver obligatory on all men?" the reply would be: "Something sublime, but impracticable, even impossible."

My reason for mentioning these facts is that there are sometimes found Catholics imbued with sentiments similar to those of the followers of the "museum" religion. They consider dogmatic belief rather as an artistic adornment than as an indispensable part of the structure itself. These people do not believe in any scientific investigations of our religion: they imagine the facts of our holy faith to be too fragile and tender to bear examination. Happily, we have a fewer number of such Catholics in America than in Europe, where from time to time they show their existence by adding to the world's store of nebulous nonsense. It is to such as these that the words of Pope Pius are addressed; and it is sometimes well to show them that

Catholicity is not the religion of the heart only, but the religion, too, of reason—of sound judgment and true science.

Lehner, a Catholic who belongs to the school above mentioned, recently published a work entitled "The Worship of Mary in the First Centuries," in which he is careful to make no definite statements regarding the apostolic foundation of this honor toward the Mother of God. He seems rather to represent it as a custom which has about it the charm of the poetical, but which, although not opposed to apostolic teaching, can not be regarded as a vital part of Catholic belief. Lehner's book met with several refutations. The ablest and most conclusive was a work by H. F. I. Liell, called "The Representations of the Blessed Virgin Mary, Mother of God, on the Monuments of Art in the Catacombs."*

The great question concerning the paintings found in the catacombs is this: Do they in any manner add to the strength of those dogmas which are considered exclusively Catholic—for example, the devotion to Mary? And if so, in what manner may they be said to do this? Of what antiquity do they show the devotion to be? We all know with what unanimity Protestants and sceptics agree in the assertion that the devotion to Mary did not exist previous to the Council of Ephesus, in which she was solemnly declared the Mother of God. M. de Rossi and M. Liell have proven beyond a doubt the absurdity of this hypothesis. In the course of their explorations in the catacombs there were found a number of glass vases, adorned with golden figures of various designs. Some of these vases, or cups, had representations of Mary praying for the souls of men. De Rossi and other archæologists have conclusively shown that a number of these vessels date from a time previous to the year 250.

* „Die Darstellungen der allerheiligsten Jungfrau und Gottesgebärerin Maria auf den Kunstdenkmälern der Katakomben." Freiburg and St. Louis: B. Herder.

There were no burials in the catacombs after the year 409; and the Council of Ephesus did not take place until 431.

The tactics of our adversaries are well known. Baffled at one point, they attack another; and indeed great patience is required to silence them. Having been convinced that the Council of Ephesus did not institute the veneration of Mary, they will say that, although this "superstition" might be a couple of centuries older than they thought, it is none the less of human origin, and was utterly unknown in the time of the Apostles. To refute this, De Rossi and others produced several paintings of the Mother of God belonging to the first centuries of the Church, which they maintained had been intended for worship. The readers of THE "AVE MARIA" no doubt remember Dr. Reuben Parsons' interesting essay on this subject in the issue of April 27, 1889, in which De Rossi's arguments were quoted. Since then there have appeared criticisms, particularly from German Protestant archæologists, objecting to these pictures as proofs of the worship in question. These objections, although not strong, are not wholly without foundation.

Let us examine one picture in particular, to discover what science has to say of it. The painting is to be found in the oldest part of the Catacomb of St. Priscilla. When the grave-chamber in the right wall was finished, the immediate surroundings and a part of the ceiling were adorned with biblical representations. On the right is to be found a picture of the Blessed Virgin with the Prophet Isaias. Mary is seated, and holds the Divine Infant on her lap. The dress and the whole expression clearly indicate who are portrayed; and this is further strengthened by the fact that there is a star above the head of Mary. This star is almost always found in the representations of the Immaculate Mother in the catacombs. At her left is seen a beardless man standing, with a roll of parchment in his hand, while he points toward the Virgin. Catholic

archæologists unanimously interpret the beardless man as the Prophet Isaias, who prophesied about the future Redeemer in these words: "Arise, be enlightened, O Jerusalem; for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee. For behold darkness shall cover the earth, and a mist the people; but the Lord shall arise upon thee, and His glory shall be seen upon thee. . . . Thou shalt no more have the sun for thy light by day, . . . but the Lord shall be unto thee for an everlasting light. . . . Thy sun shall go down no more, and thy moon shall not decrease."*

Protestants, on their side, have made honorable efforts to show that this man is St. Joseph, and that the whole picture is a representation of the Holy Family, without any dogmatical significance whatsoever. This theory was especially advocated by Schultze, a professor of Greifswald, who has written two books on the catacombs and ancient Christian monuments. Protestant and infidel critics have united in declaring these works authoritative, affirming that they mark the zenith reached by modern inquiry. About the above mentioned picture, Schultze says that the object of the artist was to represent the Holy Family in an "inner domestic" (*innerhäuslich*) scene; that the painter has kept strictly within the bounds of the ordinary and human, without any efforts at the solemn or the religious; and that the star signifies the coming of the Family from Bethlehem.

To any one who has seen this impressive picture in the original, or in the excellent fac-simile in Liell's work, it will at once appear how utterly false is Schultze's interpretation. But, as Liell aptly remarks, there is no need of others endeavoring to refute Schultze; for he does this himself in the most satisfactory way. Liell collects a number of quotations from Schultze, and leaves the reader to draw his own conclusions. The *excerpta* run as follows: "Jo-

* Is., lx, 1, 2, 19, 20.

seph completes the charming group. He stretches forth his arm toward the Child, as if to express his joy. . . . The position of Joseph's body does not correspond with the direction of his arm, and hence something forced and unnatural enters into the representation; the face, too, lacks expression. . . . The three figures form one closely-united group, which does not permit of separation." Probably in order to make the description more vivid, he vouchsafes in another place this startling information: "If one point is more remarkable than another in his picture, it is the isolation of the figures: they are absolutely without relation to one another."

As will readily be seen, the opinions of the learned critic have about them the shade of the contradictory. The fact is that it is not science which expresses itself in Schultze's writings, but unflinching bias against Catholic dogma. His object in pointing out the unity of the group is to refute the Catholic argument, according to which the painting is made up of two parts—the prophet and the fulfilment of his prophecy. When, again, he proceeds to divide the group "without relation to one another," his wish is to confound Catholic archæologists, who justly deem that this beautiful group dates from the end of the first or the beginning of the second century, when art had not yet degenerated into the stiffness and pomp of later times. The reader has here a characteristic illustration of the spirit of modern infidel "science."

(Conclusion in our next number.)

FIVE minutes spent in the companionship of Christ every morning—aye, two minutes, if it is face to face and heart to heart—will change the whole day, will make every thought and feeling different; will enable you to do things for His sake that you would not have done for your own sake or for any one's sake.—"*The Perfected Life.*"

The Success of Patrick Desmond.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

XXII.

A flash of lightning may kill, but it reveals.

—"*Paradoxes of a Philosopher.*"

DESMOND had no chance to follow up his question. Father Jackson left shortly after Nellie had finished her dramatic recitative; and then the Baroness, who had now no reason for propitiating the Fitzgeralds, began to yawn behind her fan. Miles looked at his watch and said it was time to go. Arthur asked Desmond to call at his office early the next day, and Mary shook hands with him very cordially.

Once in his little room in the hotel, Desmond thought the situation over. How wonderful it was! His life up to the time he had met Eleanor Redwood had been level, like a prairie; but from that moment the breath of mountains and the sound of rushing waters had come into it. He had longed with all his heart for riches; he had dreamed of them. Success to him meant the possession of money and nothing more; he had planned over and over again the means by which he should attain this success—and it had come! He had sometimes an uncomfortable impression that his aims were not sufficiently high, but his self-respect had been restored by the disgust he felt at the sight of the machinery by which Miles attained what he imagined to be success; and his opinion of himself had been entirely re-established. After all, his experience in New York had taught him that he would shrink with all his heart from ill-gotten gains; and that, much as he valued money, it had no charms for him unless it were clean. He had a higher opinion of himself when he discovered beyond doubt that he need fear no temptation to be dishonest; he might be hard and even avaricious, he said to himself, but not dishonest.

The sudden news about the shares in the Fly-Away Mines had changed the whole aspect of life. If it were true, he was rich beyond his most hopeful expectations. He sat up late, in the sickly light of the unshaded gas jet, in his little room in the Tivoli Hotel, arranging what he would do. He had no intention of taking advantage of Eleanor's action in transferring the shares to him until the whole matter had been thoroughly sifted. He made up his mind to act at once with Arthur Fitzgerald, and to assume the proprietorship of the stock until the question of its real ownership could be decided.

He knew very well that his mother would insist on his returning the shares to Eleanor, as she would look on the transaction as based entirely on an insane freak of Mrs. Redwood's, not understood by Eleanor. He smiled as he thought that it would make no difference in the end; for he now felt sure that he should marry Eleanor Redwood. And what was hers would be his. Was he over-confident? He thought not; he did not rebuke himself for egotism or conceit. She had certainly showed an interest in him, and he had not the slightest doubt of his interest in her. But the promise to his mother? He must be absolved from that; there was too much at stake to let that stand in the way. Rich, and with Eleanor Redwood for his wife!—what more had the world to offer? He would be great; he would be powerful; he would make some of those insolent people at home bite the dust; he would repay them for their arrogance. In possession of the mightiest of all weapons, he would conquer. If Miles and Nellie only knew, how they would grovel at his feet! He laughed aloud at the thought. It would make a difference to everybody, except indeed to his mother, to Jack Conlon, and to Eleanor. He could not imagine Mrs. Fitzgerald or Father Jackson giving him adulation after he became rich, but he saw a large part of the world at his feet.

His mother should ride in a carriage and have servants. Here an uncomfortable thought intruded itself. It occurred to him as probable that his mother would insist on staying just as she was. After all, what could money do for her? Her desires and her mission would be fulfilled, if her son were only true to the teachings of his childhood. He felt a keen pang as he realized that wealth could in no way add to her happiness.

A new question presented itself: was it generous and manly to consider marriage with Eleanor from the mercenary point of view? He admired, he respected her,—yes, he could say that he loved her; and yet, in spite of this affection, it was the restoration of the Fly-Away Mines which had decided him to propose to her as soon as possible. He answered this by remembering that he would never have dared to speak of marriage to Eleanor until he had an assured income; and if these shares were really his own, the income was his. She could be, as his wife, the first woman in Redwood. What power, what strength would be his!

The plans Desmond had entertained of helping to drive off the wolves of degradation and despair from the poor in New York seemed vague and Quixotic now. He thought only of his increased power and consequence in the world, and how he would use them to abase the proud, not to raise up the humble. He was rich!—he was rich! He looked out into the street, empty and dimly lit, and said to himself that he was at last happy. Millions all over the world would willingly make terrible sacrifices to be in his place; hundreds would commit murder to feel as he felt. That imposing building across the street, which had before seemed to him such an overpowering symbol of wealth, could be his if he wanted it. All the celebrated people of whom the Baroness had spoken that night would bow down to him if they knew. He was a god, and he believed

that all Redwood would greet him as a god. Even Eleanor, who might, in spite of all her good sense, be inclined to look down on Patrick Desmond from her social height, would forget all in the glitter—but here his better judgment saved him. He acknowledged to himself that Eleanor Redwood was above the influence of money. At last, weary and distracted, he went to sleep and dreamed of gold.

He made the journey to Eaglescliff on the next day with Arthur Fitzgerald, Miles having given a reluctant permission. Arthur found him somewhat stupid, for his mind busied itself with all sorts of plans. They did not get off at Redwood, though the train stopped a few minutes, and Desmond recognized Bayard's face on the platform of the station.

At this time Arthur Fitzgerald was in the smoking-car, having left his silent companion alone. Bayard boarded the train and took the seat beside Desmond, who shook hands with Bayard rather coldly. Bayard's name was not untarnished, but this had not prevented him from patronizing Patrick in days past. Desmond, conscious of his new power, assumed an air of reserve. The time would come, he thought, when Bayard would toady to him.

"Going to Eaglescliff?" Bayard asked, with seeming indifference.

"Yes."

"I suppose you met my sister-in-law, Madame von Homburg, in New York."

"Yes."

"An interesting woman?"

"No doubt."

Bayard looked eagerly at Desmond; his expression did not change. The Baroness had evidently failed in any attempt she might have made to capture Desmond. As the knowledge of this grew in his mind, Bayard became angry against his wife; she was a fool to imagine that her romantic scheme could succeed! After all, it was a scheme of desperation,—a forlorn hope.

"You are interested in the Fly-Away

Mine shares, I believe?" Bayard went on.

Desmond turned his face to the window, and was silent.

"I know you are," said Bayard, quietly. "I know that Miss Redwood transferred a big block of the stock to you."

Desmond reddened.

"I know more about the Mines than you do; and," he said, getting close to Desmond, "if you will make it worth my while, I will give you a point or two which will make you rich."

"I *am* rich," replied Desmond, quietly.

"You think so?" said Bayard. "Can we make an arrangement?"

"No," Desmond answered, looking full into Bayard's face.

Bayard tore up a telegram he held in his hand. "That," he said, throwing the fragments on the floor, "was a telegram to my sister-in-law, containing an important message for you. If you will agree to make it worth my while, I will give you the message in words."

"I hold the shares of stock in the Fly-Away Mines in trust," said Desmond; "and I can not make any arrangement."

"In trust?" repeated Bayard. "In trust for Eleanor Redwood, I suppose," he added, with a sneer. "And yet you say that you are rich, which means, I presume, that you intend to marry Miss Redwood, and acquire the 'trust,'—dear, guileless young man!"

Desmond turned toward him angrily. Bayard picked up the fragments of the telegraphic messages and threw them out the window. The wind drove them back into the next seat. Desmond, angry as he was, noticed this; Bayard did not.

"I can help you immensely, if you will let me," Bayard said. "I think myself that the best way to acquire a sound legal and moral title to those shares would be to marry Miss Redwood. There's no harm in that, after all; but I didn't think you were so smart."

Desmond seemed odious to himself, as Bayard made this sketch of his intentions.

"They're yours, of course," Bayard continued; "I helped to transfer them. But if you think that you hold them in trust, it's a different matter. If Eleanor Redwood should not be willing to marry an Irish papist, you will be in a difficult position. In that case you'll transfer the shares to her."

Desmond half rose from his seat, but Bayard went away quickly. It was well he did, for Desmond's wrath was great; the truth in the sneer had struck home. In a few words this scheming creature seemed to have pulled him down to his own level. He could not deny the truth: he did not consider the shares his own, and he *was* calculating on his marriage with Eleanor Redwood to make them his own. His mother had bade him look on marriage as pure and holy, and his religion taught him that it was a sacrament. His mother, through all her trials, had preserved the memory of her married life with a tender sentiment, which affected the views of her son in regard to marriage. She lived only that she might make her son serve God, and that she might rejoin in heaven the beloved husband of her youth. His mother's ideal of marriage was her son's, and he suddenly felt like an outcast when he saw his picture as Bayard's few words had drawn it.

Arthur Fitzgerald joined him, having been refreshed by a nap and several cigars. He found Desmond more uncompanionable than ever; and, looking around for occupation, he picked up the shreds of the telegram Bayard had torn up. He untwisted them mechanically.

"Hello!" he said. "What's this?" He smoothed out the bits of yellow paper carefully, and read:

"If interested in Desmond, have him sell Fly-Away Mine.

"H. BAYARD."

There was no address. Patrick knew to whom it had been directed. To Fitzgerald's surprise, he wakened up suddenly and told him the story of the transfer of

the shares and his interview with Bayard.

Fitzgerald looked grave. "Bayard is considered to be an expert in these matters. We must look into this. My duty to my client requires it."

"And my duty to Miss Redwood. I am convinced that I hold her shares only in trust."

"No doubt," assented Arthur. "The transfer was the work of an impetuous young woman in—" he checked himself; but added, with a smile: "I see now why you resisted the fascinations of the Baroness."

Desmond's lips closed tightly. Fitzgerald said to himself that he had been mistaken in this frank-looking young man; he was a "crank"; bits of "*airy persiflage*" were entirely lost on him.

Bayard passed them as they stepped on the platform of the Eaglescliff station. He whispered to Desmond: "Can we make an arrangement? It's your last chance."

"We have concluded to sell—if your advice is corroborated," Fitzgerald said, quickly. He put the fragments of the telegram into Bayard's hand and passed on.

Bayard turned, aghast; he had nothing to sell Desmond now. He and Laura must look out for another investment for their wits. And at that moment he regretted sincerely, though he hated Desmond, that he could not look out into the world with his honest eyes.

It was too late for business in Eaglescliff. All the offices were closed. There were only a few sleepy loungers about the hotel; and Fitzgerald, though wildly impatient, could not pick up any points about the Mines.

Desmond went to his room. Bayard had opened his eyes. He despised himself; he resolved that he would make Eleanor rich if possible, but that he would never ask her to marry him. How could he, even for a moment, have built hopes on wealth that never could be his, except at the cost of his self-respect?

Quam Dilecta.*

BY THE REV. ANDREW DOOLEY.

HOW sweet, O Lord, Thy house to those
 Who, storm-tossed, plant all hope in
 Thee!
 Where else can souls find true repose
 Upon life's troubled sea?

Speak not to me of mansions proud,
 Of brilliant throngs and pageants gay:
 Vain show! beneath its glittering shroud
 Work heartache and decay.

Far dearer be to us the soft,
 Deep silence of the house of God,
 Than Fashion's halls, whose floors too oft
 Our feet, perchance, have trod.

More beautiful the flickering light
 That spends itself 'fore Jesus' throne,
 Than myriad lamps, surpassing bright,
 That burn for man alone.

More welcome far a lifelong lease
 Of meanest nook, if near to Thee,
 Than Art's superbest masterpiece
 In sinners' company.

One day at home with Thee, O Lord,—
 One little while upon Thy breast,
 Is joy the world can not award
 E'en everlasting quest!

O blest indeed are they that dwell
 Amid Thy presence, sweetening, pure!
 Nought else our fevered pulse can quell,
 Our sin-sick souls can cure.

For Thee, the True, the Good, the Strong,
 We thirst in all earth's darkened ways;
 Celestial Sion's courts we long
 To tread beneath Thy gaze.

Our hearts are fainting for Thy face,
 As Holy David's did of yore;
 When shall we feel Thy fond embrace
 On heaven's tranquil shore?

* Ps., lxxxiii.

The Better Life of a Great City.

BY THE COMTESSE DE COURSON.

AMONG the countless visitors who year after year flock from every part of the world to the gay Capital of France, few have either the time or the inclination to penetrate beneath the surface of the beautiful city. With its palaces and fountains, its theatres and public gardens, its brilliant "Boulevards" and gay "Bois," so fresh and fragrant in early spring, its joyous crowds and general aspect of gaiety and brightness, Paris seems, to the casual observer, essentially a city of pleasure. Some few visitors may have lingered among its churches: Notre Damè, with its solemn beauty, upon which the hand of time has set its seal; Notre Dame des Victoires, where thousands of lights burn night and day before Mary's shrine,—where many have come in tears and gone forth comforted; St. Etienne du Mont, with its memories of the schools of the Middle Ages; St. Germain des Près, now surrounded by busy thoroughfares, once a grand Benedictine abbey, among the green fields on the banks of the Seine.

But if the churches of Paris are familiar to many tourists, its works of mercy are but little known, and the passing visitor does not suspect the deep undercurrent of charity that runs beneath the surface of the pleasure-loving city. Some of the mysteries of this unknown land were revealed a few years ago in a series of articles by a member of the French Academy, M. Maxime du Camp; and even to his countrymen they came as a revelation.* Several circumstances contributed to give special interest to these articles. The *Revue des Deux*

* "La Charité privée à Paris," par M. Maxime du Camp. Although first published in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, 1883-84, these articles now form a separate volume.

Mondes, in which they appeared, is well known for its irreligious tendency; the author himself, celebrated for his literary ability, is not a practical Catholic; yet such is the force of Christian heroism that never perhaps, in an infidel periodical, was more reverent homage paid to monks and nuns than by this unbelieving but sincere writer. Those who knew only the outward appearance of Paris learned from him the existence of another city,—a city of charity and devotion, rich in generous deeds, in obscure self-sacrifice, where all miseries, corporal and spiritual, find ready help and tender care.

Like all other large towns, Paris has its public foundations for the poor, the sick, and the orphans; but these are not described by our author. He tells us the story of the charitable institutions that have been founded and are supported by private contributions,—institutions that originated either in the spontaneous impulse of some holy soul or in the sanctifying influence of a crushing sorrow.

The first of these works of mercy is now well known throughout the Christian world. From their lowly cradle in Brittany, the Little Sisters of the Poor have spread far and wide, carrying with them their bright simplicity and childlike trust in God, veiling their heroic sacrifice under the joyous spirit that characterizes them, one and all. Like many of God's noblest works, the Congregation began in obscurity and poverty, just fifty years ago. Its founders were five in number: a servant, Jeanne Jugan; an infirm old woman, Fanchon Aubert; two poor girls, Virginie Tredaniel and Marie Catherine Jamet; and a Breton priest, as poor as the rest, the Abbé le Pailleur.

These five, bound together by an ardent love of God and a tender compassion for His suffering poor, began by giving a home to the most lonely and miserable old people of their native town of St. Servan. No dreams of founding a new congregation, of adding another flower to the fair crown

of charity that adorns the brow of their mother Church, ever came across these simple souls. They merely wished to do all the good that lay in their power; and as one pitiable case after another came to their knowledge, they opened wide the doors of their humble dwelling. It was no slight matter to provide for their helpless charges. While the two young girls took in needlework, Fanchon Aubert swept and cleaned the house; Jeanne Jugan went out begging from the rich to feed the poor; and the Abbé le Pailleur, for their benefit, sold first his gold watch, and then the silver chalice used at his first Mass.

It was he who by degrees drew out the plan of the future Congregation. He began by deciding that the Sisters, who till then had admitted crippled children and old people indiscriminately, should confine themselves to the latter; for he thought with reason that, their sphere of action being limited to a certain category of sufferers, their efforts would necessarily be more efficacious and their work more solid.

From St. Servan the little Congregation extended to Rennes, where its first home was a kind of shed, situated in the worst quarter of the town; but where, in spite of its miserable appearance, numbers of old people eagerly sought admittance. Alms soon flowed in, and a new house was hired in a more respectable part of Rennes. But the Sisters had gained the esteem of their neighbors; and when they began to move, the drunkards and idlers of the quarter insisted upon carrying on their shoulders the beds, furniture, kitchen utensils, and even the crippled inmates of the house. Before bidding adieu to the nuns, more than one of these volunteers slipped into their hands the pennies they intended to spend at the neighboring public-house.

From their native Brittany the Little Sisters of the Poor extended their work far and wide. Their first house in Paris was established in 1849, and at the present moment they possess in that city alone five

houses, where over 1,200 old people are received and cared for. In these houses, as in all the establishments of the Congregation scattered through the world, certain traits remain the same. The superioress is called *la bonne Mère*. Except this loving appellation, nothing distinguishes her from the rest of the Sisters, whose severe life she shares in all its details.

That the rule of life is hard and trying none can deny, and it has been often noticed that the Little Sisters are generally young: few among them live to reach old age. In contrast with their laborious and often repugnant tasks, are the joyousness, simplicity and childlike gaiety that characterize them, one and all. In their daily begging rounds, when they sometimes have to walk for hours in crowded streets or along lonely country roads, in sun and rain, cold and heat; in their daily and nightly attendance upon their helpless charges; in their constant efforts to cheer and amuse those who have become children once more, they are ever the same—brave and bright, sweet and tender.

The government to which the old people have to submit is motherly in the extreme. It sometimes happens that *nos bons petits vieux*, as the old men are called in the common parlance of the house, return somewhat the worse from their weekly outing, and the Sisters are sorely puzzled between their wish to maintain proper discipline and their maternal indulgence toward their erring charges. The rules contain a clause by which an old man who returns the worse for drink thereby forfeits his right to his next week's outing; but it is sometimes difficult to decide the cases when the rule must be applied. On one occasion the Little Sisters laid the question before their Superior-General. His reply breathes the same spirit of indulgence: "When one of your good old men can not distinguish a donkey from a cart of hay drawn by four horses, you may safely conclude that he has drunk too much."

In spite of their motherlike tenderness and unwearied indulgence, the Little Sisters maintain, with a word or even a sign, perfect order among their aged flock. They possess the authority that is the natural result of self-sacrifice, the influence that is born of love. In his picturesque and vivid style, our author takes us to one of these houses, whose very existence is a perpetual miracle; where the food that keeps alive a hundred old people is composed of remnants begged from door to door, the refuse of the tables of the rich; where the most repugnant infirmities are cheerfully tended; and where the Little Sisters, once perhaps the tenderly nurtured darlings of a refined home, have become the sweet, joyous servants of the aged poor. He concludes thus: "I once saw a Little Sister tiring herself with some very hard work. She probably read in my eyes what was passing in my mind. 'Do not pity me, sir,' she said; 'our lot is the best.'"

Very different in its object and organization from the Little Sisters is the next work of mercy to which our author takes his readers. In a new quarter of Paris, beyond the Champ-de-Mars, where two years ago the whole world flocked to the far-famed Exhibition, is a large, plain building, surrounded by a garden. This is the cancer hospital for women, directed by the Dames du Calvaire. Its aspect is cheerful, light and spacious; its interior arrangements are perfect; all the appliances that science can invent to heal or soothe the most hideous of maladies are to be found within its walls. But the original feature of this hospital; distinguishing it from other establishments of the kind, is that its nurses are women of the world. They alone watch and tend the unhappy inmates, dress their wounds, soothe their last moments.

The foundress of the Ladies of Calvary, Jeanne Françoise Garnier, was born at Lyons in 1811. She was headstrong, passionate, impatient of all authority, but

gifted with a generous heart and firm will. As a child she was expelled, on account of her rebellious and violent temper, from the Visitation convent, where her parents had placed her to be educated. At the age of nineteen she married Mr. Garnier, a prosperous tradesman of her native town; and, as often happens, her strong nature softened under the influence of wedded happiness. The wilful girl became a model wife and mother; the whole strength of her passionate heart poured itself out on her husband and two children. Four years later it pleased God to take from her all she loved: at the age of twenty-three she lost her husband and her children, and found herself, moreover, deprived of the larger portion of her fortune.

At first her passionately loving soul cried out and rebelled against its sorrow; but by degrees her faith gained the day, and, with the ardor of her nature, she threw herself into works of charity and mercy. Yearning for something to love, she took to her heart the poor, the sick, and the lonely; and, unable to give them money, she gave them her time and her strength with unstinting generosity. The worst cases were those she loved best.

During many months she was in the habit of daily visiting a woman covered from head to foot with a kind of leprosy, and whose soul was as diseased as her body. Neither her visitor's tender care, nor the thousand little presents by which she strove to please her, succeeded in melting the sufferer's hardened heart. But Madame Garnier, nothing daunted, persevered in her noble work; day after day she returned to the patient's bedside; it was she who swept the room, made the bed, dressed the loathsome sores. At last her persevering charity gained the day: the poor sinner consented to receive a priest. But when the priest entered, overcome by the hideous sight that met his eyes and by the stench of the sick room, he instinctively drew back; whereupon Madame Garnier, to en-

courage him, sat down on the bed, and taking the leper in her arms, lovingly embraced her. Very soon afterward the poor woman died, peaceful and purified.

This noble work of charity had opened fresh vistas before the young widow, and the idea of a permanent institution for women similarly afflicted gradually formed itself in her mind. Remembering the comfort she had found in the active practice of charity, she resolved that the new work should be entrusted to widows, who, like herself, sought in devotion to others the strength to bear a lifelong sorrow.

(To be continued.)

A Remarkable Family.

THE Rev. Luigi Sica, of the Society of Jesus, for nearly half a century missionary in China, has given his countrymen in Italy a most interesting and edifying little book of 156 pages, whose title is as follows: "Historical Scenes from the Lives of the Five Brothers Massa, S. J., Missionaries in China, and their Family." The subject of those pages is the family of the Baron Don Antonio Maria Massa of Naples, all of whose children, nine in number, gave themselves to the service of God,—the five boys in the Society of Jesus, and the four girls in different sisterhoods.

In the first chapter of the little volume is pictured the heroically Christian character of the Baron Don Antonio, rich in heavenly virtues no less than in worldly goods; and of his incomparable spouse, the Marchioness Maria Giuseppa Mastellone, a woman of a lofty spirit worthy of the mothers of the ancient martyrs. The Baron, at the birth of each of his children, cast himself on his knees and prayed to God, not to make them wealthy or learned, but saints, and in this view he educated them in innocence and in the love of God. His wife, on her side, was equally intent on

feeding the tender hearts of her offspring with the milk of Christian piety.

Called one after the other to the religious state, they had the full and free permission of their parents to follow their vocation. The Baron himself even had some thoughts of renouncing the world, with the permission of his wife, and becoming a Jesuit with his sons, when he fell ill; and, perceiving that his end was near, he begged earnestly that he might at least be buried in the habit of the Society. His pious desire was gratified, and he fell asleep peacefully in the Lord.

The mother, being thus left a widow, felt all the more need of the assistance and consolation of her beloved children; but seeing that they were called by God to a higher state of perfection, she willingly made the sacrifice. How painful these sacrifices must have been to her maternal heart will be seen from the following circumstance:

The youngest of her sons, Luigi, or Louis, had already several times, but in vain, asked to be admitted into the Society to which his four brothers already belonged. The Rev. Provincial of Naples, Father Manera, had constantly refused to deprive the widow of this her only support and comfort. Finally, one day Louis invited his mother to accompany him to the Jesuits' church, where, he said, the Father Provincial wanted to speak to her. The mother, unsuspecting, went with her son, who presented her to the Provincial; and then, taking her hand, he entreated her not to oppose his vocation. The mother wept, and the Provincial reassured her, saying, "Be calm, madame; your son will not be taken from you in your widowhood." Hereupon the brave woman, drying her tears, said: "You little know, Father, the sentiments of my soul. I weep, it is true; for I feel my heart torn—the natural consequence of a mother's love. But in a matter of such importance these sentiments shall not be the rule of my conduct.

Louis, I am sure, is called to the Society; God wills it; shall I dare to oppose the will of God? No, never! This evening, if it so please you, I myself will conduct him to your novitiate." Thus she spoke, and thus she acted, with a heroism not unworthy of the mothers of the martyrs.

The only comfort now left her were her daughters. But very soon these also, hearing the call of the heavenly Bridegroom, tore themselves away from their mother's arms, —two of them, Helena and Marianna, entering the convent of the religious of the Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary; and the other two, Teresa and Francesca di Geronimo, becoming Visitandines. After this the mother, having offered up to God her nine children, gave herself also. Bidding adieu to her wealth and to the world, she entered a convent of the Visitation, and there she died holily on February 1, 1849.

The sons, as we have already mentioned, became Jesuits, and all labored effectively as missionaries in China. The short space of an article does not permit us to relate, even briefly, the lives and deaths of these devoted laborers in the Lord's vineyard. We can only say that both in life and death they showed themselves worthy of their sublime vocation.

The first to fall a victim of charity on the field of his labors was Father Gaetano, who, having been detained a whole day under the rain distributing help to thousands of poor people during the prevalence of famine, was stricken by the plague. Under the care of the doctors he was rapidly recovering; but he resumed too soon his charitable occupations, which he gave up only when his vital forces failed him.

The second victim of charity was Father Renato, who on one of his voyages fell into the hands of pirates. He was stripped of everything, even his manuscripts and his linen, and abandoned with his companions on a desert island, where they had to suffer hunger, cold, and all kinds of inconvenience, until, having found an opportunity

of returning to Shang-Hai, he was ordered by his superiors, together with his brother Augustin, to take charge of the district of Kao-Kiao, and afterward to preach the Gospel throughout the vast extent of country between Ou-Si and Ou-Ho, where he reaped most abundant fruit in the many souls gained to God.

Worn out by his fatigues, and still more by the abstinence which he had imposed on himself from meat, wine, and fruits, in order to have the means of assisting the Christians in their poverty, he fell dangerously ill, and in a few days was brought to the verge of the grave. In this extremity, there being no priest to administer the Viaticum, he dragged himself from his bed and offered up the Holy Sacrifice for the last time; after which he returned to his bed and became delirious, remaining in that state for about ten days; and then, as if awaking from a dream, he asked the Christian that was waiting on him: "Do you see the Blessed Virgin?"—"No," answered the latter; "do you see her, good Father?"—"Yes, I see her," said Father Renato; and, falling back into his lethargy, he surrendered his soul to God two hours later, on the 28th of April, 1853.

The Christians were inconsolable at his death; and, in spite of their extreme poverty, they had his body placed in a rich coffin, which cost what was for them a very large sum—140 francs,—and laid over ground in their church. Here it remained two years, continually emitting a pleasing odor. The Christians went in mourning for a year; and when asked by the pagans who was dead in their family, they answered: "Our Father." Twenty years later, when Father Le Lec asked a catechist of what malady Father Renato had died, he replied: "He died of consumption of the hunger and desire of seeing the great God."

There now remained three of the Massa family: Augustin, Louis, and Nicholas. The eldest of them, Augustin, who had consecrated himself to the service of God

amongst the Jesuits at the early age of sixteen years, was a model of piety, modesty, fervor, and self-denial. After having been professor of mathematics and astronomy, with eminent success, in the colleges of Salerno and Naples, he chose and was accepted for the Chinese missions. Here for ten years he was professor of theology, and then became an active missionary in the province of Kiang-Nan, especially in the districts of Mo-Kiao and Kao-Kiao. Ill treated by the pagans, attacked by a band of robbers, deprived of his clothing, dragged by the hair out of his miserable cabin, and marched barefooted in a heavy rain, he bore all patiently and uncomplainingly for the love of Christ. Being set at liberty, he returned to his church, which he found in ruins. He set to work to repair it; then came that dreadful rebellion which convulsed the whole province of Shang-Hai. In consequence of the privations and fatigues inseparable from the life of a missionary in such times, Father Augustin's strength gave out, and he peacefully passed away in August, 1856.

The two surviving brothers, Louis and Nicholas, resembling the others in their lives and apostolic spirit, had the honor, Father Nicholas of being scourged for Christ, and Father Louis of being put to death for Him. In the biography of the former we can not but admire that humility which for seventeen years made him refuse the honor of the priesthood, being content to be a humble lay-brother, until at last he was compelled by obedience to receive Holy Orders. Not less remarkable was his poverty, which he so much loved that at his death his only anxiety and his only request to his superiors was that he might be buried in the poorest kind of a coffin.

In the life of Father Louis shines forth pre-eminent amongst his other virtues a tender charity toward abandoned children, and poor children in general, whom he collected in the large asylum of Tsa-ka-we; and, having caused them to be born anew in

Christ by holy baptism, he supervised their education and their advancement in piety. He was almost worshipped by those poor children, and was an object of admiration to all that were witnesses of his labors and zeal. There only remained the crown of martyrdom—the object of his most ardent wishes, of which he seems to have had a presentiment from childhood,—to place the seal on his charity. During a painful surgical operation which he underwent at this time, he exclaimed, with a smile: “This is a prelude of the martyrdom that I am to suffer.”

During the year 1853 the rebels of Tchang-Mão, having invaded Kiang-Nan and taken the capital Naw-Kino, carried their inroads almost to Shang-Hai. Father Louis sent the most helpless of his orphans to Zi-ka-wei, where they were comparatively secure; giving the others permission to scatter and seek their own safety. But most of them would not abandon their well-beloved Father. Meanwhile a troop of those robbers, eager for booty, rushed up unexpectedly, with savage shouts. At the sight of them, and on hearing their fierce cries and the clash of arms, the children and some grown Christians who were amongst them took to flight; but others fell into the hands of the rebels and were killed; some were drowned in attempting to cross a river, but many of the fugitives escaped by hiding in the dense herbage of the field. Father Louis was wounded, taken, and loaded with insults and blows. The orphans that had remained in the asylum broke into loud lamentations; and Father Louis, being touched to the heart by the cries of his children, begged his captors not to part him from his dear charges. His only answer was a blow of a lance in the chest, and he fell gasping into a ditch, where he was dispatched by other thrusts of the lance.

Such was the glorious end of the last of the Massa brothers. Two of the daughters are still living.

The Flash of False Lights.

THE world at large likes nothing so well as being successfully “humbled.” If an impostor only pretends sufficiently, if he has confidence and perseverance, his career is assured. There is no charlatan so brazen that he can not find an eager host to follow in his train; there is no theory too wild or impossible to lack believers or adherents. It was always so. Back in the classic age false leaders led deluded and devoted followers; and so all down through the centuries. It would seem to the superficial observer that to-day bears the palm as a producer of the most varied types of charlatanism; but he may change his views if he considers the “isms” which convulsed New England fifty years ago; the communities, founded to propagate some strange or unwholesome doctrine, which have flourished over our land like spreading prairie fires, and then died away, to be heard of no more.

However, the old “humbled,” being dead and forgotten, are harmless. It is the new crop of vigorous weeds which menaces our fields. The recruits for the grand army of the hoaxed are to be found on every side. Certain restless natures, unchecked by the restraints of religion, seek in the new ways relief for the ills of soul or body. Even the beliefs of the heathen are pressed into service, and the doctrines ascribed to Buddha find many eager to promulgate and practise them. People run mad after the craze miscalled “Christian science,” which is neither Christian nor scientific; and build upon a book, which was not written with serious intent, a great, frail structure, which they have dubbed “Nationalism.” The implicit credulity of incredulous people and the aberrations of sane persons are paradoxes to be met with everywhere.

In looking at all this, one feels less disposed to blame than to pity; for there is not a storm-tossed being, one stricken with

any ill the soul is heir to, no troubled heart that could not find peace in the ever-open and ever-welcoming arms of the Church Catholic. But men and women must continue to grope in the dark, clutching at these false lights, until in God's own good time—which may He speed!—they who were dispersed are gathered into one fold, under one Christ-given shepherd.

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Notes and Remarks.

Those who consider the so-called "Poughkeepsie Plan" as a forward step in the direction of the parish school movement, will be glad to learn that during the past year the scheme operated very successfully in New York. At the twenty-first "convocation" of the State University might be seen zealous priests and nuns and Catholic lay teachers, all taking a prominent part in discussions on educational topics, and striving to have Catholic thought influence the deliberations of the distinguished assembly. The Rev. Father Lynch, of Utica, N. Y., read a paper on "Quantity vs. Quality in Academic Work," which was well received. The present policy of the New York University, which incorporates with itself any educational institution on compliance with certain legal formalities, can not fail to have a beneficial effect on the education of children; while it proves conclusively that the people of New York have done most toward the solution of a great national problem.

One of our French exchanges chronicles a "strike" that it considers eminently worthy of imitation. The coal miners of Courcelles having struck, their wives held a public meeting, and decided to leave their husbands alone in their homes unless they went back to work on the morrow. The husbands, after some discussion, capitulated, and each went peacefully home with his better half. This is a development of Woman's Rights that is not without its good points.

The Canadian shrine of Sainte Anne de Beaupré is yearly becoming more and more

celebrated, and the pilgrimages thereto from various points in this country and the Dominion are constantly increasing. More than two hundred thousand pilgrims manifested, last year, their devotion to "la bonne Sainte Anne," and that number bids fair to be increased during the present season. We notice that many of our most influential secular contemporaries publish accounts of the shrine, and narrate scores of miraculous cures that have been effected there. American enterprise, always on the lookout for profitable investments, has constructed a railway to the village, and it is refreshing to read in the *Sun* that the road has been invested with a *quasi*-religious character. "Cardinal Taschereau, upon Mr. Beemer's invitation, has blessed both road and rolling stock; the ceremony of the benediction being as interesting as it was novel, including the sprinkling of engines, cars, and track with holy water, and the offering up of prayers for the protection of all that travel by the railway—for those that direct it, 'that they may be directed in the way of God's commandments'; and for the passengers, 'that, as the Ethiopian eunuch was accorded grace while seated on his car, so may they obtain eternal joys when their journey of life shall come to an end.'"

There are a million of children distributed among 8,000 schools in Ireland,—this being the highest percentage of school-going children, in proportion to the population, in the world. Compare these figures with the state of things at White Hills, Conn., where, it is said, among a population of five hundred persons not a single child has been born in nine years, the youngest pupil in attendance at the school being in his tenth year.

A writer in *St. Joseph's Advocate* reports a conversion which is not without precedent in the experience of Catholic missionaries. A Maori chief had been baptized in 1841, but had afterward fallen away from the faith with his whole tribe. Some months ago a priest was brought to the chief, who pointed to the picture of the Blessed Virgin which he had still kept hanging over his bed, and said simply: "She has done it. She appeared to me in a dream, pointing with her finger in the direction of Purakau, the Catholic station,

and saying, 'My child, that is the place for you. Call for the priest.'" The chief, who was on the point of death, showed signs of sincere repentance, and the last Sacraments were administered. Three Protestant ministers who hurried to his side were unable to change his dispositions, and two days later he passed away.

The Bishop of Treves has issued a pastoral letter in which he announces that the "Holy Coat" will be exposed for public veneration during six weeks, commencing on August 25. This precious relic was last exposed in 1844, when thousands of the faithful from all the countries of Europe flocked to Treves. The Holy Coat, as is well known, is the seamless garment woven for Our Lord, as tradition declares, by the Blessed Virgin herself. The soldiers were loath to cut it, preferring to cast lots for it, "that so," says the Evangelist, "the Scriptures might be fulfilled." The Empress St. Helena found this garment, with other relics of the Passion; and by her—or, as some maintain, by St. Agritius, who received it from her—it was brought to Treves, where it has since remained. It has been asserted that the Holy Coat is only the outer covering which inclosed the original relic, but a critical examination made some months ago by order of the Bishop of Treves proved that it is really the *tunica inconsutilis*, or seamless garment, mentioned in the Gospels.

The Roman committee formed for the purpose of celebrating the fourth centenary of the discovery of America, will place a bust of Columbus near the tomb of Tasso, and give a dinner to four hundred poor persons on the next anniversary of the discovery.

The burning of the Convent of St. Victor at St. Hilaire, near Montreal, gave occasion to an act of heroism which has filled the neighborhood with admiration. When the flames broke out, Sister Margaret, who was in charge of one hundred and forty deaf-mutes in the dormitory on the sixth floor, found every hope of escape apparently cut off. The helpless little children ran toward her from all quarters, making their peculiarly pathetic noise, and she felt that they must perish with her. But, with wonderful presence of mind, she showed

them how to put wet towels over their faces, and then, making a rope of the bed clothing, lowered the whole one hundred and forty to the ground. At last, with the flames at her back, Sister Margaret descended, burned and blistered—and in a few minutes the roof fell in with a crash; but her work was done!

The progress of Oklahoma, opened about two years ago by the United States Government to Western settlers, has been remarkable; and not less so are the conquests which the Church has made within the limits of the new territory. The Benedictine Fathers are the pioneers in the work, a fact which renders the prospects for the future of Oklahoma not less encouraging. Many churches have already been built, and measures are being taken to secure the erection of good schools and a college. The men, and especially the young men, seem to have the advancement of religion at heart; and, as we feel assured of the zeal of the clergy, the blessing of God and the favor of Our Lady will make of Oklahoma an earthly paradise.

The late Cardinal Haynald possessed in a high degree what for lack of a better word is called "magnetism." Travelling once in Transylvania, he came to a place peopled by non-Catholics, who had neither church nor pastor. They begged him to preach for them, and he consented. After he had finished, they gathered about him and kissed his hands. "What can I do for you?" he said. "You are not Catholics: you do not care for medals or pious mementos, as Catholics do."—"Only stay with us," they answered, "and be our priest; and we will build you a church." The Cardinal was deeply affected, and we may be sure he saw that these ardent people were not neglected.

The death of Père Félix, the eminent French writer and preacher, at the age of eighty-five, recalls the dialectical triumphs of a man whose reputation never equalled his deserts. Père Félix was, above all, a logician. His "Patriotisme" and "Socialism devant la Société" are the most popular of his many books; and his sermons on the Carmelites and the suffering souls in Purgatory, the best known to

Americans. He succeeded Lacordaire and Ravignan in the pulpit at Notre Dame, and made a serious impression on his audiences, though he was lacking in that poetry of sentiment which Lacordaire so peculiarly possessed. He did not enter the Jesuit novitiate until he was twenty-seven years of age, and nothing in him presaged the celebrity he was destined to acquire. Père Félix helped to found several flourishing religious institutions in France, and was for many years rector of the Jesuit College at Lille, where he died.
R. I. P.

New Publications.

THE SCIENCE OF THE SAINTS IN PRACTICE.
By John Baptist Pagani. New York: Catholic Publication Society Co.

Christian souls, striving earnestly to realize their destiny, have ever been led and encouraged by the example of those who have gone before them and were successful in the fulfilment of duties upon which the attainment of their end was made to depend. Example always exerts a powerful influence upon human action, and hence the Divine Model has said to those who would be His followers: "Learn of Me." Whatever, therefore, tends to impress upon the Christian the truth that however lofty may be the ideal which he must seek to realize, he can, according to the powers given him, succeed in doing what others have done, must needs have a salutary influence upon him, and cause him to feel that, with a good will, the way of his perfection is comparatively easy.

As a means to this end the work of Father Pagani, on "The Science of the Saints," is of incalculable value. The pious author has gathered the sacred maxims contained in Holy Writ, and the bright examples of virtue recorded in the Lives of the Saints, and compiled a work that is calculated to please, instruct and edify all such Christians as sincerely desire to live up to the spirit of our holy Church. The whole work is comprised in three volumes, with the various subjects arranged in the form of meditations for each day in the year. At present but two volumes have been published, which are divided as follows: Volume I.: January—Union and Fraternal

Charity; February—Humility; March—Mortification; April—Simplicity and Prudence. Volume II: May—Poverty and Chastity; June—Obedience; July—Mildness and Firmness; August—Diligence and Edification. When Volume III. appears, the devout reader will have a mentor and guide in faith and practice which will prove of great service to him.

THE BIRTHDAY BOOK OF THE SACRED HEART. Compiled by Vincent O'Brien. Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son.

Among the many "birthday books" with which the literary market is flooded, there are some artistically beautiful, and a few are the repositories of poetical gems from our most gifted poets; but how many of them serve to remind us of Brownson's words on natal anniversaries? He tells us: "Our birthdays are rounds of the ladder leading upward; and ever as we mount, if we do not find the atmosphere purer and more invigorating, the prospect fairer and brighter, it is because we turn our faces downward, and refuse to breathe freely, or look about us." The charming little work entitled "The Birthday Book of the Sacred Heart" is a collection of the heart-sayings of those whose lives were devoted to the interests of the Divine Master. Among those represented in the quotations are St. Francis de Sales, St. Bonaventure, St. Catherine of Siena, St. Bernard, and the Ven. Curé d'Ars. On anniversaries one is, as a rule, open to memories and to suggestions as to the future; and while poetical reflections on "Time's Hour-Glass," "Falling Rose Petals," and the like, may be very pleasing, how insignificant do they seem in comparison with these words of the Curé d'Ars: "In the Heart of Our Lord there is that justice which is an attribute of God; in the Heart of the Most Blessed Virgin there is only mercy." Or these others: "Charity is so beautiful! It is a tributary of the Heart of Jesus, which is all love."

Associating one's friends with such thoughts as these must make our friends dearer; for only that friendship which is founded on the love of God is worthy the name.

STORIES OF OLD NEW SPAIN. By Thomas A. Janvier. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

Collections of short stories appear to be in great demand at present; and the publishers,

taking advantage of this turn of the popular taste, are issuing dainty volumes replete with bright narratives just long enough to fill agreeably an odd hour of leisure. Among the most interesting of these volumes that have reached us is "Stories of Old New Spain." A few months ago, in noticing Mr. Janvier's "Aztec Treasure House," we took occasion to record our pleasure at the reverential spirit in which the author, a non-Catholic, treated Catholic doctrines and personages. The same spirit may be seen in the majority of these stories, notably in "San Antonio of the Gardens" and "The Legend of Padre José"; though in this latter tale the good *padre* should have called for the last Sacraments before his death. The first mentioned is a delightful sketch, brimming over with delicate humor and an appreciative sense of all that is lovable in the character of the simple, lowly-minded monks. Good Fray Antonio and Fray Inocencio are excellent companions with whom to pass an hour. Mr. Janvier has evidently spent some time among the Mexican town and villages which he describes so vividly. Throughout his stories there is all that local color that contributes to one's pleasure in reading Christian Reid's charming book, "Carmela."

Any new work of Mr. Janvier's will be sure of a cordial reception from a very large class of readers.

HOW TO GET ON. By the Rev. Bernard Feeney, Author of "Lessons from the Passion," "Home Duties," etc. With a Preface by the Most Rev. W. H. Gross, Archbishop of Oregon. Benziger Bros.

A practical series of essays worthy to rank with Smiles' "Self-Help," and better adapted than is that famous book to the especial needs of American youth. The style is refined without dulness, sprightly without frivolity. We heartily recommend it as a suitable volume for thoughtful young people.

KHALED. AN ARABIAN TALE. By F. Marion Crawford. New York and London: Macmillan & Co.

Mr. Marion Crawford's tale bears a certain resemblance to De la Motte-Fouqué's "Undine." The motive is the same—the desire of a soulless creature to obtain a soul through love. It is one of the studies in the line of his

"Zoroaster." Mr. Crawford never wrote a really worthless book except "The American Politician," and his style is always delightful. Apart from this charm "Khaled" has no great merit. It is a short story, beautifully printed, and made to fill a book of the usual size. It does not lack interest, but the only human being in it is Khaled himself, who is not meant to be a human being at all.

Dr. Ludwig Windthorst. Ein Lebens und Charakterbild den Deutschen Katholiken gewidmet. „Für Wahrheit, Freiheit und Recht." Verlag von F. Schäfer, Barclay St., New York.

Everything relating to the late distinguished champion of the Church in Germany, Dr. Ludwig Windthorst, must be of interest to the thoughtful Catholic reader. The pamphlet before us may be called a brief epitome of his busy and useful life; and this brevity constitutes one of its principal merits. It develops the prominent incidents of his career with remarkable clearness. The frontispiece is an excellent engraving of Dr. Windthorst. This little work is well worthy of translation into English.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands, as if you were bound with them.
—HEB., xiii, 3.

The following persons are recommended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

The Rev. Thomas J. Murphy and the Rev. Edward Murphy, of the Archdiocese of Boston; the Rev. Jerome Kearney, rector of St. Bridget's Church, Pittsburg, Pa.; the Rev. Patrick Donahoe, Lakeville, Conn.; and the Rev. Richard J. White, S.J., New York.

Sister Mary Alice, Visitandine, Frederick, Md.; and Sister M. of St. Joseph, of the Sisters of St. Mary, Sherman, Texas.

Mr. William Schilling, who departed this life at Lafayette, Ind., on the 18th ult.

Mr. Edward Gavahan, of Philadelphia, Pa., who breathed his last on the 10th ult.

Mrs. Margaret St. John, whose beautiful soul departed for heaven on the 10th of June, in San Francisco, Cal.

Mrs. Mary J. O'Donnell, of Cincinnati, Ohio, who piously yielded her soul to God on the 10th ult.

Miss Margaret G. Brogan, a devout Child of Mary, who quietly passed away on the 1st of July, at W. Troy, N. Y.

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



A Day that Never Comes.

UPON a time, as stories go,
A barber of Seville
Devised a plan to help his trade,
And thus his pockets fill.

He hung upon the wall this sign,
Where everyone could see:
"My friends, I beg to tell you all,
To-morrow we shave free."

Of course the morrow never came;
And he would blandly say
When questioned: "See! the poster reads
To-morrow, not to-day."

Ah! sometimes, too, the little folk,
I fear, are wont to say,
When angels whisper gentle thoughts:
"To-morrow, not to-day."

To-morrow never comes, my dears.
There's danger in delay;
Whatever good you have to do,
Be sure you do to-day.

The Fortunes of a Runaway.

VI.



HUGH regarded the two boys curiously, especially Buck Swivels, who had said of himself: "Member of the Junior Tyrographical Union No. 900, of New York. Out on strike for higher wages."

It seemed to Hugh that boys in the city did not get what they called their rights either. Though they were independent and supported themselves, they had to put up with something, as well as

those who had fathers to insist upon their being in the house before dark, and mothers who sent them on errands.

"Yes," continued Swivels, "I'm the only boy employed in the Oradell Card Co.'s establishment." He did not think it necessary to add that the said establishment was a little ten-by-six den, and the proprietor an ambitious young fellow who had just set up for himself. "I've struck because at the last meeting of the Union it was decided that the scale of wages for Junior Tyrographical No. 900 should be two dollars a week. I saw the president last night, and he says, says he, 'Stand firm, Swivels, against the encroachments of the bloodhounds of capital upon the rights of hard-working and conscientious youths.' And I says to him, says I, 'I will, sir!'"

"What wages were you getting?" inquired Hugh.

"A dollar and seventy-five cents. I've been out ten days now, but I won't go back at less than two dollars; no, not if they offer to compromise at \$1.87½. Fact is, I don't care much about goin' back at all."

"I think if I was Swivels I'd have worried along on the dollar seventy-five till I could do better," Hugh said to himself. "Indeed, I'd be willing to take the position now. Wouldn't it be a good idea?" Then aloud: "So you don't want to go back?"

"No—o, I'm not particular," drawled the other.

"Because if you don't want it, I was thinking I'd like the place."

"Yer would, would yer?" shouted Buck, bristling like a porcupine.

Hugh would speedily have found himself involved in another broil, but the messenger boy trod on his toes as a signal to be quiet; and, holding back the irate striker, said: "Pshaw! Buck, don't mind him. He don't understand the rules of the labor unions. He's from the country."

"Yes, but it's these fellers from the country that make all the trouble, comin' here and bein' willin' to work for less

money," growled Buck, sauntering off to air his grievances in other quarters.

"I didn't mean to rouse him," said Hugh; "but I'm anxious to get work."

"Oh, Buck's too easily rattled!" replied Nick. "But about the situation. I'll speak to the sergeant at the office in the morning; and if you meet me here at one o'clock, I'll tell you if he can take you in with us."

Suddenly remembering that he had a message to deliver, Nick hurried away. And Hugh turned to say good-bye to Beppo; for it was time for the evening papers to be out, and he hoped Jinksy would let him sell some more, so that he might earn a few pennies to buy his supper.

The little fruit vender had noted Buck's threatening attitude with apprehension, not being able to understand what was said. He made ready to return the compliment and fight for Hugh; but when the affair was tacitly "declared off," he retreated behind his stand. Now he came forward, with many demonstrations of gratitude; and selecting one of his finest oranges, two plump bananas and a generous handful of dates, pressed him to accept them.

"Oh—no!" stammered Hugh. But as the lad insisted, he finally yielded; and, thanking Beppo, started for the vicinity of the post-office.

VII.

When Hugh arrived at his destination, a disappointment awaited him. Jinksy was nowhere to be seen. A group of four or five newsboys had just secured their papers, and were making various exchanges before separating. Going up to the most good-natured looking of the urchins, Hugh repeated the request he had made to Jinksy in the morning: "Let me sell papers for you?" The others glared at him, till he began to wonder if he had run against another trades-union. The good-natured looking boy appeared undecided. "Now, don't," advised one who was evidently recognized as an authority in the party. "He isn't a newsboy; can't yer tell by the looks of him? Did

yer ever see a newsboy that wore clothes like that—not a rent in 'em, only dragged down at the pockets some? He's too dirty to be a blokie, an' too clean to be a newsboy. He's a fraud, that's what he is!"

So none of them would trust Hugh; but after they had gone the good-natured looking boy came back and said: "Here, I'll let yer have some papers; but yer must promise that if any of the other fellers come back yer won't sell for them, no matter how much they offer yer." Hugh promised. He did his best to sell the papers, but all the passers-by seemed to be supplied. "The luck is dead against me," he muttered finally; for he had not been able to dispose of a single one. "Confound it, yer're no good!" exclaimed his patron, who was not so good-natured, after all; and, with a few more expressions of disgust, he snatched the papers away, crying, "G'long wid yer!"

It was now dark. Beppo's gift of fruit had sufficed for Hugh's supper. He went into the post-office, skulked about the corridors, and spent the night there as before. The next morning he was fortunate enough to meet Jinksy, and to earn seven cents selling papers. Jinksy seemed to be his good genius, as far as this business was concerned; he had higher aspirations, however. For three cents he bought three rolls at a bakery and breakfasted. Having, in due season, also dined upon rolls at the expense of the remaining four cents, he set off to meet the messenger boy.

When he reached the crossing, Beppo's smile and greeting were very cheering. In a few minutes Nick appeared. After a "hullo" all round, he said to Hugh: "It's all right. The sergeant says to bring you along. You see, I'm in with 'Sarge' just now, and he's put me on the lucky gang,—that is, I'm one of the fellers that work from seven a.m. till six p.m. We've more running than others; but, then, it is something to begin and quit work when other people do, 'specially rather than go scouting around at night."

"I like to be out at night," said Hugh.

"You won't after you've been in the service a while," responded Nick. "You'll find that you get too blamed sleepy and fagged out. What makes you want to be a messenger boy, anyway?" he inquired, abruptly. "You don't look like a chap that has to take up with anythin'. Where do your folks live? Can't they get you an easier situation?"

"My friends are in the country," faltered Hugh; "and I came to the city to earn my living any way I could."

"Seems to me I'd a heap rather have tried to do that in the country," mused Nick. "I've heard tell how there's lots of ways of makin' money there—raisin' chickens and takin' care of cows and horses, and workin' in the fields. I wouldn't like to slave for one of the hard old farmers that the stories in the Nickel Library tell about, but I've often thought I'd like to make myself useful upon a gentleman's place. Perhaps, though, *you* had a tough experience with a farmer?"

Hugh hesitated. Before him arose the picture of a spacious home, with a well-kept lawn, and flower beds now abloom with tulips. In the rear, the cherry-trees in blossom; and a small stable with the two Alderney cows, Cushla and Bauna, in their stalls; and Major, the prettiest horse in Hazleton, perhaps at this moment harnessed in the light, two-seated vehicle called the little rockaway, waiting for George to drive to the train for his father. Mr. Courtney's business was in a neighboring town, and on Saturdays he went home early.

"No—o," Hugh managed to say at length; "I lived on a gentleman's place."

"Well, now, I can't see why you left it to tramp these dusty streets," Nick went on. "Mother and I are always plannin' to live in the country. I'm better off than most fellers you meet: I've a mother, you see; but my father's dead. When we get rich we're goin' to have a bit of ground in the country, if it's only twelve foot square;

and we're goin' to keep a pig. I think mother'll be perfectly happy when she can keep a pig, same as they do in Ireland, where she came from." Nick laughed a kindly little laugh as if he looked forward to the day when she might be gratified. "And, then, there'd be a chance for skatin' and coastin' in the winter—"

"But you can have those pleasures here in the Park," interrupted Hugh.

"Skatin'? Yes, sometimes," admitted Nick; "but coastin'—no, sir! there's not a place in New York where a feller's allowed to coast. Of course, if he's rich he can risk it in the Park, and pay the fine when he's caught; but if he's not rich, he's likely to be marched off to the police station."

Hugh looked astonished. The charms of the metropolis as a place of residence for boys who wished to do as they pleased were vanishing one by one.

"Then, in the country," added Nick, pursuing his day-dream, "there'd be fishin' at this season and shootin'. I'd manage to borrow a shotgun somehow."

"I have one of the finest rifles made," exclaimed Hugh, carried away by the enthusiasm of his companion.

Nick stopped short and regarded him with a stare of amazement. "The dickens you have!" he ejaculated, slowly.

Hugh could have beaten himself for the words which had escaped him. "That is—er—I had," he added, haltingly.

"Well, I've never been in the country, but I hope to go sometime. Not till mother can come too, though. I couldn't leave her to worry, you know," continued Nick.

Hugh sighed. With a twinge of remorse he recollected that he had left as good a mother as any boy had, without a thought of how she would feel. He knew that Nick was stealing puzzled and curious glances at him; so in an embarrassed way, as if eager to speak of something else, he said: "Since I'm going to join the ranks, I suppose you won't mind telling me what are the wages of a messenger boy?"

"Oh, from three dollars and a half to four and a half a week," returned Nick.

"That's first-rate," observed Hugh, wondering why Swivels did not look for this kind of employment instead of posing as a martyr for the benefit of the Junior Tyrographical Union; and thinking that he himself had shown excellent judgment in choosing this calling, Nick's disparaging remarks notwithstanding.

"Not so fast," laughed his friend. "A feller's salary is always bein' docked for lots of things; not one in ten ever draws his full pay in cash. But you'll see how it is fast enough. Here we are. Come on!"

(To be continued.)

Catholic Boys of America.

BY F. C.

I.—AN AMERICAN KNIGHT.*

"Mamma, I do wish you would speak to Aleck!"

The speaker was a bright-eyed boy of ten years, who had just entered the house, in company with his eight-year-old brother Aleck. The books under their arms gave evidence that they were just returning from school, and their flushed faces and dusty clothes showed that something unusual had happened.

"Why, dear, what has he been doing?" asked the lady thus addressed.

"If a boy only looks at him, Aleck wants to fight right away, no matter how big the fellow is. And as Aleck is so small, I always have to help him out."

The mother looked reproachfully at Aleck; but that offender, not one whit subdued, only said: "I don't ask any one to fight my battles."

These two boys, although of different

temperaments, became very eminent in after-life. The elder was Julius P. Garesche, a boy of quiet and retiring disposition, who, born in Cuba in 1821, had moved to the United States with his father and mother at the age of six years. From his ninth to his twelfth year he attended a private school taught by a Quaker, where he was pointed out as the model boy. Although Julius had been baptized a Catholic, his father, who was a descendant of the Huguenots, had no intention of raising him in that religion; and so little Julius grew up without other religious instruction than what his pious mother could stealthily impart.

When the time came for the boy to go to college, he was sent to Georgetown College, not because it was a Catholic institution, but because it had a national reputation for its thorough training and for the moral deportment of its students. During the four years he remained at this institution Julius won golden opinions from all his professors and companions, making rapid progress in his studies, particularly in Latin. He frequently wrote letters to his father in that language when only thirteen years of age.

About this time young Garesche came to the conclusion that it was his duty to practise the religion in which he had been baptized, and he wrote home for permission to make his First Communion. His father was saddened by this request, but finally said to his wife: "What can I say to a son who has never caused me a moment's sorrow? I can refuse him nothing." Shortly after this Julius joined the college sodality, of which he became so edifying a member that he was elected an assistant prefect.

In his sixteenth year Julius determined to follow the career of a soldier, and enter the military academy at West Point. Great was the surprise of Georgetown's professors and pupils on learning that the pious and gentle Julius Garesche had chosen the rough life of a soldier; and there was fear that he, who for four years had en-

* The facts of this sketch are gleaned from "The Biography of Lieutenant-Colonel J. P. Garesche," by Louis Garesche.

deared himself to all by his modest deportment, might decline into the loose and careless ways of the world. There was a regret, too, amongst some that one who had the reputation of a second Aloysius had not chosen rather to become a spiritual soldier, a knight of Loyola in the Society of Jesus. Amongst the latter was the porter of the college, a good, simple lay-brother, who was so indignant at the carriage-driver who called to take away his young friend Julius, that he ordered him from the grounds, and so Julius missed the train. But, in spite of the sorrow and indignation of the simple-hearted Brother, Julius left Georgetown and donned the uniform of the United States Cadet.

The life of Julius at West Point was uneventful, save that he maintained the same reputation for manly, upright conduct that he had brought with him from college; and it is mentioned, to show his high standing with the authorities, that he was the only Catholic cadet in his day allowed a leave of absence at Easter to attend to his religious duties. He graduated with high honors, and would have ranked amongst the leaders of his class had it not been for a severe attack of illness, which for a long time prevented him from studying. His class has the honor of having sacrificed more lives in the service of its country than any other in the history of West Point. From the day of his graduation he constantly devoted himself to the service of his country in various employments, giving such entire satisfaction that he rose gradually to the rank of lieutenant-colonel.

During his whole life he was faithful to the practices of his religion, though at one period he was tormented by a scruple, which might have led to serious consequences had he not fortunately realized its deceitful nature. It had been suggested to the noble-hearted young man that if he received a challenge to fight a duel, he would be bound in honor to accept it. Fearing that in such an event he would

not have sufficient resolution to refuse the challenge, and knowing that to accept would be a mortal sin, he thought that he had not contrition for his sins; and so, to avoid committing a sacrilege, he remained away from confession for some time. But finally, plucking up courage, he went to his confessor and disclosed his trouble.

The confessor at once saw that the whole thing was a snare of the devil, to keep the officer away from the Sacraments, and he set him right, by the following explanation: "My young friend, you make two mistakes in your manner of acting: First, you imagine yourself placed in a terrible temptation, which may never occur; and, secondly, you forget that if this extraordinary temptation does occur, you will get extraordinary grace to resist it. Without God's help not even the saints could have resisted a grave temptation to sin. But with His help the weakest of us can do all things. If you only detest your past sins, and are determined for the future to do what lies in *your* power, believe me God will do the rest. Henceforth never imagine yourself in great temptations. It is the devil who puts such thoughts in your head." This prudent advice rescued the young man from his peril, and ever after he approached the Sacraments regularly.

The wonderful part of this incident is that the words of the priest literally proved prophetic; for Colonel Garesche, in after-life, actually was tempted to fight a duel, and, with God's grace, he stood the test bravely. The occasion was as follows:

A party of soldiers were disinterring the body of an officer to send the remains home, when a drunken officer who was present said boisterously that he would dig up his poor friend; but he had scarcely taken up the spade when he stumbled and fell. The major, who was directing the work, then signed to the soldiers to continue their labor; but the drunken officer pushed them aside, and began again his self-imposed task, when he once more stumbled,

and this time fell prone into the open grave. At this the major became angry, and ordered the soldiers to "remove that drunken fellow." Colonel Garesche, who was looking on, whispered to his neighbor, as though in excuse for the officer: "The poor fellow has been drinking too much."

A few moments later a man touched Colonel Garesche on the shoulder, and informed him that the officer wished to speak with him. The Colonel immediately walked over to him, and was greeted with the maudlin question: "Did you say I was a drunken fellow?" Colonel Garesche was about to say "No," which he could have done in all conscience; for it was the major, and not he, who had called him "a drunken fellow." But, recollecting his whisper, he thought it would not be perfectly truthful to deny the accusation, so he replied: "I did make some such remark, but—" Without waiting for any explanation, the drunken officer broke in: "Well, sir, you are a liar!"

This was an undisguised insult, and so meant to be; and, according to the foolish code of honor prevailing in the army at that day, Mr. Garesche was supposed to maintain his reputation by sending a challenge. This, however, he could not do, according to his religion. In great anguish of mind as to his course of conduct, and drawn in opposite directions by the dictates of conscience and a false sense of honor, he waited anxiously, in the hope that the officer would apologize as soon as he recovered his senses and realized his mistake. But the officer apparently belonged to that class of proud men who never apologize for anything. No apology came; and Garesche, with heroic moral courage, determined to follow conscience. He overcame himself and "swallowed" the insult.

Thus, according to the confessor's prophecy, did grace triumph over nature. And the officers of the army, far from taunting their comrade with cowardice for not send-

ing a challenge, admired him for his moral bravery in disregarding the opinion of men, and standing up for Catholic principles; and many of them, with a delicate regard for his sensibilities, called on him the next day, just to show that their opinion of him was still unchanged. As a sequel to this story, and to prove who was the braver, Julius Garesche or the insulting officer, it may be mentioned that the latter, though professing a belief in the duelling code, afterward proved an arrant coward, by refusing, from motives of fear, to take up a challenge, whereas the former died fighting for his country.

Amongst the Colonel's many good qualities, his modesty and humility were conspicuous. A striking instance of these virtues is furnished on one occasion when the Colonel was drilling his company, and one of the men, who was intoxicated, made several blunders. The Colonel finally lost his patience and cried out: "What the devil are you doing there, Smith?" Now, although this expression is unchristian and ungentlemanly, it is not at all uncommon in a soldier's vocabulary, and most commanders would not have given it a second thought. Not so Colonel Garesche; for his nature was too exquisitely sensitive to the requirements of Christian delicacy to allow this slip to go unheeded. When the drill was over, and the men were standing in line ready for the command, "Break ranks!" up walks their captain, and, stopping before the tipsy private, takes off his cap, saying, "I beg your pardon, Smith, for the manner in which I spoke." The surprise of the company at this public act of humility may be imagined. The idea of a military commander humbling himself before his whole company, and that, too, for so slight a fault, was something too rare not to make a deep impression. The wonder is that so delicate a conscience could flower in the chilling atmosphere of a soldier's life; but we shall see that it did.



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Our Lady of Perpetual Succor.

BY THE REV. W. H. KENT, O. S. C.

OH, ever help me, Mary Mother mine;
 And ask thine Infant Jesus for the grace
 That I do need! See, with a beaming face
 He places both His little hands in thine;
 As, while His eyes with tender mercy shine,
 He gives all gifts and graces unto thee,
 That with them thou mayst aid and succor me.
 By thy sweet love my errant heart confine;
 And lead me onward, Mother, thro' the night
 Of fear and sorrow, to the endless day,
 Where reign true peace and never-fading light,
 And happiness that ne'er shall pass away.
 Then, when the night is past, and then alone,
 Will all thy loving care for me be known!

An Ancient English Shrine of the Blessed Virgin.

BY ELLIS SCHREIBER.

TO those who believe that devotion to the Mother of God forms an integral part of the Christian religion, the fact that it was preached and practised in England at a date coeval with the introduction of Christianity does not require proof. Yet if wanted, proofs might be adduced, no less from the history of the British than that

of the Anglo-Saxon Church. The number and antiquity of the shrines dedicated to Our Lady of which history gives record, the frequency with which we find her name attached to towns or villages, bear evidence to the fact that our forefathers were taught to love and honor Mary by the first heralds of the Gospel who landed on their shores.

Few countries were as rich in sanctuaries consecrated to the Blessed Mother of God as old Catholic England, which, as most readers are aware, derived its beautiful title of the Dowry of Mary from the churches which bore her name, of which a large proportion are still standing. Many of these were places of pilgrimage, resorted to with pious devotion by crowds of fervent pilgrims, from the haughty monarch to the humble peasant. Scattered through the writings of ancient historians notices are found of particular favors granted through the intercession of the Queen of Heaven to those who invoked her mercy at the shrines where she was pleased to manifest her loving kindness, and which had not unfrequently been rendered sacred by her visible presence.

The most ancient and venerable sanctuary of Our Lady in England was Glastonbury, where, as tradition relates, stood the first Christian temple erected in the island. This is said to have been, in its original shape, a little oratory formed of branches interwoven together, constructed by St. Joseph of Arimathea, to whom some attrib-

ute the introduction of Christianity into Britain. However this may be, there remains the fact, proved by primitive tradition and existing charters, that long before the invasion of the Saxons there was a church dedicated to our Blessed Lady at Glastonbury, which is described as "an ancient and holy spot, chosen and sanctified by God, in honor of the Immaculate Mother of God, the Most Blessed Virgin Mary." William of Malmesbury, in the twelfth century, gave the story as he had read it in old records:

"Now, Joseph of Arimathea came with twelve companions to Britain, and had assigned to them by the pagan King Arviragus a kind of island in the swamps not far from Wells, in Somersetshire. The island was called Avalon, and afterward Glastonbury. Soon after these holy men had commenced their common life in this desert island, they were admonished in a vision by the Angel Gabriel that they should build there, on a spot designated from on high, a church in honor of the Blessed and Holy Virgin Mother of God. Prompt obedience was given to this command. Walls were erected of wattled osiers, and a small chapel was completed by them in the thirty-first year from the Passion, and the fifteenth after the Assumption of the ever-glorious Virgin. Poor indeed it was in appearance, but it was richly adorned with divine benedictions; and as it was the first church that had ever been built in this land, so did the Son of God distinguish it by directing that it should be dedicated in honor of His Virgin Mother. . . . In course of time all of them were taken away from this earthly prison, and then the spot which had been the dwelling of saints became the haunt of wild animals, until it pleased the Blessed Virgin to bring the remembrance of her oratory back to the minds of the faithful."

About two centuries later a church of stone was built on the site of the primitive chapel. This appears to have been dedi-

cated to SS. Peter and Paul; but in 530 St. David, attracted by the sanctity of the spot, and the report of the "many and unheard-of miracles" that had taken place there, visited Glastonbury with seven of his suffragan bishops. He added a chapel to the east side of the church, which he consecrated to the honor of our Blessed Lady; and adorned the altar with a sapphire of inestimable value, which was called the Great Sapphire of Glastonbury. This jewel was fixed in a golden super-altar; subsequently it was hidden for security's sake, and the place of its concealment forgotten. It was discovered at a later period, and magnificently set in gold and silver, and surrounded with precious stones; its final fate was to be delivered into the rapacious hands of Henry VIII. on the suppression of the monasteries.

In 542 the good King Arthur, nephew of St. David, being mortally wounded in the battle of Camlan, was carried to Glastonbury, that he might prepare himself more perfectly, under the protection of our Blessed Lady, for departure out of this world for life eternal. It is recorded of this hero of chivalry that he was most devout to the Mother of God, and bore her image with him into battle. It is likewise said that he had her effigy painted inside his shield, that she many times miraculously defended him, and that his greatest victories were gained by her special help. From the time of the building of the chapel by St. David, the whole church was again spoken of as the Church of the Blessed Virgin. William of Malmesbury particularly mentions in his chronicles that kings and the leading men of the land eagerly sought to be buried at Glastonbury, so that they might await the day of doom under the patronage of Our Lady. He gives a list of many who were there interred.

In 708 Ina, King of the West Saxons, in gratitude for the prosperity of his reign, which he attributed to the special patronage of Our Lady, rebuilt both church and

monastery on a grand scale, giving them a new charter of privileges, and endowing the new edifice with a profusion of costly treasures. The catalogue of King Ina's gifts deserves insertion, as an instance of royal munificence in the ages of faith; it will bear comparison with any similar record of offerings made at the celebrated shrines of Montserrat or Loreto. In the first place, the Chapel of St. Joseph, which he attached to the church, was entirely plated over with precious metals; this was called the "Silver Chapel," and on it he is said to have expended 2,640 pounds weight of silver, with 264 pounds weight of gold for the altar. Besides which he presented a gold chalice; a paten weighing 10 pounds, and a gold thurible; two silver candlesticks; a gold cover for the Book of the Gospels; images of Our Lord, the Blessed Virgin, and the Apostles; lastly, a pall for the altar and other vestments, all of cloth of gold, curiously wrought and adorned with precious stones. Among the relics preserved at Glastonbury was a portion of Our Lady's girdle and of her robe. The girdle is described as "of red silk, a solemn relique, sent to women in travail." These relics were sacrilegiously seized by the visitors sent to the abbey by the infamous Henry VIII., and their fate is unknown.

The next benefactor of Glastonbury was King Edgar, surnamed the Peaceable, who laid his sceptre on the altar of Our Lady, and solemnly placed his kingdom under her patronage. This sceptre was beautifully fashioned of ivory and adorned with gold; it was laid on the altar in confirmation of the charter of especial privileges which the King at the same time granted to the abbot and monks, in the presence and with the consent of his prelates and nobles. Afterward he caused this sceptre to be cut in two, that no future abbot might give or sell it to any one; commanding one portion of it to be kept on the spot for a testimony of the aforesaid donation.

During the period of the Danish incursions, the church so magnificently endowed fell into partial decay, though it never ceased to be regarded with singular devotion. Its restoration was effected by St. Dunstan, who received his early education at Glastonbury, imbibing from his infancy, as was natural, a deep and fervent devotion to the Blessed Mother of God. Amongst the legends connected with the life of this Saint, and the popular devotion paid to Our Lady in this sanctuary, is one which speaks of a miraculous sign granted to his mother Kyndreda before his birth, which seemed to foreshadow the future greatness of her child.

On the Feast of the Purification Kyndreda and her husband, Herstan, were attending the solemn Mass of that day in the Church of Our Lady; and, according to custom, they, in common with the rest of those present, held in their hands the burning tapers they were afterward to offer at the altar. Suddenly every taper was extinguished; and as the people looked about to discover the cause of so strange an accident, they beheld the candle which Kyndreda bore all at once relighted by a flame descending, to all appearance, from heaven. Hastening to her, they all relit their tapers from the one she held, and regarded the incident as betokening some special grace which should be granted to her child, who they felt sure would prove a favored client of the Immaculate Virgin. This was indeed the case. Many are the wonderful visions, ecstasies and supernatural favors recorded of the Saint, and great was the zeal he manifested in increasing the glory of the Queen of Angels. The devotion he bore toward her probably had an influence over the Anglo-Saxon princes, whose counsels he directed; for they are all spoken of by their historians as special clients of Our Lady.

After a brief time spent at the court of Athelstan, Dunstan returned to Glastonbury, and led an eremitical life in a cell

which he had constructed for himself, until he was called to fill the archiepiscopal throne of Canterbury. When watching by night in her sanctuary, the devout servant of Mary was frequently rewarded for his devotion by her visible presence. The obscurity of the sacred edifice would be suddenly illuminated by a brilliant light, and the stillness broken by the singing of angels; while our Heavenly Mother, surrounded by a choir of virgins, would come toward her client, and graciously smile upon and encourage him.

Many persons were attracted to Glastonbury by the fame of Dunstan's sanctity. Among these was a certain lady of the blood-royal, named Ethelsgina, who was so charmed by his instructions that she caused a small habitation to be built adjoining Our Lady's sanctuary, wherein she spent the remainder of her days, frequenting the church both by day and night, and spending her time in the exercise of prayer, almsdeeds, and penance. Ethelsgina shared the devotion of her spiritual Father toward Our Lady of Glastonbury, and abundantly supplied the means for keeping up divine service in her favorite shrine. And in return Our Lady bestowed so many favors upon her that she was said to obtain whatsoever she asked in prayer.

There was at Glastonbury a beautiful image of the Blessed Mother of God. This was placed over the high altar, in a tabernacle elaborately carved and of excellent workmanship. Toward the end of the fourteenth century the abbot then ruling clothed it "very becomingly" in gold and silver, and adorned it with precious stones. This image, with the relics belonging to the church, was carried with veneration in the processions which took place on the principal festivals. During the reign of Henry II. the church was burned to the ground, but the image was miraculously preserved. Although the fire consumed all the altarcloths and ornaments, wonderful to relate, it did not touch the statue; the veil upon

its head even was not singed by the flames. Nevertheless, it is recorded that the heat of the fire caused several blisters to rise upon its face, as upon the face of a living man, which long remained in proof of the divine protection.

Henry II. determined that the church should be rebuilt by himself or his successor more magnificently than ever. He confirmed to the church called, as the charter says, by some the Mother of Saints, by others the Tomb of Saints (built originally by the very disciples of Our Lord, and dedicated, according to ancient authority, to the Mother of God by our Lord Himself), all the privileges granted by his predecessors William I. and William II., his grandfather Henry, and the more ancient kings. There is a long series of regal evidence showing the profound veneration in which the church of our Blessed Lady at Glastonbury was held, and the devotion of the early rulers of the land to the Mother of Our Lord.

The glory has now, alas! departed from this ancient and venerated sanctuary. The abbey and church have long since been demolished by sacrilegious hands; and of the shrine of Mary nothing remains but a picturesque ruin, roofless, and overgrown with ivy or lichen. The chancel still stands, and a portion of the walls, with their slender columns and graceful pointed arches, forming an object of attraction to the archaeologist and the artist. But there is nothing to suggest to the mind of the visitor that the spot whereon he stands is one which, in olden days, was chosen by the Queen of Heaven for the bestowal of supernatural favors on her faithful subjects.

It is no man's business whether he has genius or not: work he must, whatever he is; but quietly and steadily. And the natural and unforced results of such work will always be the things that God meant him to do, and will be his best.—*Ruskin.*

The Better Life of a Great City.

BY THE COMTESSE DE COURSON.

(CONTINUED.)

AS we have said, Madame Garnier was poor; but she had unbounded trust in God and an indomitable perseverance. She began by hiring a room, where she established three women afflicted with cancer. One of these, surnamed "Marie la Brûlée" (Burnt Mary), was so frightful an object that the cabman who was required to remove her to her new home refused to let her be put into his cab. Madame Garnier did not stop to discuss the matter, but taking Marie on her shoulders, she carried her through the streets to the little hospital.

Poor herself, and having nothing to contribute to her new foundation but her time and her efforts, Madame Garnier bravely set to work and begged from her fellow-citizens. When she had collected a small sum, she laid her plan before the Archbishop of Lyons, Cardinal de Bonald, who admired and approved it. "Your project is good, but difficult to realize. God will help you. Go on bravely, and count on me. You must call your work the Association of the Dames du Calvaire."

In 1845 the brave foundress, around whom a few widows had gathered, was able to establish her invalids in a larger house; and about the same time she drew up the rules of her Association, to which new members were daily added. These rules are very simple. The Ladies of Calvary do not form a religious order, but an association of pious widows, devoted to a special object—the care of poor women afflicted with cancer. They have a superioress and are divided into four distinct classes. The first category comprises the Dames Agrégées, who live in their own homes, and only come to the hospital on stated days to take their turn in tending the sick. The second

category includes the widowed ladies who, while keeping the free disposal of their fortunes, reside at the hospital and direct its organization. The third and fourth categories comprise other ladies, all widows, some of whom undertake to collect alms for the support of the institution; and still others, called associates, who merely contribute a yearly subscription. None of them take any vows, and this constitutes the peculiar feature of the Association, and opens it to many women who, while living in their families and mixing with the world, can sanctify their widowhood by devoting a certain portion of their time to an heroic work of mercy.

When Madame Garnier died in 1853, worn out by her incessant labors, the institution born of her isolation and her sorrow was already full of life and of promises of future development. For some years after her death, however, the Ladies of Calvary did not extend their work beyond Lyons. It was only in 1874 that they established a hospital in Paris, and its beginnings were very humble; but in 1880 the present house of the Rue Lourmel, at Grenelle, was opened. The quarter of the town is healthy and airy, inhabited chiefly by workmen; and the interior of the hospital is not only scrupulously clean, but even bright and sunny. Still, the wards where so many human beings, tortured by a hideous malady, are wearing out their lives, must be a severe trial to the nerves and senses.

Every morning, a little before nine, those of the Ladies of Calvary who live in their own homes, and whose duty calls them on stated days to attend the sick, assemble outside the wards. On entering the hospital, these women of the world put on, over their black dresses, the white apron, white sleeves, and the silver cross—badge of the Association. They come from all parts of Paris,—some young, others grown old in saddened widowhood. Most of them are wealthy, many are highly born; among the most assiduous is a duchess,

well known in Paris. And the fact that the hospital is directed by women who are not members of a religious order, who keep their individuality, their dress and their position in the world, gives it characteristic traits and features very different from, but no less edifying than, the more uniform appearance of a religious community.

Before beginning their work the Ladies kneel down, and one of them, in the name of all, repeats a prayer, the concluding words of which run thus: "Give, O Lord, to our sick patience and resignation; and to ourselves the spirit of faith and charity!" Then each one takes her place by the bedside of her special charge, and the work of love begins. These rich, elegant and refined women, some of whom bear historic names that once echoed at the courts of Versailles and the Tuileries, smilingly endure sights and sounds that make even strong men turn sick. Their work is no sinecure, no make-believe at nursing. A certain number of maid-servants are attached to the hospital, and to them is entrusted the housework; but it is the widowed Ladies of Calvary alone who dress the wounds, wash and comb the sufferers, feed them, attend to all their wants, and even sort out the tainted bandages and compresses before they are sent to the wash. They do this not once or twice, by chance or caprice, but steadily, regularly, at stated days and hours; and few suspect that the woman who in the world is charming and refined as ever, has devoted part of her life to the heroic tasks of a Sister of Charity.

Besides the Ladies who come at certain times to take their turn in attending the sick, there are the members of the Association who, as we have stated, live in the hospital. They make no vows, dress as women of the world, and pay a certain sum to the hospital for their board and lodging. It is they who watch by the sufferers at night, lay them out after their death, and follow them to their last resting-place; besides directing the interior organization of

the institute, and keeping the accounts.

From the hospital of the Rue Lourmel, a foundation of recent date, our author takes us to a hospital whose patron was born in Portugal four hundred years ago. John Cindad, afterward called John of God, began life as a shepherd; then he became a soldier, then a servant, and lastly a tradesman. At the age of twenty-three he was converted to a stricter mode of life, and his contrition for his past sins found vent in such violent demonstrations that the inhabitants of Granada decided that he must be either mad or possessed by the devil. He was imprisoned in a hospital and severely beaten; but when, after his release, he was seen devoting himself to the poor and sick, the tide of popular feeling was turned, and those who had insulted him now revered him as a saint.

The histories of the time give us a fearful picture of the state of the public hospitals all over Europe in the fifteenth century. The inmates were huddled together in the same room, and often several sufferers occupied the same bed. Cases of fever, small-pox and leprosy were not separated from the rest; and both the insane and the sick were treated with an utter disregard of the first principles of common cleanliness and common-sense. John of God's personal experience of the hospital of Granada may have served him in good stead. At any rate, in the hospital which he established he decided that each sick person should have a bed to himself, and also that those afflicted with contagious diseases should be separated from the rest; two measures hitherto unknown. As late as 1735 the chief public hospital in Paris contained 3,418 patients, and only 1,219 beds to be divided among them.

John of God went to his reward in 1550; but he had gathered around him a little band of kindred spirits, who after his death continued to bear his name and to perpetuate his work. In 1571 their Congregation, which had spread rapidly in

Spain and Italy, was approved by Pope Pius V., and thirty years later Queen Marie de Medicis had them established in Paris. In 1790, however, the Brothers of St. John of God, in common with all religious orders, were driven from France. Brought into the country the first time by a Queen, they were brought back again in 1809 by a soldier, Captain de Magalon.

In 1813, while commanding his troops in Germany, Magalon found himself obliged to judge a German deserter, who, having been incorporated by force in the French army, escaped to rejoin his countrymen. He was seized, tried before a court-martial, and, according to the military code for similar cases, condemned to death. The German accepted the sentence without a murmur; he only said: "I owe myself to my country. You are at war with Germany, I must fight against you. Above your justice there is a sovereign Justice, which must approve of what I have done; and to this I trust." The culprit was executed a few minutes later; but the sentence he had been obliged to pass upon an innocent man weighed heavily upon the conscience of Captain de Magalon. He continued to serve till the end of the war; but, accustomed though he had been for many years to the rough life of a soldier, the incident of his campaign in Germany made an impression upon his mind that nothing could efface; and on leaving the army a great longing came over him to devote the remainder of his life to the service of God and the poor.

Together with one or two companions, the ex-officer made a study of the rules of the Brothers of St. John of God, and finally resolved to revive the Congregation in France. In 1823 his undertaking was approved by the Holy See, and about the same time the Brothers founded at Lyons a hospital for the insane; soon afterward a second was established near Lille, and a third near Dinan.

Under his religious garb the ex-captain retained his former spirit. Once, when he

was on foot in the students' quarter in Paris, a group of young men to whom the religious habit had become strangely unfamiliar, hooted and hissed him as he passed along. Suddenly turning round on his tormentors, Magalon, who had hitherto been silent, addressed them with great courtesy: "Messieurs, I have made a vow to devote myself to the care of the insane, and I am happy to offer you my services." His ready wit gained the day, and those who had been foremost in taunting him were now the loudest in their applause.

The Brothers of St. John of God have at the present time two houses in Paris. The one in the Rue Oudinot is a *maison de santé*, or private hospital for men of the upper classes who require close attendance, which, for one reason or another, they can not procure at home. Many celebrities—generals, artists and writers—have either passed through the hospital or breathed their last within its walls. And in many cases the skill of the good Brothers has been successfully exercised on the souls of their patients as well as on their bodies.

(To be continued.)

Summer Fields.

HAPPY among the summer fields
All day long!
A royal tide, doth my joyous life
Glide along;

Free from jealous cares and strife,
Free from wrong,—
Oh, happy I roam the pleasant fields
All day long!

They tempted me once to the city:
They said it was bright and gay;
That Pleasure chaunted her ditty
There, evermore night and day.

"Like wine the throng of the people;
Music, their chatter and hum;
While gaily from belfry and steeple
The chimes of the merry bells come."

I roamed through the gay, siren city;
 I noted its tinsel and glare,
 And marvelled—alas, what a pity!—
 To find so much hollowness there.

Oh, I longed for the green of the country,
 The sunshine, the flower, and the gale;
 I longed for the shade of my own tree,
 And the heart-soothing peace of the vale!

Happy among the summer fields
 All day long!
 A royal tide, doth my joyous life
 Sweep along;
 Free from maddening care and strife,
 Free from wrong,—
 Oh, happy I roam the pleasant fields
 All day long!

R. O. K.

The Success of Patrick Desmond.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

XXIII.

We expect wisdom of God, sympathy of humanity, and direction from God in man.—“*Golden Words.*”

IN spite of all her counsellors at Redwood, Eleanor had clung to her determination to go to New York. It seemed to her that any change would be for the better. She and her father would be away from pitying eyes; and at this time Eleanor felt that she could endure anything better than pity. She had splendid but vague hopes of attaining a mastery of the art she loved, and of being independent, through the work of her own hands, of all the world. She had explained all the circumstances to Belinda, and a stormy scene had ensued. Belinda could not imagine the Judge or Eleanor in any atmosphere but that of Redwood. It was not until Eleanor had made a flying trip to New York and returned, that Belinda reached the conclusion that her duty lay among the outside barbarians. She had consulted Mr. Stokes, and he had little to say, except that it was a question for her conscience to settle.

“Conscience!” cried Belinda. “What’s the use of talking about a conscience that wabbles? My conscience is like quicksilver,—now I think I have a grip on it, and then I haven’t. I wish somebody would catch it for me. And the more I search the Scriptures, the less I know what I ought to do. I know Eleanor Redwood’s making a foolish journey to New York; and I sometimes think that it ain’t right for me to aid or abet her going by letting her know I’d go under any circumstances. But I hate to think of those two perishing just for want of gumption in the modern Babylon, in need of somebody like me.”

Mr. Stokes adjusted his blue necktie and sighed. The conversation took place in the parlor of the Baptist church, after the morning service. Mr. Stokes was feeling rather disconsolate; he had given up all thoughts of the ministry, and he was waiting to give his decision to the minister. This was on the Sunday after Eleanor’s return from New York, and while Arthur Fitzgerald and Desmond were at Eagles-cliff, working hard to dissipate the various obscurities which hung around the condition of the Fly-Away Mines.

Mr. Stokes was as unhappy as Belinda, and as greatly in doubt. He knew very well that, after the confession he had made to her, his opinion on any subject would not be worth much. Mr. Stokes had represented religion to Belinda for some time, and a form of religion which she could patronize and encourage and feed with all the triumphs of her cookery. To have helped to make a minister would have given a halo to all her years, and she resented Mr. Stokes’ weakness in declining to let her have this great privilege. But her own experience in the last few days had made her feel that there might really be conscientious scruples which could add new burdens to life. And the powerlessness of Mr. Stokes to help her solve her problem added to her resentment. She understood, to a limited degree, his hesitation to accept

the Baptist religious opinions; and yet she felt irritated against him because, with all his theological learning, he could not help her. Her duty was not plain. She did not want to go to New York. She admired the Judge, and she had a certain regard for Eleanor; but Redwood was her home, her paradise; and her feelings for the Judge and his daughter were slight compared to the dread she had of uprooting herself from Redwood.

If her conscience were not in the way, Belinda would joyfully have done her best for the Redwoods, and stayed at home, after their departure, with a joyful heart. But an awful fear oppressed her; and, as the minister had gone home before Mr. Stokes could buttonhole him, she walked through the streets with that young man, trying to make up her mind to unfold it to him. She felt that she must speak or die. In all her travail of soul, however, she did not fail to scent with tender sentiment the aroma of the Sunday dinners, which came from various houses they passed. A primrose by the river's brim had no special associations for Belinda; a wild rose from the haunts of her childhood would not have drawn a tear from her under any circumstances; but the sweetness of roast beef, with the accompanying vision of baked potatoes, brought a lump into her throat,—it might be the last day on which this dulcet odor, so characteristic of a well-ordered Sunday at Redwood, would greet her nostrils.

"I just know how papists feel when they want to confess to their priests," she said, almost viciously. "I've got something on my mind, and I'd like to get rid of it; but I don't know as it would do any good to tell you, seeing that you haven't either been called or chosen."

Mr. Stokes sighed. "There's a great deal to be said on the Romanist side," he observed. "In fact, there's a great deal to be said on *every* side,—that's the trouble."

"Oh, of course!" sneered Belinda, who having discovered that her idol was clay,

now felt a certain pleasure in jumping on its toes. "You haven't backbone enough to take the Bible and the good old doctrine just as it is. You can't be satisfied unless you have a lot of pagans in heaven with you. For my part, *I* can do without 'em. But, then," she added, with sudden humility, "I'm only a woman: *I* don't count."

Mr. Stokes said nothing. They walked slowly under the elms that lined the streets, past the homelike houses, big and little. Belinda's grimness was accented by her gloomy state of mind, a stately black bonnet adorned with a bunch of large green grapes, a black bombazine gown, and a purple parasol which she carried as if it were a sceptre. Mr. Stokes seemed more limp than usual; he looked as if the only objects on earth of interest were his blue necktie and the hyacinthine curl trained upon his brow. It would have been unkind to form such a conclusion, however; for Mr. Stokes was really engaged in trying to feel like a man before Belinda's sneer.

"I suppose I may as well tell you," Belinda said, disarmed by his silence, "I'm not needed at home just now,—there's a cold dinner; and if you have leisure to listen to a story of crime, I'll tell it to you."

"Crime!" exclaimed Mr. Stokes, in consternation. "Crime!"

"Yes, crime," said Belinda, with a groan. "I'm doomed—I'm a child of hell—I'm unregenerate. Excuse me a minute—did you ever! Them shiftless Swards are all at the front window, commenting on the passers-by, while their roast beef's burning to a crisp! Don't you smell it? I'll go and ring the door-bell and just let 'em know."

But before Belinda could interfere to save this sinful waste of good meat, the Swards took the alarm themselves and disappeared from the window.

"Such dooless people!" commented Belinda. "They're worse than heathens. As I was saying," she continued, "I know you can't help me, and I know the minister can't help me; but *I must* tell somebody. I

wouldn't satisfy *him* by letting him know my private feelings; for he'd just up and tell his wife, and there ain't been any good feeling between me and the minister's wife since I laid out her aunt Matilda. *I would* have my way, but she's an upstart—the Lord forgive me! here I am backbiting people when my soul's wading in the waters of tribulation and drinking the wine of bitterness. I'm a criminal."

They had reached the bridge. Mr. Stokes took off his hat and rearranged the semi-circle of glossy hair on his forehead. The cross of the Catholic church gleamed not far from them. They turned to the opposite bank, where the unfashionable people, including Mrs. Desmond, lived.

"We're all criminals, more or less," said Mr. Stokes. "No doubt there are men whose hands are red with human blood less guiltless than we who sin against light. Marcus Aurelius and Emerson—"

"I don't care for the opinions of any heathen!" interrupted Belinda. "I want to say what I've got to say, and that's all about it. I feel that I *must* go with Eleanor Redwood on a wild-goose-chase to New York, because I have wronged her greatly."

Belinda assumed unconsciously real dignity as she said this; she spoke with conviction. She stopped a moment to dig up a weed that was making its way through the soil at the end of the bridge.

"It's one of them nasty Canada thistles," she said. "I can never let one of 'em be whenever I see them, they're such a pest!—I may as well tell you the whole thing while I am about it. You know what a great society woman Laury Bayard is. Well, I just wanted her to help along the mission in Africa you were talking about; so I thought I'd satisfy her longing for gossip by giving her a little paper I happened to have, with a family secret in it. It wasn't much of a secret, but I thought it would be a great find for her, because she is always mousing to find out things she has no business with; and so, without thinking,

I gave her the paper, because I thought she knew something about what was in it. I was full of the Africans when I did it, and I knew she could help the mission if she wanted to,—but it's all turned out bad. I've put this and that together since, and I have reason to believe that the Judge's sickness and all the troubles that have come to the Redwoods are due to that act of mine. And I've got to make up for it,—that's all!"

"How could any secret in your possession have done much harm?" asked Mr. Stokes. "It's all imagination, Belinda."

"You shut up!" replied Belinda, fiercely. "I know better than that. The Judge and his wife were never of one mind. Some say they had religious differences. She was an awful proud woman. And she was mad because Eleanor wasn't a boy, and couldn't be called after her family. At any rate, her troubles preyed on her mind; she was crazy by fits and starts, and this paper was written in one of her crazy fits. She got it into her head that the Judge, just to spite her, had sent away her son to Mr. and Mrs. Desmond, and put a little girl in his place. These crazy spells did not last long, but they were bad while they did last. It was always kept from Eleanor."

"I should hope so," said Mr. Stokes.

"Oh, yes, you should *hope* so!" cried Belinda, with asperity. "But what's the good of your hoping? You ain't a Christian. I don't want your hopes: I just want you to listen."

Mr. Stokes sighed again. Belinda was no doubt right.

"Laury Bayard ain't safe. She's a contriver. How do I know that she won't up and tell Eleanor all about it for her own purpose? And that will blight Eleanor's life, as no doubt it has blighted the Judge's. And," continued Belinda, with tears in her eyes, "I ain't in the blighting business. I only blighted one life before, and I am sure the Lord won't hold that against me; and that was when your father, Theo

Stokes, wanted to marry me. He wasn't my style, so I just sent him about his business. But he wasn't the same man after that, and he just turned around in despair and married your mother,—poor Theo! That's the reason I've always taken such an interest in you."

Mr. Stokes looked uneasy; he knew it was best to be silent.

"I know I'm unregenerate, I know I'm in danger of hell-fire, and I've no peace night or day; but I'd walk over hot iron ploughshares to undo what I've done. I didn't mean to be wicked, and I didn't think it would do much harm to give that note to Laury Bayard. But I've always been taught that it's just as big a sin to steal a pin as to steal a man's money; and there's no spiritoal consolation for me now. I'm looking into an abyss, and I've got to stick to the Judge and Eleanor, though I'd rather walk on ploughshares than go to New York, because I must make up for the wrong I've done. I'm done for!" added Belinda, with a groan. "There's no mercy for a sinner like me—but if we're to get any dinner, we'd better turn back," she said, with great suddenness.

A slight figure, clothed in black, turned the corner. Belinda at once recognized Mrs. Desmond, who carried a prayer-book ornamented with a large gilt cross; she was coming from High Mass.

Mrs. Desmond's rosy color had faded a little; her walk was not so elastic, and there was a wistful look in her eyes. The truth was that the light had gone out of her life when her son left her. Before that, she needed no effort to get through the day; since that she gladly welcomed the twilight, for it meant that another day of his absence had passed. She had not dreamed what it would cost her to part with him. She realized that her household duties derived all their pleasure from the fact that he was the object of them.

She greeted Mr. Stokes cordially; he reminded her of Patrick. She and Belinda

exchanged cool bows; they had met before. Mrs. Desmond felt so lonely that she determined to offer hospitality to Belinda for the sake of having a talk with Mr. Stokes about Patrick.

"You must be tired," she said. "It's seldom you come on this side of the river. You'll not mind having a cup of tea with me, I hope?"

Belinda *was* tired; and, besides, there might be a chance of getting some consolation from Mrs. Desmond on the matter which lay heavy on her mind.

"They've cold victuals at home to-day," replied Belinda; "and Eleanor Redwood won't need me,—yes, I'll come."

Mr. Stokes assented, too; and in a few moments the three were seated at Mrs. Desmond's table.

(To be continued.)

The Testimony of the Catacombs.

(CONCLUSION.)

THAT the man portrayed by the picture in the Catacomb of St. Priscilla is not St. Joseph is evident from the fact that he carries a scroll in his hand, and scrolls are never seen in representations of Joseph. Indeed it is well known that this symbol always designates a prophet or a scribe. By an exposition of the technical qualities of the painting, Liell proves furthermore that it is a work of the earliest times, marking the beginning of the second century, and perhaps an earlier date. Any one acquainted with the peculiar characteristics of Pompeian art will not fail to recognize a resemblance and relation between it and the picture we are discussing.

Another German Protestant, Hasenclever, admits that Schultze's interpretation of the male figure is most improbable. To him the roll signifies perhaps a prophet, but more probably "a teacher of a congregation" consoling a mother who bewails

the loss of a child! This argument borders on the ridiculous—albeit there is a shadow of strength in Hasenclever's reasons for not perceiving a Madonna in the mother of the picture. The assertion that it should be regarded as a means of honoring Mary or the Child he rejects as a mere fiction. This not only holds for the picture in question, but for all others in which the Blessed Virgin figures. They are, he says, always found side by side with scenes taken from the Old Testament, such as "the three boys in the furnace, Solomon's judgment," etc., which nobody will claim are intended for veneration.

This is Hasenclever's statement in brief. Fortunately, the puzzle has its solution. The distinguished French scholar Le Blant was the first to find it, and he was closely followed by De Rossi, Kraus, and Liell.

Where, asks Le Blant in his "Étude sur les Sarcophages," etc., would the artists who had to furnish the tombs with paintings seek advice as to what should be painted there? The answer is: "The old masters sought to learn from the Church what should be represented at a Christian's grave; they endeavored to seize the thoughts conveyed in those liturgical prayers which were recited at the death-bed and at the grave, and to reproduce them in colors. Accordingly, in these liturgical prayers we must look for the key to the paintings of the catacombs." Everyone must admit: (1) that this explanation seems so simple and self-evident that it should have suggested itself before; (2) that if facts support it, it must be accepted at once, and all other hypotheses rejected. Let us, then, hear how Le Blant establishes the truth of his opinion:

An examination of the texts in the inscriptions of the catacombs shows that there occur shorter and longer invocations, which are, indeed, fragments of prayers recited in the ancient offices of the dead. Nay, he quotes epitaphs—among others one from Calasancia in Nubia—which

agree almost *verbatim* with the prayers in the Greek offices. "One must understand," he concludes, "that nothing is more natural than that on the marble tablets in the tombs parts of prayers should be found which were recited at the obsequies or during the last moments of the dead. The same passages that served as examples for the authors of the epitaphs, could they not have served the sculptors also in the sarcophagi,"—to which Liell adds, "and the painters in their paintings?"

Le Blant and Liell (who has carried the Frenchman's argument still further) quote a number of examples which must be fully convincing. For example: "In the old prayer '*Commendatio animæ quando infirmus in extremis est*' are found among other lines the following: 'Deliver, O Lord, Thy servant's soul, as Thou deliveredst Enoch and Elias from the common death of the world. Amen. Deliver, O Lord, Thy servant's soul, as Thou didst once deliver Noe from the Deluge. . . as Thou didst deliver Job from his sufferings. . . as Thou didst deliver Isaac from death as a victim, and from his father Abraham's hand. . .'"

Now, among the biblical scenes which we meet most frequently in the catacombs, the following are some of the most common: Elias' assumption; Noe in the Ark; Job on the dunghill; Abraham sacrificing Isaac; Daniel in the lions' den; the three youths in the furnace; Susan and the two old men; David; the captivity of Peter. All in all, Le Blant and Liell show that forty-six biblical pictures in the catacombs, whose connection with the dwellings of the dead would otherwise remain an insoluble difficulty, find their explanation in the prayers for the dead; and that for only nine, or at most ten, has it been impossible to point out the corresponding prayers. This last circumstance is easily explained, if we remember that the prayers in question may have been lost, which becomes very likely when we examine them and their age more closely.

"Commendatio Animæ" occurs for the first time in the ninth century, in the Pontificale which St. Prudentius gave to the Church of Troyes, under the title of "De Agonizantibus c. IV." It must, however, have been composed much earlier; the entire title of the prayer being already given in the "Sacramentarium Gelasianum" of the fifth century, and in "Constitutiones Apostolicæ," which belong to the fourth century.

St. Cyprian of Antioch suffered martyrdom in the year 304, and there are still preserved two prayers which show that he knew the "Commendatio Animæ"; a proof that this prayer existed as early as the third century. In one of the Saint's supplications are found the following sentences: "Thou, the Master and Lord of all, deliver me from this danger, and hear my prayer, as Thou didst hear the three young men in the furnace . . . Daniel in the lions' den . . . Susan between the two old men," etc.

On a cup which was found in Podgoritzza, and which dates from the fifth century, is seen a series of biblical scenes, the signification of which is explained by annexed inscriptions, which, on closer scrutiny, appear to have been taken word for word from "Commendatio Animæ" and similar liturgical prayers. The pictures are the usual ones: Daniel, Susan, the three youths, etc. And the inscriptions do not run (as they must needs do if the pictures simply illustrated biblical events without any reference to prayers): Daniel *in* the lions' den, the three young men *in* the furnace; but, Daniel *from* the lions' den, the three young men *from* the furnace, etc.;—that is, there is understood: O Lord, deliver me as Thou deliveredst Daniel *from* the den, the three youths *from* the furnace, etc.

What holds for the scenes on the cup of Podgoritzza consequently holds for the catacomb pictures, which represent exactly the same subjects. And what holds for the above mentioned biblical pictures holds also for the pictures representing our

Blessed Lady which, interspersed with others, are found in the catacombs. Their explanation, too, must be looked for in the liturgical prayers for the dead; and in their case also the explanation given is sufficiently clear.

In the "Euchologion" (the Greek ritual) a number of prayers are given in which the Blessed Virgin is invoked as the powerful advocate and helper of the dead. Several of these prayers are illustrated in the catacomb pictures of Our Lady. The meaning of the painting, for instance, in the Cemetery of St. Priscilla is evident from the following: "A cloud has Isaias clearly called thee, Virgin; a cloud on which Christ, the unapproachable light, really sat and enlightened the depths of my ignorance. Save those who hope in thee, Mother of the Sun that does not know decline." A painting in the Domitilla Catacomb—Mary and Ezechiel—forms an apt illustration of the following prayer: "Ezechiel, admirable among the prophets, has recognized thee as the sealed gate. . . . Thou clear-shining gate, through which, as is well known, God has passed, pray for thy servant, that the heavenly gates may stand open to him; that he may praise thee in peace, thou only intercessor of mankind."* A piece of sculpture on a sarcophagus in Syracuse, which represents Mary receiving the souls of the dead into heaven, also finds its explanation in ancient liturgical prayers.

Liell produces many similar proofs of perfect agreement between the prayers for the dead and the representations of Mary in the old Christian tombs. The Greek ritual was not written until some centuries after the oldest of the pictures in question were painted; but since the other biblical representations find a satisfactory interpretation only when understood as illustrations of the prayers for the dead, the same must be true of the pictures portraying Our Lady which are mingled with them; and we are

* Liell, pp. 396 ss.

therefore entitled to ascribe to the prayers the same antiquity as to the pictures.

Through Le Blant's and Liell's researches the only two objections of Protestants that might seem of any weight have been refuted. Schultze, Hasenclever and their followers said: (1) The pictures of Mary do not occupy any prominent place in the catacombs; hence they could not have been intended for worship. (2) Even if they *were*, Mary is always represented with the Child on her lap; it must, then, at all events, be *the Child* and not *she* that was to be honored. In both cases, so the Protestants conclude, the catacomb pictures of Mary by no means prove that the Blessed Virgin was honored during the first Christian centuries.

To this Le Blant and Liell answer: (1) These pictures were certainly not intended for veneration, at least in the beginning and directly. They were meant as illustrations of the prayers in the offices of the dead, and as suggestions to recite them immediately. (2) Mary is portrayed with Jesus on her lap, because in this way the sense of the prayers is best suggested. In what quality is Mary honored in those prayers if not as the Mother of God? And to express this Mary had to be represented together with the Divine Child. This has been done in different ways; one of the most common methods in the catacombs is to show Mary, with Jesus adored by the Magi. Nothing, indeed, could express better the intention of the prayers than this situation, where Mary is seen as the mother of a Son in whom Kings, the mighty of the earth, recognize the Messiah foretold by the prophets, and venerate Him as the Lord of the world.

Mary, the Child and the Magi thus meet us again and again in the catacombs; and so intelligible was the symbolism of this scene that during the following centuries it was frequently employed in mortuary chapels. Thus it occurs in a vault at Mühldorf, Bavaria. "The frequent choice of this subject for a mortuary chapel is an

enigma," says the art-historian Sighart. Others, however, have taken the trouble to find the solution of this enigma. And all acknowledge that Liell's profound researches have established the following conclusion: Almost all* the representations of Mary in the catacombs are to be understood as suggestions of the prayers for the dead; and since the pictures date back to the apostolic age, the prayers must be equally ancient. They clearly and plainly show that at the time of their composition the Christians honored Mary as the most powerful intercessor in heaven,—a truth to which the pictures also bear witness.

Thus, through a somewhat unusual proceeding, Le Blant and Liell have proved the apostolic origin of devotion to our Blessed Lady.

JOSEPH ALEXANDER.

The Crucifix of Charles V.

ONE of the best, if not the very best, of the representations of our crucified Saviour is that known as the crucifix of the Emperor Charles V. The credit of producing it has been given to various artists; but it is commonly believed to have been carved by a monk of the monastery of St. Just (Estremadura), where the old Emperor, weary of warfare and political struggles, retired to spend his last days in peace and prayer. Previous to this he had resigned his crown to his son, Philip II.

Whether or not this tradition be founded on fact, it is certain that the crucifix is a rare specimen of fine Spanish art, dating from the middle of the sixteenth century. Its workmanship is exquisite. The hand that carved this piece of ivory was undoubtedly that of a great artist, and, we may add, a great saint; for he evidently drew his in-

* There are, indeed, a few exceptions; but, as we have no desire to make this article longer than is strictly necessary, we have confined ourselves to what seems the essence of Liell's work.

spiration from meditations on the Passion, and perhaps from visions such as were granted to St. Francis of Assisi. An accurate description of this masterpiece appeared recently in the *Journal des Beaux Arts*.

"In this crucifix Genius and Faith unite in magnificent inspiration to produce a work, on beholding which we wonder if it were possible that human hands could have carved the ivory that almost seems like living flesh. . . . The Saviour is dying. His head is raised toward heaven, whither His failing eyes are directed. The subject is simple and familiar to all Christians. For nineteen centuries painters and sculptors have endeavored to represent it, and suffering humanity has sought consolation in the contemplation of that unutterable agony; yet no one ever realized the divine drama like the unknown artist of the crucifix of Charles V. We appeal to all who have ever laid eyes on this dying Christ. Through every muscle, through every limb, the chisel has sent, with extraordinary power, a vital breath. The fingers, though comparatively supple, are contracted with pain; the play and structure of the smaller muscles are visible; the joints of the fingers are shrunk in the middle and swollen toward the tips; the wrists appear, with their sinews already stiffened, yet alive; the softness of the pose of the neck, the thinness of the nose contracted by approaching death, the dimmed eyes looking upward for the last time, the parted lips, and the last sigh. Truly this is an unparalleled work, which our pen completely fails to describe."

These words convey a faint idea of the artistic beauty of the crucifix, and a few extracts from letters of eminent and holy personages testify to the religious and almost supernatural effect it produces upon souls.

"Libraries," writes the Rev. Père Delcourt, S. J., "are full of books written with the object of inspiring us with the love of our Lord Jesus Christ. I assure you I have never read any volume more calculated to

kindle the sacred flame of divine love than this admirable piece of sculpture. The sight of it has already wrought much good. A glance at this crucifix electrifies you, moves you to the very depths of your soul, penetrates you with sentiments of deepest compassion. Look at it once more,—you are charmed and carried away to a world of unknown thoughts and feelings. It touches you, it stirs your whole being—the senses, the imagination, the heart and conscience. Ah! Jesus on His Cross speaks to us of all His sufferings, all our sins, all His tenderness; and in what thrilling language! To a frivolous, thoughtless world passing on its way, He seems to cry out: 'Stop, stop, were it only for a moment, and contemplate! This is how Almighty God hath loved thee!'"

Here is the letter of the late saintly Abbé de Lagarde, superior of the Collège Stanislas: "I beg to thank you for the salutary impression your marvellous crucifix has made on the entire college. During twelve hours the seven hundred pupils and their masters passed, in small groups, before that admirable work of art. From the oldest of our pupils to the youngest, the effect was similar. Natural curiosity was first excited, but almost immediately it gave way to a feeling of pious compassion for Him whose sufferings are so wondrously depicted. The hall where this long procession took place resembled a sanctuary. Silence, though it was not prescribed, was religiously kept; and, after a few minutes of fervent contemplation, the impressions of the beholders were expressed in a few whispered words. I saw pity and sorrow reflected on the countenance of the giddiest boys; and I was struck by the *naïve* remark of one little fellow, six years old, who, rapt in admiration, suddenly exclaimed: 'It is just as if it were real!' Happy is the artist who was able to call forth such a remark."

The illustrious Bishop of Grenoble, Mgr. Fava, writes thus: "The crucifix of Charles V. speaks so eloquently to the soul that I

should like to see it before all—the rich and the poor, the learned and the ignorant, the sinner and the just. The eyes are potent for good or evil. The sight alone of our Blessed Lord during His mortal life converted sinners. The contemplation of this sublime image is wonderfully powerful. A faithful reproduction of your crucifix, if that were possible, might become a universal book, like the Holy Gospels. In praying before it, our eyes and our hearts might happily be purified from the stains we receive continually from the creatures around us.”

The hope expressed by the Bishop of Grenoble has been realized. Excellent reproductions* of this work of art have been made and may be found, in various sizes, at the rooms of the Work of St. Paul, 6 Rue Cassette, Paris. With Bishop Fava, we believe that this picture of the crucifix will prove a living book and a continual exhortation to those who possess it. Would that it were present in every Christian home! The desire has often been expressed that objects of Christian art should be substituted for the vanities of paganism. The crucifix should surely merit the place of honor in every Catholic household, and there is no crucifix more capable of inspiring salutary thoughts than the one which we have briefly described.

A Wilful Waste.

“SEVERAL ship-loads of cherries, in good condition, were dumped into the harbor this morning. This was done to keep up the price, the market being glutted with this favorite fruit.”

The above is quoted from a New York paper of recent date. This wholesale destruction of fruit for the avowed purpose of enriching speculators awakens a throng of reflections. In April the cherry orchards in

the country districts were white with blossoms, that swayed in the sweet spring air. Birds sang in the branches as the sun coaxed the buds into bloom. In due time the white petals floated in a soft shower to the ground, leaving behind them tiny balls, which slowly grew and grew all through the warm May days.

Meanwhile in the tenement-house sections of New York and the other great cities in the vicinity the heat began to work disaster. That which is in the country a beneficent messenger became in town a herald of death. The wretched beings with but a fraction of a garret for a home were, from want of wholesome food and fresh air, yielding to the diseases which accompany squalid poverty. Physicians toiled and the charitable lent willing hands; but it was usually a desperate battle. The sufferers were not fed properly. “You can not combat fevers,” said the physicians, “when the people live on stale and innutritious refuse. There can be but little help until the fruit begins to come.”

When the fruit came it was expensive, far beyond the reach of those whose slender purses were depleted in consequence of their illness. Kind people did what they could, but the sufferers were legion. At last the price of fruit began to drop; the cherries were arriving, such a crop as had not been seen for years. And then—those who control the market took several great ship-loads of the fruit which God caused to grow for His children, and emptied it into the deep waters of the harbor! The price of cherries immediately advanced, and the speculators lined their pockets; but the fever is unabated in the dwellings of the poor. All of which is commended to the notice of philanthropic legislators.

THE quality of mercy is not strain'd:
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath. It is twice bless'd:
It blesseth him that gives and him that takes.

—*Shakespeare.*

* Chromolithographs and photographs.

Notes and Remarks.

We note with pleasure a movement to rescue from ruin the chapel and residence of the Rev. Demetrius A. Gallitzin, the prince-priest who labored so devoutly as a missionary in Pennsylvania during the first half of the present century. Catholics, who know of his sacrifices and the work he accomplished, will certainly be unwilling that the places hallowed by his presence during so many years should be utterly forgotten. Shortly after Father Gallitzin's death, his sorrowing flock erected to his memory such a monument as they could afford. It is now proposed to rear a life-size statue of him upon the site of the vault where his precious remains repose. The Rev. Father Kittel, the Prince's present successor in the pastorate of Loretto, Pa., announces that the fulfilment of this design is impossible to his congregation, and solicits assistance. His appeal should meet with a prompt and generous response, especially from the Catholics of Pennsylvania.

The Holy Father has consecrated to the Blessed Virgin the Free State of the Congo, which is under the protection of King Leopold. In the pontifical brief His Holiness recounts the history of the country, and praises the Belgian monarch for his services to Christianity in that "dark continent," where over forty millions of human beings are still in paganism.

One of the most notable disciples of Cardinal Lavignerie in the latter's much-discussed stand as to political parties in France, is Mgr. Fava, the energetic Bishop of Grenoble. In a recent pastoral he calls on his clergy to assist him in the active work of making Catholic influence felt in the government of their country. It has always been something of a conundrum to us why it is that France, with so overwhelming a majority of Catholic electors enjoying all the privileges of the franchise, should be ruled by a crowd of infidels or agnostics; and we trust that this awakening of interest on the part of ecclesiastics will act beneficially on the body politic. Mgr. Fava

distinctly announces his allegiance to the Republic, and in an interview on the subject of his manifesto said: "I am of the people; and it in nowise displeases me to be guided in the political order by the people, who, it is clear, have—rightly or wrongly, it matters little to me—taken up with the word republic. If I speak as a bishop, can I adduce a single plausible reason for preferring any sort of monarchy? The Restoration itself proscribed the Jesuits, and Freemasonry was never more flourishing than under Louis XVIII. . . . Remark, I beg, that I do not wish to institute comparisons or draw parallels between different forms of government. . . . But I affirm that the revolutionary spirit may animate monarchies and despotisms as well as republics; and I hold that a Christian who has in view only the establishment on earth of the reign of Jesus Christ, may secure His triumph as easily in a republic as in a monarchy."

Asked whether the formation of an active Catholic party would not result in bringing about a more violent persecution, Mgr. Fava made this notable reply, true of other countries besides France: "Open persecution, at least to my mind, would not be more prejudicial to the interests of religion than the perfidious persecution to which it is now subjected, and which we desire to end. Open persecution would produce martyrs, a race not yet extinct; the actual persecution makes only apostates."

"The Catholic Association" is the name of an organization recently formed in England for the protection of Catholic interests in connection with county councils, school boards, and boards of poor law guardians. The new society has a wide field before it, and ample opportunity for effective good.

Now that thousands of happy parents throughout the land are enjoying the society of their hopefuls, returned from high schools and colleges, it seems but natural that such an observant man as Dr. Holmes should make some comment on the bliss of parents as aforesaid, which he does in this characteristic way:

"It means something, in these days, to graduate from one of our first-class academies or collegiate schools. I shall never forget my first visit to one of these institutions. How much its pupils know, I said,

which I was never taught and have never learned! I was fairly frightened to see what a teaching apparatus was provided for them. I should think the first thing to be done with most of the husbands they are likely to get would be to put them through a course of instruction. The young wives must find their lords wofully ignorant, in a large proportion of cases. When the wife has educated the husband to such a point that she can invite him to work out a problem in the higher mathematics or to perform a difficult chemical analysis with her as his collaborator, as less instructed dames ask their husbands to play a game of checkers or backgammon, they can have delightful and instructive evenings together."

It is well to remember that while education is one of the greatest advantages that can be possessed, still a grave danger lurks in educating children, and especially young girls, beyond what their social environment makes necessary and useful. Many a young husband nowadays finds his learned and studious wife "wofully ignorant" of much that she should know. Parents who are now enjoying the society of their daughters, home from school, ought to look to this. It may be very delightful in this hot weather to hear young ladies discussing philosophical questions, humming snatches of classical music, repeating unfinished lines of sonnets, and the like; however, most parents will welcome the time when the "dear children" can be sent off to continue their very high studies. But what will be done by the future husbands of those creatures, who happen not to be so learned and cultured,—who, like Dr. Holmes, were never taught and have never learned so much?

Our esteemed contemporary *La Vérité*, of Quebec, speaking of the Americanization of immigrants to this country, and of the connection between loss of language and loss of faith, mentions, as an agreeable characteristic, the peculiar Irish accent known as a "touch of the brogue," and advises Irish-Americans to cherish it as a veritable safeguard of their fidelity to their religion. We have sometimes thought that the "brogue" was a special dispensation of Providence, serving as a perpetual reminder to England that the scheme of abolishing the Irish language in order to Protestantize the Irish people was a lamentable failure—nay, more, was the means of fitting the most Catholic and missionary people of the world with a language that is probably

destined to become universal, and so furthered the progress and triumph of the religion which England sought to destroy. England made the Irish speak English, in the hope that they would become Protestant; the Irish learned English, and used it in propagating the Catholic faith throughout the world,—the "touch of the brogue" just accentuating the fact that they *are* Irish.

The Emperor Francis Joseph, of Austria, laid last month the corner-stone of a church for sailors at Pola, on the Adriatic. It was built for the devout seafaring people of the district by Admiral Sternegg. The Emperor very reverently and appropriately dedicated the church to "Our Lady of the Sea."

The Rev. Francis Clough, S. J., who died recently in England, was the last survivor of the Jesuits registered when the Emancipation Bill became a law. Amongst other important offices, he once held the presidency of Stonyhurst College.

Obituary.

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

—HEB., xiii, 3.

The following persons are recommended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

The Rev. James Hoban, O. P., whose happy death occurred at Somerset, Ohio, on the 23d ult.

Sister Dominica, of the Sisters of Mercy, Grass Valley, Cal.; Sister Veneranda, of the Sisters of St. Francis, Pauhuska, Indian Ter.; and Sister Mary Clare, Carmelite, St. Louis, Mo., who were lately called to the reward of their selfless lives.

Mr. John I. Andrews, of Berlin, Wis., who departed this life on the 17th ult.

Mr. William O'Brien, whose fervent life closed in a holy death on the 23d ult., at Troy, N. Y.

Mrs. Mary C. Heizmann, of Reading, Pa., who passed away in peace on the 19th ult.

Mr. Lawrence Rooney, who yielded his soul to God on the 12th ult., at Adams, Minn.

Mr. Henry Donnelly, who died at Trenton, N. J., on the 17th ult., fortified by the last Sacraments.


Mrs. Mary R. Cadden, of Abbott, Iowa, who breathed her last on the same day.

Mr. John Clark, of Taunton, Mass.; Mr. James Fitzgerald, San Francisco, Cal.; Mrs. Catherine Mullane, Boston, Mass.; Mr. Daniel O'Sullivan, St. John's, Newfoundland; and Mrs. Mary Walsh, Luffing, Ireland.

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



A Song for Eventide.


OOD-NIGHT, dear Lord; good-night!
 The little lights are gone;
 The pretty altar stars
 Have vanished one by one;
 The sweet incense hath rolled in clouds from
 out my sight,
 And yet I linger here, still loath to say good-
 night.
 For, tho' a timid child, I love to be with Thee;
 And only ask in turn that Thou mayst glance
 at me,
 Beneath the faithful lamp that twinkles soft
 and bright,—
 O Friend that sleepest not, nor ever saith
 good-night!

Good-night, dear Lord; good-night!

'Tis sad to leave Thee here,

So lonely in the gloom,

Amid the shadows drear.

Oh, were I but a flower with petals fall'n apart,
 Like those beside Thy throne, how glad would
 be my heart,

Blooming anear Thy feet, albeit not fair to see!
 Yet could I have my wish, dear Jesus, it
 would be

That, like this quenchless lamp forever shining
 bright,

I might remain with Thee, and never say
 good-night.

M. W.

THE right of England to the title "Our
 Lady's Dowry" may be traced back to the
 year 694, when King Withred, his nobles,
 bishops, abbots, and abbesses, in solemn
 assembly in Kent, formally declared all
 church property in the kingdom to be from
 that day consecrated and given over to God
 and to the Blessed Virgin Mary and the
 holy Apostles.

Catholic Boys of America.

BY F. C.

I.—AN AMERICAN KNIGHT.

(CONCLUSION.)



S is always the case with persons
 of remarkable virtue, Colonel
 Garesche's charity kept pace
 with his humility. In 1835,
 when Brownsville, Texas, was
 scourged by the yellow fever,
 and everywhere were the dead and dying,
 he remained faithful to his post, while one-
 third of the garrison fell victims around
 him. Not content with discharging his mil-
 itary duties, he went about nursing the sick
 and preparing them to die, till finally the
 dread disease struck him down; but God had
 other designs for his heroic life, and re-
 stored him again to his wife and children.

His charity was well illustrated, too, in
 the period of his life spent in Washington,
 where for years he was an active member
 of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul. On
 one occasion Mr. Garesche found a negro
 dying of the small-pox, and abandoned
 by all. The disciple of Vincent de Paul,
 in imitation of the apostle of the negroes
 —St. Peter Claver,—nursed the sick man
 with the assiduity of a most tender mother;
 and finally when the death agony came on,
 he held him in his arms and encouraged
 him in the hope of a blessed immortality.
 When all was over he bought a coffin, with
 his own hands placed the corpse in it, and
 followed it to the grave, the only mourner.

As an instance of his sense of honesty, it
 is related that while in the office of the War
 Department at Washington, where for many
 years he was assigned to duty, he took a
 liking to a certain steel pen of the ordinary
 kind; and, as he had much writing to do
 at home, he wished to take the pen with
 him. But the thought occurring to him
 that it belonged to the Government, and

consequently that he had no right to it, he laid it down, walked out into Pennsylvania Avenue, and bought another pen of a similar kind.

Our knight, like all fervent Catholics, loved to go frequently to Holy Communion. One weekday, Father Sestini, S. J., of Gonzaga College, Washington, was called to the sacristy in the afternoon; and we may judge of his surprise when, on entering the church, his friend of the War Office came up and modestly asked for Holy Communion. "What!" said the priest; "so late in the afternoon!"—"Yes, Father," replied the Colonel; "I had intended to go during Mass this morning, but I was suddenly called away to attend a trial in court." The good Father waited to hear no more, but hastened to break the Bread of Life to this fervent soul, who had remained fasting all day in hopes of receiving his Lord.

This Christian soldier had a very affectionate nature. To prove this it would be sufficient to know that he was loved by children. All the little ones who lived on his block were very anxious to be noticed by him; and as soon as they spied him coming, away they would scamper, like young deer, to meet him; for the first one to reach him he would always raise in his arms and reward with a kiss, sometimes to the great jealousy of his own children, when they had been beaten in the race.

When, during the civil war, General Rosecrans assumed command of the Army of the Cumberland, he requested Secretary Stanton to give him Colonel Garesche for his chief of staff. The request was granted, and the Colonel joined the army in Nashville, in November, 1862. His almost daily letters to his wife during his absence show an unbounded affection for her and his children. His one longing desire was apparently to get back to his loving home circle. His last letter, written on the 29th of December, closes with these words: "If we should have a battle, it would be to-morrow that it would take place; but I

do not believe that they will give it to us. . . . I will keep my letter open, so as to tell you to-morrow evening how matters have gone. Till then, my sweetest, good-night! I give you a tender kiss."

This letter was never finished; for when "to-morrow"—the 30th of December—came, the chief of staff was too busy preparing for battle to write even to his beloved wife. Far into the night of that day he worked for his country; and when, at two o'clock in the morning, his work was done, and his comrades about him were trying to snatch a little rest, he was on his knees preparing to die; for, alas! he was never to see the close of that day.

On the last day of the year, as the first gray streaks of the dawn were lighting the eastern sky, Father Treacy, the chaplain, was celebrating Mass in a small tent, into which were gathered a few Catholic officers. The commander of the army, General Rosecrans, and his chief of staff knelt side by side to receive Holy Communion—for one of them it was the Viaticum.

That day the battle of Murfreesboro was fought. It was Colonel Garesche's first and last engagement. His bravery was the admiration of all. In the intervals of quiet during the preparations he had been seen to steal aside with his Thomas à Kempis; for he had made a vow to read a chapter of it every day of his life. The storm of battle changed him into another man. Instead of his usually quiet, thoughtful mien he displayed the martial valor of a Christian knight. "Gay as a youth of twenty," says an eye-witness, "with hat jauntily cocked on his fine head, he seemed, upon his lithe and spirited black steed, a perfect transformation. . . . He looked, in the fury of the fray, as if his soul had broken into a new stream of existence. . . . When he dashed into the charge, his sword flew from its scabbard and glittered in the sunlight."

When word came that the right wing was being driven back, and that dire disaster was imminent, Garesche rushed to

the front to save the day. Into a scene of confusion, through disorganized lines and retreating troops, rode he and Rosecrans. As they passed into exposed ground, a soldier asked an orderly: "Who are those officers?"—"Rosecrans and his chief of staff," was the answer.—"Well," said the soldier, "if our commander and his chief of staff can go out there, we can follow."

Galloping down a newly forming line, hat in one hand, sword in the other, Garesche shouted to the troops: "Don't fire till they reach the ridge, boys; then give it to them hot!" The soldiers caught courage from his very glance; and when the advancing enemy reached the fatal ridge, they were met with such a fire as made them glad to retire, and the retreat was stayed.

Later in the day, "Colonel Garesche," to quote the words of Captain Bickham, "accompanied by Lieutenant Byron Kirby, aid to General Rosecrans, galloped through a withering fire to carry an order to General Van Clerc, who, though wounded, was resisting a renewed attack. While riding across the field, there took place one of those chivalric episodes which are sometimes celebrated in romance. A ball disabled Garesche's horse. Kirby dismounted, and insisted that Garesche should take his. Mutually forgetful of the storm of battle, they disputed the point for some moments. Kirby prevailed on the score of duty, and walked back over the field until he found the staff."

In the afternoon, at a time when the day was going against the North, the Colonel asked permission to retire for a few moments. General Rosecrans watched him as he stole behind a clump of bushes, and knelt in prayer to the God of battles; and then, as he afterward declared, the commander felt the conviction that, on that spot, Colonel Garesche was offering his own life for the preservation and victory of the troops. If this surmise was correct, the sacrifice was accepted; for shortly after, while the two Catholic heroes were dashing

side by side across an open field, "through a tumult of iron missiles," in order to reinforce a struggling line, a Hotchkiss shell from a battery on the opposite side of Stone River whizzed by the leader, and striking Colonel Garesche on the temple, tore off his head.

Garesche's bravery in the terrible battle of Stone River contributed not a little to the final success of the Union lines. According to a witness: "He rallied broken regiments, stationed batteries, encouraged the lines, and a dozen times rode over ground on which it did not seem as if a fox could have passed alive. His horse was twice hit; his saddle struck by three bullets, his scabbard by two more; and a grape-shot whizzing over his shoulder, tore up the blue cloth until the padding could be seen."

Truly amongst the hosts of heroes who poured out their generous life-blood for their country on the dreadful field of Murfreesboro, America lost no nobler son, no more upright citizen, than our own brave Christian knight, Garesche.

The Fortunes of a Runaway.

BY MARY CATHERINE CROWLEY.

VIII.

Hugh followed Nick into the District Telegraph Office, which had once been a small store. Behind a high desk sat a man with a stern, hard face, who looked as if he had little compassion for the trials of humanity in general or of messenger boys in particular. Opposite to him on a bench sat several lads in uniform. Three or four were talking in low tones, but the others leaned wearily against the back of the settee, too tired to be interested in anything; for they had been at work since a very early hour of the morning. The sergeant, or officer, who had special charge of all the boys, and often boasted that he knew "just

how to bluff a kid," walked up and down the floor like a martinet.

Nick led Hugh to the desk and said: "Here's the boy, sir!" The superintendent scowled at the stranger and mumbled: "Sit down over there; and if we need an extra messenger, perhaps we'll employ you."

Pretty soon a call came in on the register, and Nick was sent out. Another. "Next boy!" cried the superintendent, picking up from a small box a ticket marked with a number corresponding with the one registered on the tape. Hugh started forward, but the man shook his head. There was no response from any of the other boys on the bench. "What's the matter with you, 627? Ain't you out next?" snarled the sergeant. No. 627, a puny little fellow, was one of the early birds, and had just come in from a call which took him to Brooklyn. He answered that 460 was out next. But 460 was in high favor with Sarge, as they called the sergeant. Therefore, 627 was hustled up to the desk by the collar of his jacket, the ticket thrust into his hand, and out of the door he was whirled in a manner that made him spin round like a top.

Presently in came three more little fellows, all back from long calls, and all with wet feet; for it had begun to rain heavily. "Where were you?" asked the manager of the first one. "Went to No. — West 150th St."—"But you're twenty minutes over."—"The lady kept me," he declared, earnestly. "She wouldn't put 'Delay' on the ticket, 'cause she said she hadn't time; but she'd tell 'em at the office, and it would be all right."—"That's a fake; you'll sign for fifteen cents." The boy protested, but it was of no use; in the end he was compelled to sign a voucher, which was added to a pile of similar papers upon the desk. "See that?" said the urchin next to Hugh in a whisper. "That much more will be docked from his pay to-night."

After this Hugh was sent out. As he did not know the city, and had much difficulty in finding his way, he was nearly an hour

"over," and was fined twenty cents, almost the amount of his pay for the half day. This was discouraging. Later he had to take several other messages. He succeeded better, but did not give satisfaction evidently; for when six o'clock struck, the manager pushed eight cents toward him, and told him gruffly that he "needn't come again."

Now the boys sent on messages hurried back. Those "in" dodged a call whenever practicable; for all were anxious to be on hand for the reading of the pay-roll. There was a flutter of excitement among them when the manager, after knocking on the desk to denote that proceedings were about to begin, produced the roll and two bulky envelopes, which contained the vouchers.

Nick, who had crowded up next to Hugh, confided to him that he hoped to be able to buy a new pair of shoes this week. Glancing down at his feet, Hugh decided that he certainly needed them. He had only time, however, to whisper an earnest wish that his friend might not be disappointed, when the manager began to call the name of each boy in turn, and to figure up the amount due him. At first it seemed as if all had earned good wages; but, then, those dreadful vouchers! Primarily, a sum must be set aside for the uniform. There is *always* a uniform to be paid for; because, as it costs eighteen dollars, it is generally worn out before the last instalment can be met, and a new one must be provided. "And this, even though we are obliged to change our clothes before going home," said Nick, continuing his confidences. "We don't mind in this sort of weather; but in winter I tell you it's hard to have to shuffle off a comfortable suit for one that's thin, and worn to tatters most likely." Thus as each boy was called up there was deducted from his earnings \$1 or \$1.25 toward payment for his jacket, trousers, rubber coat, or leggings.

Finally Nick's number was called. He jumped up alertly, with a vision of a pair of strong shoes dancing through his head. The superintendent ran his eyes down the

list till he came to 520. "Ah!" he said, "you're a four dollar boy. But you were at home sick for a day, so you lose fifty-seven cents; that leaves \$3.43."—"Yes, sir!" agreed Nick. Hugh, who listened sharply, as eager that Nick should get the shoes as if they were for himself, smiled now, thinking it a foregone conclusion. But Nick knew better. He waited with an anxious expression while the man looked through the pile of vouchers. One of \$1.25 for the uniform; for car fare, ten cents; another for fifty cents, marked "failed to collect"; two for fifteen cents each, "over-time"; two for five cents each, same cause. That's all, thank goodness! The manager added up the amount, and Nick's vision vanished as he saw the figures. He received a dollar and eighteen cents for his six days' labor (seven days constitute the usual time; but Nick's mother, for reasons which Hugh discovered later, refused to let him work on Sunday). He would have to make his shoes last another week. Hugh forgot his own trouble in sympathy for his friend. But Nick bore the disappointment philosophically.

"I'm sorry for mother's sake, though," he said; "for she'll have to work just so much harder. And I'm mighty sorry too, old chap, that the manager won't take you on the service. It's awful hard, but never mind. Perhaps I'll hear of something else for you to-morrow. Well, good-bye! See you Monday, same crossing."

Nick carelessly took it for granted that his new comrade had a home somewhere; but Hugh's heart sank as the lad disappeared. Where should he spend the night?

IX.

Hugh stretched himself upon a bench in City Hall Park, and appeased his hunger with dry buns again. About twelve o'clock a policeman came along and ordered him off, but he sought another bench and slept until morning. He awoke with a shiver,—the air was damp and cold. It was Sunday; but he did not think of going to Mass, though he had never before omitted this

duty. Having finished the two buns saved from his supper, he sauntered toward his old haunt, the post-office. Here he met two boys, whom he mistrusted somehow; but as they were jolly fellows, and he had the blues, he was glad to loiter with them. One was slight and well-dressed. He said his name was Harry Robinson; he was fourteen years old and his home was in Providence. After a while he confessed that he had stolen ten dollars from his father and run away to New York to get rich. He appeared to have just arrived, and had still plenty of money, which he displayed freely. The other boy told them to call him Jeff. He was a big, strong fellow of fifteen or sixteen.

There seemed to be no one about the building except the clerks in the mailing department. Jeff grew bold, and, pushing open a door, led his companions into a room where there was a pile of mail bags. They hid among these and told stories. From time to time Harry ostentatiously consulted a handsome silver watch.

"Lem me see that, will yer?" asked Jeff, with flattering admiration. "Where did yer get it?"

"My father gave it to me," replied Harry.

Jeff held it in his hand a minute, while he told a racy anecdote, which caused his auditors to bury their heads among the mail bags to smother their laughter. Having made sure that Harry was in a good humor, Jeff stuck the watch in his own fob pocket, and arranged the chain across his ragged vest, all the while grinning at his dupe, who smiled back at him, though a trifle uneasily. Then he went on to tell his best story, and apparently forgot all about the watch. Hugh suspected that Harry would not easily regain possession of it.

By and by Jeff began to walk around. At the end of the room was a slat partition, upon the other side of which hung a row of men's coats. "Look here," said he; "I can just get two fingers in between these slats." With a wink to the others, he began to work a coat round till he came to the

pocket; next he poked his fingers *into* the pocket. Harry laughed and tried a similar experiment with another coat; he seemed to regard the trick as a capital joke. In a moment Jeff held up a ten and a five cent piece in triumph, while Harry showed a handful of pennies.

Hugh was alarmed. "If you don't stop that, I'll holler!" he cried.

"If yer do, I'll choke yer!" muttered Jeff, making a lurch toward him. But Hugh broke away and hid in the corridor.

This interruption led to an altercation between the others. Hugh rightly inferred that Harry was insisting upon the return of the watch. The commotion attracted the attention of a private policeman, who appeared upon the scene just as each had begun to work another pocket. Presently Hugh saw his whilom companions led away to the police station by two stalwart members of the Broadway squad. He felt he had made a narrow escape; for he knew that if found in bad company it is very hard to establish one's innocence.

While Hugh was wondering where to go next, he espied a familiar figure coming up the street with an air of pompous leisure befitting a millionaire. It was Jinksy, and with him a mite of a boy, who clearly regarded him with great admiration and imitated him closely.

"Hullo, greeny!" he cried, cordially (he had dubbed Hugh "greeny" from the first). "Make yer 'cquainted with my friend Penny." Jinksy had evidently donned his Sunday manners, and had something of importance on his mind.

Penny stared at Hugh and awkwardly rubbed his tiny red nose, which looked as if it had been nipped by the traditional blackbird. He was the drollest-looking atom of humanity Hugh had ever seen. Upon the back of his little shock head was poised a Derby hat several sizes too large, the left side of which was torn from the crown and flopped against his ear every time he moved. He wore a faded tennis

shirt, and what was once a pair of knickerbockers. A very black knee peeped out above the top of the long woolen stocking upon one leg, and on the other was a striped sock, which had rolled down over his shoe. One foot was encased in a lady's button boot, minus all but three or four buttons; the other in a laced shoe, which looked as if it might have been picked out of an ash barrel.

(To be continued.)

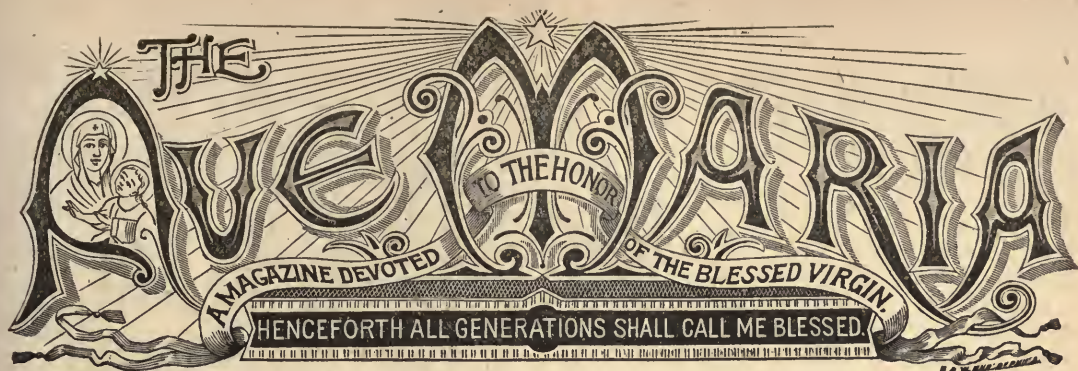
Pilgrims and Palmers.

It is interesting to find out how many families have come by their names. Take that of Palmer, for instance. Some far-off ancestor once made the journey which entitled him to be called a palmer, and his descendants have worn the name ever since.

We are accustomed to confound the words "pilgrim" and "palmer." A pilgrim might mean any one who had made a pious journey to the shrine of some saint, a Canterbury pilgrim being one who had visited the tomb of St. Thomas à Becket. But a palmer was not a palmer until he had visited the Holy Sepulchre; until "a long and toilsome journey, in which voluntary poverty added misery to his weariness," had been taken, and he had come back bearing the faded branch of palm which told where he had been. A pilgrim might travel as he chose; a palmer went as a mendicant, absolutely poor, depending on the charity of those he met for the simple food he ate.

It was always considered a high honor to be able to place the scrip of a palmer on one's shield. In an old church in England this quaint epitaph may be seen:

"Palmers all our faders were—
I a Palmer lived here,
And travell'd still, till, worn with age,
I ended this world's pilgrimage
On the blest Ascension Day,
In the cheerful month of May,
A thousand with four hundred seven
I took my journey hence to heaven."



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A Picture for the Assumption.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

IN the soft splendor of the angel train
 That bore Our Lady up unto her Son,—
 That, singing, bore her to the Loving One,
 The Mighty One, who in her arms had lain,
 She rose and rose;—gone, gone the throbbing
 pain,

The longing and the waiting all were done,
 The pæans for her crowning had begun.
 Above the beauty of the waving grain—
 She saw the beauty of the golden fields,
 Though rapturous throngs wheeled round
 her, rank on rank,

And far beyond was held the peerless crown
 Awaiting her to whom each angel yields
 Deep adoration,—low Prince Michael sank,
 But our Sweet Queen, for love of us, looked
 down.

The Coronation of the Blessed Virgin in Art.

BY ELIZA ALLEN STARR.

BEAUTIFUL Ages, when the
 dogmas of faith inspired all
 imaginations, sustaining them
 as they soared, beating with
 their wings the thin air of contemplation,
 to rest only before the blinding splendors
 of the Beatific Vision.

To satisfy the pious expectations of those ages, it was not enough to represent the twelve Apostles looking anxiously into the tomb where they found only lilies and roses, or even following with enraptured eyes the risen Mother of God in her flight to heaven, borne upward by rejoicing angels. There was still another scene in the story of the Virgin Mother to be represented, and therefore every series of designs illustrating her life gives that consummation, by which she who brought forth her Divine Son in the gloom of the stable, accepting its humiliations, who stood by His cross during the three hours of agony and sharing its ignominy, is to be a partaker in His exaltation. They must see her, these devoted lovers of Jesus and of Máry, actually in heaven, crowned by the hand of her own Son, sitting with Him on the throne of His glory, acknowledged by myriads of angels and of saints as their Queen.

It was with this expectation in mind, with the desire in the heart to meet it according to the noblest conception of his age and in its most enduring form, that Innocent II., so early as 1139, placed in the apse of the first church founded in Rome in honor of the Blessed Virgin, Santa Maria in Trastevere, the group which crowns, literally, one of the most magnificent designs in mosaic among the Roman basilicas. The moment chosen, we might say, is immediately following the Coronation, in which Our Lord presents Mary

to the heavenly court. The richly jewelled cruciform nimbus alone surrounds His head, with the hair falling evenly in waves each side of the face. Enthroned as He is, His Mother sits at His side, and His whole figure inclines gently toward her, while one hand rests on her shoulder, thus embracing her, with the loveliest gesture of filial tenderness. On His knee He holds a volume, on which is inscribed: *Veni electa mea, et ponam in thronum meum.*—"Come, my chosen one, and I will place thee upon my throne"; while the Virgin bears in her hands a scroll with these words from Solomon's Canticle of Canticles: *Læva ejus sub capite meo, et dextera illius amplexabitur me.*—"His left hand under my head, and his right hand shall embrace me."

But in the apse of Santa Maria Maggiore is a veritable Coronation of the year 1299 or 1300, fully one hundred and sixty years after the enthronement in Santa Maria in Trastevere. In this, too, the Virgin Mother shares the throne of her Son, who sets on her brow—not so much by the touch of His hand as by the movement of His will—the crown, as the expression of the dignity which belongs to her as Queen of angels and of saints, the highest of created beings; while that symbolism which is so carefully heeded by all the great theological artists, places under the feet of Our Lord the sun; under the feet of the Virgin Mother the moon, as shining by the light reflected upon her by her uncreated Son.

The same pious expectation which existed in the souls of Christians in the twelfth century, the same wish to gratify it that dictated the action of Innocent II., was fresh and warm and even importunate in the hearts of the Sieneſe. In a solemn council held by the authorities of Siena in 1416, and again in 1421, it was resolved that Taddeo de Bartolo, who had painted already, in their communal palace, the death, entombment and Assumption of Our Lady for the Chapel of the Magistrates, should paint her Coronation; not on the wall of any

palace or chapel, but above the Porta Neuve, now called the Roman Gate; thus greeting the eyes of all who might approach their city; and of the citizens themselves, who had only to pass through the gate and return, to meet this beloved subject of their thoughts and meditations.

But our Taddeo de Bartolo died before his sketch had been transferred to the Gate; and in their haste the authorities gave Bartolo's sketch into the hands of an inferior artist indeed, but one who, they hoped, could use the sketch. But the second artist died, and not until thirty years after the council had given its commission to Bartolo had another artist arisen to whom they would confide it. This time the design was left, together with the execution, to Ansano di Pietro of Siena, who had painted a Coronation in their favorite communal palace, of such beauty as to captivate every Sieneſe heart by the purity of its expression and the grace of its *contours*; while to these charms were added, above the Roman Gate, the grandeur of "the Woman clothed with the sun."

In 1519 Correggio, being then only six and twenty, was commissioned to adorn the cupola of San Giovanni at Parma, in which he represented the Ascension of Our Lord. But in the apse of this church he painted that Coronation of the Blessed Virgin known to us of to-day only through engravings or copies from the hand of Annibale Carracci, the original itself having been destroyed when the apse was enlarged. The glory of this picture is in the expression of superabounding bliss on the face of the Virgin Mother; as if joys, of which we can have no conception in this life, had flooded her soul. The hands are crossed on the breast in ecstasy, and the face is turned upward to her Son with a rapture which surpasses the power of words.

No one, however, seems to have caught like the monk, Fra Angelico, the joy which belongs to this event—for event it must be called,—and all the charms of color of

which he was a master come into his representations. There is a Coronation on a wall of San Marco, his own convent, which is in that key-note of meditation which suits the monk in his cell. On a bench of long-drawn horizontal cloud sits Our Lord in His cruciform nimbus; and while raising the crown to the brow of His Mother a dignity, which impresses the least sensitive mind as wholly supernatural, inspires the simple but powerful lines of the figure and the raised hands. But who can put into words the humility of the Virgin Mother herself? Our Lord is vested wholly in white, color being seen only in His cruciform nimbus; and the Virgin Mother's tunic and the mantle covering her head and enveloping her person have the white of wool—of wool shorn from Saint Agnes' lambs,—while the humility of the head bending lowly before her Son to receive her crown, is beyond any humility, excepting from the pencil of the Angelical Friar. The feet of the Son and of the Mother rest upon clouds, and a rainbow encloses them in the midst of heaven itself. At their feet, so far below as to form the arc of a circle, kneels Saint Dominic; opposite to him Saint Francis; behind Saint Francis, Saint Peter Martyr and a saint in a purple tunic; behind Saint Dominic, Saint Benedict; and still carrying on the arc Saint Thomas of Aquin. The composition breathes forth the peace of cloistral contemplation.

Another phase of the Coronation as painted by Fra Angelico is seen in the picture which makes one of the choicest gems of the gallery of the Louvre, Paris. Here Our Lord is seated on a throne richly draped, the canopy sustained by pillars and approached by steps of the richest workmanship. The Virgin Mother kneels at His feet, the hands crossed on her bosom, and in the face all the tender, virginal simplicity of her immaculate girlhood, with a certain trustful humility, as if she were altogether in His hands to do with her as seems to Him good. A thin veil covers the

head, droops over the brow, and from her shoulders falls a long white cloak or mantle with gold-embroidered border. In this picture Our Lord wears an exquisitely wrought crown, and the one which He is placing on the head of His Mother is resplendent. But on either side of this throne, as if filling up steps extending around an audience hall, are groups of angels with their musical instruments, some held close to the cheek like a violin, others with citherns, their fingers moving over the strings with a tender touch which is angelic, while others blow the long trumpets as if calling on the universe to rejoice. All are in ecclesiastical tunics. Outside this range of angels come patriarchs, David the psalmist, apostles, martyrs and virgins—like Saint Agnes, Saint Catherine of Alexandria, Saint Ursula; Saint Stephen, Saint Lawrence, Saint Placidus,—monks and hermits. On the other side one sees Saint Augustine and Saint Dominic, while in front are venerable bishops and great theologians, and all with the air of those attending upon an august solemnity. The harmonious coloring, the sublime intellectual peace with the tender joy of an unalloyed happiness, entrances the most worldly who may stand before this picture, the worldliness dropping for the moment, and the picture is remembered as one of the links between the soul and Heaven.

Beautiful Ages, we may repeat, when dogmas were never to be exhausted inspirations, yielding their treasures to the contemplative and the devout, and irradiating this present life with rainbows of promise. Moreover, such fruits of the inspiration as the pictures we have described becoming, in their turn, the nourishment of daily piety, consoling the sorrowful, lifting up all hearts, strengthening feeble wills, and not only taking away the gloom of death, but presenting to the imagination images and scenes which lure the heart and the senses from the fleeting things of earth to the Heaven which is yet to be our home.

Cardinal Lavigerie and His Apostolate
in Africa.

BY THE REV. REUBEN PARSONS, D. D.

CHARLES LAVIGERIE was born at Bayonne, on October 31, 1825. As he himself has expressed the idea, he is a Basque, "and therefore can be obstinate when necessary." He soon manifested an inclination for the priesthood; and when, in his fifteenth year, his father presented him as a candidate to the Bishop of Bayonne, he replied to the question as to why he wished to enter the sacerdotal state, that he wanted to be a country pastor. Admitted to the preparatory Seminary of Saint-Nicolas-du-Chardonnet, in Paris, he had as companions Langenieux, Foulon, La Tour d'Auvergne; and his master was Dupanloup. In 1843 he entered the Seminary of Saint-Sulpice, and was ordained in 1849 by Mgr. Sibour. In 1853 he received the doctorate in theology at the Sorbonne, and was made professor of Latin Literature at the *École des Carmes*. In 1854 he was appointed adjunct professor of Ecclesiastical History in the Sorbonne, and in 1857 became the titular of the same chair; among his colleagues were Maret, Grätry, and Freppel. But the Abbé Lavigerie taught history only for a brief period; he was soon summoned to tasks which were to constitute him a maker of history. In 1856 he was chosen director of the Work of the Eastern Schools, founded in 1855 under the auspices of such men as Lenormant, Ozanam, Montalembert, Gagarin, De Falloux, and De Broglie, for the promotion of Catholic interests in the Levant; and his professorial duties did not prevent his devoting much time to collecting funds for this noble enterprise. When the Syrian massacres of 1859 and '60 occurred, he collected over three million francs for the sufferers, and himself departed for Syria to superintend the distribution of the offerings,

At Beyrout he established an orphan asylum for four hundred girls, under the care of the Sisters of Charity; and at Zahleh an asylum for boys, which he confided to the Jesuits. Eighteen Catholic bishops of the East afterward sent an address to the Supreme Pontiff, attributing to the director of the Work of the Eastern Schools the greater part of the benefits which French charity had conferred upon their flocks.

In 1861 the position of Auditor of the Rota for France being vacant, Pius IX. tendered it to the Abbé Lavigerie, and for a year and a half he was enabled to familiarize himself with the details of the pontifical administration, and to perfect his knowledge of Italian, which was to be, at Algiers and at Tunis, the language of many of his future diocesans. However, the director of the Work of the Eastern Schools did not forget the child of his predilection; indeed, he had accepted the auditorship only on condition that it should not interfere with his interest in Oriental Christianity, and that he would be allowed to form a branch of the Work in the Eternal City. He was constant in his endeavors to induce the Catholics of the West to imitate the solicitude of Pius IX., who had just then established a special Congregation of the Propaganda for Oriental Affairs; appointed a consulter of this new Congregation, he organized at Civita Vecchia a committee to further the interests of the Bulgarians.

In 1863 Mgr. Lavigerie was named Bishop of Nancy. Pius IX. would have consecrated him, but, being prevented by sickness, he delegated the function to Cardinal Villecourt. We pass over the episcopal career of our prélate at Nancy, and come to the main object of our article, his work in Africa. In November, 1866, he received a letter from Marshal MacMahon, then governor-general of Algeria, begging permission to present his name to the Emperor for the then vacant see of Algiers. Mgr. Lavigerie replied: "Having maturely reflected, and having prayed for light from

God as to my answer to the unexpected offer of your Excellency, I now express myself in all frankness. I would never have voluntarily entertained the thought of quitting a diocese which I dearly love, and in which I have begun numerous works; and if your Excellency had tendered to my acceptance a diocese more important than that of Nancy, my reply would be a negative one. But I entered upon the episcopate as upon a work of sacrifice. You offer me a painful and laborious mission, an episcopal see in every way inferior to my present position, and which entails upon me an abandonment of all I hold most dear; and you think that I can fulfil its duties better than another. A Catholic bishop, my dear Marshal, can make but one reply to such a proposition. I accept the dolorous sacrifice; and if the Emperor appeals to my devotion, I shall not hesitate, cost me what it may." By a bull of July 25, 1866, Pius IX. erected the diocese of Algiers into an archbishopric, giving to it as suffragans the newly created sees of Oran and Constantine. Mgr. Lavigerie entered upon his archiepiscopal duties on May 16, 1867. His experience as director of the Work of the Eastern Schools had convinced the Archbishop that the absence of a Christian spirit in the administration of Algeria accounted for the slow progress of French influence in the colony. And in his eyes Algeria was merely the gate through which Divine Providence was to send the means whereby to convert and civilize two hundred millions of barbarians. In his first pastoral letter he wrote: "To render Algerian soil the cradle of a grand, generous, and Christian nation—in a word, of another France, daughter and sister of our own, happy in marching in the paths of justice and honor by the side of the mother-country; to spread around us, with that ardent initiative which is the gift of our race and of our faith, the true light of the civilization of which the Gospel is the source and

the law; to gather Northern and Central Africa into the life of Christendom; such, in the designs of God and in the hopes of our country and of the Church, is your providential destiny." Twenty years had not elapsed when the author of this language resuscitated the ancient see of Carthage, excited all Europe in favor of the slaves of the Dark Continent, established his apostolic missionaries around the Great Lakes, and received from the Supreme Pontiff the title of Primate of Africa.

Probably the happiest, certainly the most consoling, day of his apostolic life was that on which Mgr. Lavigerie revived the primatial see of St. Cyprian, and, after twelve centuries of interruption, continued the glorious tradition of the Councils of Carthage.* But very different are the circumstances surrounding the present Church of Carthage from those which influenced its ancient prelates. In our day the irreconcilable enemy of the Church and of civilization is Islamism; and to combat this enemy the new Archbishop bent all his energies. He was the first Algerian prelate to make any serious efforts in this direction. The French Government had hitherto opposed all attempts to convert the Mohammedans; even to-day it assumes the entire expense of their worship; and under the empire and the royalty it went so far as to compel the Kabyles to the strictest observance of their religious precepts, even organizing and subsidizing the pilgrimages to Mecca, although it prohibited the bishops of Algiers from acceding to the entreaties of the Kabyles to establish Sisters of Charity among them. The arrival of Mgr. Lavigerie in Africa found in full force this ultra-

* It is not strange that Mgr. Lavigerie should have entertained the thought of writing the history of this ancient Church. His idea was to adapt the work of Morcelli, "Africa Christiana," and to bring it to the level of more recent archaeological discoveries. And since his innumerable occupations prevented his undertaking the task, he entrusted it to F. Toulotte, a learned missionary of his Congregation; and it is now very nearly completed.

protection of the Mohammedan cult on the part of the colonial authorities; they ever cherishing the illusory hope of creating an "Arab kingdom," devoted to France, and separating as much as possible the Europeans from the aborigines. To this system the Archbishop opposed that of assimilation, a progressive fusion of colonists and natives in a French nationality; and since such a project could not be realized so long as the Arabs were Mussulmans, he openly declared his design to prepare their conversion to Christianity. And this preparation was accompanied by no preaching or discussion: it consisted in devoted and gratuitous care of the sick, and in giving a rudimentary education and a taste for manual labor to such children as parents would consign to the care of the Fathers.

It is now twenty-four years since Mgr. Lavigerie collected his first Arab orphans, and established them in villages created expressly for them; and last year his biographer* found them and their children "perfectly faithful to our faith and our customs. Around them the Mussulmans, who sought the villages because of the charities of which these were the centre, had become less fanatical, more like unto ourselves, and full of confidence in our priests." Let us see how these first fruits of the faith were gathered. In 1867, the year of our prelate's arrival in Africa, a frightful famine ravaged Algeria, and in a few months a fifth of the indigenous population had perished. The Government tried to hide the state of affairs, although it secretly distributed some scanty relief; but the Archbishop broke the cruel silence, and sent out an appeal not only to the faithful of France, but to those of other countries, and abundant alms were soon available for the victims. But there were many orphans to be gathered in, and to be endowed with some substitute for the guardians whom they had lost or by whom they had been

abandoned. Very soon Mgr. Lavigerie became the father of nearly two thousand of these derelict children; not one did he refuse of those who voluntarily came to him, or who were brought to him by his White Fathers. Having saved their lives, he now proposed to give them such a training as would enable them to earn their living in a civilized manner, and would permit them to judge between Christianity and Islamism. This project was a flinging down of the gauntlet to the party of the "Arab kingdom," whose ideas were followed by the military administration. Immediately, therefore, the pretended Arabophilists prevailed on Marshal MacMahon to order the prelate to return the orphans to their tribes; whereupon the apostolic Father thus protested: "You order us, M. le Maréchal, to hand over to the bestial passions of their co-religionists these defenceless children, these orphans who were abandoned by all and given over to death, but whom the charity of French Christians enabled our priests and Sisters to save at the cost of twenty of their own lives (owing to the typhus caught from their charges). A thousand times better would it have been had they been left to perish. And this horror is represented to you as necessary! But it shall not be effected without my solemn protest to the entire world. I would have given them up to their parents, their natural tutors; but I am their father and protector, since their fathers and mothers do not exist. They belong to me, for I have preserved their lives. Force alone can take them from their refuge; and if it is employed, my episcopal heart will emit such a cry that the authors of the crime will experience the indignation of all who still deserve the name of men and of Christians." These words of a stricken father elicited an outburst of sympathy throughout France, and the Supreme Pontiff sent him a brief of praise and encouragement. But Mgr. Lavigerie was not content with mere protests: he appealed personally to the

* The Abbé Felix Klein, in "Le Cardinal Lavigerie et ses Œuvres d'Afrique," Paris, 1890.

Emperor Napoleon III.; and on May 28, 1868, the *Journal Officiel* published a letter of the Minister of War, which announced that the Government "never had intended to restrict his episcopal rights, and that every latitude would be allowed Mgr. Lavigerie to extend and improve the refuges in which the prelate's love exercised itself in succoring the orphan, the aged, and the widow."

It often becomes the duty of Algerian as well as of all missionaries among the heathen to baptize infants at the hour of death, and thus send them to heaven, without informing the parents, and without the permission of the civil administration. But, says the biographer of Mgr. Lavigerie, this is the sole "abuse" which can be laid to the account of the clericals in their interference with the natives, and it produces no consequences on this earth. However, very precise and severe rules define the duty of the clergy in all that concerns the baptism of heathens and Islamites. The diocesan statutes establish that "no Jewish or Mussulman infant shall be baptized without the express permission of the parents." The only exception is for such infants as are in evident danger of death, and for the orphans adopted by the missionaries or by the Christian colonists. And in the last case every prudential precaution is taken to prove that the child is really abandoned by its family, that it enjoys the necessary liberty and has received the necessary instruction. Even in the case of a subject who has attained the legal age of majority, the authorization of the bishop is requisite for the baptism, and is given only when the probable durability of the conversion is assured. Mgr. Lavigerie has always insisted that it would be folly—aye, a crime—to excite the fanaticism of the Mussulman population by an unwise proselytism. He opines that "it is not necessary to be a priest, it is enough to be a man, to cause one to desire the enfranchisement of the

fallen denizens of Northern Africa; and while the civil authorities deprive the indigenous peoples of their arms, of their power, and of their traditions, we priests try to calm them, to mollify their chagrin by the exercise of charity. We teach their children; we heal their wounded and nurse their sick; we succor their poor; we have for them only words of kindness. We do not obtain hasty and imprudent conversions, which are mere preludes to apostasy; but rather a certain preparation, without shocks or danger, for a transformation of the African world. The seed is sown; we who may not gather the crop will have our reward in having served the cause of humanity and of God."

(Conclusion in our next number.)

Assumpta est Maria in Cœlum.

BY KATHARINE TYNAN.

THE Father sayeth, "Welcome, my Daughter!"
Saith the Spirit, "Welcome, my Spouse!"
What have angels and archangels brought her?
Stars for her brows.

"Welcome, Mother!" the Son saith only,
"Welcome, Mother!" The years were slow
While she waited, the years were lonely,
The summons to go.

Twelve long years of winter and summer
Feeding patient His altar-light,
Michael tarried, the lordly comer
Whose torch was bright.

Now the Three in Unity claim her
Close to each in the tenderest bond;
Now the Three in Unity name her
Holy and fond!

Now the angels float from the azure,
Kiss her feet and her mantle's rim;
She looks up at her Son, her Treasure,
Hungry for Him.

Little feet that were wont to falter,
 Little fingers her lips once kissed.
 Ages, spaces, His will can alter,
 Yea, as He list.

Mother of Christ and all men's Mother,
 Where thou sittest the stars between
 Pluck His robe for His toiling brother
 Stricken with sin.

Yea, the strong desire of His Passion,
 Yea, the fruit of His mortal pain;
 Intercede for thy mournful nation,
 Mother of men!

Intercede for thy mournful nation
 Toiling, stricken, seething beneath,—
 Yea, the strong desire of His Passion
 Bought with His death!

The Success of Patrick Desmond.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

XXIII.—(Continued.)

MRS. DESMOND welcomed Mr. Stokes and Belinda as a relief from the loneliness of having nobody to wait upon; and the latter gave a helping hand in the arrangement of the little repast, which had some of the special Sunday touches particularly admired by Patrick.

"He's at Eaglescliff," said Mrs. Desmond. "I expected him here to-day, but his business keeps him even on Sunday."

"So near!" said Belinda. "I thought he was in New York."

"He's helping a lawyer named Fitzgerald in the affairs of the Fly-Away Mines," answered Mrs. Desmond, proudly. "Patrick is smart."

"Smart enough not to run after Eleanor Redwood, now that she's poor," Belinda said to herself. "It's too bad that the Mines have gone to nothing," she remarked, aloud.

"If anybody can stop the mischief, Patrick can," said the mother, confidently.

"And Mr. Fitzgerald is the best lawyer in New York, they say."

"It will take quite a mighty good lawyer to make anything of a mine after the rats leave it," ventured Belinda, grimly. "I say, Mrs. Desmond, what would you do if you had a great load on your mind?"

It was Belinda's way to go directly to the point. Mr. Stokes put his coffee-cup down, and prepared to listen. Mrs. Desmond either did not hear or did not heed the abrupt question; she was thinking of her son.

"The Mines are all right again, I hear," said Mrs. Desmond. "They will bring more money than ever,—that's what Patrick said in his letter."

"They will!" cried Belinda. "Well, I'm glad of it. If that's so I shall not have to go and be a slave of duty in New York; for the Judge will be rich again. But, oh, dear," she added, "I'm just the same miserable sinner! I've done the deed, and I don't know what will blot it out."

Mr. Stokes did not speak, although Belinda directed her speech toward him.

"And I want to know now, Mrs. Desmond, meaning no offence to you as a Romanist, what you would really do if you felt as I do."

"My heart is heavy enough sometimes. I shall never be the same so long as that boy is away."

"It's natural enough for sons to go out in the world, and the Scriptures are not against it; but I want to know what you Romanists do when you've got a crime on your mind and need to get rid of it."

Mrs. Desmond looked startled. "We go to confession, of course, and get absolution; and if we are sorry from our heart—"

"Oh, I'm sorry enough!" interrupted Belinda. "If it were only down in the Bible, I'd go myself,—though it sounds awfully un-American."

"It is in the Bible," said Mrs. Desmond; "and you ought to know it, Belinda. 'Whose sins you shall forgive—'"

"What do you say to that, Mr. Stokes? Do you call that Scriptural?" demanded Belinda.

"I have no opinion," answered Mr. Stokes. "I can't have until somebody shows me what the Scriptures mean; so don't ask me."

"Mr. Stokes," said Belinda, solemnly, "I don't want to hurt your feelings, but I'm convinced that you're a weak-minded creature. I am determined to have spiritoal consolation; and I'll go to a Romanist priest, even if he is Irish! There now!"

Mrs. Desmond was discreet enough not to ask questions; she understood that under Belinda's grimness there were unrest and fear. She said a quiet prayer for her.

After dinner was over, Mr. Stokes took his leave very gladly, and Belinda drifted to the congenial subject of the late Mrs. Redwood's state of mind.

"Some say it was religion," Belinda began, rocking herself in the big chair.

"The poor woman gave hers up, and it preyed on her mind. The Judge was a little hard at times, and she had one or two really mad fits."

"Pshaw!" said Belinda, "she was no more an insane woman than you or I. It was the neuralgia that did it; and Dr. Talbot said that if she could get rid of her neuralgia and have her mind calm, she'd never have a fit. There was no insanity in the Waldrons,—I am sure of that. Mrs. Redwood just had her queerness. I'll be queer myself if I don't get spiritoal consolation pretty soon."

Mrs. Desmond made her give her impressions over again with some satisfaction. It was a comfort—which she resolved, however, to keep to herself—to know that Eleanor Redwood was not likely, by inheritance, to become a raving maniac.

When Belinda reached home she found that Eleanor was in better spirits than usual. She was seated on the porch, in one of those soft, white dresses she preferred. She wore some early roses at her

belt, and Belinda was cheered up by this; for Eleanor had not worn flowers since her father's illness.

"O Belinda," Eleanor exclaimed, as she ascended the steps, "I have good news! Papa has said a few words, and he seems to hear remarkably well to-day."

"Thank the Lord!" said Belinda, with fervor. "I've good news, too. If what I've heard is correct, you're rich again. The Fly-Away Mines are worth their weight in gold!"

"I am glad," replied Eleanor, smiling a little; "but papa and I can get on without them. Mr. Desmond has his own again; I gave the shares to him."

Belinda dropped her parasol. "You did!" "I found out they were his, and I gave them up."

"You found out! Oh, I wish I had torn Laury Bayard's eyes out before I gave her that note!" stammered Belinda, becoming as purple as her parasol. "I must have spiritoal consolation, or I'll choke! Oh, never mind me!" she continued, as Eleanor rose, with eyes full of wonder. "But I want to tell you that this Patrick Desmond has no more right to those shares than the man in the moon. And I want to say, besides, that the only way to get 'em back again is to marry him, though he ain't no kind of a match for you."

Eleanor made a proud gesture toward Belinda, and said coldly: "Go into the house!"

Belinda, in a whirlwind of indignation, disappeared; the next moment she made an attack on the pans in the kitchen which startled the Sunday atmosphere.

Eleanor, hoping that her father would sleep through this dreadful racket, remained on the porch, and resolved to discover what Belinda meant. And when Belinda had cooled a little they talked and cried late into the night. After that Eleanor prayed that she might be shown the way out; and she prayed, too, that it might not be wrong to pray for her mother.

XXIV.

For as much as each one is in Thy eyes, so much is he, and no more, saith the humble St. Francis.—“*Following of Christ.*”

Eleanor continued her preparations for leaving Redwood, but with a decrease of elation. She was young enough and inexperienced enough to believe that any change must be for the better; at the same time she enjoyed a certain feeling of heroism in facing the world. But even the evident improvement in her father's condition could not soothe the effect of the doubts raised by Belinda's words. Had she done wrong to surrender to Patrick Desmond the shares of stock in the Fly-Away Mines? Had it been a desire to be just that prompted her, or only a certain pride in showing that she was just?

On Monday Belinda repentantly told Eleanor the story of the note she had found, and of her misuse of it. Eleanor had no words of reproach for Belinda. The only thought that absorbed her mind was the question, “Have I done right?” Belinda indignantly said, “No”; and, accustomed as she was to speak out plainly, went on: “Of course the money's gone, and there's no help for it. And I must say, Eleanor Redwood, that if I've been a criminal, you've been a fool!”

Eleanor did not answer to this. Belinda's position in the family and in Redwood gave her privileges even beyond those large ones taken by the ordinary domestic assistants.

“Mr. Desmond will keep nothing that does not belong to him,” Eleanor remarked. “Suppose we change the subject?”

“I'd bring a suit at law for the money. Money is money and business is business.”

“Oh, how can you talk that way, Belinda! How *can* you! My father would rather die in an almshouse than drag his private affairs into court.”

“He would, would he?” said Belinda, with a sneer. “Then he ain't like most of us. If you've got any gumption, Eleanor Redwood, you'll lay your pipes so that you

can marry this Desmond man. He is a papist and Irish, but money is—”

Eleanor, her face crimson, had left her. Belinda shrugged her shoulder, and muttered to herself: “I guess I've done *more* damage. As I'm doomed anyhow, it won't make much difference.”

After this Eleanor was unusually quiet. She went about her duties the same as before, but said little; she saw no visitors. Mrs. Howard Sykes, who sent flowers and fruit every day, made her way to Eleanor's room, and lectured her with a mixture of kindness and vulgarity. The Judge could never afterward complain that the people of Redwood had deserted him in his poverty.

Dr. Talbot had said that the Judge was able to travel. There was a large group of old friends at the station; among them was Mrs. Bayard, who began to cultivate a new affection for Eleanor, now that she was down in the world. As the train moved from the station, Eleanor caught sight of Mrs. Desmond and kissed her hand to her.

Belinda stood on the platform in a tragic attitude; and she felt tragical. To her the leaving Redwood was a terrible step into the unknown; but the Puritan instinct in her, inherited and cultivated—for Belinda's “forebears” had been New England Congregationalists,—made her willing to flay herself rather than not suffer for the wrong she had done. Belinda felt that henceforth there could be no joy for her in this world. Her spiritual child, Mr. Stokes, had failed her, and now she was an exile for injustice's sake. There was no compensation in this life or the next for her. Her idea of God was that of a being waiting anxiously to east her into perdition: She had given this creature of her imagination—a creature resulting from an ignorant reading of the Old Testament—his chance, and she was sure that he had taken it. She was not going to complain; but, nevertheless, she was determined to do her duty to the bitter end. But this duty would deprive her of all the little ameliorations of her lot. If Mrs. How-

ard Sykes' preserved pineapple—put up by that odious female in opposition to Belinda's own receipt—turned out bad, she could never know it now; and who would tell her every detail of the funeral of Sara Jane Smalltweed, who had just died?

Judge Redwood seemed to grow brighter for the change of scene; he spoke several times in a whisper, and delighted Eleanor by calling attention to the various objects they passed. A small house in the middle of a wheat field, with a bright red barn behind it, made him smile,—the barn towering in size, and its striking color making the house seem insignificant. His pleasure in the open country awakened in his daughter's mind some doubts as to his feelings when he should see the little dwelling-place she had, with Mrs. Fitzgerald's help, found for him. Mary Fitzgerald had been kinder than she admitted at the dinner party, and had piloted Eleanor to "a jewel of a flat," according to the New York point of view. The New York point of view was not Belinda's, and she began to fear that her father would have no sympathy with it.

(To be continued.)

The Better Life of a Great City.

BY THE COMTESSE DE COURSON.

(CONTINUED.)

VERY different from the house of the Rue Oudinot is that of the Rue Lecourbe, an asylum for infirm boys founded in 1859 at the cost of immense sacrifices. The children who are here received are poor waifs and strays, all hopelessly deformed; some are idiots, others helpless cripples. Those among them who are sufficiently intelligent and able to use their hands, are taught a trade that may serve them to gain a livelihood later on. But apart from these, the gifted ones of the house, is a category of little unfortunates,

hardly human in shape, who live, or rather vegetate, in a separate infirmary. Among them moves the black-robed Brother, who washes, dresses, feeds, and amuses them; maternal in his tenderness, unwearied in his care; a worthy disciple of the great Master, who loved the poor and little ones of this world. Over two hundred infirm boys are here taught and cared for. The parents of some among them pay a trifling sum, but the greater number are supported by the alms of private benefactors. And here again we have a splendid example of the unwearied charity that exists in Paris, the so-called city of pleasure.

The house of the Rue Lecourbe is an expensive one to support; for though the Brothers themselves are content with the bare necessities of life, they have to give good and substantial food to their poor little charges. Except a sum of fifteen hundred francs a year, which even the impious Conseil Municipal of Paris has not ventured to withdraw, and the small pension paid by some of the parents, the institution depends entirely on the charity of its benefactors. A *conseil d'administration*, composed entirely of laymen, many of whom bear some of the greatest names in France, direct and support the material organization of the work. These auxiliaries fulfil their task with touching zeal and piety. "I have six children," said one of them, "all of whom are in perfect health of mind and body; I thought the best way of expressing my gratitude to God was to consecrate part of my time and of my money to poor and infirm children."

While the Brothers of St. John of God receive little cripples, boys whose bodies are healthy but whose hearts and minds have been perverted by evil influences are cared for by the Abbé Roussel, whose foundation at Auteuil, near Paris, is well known throughout France. Like many other noble works, this one originated in an apparently chance circumstance, which was the revelation of God's holy will to a chosen soul.

At the end of the winter of 1865, the Abbé Roussel, a brave and charitable secular priest, perceived a small boy who was hunting for something in a heap of rubbish. "What are you doing?" he asked.—"I am looking for something to eat." The Abbé took the boy home, gave him a bed and some food. The next day another little vagabond was picked up in the same manner, and at the end of a week six young outcasts, houseless and homeless, were crowded together in the Abbé's room. From that day the good priest's resolve was taken. He bravely set to work to collect a sufficient sum to buy a half-ruined house, where he lodged his boys.

At that time his object was merely to instruct them sufficiently to enable them to make their First Communion. This was not an easy task: the little waifs were the very refuse of humanity—homeless vagabonds, bred in the midst of crime, and generally ignorant of all that is good. It needed all the brave priest's tenacity of purpose to overcome the numberless difficulties of his self-imposed task; but, far from being discouraged, he resolved to extend his work, and make it more solid and complete. He grew to love his little savages, and it went to his heart to part with them after their First Communion, with their characters still unformed and their good habits of too recent date to be firmly rooted. He therefore decided to create a number of workshops, where, under his eye, they could learn various trades, and receive at the same time a careful Christian training, to arm them for the battle of life. With this object in view, he established a printing-press, workshops for shoemakers, carpenters, locksmiths, and tailors. Over six thousand boys have passed through the house of Auteuil since its foundation, and it has been calculated that on an average eighty out of a hundred persevere in the habits of industry, honesty, and piety formed within its walls.

The discipline of the institution is sin-

gularly paternal. It has to deal with boys accustomed to a life of idleness and wandering, who often, after a few days' confinement, run away, and return only when cowed by hunger, cold and misery. "No one is kept here by force," is the Abbé Roussel's oft-repeated declaration; and when the crestfallen runaway presents himself at the gate of the hospitable home, he is first of all mildly reprimanded, then abundantly fed, thoroughly warmed, and made generally comfortable. It seldom happens that the experience is twice repeated.

Once, however, the good Abbé had to deal with a boy, wilder and more undisciplined than the rest, who ran away six times; six times he came back, either of his own free will, utterly spent with want and misery, or else brought back by the police, who found him wandering through the streets. All means of persuasion had failed, when a happy idea struck Abbé Roussel. The runaway was established in the lodge at the entrance gate, and entrusted with the responsible function of porter of the establishment. The plan succeeded perfectly, and the runaway filled his new duties to the general satisfaction.

The secret of the Abbé's success lies not only in his apostolic zeal and unwearied perseverance, but also in his rare prudence and tact. He has to deal with children bred in vice; many of them are the sons of criminals, and the worst instincts of humanity are their inheritance. His manner with his charges is frank, affectionate and cheerful. His object is to make them good Christians, honest men and able workmen; but, knowing their uncurbed natures, he promotes all kinds of rough and violent games, in which the wild instincts of his *protégés* can find vent. In common with all those who have made the education of youth their special study, he knows that physical fatigue is a safeguard, and doubly so in the case of his little waifs.

It often happens that the good Abbé returns from his walks bringing a new

addition to his already numerous family. One of these was a tiny boy of ten, whom he found selling chickweed in the streets of Paris. "How much do you earn in the course of a day?" he asked.—"Five or six sous."—"Where is your father?"—"I do not know."—"Have you heard of God?"—"God? Who is He?"—"Would you like to live in a house, with a bed to sleep in, four meals a day, other boys to play with, and where, moreover, you could learn a trade?"—"Yes."—"Then come with me." And the priest and his new boy returned to Auteuil together.

It needs prodigies of skill and economy to support the now important establishment of the Abbé Roussel, and the charity of the Catholics of Paris has been largely appealed to. The older boys work, it is true, as carpenters, shoemakers, locksmiths, bookbinders, and printers; in this latter capacity they even edit a weekly illustrated paper, which has a wide circulation among the numerous friends and benefactors of the work, who are naturally the young workmen's most faithful customers. Nevertheless, the food, teaching and clothing of over three hundred boys is no small matter; and without the indomitable perseverance and persuasive powers of the charitable founder, and the steady flow of contributions in answer to his appeals, the institution could not continue to exist.

From the busy home where the Abbé devotes his life to the regeneration of his little vagabonds, our author takes us to a foundation of a very different nature—the convent asylum of Villepinte, where the nuns of Marie Auxiliatrice, a Congregation recently established, direct a hospital for consumptive women. In the busiest quarter of the great capital, Rue de Maubeuge, near the northern railway, these Sisters had already founded a centre of works of charity—a school for girls and a home for governesses, servants and workwomen out of employment. From these foundations, which have now flourished for some

years, sprang the idea of the hospital of Villepinte. The Sisters noticed that among the young women who sought the shelter of the convent when out of work, a great number were threatened with consumption, that terrible disease whose ravages are incalculable in our overcrowded cities. They ascertained, too, that the public hospitals take in consumptive patients only when they have reached the last stage of the malady; and they planned the foundation of a home where, with the help of good food, fresh air, perfect rest and care, the fell disease might be conquered and its victims saved.

Like the Little Sisters of the Poor and the Brothers of St. John of God, the nuns of Marie Auxiliatrice begged from the rich to help the poor, and here again the upper classes of Paris responded promptly to their appeal. Men of the great world, women celebrated for their beauty and elegance, gave their gold with generous profusion. A house was bought at Villepinte, close to Paris, and on an average from two to three hundred young women and girls are received every year within its hospitable walls. Its inmates are for the most part very young, girls of sixteen or seventeen, worn out by the hard work, close lodgings, bad food, and feverish existence of the great city. Some recover by dint of rest and care; others, too far gone, spend the last months and weeks of their lives in peace, surrounded by kindness and love, within sight of the blue sky and green trees, which to many bring back the remembrances of their childhood. The Sisters' one sorrow is that they can not receive all who beg admittance; and their one hope that they may by degrees enlarge their establishment, so as to be able to welcome all the poor, weak, tired children who knock at their door.

Another institution, that of the Blind Sisters of St. Paul, next claims our attention. Its foundress, Anne Bergunion, was born in 1804, of a middle-class family. All her life she had to struggle with poverty

and with physical weakness. Twice she tried to enter a religious order, but each time her strength failed, and God clearly showed that her place was elsewhere. In the year 1845 she lost her parents, for whom she had worked with untiring devotion; and, finding herself free from all claims upon her time, she devoted herself to a certain number of young girls, to whom she taught needlework while training them to habits of virtue and piety. After some time she was persuaded to receive two blind girls among her little flock. These girls were ill-tempered, rebellious, and embittered by their infirmity; but Anne's gentleness finally conquered their evil instincts, and in her dealings with them she acquired an experience that served her later on.

Now and then she thought with anxiety of the future of her little community; her love for the blind had increased with her success in managing them, and she longed to provide a permanent home for those on whom it had pleased God to lay so heavy a cross. One day, when reading the life of a holy lady who, in the last century, had founded asylums for fallen women in the south of France, she came upon this passage: "Secure work for a week, three rooms to live in, and have six francs in your pocket; you can then found a community." These words were a ray of light. A good doctor, who was interested in her work for the blind, encouraged her warmly; her plan of establishing a religious house was submitted to Monseigneur Sibour, Archbishop of Paris, and approved of by him. In 1853 Anne Bergunion and twelve of her pupils, seven of whom were blind, received the religious habit and adopted the name of Sisters of St. Paul.

The little community developed itself slowly. At first the Sisters received an annual sum from the Préfet de la Seine; but since the French Government has become the open adversary of religious orders, this has been withdrawn, and the

institution is supported by the work of its inmates and by private contributions. Anne Bergunion has gone to her rest, leaving as a watchword to her Sisters the words she loved to repeat to them when alive: "We are the servants of the blind."

(Conclusion in our next number.) :-

Legends of the Assumption.

THERE is a tradition among the Christians of the Holy Land that some days previous to her assumption, the Blessed Virgin received from the Archangel Gabriel a palm-branch, in token of her approaching end and as a symbol of her glorious triumph. On the spot where the Angel appeared, at the base of the Mount of Olives, the early Christians built an oratory. No trace of this little chapel now exists, unless it be a pile of stones, evidently forming the *débris* of a demolished building. The branches of two olive-trees overshadow this spot, known as the "Place of the Announcement of Death to the Blessed Virgin." This foreknowledge of the time of her death, although an uncommon favor, was not one peculiar to Our Lady. Saints Peter, John, Martin, Benedict, and other servants of God, were accorded the same privilege. The announcement in Mary's case was singular only in the circumstances of the messenger and his symbol.

It is believed that Mary received the Sacrament of Extreme Unction; her reception of the Holy Viaticum is more certain. Our Lord Himself deigned to visit His Mother at the last moment; and the lights placed by the disciples around her bed paled before the splendor of the angelic host which accompanied their King.

At the sound of these heavenly songs, which resounded along the route of the glorious cortege, the people came out in crowds to learn what was taking place. "Mary, the Mother of Jesus, is dead,"

said a bystander, in answer to the questions asked on all sides; "and His disciples are bearing her body to the tomb." Blind fury at once possessed the multitude. "Let us kill the disciples," they cried; "and burn the body of her who bore the Seducer!"

The high-priest, more furious than the others, took hold of the bier to overthrow it; but his arms suddenly withered, and his hands, rigid as in death, remained fixed to the wood. At the same moment his fanatical companions were stricken with blindness. The priest then implored Peter to heal him. "It is not in my power to cure you," said Peter. "But if you believe in our Lord Jesus, and in Mary, His Virgin Mother, everything is possible to faith."—"I believe," said the repentant profaner; "but do you yourself pray for me." Immediately his hands were detached from the bier, but they still remained lifeless. "Place them on the bier," continued Peter, "and say, 'I believe all that Peter preaches.'"—"I believe," said the Jew, kissing the bier; he was instantly cured. "Take this palm-branch," added Peter, "and wave it over this blinded people; whoever believes will be restored to sight." And so it happened.

A column commemorative of this event was erected on the spot where the miracle took place; which column, surmounted by a cross, was seen in the eighth century by St. Willibald, Bishop of Aischat, while on a pilgrimage to Jerusalem.

A Word of Warning.

THERE is an ancient story of a father who brought home, as a pet for his children, a serpent which seemed harmless, but which, when warmed by the fire upon the hearth, exhibited its true nature, and planted its poisonous fangs with deadly effect into the flesh of each child before it could be destroyed. No sane parent of to-day would intentionally follow the ex-

ample of the father in that old tale; yet he often, unconsciously, does worse by permitting in his household pernicious publications, compared with which the most venomous serpent that ever crawled is a devoted friend. A serpent's bite, however deadly, can hurt only the body; it can not harm the soul.

Anthony Comstock, in an admirable article in the *North American Review*, estimates that there are in the United States upward of twenty millions of youths, or children of an age when impressions are most readily received, and when the character is often formed for life. Not content with trying to throw their foul nets around adults, the purveyors of immoral literature are utilizing these children as tools by which to circulate their loathsome publications. There is a certain class of advertisements which no reputable journal will accept at any price. How to get them before the public, especially young persons, has been a problem which some ghouls have solved. Papers apparently un- harmful are printed, and the aid of the children enlisted. Prizes are offered to the boy or girl who is successful in aiding the circulation; and sometimes—as in one notable instance—childish vanity is gratified by a group of published portraits of the most industrious canvassers.

The reading matter is, shrewdly enough, no worse than that common to the ordinary "boiler-plate" miscellany; and, although smacking somewhat of the prize ring and the divorce court, gives no true index to the motive of the sheet. That is learned by referring to the advertising cards. Some of these that appear to be harmless are in reality most pernicious.

It would be shirking a solemn duty to fail to sound the alarm when there is so much at stake; especially as we are forced to admit that the advertising columns of one or two Catholic publications that come to us are, unwittingly we are sure, not without blemishes of a similar hideous character.

Notes and Remarks.

Pastor Eberlé, of Würtemberg, was recently converted to Catholicism, and has published the motives that led him to take the step. On the occasion of the publication of his article, the *Evangelical Gazette* thus expressed itself on the state of the Evangelical Church in Würtemberg:

"In reading the pamphlet of Eberlé, wherein he sets forth the reasons that have caused him to sever his connection with the national church of Würtemberg, one must acknowledge that the situation is just as he describes it. There is no vestige of a doctrine universally accepted; each pastor has his own dogma; the gravest errors are tolerated at Tübingen, and even in the bosom of the consistory; discipline no longer exists; revolting abominations are met with everywhere; the latest ecclesiastical law was a lamentable compromise between the Church and the State. The power of falsehood and hypocrisy is without limit, and one might fittingly write on the gates of this great cemetery the words: 'The temple of spiritual lies.' What might still be built up by the sermon is overthrown in funeral discourses, in which the best and most pious enunciate fearful falsehoods. . . . The Protestant Church is becoming more and more the repository of lies; error reigns in every faculty. One can no longer have confidence in any professor; they are all inexperienced, eaten into by the spirit of criticism,—they are clouds without consistency."

A somewhat severe arraignment from a Protestant source, truly; but assuredly not more severe than just, even if made of wider application than that intended by the *Gazette*.

A fitting sequel to the labors of the Abbé de l'Eppé in behalf of deaf-mutes is an invention recently made by another French priest, Mgr. Verrier—an apparatus by means of which deaf-mutes may, with careful attention, gradually regain their hearing and even the power of speech. If this discovery prove fully successful, it will be not the least important service which society owes to the Catholic clergy.

Zealous missionaries among pagan populations enlighten souls as much by their works as by their words. Self-abnegation, heroic charity, and voluntary death in life, appeal to the intelligence of every class with a force and eloquence that can not be gainsaid. Thus

the work of Father Testevuide, the Father Damien of Japan, is a potent factor in the evangelization of that country. For years this brave missionary had grieved over the miserable condition of the lepers, who in Japan are numbered by thousands; but want of resources compelled him to remain comparatively inactive in the amelioration of their deplorable state. In 1888 he succeeded in procuring a tract of land near Gotemba, at the foot of the celebrated mountain of Fuji-Yama, and there built a sort of hut for lepers. At first only six could be provided for. Some generous souls having responded to his appeal for help, Father Testevuide has been enabled to enlarge the hospital, which is the only establishment of the kind in Japan. We trust that thousands of Catholics will follow the example of many friends of THE "AVE MARIA" in giving of their superabundance to further so apostolic a mission as this in behalf of the Japanese lepers. Father Testevuide requests us to express his deep gratitude for the generous alms received from the United States, and to announce that prayers are said at the hospital every day for its benefactors, for whom he also offers the Holy Sacrifice every month.

The reckless writer, like Dr. Andrew D. White and the late Dr. Draper, is not so safe from the consequence of his transgressions as he once was. On all sides there are specialists ready to defend the truth from every point of view. The *Medical and Surgical Journal*, for July 30, contained a refreshing letter from Dr. Thomas Dwight, in which he shows that the knowledge of Dr. White on the subject of the relations of the Church and medical service in the Middle Ages and during the Renaissance is of the flimsiest kind. Dr. White gave the impression that the Church "oppressed medicine"; Dr. Dwight meets his insinuations, one by one, effectually. The assertion that Pope Boniface VIII. interdicted dissection as sacrilege, threatening excommunication against those who practised it, is declared to be utterly false. "The nature of the decree of Boniface VIII. is set forth in its title, which is as follows: 'Corpora defunctorum exenterantes et ea immaniter decoquentes, ut ossa a carnibus separata ferant sepelienda in terram

suam, ipso facto sunt excommunicati.' That is to say, it forbids the eviscerating and boiling the bodies of the dead for the purpose of bringing the bones home to the country of the departed. This is a custom which appears to have sprung up, or at least been in use, during the Crusades. Neither in this decree nor anywhere else, so far as I have been able to learn, is there any prohibition of dissection."

Dr. Dwight concludes his letter with these words:

"As to Dr. White's conclusion, 'that in proportion as the grasp of theology upon education tightened, medicine declined; and in proportion as that grasp has relaxed, medicine has developed,' I have something to say. The schools of Salerno, Padua, Bologna, Rome, Naples, Pavia and Pisa, show that the country where medicine, and above all where anatomy, flourished was just where the grasp of theology was strong. Further, though very probably in some cases abused by individuals, the influence of theology on medicine has been for morality. One instance has been already mentioned; another is the protection of the unborn. I can well believe that where all theological restraint is thrown away, experiments may be tried by which science will prosper at the cost of patients. Reports of such—let us hope unfounded ones—have recently come from Berlin."

The reports from Berlin were that some of the physicians had grafted cancerous matter on living patients. According to later accounts, the accused physicians say that this grafting never was done, except when the patient was beyond recovery! If enlightened public opinion condemns this, will it be looked on as "oppressing medicine"?

Thirty-three years ago the steamer *Pennsylvania*, plying between New Orleans and St. Louis, was wrecked by an explosion near Memphis. Many persons were killed or drowned. Among the passengers was a family consisting of father, mother, one son, and four little daughters. The parents, one of the girls, and the boy were among the missing. The remaining children were sent back to New Orleans, and placed in a convent of the Sisters of Notre Dame. They eventually joined the sisterhood, but were separated in course of time and never met until last month—after a period of twenty-five years. The reunion was fittingly celebrated.

These are the facts of a grossly exaggerated story, which first appeared in a secular journal,

and has been copied into a number of Catholic papers. The account of a rescue of deaf-mutes recently at St. Hilaire, near Montreal, in which one Sister Margaret figured conspicuously, is also largely imaginative. We regret that our own version of the story was much exaggerated, though it came from a source seemingly reliable.

Some weeks ago we referred to the good which might be done by collecting old stamps and sending them to the Association of Mary Immaculate. We then expressed regret at not having full information regarding the work to offer, but a friend has since kindly supplied us with these facts, which can not fail to be of interest to our readers. The Association of Mary Immaculate is a union of pious women who make these otherwise useless stamps into wall-paper, plaques, and other objects, which are then sold, the proceeds going to the support of missionaries for the conversion of pagan women. This laudable project has received the cordial encouragement of His Holiness and many bishops. Persons desirous of becoming associates, or those having stamps to send, would do well to write to Mlle. Elisa Léon, 48 Rue de Bourgogne, Paris.

A young Mexican priest, Don Angel Bravo, started from Temvaya on the 28th of last June to celebrate Mass in a neighboring village. He was strongly urged not to go, on account of the danger from the swollen streams on the way; but, not wishing to leave the people without Mass and sermon on Sunday, he bravely set out. Whilst crossing one of the streams, the force of the current was so great as to carry his horse and himself away, and he was drowned. The *Voz de México* speaks in terms of highest praise of his great intelligence, extensive knowledge, and splendid virtues. May we not consider Don Angel another martyr of charity? We may add that there are no better priests in the world than those of our sister Republic.

The *Colorado Catholic*, in whose columns there has recently appeared a series of able articles from the pen of the Rev. L. A. Lambert, publishes a trenchant letter from the

caustic author of "Notes on Ingersoll," in reply to an invitation to address an annual convention of the New York Freethinkers' Association. The inexorable logic which tore to pieces the vapid vaporings of Mr. Ingersoll, delighting both Protestant and Catholic opponents of that silver-tongued blasphemer, is here employed to perforate the bubble with which thousands of elderly children are amusing themselves. "Do you not see," asks Father Lambert of these Freethinkers, "that your effort to arrive at the truth, if successful, must destroy the principle of 'free thought' which you so strenuously maintain? What can be more condemnatory of your theory than the fact that truth and free thought are essentially and eternally antagonistic, so that the existence of the one necessarily presupposes the non-existence of the other?" The following refusal to accept the invitation extended, might profitably be appropriated by many who are challenged to engage in useless controversy with adversaries whose minds are not at all disposed to receive light: "I am always willing, under proper conditions, to give an account of the faith that is in me; but I can not consent to become a part or an actor in your enterprising exhibition."

A notable instance of the manner in which God rewards fidelity to His service is offered by the history of the Church in the Feejee Islands. For twenty years zealous missionaries had labored, and, like the Apostles, "had taken nothing,"—not one real convert having been made during that long period. But these apparently fruitless labors have at last been crowned with glorious success. Last year there were, according to the *Sacred Heart Review*, 800 conversions, 426 adult baptisms, 629 infant baptisms, 2,735 children in parish schools, with a Catholic population of 10,290. The success of the missionaries, as well as their travails, suggests the miraculous draught of fishes. The Feejee Islanders, as is well known, were the fiercest savages on earth.

A short article on "Anniversaries," published in the *Monthly Calendar*, of the Church of the Sacred Heart, Worcester, Mass., deserves a wide reading. It is full of good points, and

sets before Christian parents the advantage of celebrating family feast-days with religious and social ceremonies. If Catholic children can be made to imbibe a strong domestic instinct, with zest for the pleasures of the fire-side, the dangers which threaten them from modern society will be minimized. But let us quote the paragraph referred to:

"Parents, cultivate in your family a love for the annual celebration of your family feast-days. The return of your marriage day, the baptism or birthday of your children, their First Communion and Confirmation anniversaries, should all be days of rejoicing in the Christian family; and the Christian remembrance of them would serve to cement the family affections still more strongly. How should you celebrate them? Hear Holy Mass on that day; or, better still, if possible, have a Mass said for the one whose anniversary is being celebrated, and receive Holy Communion in thanksgiving to God for the blessings received. Can you estimate the wealth of grace that would come to you and to your children by such a Christian practice? And your dead, remember them on the anniversary of their death. Parents, sanctify your homes, your children and yourselves, by this beautiful remembrance of the days of grace and blessing; and thus teach your children to keep up this Christian act when you have passed away."

The school for biblical studies which the Dominicans have established in Jerusalem is on the spot where St. Stephen was stoned, and where afterward stood a monastery and a splendid basilica. It is cheering to know that this sacred spot is once more in possession of Catholics.

New Publications.

LIFE OF THE VENERABLE MADELEINE BARAT, Foundress of the Society of the Sacred Heart of Jesus. Drawn and abridged from the French by Lady Georgiana Fullerton. New York: P. O'Shea.

The charm attached to sanctity of life always makes itself felt in the hearts of those who are great enough to see God in His creatures; but when the Church seals with her approbation the life-work of any of her children, there is a twofold incentive to veneration and imitation. Hence this new edition of the Life of Mother Barat will have a special interest now, inasmuch as his Holiness Pope Leo XIII. has signed the decree

introducing the cause of her canonization, and allowing her to be called Venerable.

The Society of the Sacred Heart of Jesus has been closely identified with the highest educational interests ever since its foundation; and to follow its growth from its conception to the pontifical decree of 1879 can not but be a source of pleasure and edification.

Early in the life of Mother Barat were evinced those noble qualities which in after years supported her in days of persecution, and which made her a veritable apostle of the Sacred Heart,—an apostle whose motto was generosity,—a generosity of mind and heart and soul. We feel confident Lady Georgiana Fullerton's admirable translation will everywhere be received with delight.

LIFE OF FATHER JOHN CURTIS, of the Society of Jesus. By the Author of "Tyborne." Revised by the Rev. E. Purbrick, S.J. Catholic Publication Society, N. Y.

When we say that the motto of Father John Curtis was "All for the Heart of Jesus," and that his life of fourscore and ten years was the living expression of that motto, we have said what will awaken an interest in all who feel the fire of devotion to the Sacred Heart burning within their own. True zeal knows not the bounds of country or diocese; and the Apostleship of Prayer, of which Father Curtis was a warm advocate, weaves ties binding all true Catholics to the Heart of Mercy and to one another. Of our own time, the subject of this sketch comes close to us in his practical views of current questions. There is much in his kindly, always courteous manners that makes us think of St. Francis de Sales; and his directions to religious bear the impress of an interior spirit born of prayer and mortification. The author of "Tyborne" has given us the life-story of Father Curtis in an easy, flowing style; bordering here and there, it must be admitted, on the colloquial.

THE LAST CÆSARS OF BYZANTIUM. THE MOOR OF GRENADA. JACQUES CŒUR. Recent Issues from the Press of H. L. Kilner & Co., Philadelphia.

The first named of these books is an interesting narrative of the events which disturbed the Byzantine Empire from the accession of the Palæologi to the conquest of Greece under

the warlike Mahomet II. The steady advance of the Mussulmans toward ultimate possession of Constantinople is well depicted, while the career of the fierce Bajazet and his conqueror Tamerlane furnishes the subject of an interesting chapter. The causes that led to the final overthrow of a city long tottering to its fall, are shown to lie in the oppression of the people by the nobles, in the absence of justice from the tribunals, and in the cowardice of a degenerate soldiery. Details of the siege and fall of Constantinople not generally found in histories are here given, which throw side lights on points otherwise obscure, and thus make the work of value to the historical student.

In the story of "The Moor of Grenada" we get a glimpse of Spain during the troublous times of Ferdinand and Isabella, after the expulsion of the Moors; while "Jacques Cœur" deals with the checkered reign of Charles VII., of France.

These books belong to the Premium Library series, and are bound in a manner likely to prove attractive to the young, for whom they are intended.

Obituary.

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

—HEB., xiii, 3.

The following persons are recommended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

The Rev. James J. McDermott, the beloved rector of the Church of the Sacred Heart, Springfield, Mass., who died in France on the 27th ult.; and the Rev. John Hauptman, for thirty years rector of the Church of the Annunciation, Brooklyn, N. Y., whose holy death took place on the 10th of June.

Sister M. of St. Lorenzo, of the Sisters of the Holy Cross, who passed away in peace on the 1st inst., at St. Mary's Convent, Notre Dame P. O., Ind.

Miss Elizabeth V. Fee, a devout Child of Mary, whose happy death occurred in Boston, Mass., on the 19th ult.

Miss Ellen H. Gilligan, of Wilkesbarre, Pa., who was called to the reward of a blameless life on the 25th ult.

Mr. Dominic Radigan, of Jersey City Heights, N. J.; Mrs. Bridget Kennedy and Miss Emma L. Kennedy, W. Troy, N. Y.; Mrs. Elizabeth McCormick, Ogdensburg, N. Y.; and Patrick Sexton, Milwaukee, Wis.

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



Garlands of Gold.

WHAT shall we give to our mother dear?"
 I heard the children say;
 "Let us weave her a garland of roses rare,
 For we keep her feast to-day."

"The crimson, the pink, and the purest white,
 Together we'll intertwine;
 And our wreaths shall be like the garland bright
 That hangs in Our Lady's shrine."

They gathered their flowers in joy and haste,
 And scattered them round their feet;
 I had well-nigh wept at the mournful waste
 Of those roses so fresh and sweet.

The children wept o'er their work that day,
 As only the children can;
 They threw their garlands in grief away,
 And in tears to their mother ran.

"Ah, mother, we tried a fair wreath to twine
 Of roses so fragrant and gay,
 Like the garland that hangs in Mary's shrine,
 To give to you, dear, to-day."

"But the thorns were sharp, and the roses fell,"
 Weeping, the children cried;
 "And how it all happened we can not tell,
 But the garlands have withered and died."

"My children," the mother softly said,
 "The wreath in Our Lady's shrine
 Not for truant sport in the summer was made:
 'Tis the work of a long lifetime."

Then gently she dried their fallen tears,
 And set them to work again;
 She bade them to leave all useless fears,
 For the prize was well worth the pain.

The garlands were borne to Our Lady's shrine,
 And the heart of the mother was gay;
 For she knew that the wreaths *she* had taught
 them to twine
 Would bloom in the endless day.

Then Mary looked down from her home above,
 And smiled, as well-pleased to see
 That their garlands sweet were deeds of love,
 All fair with humility.

And when all the days of their exile are told,
 And mother and children shall meet,
 They shall bear those garlands as crowns of gold
 To cast at their Saviour's feet.

S. M. R.

 The Fortunes of a Runaway.

BY MARY CATHERINE CROWLEY.

X.



JINKSY'S appearance was about
 as usual, though he had made a
 valiant attempt to "spruce up."
 He had not gone to the length
 of combing his hair, however;
 for it stood in every direction.
 Upon it an old cloth polo cap was
 perched so lightly that Hugh expected to see
 it fly off at any moment. Over a nondescript
 blouse he had on a reefer that in its best
 day had been blue, but was now rusty with
 age. His efforts to arrest the ravages of
 time had apparently been expended princi-
 pally upon his trousers; for Hugh noticed
 that the jagged rents of yesterday were
 drawn together by bits of string tied in
 hard knots; and his single suspender was
 pieced out with several inches of brown
 twine. His shoes were much too large and
 turned up at the toes.

After Jinksy had introduced his com-
 panion, he went on: "We're goin' out ter
 dine to-day, Penny and I,"—this with a
 wave of the hand that would have done
 credit to a social lion. It seemed proper,
 Jinksy thought, to offer some explanation
 for their festive appearance. But Hugh
 knew that they literally dined *out* six days
 in the week, generally over the grating of
 a cellar whence issued a steam-heated air,
 pleasant still, although spring had come.

Therefore he found nothing remarkable in the information that this was their programme for to-day also.

"I mean," Jinsky volunteered further, "we've got an invite ter dinner."

The fact was, they were to dine *in*,—to have their dinner in a bright, clean room, at a regular table, and with the accessories of plates, knives and forks. This was indeed a novelty: little Penny could count the times it had happened to him before, and it was a rare event even in Jinsky's wide experience. Hugh regarded them enviously. No doubt he had a hungry look; for Jinsky, that keen observer of human nature, remarked abruptly:

"Why don't yer come along?"

"Could I?" he exclaimed, catching eagerly at the proposal.

"Ye're one of us, ain't yer?"

"What do you mean?" queried Hugh, fearful lest the pleasing anticipations just aroused should be suddenly dashed.

"Yer ain't got no place ter hang out?" continued Jinsky. Though this jargon might have been unintelligible to many persons, Hugh comprehended, and in answer shook his head.

"Yer haven't no peg ter hang yer hat on, from the Battery ter Spuyten Duyvil?" added Penny.

Hugh half smiled, wondering if there had ever been a peg for Penny's hat, and to whom it belonged in those far-off days; then, with a sigh, he replied: "No."

"Well, come on," declared Jinsky. "For any feller that has no home an' no friends in the city is welcome, if he gets there 'fore half-past twelve."

Hugh needed no further pressing, but accompanied them with alacrity. Penny, with surprising courtesy, trudged on in front, and devoted himself to making good use of his eyes, so as not to miss any object of interest on the way.

"Cur'ous how he leaves you an' me ter chat tergether," said Jinsky, with a nudge to Hugh. "He's powerful jealous some-

times, Penny is. Must have taken a likin' ter yer, same as I done."

Hugh felt as elated at this rough compliment as if it had been faultlessly expressed, and his heart warmed toward Penny. "Why doesn't his mother look after him?" he asked.

"His mammy!" laughed the other. "Why, he ain't got any, nor dad either. He's a reg'lar gutter sparrow, he is."

Jinsky intended no disparagement of his *protégé*. He simply referred to the class of younger and more weakly street Arabs, who, sometimes when scarcely more than babies, are abandoned by brutal parents to the mercy of the world. A little fellow thus deserted usually roams about till he finds some courageous waif, perhaps not much larger than himself, to fight his battles for him, and put him in the way of earning a living, which way is generally selling papers. Thus, if hardy, he himself becomes in time a full-fledged street Arab, with a flourishing newspaper business and a sturdy independence, which make him, in turn, the champion of some "sparrow." This had been Jinsky's life; this was the bond between him and Penny. And Penny was a good deal like a sparrow, after all,—a tiny brown sparrow, with shabby coat and bright eyes; a brave, contented little fellow, despite his lowly lot, so cheerless compared to that of others of his kind.

"I'm the only one he's got ter take care of him," Jinsky went on. "We've pulled tergether now for nigh on ter two years, an' I reckon we'll stick ter it till I retire or he goes inter business for hisself."

"Why do you call him Penny?" asked Hugh, good-naturedly.

"'Cause he's a little one for a cent, same as they say of a Frankfurter sausage," chuckled Jinsky, laughing at his oft-repeated joke. "And, then, he's so awful fond of pitchin' pennies. He'll work all the mornin' for a game of pitchin' pennies in the sunshine. He's no great head for business, Penny hasn't" (this with a sigh);

"but yer couldn't buy him ter do anything against his friends—no, sir, not for *ten* cents! I ain't brought him up that way. He's been sick these two days, and I hired a ragpicker woman ter take him in an' look after him; that's how yer didn't see him afore."

Jinsky now stopped at the entrance to a handsome building.

"Not there!" protested Hugh.

"Yes," he insisted. "Didn't yer ever hear of Father Drumgoole's Home?"

Hugh nodded assent, reflecting how little he had thought ever to be a guest therein.

"This is the place," said Jinsky.

"An' it's a boss place, too, yer bet!" chirped Penny.

"Yer can get board an' lodgin' here for five cents a day, or for nothin' if ye're hard up," explained the former. "An' on Sundays the dinner's always free; that's the way we have our invite."

"Why, I should think you'd make this your headquarters all the time," said Hugh.

"Well," responded Jinsky, "I expect I'm a nat'ral rover; besides, there's no berth here that goes abeggin', an' it's fair ter give different fellers a chance. But I've heard a man say this Father Drumgoole, and those that's come after him, have in twenty years given a lift ter over twenty thousand boys. Think er that! An' lots an' lots of these they've got homes for, an' taught trades to, an' provided for reg'lar. No, I don't come here often, bein' so much of a gypsy; an' I don't come ter a free dinner 'less I can't help it; but"—in a confidential aside—"that ragpicker made me give her most every cent I earned for takin' care of Penny. An' as he'd been sick, I wanted him ter have a nice dinner ter day; an'," continued the honest gamin, "I wasn't sorry for an excuse ter get a square meal myself—

"He's one of us," said Jinsky, suddenly, by way of introducing Hugh to a young priest whom they met in the hall. Obeying his directions, they followed a

crowd of boys into a spacious refectory, around the walls and down the middle of which were ranged long tables. In a few minutes the dinner was in full progress. The company was a motley one, comprising boys of almost every description. It was evident that there was neither race nor religious prejudice at the Mission of the Immaculate Virgin. Here four hundred homeless children, white and black, Jew, Christian and pagan—for some *might* be called pagans,—were gathered together, as it were, under the protecting mantle of the Blessed Mother of the Divine Child, who once was poor and hungry and shelterless also.

Keen as Hugh's appetite was that day, the bread of charity seemed to choke him at first; but a glance through the window at the figure of the Christ-Child in the arms of His foster-father made the lad humble and thankful. This statue stood in the centre of a small courtyard, above St. Joseph's Well, an artesian bore six hundred feet deep, that furnished the pure spring water with which Hugh slaked his thirst.

At the close of the meal, which was accompanied by plenty of fun and merriment, all the boys were invited upstairs to a large play-room, where they joined in games or amused themselves as they chose; for the authorities hampered by as few rules as possible these gamin-guests so unused to restraint of any kind. Jinsky and Penny pointed out to Hugh a number of fellows whom they knew by sight. The records of some were perhaps a trifle bad, though Jinsky said: "No, they won't let scamps come here; but if a feller wants ter do better, they won't be too hard on him."

Yet there were heroes in the assembly too. That boy yonder rescued a child from a burning building; there stood Tom the Swimmer, who saved several persons from drowning; opposite was a youth who stayed the hand of a murderer, and received a shot himself in consequence; and over there was Dave the office boy, who refused a bribe

from a gang of thieves. Hugh's friends also met several of their acquaintances, to whose good-fellowship he was at once admitted.

About four o'clock the merry-making was brought to an end by the sound of a bell.

"What are we to do now?" asked Hugh.

"Some of the fellers leave, and some go ter the chapel," Jinksy replied. "I like ter stay ter hear the music; an,' then, though I don't know much about them things, an' hate ter be preached at, it's sorter nice ter be talked ter plain an' sensible, 'thout big words or flourishes; an' told that if a feller makes up his mind not ter cheat nor lie nor steal, and tries not ter do any wrong, there's some One that sees an' helps him. Makes a feller feel as if he had a friend, yer know, even if a feller *is* only a little gutter sparrow," concluded Jinksy, with unconscious eloquence.

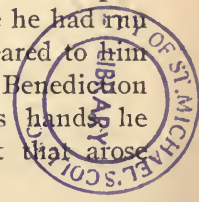
Hugh readily agreed to stay, and presently was in the ranks, filing into one of the chapel pews behind Jinksy. The latter seated himself comfortably; but Hugh, from force of habit, sank upon his knees and mechanically said a prayer. Then he sat down and idly glanced about. But he could not withstand the pervading influences emanating from the Divine Presence in the Tabernacle. It seemed to him that a mysterious power knocked at the door of his rebellious heart and pleaded to be heard. He opened the door a little bit—a very little bit, but enough to let in a ray of light, which set him thinking.

Now the service began, with the singing of the *Ave Maria* by a choir of the boys who lived at the Mission. How familiar the strains were to Hugh! How often he had sung them at home in St. Mary's! Some of the urchins near him joined timidly in the singing, as all were encouraged to do. Insensibly he followed their example; first merely humming the air, but at last he forgot everything but the beautiful anthem, and his plaintive, flute-like voice rang out sweet and strong, as Sunday after Sunday

it had thrilled the hearts of the worshippers in the parish church at Hazleton.

As the first tones of that clear soprano fell upon the ear of a young assistant priest who was stationed near by to preserve order, he started and looked about inquiringly; then, having singled out the singer, he watched the boy intently. But Hugh was utterly unconscious of his gaze, and of the fact that Jinksy was regarding him with round-eyed wonder; that little Penny held his breath to listen, and that the boys in the vicinity craned their necks just to get a glimpse of him. He had forgotten them all; for his thoughts, like homing doves, had flown back to St. Mary's, to the Feast of the Annunciation, when he sang the *Ave Maria* (not this simple chant, but a prayerful solo),—sang it with all his heart. Later he had thought it very droll when told that he made the people cry in church. And it was after this that his mother presented him with the picture of the Madonna which hung in his room, and said something about hoping he would always keep his heart pure to sing her praises. This brought him back to the present, and checked the words upon his lips. Should he dare to sing them now—he who would not take the trouble to find the way to a church for Mass that morning; he who had been so disobedient and defiant as to deliberately leave his home and cast aside the authority of his parents?

Presently the officiating priest spoke a few earnest words to the boys, then came the *O Salutaris* and *Tantum Ergo*. When the music recommenced, the young assistant again looked toward Hugh; but the lad sang no more. Through his mind were passing in review the incidents of the past few days, both before and since he had run away. Now many things appeared to him in their true light; and, as at Benediction he bowed his head upon his hands, he brushed away a strange mist that arose before his eyes.



"There is some mystery about that boy," thought the priest. "He has not had the rough life of his present associates. I will speak to him and see if I can not help him."

As they left the chapel, Hugh observed that the priest's glance followed him. "Come, let us go," he said to Jinksy; and they hurried into the street.

(To be continued.)

Old Stories in a New Dress.

The Greek painter Apelles once happened to see a picture painted by the Rhodian Protogenes, and was so charmed with it that he determined to pay the artist a visit. Protogenes was out, but the visitor was received by an old woman, who was watching a fresh canvas all prepared for the brush. "What name shall I give?" asked the old woman, just as servants ask nowadays. Apelles took a pencil and drew a line upon the canvas, saying, "Tell him that the one who drew this line was here."

Protogenes came home in a little while. "It was Apelles!" he exclaimed. "No one else could have made so perfect a line." Then he took a pencil of another color, and made a parallel stroke. "If he comes again," he said to the old woman, "tell him that the one he was asking for drew that." Apelles did call again, and was given the message; upon hearing which he seized a third pencil and made a line so perfect and so delicate that Protogenes, when he went home, did not try to rival it, but started at once to find the painter, confessing his inability to do as well as he had done.

A similar story, and one much better authenticated, is told of the Florentine painter, Giotto. The sturdy peasant artist was at work in his shop—for studios were "shops" in those old days, and artists but workmen,—when there came an envoy from the Pope. "He intends," explained the envoy, with some pomposity, "to undertake a series of decorations on a large

scale, and is obtaining from all the painters of Tuscany specimens of their work, in order that he may select a person competent to superintend the undertaking." Giotto took a piece of paper and drew a perfect O. "Take that to His Holiness," he said. "I can do no better."

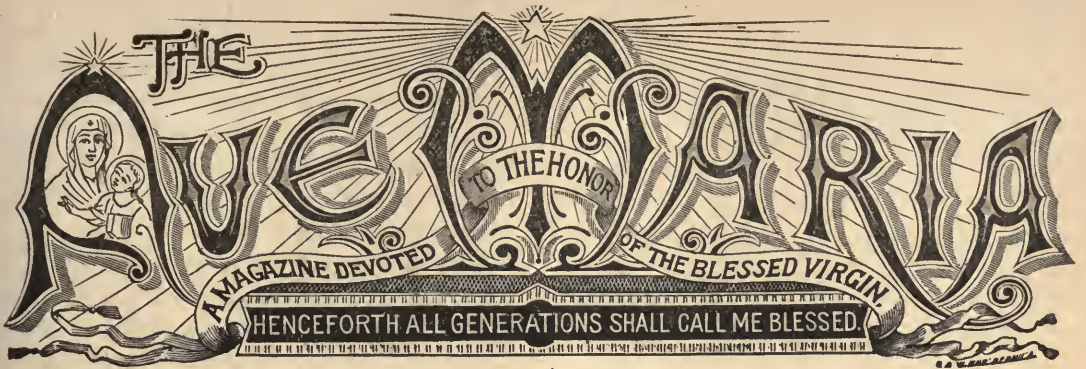
The story goes that it was that O, so accurate and done with such freedom of wrist, or maybe the quiet, confident drollery of the peasant painter, which turned the tide in his favor. To this day, in certain parts of Italy, you will hear people make the comparison, "As round as Giotto's O."

The Deed of a King.

The Lorraine family of France bears upon its coat-of-arms a golden shield crossed with a red bar, on which are three silver eagles, or, as they are called in heraldry, *alérions*.

The story goes that one of that family, a pious monk, emerged from his seclusion and followed Godfrey de Bouillon, the first Crusader King, to Jerusalem. He was one day in great need of a pen wherewith to sign some military document. "I will furnish you with one," said the King, taking an arrow from its quiver. His quick eye scanned the sky, and there, flying over the Tower of David, were three majestic eagles. To see was to act; the King drew his bow, the arrow flew upward, and, before his followers knew what he was doing, down it fell again, and with it the largest eagle. The King said, "Here is your pen, my friend," and drew a fine quill from the bird. He added that the family of Lorraine should always bear the arms before described.

One does not blame the noble family that owes its honors to the kindness of so brave a King, who, "at the head of seventy thousand foot and ten thousand horse, all arrayed in complete armor and under the banner of many princes, but united under his own standard, entered Palestine to subdue the followers of Mahomet."



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A Lesson.

(From a flower on the Gers, at Lourdes.)

Poor little crocus blossom! all alone
I found thee sleeping on the mountain
side,

Where at my passing thou didst wake, to hide
Thy pretty, blushing face beneath a stone.
Dear, modest creature, who wouldst live un-
known,

Thou sadly teachest me to fly from pride
And seek humility,—for thou hast died
Because thy hidden beauty has been shown.
I thank thee, pretty one; nor will forget

The lesson which thy death has given me:
That real loveliness is fairer yet
Beneath the veil of holy modesty.

And when the tempter shall my path beset,
I'll strive to conquer him or die like thee.

T. A. M.

The Litanies.

BY THE REV. A. A. LAMBING, LL. D.

AFTER the Holy Rosary, per-
haps the most popular form of
devotion, and the one best suited
to an assembly of Christians,
is the litanies; both on account of their
intrinsic worth, and because they arrest
and secure the attention of those engaged
in prayer much better than devotions that
are performed alone or are led by one of a

number. The word "litany" is of Greek
origin, and signifies an humble supplica-
tion and devout or fervent prayer. But
the term applies rather to each petition
than to the form of prayer as a whole;
and hence, we may remark, the word is
always in the plural in the liturgical
language of the Church, and not in the
singular, as it is in English.

Ecclesiastical writers reckon four lita-
nies: that of the Old Testament, that of All
Saints, that of the Blessed Virgin, and that
of the Holy Name of Jesus. And first of

THE LITANY OF THE OLD TESTAMENT.

From the beginning it was natural for
man to invent terms of praise to express
the admiration he had for those whom he
regarded as great, or who had conferred
any special favor upon him or his country
or his fellowmen; and much more was it
natural for him to invent terms of praise
of God, whose mercies, like Himself, are
infinite. And it is equally natural for man
to make supplication in the time of need
to those who, he knows, are able and will-
ing to help him. What more natural, for
example, than for the Jewish people to
praise the heroic Judith, who slew the
leader of their enemies at a critical period
in their history, and to exclaim (xv, 10)
in salutations suitable for a litany: "Thou
art the glory of Jerusalem; thou art
the joy of Israel; thou art the honor of
our people!" If such praise was due to

Judith for her successful efforts in promoting the temporal welfare of her people, much more must it be due to Mary and the saints, whose conquests were not only in the temporal order—for they were real benefactors of mankind,—but also in the spiritual order, for the example, direction and assistance of men, and the honor and glory of God. Again, Isaias (ix, 6) in the names which he gives the coming Messias, furnishes appellations suited for a litany; as, “His name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, God the Mighty, the Father of the world to come, the Prince of Peace.”

But the most perfect example of a litany in the Old Law, and the one which is by excellence called the Litany of the Old Testament, is found in Psalm cxxxv. This psalm, which the Jews were accustomed to recite both in the public services of the Temple and in their private devotions, recounts the divine attributes in twenty-seven verses, each concluding with the words—answered by the people: “For His mercy endureth forever.”* There are several other less perfect forms of litanies to be found in different parts of the Old Testament.

In the Old Law religious writings were given with the divine sanction, and it was impossible for anything to be introduced into the services of religion except in proper form; but it is not precisely so in the New Law, although here also there is a proper restraint placed upon those who will submit themselves to its direction. But the invention of printing has often aided the mistaken and imprudent zeal of not a few, who have multiplied litanies without end, and gained for many of them a place in the endless number and variety of prayer-books which flood the market. To restrain this pious weakness for manufacturing litanies—some of which were not even free from heresy,—the Sacred Congregation of Rites issued a decree, March 31, 1821,

strictly forbidding any additions to be made to the litanies approved by the Holy See, or the recitation of others in public that are not approved by the ordinary; and at the same time it enjoined on the bishops to devote particular attention to the enforcement of this decree. Other decrees of a similar tenor had been issued a century and a half before. The litanies approved by the Sacred Congregation for the public functions of the Church are the Litany of the Saints and that of the Blessed Virgin. Upon each of these, as well as upon that of the Holy Name of Jesus, remarks will be made.

THE LITANY OF THE SAINTS.

It is superfluous to observe that this Litany derives its name from the fact that it is a form of prayer in which petitions are addressed to various members of all the orders of the blessed, asking their intercession with God for us. It is of great antiquity, but authors do not agree in fixing the date of its origin. Many authorities attribute it to Pope St. Gregory the Great, who ruled the Church at the end of the sixth century. But this is disputed, because a number of councils held before the time of that Pontiff make mention of both the Greater and the Lesser Litany. (Ferraris.) It is also maintained that it was in use in the East in the time of St. Basil the Great, and even in the days of St. Gregory Thaumaturgus, the latter of whom flourished about the middle of the third century. St. John Chrysostom also makes mention of it in one of his sermons. But this opinion is called in question, and apparently with good reason, on account of the well-known fact that the Orientals call any form of supplication a litany, as may be learned from their liturgies.

It is not strange, however, that this Litany should have been attributed to St. Gregory, inasmuch as he had a great devotion to the saints, and had their Litany chanted with special solemnity in the processions which he caused to be made

* Ferraris, “*Verbum Litanie.*”

through the streets of Rome on the occasion of the plague that raged there during his pontificate. After weighing the evidence, as far as we can secure it, on both sides, the only safe conclusion we can arrive at is that of Baronius, who admits, in his notes on the Roman Martyrology, that he is unable to determine by whom the Litany was composed, but that it is of very great antiquity. It can not, however, have been earlier than the fourth century, because no saints but martyrs were honored by the Church prior to that time; and it is a fact that no saints but martyrs are mentioned in the Canon of the Mass, which was brought to its present form by the labors of St. Gregory more than by those of any other person.

The Litany of the Saints is known in liturgical language as the Greater and the Lesser Litany. The former is chanted in the solemn procession on the Feast of St. Mark, April 25; the latter on the Rogation Days. It is maintained by some writers that the Greater Litany derives its name from the fact that it was instituted by a pope, while the other is called the Lesser from its being instituted by a bishop. But Ferraris holds that the former derives its name from the fact that the procession during which it is sung directs its course toward the Church of St. Mary Major; while the procession during the singing on the Rogation Days is directed toward other churches. Ferraris' opinion is more probably the correct one.

The Rogation Days derive their name from the Latin word *rogatio*, a petition,—from the verb *rogo*, I ask; *rogare*, to ask, or petition. And their origin is this: Toward the close of the fifth century the Diocese of Vienne, in France, was sorely afflicted with conflagrations, earthquakes, and ravages of wild beasts; and the terrified people were driven almost to despair. The Bishop, Mamertus, had recourse to prayer, and instituted three days of penance immedi-

ately preceding the Feast of the Ascension of Our Lord into heaven, in order to propitiate the divine goodness. And the better to insure the success of his petitions, he begged the intercession of all the blessed by means of their Litany. Heaven deigned to hear his prayer; and soon other dioceses, first of his native land, and then of other countries, followed his example, till finally the Sovereign Pontiff, St. Leo III., established the Rogation Days in Rome, in the year 816.

The object of these days' devotions is to ask of God, from whom every good and perfect gift proceeds, that He would be pleased to give and preserve the fruits of the earth, to bestow upon His creatures all those temporal blessings that are necessary for them in the course of their mortal pilgrimage. Besides the actual graces received by the devotions of the Rogation Days, the fact itself of being reminded to have recourse to Almighty God for temporal blessings is of great advantage in this material age, when the all-sufficiency of man has become one of the leading dogmas of misguided persons.

Those who are bound to the recitation of the Divine Office are also bound to recite the Litany of the Saints, with the versicles, responses and prayers, both on the Feast of St. Mark and on the three Rogation Days. Formerly there was a similar obligation to recite the Litany on all Fridays during the holy season of Lent; but that was removed by a bull of Pope St. Pius V., *Quod a Nobis*, so far as those are concerned who are not bound to the recitation of the Office in choir.

There is a short form of the Litany given in the Roman Missal for the blessing of the baptismal font on Holy Saturday and the eve of Pentecost; but it is strictly forbidden to use this form on any other occasion.

There is no indulgence attached to the recitation of the Litany of the Saints.

The Success of Patrick Desmond.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

XXIV.—(Continued.)

THE railroad journey was uneventful, and Belinda's impressions of New York were mercifully softened by darkness. If Mary Fitzgerald had not saved Eleanor from the horrors of house-hunting, she would probably have gone back to Redwood in despair. It was bad enough to behold a chaos of unsettled furniture in the six small rooms of the flat, only one of which was in order. This was the one intended for the Judge, and it had been arranged by Mary. A very small portion of the furniture from the Redwood house could be got into the flat, which was fortunately a first floor.

Belinda's first thought on entering the house was of the kitchen. She declared she couldn't work in such a place, and wept. "You couldn't swing a cat in it," she said, as if one of the chief uses of kitchens was for the swinging of cats! The door-opener—an arrangement by which she could open the door without leaving the kitchen—gave her some consolation; but she went to bed much depressed. She was willing to bear her burden; but what a punishment had fallen upon her! She had never dreamed of being obliged to live in "a hole in the wall."

Mary Fitzgerald, kindly as usual, came the next day to help set things to rights. The Judge took a fancy to her; she was so gentle, so gracious, so like one who knew from experience what sorrow was. Belinda, at first so sullen and silent, relaxed her grimness a little, and even listened to Mary's apologies for the flat.

"It's nothing but living in rooms," Belinda said.

"But, you know, half New York lives

in rooms," answered Mary. "A flat has advantages. What would you do with a big New York house?"

"I don't know, and I don't want to know," snapped Belinda. "But I do know that if them folks upstairs don't stop creaking the ropes of that dumb-waiter at all hours in the day, they'll get a piece of my mind."

Mary did not reply to this outburst. Belinda seemed to be a new and strange type, but she understood Eleanor at once. She admired her frankness, her directness, even the quixotic ideas that flashed out unconsciously in her talk. Mary never distrusted her own instinct about strangers; she never feared and she was never deceived. Her chance meeting with Eleanor had interested her.

The Judge slept much after his railway journey; and Belinda, seated by the kitchen window, spent most of her time in looking out on the side street. Her observations only convinced her more and more that New York was Babylonian and accursed.

When the flat was put in order—Mary gave a great deal of time to it, as Arthur had not yet returned from Eaglescliff,—the young women had a long talk. It was in the time of twilight. The little parlor had been made bright with the prettiest spoil from the Redwood house. Two of Eleanor's panels hung above the fireplace. There was a slight chill in the air, not enough to justify a fire; but Mary had made one in the grate, as an aid to cheerfulness. The wood crackled merrily, flashing on the brass tea-kettle and tiny cups on the table; a vague perfume came from a few roses Mary had brought; and Eleanor sank into her father's big chair, with a feeling of contentment in the presence of a friend. The Judge was resting, in a succession of dozes, in the next room. Belinda had received permission to go to the wondrous Broadway with the maid above, with whom she had formed a transient friendship. This left the place clear for a comfortable talk,—for confi-

dences are not confidences in a flat, if the acoustic quality is at all good.

"And now you must tell me your plans," Mary said, giving Eleanor a cup of tea.

"Indeed I shall, with pleasure," returned Eleanor. "It is so lovely to have somebody to talk freely to, and you seem like somebody I have been looking for. I have always wished for a brother,—it seems to me I miss the brother I might have had less when I am with you."

Mary's smile faded. "Brothers are sometimes a great care," she said. "Ah, my dear, God gives us what is best! We are just what we are in His eyes, and no more. It is foolish to imagine that He will give earthly happiness—I mean the things that seem to make earthly happiness—because we love Him. His kingdom is not of this world, and we can not expect ours to be."

Eleanor opened her eyes; she looked on Mary as a happy woman. "Why, He has given *you* happiness!" she exclaimed,— "that is, in thinking much about you since I have met you, it seems to me that He has."

"He has given me my dear husband—for a time; but He has taken my child, and—" Mary paused: she could not speak of Miles. "I once thought," she added, "that if we tried to love God, He would make earth a path of roses. But, my dear, it is a great mistake; we must cover many a sharp thorn with the roses of patience and resignation."

"I like to hear your words," said Eleanor, eagerly. "I have always longed to get nearer to God. I am afraid I never understood what religion meant at Redwood. I have found myself stupid about many things. But I never found satisfaction in sermons and hymns that expressed merely a longing for a God who seemed so far off. I often think that I should not have been so proud—so proud of the Waldron ancestry, I mean,—so interested in the petty gaieties at home, if I could have been nearer to God."

"I am sure you were never very frivolous," said Mary, looking into the young girl's clear, earnest eyes, and pressing her hand. "But it seems you want *me* to talk. I thought you were to tell me about your plans."

"So I shall, and yet I think the question of religion is more important to me than my plans. I never knew any Catholic well—that is, any Catholic who could explain things to me, and who *acted* as if he believed in his religion—except Mr. Desmond."

"I have met him." Mary, who had a woman's fondness for a bit of romance, scanned Eleanor's face closely.

"I was much attracted by him, exceedingly interested in him," Eleanor went on, without a blush or a tremor in her voice. "I had heard of him (though he wasn't in our social circle), and of his devotion to his mother, and his manliness. When I met him I liked him, and I wanted to know what made him so much better than other men. You know how girls say that all men are bad. Laura Bayard—"

"I don't know what girls say about men," interrupted her companion; "for I have never known any girl well but my own dear Esther."

"Oh, *I* don't think so!" exclaimed Eleanor, anxious that Mary, who had a husband, might not think that she intended to brand all men. "Of course Laura Bayard, an old friend of mine, was prejudiced. But there are some men who are not nice, and one knows them by instinct; don't you think so? Mr. Desmond isn't one of these; though I am sure he is too fond of money: he would do any honest thing in the world to be rich. I know that—and he *is* rich!" Her countenance fell; she remembered suddenly how he had become rich. Then she rushed into the episode of the mine shares.

Mary listened attentively. "Do you really think you had a right to do that?" she asked, gravely.

"Of course!" said the young girl, half

offended. "The shares were mine, to do as I pleased with."

Mary shook her head and was silent for a moment. "Whom did you consult?" she asked, after Eleanor had watched her, anxiety in her eyes.

"Nobody. I know what a business man would have said—'Hold on to them; and if they are worth anything, the real owner will *make* you give them up.' I did not want to be *made*, if the shares ever became valuable. I wanted to show Mr. Desmond that the moment I knew that my father had unconsciously wronged him, I was willing to make amends. No business man could have settled the matter for me: I had to settle it for myself. It was a question of conscience,—a moral question. I stood alone before God."

"And you acted on an impulse?"

Eleanor flushed. "I thought it was a right impulse."

Mary set down her teacup and laid her hand on Eleanor's shoulder. "Do you want plain talk, dear?"

"Yes, I do," answered Eleanor, with tears in her eyes. "That is, I am anxious to want it. You don't know how unhappy I am—and yet I am glad, too. I have given up what might have made my father safe from want, in case I should die; while I live I am not afraid," she added, her eyes sparkling. "I have given it away; and my father, when he recovers, may look on me as having made him poor, as having dragged him down. So you see his recovery has a certain bitterness in its joy—it is great, great joy. Suppose my father should insist on my telling Mr. Desmond all the circumstances: of my dear mother's fits of—aberration? O Mrs. Fitzgerald, I should rather be poor all my life than have to tell anybody but you—for you seem near to me, and God knows I need a friend,—the story of my poor mother's troubled life, as Belinda has hinted it to me!"

"Had you no minister to advise you in your doubt?"

"I never thought of such a thing!" exclaimed Eleanor. "It was a question of conscience; I did not need that any man should come between God and me."

"It is hard to find out the right all by oneself sometimes," said Mary. "And impulse is a bad guide where others are concerned."

"What would *you* have done? Surely, in a case of conscience, you would let nobody stand between God and you."

"Not in the sense in which you use the phrase,—no, but I should ask the advice of one consecrated to mediate between God and me. I should have gone to a priest, educated to solve moral questions and to look on them conservatively. He would have helped me."

"And you would have trusted him?"

"Trusted him! Why not? The laws which govern his decision were made, not by himself, but by great doctors of moral law; and he is wise in them."

Eleanor was silent. "How safe you must feel in your Church! O Mrs. Fitzgerald, I long to be guided—to be nearer God!"

Mary kissed Eleanor's forehead. "We will talk of that. But first tell me how you intend to earn a living."

Eleanor did not answer; she heard the rustle of a paper in her father's room; she parted the curtains and looked in, on tip-toe. She returned to Mary, radiant. "He is reading!—he is reading!" she exclaimed. "I left him the evening paper, and he is reading. Oh, thank God!"

After a time she answered Mary's question. She lit all the gas burners and drew Mary to the chimney-piece. "See!" she said, proudly displaying the panels. "I am sure that if I do better than that I shall be an artist. Everybody has praised my work."

Mary looked in dismay at the garlands of poppies and the bunches of other flowers,—well drawn, well colored, but entirely commonplace.

"You don't like them?" asked the young girl, anxiously.

Mary turned away. Should she tell the truth or be merely polite? Her duty seemed plain; it would be cruel to deceive this candid young creature, who was so much of a child and yet so true a woman. "They are pretty, but a thousand girls here in New York make better things of the kind. You can not—"

"I know, I understand; and you are a judge," said Eleanor, growing white with pain. "People have meant to be kind—"

"Eleanor!" said a weak voice from the Judge's room. "Come here, Eleanor! We are safe again. This paper quotes the Fly-Away Mines at par. I shall get well again now!"

Eleanor put her arms around Mary's neck; her hands grew cold. "Oh, how shall I tell him?" she whispered,— "how shall I tell him?"

And Mary, looking at her eyes, tearless and agonized, obeyed an impulse which had become a habit. "Go to him, my dear; and when the time comes, I will tell him."

(To be continued.)

A Night-Blooming Cereus.

It stood in the old south window,
A knotted and tangled thing—
A cactus vine too heavy to twine,
With tendrils too rude to cling,
No leaflet of tender verdure
E'er brightened its roughness there;
But it stood like a wrong, so hardy and strong—
A blot on that gay parterre.

Around it our rich exotics
Burst forth into exquisite bloom;
And their fragrance rare, like a perfumed prayer,
Floated out on the silent room.
But that plant so rough and unsightly
At the old south window stood,
While the loving light of the sunbeams bright
Poured down for its daily food.

The children, with flower-like faces,
Bent over the rugged stem;

'Mid blossoms so bright, this ungainly sight
Had something of awe for them.
And I often paused as I passed it
On my daily round, to say:
"Year after year have I watched it here,—
It had better be cast away."

Days passed; but in vain the sunlight
Shone down on that hardened vine:
It would lie like a crown on its rootlets brown,
Or steep them in yellow wine.
Had that plant a heart responsive?
Did it thrill to the deep, strong light?
Did that ardent glow send a quickening throe
To the veins that were cold as night?

In the silver glow of a night in June
Near the old south window I leaned,
Watching afar the fire-fly star,
Or the glamour where moonlight gleamed—
Was it the touch of a presence
That thrilled me with strange delight,
Or was it the sigh of some spirit nigh
That was borne on the moonbeams white?

I turned, and lo! on the cactus
A dazzling flower-star glows!
Like a snow-white queen, like a beautiful dream,
Stood this exquisite midnight rose;
Escaped from its thorny stemlet,
From the waxen chalice rare,
The silken sweep of its stamens deep
Floated out like an angel's hair.

Wider its star-points spreading;
Softer and white as Heaven;
And the air grew dim, like the fragrant hymn
The censer flings out at even.
An awe crept over my spirit:
Could this be a thing of earth,—
This flower of white, bursting forth in the night,
Like a creature of angel birth?

Then I went to the old south window
And watched the Cereus bloom,
And I drank in the grace of its glorious face
In that silver-lighted room.
And I learned a lesson—first human,
That dissolved in a lesson divine,
As the soul of the flower, from its moonlit bower,
Sank into the depths of mine.

I learned that love, like the sunshine,
 Could warm what is hard and cold,
 And waken to life in this world of strife
 A blossom of beauty untold.
 But I learned, still more, that the Master
 So loveth our hearts to win,
 That He brightens the night with this flower
 of light
 To gather our souls to Him.

MERCEDES.

Cardinal Lavigerie and His Apostolate
 in Africa.

BY THE REV. REUBEN PARSONS, D. D.

(CONCLUSION.)

II.

THE most important work of Mgr. Lavigerie in Africa has been the creation of the band of Algerian missionaries popularly known as White Fathers. The astonishing progress of their apostolate was evident last year on the occasion of the new Council of Carthage. Children from their schools rendered the liturgical chants which accompanied the consecration of the primatial church; it was in their seminary, educating a hundred students, that the Council was held. There were seen some of the missionaries who first traversed the Great Lakes and evangelized Ouganda. One Father had for years directed the mission of Zanzibar, and had organized and accompanied apostolic caravans into East Africa. One had been military chaplain in the heart of Tunis; another came on horseback from Ghardaja in the Mزاب. There was the superior of the establishment at Malta, where negro boys are taught medicine and surgery, that they may afterward gratuitously attend on their compatriots. This same priest had previously been a professor in the Seminary of St. Anne at Jerusalem, where the White Fathers are preparing a new Greek clergy in the inter-

ests of unity. There could be seen several Fathers from the summits of the Grand Kabylia; or one who directed a novitiate in Brussels; or one who attended to the affairs of his congregation in the capital of Christendom.

This admirable society was founded in 1868, when the Archbishop, having saved his orphans from famine, was cogitating how he could educate them, and maintain them in fidelity to their new religion and their new country. One day the Abbé Girard, the superior of the seminary of Algiers, presented to the anxious prelate three students who were desirous of devoting themselves to the special service of the natives. "With the help of God," said the Abbé, "this will be the beginning of the work you have desired to effect." The novitiate to which the candidates were assigned soon received many aspirants. One of these, already a priest, presented his credentials; and when the Archbishop handed him his faculties, he found that, instead of the ordinary formula, the prelate had written: "*Visum pro martyrio*" (endorsed for martyrdom). "Do you accept?" asked Monseigneur. "It was for that I came here," replied the priest. In time the White Fathers were exempted from the jurisdiction of the ordinary, and subordinated directly to the Apostolic Delegate for the Sahara and Soudan. The missionaries soon had their own revenues independent of the Diocese of Algiers; and their own charges as well, which each one tries to lighten, "by submitting to privation, or by undergoing the humiliations necessary to procuring the means of living." In a general chapter of all the missionaries of the new society, held in October, 1874, for the election of its first superiors, Mgr. Lavigerie was unanimously elected superior-general; but as he declined the position, Father Deguerry was chosen, with the title, however, of General Vicar during the life of the beloved founder.

One special object the White Fathers

have constantly in view, and without it they would lose their very reason of being. They were designed for the exclusive service of the heathen and Mussulmans of Africa. For this reason it is their characteristic to conform to the habits of the natives in all externals—in language, dress, and food. “Love these infidels,” said their founder; “heal their wounds, do every good to them. Then they will give you their affection, afterward their confidence, and finally their souls.” To see these sons of civilization made Africans for love of Africa must excite our admiration. As they guide their steeds through the solitudes of the Sahara or the rocky passes of Kabylia, no one would take them for European priests. Nor would the illusion vanish, remarks the Abbé Klein, if we were to observe them as they lightly dismount, enter a tent, squat with native impassibility on the mat of palm or *alfa*; converse in Arabic with their hosts, showing every interest in their wants, seriously explaining for them the innumerable masses of waste-paper with which the administrative and judicial authorities persist in endowing them; instructing the children in the three R’s; exciting the admiration of the elders by their knowledge of the Koran; distributing little presents; sharing the repast of *couscous* and fresh water; and, when about to depart, exchanging the graceful Arabic salutation with their friends. Quite picturesque, a superficial observer would remark; but the reality is not very agreeable, the Abbé Klein will remind him, “if one has a keen sense of smell, or when one has journeyed for half a day to sup on *couscous*. Remember, too, that the White Fathers adopt the external habits of the people even in their private lives; for example, at night they stretch on the ground, wrapped in their *burnous*; although in their own houses they are allowed a plank, and if ill a mattress.” Touched by their virtue, the Mohammedans often say to them: “The other Roumis [Romans, Christians] will, of course, be

damned; but you will enter Paradise.”

And now a few words on the anti-slavery agitation instituted by Mgr. Lavigerie, and its results. On May 24, 1888, Cardinal Lavigerie (he had been elevated to the purple in 1882) presented to the Holy Father twelve priests from each of the dioceses of French Africa, twelve White Fathers, twelve Christian Kabyls of Algeria, and twelve negroes of Central Africa whom the missionaries had purchased from slavery and converted to Christianity. In an eloquent and touching reply to the Cardinal’s address, Pope Leo said: “It is upon you, Lord Cardinal, that we chiefly rely for success in the arduous missions of Africa. We know your active and intelligent zeal, we know what you have already accomplished, and we believe that you will not pause until your great enterprises have triumphed.” *It is upon you that we chiefly rely.* Encouraged and excited by these words of the Father of the Faithful, the Cardinal wrote to Mgr. Brincat, procurator in Paris for the African missions: “I am about to go to Paris, to tell what I know of the crimes which desolate the interior of our Africa, and then to put forth a great cry,—one of those cries which stir the depths of the soul in all who are still worthy of the name of men and of Christians. . . . I know not where I shall speak; but I do know that in demanding an end to such infamous excesses, in proclaiming the great principles of humanity, liberty, equality, and justice, I shall find in France and in the Christian world no intelligence or heart to refuse me its aid.” Philanthropists and politicians will follow their usual course in claiming the glory of the great movement begun at the Conference of Brussels to engage the honor of Christian nations in a unanimous effort to extinguish the slave-hunts of Africa; but the fact will remain that before May, 1888, if we except some generous tentatives of the King of Belgium, neither philosophers, politicians, nor journalists took up the cause of the persecuted natives

of Africa in anything like a serious manner.

Cardinal Lavigerie held his first anti-slavery conference at Paris, in the Church of St. Sulpice. He then proceeded to London; and so effective was his appeal, and so powerful the agitation resulting, that the English Government asked the Belgian King to take the initiative by requesting a conference of the powers at Brussels. Here was another favorable opportunity for the Cardinal to preach his crusade; and accordingly in the Church of St. Gudule he demanded the active co-operation of the authorities of the Congo State. After this sermon five hundred volunteers placed themselves at the Cardinal's disposal for the defence of the negroes of the Upper Congo. Illness prevented the attendance of the prelate at the Catholic Congress of Fribourg-en-Brissgau, but he addressed it a long and impressive memoir describing the slave-trade in Tabora and Oujiji, the two great centres of the German-African regions; he suggested the formation of a German anti-slavery society after the style of those founded in France and Belgium. An anti-slavery committee was soon formed at Cologne, and Catholic Germany joined in the great crusade. After an imperative, but brief, respite from labor, the Cardinal founded the French Anti-Slavery Society, exclusively national, but designed to keep up relations with the similar associations in other countries, and with the various congregations of missionaries laboring in Africa.* Other countries soon fell into the line of march indicated by the Cardinal. The Queen of Spain became protectress of the work in her dominions, and Canovas del Castillo accepted the presidency. In Portugal, the great explorer Serpa Pinto

* Its Council of Administration has M. Keller for president; and among the members of the Council are Chesnelong, the General de Charette, the Count de Mun, Wallon, and Mgr. Brincat. A *conseil de haut patronage* has been also instituted for the defence of its cause in political assemblies and in the press; it counts among its members Jules Simon and Lefevre-Pontalis.

organized a branch, the King becoming protector, and his second son head of the central committee. In Italy, a national committee was founded at Rome under the direct protection of Pope Leo XIII., and having Prince Rospigliosi for president, and Prince Altieri for vice-president. Cardinal Lavigerie was greatly aided in his endeavors in Italy by the zeal of his eminent brethren of the Sacred College, the Archbishops of Naples,* of Capua, and of Palermo. After a final conference at Milan, the Cardinal, when about to return to his diocese, wrote to M. Keller, begging the members of all the anti-slavery committees to continue his work of nourishing the zeal of Europe in the cause to which they had consecrated themselves. He had accomplished the first part of his design by publishing to the world the horrors of the slave traffic; now it remained to abolish it. They had not comprehended his mission who imagined that he had ever intended to immediately abolish domestic slavery among all the Mussulman populations: what he demanded of all men of heart was to aid in abolishing the hunt for slaves in Africa, and the sale of slaves in the Turkish markets. There is not now on earth, he concluded, a work more holy or more necessary. At a conference held in the grand amphitheatre of the Sorbonne on February 10, 1889, Jules Simon, the celebrated republican philosopher and orator, while expressing his indignation at the public indifference for African misery,

* The inhabitants of Naples were especially moved by the Cardinal's eloquence. Cardinal Sanfelice, the Archbishop, wishing to contribute to the collection, and being impoverished by his charities, handed in the rich pectoral cross which had been given him by the city in recognition of his noble conduct during the cholera, the jewels of which were worth more than two thousand dollars. But Cardinal Lavigerie wrote to the *Corriere di Napoli* that he would regard the acceptance of the gift as a sacrilege, and that therefore he sent it to the office of the journal to be raffled for, so that the fortunate winner might enjoy the sweet satisfaction of restoring the souvenir to its holy owner.

thus vented his admiration for the White Fathers and their illustrious chief: "The spectacle afforded by these missionaries would console one somewhat for these miseries, if consolation were possible. . . . The more we realize the depth of these miseries, the more must we express our profound gratitude to these young men who abandon their parents, friends, and almost their ideas and feelings, leaving all that is dear behind them, to confront such evils and assuage such woes. Here, gentlemen, we are merely 'echoes: we come simply to repeat, and weakly, the words of a man of large heart. . . . He will persevere, and will amass treasures of pity in compassionate souls; he will teach humanity to know itself; and perhaps he will yet perform a work more magnificent than the destruction of slavery—the conversion of the European powers to the idea that they can do better than devour one another, and can actuate the possibility, for the men of our day, of serving with one heart, in the presence of God, the sacred cause of humanity and justice."

In 1868 Mgr. Lavigerie had influenced the Holy See to appoint him Apostolic Delegate for the immense region extending from Morocco, Tunis, and Tripoli, to the missions of Senegal and the Guineas on the south, to the Atlantic on the west, and to the Fezzan on the east; for he realized that the French possessions of Algeria and Tunis could be connected by means of the Sahara and Soudan with those of Senegal. His design was to wrest the Sahara from barbarism, that it might cease to be a refuge for slavery, and a nursery of rebellion against France. The security of the French colonies, as well as the interests of religion, demand the sacrifices necessary for the reduction of the Sahara; and it will not suffice to subdue the Touaregs by force. A civilized training must be given to these tribes who now live only by assassination, pillage, and the sale of human beings. Who can effect this wonderful change? Our

Cardinal replies that it will be worked by his White Fathers, six of whom have already been martyred in the Sahara; and by the Brothers of the Sahara, an organization now being trained at Biskra—becoming acclimated, learning the languages of the desert, and studying its medical needs as well as its pharmaceutical possibilities. These Brothers will give life to the waste by a revelation of the lost sources of fresh water, and by such agricultural ventures as experience will prove to be profitable in such a climate. They will instruct the children and nurse the sick; they will receive the slaves who may flee to them, or who may be delivered by the soldiers of France.

Cardinal Lavigerie is not only a man of action, but a *savant*. The importance of what he has written, and the manner in which he has written, have caused him to be talked of for the French Academy. We allude to this fact simply because it furnishes an opportunity of adducing an excellent illustration of his character. In 1884, having been invited by the perpetual secretary of the Academy of Inscriptions and Belles-Lettres to introduce his candidature in that section of the Institute, he replied by the following letter: "Owing to a serious illness, from which I have scarcely recovered, I have been able to reply only by telegraph to the flattering communication sent me in your name. I wish now to make up for the forced laconicism of that first answer, and to express at least my gratitude to those members of your Academy who have initiated my candidature. I desire above all to explain a reserve which may have surprised you. I appreciate the rule which obliges all candidates to solicit directly the votes of the Academy. It is but proper that they should show the high value they attach to these suffrages. But two personal reasons cause me to recoil from this task. The first is a total absence of justificatory reasons; the only one I could allege would be my own good-will; and that, in a case where science

and results are concerned, is an insufficient recommendation. The second reason is of a still more delicate nature. After all, I am a poor missionary; my other titles derive all their value from that fact. Now, while a missionary must receive everything, because he has nothing, there are some things for which he must not ask. In order to make an inroad into barbarism, I have had to surround myself with a legion of apostles. In the struggle going on in the interior of our Africa, already eleven of these have spilled their blood, and others have succumbed to fatigue and sickness. What would be said of me if while my sons seek only the palms of martyrdom, I should wave those of the Institute? Were I to yield to the seductive temptation, I should have to blush. It is better to leave me in my Barbary."

The Better Life of a Great City.

BY THE COMTESSE DE COURSON.

(CONCLUSION.)

THE peculiar feature of the Convent of the Sisters of St. Paul is that its members are for the greater part blind; there is almost an equal proportion of *voyantes* (as those who can see are called) and of blind nuns. The latter, however, and their blind pupils are in all things the first to be cared for and considered. In the arrangement of the house, in the way in which the sharp angles of the furniture are rounded; in the rules, habits and ways of speech of the community, the thought of the blind is uppermost, and the *voyantes* are taught to be in all things the helpers and servants of their blind companions.

The only means of self-support that the home possesses is the work of its older inmates, who knit petticoats, shawls, and other garments for the large shops. Their work brings in barely 1,400 francs a year,—

a very small sum compared to the expenses that the community has to bear.

The aspect of the workroom is sad, in spite of the calm content that reigns among its inmates. They are presided over by two nuns, one of whom is blind like her pupils. And if the past history of these busy workers could be related, many a tragic tale might be brought to light. One of the holiest members of the community, Mère Marie Emilie, when a child of fourteen, was deprived of sight by her mother, a mad peasant woman, who literally dug the child's eyes out with a sharp knife. Whatever may have been their past struggles and sufferings, the blind inmates of the home seem to have found peace and content within its walls. "Have you often regretted the loss of your sight?" asked our author of one of them.—"Never—since I have been here."—"Are you happy, then?"—"Very happy."

Many of the pupils are gifted with musical tastes, which the nuns strive to develop; they are also taught reading and writing according to the systems invented for the use of the blind, and no pains are spared to mitigate the sense of helplessness and isolation that must naturally result from their infirmity.

The greater number of children who are educated by the Sisters of St. Paul are the children of poor people, sometimes of beggars; and against these last the good nuns have to keep up an incessant struggle. Many among them look upon their child's infirmity as a fruitful means of attracting public compassion; and though the Sisters represent to them that the child's support, if left at the convent, costs them nothing, they can not uproot the notion that a large sum of money might be picked up by parading its infirmity through the streets.

The community is very poor. The pupils work hard, but they can earn little. Some pay a small pension, but the greater part are taken in for nothing; and it goes to the Sisters' heart to turn away the numerous

applicants who beg to be admitted. However, a committee of women of the world has undertaken to collect contributions for this noble work, which, founded by a daughter of the people for the poor and infirm, struggles and lives on, supported by the generous souls who regard the wealth with which God has blessed them as the patrimony of their poorer sisters.

We have spoken of the Dames du Calvaire (an association of widows living in the world) in connection with the cancer hospital which they have founded and which they direct. Quite distinct from these is the religious Congregation, the Sisters of Our Lady of Calvary, who possess at Auteuil a large house, which is at once a school, a hospital, and a lodging-house. Here are received women of all categories, the one condition required being that they should be willing to earn their living by honest means.

Sad indeed are some of the cases that find a refuge in this quiet retreat. Women fresh from prison, young girls abandoned by their parents, homeless servants,—all are admitted with the same charity. They are nursed if they are ill, or else employed within the convent in various kinds of household work. At the end of three months the superioress finds each one a situation suited to her capacity, and nothing is left undone to insure the perseverance of those whom the gentle influence of the nuns has trained to better things. At the same time the superioress makes it a point of conscience to conceal nothing of her *protégée's* past from the persons under whose roof she places her. She tells them the good and bad side of the woman's character, and also the hopes that she entertains of her perseverance in the right path. It must be added that, as a rule, those in whom she has confidence fully respond to her expectations.

An important measure, in order to secure the perseverance of those who leave the convent, is to prevent them, if possible,

from keeping up any communication with their former associates. When, therefore, a situation has been found for one of her children, the superioress sends for the favored one, examines her stock of clothes, supplies all its deficiencies, and, leading her to the convent door, she waits till then to give her the address of her new home. "Go now, my daughter; and may God keep you!" Thus the past, with its sorrows and maybe its sins, is left behind, and a new future of honest labor opens before the poor waif, whom the Sisters of Our Lady of Calvary have saved from despair.

The last work of which our author tells us is of very recent date; it is called the *Hospitalité de Nuit*, and its object is to provide a shelter for the numberless outcasts and vagabonds who every night wander about the streets of the great city, without a roof beneath which to lay their heads. The first originator of the work was a gentleman well known in the great world of Paris for his faith and his charity. Other men of the same spirit joined him; subscriptions were set on foot; the generous founders gave their time, their trouble and their money, and the first house of refuge was opened by them in 1878. This work of mercy, founded and directed by laymen, speedily became popular; the great Paris shops sent bedding, linen and clothes; and in the space of a few years four houses were established in different quarters of the city.

The object of these refuges is, ostensibly, to give a night's rest to those who have no roof to shelter them, and who, by the rules of the house, may claim its hospitality for three successive nights. But the generous founders' thoughts went higher and deeper; and in addition to this merely corporal assistance, they hope to benefit the souls of their guests—to raise their courage, strengthen their good resolves, and perhaps rescue them forever from the depths of despair.

Their aspect at the hour when the motley crowd of guests arrive affords a curious

study of human nature. The doors open at seven o'clock, under the superintendence of the director,—for each house of refuge has a responsible chief, who gives the necessary orders and insures the observance of the rules. This post of confidence, requiring much firmness and tact, a great spirit of charity, and a certain knowledge of human nature under its most varied aspects, is generally filled by retired officers—men accustomed to direct others.

The first comers wait in a large room, provided with benches, tables, paper, ink, and a few books. They present a strange appearance. Some are in rags and tatters; others with make-believe finery, which tells a story of struggles to keep up the appearance of better days. As a rule, they are silent and downcast, as though the wave of misery that has thrown them, bruised and helpless, on the threshold of the hospitable house had sealed their lips and closed their hearts. At eight o'clock the director takes his place officially, and all present pass before him. Those who possess papers establishing their identity produce them; the others simply state their name, age, profession, and birthplace. Then each one receives a ticket with the number of the bed he is to occupy.

When this formality has been gone through, the men are placed in two ranks; the vice-president of the work, accompanied by some of its chief promoters, takes his place on a raised platform at one end of the hall, and reads the code of rules that has been drawn up for the government of each house. After this he addresses a few words to his audience, and it is in this that his tact and charity come into play. To these men, whose mere presence proves them to have been either unfortunate or guilty, he speaks of courage amidst the sorrows of life, of hope for the future, of trust in God and in those who are bound to them by the links of common brotherhood. His words are friendly, energetic, and brief; their object is to wake the echoes

of better things that slumber deep down in the hearts of his hearers, and events prove that the object is often attained. Irritation, bitterness, hatred of the rich—those feelings that privation fosters and develops,—melt away before the cordial encouragement and open-hearted greeting, that touch the forlorn wanderer even more than the material assistance by which they are accompanied.

When the vice-president has finished, he recites an "Our Father" and "Hail Mary." No one is obliged to join in the prayer, but all are required to assist at it standing and bareheaded. It is, however, very striking that the men present all answer the prayers clearly and with apparent good-will. The echoes of their childhood, the remembrance of the mother who taught them to pray, of the village church far away, where as innocent children they knelt long ago, come back to those weather-beaten outcasts as the long-forgotten words fall on their ears.

When the prayers are over, the men are conducted to the different dormitories. In each one hangs a large crucifix. Those who need it are treated to a thorough bath before retiring to bed, and their clothes are thoroughly washed and cleaned in a laundry attached to the building. Warm water, soap, and even razors are at the disposal of all who require them.

The men who night after night seek the shelter of the *Hospitalité de Nuit* in Paris belong to every class and to every nationality. From June, 1878, to December, 1883, as many as 146,238 wanderers were received within its walls. Of these 3,757 were Germans, 5,195 Swiss, and 6,052 Belgians. Many, no doubt, are mere vagabonds and outcasts, often more guilty than unfortunate; but, strange to say, in this motley crowd are also lawyers, professors, artists, actors,—men who, without any fault of their own, have fallen into the depth of misery.

No distribution of food is made at the asylum itself, but to all who ask for them tickets are distributed, giving them the

right to a repast at the neighboring *four-neaux economiques*. Besides this, a liberal provision of old coats, shoes, hats and shirts are kept in readiness for the most needy; and those who desire to find employment have but to address themselves to the directors of the house. Many and many a time it has happened that the man who sought but a night's shelter in his utmost need, ended by finding permanent work and comparative ease from the happy chance that brought him to the friendly threshold of the *Hospitalité de Nuit*.

This noble work is supported by voluntary contributions; and on the long list of its benefactors the greatest names in France are side by side with those of poor workmen, who, having experienced in an hour of distress the utility of the work, send their humble contribution with many grateful words.

A similar asylum for women was founded in 1879. In the space of four years it received 16,897 houseless women; 2,629 of whom were subsequently provided with regular employment. Here, as in the refuge for men, every class of society is represented; servants out of employment are the most numerous, but many governesses, shop-girls, and even lady companions, have been driven to seek a shelter within its walls.

The institutions to which M. Maxime du Camp leads his readers, and which the readers of THE "AVE MARIA" have now visited in their turn, are not the only ones of their kind in Paris. The brilliant city has many asylums, refuges, and charitable foundations that are not mentioned here; but if this brief sketch does not pretend to be a complete account of the works of mercy of Paris, it may, nevertheless, in a slight measure, help to show those who know only its outside shell that the city of pleasure is also a city of charity.

"The Dear Little Saint" of the Curé
d'Ars.

IN 1832 there lived at Naples a holy servant of God, Sister Mary Louisa of Jesus, of the Third Order of St. Dominic.* She was often favored with visions and heavenly revelations, especially through St. Philomena, for whom she had a particular devotion. Those familiar with the life of the Venerable Curé d'Ars will remember that the same Saint was one of his principal patrons, to whom he referred the wonders so often wrought at Ars. He used to call her "the dear little Saint." The confessor of Sister Louisa obliged her to ask her heavenly patroness for the particulars of her life. The good Sister obeyed in all simplicity. "My dearly beloved Saint," she prayed, "do not consider my great unworthiness, but rather the spirit of obedience that obliges me to question you. Tell me, I beseech you, the particulars of your life and the circumstances of your martyrdom." Thus petitioned, St. Philomena showed her condescension by answering as follows:

I am the daughter of a prince who governed one of the small states of Greece. My mother also was of royal blood. Having no children, they constantly offered sacrifices and prayers to their false divinities. A Roman physician, named Publius, lived in the palace in my father's service. He was a Christian. Seeing the affliction of my parents, and being inspired by the Holy Ghost, he began to speak to them of our faith, and he even promised them a child if they would be baptized. The grace that accompanied his words enlightened their understandings and gained their wills; and, having become Christians, they had also the additional happiness which Publius foretold them.

* It may be interesting to our readers to know that Sister Mary Louisa died in the odor of sanctity on January 10, 1875. The Order of St. Dominic has already introduced the cause of her beatification.

♦♦♦

IF I boast of aught,
Be it to have been Heaven's happy instrument.
—Rowe.

I was born on January 10. I was first called Lumena, from the Latin word *lumen* (light); and afterward, at my baptism, Philumena, *filia luminis* (daughter of light).

So great was the tender love of my parents for me that they would never let me out of their sight. On this account they took me to Rome on a journey which my father was obliged to make, being threatened with an unjust war by the proud Diocletian. I was thirteen years old at the time. Having arrived at the capital of the world, we proceeded to the Emperor's palace, and were admitted to an audience. As soon as Diocletian saw me, he fixed his eyes on me, and he appeared to think only of me during all the time while my father was speaking in defence of his case. As soon as he had ceased to speak, the Emperor told him that he need not be uneasy, but that, laying aside all fears for the future, he should only think of living happily. "I will," he said, "put at your disposition all the forces of the Empire; and in return I ask you but one thing: the hand of your daughter." My father, dazzled by an honor which he was far from expecting, at once gave his consent to the proposition of the Emperor; and when we had returned to our lodgings, my mother and he tried earnestly to get my consent to the Emperor's will and theirs.

"What!" I said; "would you have me break, for the love of a man, the promise that I made to Jesus Christ two years ago? I belong to Him, and can no longer dispose of myself."—"But," answered my father, "you were then too young to contract such an engagement." And he added the most terrible threats to the command which he gave me to accept Diocletian's hand. The grace of my God rendered me invincible; and my father, not being able to persuade the prince to free him from his promise, was obliged to conduct me before him.

But I had to endure a new assault of fury and tenderness from my father. My mother also tried to break my resolution. Caresses

and threats were not spared. Finally, they both fell on their knees before me, and addressed me with tears in their eyes: "Dear child, have pity on your father and mother, on your country, on our subjects!"—"No, no!" I answered. "God, and the virginity which I have vowed to Him, are above and before all—before you, before my country. My kingdom is heaven."

These words plunged them into despair, and they led me to the Emperor. He also did all that was in his power to win me over; but his promises, his seductions, and his threats were in vain. He then became violently angry, and, urged by the evil spirit, had me cast into prison, where I was loaded with chains. Thinking that suffering and shame would weaken my courage, he came to see me daily; and then, after having my chains taken off, so that I could partake of the small portion of bread and water which was my only nourishment, he recommenced his assaults. The defeats which he met with were preludes to new sufferings for me; but prayer supported me, and I did not cease to recommend myself to my Jesus and His most pure Mother.

My captivity had lasted thirty-seven days, when, surrounded by a heavenly light, I saw Mary with her Divine Son in her arms. "My daughter," she said to me, "in three days thou wilt be freed from this prison of suffering." Such happy news made my heart thrill with joy. But as the Queen of Angels added that I should leave my prison to endure fearful torments, and a still more violent conflict than those that had preceded, my joy suddenly changed to deep sorrow.

"Courage, my child!" Mary said to me. "Dost thou not know that I love thee with a love of predilection? The name which thou didst receive in baptism is a pledge of it; for it resembles that of my Son and mine. Now nature, whose weakness humbles thee, has her sway; but in the time of combat grace will invest thee with its strength. And thy angel, Gabriel, who was

also mine, and whose name expresses strength, will come to thy aid; I will recommend thee particularly to his care as my daughter well-beloved amongst all." These words of the Queen of Virgins restored my courage, and the vision disappeared, leaving the prison filled with a perfume all heavenly.

What had been announced to me speedily came to pass. Diocletian, despairing of subduing me, resolved to have me publicly tormented. The first torture to which he subjected me was scourging. "Since she is not ashamed to prefer to an emperor like me a malefactor condemned by His own nation to an infamous death, she deserves that my justice should treat her as He was treated." He therefore ordered me to be stripped, tied to a pillar, and in presence of a great number of the gentlemen of his court, he had me beaten so severely that my bleeding body was made one wound. The tyrant, seeing that I was about to faint or die, had me removed out of his sight and carried back to prison, where he expected that I should die. But he was disappointed in this expectation, as I was also in the sweet hope of going presently to join my Spouse. For two angels appeared to me shining with glory; and, pouring a heavenly balm upon my wounds, they made me stronger than I was before.

Next morning the Emperor was informed of what had taken place. He had me brought before him, looked at me with astonishment, and then tried to persuade me that I owed my cure to Jupiter. "It is clear that he positively wants you to be Empress of Rome," he said; and, joining to these seductive words the most flattering promises, he tried to complete the hellish work which he had begun. But the Divine Spirit, to whom I owed my constancy, filled me with such lights that neither Diocletian nor any of his courtiers could reply to the proofs which I gave of the solidity of our faith. The Emperor became furious again, and commanded that

I should be thrown into the Tiber with an anchor about my neck.

But God did not allow this order to be carried out. As they threw me into the river, two angels came to my help, and, cutting the rope that fastened me to the anchor, let it fall to the bottom of the river; and they carried me to the banks, in presence of an immense multitude. This wonder had a happy effect on a great number of spectators, who were converted to the faith. But Diocletian, attributing my deliverance to magic, had me dragged through the streets of Rome; then he commanded me to be pierced with arrows. Exhausted, dying, he ordered me back to prison. I fell into a sweet sleep, and on awaking found myself entirely cured. Diocletian again ordered: "Let her be a second time pierced with sharp darts, and let her die of this torment."

The executioners hastened to carry out his orders. They tightened their bows and applied all their strength; but the arrows missed the mark. The Emperor was present, and foamed with rage at this sight; he called me a sorceress, and, thinking that the action of fire would destroy enchantment, he commanded that the darts should be heated. This was done, but the darts, after flying through the air part of the way, turned back suddenly in the contrary direction and struck those that shot them. Six of the archers were killed, several of them renounced paganism, and the people gave public homage to the power of God who had protected me. Their murmurs and acclamations made the tyrant fear worse consequences, and he hastily ordered my head to be cut off. Thus my soul flew to her heavenly Spouse with the crown of virginity and the palm of martyrdom; and He bestowed on me a high rank amongst the elect who enjoy His divine presence.

The day so happy for me when I entered into glory was Friday, and the hour of my death was three in the afternoon,—that is to say, the day and hour on which my adorable Master expired.

Notes and Remarks.

The board of directors of the Catholic Educational Exhibit at the World's Fair have requested the archbishops and bishops who may wish to do so to prepare special diocesan exhibits of the work of the parochial schools. These special exhibits are not to interfere with the plan of the collective exhibit to be made by the teaching orders. It is gratifying to learn that the proposed educational display has evoked the hearty concurrence of clergy and laity. The World's Fair furnishes a fitting opportunity of showing the extent and the excellence of the work being done in our Catholic schools, academies, and colleges. As the chairman of the committee, the Rt. Rev. J. L. Spalding, well says: "Our schools are only less sacred and less important than our churches; and when the tens of thousands of our people who will visit the Exposition shall have before their eyes the evidences of the thorough and efficient manner in which our teachers are performing the duties assigned them, they will be inspired with new zeal and enthusiasm to make still greater sacrifices to promote the work of Christian education."

According to the papers of Berlin, it is not only the Jews that are being driven out of Russia, but also the Catholics, who are daily crowding into Charlottenburg in order to come to America. As they are entirely destitute of means, collections are taken up for them in several European cities. The press of our country has had much to say about the persecution of the Jews in Russia, but has not alluded to the ill treatment of Catholics. Great sympathy for the persecuted Jews has been expressed by Catholic personages, who seem not to know of the cruel injustice to which those of the household of the faith have been so long subjected.

On the 24th inst. will take place an English pilgrimage to the shrine of Boulogne. It has been organized by the Guild of Our Lady of Ransom, and promises to be very successful in point of numbers and devotion. The pilgrimage, which has received the approbation

and blessing of Cardinal Manning, has a two-fold object: (1) To offer it as an act of reparation for the many insults heaped upon the ever-blessed Mother of God at the time of the so-called Reformation, and the destruction of so many of her images and shrines; (2) To implore her powerful intercession for the return of England to the Catholic faith.

The celebrated shrine of Our Lady of Boulogne has a special claim upon the devotion of English Catholics. The ages of faith saw several of the English kings at the feet of its wonder-working statue. The ancient Confraternity of Our Lady of Boulogne has recently been revived in the town, the members of which say a "Hail Mary" daily for the conversion of England.

The Hazard Memorial Institute, at Newport, R. I., which is described "as one of the very finest public or private schools in the country," enjoys the peculiar distinction of being a Catholic parochial school entirely paid for and presented to Father Coyle, the zealous pastor of St. Joseph's parish, by a Protestant gentleman, George Babcock Hazard, Esq. It was dedicated on the 2d inst., by the Rt. Rev. Bishop Harkins, in the presence of the Rt. Rev. Bishop Keane, the Rt. Rev. Monsig. Griffin, the Very Rev. William Byrne, and a large number of other distinguished prelates and eminent laymen. The eloquent Rector of the Catholic University preached on the occasion.

The Rev. F. Palker, a Redemptorist missionary, who died lately a victim of charity among the lepers of Surinam, Dutch Guiana, was attacked by the horrible malady ten years ago, and suffered very much, especially toward the close of his life. The doctors were obliged to remove his fingers, thus leaving him dependent on others for everything. Nevertheless, he was always resigned and cheerful. Father Palker was a Hollander, and is the third Redemptorist to die in the service of the lepers in Surinam. As we stated some time ago, most of them are non-Catholics; but up to the present time only Catholic priests and Sisters (Franciscans) have been seen among them.

While in Quebec last year the Comte de Paris remarked that although prevented as an

exile from making his annual pilgrimage to the French shrine of Ste. Anne d'Auray, he would visit instead the Canadian one of Ste. Anne de Beaupré. On the occasion of his visit to Beaupré he promised the Redemptorist Fathers in charge a memorial of his pilgrimage. This memorial recently arrived at Quebec in the form of an exquisitely designed bass-relief in silver, representing the Comte's ancestor, St. Louis of France, offering his sceptre at the time of the Crusade to Ste. Anne. The gift is enclosed in a beautiful frame and bears a suitable inscription.

The attendance at the twenty-first general Convention of the C. T. A. Union of America surpassed that of any previous year. The delegates were welcomed to Washington by Cardinal Gibbons, Bishop Keane, and the Hon. John W. Ross, all of whom spoke eloquently on the purposes of the Convention. The Rt. Rev. Bishop Cotter, president of the Union, read a notable address, and many other distinguished workers in the cause were called upon to speak. The Woman's Christian Temperance Union was represented by the president, Miss Frances E. Willard, and two other members. Much valuable work was done during the sittings; and, though the proceedings of the Convention were not perhaps as harmonious as might be desired, they proved beyond doubt that the Temperance movement is becoming yearly more popular throughout the land.

Mr. Elbridge T. Gerry, prominent in the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, was once looked upon as a confirmed bigot. But, being a man of clear head and sound heart, the example of Catholic charity in New York has had the effect that good example always has. It has converted him from his dislike of institutions under Catholic control. He declared recently in public that the Catholic Protectory in New York was an institution second to none in the United States. It is not only a model from a religious standpoint, but a crowning success. Mr. Gerry is an expert; his words count for much.

The annual pilgrimage of the parishioners of St. Augustine's Church, Kalamazoo, Mich.,

to the Church of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart, Notre Dame, Ind., took place on the 13th inst. Nine hundred pilgrims participated in the exercises. Solemn High Mass was celebrated as soon as they arrived at Notre Dame. The usual sermon was preached by the Rev. F. McBrady, O. S. B., of Toronto, and was admirably adapted to intensify the spirit of piety which, under the ministration of the Very Rev. Dean O'Brien, has always characterized the members of St. Augustine's parish. Several pastors of neighboring parishes accompanied the pilgrims, and joined in the devout exercises, which closed with Solemn Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, just before the pilgrims took their departure for home.

The Brothers of the Society of Mary mourn the loss of one of their most venerated *confères*, Brother Andrew Edel. He was one of the pioneers of the Society in America, having been sent, with three others, in 1849 to establish a house of their institute in the New World. The Brothers made their first foundation in Cincinnati, whence they spread rapidly through all the neighboring States. Brother Edel had been a religious for more than sixty years, during which time he labored with great zeal and success in the interest of Catholic education. In his last long illness he was a model of patience, the reward, no doubt, of his tender devotion to the Blessed Virgin. May he rest in peace!

The Oneida tribe of Indians were ministered to by Catholic missionaries as early as 1656; but they fell back into their old way, still retaining, however, a respect for the "black-robos." We learn with great pleasure that the Rev. Father Lochmann, of Freedom, Wis.—the Oneidas have been removed from their home in New York,—has converted the sachem and several others of the tribe. The converts have begun to build a church.

It turns out, as we thought, that it was not a "French nun" who recently left \$20,000 to the Academy of Sciences, as a prize for any person who might discover a means of communicating with another planet; but a boarder at the convent of the Sisters of Hope at Pau.



The Sandman.

FROM THE GERMAN, BY SYLVIA HUNTING.

I.

TWO shining boots upon my feet,
 Scarlet and brown my headgear neat,
 A golden staff within my hand,
 Upon my back a bag of sand;
 And when the silver grains I strew
 The children's eyes, grey, brown, and blue,
 Droop lazily, and everywhere
 Is heard the sound of evening prayer.
 I touch each soft, white, trembling lid,
 And every drowsy eye is hid,—
 Hushaby! lullaby!—
 And every drowsy eye is hid.

II.

Then if I have some grains to spare,
 I drop them softly, here and there;
 With now a flash and now a gleam,
 Until a tender, happy dream
 In the deep silence of the night
 Bathes the pure soul in visions bright.
 Peace to each spotless little heart!
 O childhood's rest, how calm thou art!
 O childhood's sleep, how sweet and dear,
 With God above and angels near,—
 Hushaby! lullaby!—
 With God above, and angels near!

MARY stands at the right hand of her Son, who stands at the right hand of His Father; and the right hand of her Son is almighty. And the prayers of His Blessed Mother never fail. They never fail, because she never asks amiss; they never fail, because she knows the will of her Divine Son. The Immaculate Heart of Mary intimately knows the Sacred Heart of Jesus.
 —*Cardinal Manning.*

The Fortunes of a Runaway.

BY MARY CATHERINE CROWLEY.

XI.

THOUGH Jinksy was greatly surprised at the turn of affairs, he made no comment as the trio walked along together, but talked on to Penny, without seeming to notice that Hugh took no part in the conversation. "I know a boss place to spend the night," he suggested. It was now long past dusk.

"Where?" interrogated Hugh, aroused from his reverie by the present necessity.

"There's a vacant house in — Street, an' I found the area door unlocked this morning; we'll go in there and sleep. It would be hard to find a better place now, it's so late."

He led them to the building, into which they penetrated, not without some misgiving on Hugh's part, though Jinksy laughed at his scruples. Little Penny, still ailing and tired out, at once threw himself on the kitchen floor and was soon sound asleep. But Jinksy and Hugh, crouching before the hearth where the fire should have been, talked in low tones until a very late hour.

The pale beams of the young May moon streamed into the room, giving light to the vagrant occupants, proving that no danger lurked in the shadowy corners, and rendering the place less dreary. Under these circumstances, it was natural that the chat should become personal. Thus it happened that when Jinksy dropped a significant remark about the singing at the Mission, Hugh, in a burst of confidence, told his whole story. Jinksy listened in amazement while he described his home, his father, mother, brother, and sisters; spoke of his rifle, fishing rod, balls and bat.

"Jingo! we newsboys have ter play baseball by electric light, if we get a chance at all," interjected Jinksy.

Then Hugh detailed his grievances: the having to go to school, the everlasting running of errands, the being obliged to be in the house at nightfall; finally, he wound up with an account of his running away, and his determination to be independent. He paused at last, pleased at his own eloquence; for he had forgotten his recent compunction, and argued himself into the belief that he was quite a hero. He turned to his auditor, expecting some expression of admiration of his pluck and his resolve not to be imposed upon.

Jinksy had hearkened to it all, with his shrewd little eyes fixed upon Hugh's face. Now he jumped up, walked to the end of the room, peered out of the window into the yard; then came back and stood with his hands in his pockets, staring at his companion in silence.

"Well, what do you think about it?" Hugh asked, impatiently.

"What!" echoed Jinksy. "I think, greeny, ye're about the biggest fool that I ever see or heard tell of!"

Hugh sprang to his feet with an exclamation of anger; but Jinksy laid a hand upon his arm, saying, "Come now, what's the use of gettin' yer dander up? Be still, can't yer? Don't wake the little chap." Next he proceeded to treat Hugh to a share of the hard common-sense which he had picked up in knocking round the world. "If I was in your place, Hugh, I'd make a bee-line for home," he said. However uncouth his language, Jinksy's conclusion was certainly sound.

"To tell you the truth, I would," admitted Hugh, whose self-complacence had utterly succumbed, "only I'm afraid."

"*Afraid!*" repeated Jinksy.

"Yes. What kind of a welcome do you suppose a fellow would get who acted as I've done—taken the bit between his teeth, as they say of a fractious horse, and gone

it blind? My father can be mighty stern when he wants to, I can tell you; and he's a great stickler for discipline. And mother would look so reproachful; and, then, my brother George and the girls would jeer. No, Jinksy, I dare not!"

"I thought yer had more grit," mused the other, quietly.

Hugh flushed at the remark, though the moonlight did not reveal the fact. He had not expected a lesson in moral courage from a newsboy.

"Perhaps I *might* risk it if I had the money," Hugh went on, a great longing to see them all sweeping over him. Besides, he was almost fagged out; and the dreadful ache in all his bones, caused by cold and exposure, alarmed him, and suggested the fear that he might suddenly be taken ill. "But I could not make my way back without money. I'm hoping, though, to get something to do to-morrow,"—he referred to the forlorn hope which Nick held out on Saturday. "Then, when I earn enough to pay my way, I'll go home."

The next morning Jinksy regaled his friends with a breakfast of hot Frankfurters. "Yer say ye've been livin' mostly on dry buns?" he remarked to Hugh. "Pshaw! yer don't know how ter manage. Yer could have got all the Frankfurters yer could eat for three cents."

Hugh did not explain that he had been chary of that delectable viand, as one is of a patent medicine the ingredients of which are doubtful. The specimens which Jinksy provided were so good, however, that he had no difficulty in overcoming his prejudices. Later, by way of getting even with his friend, he insisted upon helping him and Penny sell their stock of morning papers. Then he loitered about the District Telegraph Office till he saw Nick come out and start off on a message. Catching up with him, he walked along by his side and anxiously inquired if anything had "turned up."

"I didn't have the chance which I ex-

pected to drum up something," returned Nick. "You know that friend of mine that is always talkin' about the country? Well, he's sick; mother had me bring him home to her to take care of; and yesterday he was so low that I stayed with him all day, except an hour or so in the morning, when I went to Mass."

Hugh started. Nick was a Catholic, then; and this was why his mother, poor as she was, would not let him work on Sunday, lest he should miss going to church. Hugh was sorry for Nick's friend; but he had hoped so much from the former's promised aid, that he was now greatly disappointed, and looked very sad.

"Indeed I'm mighty disappointed 'cause I have no news for you," continued Nick. "But I've been tellin' mother about you, and she said to bring you back with me. I've ranged to get off at twelve o'clock, 'cause I'm afraid it's all up with that little shaver of a boot-black at home; he's clean out of his head, and talks away, 'bout green fields and brooks, and such things. Oh, yes! mighty pretty pictures he makes you see, if you sit beside him for a while with your eyes shut; but when you open them, and see him tossin' there, it makes a feller feel kind of queer. You'll come back with me, won't you?"

Hugh hesitated.

"Do!" insisted Nick. "Mother blamed me for not askin' you before. She got a notion you had no place to go. It bothered me considerable. Beppo said, in his queer lingo, he wished he could ask you to go with him; but he lives in a cellar somewhere, with a *padrone*."

"Oh, I got on very well!" mumbled Hugh; yet Nick surmised that his mother's notion was correct.

Hugh's objections being overruled, at noon he accompanied his friend to the miserable rooms under the flat roof of a six-story tenement house, which Nick called home. There were two of them, though one was merely a dark recess; the other a very

small kitchen, where Nick had a bed, or, as his mother called it, "a shake-down," at night. Close as the quarters were, however, Mrs. Davin managed to find a corner in them for Denny the boot-black, when Nick discovered him, injured and suffering, in a doorway. And now nothing would do her but they must be found spacious enough to lodge Hugh also.

"Indeed an' ye'll just stay here for the nonce," she said. "Shure if me little Patsey and Michael had lived, wouldn't I have had three b'ys instead of one to look after anyway?"

It was very evident, however, that she would not be troubled with poor Denny long: He lay on the bed in the stuffy little cell, with flushed cheeks, sparkling eyes, and the uncanny look of one in delirium, which almost made Hugh shrink away, even though he pitied him.

"What is the matter with him?" he asked, after a while.

"S—sh!" answered Nick, mysteriously. Then he added, in a whisper: "His back is hurt, and the doctors say he's had a shock that upset his brain. They say he must have had a fall or something. It's that *something* they can't find out, and Denny made us promise not to tell them. You see, his mother died, and he came to the city with his father, who was all right till he took to drink. But since that time he's been terrible to Denny. They had a little room in the next house; and the other night, when the father was drunk as usual and uncommon surly, and Denny was tryin' to get him up there—well, to make a long story short, he kicked Denny down the stairs, an' when me and another feller picked him up he was like this. The city doctors came and spoke about takin' him to the hospital; but when mother told them she'd care for him here, they said all right; it would give him lots of pain to be moved again, and it wasn't any use. But, in spite of his wanderin' talk, he's mighty careful not to let on how he got hurt.

Mother says people that's out of their senses are often very cute in that way. The police would be after his father in a jiffy, you know; and it would go hard with him if Denny dies. Of course the man's cleared out; but Denny'll never tell, and what good would it do if *we* did? The old feller is miserable enough."

It was, then, a little hero that was lying there; a boy whose sense of devotion and duty to his father was stronger than injustice or death. What would he think of a fellow who acted as Hugh had done? Something like this passed through Hugh's mind as he looked again at the puny form upon the bed.

Nick was suddenly called away by a gentle knock at the door, and Hugh started as he observed the person who entered. It was the young priest whom he had seen at the Mission. The recognition was mutual. Hugh could not run away this time: it would have appeared badly to Nick and his mother. Moreover, Father Francis, after greeting both the boys as if he and they were old friends, laid a kindly hand on Hugh's shoulder, and seemed to expect that they would all go together to the bedside of the sufferer.

"Well, Father, the poor child is sinkin' fast, I'm afeard," said Mrs. Davin.

And Father Francis nodded a sad assent, as he saw upon Denny's face the light which told that in a little while, a very little while, the weary child whose vagrant fancy wandered amid pleasant pastures and by strange, sunlit streams would be gazing upon scenes more beauteous than human art or holiness can portray, in a country where the sunshine has no shadow and the day no night.

As Denny once told Mrs. Davin that his mother said he had been baptized a Catholic, Father Francis had, during a previous visit, taken advantage of a few rational moments to help him with his first confession, and to give him Extreme Unction.

Now, therefore, he merely read the usual prayers, mingling with them simple exhortations, which took up the thread of Denny's thoughts, and formed, as it were, a chain of the wild flowers which in imagination he was continually gathering, to draw those thoughts to God.

"Mother," cried the dying boy, "the swallows are building again under the eaves of the old saw-mill. There is a robin's nest in the cherry-tree, and the tree itself is full of blossoms. How sweet they smell! Heaven—more beautiful? Ah! yes—" He paused, exhausted; but rallied after a while. "Boys, here's a wild bee's nest!—here," he called, excitedly; "an' a great batch of honey. Come souse it—souse it!" His little hands struck about wildly, as if beating off a swarm of bees. Again they fell wearily, as he repeated in a weak voice: "A land—flowing with honey. That means all sweetness—nothing bitter—not like here. God is good." For a long time he lay silent. Then he started up, crying, "Yes—let's go floatin' down the creek. It's a battered boat, 'bout used up; but come! See the sunshine on the water; keep in its path. There's—a shoal here. Don't—be—afraid. Ah—"

Poor Denny sank back on his pillow. There was a fluttering of the eyelids, a straightening of the little form; then Father Francis, bending over him, said softly: "He has gone!"

Hugh, who had never before seen any one die, was awestruck and unnerved. Father Francis gently drew him away; and, after giving some directions to Nick, and speaking a few words to Mrs. Davin, prevailed upon the lad to accompany him home. When they reached the Mission he led the way to his own room, motioned his visitor to a seat, took a chair opposite to him, and, leaning forward, said with a kindly smile that inspired confidence: "Now, Hugh, tell me about yourself."

Conquered with Courtesy.

It has sometimes happened that the habit of courtesy has been of great advantage in times of danger. Of the famous writer Montaigne, who was so fond of relating stories of others, this anecdote is told:

It was a time of great public disturbance, and Montaigne had fled to his well-fortified castle at Périgord. One day a man came in breathless haste to the castle, and announced that a marauding band of the enemy was after him. By that statement he readily received admittance into the building, and a little later was brought before its amiable master.

"Tell your story," said Montaigne. And the man related that he, with a party of friends, was travelling, and that they had been surprised by a number of armed men, their goods seized, and several of their party killed. Those who had been fortunate enough to escape death, he said, were scattered in all directions.

As he spoke a servant announced the arrival of other strangers at the castle gate. "Some of my friends, without doubt," said the man. And Montaigne bade them be admitted also. As they filed slowly in, the number of the new arrivals was made manifest, and presently the castle yard was filled with men and horses.

"I've been a simpleton," said wise old Montaigne to himself; "these are undoubtedly robbers, who have taken this means of getting inside my castle."

Not in any possible way, however, did he betray that he had discovered their secret; but immediately gave orders to have them served with the best the place afforded, and escorted them about the premises, showing them its beauties and wonders, and only regretting, he said, that he was not able to make them more comfortable. This kindness so melted the hearts of the bandits that they held a little council, and agreed to refrain from pillaging the premises as

they had intended. The leader himself went to Montaigne and confessed his original intention. "But we could not," he declared, "rob so gracious a host; and if we can ever serve you, pray command us."

Then the band rode off; and Montaigne, Frenchman like, bade them the politest of farewells.

The Madonna of the Napkin.

In the Museum of Seville, in Spain, there is a coarse convent napkin which is worth more than if it were made of the finest cloth of gold; for upon it is a priceless picture of the Blessed Virgin, painted by no less an artist than the great Murillo.

He had been painting at the convent of the Capuchins; and, his work being done, was making preparations to leave. One of the Brothers, who cooked in the great kitchen, went to him before his departure and begged some memento, however slight, of his visit. Murillo was most anxious to oblige the good religious, for he was indebted to him for many kind services; but there was an obstacle.

"Brother," he said, "I really wish I *could* paint something for you,—you deserve it; but I have used every bit of canvas in the convent."

Murillo was finishing his dinner as he said those words, and the ready cook took up his napkin. "A few strokes of your brush on this," he said, "will make it very precious to me."

Murillo fell in with the idea, and went to work; and before evening the napkin was no longer a napkin, but was converted into one of the most beautiful pictures of Our Lady which exist in the whole world.

The picture is enveloped in a golden glory, as if the sun were shining upon the faces of the Mother and her Child; and is considered by critics to be a rare example of the work of the illustrious painter.



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Guide Thou My Steps.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF MICHAEL ANGELO, BY
J. A. SYMONDS.

BURDENED with years, and full of sin-
fulness,
With evil custom grown inveterate,
Both deaths I dread that close before me wait,
Yet feed my heart on poisonous thoughts no less.
Nor strength I find in my own feebleness
To change or life or love or use or fate,
Unless Thy heavenly guidance come, tho' late,
Which only helps and stays our nothingness.

'Tis not enough, dear Lord, to make me yearn
For that celestial home, where yet my soul
May be new-made, and not, as erst, of nought:
Nay, ere Thou strip her mortal vestment, turn
My steps afront the steep ascent, that whole
And pure before Thy face she may be brought.

The Treasure of Treves.

WHEN the soldiers, when they
had crucified Him, took His
garments (and they made four
parts, to every soldier a part),
and also His coat. Now, the coat was
without seam, woven from the top through-
out. They said then one to another: Let
us not cut it, but let us cast lots for it,
whose it shall be; that the Scripture might
be fulfilled, saying, 'They have parted my

garments among them; and upon my vest-
ure they have cast lot.' And the soldiers
indeed did these things."

Thus briefly does the Evangelist St. John
mention the seamless garment of Our Lord;
and possibly the text of his Gospel com-
prises all the information that the majority
of Christians possess concerning that sacred
vestment. If they have conjectured at all
as to the disposition subsequently made
of the garment by the soldier to whose lot
it fell, they have probably concluded that
he wore it until it became worthless, and
that it then became decomposed like other
rags. To such persons the announcement
will come as a matter of astonishment that
a coat said to be the veritable seamless
garment worn by our Divine Lord during
His mortal life, and cast lots for by His
executioners while He was dying on the
sacred wood of Calvary, is now exposed to
the veneration of the faithful in the Cath-
edral of Treves, a Prussian city; and that
hundreds of thousands are flocking thither
to view it as a priceless relic of the Man-God.

Among the thousands of visitors who
firmly believe in the authenticity of the
relic; there are (as among the more than
a million who made a pilgrimage to its
shrine at the last exposition in 1844 there
were) men eminent for scholarship, clear
judgment, acute intellect,—men as little
open to the charge of credulity in ordinary
matters as the most loud-mouthed and
self-conceited of the pseudo-scientists who

smile superciliously at the mention of miracles and relics in general, and reject without the slightest preliminary examination of the grounds of credibility, the particular claims made for the genuineness of the Holy Coat.

This spirit of instinctive disbelief in the authenticity of relics is, unfortunately, not confined to Protestants only; in them it should not, and does not, occasion surprise. It is regrettable, however, that a similar spirit exists among certain Catholics, who, it would seem, should approach these matters in a frame of mind entirely different from that which characterizes a "doubting Thomas." This point is well stated in one paragraph of the pastoral issued by Bishop Felix of Treves, in June last, when he announced the present exposition. The doctrine of the Church on the matter of relics is so clearly laid down therein that we will be pardoned for quoting the passage entire:

"Perhaps you will ask me, my brethren, whether the veneration of the holy relic which our Cathedral possesses be founded on fact,—whether we must acknowledge it to be the coat without seam which our Lord Jesus Christ wore on earth. I think it my pastoral duty to answer this question to the best of my knowledge and conscience. First of all, we must remember that in this case there is no question at all of an article of faith. It is true, a Catholic—unless his faith has suffered shipwreck—must not doubt in the least that we owe veneration to the relics of our Saviour and of the saints, and that we justly venerate these relics. But when there is a question about the *authenticity* of a certain relic in particular, then everybody is perfectly free to form his opinion on sound and reasonable *arguments*. A Catholic who, wantonly or without grave reasons, doubts or rejects the authenticity of a certain relic may appear arrogant and irreverent, but he is not for that to be considered erring in faith. The authenticity of a relic, like any other historical fact, is founded and proved on

the testimony of man. The authenticity of no relic, be it the most eminent of the oldest Church of Christendom, falls under any precept of Catholic faith."

No Catholic, then, is bound under pain of heresy to believe that the Holy Coat at Treves is really what is claimed for it; but if, without weighing the arguments advanced for its authenticity, he arrogantly declares his incredulity, and rather allows it to be inferred that he deems the veneration shown to it to be misplaced, he can scarcely evade the charge of flagrant irreverence.

This much being said as to the belief or disbelief in the genuineness of the Holy Coat, we proceed to give its history from the time of the Crucifixion to the present. While much of the earlier portion of the narrative is necessarily conjectural, inasmuch as no documentary evidence can be furnished as to the disposition made of the relic prior to the fourth century, still it bears on the face of it a verisimilitude, which, taken in connection with traditional evidence, entitles it to serious attention, if not to absolute credence.

Standing near the Cross during the consummation of the dread tragedy of Calvary were the friends and the enemies of Jesus: on the one hand, His Blessed Mother, her sister, Mary wife of Cleophas, Mary Magdalen, and St. John; on the other, the leaders of the Jewish nation, the people aroused by them, and the Roman soldiers. The seamless garment fell to a soldier,—to an enemy for whom it possessed no value as a souvenir; who could not even wear it, as its form was too unlike his military dress. Naturally the soldier desired to sell it. Near by were those who regarded the garment as of priceless value, who would likely offer for it a sum of money even without being asked. St. John or the holy women, Magdalen especially, may surely be thought without any violent stretch of the imagination to have hastened to secure so dear a prize. In the eyes of the soldier a small sum of money would naturally appear

preferable to a tunic which he could not himself wear, and so the Coat passed into the hands of the Christians.

During the whole period of the persecution of the Christians by the Jews and pagans—that is, during the first three centuries—it would naturally have been hidden away, and its existence, as well as the place where it was deposited, confided to a few of the faithful and transmitted by oral tradition. Its guardians would sedulously preserve the secret of its existence, in order to save it from the insults and even the spoliation of the persecutors; for we see the Jews in the beginning of the second century despoiling the Christians of Smyrna of St. Polycarp's bones, and destroying these relics simply because they were prized by the faithful. In the same spirit the pagans built, as we know, a temple of Venus on the site of the Crucifixion, in order that the Christians might be deprived of the consolation of praying there.

The persecution and the necessity of further concealment ceased with the beginning of the fourth century. Constantine, son of St. Helen, proclaimed liberty of worship. He crowned his mother empress; and, clothed with this dignity, St. Helen went to the Holy Land (326). Assisted by the faithful, she discovered there the Holy Sepulchre, the True Cross, the Inscription of the Cross, and the Nails.

What more likely than the narrative, related by the traditions of Treves, that St. Helen during her sojourn in Palestine secured among other relics the seamless garment? There was no longer any danger in making known the existence of the relics; and the Christians would naturally acquaint the pious Empress of the fact that one so precious had been preserved. The discovery of the True Cross had sufficiently testified the value which she set upon such mementoes of our Divine Lord; and she was, in a position to recompense munificently those who aided her in procuring them. The circumstance that contem-

porary authors who speak of the finding of the Cross make no mention of the Holy Coat detracts nothing from the likelihood of the tradition. The discovery of the Cross was a public event; whereas St. Helen obtained possession of the Coat in a private manner known only to a few persons.

That the Empress should have given the seamless garment to the Cathedral of Treves is also quite natural. Treves was the seat of Constantius Chlorus, her husband; it was the capital of Gaul, and even of the whole Transalpine Empire; and if not the city of St. Helen's birth, it was that in which she had embraced Christianity and had resided for many years. As a remarkable corroboration of the truth of this account of the securing by the Cathedral of Treves of the Holy Coat, we may mention an ancient ivory carving discovered in recent years. It was a piece of sculpture belonging, as antiquarians testified, to the end of the fourth or the beginning of the fifth century, and represented the ceremony of the presentation of the Holy Coat by the Empress, and its arrival at the Treves Cathedral.

The absence of written documents relative to the treasure thus procured by Treves is well accounted for by the successive sackings and pillagings which that city underwent at the hands of the fierce Northern hordes. The Suevi, the Vandals, the Franks, and the Huns, in turn, invaded it at different periods in the fifth century; and as late as 882 the Normans, after a four days' pillage, set the town on fire. At this date the relics of the Cathedral were hidden underground. Finally, Archbishop John I., while having the Cathedral repaired in 1196, discovered the locality where the Holy Coat had been deposited, and exposed it to the veneration of the faithful. The knowledge of this hiding-place had vanished from the memory of men, but there was a constant tradition that it was somewhere in the Treves Cathedral. The Emperor Frederic I., in a letter to Archbishop Hillin, in the year 1157, mentioned

it as the seamless tunic of Our Lord (*tunica inconsutilis*) preserved in Treves. In the life of St. Agricius, written prior to the twelfth century, we find it stated that the "most true tradition of our ancestors" relates that in the time of that Saint the faithful of Treves eagerly desired to learn the particulars concerning the garment of Our Lord, which St. Agricius had deposited in the Cathedral. It was to him, as Bishop of Treves, that St. Helen presented the relic. This biography, speaking as it does of the "tradition of our ancestors," and written previous to 1196, carries the tradition far back of the twelfth century.

In the annals of Treves (*Gesta Trevæum*) is given the substance of what is known as the diploma of St. Sylvester addressed to Archbishop Valusien in 467. This document contains a reference to the tunic of the Redeemer presented to Treves by St. Helen. It was, therefore, a constant and general belief that Treves possessed from the fourth century this sacred relic. We may add that a bull of Pope Leo X., in 1514, recognizes the claim of the Church of Treves to the relic, and accords indulgences in connection therewith; an example which has within a few weeks been followed by Leo XIII., who has written to the Bishop of Treves, saying the exhibition of the Holy Coat is laudable and opportune, and promising indulgences to pilgrims. Professor Marx, who in 1844 wrote a voluminous history of the Holy Coat, states, as an explanatory reason for the absence of written documents concerning it during some centuries, that in the earlier ages of Christianity it was not customary to transfer, expose, or even touch the relics of the saints. "To do so," says St. Gregory the Great, "would be considered unbecoming—nay, sacrilegious." The archbishops of Treves followed this custom up to the sixteenth century; so that the relic remained under the high altar from 1196 to 1512, when a second exposition took place.

Here it may not be inappropriate to

describe the relic such as it appeared in the year 1512, and in the two expositions already held in the present century—those of 1810 and 1844:

It consists in its entirety of different layers of cloth. 1. The one uppermost, a silken material of damask kind with a pattern in it, golden and purple streaks and large squares, containing, still faintly discernible, two birds facing each other. 2. The relic proper, in the shape of a shirt-like garment with short, loose sleeves. Last year's committee's report describes the relic proper as patches, "pieces of a cloth material, hanging together, spread out between the upper and lower lay; these have without doubt formed originally the whole garment." 3. A kind of gauze (*crêpe de chine*) covering the back part of the relic. There are also jointed pieces of silken material, without any pattern, put inside between the front and back of the relic proper. In this threefold state the relic has been from time immemorial, the materials No. 1 and 3 having evidently been intended as a protection.

With regard to the material of the relic proper, the experts of last year's committee say: "It is a texture of brownish dye, without pattern, to all appearance of linen or cotton wool." This, they say, after a careful examination by touch and by the microscope, showed a characteristic difference of the structure from the lower and upper protective materials; the former being without any pattern, it is impossible to form an opinion as to the time of its manufacture. It is different with the rich upper part: it is proved that no such stuff was manufactured in Europe, and that it must have been made in the East before the ninth century—perhaps as early as the sixth or fifth. It follows from this, as an important fact, that the material of the relic is certainly of still greater antiquity.

The relic as here described was found in 1196, in a chest bearing two locks and twenty-five seals. This chest was enclosed

in a second one, with a triple lock; and this second in a third, having also three locks. The garment was folded crosswise, but lay at its full length, about five feet.

Without insisting further on the very reasonable grounds that exist for believing in the authenticity of the Holy Coat, let us conclude with an extract from the pastoral of Bishop Felix, from which we have already quoted:

“Toward the latter part of the summer of 1844 we beheld a wonderful spectacle in old Treves. More than one million of people, of all professions and all countries, were journeying in vast crowds to this Cathedral, that they might venerate Our Lord’s Holy Coat. Neither distance nor the difficulties of the journey did they shrink from; they held themselves amply rewarded for their labors if for some moments only they might see the holy relic. What, then, was the great magnet that attracted these crowds? Mere human curiosity? With some, perhaps, it was the case; but mere curiosity will never command and move a whole people, high and low; will never move rich and poor, learned men of high education as well as workingmen and peasants. . . . It was the irresistible force of faith, which revived and grew strong at the sight of the Holy Coat. Tears flowed abundantly, as eye-witnesses tell us; and all regarded the time as one of peculiar happiness.

“My late predecessor, Bishop Arnold, proclaimed in the Cathedral to all people, and trustworthy records ratify it, that the Almighty Himself, through many miraculous cures, notified to the world how acceptable the devotion to the Holy Coat was to Him. Hence I may confidently invite you, my dear brethren, to venerate this relic as Our Lord’s seamless coat; and it is a consolation to me to be allowed to inaugurate, after the example of my predecessors in the See of St. Eucharius, a solemnity which in times past has brought forth so many blessings.”

The Success of Patrick Desmond.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

XXV.

Man’s heart is either of feathers or of lead.

—*Turkish Proverb.*

THERE was much reason for Eleanor’s agitation. It was a terrible thing for her to discover that she had risked her father’s future because of a false idea of her own, and because of a too exalted belief in her own powers. For the moment the most cruel part of it all was that, in order to explain the condition of things to her father, she would have to admit that she had suspected him of injustice to Patrick Desmond. There was no palliation in the knowledge that this rash judgment of hers had been founded on her mother’s words, uttered in a moment of hallucination. Her respect for her father was so deep that it seemed like a physical wound to her heart to acknowledge to him that for a long time she had doubted his probity, or, at best, his courage to do right. She felt, too, a great terror of touching on the difficulties between her father and mother. Any allusion to them might seem like an accusation. And Eleanor knew that her father was weak, depressed, between life and death; he needed, above all, an atmosphere of love and trust. And this she should procure for him.

The humiliation of her position in regard to Desmond struck her. In a fit of mock heroism she had made restitution to him of valueless shares; these shares rising in value, she would be obliged perhaps, in justice to her father, to ask for them again. She covered her face with her hands, and blushed to the roots of her hair, as she thought of the mortification of this. She believed very firmly in Desmond’s honesty. Of late she had learned many things about Catholic practices; he

must be honest, she said to herself, or he could not be a practical Catholic. But, then, he might feel obliged to defend his right to the shares for the sake of his mother. He would have to know the whole wretched story; and she, after a talk with her father, must tell it to him. No, she would not ask Mary Fitzgerald to bear her burdens; she would take them up herself, and bear them bravely. This was her resolution.

The physician to whose care Dr. Talbot had consigned Judge Redwood looked grave when he came, on the day after the Judge's burst of words. It was his private opinion that Dr. Talbot had carried his pet practice of bleeding too far; he himself believed that the old-fashioned practice had not enough value in it to warrant its revival; and, although Dr. Talbot had undoubtedly saved the Judge's life, the stringent regimen had left him weak in body. The new physician sent for a trained nurse, and recommended quiet. Even Eleanor was forbidden to enter his room.

On learning all this, the young girl was more unhappy than she had ever been in her life; she hated the exclusion from her father's presence, and she feared to be alone with him. In spite of her resolution to bear her own burdens, she went over to Mary Fitzgerald's as soon as she could in decency make a call. The inner light of Mary's life shone in her face; it shone for other people; it had been fed and kept trimmed before the altar of "the idol Miles," as Esther occasionally named the object of her sister's devotion; and, notwithstanding the fact that the object of the flame had been unworthy, the fire grew purer and purer every day.

Eleanor had a guilty feeling of selfishness as she rang the Fitzgerald bell. She knew that she was about to cast part of her burden on Mary; but, then, did not Mary's goodness invite it? And was she not a Catholic, and bound to bear other people's burdens? "It is easy for Catholics to be

good," Eleanor said mentally. "They have so many ways of getting nearer to God, while we poor Protestants have to struggle and struggle, and depend on ourselves."

Eleanor was asked up to Mary's room at once. Mary was engaged in making an elaborate frock for little Miley—all bows and lace and color. Eleanor admired the room. There was a lovely statue of Our Lady of Victories, sent from abroad by Esther; there was Esther's own picture, with the black silk frock she had worn at Mr. Bastien's concert; and there was Miles, the little boy in a short jacket. This was heavily framed with white velvet, and the Brown Scapulars hung above it. There were a hundred little souvenirs that Mary loved. The room was exquisitely simple in its appointments, but there were flowers everywhere.

Mary rose and extended both hands to her visitor. She noticed Eleanor's eye resting on the work in her hands.

"This is a gala frock for my little nephew. It's very ornamental, is it not? But the little boy's mother loves him so, that nothing is too fine."

Eleanor silently commented on the foolishness of any mother who would put a small child into such an array. She began to be happy in Mary's presence, which affected her as a genial grate fire affects one who has been out in a cold wind.

"Has your husband come home yet?" Eleanor asked, fearing that there might be an interruption.

"No, but I have a letter from him. His business is more complicated than he expected."

"I am afraid I'm glad," said Eleanor, smiling. "I shall be able to talk for a time with you. Oh, I want your advice so much! Do you think I might become a Catholic?"

Mary started. Her face brightened, and gradually became grave. "It is an important step. I hope you will forgive me for asking a most impertinent question,—most impertinent."

"I will answer any question you ask,— I will indeed!" said Eleanor, rising and standing before Mary. "Oh, don't think I am bigoted or prejudiced or superstitious about your Church, as Protestants sometimes are. I *know* that your religion makes you good."

Mary sighed. "You may well believe that if it does not make us good nothing can. But my question is not about the Inquisition," with a little smile, "or anything of that kind. Are you drawn to the Catholic Church simply because somebody who wants to marry you expects you to be a Catholic?"

The young girl looked amazed, and then laughed. "Nobody wants to marry me. What an idea!"

Mary, who had watched Desmond at the dinner party, was somewhat disconcerted. It had been her private opinion that any possible difficulty about the mine shares would be settled by matrimony.

"I must beg your pardon, Miss Redwood—"

"Call me Eleanor."

"Well, I will,—but it requires a pure motive to help us enter the Church of God. And I have seen some converts—I have always feared that any words of mine—but, my dear, Father Jackson will talk to you about it. I will arrange an interview."

"Thank you," replied Eleanor. "I may say that I want to be a Catholic because I want to be safe. I feel that I must get nearer God or die. And of late I have thought of it a great deal, because I have met such good Catholics."

"Mr. Desmond?" asked Mary, with a touch of malice.

"Yes—and *you*."

The maid came up with a card.

Mary rose. "Let us go downstairs," she said. "It's my sister-in-law. She is rather formal in some ways, and she does not like to be received in my room."

Nellie was seated on a divan in the large drawing-room, darkened and unin-

viting, as most New York drawing-rooms are in the daytime. The maid opened the shutters, and the soft June sunlight came in. Nellie was glad to meet Miss Redwood. She had taken the liberty to examine a small diary which Desmond, filled with rustic trust in human nature, had left in his room. There she had read of Eleanor several times. Nellie thanked her stars that she had on her purple velvet, and made a most dramatic lurch toward Eleanor, in order to draw out the full length of her train. "Gracious," she said to herself, "the idea of his liking this slip of a girl better than the Baroness, after all the attention she paid him!"

Nellie had learned some things which had not improved her appearance or conversation. She had put large patches of black under her eyelashes, and pencilled her eyebrows, not with the firmest hand; besides, she had acquired several French phrases superficially, without having had a chance to corroborate them. She saw with delight this chance of playing the lady of fashion with this provincial.

"O my dear," she said, "I'm *so* glad to meet you! I *must* kiss you again. A young friend of mine—a sort of dependent, my cousin in fact, my husband's secretary—has often spoken of you—"

Mary Fitzgerald interfered nervously, with an allusion to Miley's new frock.

"Why did you interrupt me!" whispered Nellie. "I was just going to say that he considered her his intended."

Mary shuddered. "Miss Redwood is slightly acquainted with Mr. Desmond," she remarked.

"Only slightly?" said Nellie, archly. "Oh, I know how it was myself!"

Mary was sincerely grateful that the young girl did not see the wink which Nellie directed at her,—a wink being Nellie's social telephone.

"I must say," Nellie continued, "that I'm not pleased with Patrick Desmond. Though Miles and I have done *everything*

for him—set him up both socially and financially,—he has left us. I hear, by the way, that he is rich. Of course he'll turn on us now, like the viper on horseback. We've a new young man in his place, who can't be independent and talk about conscientious scruples; for we got him off the Island. People off the Island can't have consciences; they've got to take pot-luck, like the rest of us."

Eleanor looked at Nellie, observing her paint, her overtrimmed velvet gown, and hat overloaded with flowers; and thought she was the most odious female she had ever met.

"We must see you at our place, dear," Nellie went on, while Mary bent her head over her work. "My husband is only in politics, to be sure; he's not a professional man, like Mr. Arthur Fitzgerald—oh, my, no! He only makes his bread by coining the sweat of his brow for the welfare of the Empire State. But he goes, all the same, though he *is* only a statesman. Perhaps you think this is sarcasm. Oh, no!" And Nellie giggled toward her sister-in-law. "Goodness, my dear, where did you come from?"

"From Redwood."

"Redwood?" said Nellie, in a far-away tone. "Iowa, Ohio—somewhere in the West, I suppose? You must let me do your hair for you; it's not *chick* at all. If you want to look smart and *rekerky*, you—"

Mary interrupted once more. "How is Miles?"

"Miles is sick. A bad attack of nervous depression."

"O Nellie, why didn't you tell me?" asked Mary, dropping her work. "Is it serious?"

"It's always serious," said Nellie, with evident satisfaction. "You don't know when a man with a brain like that is going to go off. Never marry a successful man, Miss Redwood. You can't imagine what they are; they're generous to a fault. I hadn't been married five months when

Miley give me this pair of diamond earrings. Giants, ain't they?"

Eleanor admired them; she rose to go, but Mary made an appealing motion.

"I ought to see Miles at once."

"Not at all," said Nellie. "I can take care of him. And I must say, though it is in the presence of a stranger, that your talk about religion is not agreeable to him. A man of the world can't be hanging around a church all the time. He doesn't like to hear about confession and all that. You just let Miles alone, and he'll come around all right one of these days."

"How can you talk in that way, Nellie?" asked Mary, in real distress.

"He's no worse than other men," retorted Nellie. "You had the bringing up of him, and I've had to undertake the job after you've spoiled—" and then, remembering Eleanor, she graciously said good-bye, took Miley's little frock, which she had come for, and sailed out, tinkling various bangles and metal adornments.

"You will pardon me for keeping you," Mary said to Eleanor. "You have trusted me so much that I do not hesitate to trust you. I wanted you to stay, that I might have a chance of preventing you from misjudging my sister-in-law. She is not as she seems. She has a good heart and an honest nature, but she has never had good home influence about her. Her husband, my brother, is a busy man,—one of the truest souls in the world, groping in the dark somewhat now. But you should have seen what a lovely little baby and what a sweet boy he was. We will go to my room again—"

The door-bell rang, and the two women stood still, instead of moving. A voice and a quick step sounded in the hall, and Patrick Desmond entered. He bowed—his face flushed and he started as he saw Eleanor.

"Mr. Fitzgerald sent me for a paper, which is in the right-hand drawer of his desk; this is a copy of the endorsement," he said, standing, although Mrs. Fitzgerald asked him to take a chair. "I am to go back

to-night, and I am entirely at your service.”

Mary took the note. “Excuse me,” she said. “I will find the paper.”

She went out of the room, looking on this opportunity as admirable for the acceleration of match-making. She said to herself that it would be strange if, after this interview, Eleanor did not understand her own mind.

Eleanor could scarcely restrain herself from grasping Mary's departing gown with both hands. Mr. Desmond was handsomer than ever, probably because he was better dressed; she felt cheered by his presence, but she would have given much to get away from him at that moment. As to him, he was happy. Of all persons in the world, he wanted most to see her, and to see her without breaking his promise to his mother.

(To be continued.)

A Legend of the Weeping-Willow.

BY B. MONTGOMERIE RANKING.

WHITE were the stairs of marble stone,
 But whiter were His Feet,
 Flecked with the Blood that must atone
 For the apple bitter-sweet;
 As He came down,
 Each mocking clown
 Arose the King to greet.

It was not yet the time of figs,
 But trees were budding fair;
 They stripped the lithe, long willow-twigs—
 All things the crime must share!—
 With rod and scourge
 Their guilt to purge
 Whose sins the Sinless bare.

And red stains mar the marble stone,
 And on the long green leaves
 Are blood-drops, as the willow lone
 Still hangs its head and grieves
 By pool and flood,
 Where the pale blue bud
 The wreath of Memory weaves.

From Brittany to Basqueland.

BY T. L. L. TEELING.

TO-DAY we were buying a stick—a wonderful stick indeed,—here in Bagnères-de-Bigorre, among the snow-clad mountains. It is a stout yet not inelegant staff, which, if somewhat too solid for Bond Street or Piccadilly, would not look out of place in Malvern or Buxton, or perhaps even in fashion-haunted Bournemouth. At the lower end, a bright nickel-plated band is fastened off with a sharp, trefoil-like point, apparently for the purpose of hitching into the ground when ascending some jagged mountain peak; it is in reality a weapon of defence, soldered in and heavily leaded, one blow from which, as the saleswoman assured us, would be capable of killing a man. The handle, a comfortable-looking pebble fastened to a plain whip handle and leather strap, unscrews and discloses a sharp pointed instrument, or weapon of defence, concealed under the guise of a gentleman's walking-stick.

The vender tells us that this pretty toy comes from *le pays Basque*, and adds that the Basques were at one time very fond of fighting, and great amateurs of offensive and defensive weapons. Certainly the race which could “tap” one another with these loaded canes (or *makila*, as their owners call them) must have been a tolerably hard-headed one. The true Basque *makila*, indeed, is a rougher and simpler article, consisting of a thick stick or club—a shillalah,—cut from the medlar tree, with a clump of iron at its base.

The Basques, as we have said, were much given to fighting in former days, not so very long ago; and a closer acquaintance with these interesting people convinces us that this is not the only point of resemblance which they have in common with a people nearer home. Their *jeu de paume*,

for instance, which has lately figured in English papers as having been played before the Queen, closely resembles the Irish handball. It is played in an enclosure, usually encircled with rows of wooden seats, raised tier upon tier, circus-wise; put up each spring-time and taken down in the autumn, as the pastime is a summer one. And no town or village is without its well-kept ground, boarded or walled in, and gravelled throughout, where all the youths and men of the place spend their Sundays and holidays in gay and harmless rivalry, ball in hand; with little groups of mothers, sisters, and sweethearts crowding the wooden benches, or perched in careless, picturesque fashion upon the low wall without, chatting and applauding the winner.

Then there is the old funeral wail, the true Irish *keen*, which used to be heard everywhere, but is now fast dying out; and the national dance, or *muchikoa*, which appears to resemble the Irish jig, as the performers jump and bound into the air, lifting their arms and snapping their fingers in imitation of castanets, shouting and singing meanwhile. With the *makila* for shillalah and sabots for brogues, the bustle and clamor of a Southern market-place against the gay *insouciance* of an Irish fair, one is tempted to marvel a little at that strange "likeness in unlikeness" which pursues one round the world, where indeed there "is nothing new under the sun."

We had made a somewhat lengthy sojourn in green, damp, sleepy old Brittany; and came there with some lurking interest in, not to say veneration for, that historic province, whose reputation for beauty and quaintness makes it one of the favorite resorts of the not-too-ambitious tourist. One expects, on visiting the scene of so many romances and such ardent praise, to find some genuine bit of Old-World realism still surviving:—peasants, if dirty, picturesque in costume; tenants or retainers, if dull, yet devoted and unspoiled by the march of civilization; ruins, if uninhab-

ited, yet mantled with ivy; in short, the ideal of a province still a little out of the world.

The reality is disappointing. Old families there may be—nay, there are—whose tenants still cluster round them royally; ruins well provided with beggars and guides, as are ruins all the world over. The people themselves, however, appear to have retained all their ancient stolidity,—all the dirt, the avarice, the obstinacy, which ever characterized the Breton peasant; while civilization, as it sweeps by them, has stripped them of many things which made them interesting if not beautiful; as witness the gay peasant costume, now so rarely seen; and, still more regrettably, the moral excellences which once made them celebrated in prose and verse; the old feudal spirit of more than clanship, rendering each Breton noble a power in the land; the devoted, unquestioning, undying fidelity to his superior, whether priest or lord, which cast a halo over the commonest and most plodding of lives; the childlike simplicity of faith in their father's teaching, which not only made of Brittany the stronghold of Catholicism in France, but also the very nest and shelter of every legend, tradition, and superstition which could delight the lover of antiquities and folk-lore.

The Republic of to-day has succeeded in sapping the foundations of all this. Secular schools, sneering officials, inroads of politicians, and government influence, have given a thin veneer of nineteenth-century callousness to the deeply imbedded ignorance, uncleanness, and stubborn unintelligence of the Breton peasant, while depriving him in great measure of those special characteristics which have for centuries constituted his peculiar charm.

Straight downward, we passed south to Pyrenean borderlands, where a very different race holds sway. In climate it was veritably the passing from North to South: from shivering in furs and wraps, under wet and windy skies, to tranquil warmth

and grape-laden trellises. And, then, the people! No longer the heavy, sabot-shod, lowering-looking Northerners, with rare smiles and impassible countenances; but a fine, tall, handsome, crisp-haired race,—the men swinging lightly along with springy steps and bright, intelligent looks; the women, dark-eyed, supple, well developed,—queenly-looking women, poising heavy market loads on their heads gracefully; exchanging a laughing word or merry glance, free from the least touch of vulgar coarseness, with the passer-by. If there is one corner of all France where the charm of antiquity still lingers, where the force and vigor of primeval manhood still survives, it has seemed to us to lie down in sunny Basqueland, where, as they calmly tell us, “We are too far away from Paris for them to trouble much about us.”

The first thing which strikes us with surprise on arriving within the boundaries of *le pays Basque* is that a strange, new language is spoken. We had not sufficiently realized that this little bit of France is in very truth not France at all, save as to government; just as the Channel Islands are not England, though under English rule. In Brittany one is aware that there is a *patois*, or Breton language; but, save in Lower Brittany, it can seldom be heard, even among the peasants themselves; while no sooner do you arrive here than you are greeted with a volley of unintelligible sounds. The market-women, calling across the square, chatter their comments or warnings in your regard, blissfully secure in the consciousness of your not comprehending everything. They say themselves that “the devil, wishing to deceive a certain woman in this country, studied Basque for seven years. He could not acquire it, and forgot his Latin in the effort; yet the devil is no fool.” They tell you, too, that theirs is the oldest language in the world; in fact, the language of Adam and Eve in Paradise. However this may be, antiquarians agree in declaring its undoubted antiquity.

Its grammar, as a French student of the language informed us, is peculiar, having no gender and only one declension; but, without entering deeply into this subject, we had abundant opportunities of admiring the stately grandeur of its spoken wealth of diction, as all sermons were preached in Basque, or Escaldunac, as the language is called. We were present, from time to time, at a half-hour sermon; and one almost lost sight of weariness while listening to the grand roll and flow of words, which seemed, as it were, an echo of the great Atlantic waves without, beating in measured cadence on the shore. Scaliger is reported to have remarked, on hearing two Basques speak together: “They pretend that they understand each other, but I do not believe they do.” And certainly the ponderous Teutons themselves might well be dismayed by the length of such words as “*ardlanzesaregarenituricabarua*,” or “a mountain top.”

Speaking of churches, in which some national peculiarities may always be gathered, one remarks at once on entering a Basque church that, while the interior is as a rule somewhat simple, and adorned with fewer altars than those in other parts of France (usually only two side ones, placed on a line with the high altar), the whole nave is encircled with a threefold gallery, tier upon tier; and this gallery is entirely filled with men at the time of service, the nave being reserved for women and children, who, kneeling for the most part either upon the bare ground or upon little kneeling carpets, clasp their rosaries devoutly, and kiss their crossed thumbs from time to time, in true Basque fashion. At the conclusion of Mass each man rises and bows solemnly to his neighbor, be he friend or foe—a reminiscence, we suppose, of the ancient “kiss of peace,”—ere he leaves his place to descend and join the growing crowd at the church porch, and discuss the news of the day.

On one occasion, at Mass in a village

church, when most of the worshippers were in their places, a little bustle of preparation began immediately in front of us. Chairs were pushed back, and an empty space made, on each side of which were placed lighted candles in tall silver candlesticks. Then a little group of women came slowly in, each wrapped from head to foot in a long black cloak, with deep hood pulled over the head, and a thick lace veil hanging down in front, entirely shrouding both form and features. They stood respectfully aside while an older woman, in the same funereal garb, passed in, and knelt between the two tall candlesticks. Here she remained immovable throughout the whole service; the others surrounding her with a kind of respectful attention, as though she were some distinguished personage. When the congregation dispersed, she rose and left the church in the same stately and ceremonious fashion. We were informed, on inquiry, that she was a "chief mourner," sister or widow of some deceased person, who made thus her first appearance in public after her bereavement.

These long cloaks are the special sign of mourning in a country where mere black would have little meaning, almost every woman and girl wearing a black dress and lace veil as her holiday attire. The more careful among them may be seen carrying her veil, neatly folded, on her arm, until she reaches the vestibule of the church, where she dons it; a great shaking out of folds and adjustment of head-coverings preceding the entry of each group of maidens into the sacred portals.

The well-known and popular watering-place of Biarritz, though of Basque origin; is now too modern and fashionable to retain much national individuality. Its visitors, however, may glean much of interest from excursions into the hamlets which nestle here and there among the surrounding hills. The quaint old town of St.-Jean-de-Luz, which boasts the unenviable distinction of having been built below the sea level—with

the result, natural to such an engineering blunder, of occasional floods,—has long been one of the favorite resorts of the English abroad, especially of those who reside in quiet places from motives of economy; for, while Biarritz is dear, gay and fashionable, St.-Jean-de-Luz, at no great distance, preserves its pristine simplicity and cheapness to a sufficient extent to fill its remarkably comfortless and unsanitary set of houses and apartments with English residents throughout the winter.

Biarritz, a true Basque name, is derived from Bi-haritz, two oak trees,—the oak having evidently flourished largely hereabouts in former days, and even borne a part in the legislation and worship of the inhabitants, much as it did among the Druids of Britain. Another town not far distant, among the mountains, has a similar name—Ustaritz, or Usta-haritz, a crop of oaks; and at another place, still called De Haïtze, seemingly a corruption of "haritz," may be seen a venerable forest of ancient oaks, where in old times was held the curious convocation, or "assembly of elders," which made laws for the whole province, quite independently of duke or king, or any more authorized form of government. This assembly, or *bilcar*, consisted of all the householders, proprietors of land, and heads of families in the provinces, who met together from time to time to regulate the affairs of the community. Their proceedings are thus described—a scene worthy of some painter's pencil:

Let us fancy ourselves for a moment threading our way through the venerable forest, to where, grouped round a rude block of fallen stone, the "fathers" of the community discuss the measures they are about to take for their common weal. Each stalwart form—some in the prime of youth, others greybearded or white with age—stands proudly erect, his back against some gnarled oak stem; each grasps a stout staff (the *makila*) as one and all debate, gesticulate, argue, with Southern gesture and

Spanish vivacity, tempered by the gravity of that sense of responsibility which, on these occasions at least, is ever present with them. The block of stone in their midst, rudely polished to serve as a table, holds some scattered papers, on which are inscribed the laws they frame and the records of their deliberations. Two smaller stones beside it serve as seats of honor for the president and secretary of the rustic parliament.

We smile, perhaps, at the thought of this rude gathering having authority; yet history tells how on more than one occasion the *bilcar* of Basqueland has successfully vindicated the liberties of its people, and resisted the will and the edicts of the Kings of France and of Navarre. Curiously enough, though the Basques are an intensely religious people, no priest was allowed to be present at these meetings; and antiquarians gather from this fact the presumption that the *bilcar* dates from pre-Christian times, and has been continued ever since; its primitive form and ancient customs jealously guarded, and sacredly handed down from father to son.

Not far from this historic site lies another, the famous Pass of Roncesvalles, or Pas de Roland, where the brave knight—a Breton, by the way, to trace again our parallel—“Hruotlandus, prefect of the March of Brittany,” perished under the fierce and unexpected attack of a band of savage Basques, untiringly there as ever at enmity with the armies of France. The picturesque defile where he and his leal friend Oliver

“Saith each to other: ‘Be near me still;
We will die together, if God so will,’”

has long been a refuge and home for smugglers.

Through these rugged fastnesses, which feel so far removed from France and civilization, pass ever to and fro the graceful, supple, strong figures of the Basque mountaineers. And there, too, lurk the scowling bands of native gypsies, vowed to eternal hatred and mutual distrust of those whose land they dwell in, as it were, on suffer-

ance and in stealth; born amid wild loneliness in some rocky den, buried none know how or where—for none save their own ever know the last resting-place of a Basque gypsy. So, across Nature’s landmarks, we pass into sunny Spanish Basqueland, where we may no longer linger, though

“High the mountains and high the trees,
Bright shine the marble terraces”;

just as gleamed those which greeted Roland’s dying eyes, when

“God from on high sent down to him
One of His angel Cherubim—
St. Michael in peril of the sea,
St. Gabriel in company.

From heaven they came for that soul of price,
And they bore it with them to Paradise.”

The Litanies.

BY THE REV. A. A. LAMBING, LL. D.

(CONCLUSION.)

THE LITANY OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

THE sublime prophecy of the Blessed Virgin—one of the most beautiful in the Sacred Scriptures—“Behold, from henceforth all generations shall call me blessed,” early began to find its fulfilment in the Church. It could not have been otherwise, considered even from a natural point of view; for the faithful who found in the Son the object of their supreme worship and deepest gratitude, could not fail to honor the Mother through whose instrumentality that Son had been given to them. To these claims were added the many others, so to say of her own, which Mary had on them. These devout sentiments found their expression in numerous ejaculations, in seeing in Mary the fulfilment of many of the prophecies of the Old Testament, and discovering in the same sacred volume figures of her whom they loved so much. Mindful of their necessities, especially during the persecutions by which the early Church was so severely

tried, they soon learned to weave these pious sentiments and expressions into a litany, with a petition for assistance after each; and the Litany, substantially as we have it, was formed.

This Litany is of the greatest antiquity, and antedates all others, even that of the Saints; for, as we have said, it was not customary to honor any of the saints but martyrs before the fourth century. Quarti is of opinion that it was composed by the Apostles after the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin into heaven, the better to impress the people with a correct idea of her transcendent greatness, and to induce them to have more frequent recourse to her in their spiritual and temporal necessities. And he arrives at this conclusion from the fact that it is so ancient that no one can be named with certainty as its author. It has doubtless undergone slight changes; and additional petitions have been placed in it from time to time, in gratitude to Mary for having granted more than ordinary favors to her suppliants. A few of these will be mentioned, with the circumstances under which they were formed.

The title "Help of Christians" owes its origin to the victory which the Christians gained over the Turks, who were threatening to overrun Europe in the sixteenth century, but who met with a crushing defeat in the year 1572, through the intercession of the Blessed Virgin, in whose honor the Christian world recited the Rosary for the success of the Christian arms. That of "Queen of All Saints" is due to the return of Pope Pius VII. to Rome after his long imprisonment in France, in May, 1814; in fulfilment of a vow he had made of placing a golden crown on the statue of Our Lady in the holy Chapel of Loretto, on the event of his release and return to his own dominions. He fulfilled this vow with great solemnity on the 13th of May of that year, and then saluted his holy protectress as Queen of All Saints. The privilege of

addressing Mary as "Queen conceived without original sin" was first granted to the Archdiocese of Mechlin, July 10, 1846; and to the United States, September 15 of the same year. It is now common throughout the Christian world, but there is no general decree on the matter.* It may not be generally known that the last title of the Litany, "Queen of the Most Holy Rosary," was used two centuries ago. A decree of the Sacred Congregation of Rites dated July 13, 1675, permitted the members of the Confraternity of the Holy Rosary to address the Blessed Virgin by this title.† The recent action of the Holy See adding it to the Litany is dated December 10, 1883.

This Litany is commonly called the Litany of Loretto, because it is sung with great solemnity in the Holy House of Loretto every Saturday,—the house in which the great mystery of the Incarnation actually took place, and in which the Blessed Virgin spent the greater part of her holy life.

The various ways of reciting the Litany make it pertinent to inquire: What, precisely, is essential in order to secure the indulgences granted by the Holy See? Some persons are accustomed to begin it with the prayer, "We fly to thy patronage," etc.; and end it with a versicle, response and prayer. This form is found in many prayer-books. Is it necessary? The most reliable source of information to be had on the point is the *Raccolta*. In the last edition of that work the Litany begins with "Lord, have mercy on us," and concludes with the third *Agnus Dei*. Hence this is all that is required to gain the indulgences. But if pious persons want to say a prayer, what prayer should it be? The most common, perhaps, is "Pour forth," etc. This, however, is not the proper one, as we learn by consulting the *Typica Edition* of the Roman Ritual,—a work which is specially approved as the liturgical standard, in its line, by the Sacred Congrega-

* Schneider's "Maurel," pp. 189, 190.

† *Ibid.*, l. c.

tion of Rites. There, instead of the above prayer, we find the versicle and response: "Pray for us, O Holy Mother of God. That we may be made worthy of the promises of Christ. Let us pray. Grant, we beseech Thee, O Lord, that we, Thy servants, may rejoice in continual health of mind and body; and, through the glorious intercession of Blessed Mary ever Virgin, be freed from present sorrow, and enjoy eternal gladness, through Christ our Lord. Amen."

The following are the indulgences granted for the recitation of the Litany, as taken from the *Raccolta*: Two hundred days, once a day, granted by Sixtus V. and Benedict XIII.; three hundred days every time, granted by Pius VII.; and to all those who recite it once a day, a plenary indulgence on the five feasts of obligation* of the Blessed Virgin—that is, the Immaculate Conception, the Nativity, the Annunciation, the Purification, and the Assumption,—on the condition of confession, Communion, visiting a church, and praying according to the intention of the Holy Father.

THE LITANY OF THE HOLY NAME OF JESUS.

This Litany is so called because it contains expressions in praise of the various attributes of our Holy Redeemer, after each of which His divine Name is invoked. I have not been able to ascertain anything positive regarding the authorship of this Litany, but it is certainly not of so great antiquity as either of the others we have been considering. A more interesting question, however, is that of its approbation by the Holy See. This has long been a point upon which there existed great diversity of opinion among authorities; and although it is now settled, a review of the discussion may not be uninteresting.

The Constitution, *Sanctissimus*, issued by Pope Clement VIII., September 6, 1601, forbids the recitation in churches, oratories and processions, of any other litanies than

those of the Saints and of the Blessed Virgin, without the approbation of the Sacred Congregation of Rites. Ferraris, however, maintains that this Litany is exempt from that regulation, because it was enriched by Sixtus V. with an indulgence of three hundred days, at the instance of the Discalced Carmelites. But this argument is not conclusive, because the decree of Clement VIII. is of later date than the alleged grant of Sixtus V., and it makes no mention of the Litany of the Holy Name. In the seventeenth century a number of German princes and bishops petitioned the Holy See for the approval of this Litany, on the ground that it was constantly recited, both in public and in private, by the faithful under their jurisdiction. The reply of the Sacred Congregation of Rites, April 14, 1646, was: "The aforesaid Litany is to be approved, if His Holiness deem proper." It would appear, however, that the Sovereign Pontiff did not accede to their wishes; for when the same Sacred Congregation was asked, two centuries later, whether the Litany was approved and enriched with indulgences, the reply, dated September 7, 1850, was "No" to both questions.* (By a decree of Sixtus V., dated January 22, 1585, the jurisdiction of the Sacred Congregation of Rites is restricted to public functions and ceremonies.) But in some other places as well as in Germany the decree regarding this Litany was not always complied with, and it was recited both in public and in private.

On the occasion of the canonization of the Japanese martyrs, in 1862, a large number of the bishops present petitioned the Holy See for the approval of the Litany of the Holy Name of Jesus and its enrichment with indulgences; and the Sovereign Pontiff so far acceded to their request as to grant an indulgence of three hundred days to the faithful of all those dioceses whose bishops should make that request of him. Finally, his present Holiness, by a

* All these feasts are not of obligation everywhere.

* Schneider's "Maurel," pp. 159, 160.

decree of the Sacred Congregation of Indulgences, dated January 16, 1886, granted an indulgence of three hundred days, to be gained once a day by all the faithful of the Christian world, on the usual conditions of a partial indulgence.* But it does not appear that any decree has been issued permitting its recitation in any of the public functions of religion.

We have next to inquire: What, precisely, constitutes the Litany of the Holy Name of Jesus, and is necessary to be said in order to gain the indulgences? This Litany differs from that of the Blessed Virgin in requiring the recitation of a versicle and response, with two prayers, after it. Beginning with "Lord, have mercy on us," it closes with the versicle and response, "Jesus, hear us. Jesus, graciously hear us. Let us pray. O Lord Jesus Christ, who hast said: Ask, and you shall receive; seek, and you shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you: grant, we beseech Thee, unto us who ask, the gift of Thy most divine love; that we may ever love Thee with our whole hearts, and in all our words and actions, and never cease from showing forth Thy praise.

"Make us, O Lord, to have a perpetual fear and love of Thy Holy Name; for Thou never failest to govern those whom Thou dost establish in Thy love. Who livest," etc.†

Although this essay may appear dry to some readers, the frequency with which the litanies here treated of are recited, and the importance which the Church especially at present attaches to indulgences, make it not only a matter of instruction, but also one of spiritual interest to Christians, to be acquainted with what is essentially necessary for them to do in order that they may secure those spiritual favors; while the history of the origin and development of the litanies can hardly be regarded as a matter of indifference.

* Beringer, "Die Ablässe," pp. 141-143.

† *Rituale Romanum, Editio Typica*: Beringer.

The Key-Note of Life.

"DO not say that you 'did not think.' If you forget, it is because you do not care. If people care, they will remember." So spoke a mother long ago to a thoughtless child, who pleaded, as an excuse for a rude act, that she had forgotten. The key-note of life was touched by the answering, admonishing voice. Forgetfulness is selfishness, and is shown nowhere more plainly than in the many "littles" which "make a mickle" in the trifling, hourly happenings which cause gladness or pain.

Courtesy, real courtesy, is so holy an attribute that one wonders why all true Christians are not polite. When we picture the tender gentleness with which our fancy always invests our Blessed Lord, how can we go about causing inconvenience by the breaking of an engagement; failing to withhold the word that will give comfort; neglecting with careless disdain the promised visit, which would have carried sunshine into a darkened life; trampling upon people's most sacred feelings, like elephants upon a harp—forgetting, forgetting, forgetting! Our Lord did not forget. He cared so much that He could not forget; and if we cared ever so little, we, too, would perforce remember.

The courteous deeds which live in history, like the humble ones of every day, have been performed because self was forgotten. Sir Philip Sidney cared, and so remembered, when he gave the cup of water to the soldier whose necessity was greater than his own. And our own General Washington lifted his hat to a poor negro through simple kindness of heart.

It is painful to see how many would-be gentlefolk go to work in the most clumsy way: adorning the outward man with expensive trappings, cultivating the prevailing gait or driving a particular equipage, consulting the latest manuals of etiquette, and ending in complete and surprised dis-

comfiture through self-love and self-consciousness. No one is so poor that he can not be gentle and polite; for courtesy is but another name for love. Love is gentleness "writ large." A man may wear a shabby coat; he may, through stress of circumstances, be rough of hand and forbidding of visage; but he will be a gentleman if he is gentle, and he will always remember if he takes the trouble to care.

Notes and Remarks.

The case of *Ohio vs. Patrick F. Quigley* has attracted considerable attention, owing to its being the first case tried under the compulsory education law recently enacted by the general assembly of that State. Judge Dunne made an able argument on the unconstitutionality of the law, based on the fact that the Constitution does not propose to interfere with parental rights. The Hon. Frank H. Hurd, in his address to the court, argued for the unconstitutionality of the law on the ground that "the only authority on the subject of schools is conferred by the Constitution in the article as to education; and that, being limited to the establishment of common schools, does not authorize interference by the legislature with parochial schools." Mr. Hurd's argument, which we have before us, strikes the non-legal mind as being an exceptionally able paper, and throws considerable light on the general subject of state control of schools, besides showing the want of the commonest fair play in the provisions of the law in question. Dr. Quigley was convicted in the common-pleas court, but the end is not yet.

In the current issue of *The Month*, Mr. C. Kegan Paul writes interestingly of his religious life, from his boyhood, when, the son of an Episcopalian minister, he "loathed church-going," to his full maturity, when last year he entered the one true Fold. Mr. Paul's conversion was only one of the thousand instances in which the influence of the late Cardinal Newman showed itself a powerful incentive

to seek that truth which, earnestly sought, is always found. In this paper, "Confessio Viatoris," the writer says: "Like Thomas à Kempis, so Newman, studied day by day, sank into my soul, and changed it. Since Pascal, none has put so plainly as he the dread alternative: all or nothing, faith or unfaith, God or the denial of God." Mr. Paul embraced the true faith on the day after the great Cardinal's death; and he says: "The one bitter drop in a brimming cup of joy was that he could not know all that he had done for me: that his was the hand which had drawn me in when I sought the ark floating on the stormy sea of the world. But a few days afterward, as I knelt by his coffin at Edgbaston, and heard the Requiem Mass said for him, I felt that indeed he knew; that he was in a land where there was no need to tell him anything, for he sees all things in the heart of God."

Some notable testimony to the status of the industrial classes during the "Dark Ages," when the feudal system was in vogue, was given recently by the Socialist, Paul Laforgue, on trial for inciting to riot at Fourmies on May 1:

"I have myself, in the *Nouvelle Revue*, pointed out that the lord was associated in the risks of the laborer; and that the rent for land was never fixed till after the harvest, and was dependent upon the harvest. . . I have said, and I maintain it, that under the old rule the artisan was better off than he is to-day. The Church assured to him every year fifty-two Sundays and thirty-eight holidays, a total of ninety days of rest. I have never said but one thing, and that is that May 1 was to give back to the working classes holidays and days of relaxation, and I called upon the working people to prepare for this. I have reminded them that in the Middle Ages the Church encouraged holidays, and even allowed dancing in the naves of the churches."

The exhibition of the "Holy Coat" at Treves opened on the 20th inst., and is to continue for six weeks. The relic is exposed from six in the morning until seven at night. It is estimated that as many as 140,000 pilgrims will venerate it every week.

Some months ago we quoted the opinion of the famous Dr. Desprès as to the evils that would ensue from the removal of the Sisters from the charge of the hospitals in France.

The Doctor is an atheist. Judging from an interview given by him recently, his anticipations have been realized. "Of the four lay nurses whom I have had under my charge," he says, "one was dismissed for drunkenness, another for total ignorance of all that concerned her position. I have now two, one of whom, an honorable married woman, does all she can; but she knows nothing whatever of her duties. The other—well, of her I prefer to say nothing. Do you wish an example of the morality of some of these nurses? Recently I received a visit from the father of a young man, a patient of one of our hospitals. The purpose of the visit was to implore me to furnish him with means of withdrawing his son from the domination of one of these lay nurses." From all which it appears that the *laicization* of the hospitals has not proved a brilliant success.

According to the *London Globe*, the late Encyclical of the Holy Father comes pretty much to this: "If men would be good Christians, they would be good citizens, and the world would be a better place than it is." Our brilliant contemporary the *Indo-European Correspondence* has a comment on this utterance well worth quoting: "This is just the reverse of what is taught by our so-called modern spirit—viz.: that so long as a man is good to his neighbors, it matters very little what creed he professes, or whether he professes any. *So long as a man is good* supposes a great deal at starting. If the world could be made good without Christianity, it would not have been necessary for the Second Divine Person to come down at all, or to toil and suffer so much."

It is reported that Mr. Whittier's "increasing deafness prevents his attending church." What a strange creed it is that holds a man incapable of public worship when he has lost his hearing! If the "good grey poet" had the happiness of being a Catholic, loss of hearing would be no obstacle to attendance at church; in fact, he might "hear Mass" all the more satisfactorily for *not* hearing the choir or congregation.

The Rev. M. J. Lavelle, president of the Catholic Young Men's National Union, issues

a call for the seventeenth annual Convention of that body, to be held in Philadelphia on the 6th and 7th of October next. The circular states that last year's Convention at Washington has been productive of much good in the way of the formation of new associations, and of encouragement to the older ones; and expresses the hope that good work of a similar nature will result from the next assembly. The C. Y. M. N. Union received a special recommendation from the Baltimore Council in 1884; it is doing excellent work under the wise direction of Father Lavelle.

We are gratified to learn from our contemporaries that the plea of our valued contributor, Miss Mary Catherine Crowley, for a Fresh Air Fund for Catholic children has awakened considerable interest in that laudable project. Commenting thereon, the *Pilot* mentions that excellent work in this direction has been carried on during the past four years by the Conference of St. Vincent de Paul, at the Church of the Immaculate Conception, Boston. We trust that similar associations throughout the country will take the work in hand, and that our little ones of the cities may, for a brief season at least, drink in the delights of the country. A few days' outing would probably convince most of them that he spoke truth who said: "God made the country, but man made the town."

It is proposed that on the 12th of October, 1892, a Solemn Mass, with the *Te Deum*, be sung in all the churches of America, in the Cathedral of Madrid, and in the principal churches of Genoa.

In a recent issue of the *Catholic News*, of New York, we find the following interesting bit of information concerning the Immigrant Girls' Home, an admirable charity, which we have frequently commended. The incident related was auspicious of the future success of the project:

"The Home bears the name of the Holy Rosary, and for this reason: After the Rev. Mr. Riordan made the purchase, the seller discovered the object for which it was intended. He fairly gnashed his teeth in rage to think his house was going to such a use as harboring Catholic immigrants. By every chicanery he delayed giving possession, and left the

house in a fearful state. When able to enter, the Rev. Mr. Riordan walked through the rooms with a feeling of depression, till in an upper room, in a heap of rubbish, his eyes caught sight of an object that fairly startled him. It was a rosary. Even in that house, which had apparently been dedicated to hatred of the Irish Catholic, there had been some good girl who said her rosary devoutly, praying for those who hated her race and her religion. The priest was cheered at once. He picked up the poor, worn rosary, and it gave the name to his house and mission. He placed his work under the patronage of Our Lady of the Rosary."

The first Pontifical High Mass of the Rt. Rev. John Brady, who was recently consecrated auxiliary Bishop of Boston, was celebrated at Amesbury, Mass., the scene of his efficient labors as a zealous pastor. His former parishioners vied with one another in their endeavors to render him honor, and presented him with addresses and gifts. For years one of the most laborious priests in the Archdiocese of Boston, Bishop Brady bids fair to prove no less eminent in the new and higher sphere to which he has been promoted.

God adorned His Blessed Mother with all the treasures of grace and nature, in order that there might be an ideal of true womanhood to reform the world and to banish its corruption. Catholics can least afford to indulge in ungenerous allusions to the "fair sex." As the *Catholic Union and Times* well observes: "Every honest and reverential man, who knows that through a woman came the Hope of the world, ought to set a firm countenance against the reiterated sneer in the words, 'Only a woman!'"

It is said that the greatest insult that can be offered to a Pueblo Indian is to call him a Protestant. Emissaries of the sects have vainly tried to seduce this tribe. They are scattered all over New Mexico. The Pueblo women are noted for their purity.

The Rev. William Barry, D.D., in a letter to the *Liverpool Catholic Times*, thus speaks of the statistics of the London poor as given by General Booth, of the Salvation Army:

"I may as well not conclude without stating that Mr. Booth reckons the 'comfortable working-class' at over 51 per cent. of the population, or 2,166,503—a number which does not fall short of the facts, but

may, perhaps, exceed them. The middle and upper classes, taken together, count as 749,930, or nearly 18 per cent. So that, if we compare the figures, for every well-to-do person in London we may allow not quite three of the 'comfortable' lower class, while the miserable underpaid are almost as two to one of the wealthy, and are just upon one in three of the whole. These calculations must, of course, be taken as round numbers. But if we could ascertain what the proportion is between those who possess capital in any shape or form, and those who neither have capital nor ever had any since they came into the world, we should behold an array of figures so astounding in their disparity as to be incredible."

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands, as if you were bound with them.
—HEB., xiii, 3.

The following persons are recommended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

The Rev. Father John Philip (Baudinelli), C. P., one of the pioneer members of his Congregation in this country; and the Rev. Father Gaudentius (Rossi), one of the first Passionist Fathers to labor in England, who were called to the reward of their selfless lives on the 11th and 12th inst. Both were widely known throughout the United States as zealous and efficient missionaries.

Brother Vital, a novice of the Congregation of the Holy Cross, Notre Dame, Ind.; Sister M. Louisa, of the Order of the Visitation, Frederick, Md.

Mr. John Goodwin, of Dayton, Ohio, whose happy death occurred on the 27th ult.

Mr. Michael Cleary, who piously yielded his soul to God on the 7th inst., at Trenton, N. J.

Mr. Maurice Kirk, of New Haven, Conn., who died peacefully on the 5th inst.

Mrs. Mary J. O'Donnell, whose holy death took place on the 10th ult., in Cincinnati, Ohio.

Mrs. John Stuart, of Albany, N. Y., who passed away in peace on the 23d ult.

Mr. John O'Hara, who departed this life on the 14th ult., at Reading, Pa.

Mrs. Catherine Crowley, of St. Paul, Minn., who was called to the reward of her fervent Christian life on the 9th inst.

Mr. Maurice Dalton, of Pawtucket, R. I.; Frank B. Kelly, Columbus, Ohio; Miss Catherine L. Doyle, Boston, Mass.; Mr. Daniel Sullivan, Lynn, Mass.; Mrs. John Mel, San Francisco, Cal.; Mr. Patrick Duffy, Taunton, Mass.; Mr. George McGrath, Chelsea, Mass.; Miss Catherine Hanley, New York; Thomas Ford, Sydney, Australia; Robert Codden, Co. Mayo, Ireland; Mrs. Mary Codden, Abbott, Iowa; Miss Julia Kerwick, Trenton, N. J.; Mrs. Clotilda C. Cash, Bevington, Iowa; Mrs. Mary Maher, Grant, Neb.; and Mrs. Margaret Reynolds, Salem, Mass.

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



The Fortunes of a Runaway.

BY MARY CATHERINE CROWLEY.

(CONCLUSION.)

XII.

FATHER FRANCIS called Hugh the next morning, and said: "My boy, I am going to send you home to-day."

Hugh's heart gave a sudden bound; then it sank, as he felt that, after all that had passed, he had not the hardihood to confront his afflicted family. How could he venture to present himself before his father, whose authority he had defied; his mother, for whose feelings he had shown so little consideration—for he began to faintly realize the agony of suspense which his conduct must have caused her? How could he meet his sisters, or George, who for many a day would be apt to twit him with his ignominious home-coming? The ordeal was more than he could bear. And the news was so sudden, so unexpected!

"Oh, no, no!" he cried, beseechingly. "Don't do that, Father Francis. I shouldn't dare to go. How could I face my father and mother and the others? If you'd be so good as to help me get a situation, I'd like to board here. Then after a time I could write to mother, beg her to forgive me, and tell her I was doing well, but I wanted so much to see her, and would like to go home for a while."

"My dear boy," replied Father Francis, kindly but firmly, "no doubt that would be a very nice way to capitulate without

the surrender of your pride; but, believe me, it is not the best way. The courage of defeat is greater than that of victory. Is it not braver to submit patiently to the consequences of one's misdeeds than to keep on striving to justify oneself? Supposing I obtained a situation for you—which is not so certain; for good positions do not grow on every bush, and I might know of a dozen boys here in the Mission better qualified for any place which offered. But if you secured it, and then wrote home as you suggest, would you not be saying to your parents: 'I am sorry for having left you so unceremoniously; but, after all, you see, in spite of a little knocking around, I've got on very well. I said I was able to take care of myself, and here's the proof of it'? Would there not be something of the bravado of the dime-novel hero about your return? No, Hugh, it would not do. Moreover—mark this,—a boy who is refractory at home can not keep a good situation, even if he is so fortunate as to get one; for in business a deference to authority and a habit of obeying orders promptly and cheerfully are qualities indispensable in a subordinate. As for your staying here, if you had no friends you would be welcome to remain as long as you chose; but this place is not for such as you. Just think how happy any of the poor boys here would be if they had homes like yours. No, don't be faint-hearted, Hugh; go home, acknowledge frankly and penitently that you have done wrong; make no 'bones' about it, as you would say; and I am sure it will not be difficult to win forgiveness. In fact, so confident was I that you would do this, and to alleviate the grief and distress of your parents, which you do not seem even yet to have fully taken into account, I telegraphed to your father last night."

Hugh started up in dismay, but made no further remonstrance.

"This morning," added the priest, more slowly, "I have an answer. Here it is."

And he held out a yellow telegraph form. Hugh seized and read it eagerly:

"A friend in trouble is a friend indeed. Please send the boy home at once. I write by the first mail.

"HENRY COURTNEY."

For a moment Hugh was almost overcome. Here was a direct message from his father, whose voice he had sometimes thought he should never again hear. His hand trembled as he gave back the paper.

"I also sent a letter to him," said Father Francis, "to pave the way for your explanations. He probably has it by this time. And now, Hugh," concluded the kind priest, looking at his watch, "I want you to be ready to start in half an hour. I shall then be able to take you to the depot and get your ticket for you."

Hugh did not require the time for packing; he had lost his skate-satchel, and the few articles it contained, early in his wanderings. But he was glad of the opportunity to collect his thoughts, so he sat quietly in Father Francis' room, where the above conversation took place, until his kind friend came back. When the latter entered, he said cheerily: "Now, young man, let us set out."

The boy accompanied him with a lighter heart than he had known since he had been in New York. After all, how good it was to be going home! He had been away only five days, but it seemed like as many years. Within a few hours he would be going up the gravelled path to the door of the dear old house; he would see his father, mother, sisters, and brother again. How would they receive him? This was the question which at intervals cut short his joyous anticipations and made him shrink from the trial before him. Many times during the short walk down Broadway Hugh, almost overcome at the sad prospect, was on the point of breaking away from his guide and making off down a side street; but an unconquerable homesickness restrained him.

As he and Father Francis stood waiting at the crossing for a car, he saw a little ragged figure hastening toward him, and gesticulating wildly to attract his attention.

"Hullo, Jinksy!" he cried, glad of the chance of saying good-bye to his whilom comrade.

"Ye're the very blokie I want ter see," said Jinksy. "I want ter show yer a piece I found in the *H'rald* yesterday. I thought perhaps it was meant for you."

He pulled from his pocket a scrap of newspaper, and handed it to Hugh, whose head swam as he read. He could not follow the details, but the point conveyed to his mind was that a gentleman had called at police headquarters, hoping to discover some trace of his son, a boy of about thirteen years of age, who ran away a few days ago. The gentleman stated that the boy was badly wanted at home, because his mother had died suddenly of heart failure, induced by worry over his flight. No one would reproach him, however, if he would only return to his sorrowing family.

"What do yer think about it?" asked Jinksy, solicitously.

"I—er—don't know," faltered Hugh, feeling as if the sun had all at once become darkened.

"Ye'd better go right home, greeny," urged the newsboy, who had fully made up his mind that the item referred to Hugh.

"I'm—on my way," gasped the latter, choking down a lump in his throat.

At this moment the car appeared.

"Come, Hugh!" called Father Francis.

With a convulsive grip of Jinksy's hand, by way of farewell, Hugh followed and dropped into a seat in a dazed fashion. Father Francis had purposely paid little heed to the meeting at the crossing; he did not wish Hugh to get a notion that he had him in custody, and was sending him home like a prisoner who had been recaptured. Now, however, as he noticed the boy's frightened face, he asked:

"Why, what's the matter, Hugh?"

Hugh shuddered, and in a few disjointed sentences repeated what had passed between him and Jinksy.

"Let me see the paper," said Father Francis.

"I—I—must—have given it back to him," he answered, in confusion.

"Never mind. I do not think it relates to you at all," returned Father Francis; "or your father would have let me know."

He consulted the telegram again, and passed it to Hugh. But instead of satisfying the boy, it confirmed his worst fears.

"'A friend in trouble is a friend indeed.' Why, what else can it mean, Father, except that something dreadful has happened at home?" he exclaimed.

His apprehension finally made his friend somewhat uneasy. "I think—I trust that it is not so," said he. "Keep up your courage. All will be well."

They had now reached the ferry. Father Francis crossed the river with Hugh, found a seat for him in the train, and gave him his ticket, with some money for use in case of emergency. "Now, my boy, good-bye and God-speed!" said he, heartily. And before Hugh could find words to thank him he was gone.

The train started. Hugh settled back in his seat, and tried to distract his mind from his fears and his nervous dread of the coming meeting, by watching the ever-shifting scene from the window. How familiar it all was! Only a few days ago he had gazed upon it before, and yet how much had happened to him since then, how much must have been going on at home! This thought again aroused the terror which haunted him.

"Am I not indeed the boy mentioned in the newspaper?" he kept asking himself. "When I reach home, will it be only to find that mother is dead?"

Dead! Wherever he turned the word seemed written before him in letters of fire, till he was forced to cover his eyes with his hands, as if to shut out the dreadful sight.

The train sped on; but as every minute brought him nearer the end of his journey, his wretchedness and remorse increased. At length the train stopped for the fifth or sixth time, and the conductor shouted: "Hazleton!" Hugh leaped from the platform of the car, and rushed blindly through the station, intent only upon making his way home. So dazed was he that at first he did not hear the familiar voice calling him:

"Here, my boy! This way—what's the matter with you, Hugh?"

At the repetition of his name he turned, however; and there was his father, clapping him on the back and saying, "Well, well, my son! Here you are! There—we won't say any more about it. The last few days have been hard for us all, I suspect. Come! Major and the little rockaway are waiting."

Hugh said nothing, but looked up at him, longing yet fearing to ask the question which trembled upon his lips. At length he managed to articulate: "Mother?"

"She's right here in the rockaway, and will speak for herself—by Jove, the fellow is out of ear-shot!" added Mr. Courtney; for Hugh had not tarried to hear more, but dashed to the carriage, where indeed sat his mother, smiling and overjoyed to see him.

"O mother!" he cried, scrambling into the vehicle and throwing his arms around her; "O mother, I thought you were dead!"

There was no need of further explanation. The tone in which he uttered these words, and the affectionate, boyish caress, told all that he wished to say. Thus, almost before he was aware of it, he had asked and obtained her forgiveness.

At first the revulsion of feeling caused by the evidence that his fears had been groundless nearly overpowered him; then the blood seemed to rush back to his heart, and his spirits rose.

Mr. Courtney took his seat, and Major started off briskly. Soon they turned a corner; the house was in sight. Now Hugh was at home once more. Before the carriage had fairly stopped at the steps, the

hall-door opened and out flew Kate and Elsie with gay greetings. Just after them came George. There was no shadow of sarcasm in his broad smile of satisfaction, or the hearty "Hullo, old chap!" with which he grasped Hugh's hand and worked it up and down like a pump handle. Hugh mentally determined that he would "score one" for his brother for sparing him. But, to give George his due, his uneasiness at the discovery that Hugh had really absconded, and the consciousness that he was to blame for having dared the foolish fellow to do it, had, for the time being, grieved him beyond measure, and startled him out of his supercilious manner.

It was at best a graceless-looking prodigal who was now led into the house; for, though Hugh's appearance had been greatly improved by a course of "tidying" at the Mission, Mrs. Courtney could hardly recognize her son in the shabby lad before her. Nobody remarked these details, however; and, to judge from the general rejoicing and happiness, one would suppose he had returned home in triumph—after having won all the honors at school, for instance. He had expected reproaches, punishment, and a severe lecture upon the folly of his act, and had nerved himself for this scene. The loving kindness and forbearance of all, from his father down to little Elsie, disarmed him, therefore.

"I—I—don't deserve this," the boy stammered, when alone with his father a little later.

"That is true, my son," responded Mr. Courtney; "and it is seldom that, after casting aside the blessings which God has given him, one can return to find them waiting for him again. But your mother and I have refrained from upbraiding you, feeling that your lesson has been bitter enough. And now, Hugh, all that we expect from you in atonement for the past is a prompt obedience in all things, and a confidence that our plans regarding you are for your own good."

Hugh was never, perhaps, quite the same artless boy he had been before his experience of roughing it and having his own way: few pass through a disease like the small-pox, for instance, without retaining some scars. But he was in many respects a better boy. The following September he was sent away to college, where, before long, he distinguished himself not only as one of the best players of the junior ball nine, and a crack shot with a rifle, but as a fellow who did his best to keep the rules. When sometimes twitted with this, he would say: "Well, it's a point of honor, anyhow. And, then, I made a sort of bargain with myself to do it." He could have added that he had learned that the truest kind of grit is to do what is required of one day by day.

In the autumn also it was decided that George, who had been simply wasting his time at school, should look for a situation, or, as he expressed it, "go into business." He soon found, however, that office boys or clerks in search of "nice, easy places" are not in demand. He was, therefore, obliged to exert himself; and though he never became what the boys call "a rusher," he was able in time to discharge acceptably the duties of a fairly good position.

In turning over a new leaf, Hugh did not forget the friend raised up for him so providentially, Father Francis; nor the companions of his vagabond days, Jinksy and Nick. When Father Francis can snatch a brief holiday, he frequently spends it with the Courtneys. Jinksy, for Penny's sake, was induced to go to live regularly at the Mission. Penny is still there, and is to learn a trade. His newsboy patron goes to see him every Sunday. Jinksy learned to read and write at the evening classes. He boards with a respectable Catholic family, and is now the proud proprietor of a newsstand at one of the L— stations. It was Mr. Courtney who kindly furnished the funds for this venture, which has proved very successful.

Nick is assistant telegraph operator at the Hazleton depot. His mother's dream has been realized: she is happy in the possession of a humble but snug little home in the country, and—the pig. During their vacations Hugh and Nick go on many shooting and fishing excursions together; and often, during their long tramps in search of game, or while waiting for the trout to bite, they talk about the time when they first met,—a time which to Hugh now seems like a dream.

The Monument of Archimedes.

The saying from Holy Writ concerning the want of honor given to the prophet in his own country was exemplified long before the words were written. The term of Cicero as *quæstor* was at end in Sicily; and before leaving the island to return to his own home he made a tour of it, that he might leisurely examine all the objects of artistic or historic interest which the duties of his office had caused him to neglect. Especially in Syracuse his interest led him to make a protracted stay. Immediately upon arriving there he went to the magistrates and asked to be conducted to the tomb of Archimedes.

"Why," said one of them, "there is no such tomb remaining. If there ever was one, which I very much doubt, it was long ago destroyed."

But Cicero persisted. "There certainly was one," he said; "and I firmly believe it is still standing. Will you allow me to seek for it?"

The obliging magistrates readily consented, and the visitor was furnished with guides to every spot where he might wish to search; but the covert smiles of the Sicilians betrayed their scepticism as to the result of the quest.

Cicero had no doubts, however. He remembered the account which writers had

given of the monument; it was, they had said, a column, marked with a sphere and a cylinder. He even remembered the verses which were said to be inscribed upon it. So the search went on, and at last they stood in a part of the city near an old gate, where there were a number of the most ancient sepulchres. There, almost hidden by briars, the top of a column reared its marble head. "This is what we seek," exclaimed Cicero. And when all the brambles and rubbish had been cleared away, the magistrates saw the truth in the statement of their guest. There was the figure of the sphere with the cylinder upon it; there the half-effaced verses which had lingered in his memory.

"Thus," he wrote afterward, "one of the noblest cities of Greece, and once likewise the most learned, had known nothing of the monument of its most deserving and ingenious citizen, if it had not been discovered by a native of Arpinum."

The Poet and the Prince.

It was seldom that any one ventured to approach the great Condé with anything but praise on his lips. "I am as good as he, if he is a prince," thought the poet Santeul; "and I shall tell him so at the first chance."

Not long after that the prince and the poet were having an earnest discussion about something or other, and the poet contradicted Condé.

"You forget that I am a prince of the blood royal!" exclaimed the latter.

"No, I don't," answered Santeul; "but perhaps you forget that I am a prince of common-sense; and that is equal to any rank, even yours."

The courtiers who were listening were amazed and feared a scene; but Condé only laughed, and went on with the former discussion.





(From an old print.)

APPARITION OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN TO ST. BERNARD.

THE AVE MARIA

TO THE HONOR OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

A MAGAZINE DEVOTED

HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED

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Our Lady's Birthday.

BY WILLIAM D. KELLY.

HOW brightly must the morning stars have beamed,

How soft have been the skies, how fair the earth,
The harvests belting 't with golden girth,
When all the prophecies whereof men dreamed
Were by thy birth, Madonna mine, redeemed!

Alike the hour when grief gives way to mirth,
Alike the time when plenty follows dearth,
Must the first flushes of that dawn have seemed.

And year by year, as Summer slowly tenders
To Autumn's hands the symbols of its sway,
Some semblance of its radiance and its splendors
Returns a little while with us to stay,
And by its beauty all the lovelier renders
Each glad on-coming of this blessed day.

The Nativity of the Blessed Virgin.

WHAT THE FATHERS SAY.

ARTH beheld a new work of the Lord," writes the devout St. Bernard—"that a woman should bear within her a man, and that man no other than Christ, of whom it is written: 'Behold a Man,

and the Orient His name.' A new work did He also do in the heavens—that a

woman should appear clothed with the sun; and finally she laid a crown on His head, and in her turn was crowned by Him. 'Go forth and see King Solomon in the diadem wherewith his mother hath crowned him.' Go forth also and see the Queen in the diadem wherewith her Son hath crowned her. On her head, it is written, is a crown of twelve stars.

"And indeed that head deserves to be crowned with stars; shining in itself far brighter than the stars, it rather adorns them than they it. Wherefore shall the stars crown her head and the sun clothe her as a garment? Just as the days of the spring-time scattered round her the roses and beneath her feet the lilies of the valley. Truly the left hand of the spouse is beneath her head, and his right hand about her. Who shall estimate these gems, who declare those stars that form her royal diadem?

"How, then, did a starlike gleam shine along the generation of Mary? In this wise: that she was of the race of kings; that she was sprung from the seed of Abraham, and of the royal house of David. If natural nobility seems little, add that, because of her singular privilege, sanctity was bestowed on that line of generations; and that, long before these same fathers, she had been promised from heaven, mystically figured in miracles and foretold of prophecies. For she was prefigured in Aaron's priestly rod, that without root blossomed; in Gideon's fleece, that was wet with the



dew of heaven when all around was dry; in that eastern gate of Ezechieel, whereby no man was to enter but the King alone."

"And in the sixth month the Angel Gabriel was sent from God into a city of Galilee, called Nazareth; to a Virgin espoused to a man whose name was Joseph, of the house of David; and the name of the Virgin was Mary." (St. Luke.)

St. Peter Chrysologus, discoursing on this passage of Holy Scripture, observes: "You have heard to-day, beloved brethren, how the Angel was in treaty with a woman regarding Redemption, because with Eve the demon had treated regarding Ruin. You have heard the Angel, from the clay of our flesh, constructing with ineffable art a habitation for the divine Majesty. You have heard how the fragile nature of our flesh was strengthened by an Angel's exhortation, that it might be able to sustain the overwhelming glory of the Deity. But, lest beneath the strong hand of this heavenly constructor, the clay of our weak nature in Mary should succumb; lest, while through a tender Virgin the price of the whole human race was to proceed, that gentle stem might break, the voice of the Angel, which puts all fear to flight, immediately adds: 'Fear not, Mary.' Before he states his errand, the dignity of the Virgin is announced by her name; for in Hebrew the word 'Mary' means lady, mistress. The Angel, therefore, calls her Lady—Queen, in order that the fear of the servant may depart from the Mother of the Lord. And it is by the authority of Him who is to be her child that it has come to pass, and has been ordained that she be born and be called Queen of all. 'Fear not, Mary; for thou' hast found grace.' Truly, indeed, fear not; for whosoever has found grace knows not fear. And thou hast found grace.

"Truly a very great miracle, beloved brethren, was that ever-blessed Virgin Mary. For when was there at any time anything greater or more illustrious than

she, or when shall there be? She was the only one that in her greatness outstripped heaven and earth. Who was there holier? Not prophets nor apostles nor martyrs nor patriarchs, nor Angels nor Thrones nor Dominations nor Cherubim nor Seraphim,—in fine, nothing was there ever, either among things visible or invisible, greater or more excellent than she. The one same person is handmaid and mother, virgin and parent.

"And she is the Mother of Him who was begotten of the Father before all beginning; of Him whom angels and men confess the Lord of all. Do you wish to know how much more holy the Blessed Virgin is than all the heavenly powers? They with fear and trembling stand before Him, and they veil their faces; she offers to Him His human nature, and brings Him forth; and through her we obtain the pardon of our sins. Hail, then, O Mother! thou heavenly Throne, Maiden, Virgin, and glory of our Church here below, its ornament and its bulwark. Pray, therefore, for us, and never cease; that we may receive mercy on the awful day of God's judgment, and through the grace and benignity of thy Son Jesus Christ we may compass those good things that have been reserved for them that love the Lord."

St. Epiphanius says: "Mary, the blessed Mother of God, is signified by Eve; for by enigma it was that this latter received the name of mother of the living. And she indeed is called the mother of the living, even after the transgression, and when it was said, 'Thou art but dust, and into dust thou shalt return.' And truly it is a wonder that after this she should be still called the mother of the living. As far as the outward, sensible thing went, it was no doubt from her the whole human race drew its origin; but a Life was to be derived from Mary which was to bring forth life; and thus Mary was to become the Mother of the living. By enigma, therefore, is Mary called the Mother of the living.

“To Eve it was assigned to clothe our body of flesh because of its nakedness; but in Mary’s case God brought forth a Lamb and a sheep, and of the glory of that Lamb and sheep a garment of incorruptibility was woven to clothe us in wisdom and virtue. Eve was also the cause of death to man, for through her death entered into the world; but through Mary life has come. She brought life to us, for through her the Son of God came into the world; that where sin abounded, even there grace might superabound; and from the source that death hath come, from the same also life should come; that life may be offered for death; and that He who through a woman became life for us, should drive out that death which through a woman had entered the world. And since on the one hand Eve, whilst still a virgin, through disobedience transgressed, on the other hand through a Virgin there came to us, in the promised Messiah, the obedience of grace and life eternal.

“Of Mary it may be understood (permit me to say so) what is written of the Church: ‘A man shall leave father and mother and shall cleave to his wife, and they shall be two in one flesh.’ But the holy Apostle says: ‘A great mystery is this [matrimony]. I mean Christ and the Church.’ Now, see how accurately the Scripture speaks. Of Adam it says, ‘He formed him.’ Of Eve it is not, ‘She was *formed*,’ but *built*. ‘He took,’ it is written, ‘one of his ribs and built it up into a woman.’ By which is shown that the Lord out of Mary formed flesh for Himself, and that out of one of His ribs built our holy mother the Church; inasmuch as His sacred side was pierced and opened, and from His Heart there flowed water and blood—rich in mysteries and full of redemption.”

St. Cyril, Bishop of Alexandria, in his sermon against Nestorius speaks thus: “A joyful crowd I see of holy saints, who with ready minds have gathered together at the call of the holy and ever-blessed Virgin Mary. ‘Praise and glory to Thee,’ they cry,

‘O Holy Trinity, who hast gathered us all to this great feast. And to thee also be praise, O Holy Mother of God! For thou art the one precious stone of all the earth; thou the lamp unquenchable, the crown of virgins, the sceptre of orthodox faith; the temple indissoluble, that contained Him who could not be contained; the Mother and yet the Virgin through whom He hath come, who in the holy Gospel is styled “Blessed.” Blessed is He who cometh in the name of the Lord.’

“Through thee the Holy Trinity is made known; through thee the Cross of Christ is preached and worshipped all over the world. Well may the heavens exult because of thee, and angels and archangels rejoice. Demons fly from thee, and man is recalled to the joys of heaven. Through thee has every creature caught in the meshes of error come to the knowledge of the truth; those who believe have been brought to the holy font, and churches have been founded through the wide world. Through thy aid the nations repent. What more? Through thee the only-born Son of the Most High, that true Light, shone upon those who were sitting in darkness and in the shadow of death. By thee the prophets foretold and the Apostles preached the Gospels to the nations. Who can fittingly declare your praises, O Mary, Mother and Virgin? Her, my most beloved brethren, let us extol, while we adore her Son, the Church’s immaculate Spouse, to whom be honor and glory for ever and ever. Amen.”

The great St. Augustin, Bishop, says: “It has come to us at last, beloved brethren, that longed-for day of the blessed and venerable Mary ever virgin; therefore, let all this earth of ours rejoice with the utmost gladness, made illustrious as it is by the birthday of such a Virgin. She is that flower of the fields bringing forth the most precious Lily of the valley; and by that bringing forth, the nature of us, sons of clay that we are, is changed, and our sin wiped away. It was

said of old to Eve, as a sign of woe: 'In pain shalt thou bring forth children'; but in this Mother that curse has been removed, for it is with great joy that Mary has begotten the Lord.

"Eve wept, but Mary rejoiced. Tears Eve begot in her womb, joy Mary; for it was a sinner the former brought forth, but the Innocent One the latter. The mother of our race brought sin into the world, the Mother of Our Lord brought salvation. Eve was the author of sin, Mary the author of merit. Eve by murdering became a stumbling-block, Mary by giving life aided and blessed. The former wounded, the latter healed. For disobedience there came obedience, and the noblest faith supplanted defection.

"Let Mary's name sound on the organs, and let the timbrels in their trembling notes vibrate for her who brought forth. In union of harmony let the choirs sing joyfully, and with alternate voices let the sweetest canticles be raised. And know ye how high our music may dare to soar? She herself says: 'My soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour; for He that is mighty hath done great things to me.' The miracle, therefore, of a new birth hath won the cause of man, powerless and erring; and the rejoicings for Mary hath shut out the wail of woe for Eve.

"Bestow, O Lord, we beseech Thee, on Thy servants the gift of heavenly grace; that we to whom her sacred birth hath been the beginning of salvation, may receive on this the most holy feast of her Nativity an abundance of blessed peace. Through Christ our Lord. Amen."



HE that hath a contented spirit hath great riches; and he that addeth field to field addeth trouble to trouble. For length of days is the increase of sorrow; and Wealth pouring in at the door driveth Happiness out by the window.—*Sophocles*.

The Author of "A Sister's Story."

BY ELLIS SCHREIBER.

THE readers of THE "AVE MARIA" are already aware that a few months ago Mrs. Augustus Craven passed away from amongst us. She had attained the advanced age of eighty-two years, and yet her death seemed to take one by surprise; for not long since she was still full of life and energy—we had almost said of youthful freshness and vigor. Although her life was a long one, her career as an authoress was comparatively short. From her youth up she had moved in the first circles of society in France, in Russia, in Italy, and subsequently in England; everywhere she had attracted by the charm of her conversation; she had made the acquaintance of men and women of note; she had formed many friendships. But to the world at large she was unknown, until, when she was approaching her sixtieth year, nearly a quarter of a century ago, she published the book that has since gained for her a world-wide reputation.

Who has not read, and read too with delight, "A Sister's Story,"—that narrative of superlative interest, in which truth is more interesting than fiction, and history is invested with the fascination of romance; in which life is made to look so bright, and death itself wears a radiant aspect? But the principal charm of the book consists in this—that Mrs. Craven, instead of merely relating the circumstances and events and vicissitudes that made up the esteemed life of her nearest relatives, with a courageous hand draws aside the curtain that veils the inner life, revealing the thoughts and emotions of those she loved—nay, the very secrets of their hearts, which some would have deemed too sacred to be exposed to the gaze of strangers. "A Sister's Story"

gained for the writer thousands of unknown friends, grateful to her for admitting them to the intimacy of her fireside; for opening to them, so to speak, her domestic treasures; evoking for their benefit her most cherished memories. Even among readers usually careless and indifferent it awoke deep sympathy, and an almost personal interest in the different members of the singularly attractive family of which Pauline de la Ferronnays was the eldest daughter. For the world appreciates virtue that it does not practise; and if the figures presented to its gaze in simple and truthful touches moved in a sphere of thought above its own, and belonged to an order of society now fast disappearing from its midst, this only serves to enhance their attractions.

How beautiful is the group depicted by Mrs. Craven! M. de la Ferronnays—a man of high breeding and education, a staunch Royalist and a pious Catholic, alternately *chargé d'affaires* at Copenhagen, minister for foreign affairs and French ambassador at the courts of St. Petersburg and Rome—formed a prominent figure in the political world in the early part of the present century. Mme. de la Ferronnays is a model of the Christian mother—gentle, virtuous, refined; always keeping in the background, but exercising an elevating influence on all around; serene alike in prosperity and adversity, training her children in the principles of strict honor and true piety. And those children are shown as growing up under their parents' watchful care, the gifts bountifully bestowed on them by nature beautified by the gifts of grace; fondly attached to one another, their affection sanctified and ennobled by supernatural charity; mixing in the world without becoming its votaries; tasting the delights of life, the enchantments of fashionable society, yet content with simple pleasures and quiet pursuits; loving God, too, above all things, and able to resign themselves to His will, however painful the sacrifices He required.

Such was the atmosphere in which Pau-

line was brought up. The early portion of her life seems to have been one of exceptional happiness, yet this did not enervate her, and unfit her to encounter sorrow and bereavement when these in their turn came upon her. One after another those to whom her heart clung most fondly were taken from her. The refined and delicate Albert, her favorite brother, shortly after his marriage was called upon to consummate the sacrifice he had already made of his life for the conversion of his youthful bride. Not long after, M. de la Ferronnays, his exemplary, one may almost say saintly, father, followed him to the grave. Then Olga, too, was taken, who as a mere child had the grace given her not only to bear cheerfully, but to rejoice in the privations imposed on her by the failure of her sight. The loss of Eugénie, her idolized sister, who died in 1842, was unquestionably the bitterest grief Mrs. Craven had to bear. The pleasing description will be remembered which she gave in "A Sister's Story" of the last time she saw and conversed with the fair young wife, seated on the terrace of her chateau, with one infant—the present Count Albert de Mun—on her lap, the other playing at her feet. Both these children were, alas! soon to be bereft of a mother's care. For six weeks after Eugénie's death, Mrs. Craven could not sufficiently master her grief to write in her diary; and when she again took up the neglected pen, it was only to apostrophize in the tenderest accents the charming and beloved sister whom she could only hope to see again in the blissful abode of never-ending love.

But "A Sister's Story" did not only call forth interest in those whose story is related in its pages; the writer had a further aim in publishing it—that of increasing in the hearts of her readers the love of that God in whose love she and those dearest to her were united. This aim was accomplished: the more the book was read, the more it edified those who found delight in it, the more it bore witness to the faith

that breathed in every line. How many sorrowing hearts have been consoled by the assured prospect it holds out of eternal reunion! How many have learned from it that true piety and the conscientious observance of religious practices are not, as too many are apt to suppose, incompatible with the perfect fulfilment of social duties! Moreover, the success of the book, surpassing as it did all expectation, revealed to its author the possession of a power that till then had lain dormant. She determined from that time forth, though somewhat late in life, to devote herself to literature.

With the object of raising the tone of French fiction, and supplying light reading of an entertaining description, which could safely be placed in the hands of young people, Mrs. Craven wrote several novels, one of which, "Fleurange," was, on account of its literary merit, crowned by the French Academy. When composing these she drew largely on the rich and varied store of her own reminiscences. Also, in the hope of alluring others to follow after what is good and holy by placing before them models for their imitation, she turned her talents in the direction of biography, and was no less successful in the delineation of real characters than she had been in the creation of fictitious ones. We are all familiar with "Natalie Narischkin," "Adelaide Minutolo," and others whose portraits she sketches. One of her most important works is the memoir of Lady Georgiana Fullerton, her friend and her rival both in the pursuit of literature and that of Christian perfection. Her last work was a brief biography of Father Damien, the Apostle of Molokai.

It may here be mentioned that shortly before Lady Georgiana's death, Mr. and Mrs. Craven spent six weeks with her in her house at Bournemouth. It was the last time these friends met on earth, and it was a period of almost unalloyed happiness. Lady Georgiana's health was failing fast, but she was able to take long drives with her visitors, and thoroughly to enjoy

their society. "We were both old," she wrote, speaking of Mrs. Craven; "but we enjoyed our morning drives, and laughed over our evening game of cards with all the zest of youth."

Owing to long absences from France during her early life, and the frequent change of surroundings consequent upon the appointment of her father to represent his country at different European courts, Pauline de la Ferronnays had acquired cosmopolitan tastes and interests. Everywhere she had made friends and acquaintances; everywhere she had spoken the language, followed the customs, adopted the habits of the people amongst whom she was thrown; nowhere in Europe did she not feel herself at home. Her marriage with Mr. Augustus Craven bound her with a new and indissoluble link to England, and before long she gave to the land of her adoption a share in the affections she had bestowed on the husband of her choice. In France there were some who considered that she had become almost too English in her manner and ways of thought; it was even said that she spoke and wrote her mother-tongue with less purity since she had acquired a perfect command of the English language. However that may be, the English have learned to look upon her almost as one of themselves; her works, translated immediately upon their appearance, are read wherever English is read.

Detachment was a lesson Pauline de la Ferronnays early had to learn. She was still young when the revolution of July took place, in consequence of which her father gave up his post as ambassador at Rome. She acknowledges that it was with poignant regret that she quitted the embassy, knowing that the gay and agreeable life they had been leading was at an end. But M. de la Ferronnays had often impressed on them the uncertainty of the tenure whereby he held his position, since any day events might occur which would deprive him of it; so that when the change

of circumstance came they were in a measure prepared for it. "I soon recovered my good spirits," Mrs. Craven wrote at the time, "and my resolution never to give way to depression."

She had many opportunities in the course of her life to put this resolution in practice; for after her marriage, as before it, it was her lot to take up her abode in palaces and soon after to vacate them. On every occasion she was equal to herself, unmoved alike by good and evil fortune. At the close of the Franco-German war Mr. Craven lost a considerable amount of property, and from that time forth he had little else to depend upon than a pension procured for him through the exertions of his relatives from the Bavarian Government. This was supplemented by the proceeds of Mrs. Craven's literary work. They fixed their residence in Paris, taking an apartment in keeping with their reduced means, and gathered round them a chosen circle of friends.

"I did not make Mrs. Craven's acquaintance as many did," writes the Vicomte de Meaux, "under the cloudless sky of Naples, where she dispensed splendid hospitality in an abode of palatial magnificence, surrounded by the beauties of nature and of art. I remember her in the comparatively humble suite of rooms in the Rue Barbet-de-Jouy, where she spent the latter years of her life, meeting with calm resignation the approach of old age,—an old age deprived of much that would have increased its enjoyments, yet embellished by mutual affection, and the loving care she lavished on, and received from, her husband. When I first knew her, he was still living. Later on, when left alone to mourn his loss, she was no less charming in her widow's cap, with her snow-white hair, her commanding countenance, to which the thoughts and emotions of her soul gave life and animation; her fascinating smile; her large eyes, whose remarkable brilliancy was undimmed by age; her careful dress, her faultless manners, her clear and sonorous voice.

"Her apartment, from whose windows a view of the Invalides and the Eiffel Tower could be obtained, looked over large gardens and long alleys planted with trees; thus it was open to the light and air, and removed from the noise and turmoil of the city. Within her rooms a few fine paintings and choice pieces of furniture recalled the more prosperous days of the past; on every side were portraits of relatives and friends, relics of those whom she had loved and lost; and on the tables were books without number, sent from every part of the world by authors solicitous of obtaining her approval. Those and many other little objects, tastefully arranged, imparted to the simple and otherwise unadorned *salon* something of the elegance so essentially her own.

"Of the numerous staff of servants that formerly composed her establishment she retained one, an Italian, who had entered her service very young and grown up under her eye; his fidelity and devoted attention were a continual memento to her of happier days. Her maid was an Englishwoman, the successor of one of the same nationality who had been converted by Mrs. Craven, and tenderly nursed by her during a long and fatal illness. Now this one in her turn was destined to tend to the last with unremitting care a mistress who never failed to inspire attachment in those about her. After Mrs. Craven had lost the power of speech, this faithful soul devoted herself to interpret her slightest sign, to divine her least wish; and she still speaks of her beloved mistress with tears, saying it was an honor to serve so gentle and kind a lady.

"Thus occupied in prayer and literary work, Mrs. Craven drew near to the threshold of eternity. In her old age she was solitary; for she had survived the greater number of her contemporaries, and children she had none. Her solitude was, however, enlivened at fixed hours of the day by visitors of every age, every nationality, every condition of life, who, attracted in the first instance either by the celebrity

of her name, or by some link of family or friendship, could not resist the enticing charm of her conversation. Young and old, Frenchmen and foreigners, writers successful or unsuccessful, politicians of every way of thinking, ladies of rank and poor work-girls, devotees of religion or of the world, sometimes found themselves face to face in this *salon*, where the gracious manner of their reception set all at their ease. But happy those who had the good fortune to find their hostess alone! An hour *tête-à-tête* with her was indeed most enjoyable. How well stored was her memory, how extensive and varied her information, how warm and yet how delicate the feelings she exhibited! How well this gifted woman knew how to interest her companion, to draw him out, to suit herself to his mood, and herself take the secondary part in the conversation! Sometimes she would be vivacious, gay, and amusing; at others she would talk gravely on more serious topics. Those in trouble found in her ready sympathy; none was more lenient to the weak and erring, more wise and prudent in giving counsel, more faithful and affectionate to friends. Nor did she confine her interest to the needs and wants of individuals: schemes for the public good, matters of national importance, or affecting the welfare of humanity in general, were included in her large-hearted charity."

Conversation, in which she had always taken the greatest delight, continued to be the chief pleasure of her old age,—a pleasure not merely innocent, but a source of edification to herself and others. In her "Meditations" we find her asking God to grant her the continuance of the talks she loved so well; *les douces bonnes, chères et saintes causeries*, as she terms them. This prayer was not granted: it pleased Almighty God to wean her from this the last of her earthly delights. Before taking her to His presence, He desired that she should hold converse for a time with none other than Himself. Struck down by a mysterious

malady, which brought on partial paralysis, she who had so many languages at her command, and had the power of expressing herself in them with happy facility, was suddenly and completely rendered incapable of giving utterance to her thoughts, and, though she still spoke, of speaking in an intelligible manner. This was not all: not long after the faculty of speech altogether deserted her, and she could only utter inarticulate sounds. Nor could she have recourse to writing as a medium of communication with others, for her fingers refused to guide the pen. Thus, although her hearing remained unimpaired, and her understanding unclouded, she was unable to make known her thoughts and desires; and it was only by a movement of the hand, or an eloquent look from her eye, that she found means of manifesting her perfect comprehension of all that was said.

It is impossible to imagine any privation that she would have felt as keenly, or that would have taxed her patience and resignation so severely, as this impotence to express herself in words. This species of martyrdom lasted ten months, and she tasted its bitterness to the full. Those who were privileged to see her during this interval between life and death, compared it to a vision of purgatory. Her tears often flowed fast; acute pain traced its lines on her countenance, but never did she in the least degree betray feelings of irritation or of a rebellious nature. Six years previously a sudden seizure had brought her face to face with death; she recovered, contrary to expectation; but in that first encounter with the King of Terrors she learned to fear him no longer—nay, rather to regard him in the light of a friend. Now indeed she was not only well prepared to meet him, but longed earnestly for his approach, before the final moment came that was to terminate her time of earthly trial.

When told that the last Sacraments were to be administered to her, the gentle, plaintive sound which was her usual sign

of acquiescence, transformed itself into a cry of joy. And when the Sacred Host was brought into her chamber, her eyes kindled, and a movement passed over her poor helpless frame, as if she would make one last effort to rise from her couch to receive the Divine Guest. Some hours later she peacefully passed away, to rejoin in the blissful presence of God those loved ones whom she has immortalized by her pen.

A Song of Life.

BY R. HOWLEY.

Below,
 Though sullen surges flow,
 And shadows come and go,
 Above,
 Oh, the delight to glide
 Along the trackless tide,
 Yet feel the soul abide
 In love!

Not fear
 Can bow, when all looks drear,
 Nor hope—when skies are clear—
 Can buoy
 The heart that reigns sedate.
 Only to trust and wait,
 Through early days and late,
 Is joy!

Renown
 Is not his fitting crown
 Whose bark drifts darkly down
 Life's lee;
 Nor leaves one lightsome trace—
 O'er mem'ry's mourning face—
 On thy sad, solemn space,
 Dread sea!

Nought dies—
 Nor act, nor thought, nor thing.
 Beyond earth's narrow ring
 Lies spread
 The field of life begun.
 There the true crown is won,
 There first the scroll "'Tis done"
 Is read.

The Success of Patrick Desmond.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

XXV.—(Continued.)

"I HAVE come from Redwood," said Desmond, taking the seat nearest him, which happened to be the piano-stool.

"Dear old Redwood!" answered Eleanor, softly.

"And I have important news for you, Miss Redwood. The Fly-Away is going up; and Dr. Talbot, whom I saw at Redwood, has told me *all*."

Eleanor looked pained.

"I was obliged to ask, in justice to myself and to you," he said, apologetically. "I have found that I have not the slightest right to the shares. Your father never wronged me."

Eleanor turned her face away. What could she say to this?

"Dr. Talbot," he went on, "behaved with great delicacy and kindness. You need not fear that he told me anything which I ought not to know. He merely explained to me the nature of your mother's malady, brought on by neuralgia; and he said—"

"Never mind!" Eleanor raised her hand; she hated to hear the subject of her mother's malady alluded to even by a man she regarded with respect. "Don't say any more. I have probably done you some injury by my rash action about the shares. You will forgive me, I hope, and let me make any pecuniary amends—" she stopped, seeing a frown on Desmond's brow. "But let me say frankly that, had you been less honorable—had you concluded to keep these shares, you might have done so. Nothing on earth would have forced me to make a contest in court. I might have known, however, that you, religious as you are—and how I admire your religion!—would have been as anxious to return the

shares as I was to give them to you.”

“I hardly deserve praise; I could not keep what did not belong to me. Thanks to my mother, I am an honest man,” Desmond said, gravely.

“I know that,” answered Eleanor, with a slight bitterness in her tone. “I have seen something of life in Redwood, and heard men talk; and I know of no business man there who would have given up these shares without a struggle. Honesty in business is not the kind of honesty you have learned. Honesty, according to the business code, means to hold all you have, whether it is your own or not, until the law takes it from you.”

Eleanor’s eyes flashed and her cheeks reddened. Desmond thought that he had never seen anybody so beautiful; and the knowledge that she admired him was delightful. How easy it was, under the circumstances, to be honest!

“And,” she continued, “grant me a favor. Act as my agent in the management of the stock until my father recovers. You will, will you not?”

Desmond promised with effusion.

“Thank you,” she said, with a grateful smile. “And now I will tell you something that will please you and your mother. I am thinking of becoming a member of your Church.”

He stepped forward and took her hand in his; she did not withdraw it at once, but looked up at him with the frankness of a child.

“Yes, I will be a Catholic, if God wills it.”

“Thank God!” said Desmond, fervently.

“I knew it would please you,” she replied, withdrawing her hand.

At this moment Mary entered with the paper. She paused on the threshold, smiling a little, and saying to herself that, after all, the mining stock was not likely to change hands.

When Desmond started for the train for Eaglescliff, he seemed to tread on air. He was happy. What could he not dare and

do for this exquisite creature, who had smiled on him and made clear a hope that had been vague before? He blushed while he admitted to himself that, if he chose to overcome his pride, Eleanor Redwood might be his wife. Somehow or other, his objection to marrying a woman with Fly-Away stock at par had dwindled in an hour. He had never before felt how really sinful pride is.

XXVI.

A whole heaven is contained in a drop of dew; a whole soul in a tear.—Abbé Roux.

Eleanor was preoccupied with many things during the first days of her life in the flat. It was delightful to think that she should be spared the dreadful necessity of telling her father of her quixotic action in regard to the mine shares, and to feel that he was not dependent on the result of her art work. She accepted Mary Fitzgerald’s verdict on the worthlessness of her painting with a sigh, but she did not revolt against it. After all, Mary Fitzgerald must know about such things. It was a disappointment to her, and something of a humiliation. And after Mary had carefully pointed out the defects in the unfortunate panels, Eleanor never looked at them without a shudder; for it was on those trivial efforts she had proposed to hang her father’s future. Now, through Desmond’s honesty, that was assured, thank God! And if health would only come again to that dear father, life might bring any trial to her. She could bear it. She asked herself, too, if her father should be brought back to health, whether she would be satisfied were he the Judge Redwood of old—acute, kindly, doubting. And something within her answered that she would not. She awoke to the truth that she could not be happy unless he ceased to doubt.

During these days Eleanor had little to do. Belinda was in a bad humor and would not permit her to interfere in the household arrangements. The trained nurse was

with her father, and, by the doctor's orders, she was allowed to see him only at short intervals. The doctor said little about his patient's condition. Eleanor hoped, and so far she was not told to fear. Having some time on her hands, she made timid explorations into the whirl of New York. It pleased and terrified her. The color and glitter of Broadway delighted her artistic spirit; the motion and tumult shocked her. Surely, she said to herself, there could be no homes in such a place. It seemed to her that the crowd in Broadway was only a great procession moving onward forever. The little children, who seemed caught in this perpetual movement, filled her with pity. What did they know of fresh woods and pastures new,—of all the world of country sights and sounds? They seemed to her like flies caught in the big web-wheel of a relentless spider, and turned unceasingly around and around. She wished she could take them to the beautiful orchard behind her father's house, near the river bank at Redwood.

A great deal of her time was spent in the church, to which she had found her way on the first day she came to New York. She did not pray much,—her religious training had given her few forms of prayer, and she was not quick at putting prayers into her own words. The stillness of the church satisfied her. She loved its very gloom; but, above all, she loved intuitively the ever-watchful light before the tabernacle. She never felt lonely when alone before that light. Somehow, there her burdens seemed to grow lighter. One day she took courage to go into the sacristy and ask Father Jackson what the lamp meant. After that she loved the sacred place more than ever. At last the whole desire of her life seemed within her grasp; she was nearer to God.

One day—she afterward remembered it well—two Sisters of Charity passed her, as she stood for a moment in the vestibule before entering. Eleanor had never seen

the garb of a Sister at Redwood. She knew the costumes of religious only from an occasional picture in an illustrated paper and the pictures in her father's copy of "Marmion." The two that she now met represented dreariness and sacrifice to her; she shrank from them instinctively; and then, catching sight of the face of one of them, felt repentant. Surely that face, so clear, so serene, must be near to God.

A vague disquiet filled her after this, as she knelt in her old place before the tabernacle. She was restless; she said the "Our Father" over and over again; she looked up into the benignant face of the Mother of God, the Mystical Rose; but she had no words for her.

Her restlessness passed away after a time, and a fresh breeze seemed to blow through her heart. She arose, and, as she neared the confessional at the end of the church—she always passed it with a certain sinking of the heart,—she was amazed to see Belinda examining it intently. Belinda did not see her; she lifted the green baize curtain with the air of one looking into a rattlesnake's den.

"'Tain't very comfortable," she murmured, softly. "There ain't much luxury *there*,—but a person with a load on her mind ain't thinking much of Brussels carpet and *brocatelle* furniture."

Poor Belinda sighed loudly; and, turning, saw Eleanor approaching. They went out into the vestibule.

"I suppose you think it's queer to find me in a Romish church," said Belinda; "and I never thought I'd come to it myself. But sorrow makes strange companions. Your father's all right. That trained nurse puts on a lot of airs; and, as she has the doctor on her side, I'd just thought I'd leave that poky little flat to her, and do a little exploring on my own account. I tell you what, Eleanor Redwood—and you may give me notice when you hear it, but I'll not leave, all the same,—I am going to confession!"

Belinda stopped and clutched Eleanor's arm, as if she expected her to faint at once.

"Did you hear what I said, Eleanor Redwood?"

Eleanor was astonished and slightly frightened. She had an uneasy feeling that Belinda had gone mad. After reflecting a moment, her first impulse was to coax her home and put her to bed.

"Belinda," she said, soothingly, "don't talk that way. Let us go home. What would Mr. Stokes say? What do *you* know about confession?"

"Mr. Stokes!" said Belinda, with contempt. "Why, he's the weak-mindedest creature I know. It's my belief that when people have sons they think will be a burden on the country, they try to make ministers of them. I have pumped the girl in the other flat about confession—she's Irish, but she can't be blamed for that,—and she's told me all about it. And it's my belief it's Scriptural. And though I couldn't accept all the things the Papists swallow, such as the worship of graven images, I'm going to confession."

Eleanor could think of no answer to this. Happily, she was saved from her embarrassment by the appearance of Father Jackson. He entered hastily from the street, gave a quick glance at the two figures in the vestibule, and smilingly held out his hand to Eleanor.

"Miss Redwood," he said, "I have some work for you. I have been on a sick call, and I have just left a family that needs your help. They haven't much to eat, I'm afraid; and the mother is ill. Will you help them?"

"I'm opposed to beggars," snapped Belinda; "and I don't believe in encouraging laziness. Nobody need starve in America that wants to work."

Father Jackson looked with a smile at Belinda's rugged, honest, and determined countenance; he saw something good beyond the angularities.

"It's only Belinda," observed Eleanor,

apologetically. "She always says what she thinks."

"A bad habit," said Father Jackson, smiling in a way that disarmed Belinda. "But she may say anything she chooses after she has done something to assist the poor little children in Cherry Street."

It was a hot day,—one of those hot days in early summer which burn and enervate the more because the human race is unprepared for them. Father Jackson took out his handkerchief and wiped the perspiration from his forehead. Belinda's heart was further touched by the sight of a small hole in the corner of the handkerchief.

"Poor young man!" she said to herself. "I don't know what the Romish Church can be thinking about to let its ministers go around in that fashion. The Romish Church may despise and downtread the female sex, but you can't have whole-pocket-handkerchiefs without 'em."

Father Jackson waited for her to say something, with a humorous gleam in his eyes. As she was silent, he turned to Eleanor.

"Will you see my poor people?"

"Certainly, Father," she answered.

He scribbled an address on his card and gave it to her. Then he began, with a smile: "And I trust Miss Belinda—"

"I've never refused to do my duty, I hope," said Belinda; "not even when my conscience didn't altogether approve. And if Eleanor Redwood trusts herself in the slums after pampered paupers, I'm not going to leave her in the lurch."

"Thank you," said Father Jackson, relieved to have these two interested in his charges; for he felt that he could trust them both. "And if I can do anything for you—"

"Yes, you can," snapped Belinda: "you can hear my confession."

Father Jackson stepped back, amazed. "I didn't know you were a Catholic."

"No more I am. And I suppose what I'm saying will make my poor father and mother turn in their graves, but I can't

help it; I've got to have some comfort; and if the Protestant religion had provided it I wouldn't be traipesin' after Romish priests at my age. It's all Martin Luther's fault, anyhow; and if I'm doing wrong, he'll suffer for it."

Father Jackson drew down the corners of his mouth to prevent a smile. The mixture of seriousness and grotesqueness in Belinda's attitude toward religion had a certain element of humor in it which he found hard to resist.

"If you will come into the parlor," he said, "I shall be glad to talk to you a while on the most important subject in this world or the next. I have a spare half hour. And, Miss Redwood, as you seem interested in the Church, I shall be glad to give you some books. Come, my child," he said to Belinda; "I can see that you are suffering."

Belinda looked embarrassed. To be called "child" by one so much younger than herself would have excited her indignation at any other time; but there was something in Father Jackson's tone that made her feel very humble and meek.

"Indeed I *am* suffering, Mr. Jackson—"

"Father," he said.

She hesitated, and then, in a low voice not usual with her, she went on: "Yes, I am suffering, Father. But mind," she said, raising her voice, "I don't want to be a Romanist: I just want to tell my sins, and get rid of them."

"You want to get nearer to God, don't you—"

"Oh yes, oh yes, *I* do!" exclaimed Eleanor, involuntarily.

"Then," answered the priest, with tender gravity, "you want to be Catholics—both of you."

(To be continued.)

So long as we are in this world we sin; and the best of us are, in truth, but the least wicked.—*Mgr. de Ségur.*

Favors of Our Queen.

A PRETTY INCIDENT.*

ON the 1st of June of the present year, about six o'clock in the evening, three or four little boys, sons of the Marquis Vitelleschi, were at play in a balcony of their father's house, on the Lungara, overlooking the Tiber. Their mother was in a room opening onto the balcony, engaged in writing letters, so that she was unable to give her undivided attention to the children. Suddenly the youngest, Pietro, a sturdy little fellow, three years old, the darling of the family, who had clambered to the top of a chair, overbalanced himself, and was precipitated headlong into the courtyard below. The eldest of his brothers, putting his head into the room, cried out to his mother that "Baby" had fallen over the balcony. Starting from her seat, the Marchioness exclaimed, "Mother of Mercy, save him, save him!" and flew down the stairs, not knowing whether she would find her child dead or alive. One of the servants, who was in a room below, hearing the fall, ran at the same time as her mistress into the yard, where the child was lying full-length on his face. In an agony of terror and apprehension, they lifted him up—but behold! the little man was merry and smiling as ever, not having sustained the least injury, with the exception of a slight scratch upon his face. The balcony was about thirty feet from the ground.

Hardly able to believe her eyes, the Marchioness sent immediately for the nearest surgeon, and told him what had happened; begging him to give a restorative, or at least a sedative, to the child. "My dear Madam," the doctor replied, "this is surely a miracle: there is less than nothing the matter with your boy."

* *Civiltà Cattolica.*

Meanwhile quite a crowd of inquisitive persons had assembled, eager to know the truth of the occurrence. Amongst them were some members of the Municipal Guard, who came, they alleged, to carry the little boy to the hospital. Still scarcely knowing how to credit the testimony of her senses, the Marchioness, to make sure that her darling was really unharmed, said to him: "Come along, Baby; let us look at Bunny." Jumping for joy, the child ran by her side to the place where some rabbits belonging to the children were kept. Even this did not avail to set the maternal anxiety completely at rest: she insisted that the doctor should make a careful examination of the boy, which he accordingly did, declaring him perfectly sound. Not content with that, the Marquis, who was absent when the accident took place, when he returned home sent at once for another doctor, who confirmed what the first one had said. Nor did the family physician, who looked in the next day, pronounce a different opinion.

Such are the external circumstances of the incident. But there is another side to it; let us look at it from a supernatural standpoint.

On the morrow, when little Pietro got up, he espied a rosary which some one had left on the table; and, stretching out his hand for it, he put it round his neck. On his sister Maria, a girl fourteen years of age, the eldest of the family, asking him how it was he had not hurt himself by his fall, he answered: "It was a lady."

"What lady?" she inquired.

"That lady—my Madonna," he replied, pointing to a statuette of the Blessed Virgin.

"What did she do to you?"

"She just took me in her arms and kissed me."

"Was she standing on the ground?"

"No: she was up in the air."

"Did she say anything to you?"

"No, only kissed me."

When all were assembled round the breakfast table, the topic of conversation naturally was the occurrence of the previous evening.

"If you only knew what Baby told me!" Maria began, with an air of importance.

"Perhaps he told you about the Madonna?" interposed her father. He knew nothing about the conversation that had passed between the children, but Pietro had told him the same thing the evening before, when he carried him up to bed. He had, however, attached no importance to it at the time; and did not think of mentioning it until Maria began to speak.

Two other circumstances connected with the incident must yet be told. At the very time when little Pietro fell from the balcony, Maria was in the garden of the Convent of the Sacred Heart, where she went to school. The Sister who was with her was called away, and on leaving her said she might during her absence walk about and amuse herself; or, if she felt so inclined, say her beads before a statue of Our Lady which was there. The girl followed this advice, and recited her rosary with unwonted devotion, as she afterward told her mother. The grandparents of the children, too, when they heard of the accident, said that just at that time they happened to be praying before an image of the Madonna.

The Marchioness, who had instinctively invoked the aid of the Mother of Mercy in the moment of agonized suspense, was firmly persuaded that to her gracious interposition she owed the life of her child. Immediately on returning, with the boy safe and sound in her arms, to the room where she had been sitting when the accident took place, she threw herself on her knees before the picture of Our Lady Immaculate, to return heartfelt thanks for the favor she had granted. Little Pietro, too, knelt unbidden by her side; and, pointing with his tiny finger to the picture, exclaimed: "That's the lady, mother!—that's the lady!"

What is a Lady?

IN a land of republican institutions there can be no arbitrary definition of the term "lady"; yet such is the desire of poor humanity to climb to a high round upon the social ladder, that many women, instead of endeavoring to acquire the virtues and graces which the true lady possesses, delight to give to themselves and to one another the empty appellation, which, without those attributes, only succeeds in exciting ridicule. They positively thirst for the name, and apply it so indiscriminately that those to whom it belongs of right are quietly ceasing to use it. One must be skilled in the smaller niceties of speech to make the distinction properly.

Two fierce creatures were, the other day, pulling each other's hair in the French Market in New Orleans. "What row is that?" asked one bright Irishwoman of another. "Two ladies a-fighting."—"Such ladies!" was the response, beyond which art or wisdom could not have gone.

"Are you the woman what wants a lady to do your washing?" asked an overdressed applicant at the backdoor. These are perfectly true incidents, and might be added to indefinitely. They are only mentioned to show the somewhat erratic use of the word.

What is a lady? The dictionary does not help us; its various explanations only serve to confuse. Let us go to the original word itself. Lady—one who looks after the bread. But one may look very carefully and successfully after the bread, and be vastly different from the gentle being who rises before our mental vision at the sound of the pleasant Anglo-Saxon word. Is it a question of rank? Nay; for there is no rank in our broad land in the accepted Old-World sense, and there are surely many ladies. Wealth? Vulgarity and riches often go hand in hand, and the brightest jewels often sparkle upon the most disagreeable pretenders. Culture and education? Who

does not know women who have much of these and but little grace or gentleness?

What, then, is a lady? The Catholic can have but one answer to this. It is she whose life approaches, in less or greater degree, the One who has made the word above all other titles. Our Lady—Our Lady of Sorrows, of Peace, of Consolation, of Hope, of Good Counsel,—there can be no end to the names as long as we need peace and comfort and help. And when shall we not?

The humblest woman who tries to copy the example of the Blessed among women may be a lady. No earthly station is needed: Our Lady had none; no wealth: her daily life was as simple as it was beautiful; no "culture": that which she possessed might not pass among the hypercritical of to-day.

Let those, then, who wish to earn the name begin by imitating their blessed model more closely; and when they have learned true humility, the rest will easily follow.

 Notes and Remarks.

Our English Catholic exchanges publish Cardinal Manning's reply to a correspondent who wrote for his opinion regarding lotteries and raffles at bazaars for charitable purposes. As usual His Eminence hits the nail on the head, and his words deserve to be heeded. "Do Our Lord's work in Our Lord's way" is too good a motto not to be remembered by everyone:

"All my life long I have done my utmost to prevent the holding of bazaars, lotteries, and raffles for works of charity or religion. It seems to me that Our Lord's works ought to be done in Our Lord's way—that is, for His sake, and with the purest motive. Anything of self or of the world mixing in so far destroys the purity of the motives, and, as St. Paul says of charity, may reduce them to nothing. We are all in danger of the lower motives, and we certainly ought not to encourage them."

• We have more than once adverted to the lessening of prejudice against Catholics noticeable of late years in this country, and have expressed our gratification that Protestant

public opinion as to the Church and her adherents is undergoing a sensible change. As corroborative of this view, we may note a recent editorial remark of the *New York Sun*, a journal generally conceded to be the most influential, as it is without doubt the most ably edited, in the United States. Discussing the probability of the success or defeat of a Catholic candidate for the presidency, the *Sun* asserts that in the event of some Catholic statesman's appearing so superior and in every respect so perfectly qualified that his nomination for President of the United States would be almost a matter of course, "he would be nominated as a statesman and party man, not as a Catholic; and we do not think that the religion of the candidate would do him such harm in a political sense as to render his nomination unadvisable for fear of his being defeated on religious grounds in the election."

Thousands of pilgrims from all parts of the country attended the sixth annual pilgrimage to the shrine of Our Lady of Martyrs at Auriesville, N. Y., on the 16th ult. The shrine commemorates the heroic lives of three famous Christians of colonial times—viz., the Jesuit martyrs, Father Isaac Jogues and Brother René Goupil, and the "Lily of the Iroquois," Catherine Tegakwita, of whom we published interesting biographical sketches, by Dr. John Gilmary Shea, in a late volume of *THE "AVE MARIA."* Catherine was baptized at the little mission church which marks the spot where the saintly missionaries suffered for the faith. The beatification of all three has been petitioned for.

We hear that the process for the beatification of the Venerable Curé d'Ars is being rapidly pushed forward, and it is hoped that in a few months he will be solemnly declared Blessed.

The reply of the Catholic members of the Belgium Senate to Ruggero Bonghi, who sent them an invitation to be present at an international peace congress to be held in Rome next November, is as creditable to the former as it is uncomplimentary to the Italian Government. King Humbert and his ministers receive many a snub of which the world does

not hear. We give an extract from the letter of acknowledgment:

"Thanking your Excellency for your polite invitation, we are sorry not to be able to accept it. If the city of Rome was in fact what it is by right, the free and respected metropolis of the Christian world, it would be the most proper place for the meeting of such an assembly, under the auspices of him who, on the Apostolic Chair, represents the Prince of Peace. But such is the situation of Rome now—and your Excellency knows it—that that city seems to be the very last in the world wherein such a congress could properly meet. Peace implies the triumph of right over might. Now in Rome justice is oppressed by usurpation. In Rome might rules and right is a slave. . . . It is our most earnest wish that a conference of peace and of international arbitration be held in Rome when the city has become free and is restored to its legitimate sovereign."

On a Sunday afternoon, about two years ago, some miscreant impiously mutilated the crucifix on the road between Achern and Sasbach in Germany by cutting off the feet. Although the police searched diligently for the wretch, he was not discovered. It is only a short time ago, says the *Sendbote*, that a letter from America was received in Sasbach, in which a woman writes that her husband's two feet were crushed in a machine; and when dying he acknowledged that it was he who, two years before, had mutilated the crucifix as mentioned.

While James Russell Lowell, the poet whose death occurred recently, was scarcely friendly in his attitude toward Catholicity, he was too true an artist not to admire the exterior beauty of the Church. Of that beauty he said: "She is the only poet among the churches. . . . The secret of her power is typified in the mystery of the Real Presence. She is the only Church that has been loyal to the heart and soul of man." Lowell is at his best when he reminds one of Longfellow, though the latter may have been the lesser poet:

"A beggar through the world am I,
From place to place I wander by.
Fill up my pilgrim's sery for me,
For Christ's sweet sake and charity."

We have frequently had occasion to admire the fairness of the *Ypsilanti Sentinel* in treating of matters Catholic. Another instance of this characteristic of our secular contempo-

rary is the following paragraph, which we find in a recent issue of the *Sentinel*, and which, coming from a Protestant source, is at least noteworthy:

"Speaking of the 'Coat of Treves,' a 'doubting Thomas' asks if it is likely that the garments of the Saviour were ever regained for preservation after they had become the property of the Roman soldiers. The natural answer is simply: Yes, nothing is more likely. Joseph of Arimathea begged the body of Jesus of Pilate, and it is reasonable to suppose from the narrative that everything pertaining to their Lord was dear to the disciples. The Roman soldiers had no personal use for the garments that were divided among them except to sell them, and they no doubt found ready purchasers among the numerous followers of the Saviour, of whom no mention is made in the Gospels. These garments were cherished as dear mementos, until they were handed over to the Church after its organization. It is perfectly natural to doubt claims of the character of those put forth for the authenticity of the 'Coat of Treves,' but very hard to disprove them."

The Rev. Reginald Collins, the Catholic chaplain who displayed signal heroism in the Soudan, was recently elected a member of the senate of the University of Malta. Father Collins is not only a hero, but a scholar. He speaks nine languages, and some years ago won the first prize for proficiency in Arabic in a competition instituted by the military authorities in Egypt. Of him and a reverend colleague, a celebrated English general (said to be Lord Wolseley) once remarked: "Oh, Brindle and Collins are worth a whole bench of bishops!"

Twice within a year has the *Pall Mall Gazette* announced the conversion to Catholicity of Viscount St. Cyres, eldest son of the Earl of Iddlesleigh; and twice has the Earl contradicted the statement. The *Gazette* apparently believes that the Viscount *should* join the Church, and we hope its third announcement of his conversion will be unassailable.

On the occasion of a rumor to the effect that the Mayor of Quebec was to invite its citizens to observe September 1 as a civil holiday, *La Vérité* sounds this note of warning: "We renew our protest against these civil holidays—labor days, arbor days, etc.,—which are being substituted for religious festivals. Let the laboring classes by all means have a special holiday, but let them give to

their festival a religious character; let them not make a purely profane demonstration. Nowadays the Masonic sects wish to dechristianize labor, politics, education—everything. Instead of yielding to this fatal current, we should struggle against it with all our force." These are the words of a journalist whose instincts are wholly Catholic, and who seems danger afar. Would there were more like him!

By the death of Mr. Stephen J. McCormick, of San Francisco, who passed away on the 12th ult., Catholic journalism loses a zealous, efficient and self-sacrificing supporter. He was for many years editor of the *Catholic Sentinel*, published at Portland, Oregon; but since 1880 has occupied the editor's chair of the *Monitor* of San Francisco, a paper which under his management became very popular with the clergy and laity of the Pacific Coast. Mr. McCormick was a man of great faith, tender piety, and wholly devoted to the interests of the Church. Having been engaged in Catholic journalism for nearly a quarter of a century, spreading the light of Catholic truth, and defending the Church against its enemies, at all times illustrating the divinity of our religion by the purity of his life, Mr. McCormick is one of whom it may truthfully be said, the world is better that he lived.

The Liverpool *Catholic Times* says that Lord Tennyson's favorite companion at Freshwater is the resident priest of the district, the Rev. Peter Haythornthwaite. Father Peter, as he is called, is a man of scholarly attainments, and is popular with all classes of people in the Isle of Wight.

A writer in the Contributors' Club of the *Atlantic Monthly* thus discourses of Domenichino's wonderful picture in the Academy at Bologna, the Madonna of the Rosary:

"The smiling Child, with His floating blue drapery, stands in His Mother's arms up in cloudland, holding aloft a bright nosegay of roses. What a picture that is, considered simply as a transcript of life! Below, all the miseries of the earth—the martyrdoms, the frightened innocence, the rage of passion and cruelty; saints looking up with the question 'How long, O Lord?' in their intense, hollow eyes. Each holds fast a 'rosary. And above, on the clouds, a Madonna looks down with eyes of pity, and the blonde Child holds up His roses with a smile. How are

a chaplet and a posy, a smile and a pitying glance, to weigh against all that wretchedness? Yet they are pretty much the sum of all that has been heaped in the balance against it by religions and philosophies, by love, and by life itself. And if we have had a moment's glimpse of their significance, and felt aught of their potency, can we say that they are wholly inadequate?"

We have to chronicle the death of another Catholic journalist in the East—Mr. John C. Scanlan, editor of the *Connecticut Catholic*. A young man of brilliant parts and of estimable character, Mr. Scanlan's loss is a severe one to the cause he had so much at heart. Though a lawyer by profession, he was an editor by choice. His devotion to Catholic interests is highly praised by those who knew him. *R.I.P.*

New Publications.

THE SCIENCE OF THE SAINTS IN PRACTICE.
By John Baptist Pagani. Vol. III. New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co.

This volume forms the completion of Father Pagani's great work designed for the direction of pious souls in the spiritual life. The two preceding volumes were noticed in these columns a few weeks ago, at which time we gave a general idea of the scope of the work, and commended it as a useful guide in all that concerns Christian faith and practice. As was then remarked, the saints are the models for souls in their efforts toward the attainment of perfection, or the practical realization of the maxims and counsels set forth in Holy Writ. So that the science of the saints means the principles of the Gospel as inculcated and illustrated in the lives and works of these noble followers of the Son of God; and their bright examples of virtue, when set forth and arranged as in the present work, must tend to inspire the devout reader with the desire to walk in their footsteps along the path of holiness.

The first volume begins with the spirit of fraternal charity, which must ever be the chief, distinctive mark of the Christian character; and thereafter the reader is led day by day through the consideration of all the virtues which should adorn the soul. And as the year draws to a close, his thoughts are made to rest

upon what may be called the "rewards" which will attend his persevering efforts even in the present life—namely, confidence and peace, patience, piety, divine love. These four subjects present the material for the reflections contained in this concluding volume of "The Science of the Saints." As in the other books, the subjects are divided and arranged into a series of practical meditations for each day of the four months. We feel confident that this complete work upon so important a subject will be welcomed by Christian readers generally.

THE STORY OF THE FILIBUSTERS. By James Jeffrey Roche. London: T. Fisher Unwin. New York: Macmillan & Co.

Mr. Roche wields a busy pen. Only a few months ago we noticed his biography of John Boyle O'Reilly; his editorial duties on the *Boston Pilot* are presumably not light, and from time to time we see poems of his which are evidently not dashed off at a sitting. The announcement of a new work from his versatile pen, so soon after his last, suggested therefore a literary life characterized by notable industry; and the book itself, now that we have read it, is an agreeable surprise, inasmuch as it shows no sign of having been hurriedly done. The author may have written rapidly, but he has not slighted his work. "The Story of the Filibusters" is a page of the history of the middle of the nineteenth century, which bears all the romantic and adventurous character that belongs to the annals of the sixteenth or seventeenth. It is a dispassionate and impartial study of a type of American citizenship that has become an extinct species. As Mr. Roche says in his preface, it is "the history and the epitaph of a brave, lawless, generous anomaly on civilization." The last and the greatest of these American dreamers, William Walker, is the theme of the greater portion of the book, and his career was assuredly one to fascinate the lover of the adventurous. Mr. Roche writes *con amore* of his manliness, daring bravery, and resolute determination; but he has not allowed his admiration of these virile qualities to blind his judgment. Of Walker he says: "He was not a great man, nor by any means a good one; but he was the greatest and the best of his class." That class was scarcely one that can be held

up to youth for imitation, but there is no denying that the recital of their deeds is full of interest as well as of historical value. We may add that Walker had the happiness of embracing the true faith before his death. Mr. Roche can be caustic at times, and one meets with an occasional sentence or an epithet that is refreshingly cynical. "No party," he says, "so weak but the average presidential candidate will scatter his bait before it." "Blue-books do but fulfil their mission in confusing the truth." "No apology can be offered for ambition ungratified, and successful ambition needs none." "The Story of the Filibusters" is a very readable book; and it will, beyond doubt, rescue the race of whom it treats from what the author styles "the harshest of all fates, oblivion."

In the same volume with Mr. Roche's story is an abridged life of Colonel David Crocket, a narrative which no American reader needs to be told is thoroughly entertaining.

HISTORY OF ROBERT BRUCE, KING OF SCOTLAND. Philadelphia, Pa.: H. L. Kilner & Co.

In this semi-historical work are recorded the valorous deeds of Robert Bruce, by which he secured for himself the crown of Scotland, and the independence of that country against the encroachments of Edward I. The struggle that ended on the battle-field of Bannockburn is well described, and no reader will close the book without increased admiration for its famous hero. In the remaining pages of the volume is given the history of the ill-fated Stuart family, as regards the realm of Scotland, several chapters being devoted to the sad story of Mary Queen of Scots. Altogether, the book contains, in an attractive form, much information valuable to the student of history.

THE GAME OF SPECULATION. THE EMPIRE OF MAN. By the Rev. John Gerard, Author of "Science and Scientists." London: Catholic Truth Society.

In these pamphlets Father Gerard continues his refutations of the absurdities of Darwin and his school, dealing especially with the theories of the Origin of Species and Natural Selection. The "mysterious force which men call life" has ever been the subject of inquiry and conjecture. Darwin's explanations of that mysterious force are characterized

as mere speculation in these tersely written and entertaining treatises, which richly deserve the wide and favorable notice they are attracting.

WOMAN'S WORK IN THE AFRICAN MISSIONS. By Edith Renouf. Same Publishers.

This is a touching and graphic account of the part religious women are taking in the regeneration and civilization of the Dark Continent, with especial reference to the work of the missionary Sisters of Our Lady of Africa. The venerable Cardinal Lavigerie's efforts for the enlightenment of that benighted country and the extinction of the slave-trade are ably seconded by the labors of the devoted band of Sisters, whose sufferings and achievements are well set forth in these pages.

THE THREE CLAIMS. Same Publishers.

This leaflet deals earnestly and summarily with the claims of the Church of England. It is for convenience arranged in a series of questions and answers, and contains much truth in a highly condensed form. It would be admirable reading matter for those confident Anglicans who fancy themselves upon such a sure foundation; for it vigorously upsets the theories known as the Branch Theory, the Continuity Theory, and the claim to the unbroken Apostolical Succession.

Obituary.

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

—HEB., xiii, 3.

The following persons are recommended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

The Rev. Daniel J. O'Malley, a worthy priest of the Diocese of Scranton, whose happy death took place on the 16th ult.

Mr. Stephen J. McCormick, who passed away on the 12th ult., in San Francisco, Cal.

Mrs. Rose Devine, of Cleveland, Ohio, who died peacefully on the 11th ult., after a long illness.

Mrs. Mary Falls, whose precious death occurred on the eve of the Assumption, in Philadelphia, Pa.

Master William Boland, of Chicago, Ill.; Mr. James Sweeney, Lowell, Mass.; Miss Mary A. Quigley, Penacook, N. H.; Miss Julia Flynn, Lewiston, Me.; Mrs. Lydia Ferry, Wilmington, Del.; Mr. Frank Roarke and Mr. Charles Coughlin, Quarryville, N. Y.; Mr. William O'Hearn, Mrs. Honora McDonough, and Miss Catherine McGarr, Troy, N. Y.

May they rest in peace!



The Birthday of Our Mother.

BY SARA TRAINER SMITH.

IN the far west the golden stars,
Before the paling morn,
Together sang new hymns of joy
The day when She was born.

Up through the wakening olive groves
Swept cool the winds of balm,
That like a whispered message stirred
The waiting desert palm.

The blossom world, so pure, so pure,
Shook softly every bell;
And where the dews their mirrors were,
The day's fair blessing fell.

Then piped the little birds a lay,
Then brighter glowed the sun;
And every living, creeping thing
Hailed Her sweet reign begun.

All down the lengthened centuries
Its mellow sunlight streams:
Our Lady's Birthday now as then
Awakes us from our dreams.

O dawn, sweet day, for all the earth!
Dear Lady, hear our prayer!
May all the nations, glad with love,
In Nature's offering share!

WE are here on a journey toward the other world; and when people are travelling they need not look for great conveniences, but only to arrive soon and safely to the end of their journey.

WHAT you keep by you, you may change and mend; but words once spoken can never be recalled.

A Sick Call to a Child of Mary.

BY FATHER KENNEDY.



WHEN I was preparing to go to bed, about ten o'clock one night, a sick call came. Mary G. wanted me. "And what is wrong with Mary G.?" I asked of the messengers.—"The doctor says it is consumption," they answered.—"Well, but persons do not die off suddenly with consumption," I remarked.—"Ah, yes, Father; but her sister went off very quickly, and they are afraid of her."

There was nothing for it but to go at once. It was a drive of about six miles,—six miles going and six miles returning. The night, however, was beautifully fine, and it was almost tempting to be out. I ordered my trap, and was soon on the road.

How solemn the night is! You have not been out much at night, children, and you do not know. Besides, you are young; and the night, like learned books, has messages too deep for the youthful mind. But for people that are grown up, and are of a thoughtful turn, the day is not nearly so full of strange, mysterious joy as the night is. A deep gladness seems to fill one's heart. You look at the glittering stars, and it is almost a pain to turn your eyes away. When you grow up you will read what many writers have said of the stars and the solemn night: poets and philosophers and pious men—Longfellow and Emerson and Faber; and you will be able to understand then, but not now. In order to enjoy the happiness of day one must have companions; but one can enjoy, the calm and solemnity of night no other way than alone.

So as I went along, the moon, hanging up in the ridge of the sky, seemed to talk

to me, and the stars became companions, and the soft night wind whispered tales in my ear. And, then, the errand on which I was going! It was not to see a friend; it was not like a doctor to give medicine; it was not like any errand or message that you can think of. Oh, it was so sacred and so awful! To make peace between two,—between a poor human being, lying on a very humble pallet, and the great God, whose immensity was greater than the boundless firmament above me.

Mary G. lived in a cottage in a remote district. The barking of a dog, some distance away, was the only thing that broke in on the stillness; and at night the barking of a dog in the distance is not unmusical. I found a tall, gaunt man, her father, waiting to receive me. He took me to an inner room, and there, lying on the bed, was the poor invalid. She welcomed me in a timid, gentle voice. I said some light-hearted words and smiled at her, just to show her that we were the best of friends, and to win her confidence; and the poor young girl showed by her countenance that she was not only pleased, but happy.

“Mary,” I said, after a while, “shall I anoint you?”

“Oh, do, Father—do, please!”

And when all was over, and I was preparing to go away, I said to her: “Well, are you happy now?”

“Oh, I don’t care,” she said, with a smile, “what happens now!” And the accents of the gentle voice were agreeable, and the smile on her face was sweet. She was ready to go to God, as I hope you all may be when your time comes.

Mary died soon afterward. And they laid her in the coffin, and they combed back her long auburn hair, and the old sweet smile was on her face. And, but that you saw her in the coffin, you’d think she was only asleep. It was a wild, blustering day when we laid her in her last resting-place. The clouds moved quick across the sky, with the brisk wind, as we wound up the little

hill, on the top of which was the graveyard. But all of a sudden there came a calm; the clouds stood still, and the sun shone down soft and warm, as the beautiful burial service was read over poor little Mary’s remains.

Her mother stood near the head of the coffin; a strange woman and *hardened* she would seem to those who did not know her. There was never a trace of a tear on her face; sorrow seemed not to be there; she was like one of the carved headstones near by. I called to see her one or two days after.

“Oh, I’m the lonely woman, Father!” she said. “When all the rest were out from me, my darling was there—there on her bed. When I wanted to advise about anything, sure she was there; and you’d think she was fifty, she was so sensible and steady. If she saw me grieved or uneasy, she would say: ‘Don’t, mamma; God sends these things and God will take them away.’ O my child!”

She burst out, and a flood of tears fell on her apron.

Well, my children, I have been not far from twenty years attending sick people, and I never met the like of Mary G. I sincerely thank God that He placed it in my way to see what an extraordinarily holy soul is like. I despair of ever meeting one of God’s saints in my life, if I did not meet one in Mary G. When I heard of her death I hardly prayed *for* her, but I prayed *to* her. On that very day there was something I wanted particularly, and at a certain hour. I begged Mary to obtain it for me. The time was drawing near, and there was no sign of what I wanted forthcoming. I begged of her harder and harder; and at the very stroke of the hour there was the matter laid before me as easily as a ripe apple would fall from a tree.

EVERY noble life leaves the fibre of it interwoven forever in the work of the world.—*Ruskin*.

The Tramp that Dicky Met.

BY FLORA L. STANFIELD.

What excitement! The circus was coming. For weeks flaming posters had decorated the bill-boards in town and the fences in the country. You could not get away from them even if you wished to, and Dick did not wish to. Gaudy pictures of impossible animals adorned Mrs. Robinson's barn-door; and the camels and elephants had, from long familiarity, become like well-known friends to Dick.

He was Mrs. Robinson's hired boy. He milked the cow and split the wood and hoed the garden, besides doing much of the work in the house whenever he had the time; for his employer kept no maid, being an old-fashioned woman, well used to work herself. Dick's mother, Mrs. Brown, lived on the next little farm, and the two houses were not far apart. These were the tiniest farms you can imagine, both stony and rugged and bleak; the one belonging to Dick's mother being the smaller and more wretched of the two. So he worked for his neighbor, leaving his brothers at home; and thus brought a trifling sum of money into the family treasury, and was fed, after a fashion, beside.

There never had been a circus at Barlow before, and its coming was the talk of the town. Dick's younger brother, Tiny, a little cripple, had said from the first that Dick must go. "And," added Tiny, "it will almost be like seeing it myself when I hear you tell about it."

Dick had saved his pennies for the especial purpose from the first moment that a rumor reached Barlow of the great event; and now he had twenty-five, all that would be needed. Tiny had given him four cents, and the rest he had earned by doing odd jobs when in town with a load of potatoes or early squashes.

The eventful day, after long waiting which seemed years, came at last. Dick had no thought of trying to get a glimpse of the street parade at Barlow, two good miles away; but he worked steadily all the morning, fancying sometimes that he heard the music of the band or the roar of some wild animal from the desert or jungle. At noon he was not hungry,—who could be on such an eventful occasion? But he ate a little of the fried pork and potatoes, his mind meanwhile on the elephant that could, the bills said, dance the polka and walk a rope. Then the blow came!

"Dick," Mrs. Robinson called out, "go and hitch up Whitefoot, while I get the children ready."

Dick sprang up and was flying to the door. He could harness Whitefoot, and then have time to slip upstairs and get on his other jacket.

"And, Dick, while we're gone you must wash the dishes, and hoe that farther patch of potatoes, and cut a ball of carpet rags, and hunt the hens' eggs; and, if you get time, you can mend that eaves spout and pick the cucumbers."

The world seemed to spin around in poor Dick's head. He rubbed his eyes. Was he dreaming? Was he not going to the circus? Was he to stay at home and go those old weary rounds just as usual? Something choked him. He walked to the barn and hitched up Whitefoot, still in that awful dream. Oh, could it be true? After all those weeks of longing and of talking it over with Tiny, was he not to see the trained horses and the glittering spangles, and all the brilliant, sparkling pageant? And the clown—Dicky had a great opinion of clowns.

"Isn't Dicky going?" asked Susan Jane.

"Dicky? Do you think I hired him to go to circuses? Hand me that umbrella, Dick; and mind you keep a good lookout for tramps, and don't have anything to say to peddlers, and keep your eye on the spoons. Get up, Whitefoot!"

Whitefoot, as if aware of the importance of the occasion, started off as if he were once more a colt, and Dicky sat down on the low doorstep and cried as if his heart would break. Yet he was a sunny-tempered little fellow, and soon began to make the best of a bad situation. And, then, he thought, perhaps the circus would not be so fine after all; and he had saved his money, which would buy Tiny a book the next time he went to town. Ah, Tiny!—there was the trouble. Tiny had depended on him, expecting to hear all about the elephants, and the dogs that jumped through hoops. He looked across the field at his mother's house. At the front window lay the little sufferer, who was so good and patient, and whom they all loved so much.

Dicky dried his eyes and began to consider his responsibilities, the spoons first of all. They had been left to Mrs. Robinson by an aunt, and were by her thought something too fine for daily use; so they reposed between layers of cotton flannel on the top shelf in the pantry, only to be taken down when the sewing circle met, about once a year. Dicky first satisfied himself that they were safe, and began clearing away the dishes; but he was not comfortable. "Keep your eye on the spoons," Mrs. Robinson had said; and he took it literally, being a matter-of-fact lad. So he put them in the pocket of his jacket, where they were such a heavy weight that he could not forget them if he tried. That done, he mended the eaves spout and hoed the potatoes, and went to see how the hens' nests were getting on.

He was so busy that he found himself getting over his disappointment, and began, quite cheerily, to consider just what sort of a book he would get for Tiny. It must be about martyrs. Tiny always liked to read about martyrs, perhaps because, on account of his suffering and his patience, he was so much like one himself. Yes, it must be about martyrs, and have plenty of pictures in it, and a gay cover. Tiny was fond of

bright colors. Dicky wondered if he could find as much splendor as his soul longed for, all for a quarter of a dollar. As he plodded about, his hand often sought the spoons, which he found safe and very heavy. Finally he went to pick the cucumbers. At that employment he was so absorbed that he did not see a man limping across the yard.

"Hello!" said the man.

Dicky looked up. The tramp predicted by Mrs. Robinson had arrived.

"Hello!" answered Dicky, as bravely as possible, though quaking at heart; for tramps were the chief terror of his life.

"I stepped into a rabbit hole, and I believe my ankle has a pretty bad sprain," said the stranger.

Dick took courage. A tramp with a sprained ankle was surely not as formidable as an able-bodied one.

"You'd better move on," he said; and then was heartily ashamed of himself for saying it. But the spoons!

"But I can't move on, you see. Have you any hot water in the house?"

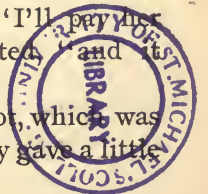
"This isn't my house," replied Dicky: "it's Mrs. Robinson's. I'm her hired boy. She's gone to the circus, and I don't dare to have anything to say to—travellers while she's away."

The man groaned. "But I should think you'd do something for a stray dog if he were in such a fix as I am."

Dicky was melting fast. "Let me help you to sit down," he said.

The man let himself be helped, looking very white around the mouth. Then Dicky melted completely, and a great rush of pity overwhelmed him. He looked at the clock. The mistress of the house would not return for some time. It was a quick task to light a fire. While the water was heating he thought of a bottle of wonderful liniment on the spare bureau. "I'll pay for what I use," he reflected, "and won't be stealing."

The man uncovered his foot, which was very white and shapely. Dicky gave a little



involuntary whistle of surprise as he took up the silk stocking. It did not reassure him. The tramp was evidently of the most dangerous type, and had been shop-lifting. He seemed at home upon the subject of sprains, and gave Dicky such wise directions that the injured member was skilfully bandaged. "It will be all right now," he remarked, "if I don't step on it."

"Not step on it!" thought Dicky. "Then how will I ever get him away?"

"And I'm as hungry as a bear," said the man.

"Ah!" thought anxious Dicky, "I was right. Tramps are always hungry; and if he's getting hungry he must be getting well and more dangerous." The boy fairly groaned. He thought of all the heroes of whom he had read to Tiny, and wondered what Leonidas, for instance, would have done in his place. He must be shrewd. He dared not offend the man, and yet he must be faithful to his orders. "I'll give her all the quarter!" he concluded, all to himself; and, not to do things by halves, bravely brought out the remains of the frugal dinner. The tramp glanced at the fragments, and declined everything but some bread and butter.

"I don't see what the mischief I am to do," he said, growing confidential. "If this Mrs. Robinson is such a dragon as you represent her, she won't let me stay around here very long; and I can't walk away, that's sure!"

"My mother lives just across the field," said Dicky, in desperation; "and she isn't one bit like Mrs. Robinson. I'm sure she'll let you stay there a while. And"—feeling as if he were adding larceny to his other crimes—"there's an old pair of crutches in the garret, and if you'll wait in the barn till Mrs. Robinson gets back I'll help you over to our house."

The tramp thought that a good plan; so Dicky brought the crutches and escorted the wayfarer to the barn. They hurried as fast as possible; for suspicious clouds of

dust were rising down the road, and people seemed to be coming from the town. One special cloud enveloped Whitefoot and the Robinsons, and Susan Jane's blue sunbonnet was soon in full view. As Dicky went to take the horse Mrs. Robinson's face wore a savage scowl.

"Did you like the circus?" timidly asked Dicky, wishing to be as agreeable as possible on account of the unsettled depredations, and the concealed tramp in the barn, with fully ten cents' worth of Mrs. Robinson's liniment upon his ankle.

"No, I didn't. It was a cheat, and they got into a fight before it started. They ought to have given my money back. Susan Jane, go and put on your everyday clothes this minute. And you, Dicky, step round lively. Did you do everything I told you to?"

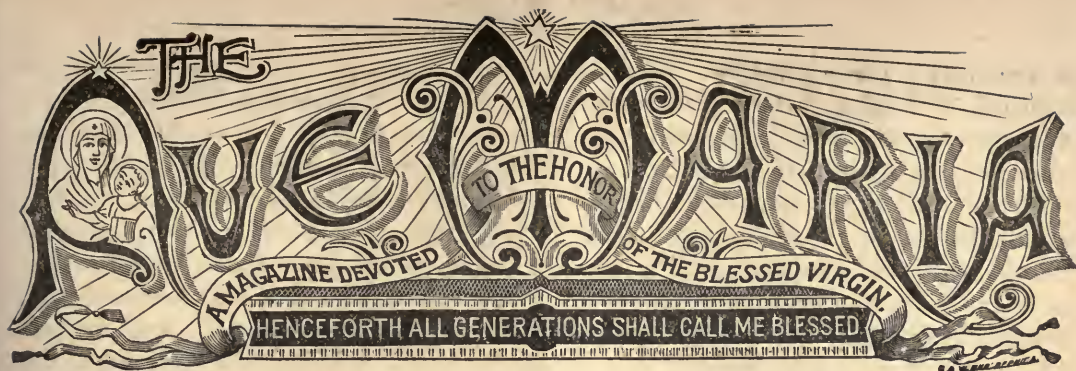
"Yes, ma'am," answered Dick; adding mentally, "and more too." Then aloud: "I didn't get to the carpet rags; but if you'll let me go over to mother's, I'll cut two balls instead of one."

"Well, go along. And ask your ma if she's got some bright red you can mix in. And be sure you're back in time to start the fire for supper. I'm clear used up, and all that money as good as thrown away on them circus vagabonds!"

(Conclusion in our next number.)

A Baby's Idea.

Toto was only three years old. He was questioning his father about the Conference of St. Vincent de Paul. What was it? What did papa go there for? And how, and why? After some explanations had been given, he remarked: "Then, papa, God is glad, is He, when we give a cent to the poor?"—"Of course, my boy."—"All right, then; let's give a whole dollar to the poor, papa. I want to make God clap His hands!"



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To-Morrow Never Comes.

ONE lesson of my life came from a child
 In Rome,—a little beggar on the street,
 Who morning after morning used to greet
 Me near the fount of Trevi. When he smiled
 And asked an alms, his manner was so mild
 It made me promise, and too oft repeat,
 "To-morrow, dear, to-morrow when we meet
 I'll give it you," and leave him reconciled.
 But I was punished, even put to shame,
 For my forgetfulness: he answered well
 The vain excuses for my long delay,
 By saying artlessly, "'Twill be the same
 To-morrow too!" A simple child may tell
No morrow comes,—it always is to-day.

T. A. M.

At a Wayside Shrine.*

WE had been sitting for some minutes facing each other on the wooden benches placed around the century-old beech-tree. Below the little statue of Our Lady which it shelters, hung the most modest of *ex-votos*—crowns of flowers, leafy garlands, and objects of piety in glass and metal. In the midst of these was a marble tablet, on which was engraved in large characters, now half effaced, a very touching petition—

* "La Cité Chrétienne," par Claude-Charles Chaux, Professeur de Philosophie à la Faculté des Lettres de Grenoble.

an entreaty for the powerful intercession of the Holy Virgin in all the sorrows and miseries of life.

"Have you read," said the stranger, breaking at length the silence,— "have you read, sir, this simple and eloquent prayer?" Then, without awaiting my reply, he added: "As for me, during the last two weeks that I have been spending with a friend in the village of Savonnières, I have read it at least a dozen times; and if I prolong my sojourn for a few days more, I shall doubtless know it by heart. Some say it is the composition of a lady in the neighboring city, a woman sorely tried in her fortunes and her family; others assure me that they have read the prayer in the works of the Abbé Perreyve. Whether its author, however, be the lady or the learned Abbé, it remains, in my humble opinion, one of the truest and most touching appeals of suffering humanity that has ever been formulated. And yet there darts through these dolorous invocations a certain ray of hope, just as, according to Homer, a smile might be seen shining through the tears of Andromache."

This classic allusion, though of questionable appropriateness, threw some light on the stranger's character and culture, and he soon gave me additional information.

"I have travelled," he continued, "a great deal, and have been a close observer of the manners and religion of different peoples. In the course of a career some-

what long, I have entertained in Paris, my ordinary dwelling-place, a large number of persons most capable of affording me exact information. As a result of my inquiries, the style of prayer peculiar to Catholics appears to me the most beautiful, the most pious, and the most conformable to our moral nature. You are perhaps aware that in our day psychology is the name given to the science of the human soul?"

I nodded an affirmative.

"And that writers of merit, eminent professors—Cousin, Jouffroy (I followed their courses in my youth)—exhausted their talent, spent their lives in sounding the phenomena of the soul, in analyzing and describing them? To my mind, they neglected entirely too much, in their difficult work, to make use of the popular language, whose principal merit in the eyes of a philosopher is that it expresses, without partiality and with absolute sincerity, that which takes place within us, even when our consciousness of it is only obscure. The language of the Church, which is not less faithful, possesses the privilege of going still farther, and of penetrating, so to speak, to the very depths of the soul, so as to reveal to us all that it contains. In her liturgy, and her old formulas of prayers composed for the people and so well understood by them, our psychologists would find, if they took the trouble to consider them, the confirmation of their discoveries, with some new light on subjects that vex them. But perhaps this subject—"

"It is far from displeasing to me," I hastened to interject; "and I hope is not above me, either. I busy myself with philosophy; and it has happened to me more than once to have recourse, as you with so much reason suggest, to the popular vocabulary in my psychological analyses. As for the language of the Church, I may say that it is quite familiar to me. One need not study it long to recognize that nothing human is foreign to it; and that with marvellous richness and precision it ex-

presses all that is in us of the true, the simple, and the sublime. Yet this same prayer of the Church is catholic—that is, universal—from another point of view."

"You will oblige me by stating it."

"The Church not only collects, that she may offer them to God, the homage, the regrets, the aspirations, the desires, the sorrow, the good wishes or thoughts that are born in the soul: she directs them toward Him by all the ways which God in His profound wisdom has opened, and she excludes none on the pretext that it is indirect or difficult."

"I see whither you are tending," said the stranger: "I understand you. You are going to justify the invocation of the saints and of the Virgin, Queen of All Saints,—*Regina Sanctorum Omnium*, as your beautiful and poetic Litany of Loretto has it. Do not insist on that point, sir. You would be preaching to a convert; I do not say a convert to the Church—that may come some day,—but a convert to her prayer. Shall I tell you that what draws me nearer and nearer to your Church as I advance in years, is that she recedes from no consequence of her principles, from no legitimate conclusion drawn from the truths which she teaches? In the Catholic Church, in her worship and her doctrine, I find that all is rigorously linked together; that in no part is the continuity broken, nowhere the harmony troubled by the slightest discord. That is doubtless the principal cause of the secret and sincere attachment to the Church of Leibnitz, the philosopher of continuity, of universal harmony, as he is called; in my opinion, the last of the great masters of thought."

"I shall not contradict you on that point."

"Whilst the sects can only chisel, retrench, and cut off violently, the Church contents herself with pruning discreetly the tree which she allows to grow to its full height and majesty. Those, sir, who in their reforms suppressed the devotion to

the Virgin knew nothing of the economy of Christianity, and had made but little progress in the study of the human soul. What they would take from the Gospel, from its letter and its spirit, is as nothing to what they would withdraw from ourselves. They would deserve the title of barbarians, enemies of civilization, if they were conscious of their work; but they know not what they do. That must be their excuse. Assuredly my friends and I were far less presumptuous innovators when, in my youth, in the wake of Pierre Leroux, we proclaimed ourselves the disciples of a new religion, the religion of humanity. One of our number having in his address one day lauded our ancestors for having reared in the capital a temple to the Virgin, *'the august and pure symbol of humanity,'* that passage of his discourse was greeted with unanimous applause. Call by what name you will our passing error (in my case it was very brief)—call it folly, impiety, stupidity,—you must admit that we possessed some knowledge of human nature and its aspirations.

"But see!" added the stranger, lowering his voice so as not to disturb the prayer of two young girls who had approached and knelt at the foot of the beech,—*"see! There is something worth more than all our arguments. There is the voice of nature, the testimony of simple and candid souls. And look, here come others; this is the favorite hour for visiting this simple shrine. For days back I have seen here in succession all ages, all conditions, all forms of prayer—from that of infancy, which knows nothing of life and its trials, to that of old age, which has quaffed the very dregs of its bitter draught. Ah, yes indeed! humanity realizes that in the heart of a mother goodness is unbounded and mercy inexhaustible."*

I was about to remark that this was still truer in the case of God, when joyous shouts announced the approach of the stranger's host and his young family. Seri-

ous conversation was at once suspended, but not so the prayer which it had undertaken to justify. Drawing nearer to the beech, and kneeling in my turn before the little statue of Our Lady, I read the supplication which had so favorably impressed my chance acquaintance. Simple as the plaint of a child, and true as the response of the foliage above me to the breeze that whispered its mystic message, the prayer to Our Lady of the Beech charmed me, as it must please everyone whose heart enshrines the image of man's gentlest and most powerful Advocate before the throne of our Heavenly Father. Judge of its beauty, gentle reader, for yourself:

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"Holy Virgin, in the midst of thy glories forget not the sorrows of earth.

"Cast a kindly glance on all those who suffer, who struggle against difficulties, and who cease not to steep their lips in the bitternesses of this life.

"Have pity on the child who ignorantly walks forward to meet the dangers of the world; on the mother who fears to survive those to whom she has given birth, and yet dreads to leave them orphans; on youth, which mourns over every disappointed hope; on manhood, which understands and distrusts the future while thinking of the past; and on imprudent old age, which, allowing days to accumulate on days without counting their cost, has too often forgotten the end toward which time has inexorably borne it.

"Compassionate those who loved each other here below and have been parted.

"Have pity on our isolation of heart, on our feebleness of faith, on the objects of our affection; on those who weep, on those who pray, on those who tremble... and give to all hope and peace."

—♦♦♦—
In the meditation of divine mysteries, keep thy heart humble. The best way to see daylight is to put thy candle out.—*Quarles.*

From Ireland to India.

BY KATHARINE TYNAN.

WHEN a colony of Loretto nuns went from Ireland to India in 1841, it was a new departure. The veiled women, with rosary and crucifix, were almost as strange to the Europeans in the East as to the natives. The latter, despite their irreverence for women, were not slow to grasp the situation. "Why do you honor him so greatly?" said one of the nuns to a friendly Hindoo, *apropos* of a very dirty and sanctified fakir who was contorting in the compound, or garden, of the convent. "Because he is a holy beggar like yourself," was the reply.

India is a far cry any day. Think what it was before steam railways and steamships and the post and the telegraph had so narrowed distances of the body or the spirit. Mother Teresa Ball, the quite young foundress of the Loretto Order in Ireland, was sorely averse to sending ten chickens so far away. It was only a little flock then, and could ill bear thinning. But the envoys of the Bishop of Calcutta, an English Jesuit and a German Doctor of Divinity, knew how to work on a woman's susceptible conscience. To Mother Teresa's refusal they opposed an inflexible, "Very well. Will you take the responsibility of the lost souls you will have decreed to remain in darkness?" The result might be foreseen. The Mother of the Loretto nuns wept and prayed a while before the Tabernacle, then she came back to those priests of iron. "Ask yourselves for missionaries," she said. "I can not; but I will not oppose." They presented themselves before the community unannounced, and stated their case, praying for volunteers. The nuns volunteered as one woman. Now, as long ago, the Irish are a race of missionaries. No doubt when Dr. Carew, of Calcutta, sent

for Loretto nuns he counted on this fact. Eleven of the fervent candidates were selected. They left Dublin for Calcutta on the 23d of August, 1841.

Rathfarnham on a morning of August is indeed very beautiful. We Irish being told of the splendors of tropic vegetation, the translucency of Italian skies, the frowning splendors of Alps or Andes, meet the praises with an inflexible, "There is no place lovelier than Ireland." And, within limitations, we are right. Ireland represents beautifully the loveliness of a temperate clime. She has the order of the Old World which fascinates the people of a practically unlimited New World, yet she has not the cloying prosperity of which in the pastoral counties of England one might tire in time. God has compassed every thought of beauty,—wonderfully in this world, which is mortal; past thought or conception in His own world, which is of the immortalities. Ireland is above all lovable. One can imagine how in a fierce, splendid, tropical country, one would pant for the velvety, wet air; for the wild hills, which to-day are purple as violets, but yesterday in the east wind were rose and gray in the higher lights, and on their flanks spread as gorgeous an array of blue and emerald as any peacock; for the dear daisies in the grass; for the dewy songs of thrush and blackbird that inhale the honey of flowers, and the wet odors of the pale leaves that a silver shower has just drenched through.

Rathfarnham, the grand old house of the last century, which has been enlarged and enriched, but kept homely and warm and comfortable, would be basking in its harmonies of red and russet in the August sun. The roses would be in bloom, the apples turning golden and mellow on the twisted trees in the dear old garden. There would be dew and shadow under the oak and elm. The white butterflies would be flitting over the iron crosses, with their names and dates, in that most bright and holy of little cemeteries where the Loretto nuns lie. Rathfarn-

ham seems a benignant mother to all her children, and very sad it must have been to go away from that warm shelter to unknown and untried things half a world away.

At Rathfarnham, when you visit there, the nuns will crowd around you like bees, and accompany you through the house, even to the high roof, from which you can see the pleasant country; climbing steep staircases and ladders with the happy zest of children. They will show you the convent treasures of vestments and altar linen; they will escort you to the hay-field, which is the end of their world, as the parson's hay-field was to the mother of Hans Andersen's Ugly Duckling. Down there by the trellis hung with roses, with the open fields stretching away to the mountains, and close at hand the city, and then the sea, you will understand, even if you be alien, how the cage-door of those doves stands ever open; and they will not wing it into the world, only because the cage is their most dear and comfortable home.

As her eleven sailed away from Kingstown, Mother Teresa Ball, from a tower in the grounds of the temporary convent at Dalkey, watched the ship through a mist of tears. From London they took four months to the voyage. Christmas Day they were still afloat, and it was the 30th of December when they cast anchor in the Hoogly, opposite Calcutta. A strange world it must have seemed; on either side the wide plains, with their plantations of wheat and sugar, forests of bamboo and palm-trees; along the river banks the tall white palaces, whose terraces ran to the water's edge.

The Bishop and his train were in waiting on the strand to welcome them and escort them to the cathedral, where a *Te Deum* was to be sung. Nor was their welcome to be only from their own people. With admirable good feeling, Lord Auckland, the Governor-General, had come with his staff to receive them; and his daughters had gone off with the members of the Ladies' Committee to welcome the tired

immigrants while they were still on ship-board. A perfectly gorgeous concourse there was on, the banks of the Hoogly: the ecclesiastics in state, reinforced by the Europeans in all their rank and fashion; by the Hindoos, Parsees and Eurasians in their picturesque variety of clothes and no clothes, all making a kaleidoscope of color.

The nuns met no sectarian welcome. The Ladies' Committee of Calcutta numbered Protestants and Catholics. The poor Ladies' Committee! They had bought for a gift to the nuns an old stately palace, which had belonged to the notorious Impey of Warren Hastings' days, and was splendid as might be expected. However, spaciousness is nothing to complain of in India. But in the cloisters, a hundred feet long, were gathered the *élite* of Calcutta with their welcomes; and in the ball-room—or at least that ball-room (for there are two) which is now the study-hall—a magnificent banquet was served, with myriads of wax lights set in gorgeous candelabra; and the nuns were expected to feast, while the first ladies of Calcutta acted as waitresses. The whole palace was fitted up palatially; and what was the discomfort of the nuns to find, each in her cell, an *ayah* waiting to act as lady's maid! It was not easy to persuade those dusky damsels to relinquish their duties. And when that was done, there was a new difficulty; for every cell was like a bower of a lady of fashion, with the latest luxuries and the latest refinement of delicacy added to its contents. The poor nuns had much difficulty in restoring conventual simplicity without wounding generous hearts.

One goes into the old palace by a long, trellised hall. Then there are the great ball-rooms, seventy feet by thirty each, and connected by folding-doors of glass, of which one is now the community room, the other the study-hall. Large Ionic pillars support the groined and richly carved ceilings; and through the lattices there comes in at evening the breeze off the river,

which bids worn-out mortals, as well as flowers and foliage, to lift up their hearts. The convent is in the aristocratic part of Calcutta known as Chowmighée. It has a compound, or garden, back and front, planted with rich flowers, wooded by the palm-tree and the plantain, the croton, and that beautiful tree known as Flame of the Forest, the burning scarlet blossoms of which are indeed as fire in the glossy dark foliage. There are many verandas and terraces, lovely after sundown, or in the early morning. The nuns can walk on the flat roof of their convent and look away over the river and the level country, or at their neighbors, the fantastic white houses, each embowered in its setting of dark greenery.

The history of the Order in India has been as prosperous as at home. I do not at all propose to deal at length with the nuns or their orphan asylums, schools, and work as hospital nurses. They seemed to receive all God's work that came to them without limitation. Even in the slender first years of the foundation, they divided themselves into an impossibly large number for new foundations. They were like those bulbs which, being divided infinitesimally, form each a perfect bulb for propagating purposes. They had their ups and downs. Now they are withering as off the face of the earth, in the grip of cholera and the deadly climate; again they and their immense orphan asylums are looking famine in the face. But God sent the rains to cool the smoking Eastern world; and when the larder was empty there came a most generous Protestant gentleman—whom may God reward!—with a gift in his hand of an income sufficient for the keep of all the orphans. He was killed in the Mutiny, when the nuns had their convent at Patna burned, and they and their orphans were saved as by a miracle. Be sure the pagan children rescued from the Ganges, or the terrible cult of the devil so many of the Hindoo tribes are given to, made eloquent intercession for him.

The Loretto convents in India now number eleven. I will describe two representative convents—the one at Darjeeling and the one at Ranchi, both so strange and picturesque to the nuns coming from the dear, quiet Irish home. Darjeeling in my photographs is lovely. It is swung on a hillside in mid-air, 7,000 feet above the sea level. Above is a world of perpetual snows, the great peaks looking like frosted silver in the brilliant light; and cascades roaring incessantly down their sides and through the luxuriant vegetation below, gaining volume ever till they lose themselves in the Ganges and are carried to the sea. Kunchain-Junga, king of them all, is up in the clouds. He is 29,000 feet above the sea; and majestic and awful he is in his lonely solitude, where not even a snow-flower dares to blow. His eyes are the lightning, and his voice the thunder and the lashing of wind and rain; but his brows are in heaven, far above human knowledge.

You will have to climb a bit from Darjeeling convent to look upon Kunchain-Junga. The convent is sitting sunnily on a spur of rock that turns to the south. Down below, where the plains are steaming, one sees the faint silver line of a great river; and the clouds are floating rosy and golden, in ragged wisps, far down the steep ascent. At morning they will be like a solid floor of gray, while this upper world is already steeped in gold.

Darjeeling convent is most delightful: a quaint building, gabled and verandaed, and half of it lattice-work and glass; and the nuns' cells nestled up in the peaked gables as happily as any swallow's nest that hangs below yellow eaves at home. In the picture I am looking at, a huge tree from an upper terrace droops like the hair of a Titaness over convent and garden. The nuns are here and there among their white-clad pupils. The nuns themselves go all in white, which is their only concession to the climate. The pupils are of a good class. People down in the plains are

glad to send their little girls to the hills and to school at one and the same time. They are Europeans mainly, and less picturesque than the Hindoos and Eurasians in Calcutta; but there will be occasionally a Brahmin girl or a Parsee, splendid, almond-eyed and olive-skinned creatures, decked in barbaric gems and gold, with ropes of pearls and rubies and sapphires over their silk robes, and their hair flashing with the opal and the diamond. Of the Europeans, Protestants are many; it says much for the gentleness and trustworthiness the nuns have shown that so many Protestant parents will have no other schools for their children.

When the nuns came to Darjeeling, nearly fifty years ago, what a toilsome journey it was! Now one gets there in twenty-six or twenty-seven hours, climbing up the mountain in a little train which seems to scramble like a wild cat,—now rushing along a foot from a precipice, again leaping across mountain torrents which roar under its tracks, or dashing giddily across little bridges over chasms which descend endlessly. But in 1841 from Calcutta to Darjeeling meant a tiresome journey of two months. Then Darjeeling was a poor native village: now it is a prosperous place of tea plantations, with the planters' pretty houses giving the tropical splendor an ordered and cared-for look.

But what civilized world ever took on tints like this? As a nun writes to me, it is a world steeped in light of all colors, and ever changing. Now it is all palest azure, shifting to aqua-marine and deepest blue; or it is rosy pink flushing to scarlet, like the flamingo; or a pale yellow deepening to orange; or again all tender and of a pale green shot through with gray and heliotrope. Nature there is more splendid than her humming-bird or her peacock, or her kingfisher that haunts shady meres at home.

The nuns are reminded of how foreign it all is when, out walking with the children, they come on an altar of sacrifice still

smoking, with the blood scattered about the gray cinders; or they will disturb a priest about to sacrifice; and all along the road they will see the long poles with colored rags and paper flying in the wind, which are prayer poles; and their owners firmly believe that as the wind flutters the paper, the prayers written there are borne to Heaven.

So at Asansol, the Indian novitiate, where the quaint Eastern convent looks over an immense solitude of silent country, the novices go for long walks over the vast fields, and roam fearlessly at large; not knowing indeed where the convent territory begins or ends. Somewhere toward the close of their domain is a Christian village; in the opposite direction, a pagan one. These they visit impartially, and make friends with the natives. It is an ideal place for a novitiate; for it is as lonely as the Sahara Desert.

I have spoken of demon-worship. At Ranchi one is in the centre of the country where the Spirit of Evil is worshipped by way of propitiating him. The Jesuits were there before the nuns, and were settled here and there singly among the villages, living like the natives, as they learned it from St. Francis Xavier. The nuns had to travel two and a half days by *dak gharries*,—i. e., litters carried each by five natives, of whom there are relays every six miles. They had first spent a night in the train. In the *dak gharries* they had to lie in a half-reclining position, while the rays of the Indian sun beat above their litters; the journey was absolute martyrdom. However, when they reached Ranchi, they were welcomed by the Jesuit in charge and a great flock of his catechumens. It was delightful to the nuns to see all the brown creatures with the rosary beads hanging about their necks, and to hear their greeting, "Praise be to Jesus!" which is their usual salutation.

The old Father who was in charge at Ranchi had himself baptized 20,000 Kohls,

as those people are called. They are not difficult of conversion, and have a fervor when converted which puts us civilized folk to shame. They pray with extraordinary ease, and happiness in it. Even children will remain on their knees for hours in prayer. They love singing prayers aloud; and at the Mass they chant in chorus all through, in a way which at first sorely disturbed the nuns. The Kohl women were some time before they got a chance of being Christianized; for the Kohl men hold them in too great contempt to admit of their having souls at all. The Jesuits had much ado to teach them otherwise. Polygamy is practised in Chota-Nagpoor, of which Ranchi is capital; and the strongest difficulty in the way of conversion was the giving up of many wives.

The nuns have from fifty to seventy little Kohl girls permanently on hands, and many others attending their schools. They have to be taught entirely in their own dialect: they are not to learn English or any European language or custom. Fortunately, in the little band of four nuns who compose Ranchi community there is an Admirable Crichton, one Sister Teresa, who is an excellent doctor, an expert in all manner of gardening, a cook like Brillat Savarin, and has the native dialects at her finger-ends. The possession of this treasure made things comparatively easy for the nuns. She put them in the way of knowing the native dialects as she did; and amongst other good works she took possession of a great old orchard long neglected, and with the help of the school-children restored it from a waste place to a beautiful, fruit-bearing paradise. When one remembers how much the Hindoos live on fruit, one can easily appreciate the great value of Sister Teresa's mangoes and peaches, grapes and pomegranates.

The convent is the disused bungalow of a *zemindar*, or native landowner. The *zenana* he built and walled around for his wives is given over to the children. The wives

were "Purdah ladies," poor souls! for whom a look from any man but their master were a deadly sin and profanation. So the *zenana* is snug at night for the wild little Kohls, and the nuns can sleep in their separate building with hearts at rest. The little things arrive with a shred of a garment or none. The nuns give them the *saree*—the long and wide strip of linen in which they wrap themselves completely, leaving an end to throw over their heads. They need no furniture, as they squat on the floor for everything. They are wild little things, and are always running away to the woods and going loose for a few days among their brothers and sisters, the wood's creatures. They steal back again when the fit is over, and drop into their places once more. The nuns teach them sewing and cooking and housekeeping and gardening; so that another generation of Kohls will be largely civilized by the convent at Ranchi.

Sometimes the nuns are asked for sympathy on strange occasions. Once, it is Abraham, a widower, who leads in his wild Esther by the hand, to have her instructed and baptized before their marriage. Esther is as eager a neophyte as the Kohls generally are, and it is not long till she is a full-fledged Catholic. The morning of the wedding, however, there is no Esther; and it is discovered she has been absent for some days. The philosophic bridegroom questioned as to her whereabouts, replies calmly, "God knows!" The nuns conclude she has run away; but late in the day she arrives in her wedding finery, of a wreath as big as human head can hold, and escorted by her relatives from a distant village. She had remembered suddenly that the consent of her nearest relative, an uncle, had not been asked, and so had started dutifully. After the marriage the pair ask humbly for Holy Communion, but at two o'clock in the day it is unlikely they are still fasting. When they are questioned it is found that they are still breakfastless. So they receive Holy Communion, and afterward the

nuns give them breakfast, which Esther must doubly need, as she has been afoot since midnight.

The stories of the punishment inflicted by the devil in Nagpoor on those who renounce him read like the story of Job. One tale is wild enough to tempt the imagination of a Robert Louis Stevenson. A man who had become a Christian was harassed by the devil, so that his children died, his flocks were killed, his crops failed, and he himself was in abject fear of death. He went to a magician to consult him; and the latter, having offered sacrifice to the Evil One, was told that the man was in the power of hell so long as a certain sacrificial stone remained in the wall of his house. This man's father had consecrated himself and all his to the devil, and in token had built the sacrificial stone in his walls. The poor Kohl was in too great fear to seek the stone himself: he thought he should be slain on the spot; and in his trouble he went and confessed all to the Jesuit Fathers. Two of them accompanied him, and, taking pick-axes, proceeded to demolish the wall. Sure enough, after much labor, they found the stone, which they cast out with all manner of contempt. This display of force brought them many converts, and the man himself suffered no more from the plagues which had afflicted him.

The children in the dormitory used to insist that devils beat them at night, and threatened to kill them if they remained at the convent. They are a terrified little folk after dark, and would not cross a compound or courtyard alone for any consideration. I suppose the Kohl devil is very fantastic and terrible. However, he would flee before the face of a nun.

What a fascinating Eastern world it must be! I wish I could for a while take up my quarters with the nuns of Ranchi, and gain an insight to the brilliant Eastern world and strange Eastern mind. One would return to the Old World with one's pen dipped in a wonderful lurid scarlet and purple.

The Success of Patrick Desmond.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

XXVI.—(Continued.)

FATHER JACKSON led the way in silence through the sacristy into the parlor of the rectory; then he disappeared for a few moments, leaving Eleanor and Belinda seated on a sofa opposite an expressive copy of Murillo's "Immaculate Conception." Eleanor felt a strange timidity, a trembling, almost a fear; until he came she fixed her eyes on the upturned face of the Mother of God and prayed without words,—for she had never been taught those words, fraught with all consolation, with which the universal Church salutes the Mother of God and asks her all-powerful intercession. Father Jackson began very simply and gently to teach Belinda that she could not go to confession without becoming a Catholic.

When Eleanor and Belinda left the rectory, they had made their first step toward the Light. It was remarkable—and Eleanor often thought it so afterward—that she and Belinda, each so utterly different from the other, should become one in hope and faith, drawn together by entirely opposite motives. They went back to the flat in silence, but Belinda had an air of cheerfulness which for many years she had lacked.

"That priest," she said, "knows I'm a Martha. He doesn't expect me to be flopping down on my knees and singing hymns all day, when I've got the pots and pans to look after. I'll just do what he says. God must have the heart of a good man like that. I wish Mr. Stokes could hear *him* talk!"

The Judge was still resting when they reached home. The nurse permitted Eleanor to kiss her father's forehead in silence, but no word was allowed to be spoken.

After a rather hasty dinner, Eleanor and Belinda, with the guidance of the servant upstairs, with whom Belinda had formed an acquaintanceship, started toward Cherry Street. Eleanor provided herself with a bottle of cordial, some fruit, and a number of clean towels; and Belinda filled a basket with an enormous currant cake baked in the shape of a turban, around and in which she arranged a number of her justly famous cookies. It had been understood that Father Jackson's clients in Cherry Street were ill, and it was Belinda's private opinion that no child could be ill enough not to be restored by her cake.

It was a hot evening. The heat had descended suddenly, as if a great cone had enclosed the earth and shut off all ventilation. Had it been the middle of August, the temperature would have been more seasonable. As it was—coming suddenly as it had,—it was almost intolerable to the people in the better parts of the city. Dinner parties were postponed because of it, and dancing assemblies announced for that night were declared out of the question. Belinda almost suffocated in her best garments, in spite of the big palm-leaf fan, elaborately trimmed around the border with purple ribbon.

Their companion, the servant—a young girl recently “out,” over whom Belinda had gained an amazing influence in a short time,—sat meekly on the edge of the car seat, while the autocrat of the kitchen explained in a loud voice her method of making batter pudding without eggs. The tired and heated faces in the car took on grins and smiles as she proceeded solemnly and dogmatically, as if she were giving her experience in “meeting”; and Eleanor was startled when the newsboy who passed through the car paused a moment and chanted admiringly, with the indescribable Bowery accent: “My! isn't she a corker!”

It happened that the young servant, Ann Ruxton, had relatives in Cherry Street, and she led the way to it easily. Eleanor

felt that it would be a relief to leave the crowded car and to breathe in the open air; but the open air was stifling, and the front of the tenement house—the place indicated by Father Jackson's address—appalled her.

“Do these poor people live here *always*?” she asked of Ann Ruxton.

“Sure they do. Where else can they live?” asked the Irish girl. “I often do be wondering why they don't starve at home in the fresh air.”

Belinda made no remark. The street, now in twilight, actually swarmed with men, women and children, in all positions. The children were in all conditions of undress. The street was dark, dirty, hot. The heat seemed to radiate from the sidewalks and the murky bricks of the houses. The steps of this special tenement were filled with women and children. One poor woman, with a little child at her breast, lay with her back against the sill of the open door, fairly gasping for breath. The child was wailing in a way that went to Eleanor's heart. The doorsteps along the row of houses were crowded with human beings gasping for air. Here were two women sociably sharing the contents of a beer can, and trying to drown their discomfort with shrill laughter and slang. Another woman, broom in hand, was cursing a brood of children, half dressed, who had rushed out of the house, dripping with water, from a bath in the sink. The fire-escapes were filled with gasping people, whose only consolation seemed to be the beer can, which circulated in all directions. The cries of babies were heard on every side; not the cries of healthy children, but the long, low wails—continual, ceaseless—of suffering.

Up the dark and dirty stairs Ann Ruxton led the way, after several inquiries, very civilly answered. At last they found themselves in a room on the fourth floor, lit by a kerosene lamp, whose light was much obscured by a dirty glass. At first Eleanor did not discern who were in the room; as her eyes became habituated to

the gloom, she saw a woman of middle age, with her head on her hand, seated near a mattress on the floor. The room was without carpet; one chair, a table, a stove, and a large clothes-basket, near which stood a tub and washboard, made its equipment. In a corner crouched two young girls, not over ten years of age. Near them on the floor lay a young man, in the striped "jumper" of a laborer of the warehouses. He breathed heavily; and Eleanor, answering the greeting of the prematurely aged woman, asked: "Is he—sick?"

"Sick?" echoed the woman, bitterly. "Yes, sick in his soul,—sick with the drink. He was a fine boy when I brought him to this country—God forgive me!—five years ago; but you see what he is now. Though he's my own son, I sincerely wish Almighty God would take him before he commits more sin."

Eleanor started, shocked by the mother's tone. Belinda, with a glance of contempt at the prostrate man, approached the mattress on which a small object lay. The mother caught the glance and resented it.

"He was once a good boy," she said; "and maybe God will turn him against the drink yet, for 'tis his only fault."

The object on the bed was a little child. Belinda raised the dingy lamp to look at it. It was of a waxy paleness, fragile, attenuated; and the only sign of life it showed was the gasps it made for air.

"Father Jackson sent us," Eleanor said.

"God bless him!" answered the woman. "If it hadn't been for him, I don't know how we'd have got through the winter, with Jim out of work most of the time, and the father's funeral expenses to pay. The little girls there got their shoes at the parochial school. We managed to drag along somehow; but now little Bride is sick, and I've no strength left."

Eleanor gently raised the child's head. "A week in the cool country air would bring the little thing back to life. It must have air!" she exclaimed.

The mother shook her head despairingly. Eleanor opened the window-shutters, and the babel of noises in the street made its way into the room. There were curses and outcries and drunken laughter.

"I'm no worse off than the rest of us here. If it's not heat it's cold," said the mother; "though more children die of the heat."

Eleanor, standing in the semi-gloom, in the still, ill-smelling atmosphere of the room, felt that she must stifle if she remained there. She spoke to the little girls, who were half asleep, but restless. Belinda elbowed the mother aside, and sent her out for water. The towels were very useful now, and soon the little child ceased to moan so piteously; for Belinda's strong arms gently held and fanned it.

"Thank you," said the mother, gratefully. "I'd like to do what you have done, but what with washing all day, and with the sorrow of Jim's coming home, the life's just worn out of me."

Eleanor and Belinda did what they could, and left Mrs. Green with a promise to return the next day. And as they passed out through the streets, hot, dirty, gloomy, reeking with misery, they were silent. How little they in their quiet country town had known of real wretchedness!

Eleanor did not return the next day. When she reached home, the doctor met her at the door.

"Prepare yourself, Miss Redwood, for a great change. Your father can not live through the night."

Eleanor did not answer. She had hoped and feared, but she felt now that she had never feared the worst.

"We hoped that one chance—" the doctor continued. She motioned him not to speak; a great sob burst from her. Death had come so many times in the world, but it was as new and awful as if it had come for the first time.

"Father Jackson is with him," the doctor added, after a while. "He asked

for a priest, and seemed to prefer him.”

Eleanor went into the parlor, and stood near the window. There was a murmuring in her father's room, and she could see the light of a candle through the crack of the sliding doors. Belinda and her friend the servant were mercifully silent.

After a time Father Jackson came out of the room, and led Eleanor to her father's bedside. The Judge looked very white and peaceful; he tried to smile as Eleanor entered. Then he looked toward the crucifix; and Eleanor, in a sudden inspiration, took it from the table, and held it before him. She kissed his hand, and he raised it for a moment as if in blessing. Eleanor fixed her eyes on the dear face. A tear—the first she had seen her father shed—rolled down his cheek, as he looked, with all his heart in his eyes, at the figure of our Blessed Redeemer.

“I wish I had known!” he murmured.
“Mother of God, pray—”

The glitter of the tear in the light of the candle seemed to absorb all the life of his eyes. He turned toward Eleanor—and was gone; she was alone.

(To be continued.)

A Mother's Prayer.

BY FLORENCE SELBY.

‘T WAS joyous spring; the mother stood,
Her bright cheeks all a-glowing;
She held her darling close, so close,
His curls about him blowing.

“Thou art so fair, my pretty babe!”
The mother said, while smiling.

“What should I do without thee, love,
My weary hours beguiling?”

“Yet would I have thee die,” she said,
With passion all intense,—

“Yet would I rather have thee die
Than lose thy innocence.”

Ah, happy springs have come and gone!
Once more beside the door
The mother stands, her sweet face sad
And older than of yore.

No babe holds she within her arms:
Alas! her babe hath fled,
Hath left her all alone to wait.
Her thoughts are with the dead.

She murmurs not, yet, ah! her gaze
Is on the sunset glow;
And as with rev'rent air she stands,
She prays in accents low:

“O God, dear Lord, Thy will is mine!
My heart seeks joy far hence;
My baby dwells with Thee, and Thou
Hast saved his innocence.”

The Last Word on the Massacre of St. Bartholomew's Day.

BY THE REV. REUBEN PARSONS, D. D.

EXCIDAT *illa dies ævo, nec postera credant sæcula.*—“Let this day be lost from time, and posterity ignore the event.” Whether these words of Statius were applied to this fatal day by the Chancellor de l'Hôpital, as Voltaire asserts, or by the President de Thou, as some contend, no Catholic will refuse to re-echo them; but, if well informed, he will not deem himself obliged to add with the poet, “*Nos certe taceamus.*” And, nevertheless, it is comparatively but a short time since Catholic polemics essayed to answer the allegations of Protestant writers concerning this event, so fearful were they lest they might be suspected of a wish to apologize for a horrible crime. We hear much of La Barthélemy, but nothing of La Michelade, that frightful massacre at Nîmes on St. Michael's Day of 1567, when the Protestants anticipated by more than two centuries the horrors of the Carmes and of the Abbaye (September 2, 1792). Now we propose to

demonstrate, firstly, that religion had nothing to do with this massacre; secondly, that it was a matter of mere worldly policy; thirdly, that it was not intended that it should extend beyond Paris; fourthly, that it was not long premeditated, but was the effect of impulse; and fifthly, that the number of its victims has been enormously exaggerated.

I.

Religion had nothing to do with this massacre. In this matter historians have erred in espousing the cause of either Protestants or Catholics; to use the words of Cantù, "Varillas and Voltaire, equally unjust, have provoked the judgment of impartial posterity, which weighs them in the same scale, and which sees on both sides swords dripping with blood, recognizing in this deadly struggle not the crimes of a sect or the follies of a court or the instigations of fanaticism, but the constant passions of humanity." In the first place, one would be led to suspect that zeal for the Catholic faith was not the motive for the Barthélemy, from the fact that many Catholics were numbered among the victims, having succumbed to personal hate or to avarice. "The possession of wealth," says Mézeray, "an envied position, or the existence of greedy heirs, stamped a man as a Huguenot." The governor of Bordeaux systematically ransomed wealthy Catholics as well as Protestants. At Bourges a priest was murdered; at La Charité, the wife of a Captain Landas; at Vic, the governor; at Paris, Bertrand de Villemer, maître des requêtes, and John Rouillard, a canon of Notre-Dame. Again, the characters of Catherine dei Medici and her son, Charles IX., were not those of zealots for the faith; a critical and impartial historian* has been

obliged to admit that if it had become necessary for the recovery of power, they would have declared themselves Protestants. But there is more than mere suspicion to justify our assertion. We know, from the very "Martyrology" of the Calvinists, what motive actuated the murderers. They would show the corpses of their victims, saying, "These are they who would have killed the king." And "the courtiers laughed exultantly, saying that at length the war was ended, and they could live in peace." The same author tells us that after the massacre, "the parliament of Toulouse published the will of the king that no one should molest those of the religion, but should rather favor them"; and we know that on August 26 a similar edict was issued in Paris. Again, Charles IX. needed no religious motive to render him furious against the Huguenots. They had plotted to kidnap him; they had drawn entire provinces into rebellion, and they had introduced foreign troops into France.

But it is said that Roman cardinals pre-

* Cantù, "Storia Universale," b. xv, Note O. "Catherine dei Medici, a woman on whom weighs all the hatred of the French, who see incarnated in her Italian cunning and ferocity, calculated corruption, cold cruelty, and an egotistic policy, had been raised among the factions of Tuscany; married for policy, unloved by a husband who preferred his mistress to

her; suddenly exalted above her long debasement; beautiful, majestic, in the vigor of life; instructed by misfortune, irritated by humiliations; absolutely ruling, yet loved by her children; unequalled in the art of fascinating the souls of men. She did not study the good of a kingdom to which she was foreign, nor the preservation of a faith which she had not in her heart, but only her own power. Nevertheless, she preserved France from falling to pieces, or from succumbing to a tyranny which afflicted Spain. She always wore the widow's weeds; and although she tolerated immorality in others, not even the calumnious Brantôme ever reproaches her on this score. She was so little hostile to the reformed doctrines that during her meals she often listened to Calvinist sermons. (See Letter of the Nuncio Santa Croce, November 13, 1561.) But since Philip II., the great enemy of France, was head of the Catholic party, France should be allied with the Protestants—a policy adopted, in fact, by the last few French monarchs. But the Calvinists ceased to be a school, and became a dangerous faction; hence Catherine felt that she could save the country only by siding with the Catholic majority. Although she hated the Guises, she joined hands with them to supplant the constable Anne and Diana. The latter was banished; Anne went over to the Bourbons; the King of Navarre received a cool treatment which his weakness deserved, and the Guises obtained the highest posts." *Ib.*, c. 24.

pared the massacre; the names of Birague and De Retz are mentioned. The Roman purple is easily cleared of this stain. The former prelate was made a cardinal six and the latter fifteen years after the Barthélemy. The poet Chenier, of the school of Voltaire, represents, on the operatic stage, the Cardinal of Lorraine as blessing the poniards destined for the massacre; but at that time this prelate was in Rome, a member of the conclave engaged in choosing a successor to St. Pius V. Again, much stress is laid upon the conduct of the Roman court when it heard of the catastrophe. Gregory XIII. proceeded processionaly to the Church of St. Louis, and rendered thanks to Heaven; he proclaimed a Jubilee, and struck medals commemorative of the event. The famous Latinist, Mureto, pronounced an encomium on the slaughter before the Sovereign Pontiff. But the words of Pope Gregory writing to the king in congratulation for his escape, the words of Mureto also, show that the Roman court thanked Almighty God merely for the escape of the royal family from a Huguenot conspiracy.

Finally, throughout France, in Paris itself, the Catholic masses acted on this occasion in a manner which showed that their religion was not a prime agent in the affair. On the very night of the massacre Charles IX. sent orders to all the governors of provinces and of cities to take measures to prevent any occurrences like those which had just stained the capital. At Lyons, as even the Calvinist Martyrology informs us, many of the Huguenots were sent for safety to the archiepiscopal prison and to the Celestine and Franciscan convents. And if we are told that some of those who were consigned to the archiepiscopal prison fell victims to their enemies, we reply, with the same Calvinist author, that this outrage was committed during the absence and without the knowledge of the governor; that on his return he put a stop to it, and offered a reward of a hundred *scudi* for the

names of the criminals. This author also tells us that "the Calvinists of Toulouse found safety in the convents." At Lisieux the bishop saved many, as the martyrologist admits;* and he also says that "the more peaceable Catholics saved forty out of sixty who had been seized as Romans; of the twenty others, thirteen were afterward freed, and only seven perished, they having many enemies, and having borne arms." Even at Nîmes, where the Huguenots had twice massacred the Catholics in cold blood (in 1567 and 69), the latter abstained from revenge.† Paris also furnished many examples of compassion. The Calvinist historian, La Popelinière, a contemporary author, records that "among the French nobles who distinguished themselves in saving the lives of many of the confederates, the greatest good was effected by the dukes of Guise, Aumale, Biron, Bellièvre. . . . When the people had been told that the Huguenots, in order to kill the king, had attacked his body-guards and killed over twenty, a further slaughter would have been perpetrated, had not many nobles, content with the death of the leaders, prevented it; even many Italians, armed and mounted, scoured the city and suburbs, and gathered many fortunates into the security of their own houses."‡ In fine, instead of religion having caused this massacre, we may conclude with Count Alfred de Falloux that, considering the state of men's minds at that time, religion alone could have prevented it. "Instead of a court full of intrigues and adulteries, suppose that then there was one influenced by the Gospel; that the law of God guided the powerful; that instead of a Catherine and a Charles IX., there had reigned a Blanche and a St. Louis; in such a case

* Cf. also M. de Falloux, in the *Correspondant* of 1843, pp. 166-168.

† Menard: "Histoire Civile, Eccl., et Lit., de Nîmes"; vol. v, p. 9.

‡ "Histoire de France de 1550 jusqu'à 1557"; edit. 1581; b. xxix, p. 67.

let us ask our consciences whether this slaughter would have been possible.”*

II.

The massacre of St. Bartholomew's Day was an affair of worldly policy. The Huguenots had certainly been guilty of high-treason. As to Coligny, the journal of his receipts and expenses, laid before the royal Council and the Parliament, and his other papers seized after his death, revealed deeds and projects which would have ensured his capital condemnation in any country of Christendom. Concerning these papers Bellièvre said to the deputies of the Thirteen Cantons: “The king learned from them that the admiral had established, in sixteen provinces, governors, military commanders, and a number of counsellors charged with the task of keeping the people armed, and of assembling them together at his first sign.” Charles IX. wrote to Schomberg, his ambassador to Germany, that Coligny had more power, “and was better obeyed by those of the new religion than I was. By the great authority he had usurped over them, he could raise them in arms against me whenever he wished, as indeed he often proved. Recently he ordered the new religionists to meet in arms at Melun, near Fontainebleau, where I was to be at that time, the 3d of August. He had arrogated so much power to himself that I could not call myself a king, but merely a ruler of a part of my dominions. Therefore, since it has pleased God to deliver me from him, I may well thank Him for the just punishment He has inflicted upon the admiral and his accomplices. I could not tolerate him any longer, and I determined to give rein to a justice which was indeed extraordinary, and other than I would have wished, but which was necessary in the case of such a man.”† Brantôme, Ta-

vannes, and Montluc, all courtiers of Charles, speak of his fear of Coligny; and Bellièvre says that “his Majesty told some of his servants, myself among the number, that when he found himself so threatened, his hair stood on end.” Is it likely that any monarch would tamely submit to such dictation as Coligny uttered? “Make war on Spain, sire, or we wage war against you.”* Tavannes informs us that the king, speaking one day concerning the means at his disposal for a campaign in the Netherlands, said that one of his subjects (Coligny) had offered him ten thousand men for that purpose. Then Tavannes replied: “Sire, you ought to cut off the head of any subject who would use such language. How dare he offer you what is your own? This is a sign that he has corrupted these men: that he has gained them over to use them, one day, against your Majesty.”

Many Protestant writers are prone to dilate on the virtues of Coligny, but they have not freed him from the imputation of having directed the assassin's blow against Duke Francis of Guise. Not merely by the deposition of the wretched Poltrot, but by the very avowals of the admiral, we are led to regard the latter as the instigator of the crime. In a letter to the queen-mother he admitted that “for the last five or six months he did not strongly oppose those who showed a wish” to kill the Duke; and he gave as a reason for his non-opposition that certain persons had tried to kill himself. He did not name these persons in the course of his justification, but said that he “would indicate them at a fitting time.” In his answers he admitted that “Poltrot told him that it would be easy to kill the Duke of Guise, but that he (Coligny) made no remark,

* Tavannes: “Mémoires depuis l'an 1530 jusqu'à Sa Mort en 1573, Dressés par Son Fils”; Paris, 1574.—The quotations that follow are from taken the “Mémoires de Condé, depuis la Mort de Henri II. jusqu'au Commencement des Troubles en 1565”; vol. iv, p. 303; Paris, 1741.

* Discourse at a scientific congress held at Antwerp in 1843.

† Villeroy: “Mémoires Servant a l'Histoire de Notre Temps”; vol. iv. The letter to Schomberg is of September 13, 1572.

because he deemed the matter frivolous"; in fact, he "said nothing as to whether he regarded the design as good or evil." In another letter to Catherine he spoke of the death of the Duke as "the greatest benefit that could accrue to the kingdom and to the Church of God, and a personal advantage to the king and to the whole family of Coligny." And finally, his course in claiming the right of prescription, when he fell back on the privileges of the Edict of Pacification, would not indicate a consciousness of innocence.

(To be continued.)

♦♦♦

Zan Zoo.

"ZAN ZOO" is the title of a touching little story in *Harper's Magazine* for August. Zan Zoo is a tiny African child, carried across the ocean by a friendly traveller. But she does not take kindly to a bleak New England winter, fancying that all she loves is dying; and so she pines and droops and fades out of life, and is taken back dead to the warm land she loved by her kind friend, who realizes too late that a few words of hope and cheer about the beautiful spring, which he was too thoughtless or too busy to give, might have saved the child's life.

In the account of their voyage to America a passage occurs which is worth quoting, were it only because the author refers to the Blessed Virgin as "the Mother of the whole world."—"None so beautiful?"—"No, not one":

"There was an exquisite copy in sepia of the 'Upward Madonna,' a Guido Reni. As I placed it on an easel, I felt Zan's little hand on mine. 'Is she Caffre?' she asked, very softly. Earth's motherless little African! Did she feel a glow of hope and joy at the sight of those rich brown tints in the glorious, heavenly face? I felt a big lump in my throat as I drew the drooping form of the once irrepressible Zan close to me

and said: 'It is "the Mother"—the Mother of the whole world, yours and mine too. Your own true Mother, Zan.' Did she believe it literally, and in a different sense from what I meant? She asked no questions, but looked at it with a peculiar softness of expression. 'Yes,' she said, after a little, in a tone of having come to a decision. Then, 'There are none so beautiful?' in the old colloquial, questioning way of our first acquaintance. And I responded: 'No, not one!'

"The child's eyes, which had not once turned from the Mother's face, slowly filled with tears. She drew away from me, and stood with folded hands directly before the picture. I watched her with intense interest. Had the Virgin's beauty aroused her strange, bright fancy? Had it carried her back to her shadowy, ever-changing mountains, to her deep blue sky, to her sweeping veld, to her wild, weird kloofs? Did all that was brightest and freest come back to her then,—the time when she lay so close to the kindly earth and could understand every whisper; when her friends were many and loving, the cricket chirping her welcome, and the turtle-doves cooing her theirs; when the beautiful face of her own Caffre mother bent o'er her, with one of its rare, loving looks? Or was it not just the impalpable spirit within that picture drawing one, bearing one upward, in such waves of passionate longing as I had felt looking upon it? Whatever, it had conquered the child—the divine, upturned face, in the glow of its warm brown tints. I could see the rising sob by the tremor of the little form. I quietly went away, and left the caged Caffre bird with 'the Mother.'"

♦♦♦

LEISURE is sweet to those who have earned it, but burdensome to those who get it for nothing.—*Anon.*

THE habit of looking at the bright side of things is worth a thousand a year.—*Dr. Johnson.*

Notes and Remarks.

There is nothing like carrying out principles to their logical conclusions. A correspondent of an English Protestant paper has done so in the case of the principle of Protestant condemnation of crucifixes; and says that if a crucifix is an idol, then every representation of Our Lord, including photographs of the works of the old masters—"without exception all papists,"—must be idolatrous too. Having the courage of his convictions, this zealous individual is burning all such pictures that he can procure; and he moreover calls for a league "for the destruction of this idolatry in the land." He will undoubtedly achieve the distinction of being set down as what is colloquially termed a "crank"; but, as a matter of fact, he is not more silly than were and are iconoclasts of more pretensions to sanity.

It has often been asserted by anti-Catholics that Cardinal Newman never found in the Church that peace of mind which he had longed for. It is well, therefore, to reiterate his repeated denial. A correspondent of the *London Register* lately sent to that journal portions of a letter addressed by the great Cardinal in 1860 to a friend who had written to him stating certain difficulties in belief. Cardinal Newman declares: "I came into the Church to save my soul, which I considered that I could not do in the Establishment; nor have I (since you make the inquiry) ever had a single doubt for a moment that I have found in Catholicism what I sought there."

While the resources of all our Catholic journals may not be such as to warrant their discontinuing the use of "patent insides," editors who fill their columns with such material are bound in conscience to examine carefully the pages proffered, and are equally bound to exclude from their papers such as are objectionable on the score of morality. We have occasionally noticed in some of our exchanges reading matter that was deplorably out of place in a Catholic paper. The *Catholic Mirror* instances a recent case in which a Catholic contemporary published a paper

glorifying Charlotte Corday and, incidentally, assassination. The *Glasgow Observer* found in a late issue of one of its American Catholic exchanges a quotation from Dr. Momerie on "The Church of the Future," in which that notorious divine expresses the views which caused dismissal from his charge by an English Protestant University. The *Observer* remarks: "Yet the heresy which even King's College would not tolerate finds dissemination among Catholics through the medium of a Catholic paper, and the unfortunate necessity of 'patent insides.'"

This is a serious matter. If there must be "patent insides," at least let them be carefully edited.

One of the largest gatherings of Catholics ever seen in the State of Indiana assembled at Mishawaka on Sunday, the 30th ult. The occasion was the laying of the corner-stone of a beautiful new church dedicated to St. Joseph. The Rt. Rev. Bishop of Fort Wayne being ill, the ceremony was performed by the Rt. Rev. Dr. Rademacher, of the Diocese of Nashville, assisted by a large number of the clergy. Eloquent sermons in English and German were preached by the Very Rev. T. E. Walsh, C. S. C., President of the University of Notre Dame, and the Rev. B. J. Wermers, of Detroit. It was a happy day for the Catholics of Mishawaka and their worthy pastor, Dean Oechtering.

Assertion is not proof, except in the case of the omniscient American paragraphist. The absolute certainty with which some secular papers proclaim the "Holy Coat" an imposture, without condescending to state the slightest grounds for so styling it, would be amusing were it not so frequently blasphemous.

The *Pilot* quotes an estimate of the advantage of religious teachers by one of the professors of Harvard College, who says he has "a sort of sympathy" with the teaching Brotherhoods and Sisterhoods of the Catholic Church.

"I wonder if you Catholics universally appreciate the tremendous strength you have through your teaching Brotherhoods and Sisterhoods? I have a sort of sympathy with them; for, like them, I am devoting my life exclusively to teaching. I have preferred this profession above all others open to me, and have

spent many years in preparation for it. What is true of me is also true of your religious teachers. But they, in addition, bind themselves by vow to their order and their work; thus removing the distractions of the family and society, and the temptation even to think of another work or method of life. There is nothing for them in common-sense or honor but to make themselves as strong as possible in their profession."

The superiors of the various communities of religious teachers ought to feel it an obligation to give their subjects the opportunities to perfect themselves in their profession. The strength of which the Harvard professor speaks would be immeasurably increased if our teachers were generally more efficient.

We are happy to state that the Very Rev. Edward Sorin, widely known as the founder of Notre Dame and the Superior-General of the Congregation of the Holy Cross, who has been dangerously ill for several days, is now so much better that hopes are entertained of his complete recovery and the prolongation for years of his useful life. Father Sorin has already reached a patriarchal age, but his constitution is vigorous, and he has always enjoyed excellent health.

Work is progressing very satisfactorily on St. Peter's Cathedral, Montreal, and the portico will be finished this year. This Cathedral, as our readers know, is an exact reproduction of St. Peter's in Rome, and will be one-third the size of that famous structure.

The following contributions are gratefully acknowledged:

A friend in Nebraska, \$1 to promote the cause of the Ven. Curé of Ars; B. F., West Superior, Wis., \$1; E. S., Timaru, New Zealand, "in acknowledgment of favors received," \$5; M. G., \$5.

For the missions of the Passionist Fathers in South America (Very Rev. Father Fidelis Stone, C. P.): M. G., \$15; Thomas Kane, \$1.

For the lepers in the diocese of Mgr. Osouf, Japan: M. J., \$2.

Eminent Christians are fortunately not rare among French officers of the army or navy. Our readers who remember the charming sketch of General de Sonis, published in our last volume, will be pleased to learn that a fellow-countryman of his is imbued with kindred sentiments. Admiral de Cuverville, of the man-of-war *Naiade*, while in Montreal

recently, accompanied Archbishop Fabre on a visit to the Grand Seminary. In conversation with the Sulpician Fathers, the Admiral assured them that all the success of his career was due to his devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus. "An image of the Sacred Heart," said he, "is placed in the bow of *La Naiade*, another is in my cabin always before me, and every Friday the chaplain says Mass in my quarters. I keep a diary of everything that happens to me, and I find that the happiest events always occur on Friday. I send this diary regularly to Montmartre; and in that same sanctuary of the Sacred Heart I have caused to be deposited, as an *ex-voto* offering, the rich spear which was triumphantly carried across Dahomey as a sign of the return of peace, and also of the protection accorded by France."

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands, as if you were bound with them.
—HEB., xiii, 3.

The following persons are recommended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

The Rev. Fidèle Belliveau, the zealous pastor of Richibucto Village, New Brunswick, whose edifying death occurred on the 31st ult.

Sister Magdalene, of the Sisters of Notre Dame, E. Boston, Mass., who was called to the reward of her selfless life on the 27th ult.

Mr. George O'Connell, who yielded his soul to God on the 30th of May, at Brockton, Mass.

James and Mary Sullivan, of San Juan, Cal., deceased on the 17th ult., after receiving the last Sacraments.

Mr. John W. Healy, whose death took place on the 25th ult., at Cambridge, Mass.

Mrs. Elizabeth Malony, of Millville, Mass., who departed this life on the 17th ult.

Mrs. Jane McNamee, who passed away on the 18th ult., at Manayunk, Pa.

Miss Mary A. Caffrey, a devout Child of Mary, who died at Niagara Falls, N. Y., on the 28th ult.

Mr. Frederick Schroeder, of Lafayette, Ind.; Mrs. Annie O'Hara, Newport, Ky.; Mrs. Mary H. Clancy and David Noonan, County Limerick, Ireland; James P. McKeon and Mrs. Minnie H. Donnellan, New York city; Miss Catharine Foy, Mrs. Mary C. Carmody, Mrs. Mary Sullivan, Mrs. Nora B. Egan, Mrs. Johanna Doyle, Mrs. Catharine Stittig, Mrs. Margaret McGraw, Mrs. Ellen Doyle, Mr. John Hayde, and John A. Dugan,—all of Albany, N. Y.; Mr. John Harrington and Miss Margaret Harrington, Manchester, N. H.

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



The Tramp that Dicky Met.

BY FLORA L. STANFIELD.

(CONCLUSION.)

II.

DICKY hurried off with White-foot, and found the tramp waiting. "We must hurry!" he exclaimed. "Mrs. Robinson is changing her dress now, and won't see us."

The boy started off across the field with his new acquaintance, in grave doubt as to whether he were doing right or not. But surely it could not be wrong to help a poor wounded man, even if he was a tramp. At any rate, Tiny would know. The man made awkward work with the crutches; and Dicky went ahead, running into the little gray house, and telling his mother in a few words who was coming. She did not hesitate, but went to the door to meet the stranger, who lifted his hat.

"I think I have a chill coming on, madam," he said; "and am afraid I shall have to ask you to let me lie down."

Mrs. Brown looked at Tiny, the little lawgiver, who nodded his head emphatically. Then she asked the man in, and arranged a comfortable resting-place for him on the old sofa. He closed his eyes at once, just as Mrs. Robinson rushed into the kitchen, without stopping to knock.

"Dick Brown!" she cried, "where are my spoons?"

Dicky clapped his hand to his breast-pocket. It was empty!

"I *had* them—" he began.

"Of course you had them. And what have you done with them? I told you to keep watch."

She began to weep, wiping her eyes with her apron. Susan Jane, who had followed, attempted to console her.

"Go home, Susan Jane! We mustn't leave the house. There's other things to steal, and there's tramps around."

Dicky went and softly closed the door leading into the room where his own tramp lay, apparently asleep.

"I put the spoons in my pocket," he explained. "They must have dropped out somewhere; and if you don't find them, I'll pay for them."

"Of course you will, Master Dicky! I more than half believe you have them yourself hid away. And if your ma had brought you up to be honest, instead of teaching you about the Pope and the saints, it would have been better for you. And after you work out them spoons you can consider yourself discharged. I heard of a boy to-day who wanted to take your place,—an honest boy, with a reasonable appetite."

With that she flounced off, leaving great distress of mind behind her. Dicky had lost his situation, which was better than none; and had a dozen silver spoons, sure to be rated at the highest figure, to pay for. In spite of all, however, he could not help laughing about the boy who was to supersede him.

"It's awfully lucky for the boy that he doesn't want much to eat," he said to his mother. "And now let's tell Tiny all about it."

They whispered the story to him softly, that the sick man, who seemed to be still sleeping, might not hear.

"Now don't worry one bit," said Tiny.

"But do you suppose that *he* took them?" asked the other, pointing to the man on the sofa.

"Dick," answered the little lame brother, "I declare I'm ashamed of you! You

mustn't ever think of such a thing; for he is our guest."

This was rather lofty reasoning, yet such was Tiny's influence in the small gray house that no one thought for a moment of questioning his decision. But where were the spoons?

"If I can stay here to-night—" said the visitor, awakening.

"Of course you may stay," answered Mrs. Brown. "And I am just going to make you a bowl of beef-tea."

The stranger kept to his couch in the room with Tiny's cot. The little invalid slept ill that night; and by the light of the moon he could see that his room-mate was lying, too, with his eyes wide open.

Tiny coughed; so did the stranger.

"Hello!" said Tiny.

"Hello yourself," returned the tramp.

"I can't go to sleep," said the boy. "Do you mind talking a little?"

"Nothing would suit me better."

"Do you know any stories?"

"Lots," replied the man on the lounge. "How would one about—elephants do?"

"Prime," said Tiny.

From elephants the talk led to other things, and the child found himself telling all about his lameness: that he had not walked for many months; how good his mother and brothers were; that they had tried to save money to take him to a hospital; that the crops had failed; adding that he would be quite discouraged if he had not the sufferings of Our Lord and the martyrs to think about. They did not know how long they softly chatted there in the moonlight, and then—they were wide awake, and the sun was streaming in, and Mrs. Brown was very busy grinding the coffee.

The tramp was much better; his fever was gone and his pulse was regular, but he could not walk.

"Could you do an errand in town for me?" he asked Dicky, who, wondering at a tramp having errands to do, gladly said

yes. He hoped secretly, however, that the commission had nothing to do with the silk stockings, about which he did not feel entirely comfortable. The man took a leaf from a note-book and wrote a few words.

"Do you know where St. Clair Terrace is?" he asked.

Mysteries were thickening. St. Clair Terrace was a fine row of dwellings, where Dicky had often gone with Mrs. Robinson's very earliest vegetables; but the boy only nodded, and set out. A little housemaid answered the bell at No. 4, and there was a great commotion somewhere within when the note Dicky had brought was read.

"You are to sit down and wait a few minutes," said the maid, returning, "until the carriage comes."

Carriage? Was this Cinderella and the pumpkin over again? Dicky, sitting there on the edge of a plush chair, thought he might have fallen asleep out among the bushes, and expected to hear Mrs. Robinson's sharp accents calling him back to the drudgery of daily life. Then the soft-voiced maid was saying,

"Here, little boy, is the carriage. You must tell the man where to drive."

"If you mean my mother's," he said, climbing upon a seat, "it's two miles out Turkey Creek Road, and then turn up a lane to the right."

The driver cracked his whip and off the two stout ponies trotted. It was more like a dream than ever to poor, happy Dick. Was he being driven to prison for stealing the spoons? Would he ever see his mother and Tiny again? At last, before he knew it, they were whirling up a familiar lane, and his mother was standing in the door, shading her eyes with her hand. Dicky jumped down, not very sure whether he were Dicky Brown or a prince in disguise; and his mother came hastening down the path to learn the reason for all that glittering grandeur.

"Is it here the Doctor is, ma'am?" asked the coachman.

"The doctor!" she replied, bewildered. "No, there is no doctor here."

"I really beg your pardon," said the tramp, hobbling on his crutches around a corner of the house, "but I am Doctor Brent. Good-morning, William!"

"Good-morning to you, sir!" said the coachman, tipping his tall hat. "I'm sorry to see you're hurt. Your mother has worried awful."

"Dear old mother! I knew she would; but I couldn't help stepping in that rabbit hole. I found some good friends, though, and they have almost cured me."

Tiny could endure the suspense no longer, so he rapped on the window; and his mother ran in to tell him of the wonderful things which were happening.

"There was never a story-book any better!" he cried. "Couldn't I be carried out to see those ponies?"

The mother wrapped a blanket around the little white night-gown, and carried him out in her arms.

"Did you think I would leave without saying good-bye?" asked Doctor Brent.

"And are you not a tramp at all?" was Tiny's question in return.

The Doctor laughed. "Well, not exactly. You see, I'm in charge of the new Mercy Hospital, and have been pretty busy lately. The circus made the town so noisy that I put on some old clothes and took a stroll into the country to search for some new butterflies. Then I found the rabbit hole, and you know the rest as well as I do. I couldn't help seeing that Dicky took me for a tramp, which wasn't to be wondered at, after all; and I had a desire to test human nature. And you're a noble little fellow," added the Doctor, putting an arm around poor, shy Dicky. "And as to you, Tiny, you're simply a—darling; and if they can't cure you at Mercy Hospital, I know a place in New York where they can."

"Dicky Brown!" called a shrill voice. It issued from the mouth of Susan Jane, who was running through the cornfield.

"Ma found the spoons in the cucumber vines, and she says you can come back to work—" there she stopped, overcome by the magnificence.

"Tell your 'ma,'" said Doctor Brent, smiling, "that Dicky has a better situation. He is going to hire out to a tramp."

The fine equipage was driven off by the solemn-looking coachman; the ponies tossing their pretty heads, as if proud to have their master again.

"I'll come back after you to-morrow," called the Doctor, waving his hand; and he did go back. Dicky is his trusted helper now, and Tiny can walk as well as any boy who reads this story; all of which, he says, is due to the Queen of Martyrs, whose help he used to ask in the long nights of pain when he was a helpless cripple.

What Ralph's Sisters Did.

I.

"School is dismissed!" is a phrase with a very pleasant ring to the ear of childhood, if we may judge from the merry shouts of laughter which break upon the air as the inmates of the day-school rush from its wide-opened portals. Only on one day of the year does a shade of sadness mingle with the heartfelt joy over freedom from irksome discipline.

So thought Alida and Lucy Collins, who had just said adieu for the summer vacation to much-loved Sisters and dear companions in the academy at ——. Thoughtfully they wended their way to Rosecroft, a pleasant, modest home in the suburbs of W——. Besides a set of Mrs. Dorsey's popular books received as a premium, Alida, the elder of the two, carried a soft cushion, exquisitely embroidered; while Lucy bore some choice volumes of Christian Reid's, and a beautiful table-cover, heavily fringed and tasselled, with a bunch of bright chrysanthemums adorning each corner. These two pieces of

artistic work were intended as a token of gratitude for Miss Hendrick, their maternal aunt, who had taken a tender care of them and their brother Ralph ever since, a dozen years previously, they had lost their widowed mother.

As the young girls tripped up the steps, they observed their aunt reclining in a wicker chair, a letter in hand, and tears bedewing her usually serene face. What could be the matter?

"Have you heard bad news, auntie?" asked Alida, as she laid down her little parcel and hastened to Miss Hendrick's side.

"Not exactly *bad* news, dear," said the lady, brushing aside her tears; "but a menace to a project that your poor father had much at heart. I hope St. Joseph will come to our aid, however. Now let me see your premiums," she added, assuming as well as she could her usual cheery tone. "Ah, that needlework is very fine! And have you done all this besides the plain-sewing I arranged for you?"

"Yes, dear aunt," replied Alida. "Sister Michaella helped us; she is so kind—but your sad looks spoil our pleasure," added the girl, abruptly. "Can't you tell us what is the matter, auntie dear?"

"I will tell you later, my child. But here comes Ralph. Say nothing to him of this letter. His class is to be examined to-morrow, and he must be left undisturbed."

Ralph rushed up to the shaded porch, threw down his books, and, after an affectionate greeting to his sisters and his aunt, spoke at length of his hopes for the morrow.

After the children had enjoyed themselves for some time, Miss Hendrick remarked: "To-morrow I shall have to go over to W—— on urgent business; so we will not keep Ellen waiting now, but discuss our vacation plans during dinner."

II.

The next day the girls, at their aunt's request, adorned St. Joseph's altar in her little oratory, and lighted a taper before his statue. They would have been lone-

some without her and Ralph, had not their kind pastor, Father Folchi, called to see them and accompanied them on a pleasant walk through the orchard. After a while the good priest turned in the direction of a long alley of mulberry-trees, at the end of which was a shed, or shop, containing a lot of old broken furniture, etc. He partook of some of the ripe mulberries, and seemed surprised that the young girls found the fruit insipid, and even declared that they had often wished the whole alley destroyed, and the shop removed to give place to a greenhouse.

"Well," said the Father, "I fancy I can change your views on the subject of mulberries. If you come to the veranda, I will tell you something that may surprise you. But can you keep a secret?" he asked.

When the promise had been given, Father Folchi first told them why their aunt had gone over to W——. "You must know, my young friends, that your father, besides leaving his three children a modest income, put a certain sum in bank in order to pay for a collegiate education for Ralph, if it were found advisable to give him one. Now, the bank in which the principal was placed is rumored to be in difficulties, and there is danger that both the principal and the interest may be lost. Then poor Ralph would lose his chance—*unless*—"

"Unless," said Alida, "his sisters would sacrifice their income in his favor?"

"Why, we would gladly economize for Ralph's sake," added Lucy. "We could wear old dresses and stay at home, and do many little things in that way."

"Now, here is my secret. Knowing how generous you are, I proposed to your aunt that you two should raise several bushels of cocoons by feeding silkworms with the leaves of the mulberry-trees."

"What did auntie say, Father?" asked Alida, while Lucy listened in wonder. "If she is willing, we are."

"Bravo!" exclaimed Father Folchi. "Your aunt approved of the project. But

remember the intention of your work must be kept secret from Ralph. Do you understand?"

"Perfectly, Father," replied the girls. "But where are we to get the silkworms?"

"Oh, I will see to that, and superintend the work! In the meantime the old shop must be cleared out, the dust removed from the tables, and the place aired. The worms will not flourish without cleanliness."

"When aunt comes home we will tell her of our willingness to begin at once."

"God bless you, my children! And good-evening," said Father Folchi.

III.

The two girls went to the station to meet their aunt, chatting freely, on the way, over Father Folchi's secret. How long would it take to raise the silkworms, they asked themselves. If they needed green leaves for food, it could not require many weeks. Would they be deprived of their summer jaunt to Cape May they wondered; but no regrets were expressed for their intended sacrifices in favor of their beloved brother.

It did not take long to chase away Aunt Hendrick's serious looks when they told her of their interview with Father Folchi, and expressed their readiness to enter into his scheme to carry out their father's plans in regard to Ralph. The good lady thanked God in her heart for giving them such happy dispositions; and remarked that she had telegraphed for their Uncle Collins, who was one of their guardians.

On the following day, after Ralph had gone to school, the girls enlisted Tom and Ellen in clearing out the shed. There were stools and benches, chairs with and without rockers, cots and bedsteads,—in fine, a rare collection of odds and ends of dilapidated articles.

"It is so strange that Father Folchi could eat those mulberries!" said Lucy, as she sat down under one of the shade trees.

"Not more droll than your eating blackberries and huckleberries," observed Tom.

"Oh, here comes Father Folchi himself!" exclaimed Alida; and the girls hastened to meet and welcome him.

"What a lot of rubbish!" he said, as he sat down on a rustic seat. "Where will that go?"

"Down in the barn, your Reverence, or to make a bonfire for the Fourth of July," answered Tom. "Some of these articles are as old as the hills."

"Now, if my sexton had that rubbish," said Father Folchi, reflectively, "he would make many a poor family happy. He is very skilful, and can be carpenter, cabinet-maker, and sacristan all in one."

Miss Hendrick had arrived in time to hear the priest's last remark, and said that the sexton was more than welcome to the whole lot, if it could be of any use to him.

"Now, I am going to show our silkworms and some silkworm eggs," said the Father, carefully opening a tin box, and displaying a tablespoonful of tiny creatures a sixteenth of an inch in length, squirming at a wonderful rate. "Are they not pretty?" he asked, seriously.

"Oh, horrid!" cried Alida. "They look just like caterpillars."

"And that is what they are," answered the priest, laughing at the exclamations and shrugs of his spectators. "Now, Tom, please gather me a handful of tender young mulberry leaves."

Tom obeyed; and after cutting them very small, Father Folchi laid them on the struggling, wriggling mass; in a few seconds the worms had consumed the whole, and later some more leaves that the girls prepared. They now began to feel a deep interest in their novel *protégées*. Father Folchi advised Tom to nail some narrow strips of wood on the edges of the long tables; for, he explained, "the silkworms grow very fast, and they should be prevented from falling off."

A few moments later the pastor and Miss Hendrick walked to the house in close conversation.

"The bank has failed," said Miss Hendrick; "and I have written to Mr. Collins, the children's uncle. My only hope now is in St. Joseph."

"Oh, there will be no difficulty in realizing a handsome sum from the cocoons!" replied Father Folchi. "They will readily find a market at the thread factory in Philadelphia. Six bushels at twenty dollars a bushel is the least on which you can calculate, unless something unforeseen takes place."

IV.

The kind pastor came to Rosecroft every day for many weeks to look after the silkworms. They had grown to be as large as a man's thumb, and the groups in each of the three compartments of the old shop were in splendid condition. Ralph declared it was a delightful study, much easier than geometry; and his sisters said they would never again shrink from caterpillars,—in fact, they thought them rather pretty.

At length the worms began to act in a singular fashion—lifting their heads up high, and seeming to be searching for something. Father Folchi explained that their brief period of existence was closing, and their instinct impelled them to look for a hiding-place in which to weave their shrouds. He directed Tom to place on the table some green boughs reaching almost to the ceiling. Tom and Ralph drove to the woods and brought back a cart-load of handsome branches—oak, elm, birch, and wild cherry. By nightfall the bowers were formed above the silkworms. Lucy was delighted; she declared that her bower was the finest, for she had made it of glossy cherry leaves.

Great was her painful surprise the next morning to find the silkworms in her compartment turned a sickly-looking yellow, a rank air in the room, and the poor creatures dead or dying by the score. What could it mean? "You had better remove the wild-cherry boughs," suggested Ralph; and they were quickly removed, while the

doors that led to the two other rooms were kept closed. Poor Lucy was still crying over the mishap when they were all unexpectedly summoned to the parlor; for their uncle had arrived.

After the usual greetings, Mr. Collins went to see what had been the cause of Lucy's tears, and could not but admire the industry of his wards. He explained that there was prussic acid in the wild-cherry bark and leaves, and that this had killed the beautiful caterpillars.

A little later the good gentleman hastened to pay his respects to Father Folchi, and thank him for the deep interest he had taken in his brother's children. "God has blessed my labors," he went on to say; "and I can easily meet Ralph's college expenses, and make you a donation for your church besides."

Not many days elapsed before the cocoons were ready to be assorted, and were sold for one hundred dollars. The children begged their aunt to let this sum remain in Father Folchi's hands. The lady was delighted to do so; and it was agreed that the money should buy a monstrance, and that the children's names be inscribed on its base.

When Alida and Lucy returned to school in September, their first composition was a description of a trip to their uncle's, at the Thousand Isles, and a view of Niagara Falls, which privileges they declared they owed to St. Joseph. As for Ralph, it cost him a pang to leave Rosecroft for college; but he soon became deeply interested in his new surroundings and higher course of study. Father Folchi used the new jewelled monstrance for the first time to give solemn Benediction at the Midnight Mass of Christmas.

E. V. N.

It requires a sterner virtue than good nature to hold fast the truth that it is nobler to be shabby and honest, than to do things handsomely in debt.—*Juliana H. Ewing.*



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To a Flower from My Mother's Grave.

FRAGILE little flower, drooping
 O'er that stilled and pulseless breast;
 Tender rootlets, softly creeping
 Where those pale hands lie at rest!
 Blossom smiling up to heaven,
 Thus you brighten where you wave,
 Like a star of comfort beaming
 O'er my mother's distant grave.

Come, and stay with me forever,
 Freshened by my heart's best tears
 (Once she dried such tears so gladly
 In my boyhood's thoughtless years).
 Little flower, when I kiss thee
 Bid her spirit watch and save;
 Be to me a sweet reminder
 That she lives beyond the grave.

MERCEDES.

A Favor of Our Lady of Pompeii.*

BY special invitation of his Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop, on this the eleventh day of July, 1891, Henry Algernon Campbell and Edith Campbell, his wife, presented themselves before his Eminence to make a deposition concerning an extraordinary favor obtained through the intercession of the Blessed Virgin of the Rosary, honored under the title "of Pompeii." The afore-said Henry Campbell deposed as follows:

On the 5th of August, 1889, being in the country at Klobenstein, near Bozen, in the Tyrol, he met with an accident, which caused a compound fracture of the skull over the right side of the forehead. The physician then called in did not perceive the full gravity of the injury, and the fracture was only discovered later by Dr. William Baldwin, Dr. Giulio Catani, and Prof. Rosati. Up to that time it was thought that he had received a severe shock to the spine and nervous system, together with an injury to four ribs, which had been bent in the fall.

From the Tyrol Mr. Campbell was taken to Florence, where the gravity of his state continued to augment. From the moment of his fall, the injured part remained so painful (on account of the fracture) that the patient suffered a continual agony, and could not bear the least touch. Dr. Baldwin was first consulted, and toward the end of October of the same year Prof. Rosati was called in consultation. The former had proposed trepanning the skull; but Prof. Rosati, though not averse to it, had judged it better to postpone so difficult and serious an operation, especially as the invalid was not disposed to submit to it.

His state had, however, become so much worse at this time that he received the last Sacraments. As he improved slightly, he experienced some relief from the use of hyperdermic injections of morphine, which

* Translated for THE "AVE MARIA" from *Stella Cattolica*, a Florentine paper, dated August 16, 1891.

quieted but did not dissipate the terrible pains. Meantime the paralysis extended to the whole nervous system, and even to the muscular functions. In January, 1890, Dr. Baldwin proposed to arrest the rapid progress of the malady by electricity, and it was administered by Dr. Turchini. On this occasion the two doctors declared that, in view of the gravity of the trouble, they were forced to consider the infirmity as anterior in its origin to the fracture of the skull, and therefore independent of the fracture itself, by which it was not affected. They added that, in spite of all remedies, the patient would never recover the free use of his limbs.

The slight improvement produced by the electric treatment proved transitory, and the use of morphine became more frequent and indispensable. Paralysis having, as has already been said, completely prostrated the patient, and rendered difficult the natural operations of the body, a tumor slowly formed, which later (June 15, 1890) was operated on by Dr. Catani. In the meantime, hoping that country air would benefit the sufferer, he was carried to Villa del Gelsomino, near Poggio Imperiale. In September he was brought back to the city, without any apparent change in his condition. Thus, with slight periodical improvements, and frequent relapses, he entered upon the present year.

At this time it was sought to remedy the extreme weakness of the spine by the application of an apparatus to the waist; but this invention of medical science was so insupportably painful to the sufferer that it was abandoned as useless. Meantime not only was the use of morphine continued, but more frequent injections had to be resorted to. It was impossible for the invalid to bear the motion of a carriage; and in order to take a little fresh air in the intervals of amelioration, he made use of a rolling chair, into which he was lifted by two persons.

As the sufferer grew worse, and during

a long period (from April 17 through the whole of the month of May) was in an alarming condition, Dr. Baldwin again called in Dr. Catani. In this consultation the trepanning of the skull was once more discussed; and it was announced that even should the operation succeed, the patient would never again be able to walk. His nervous system had become so irritable that even a gentle touch on the injured part caused the right eyelid to close tight and the whole cheek to contract. The doctors, by way of experiment, stuck pins in his thighs; but he felt no sensation, while a touch below the knee would produce an instantaneous contraction of the leg. In the doctors' opinion, the paralysis had extended slowly to all the vital functions, and it was thought that the invalid could not long survive.

All the resources of medical art having failed, the sufferer and his wife, with a most lively faith in the intercession of Our Lady of the Rosary (Mr. Campbell is a member of the Third Order of St. Dominic), decided to appeal to Mary invoked under the title "of Pompeii," and to ask through her intercession the cure so much desired. To this end they resolved to begin three novenas, to consist of the recitation of the fifteen decades of the Holy Rosary. In order to render the common prayer more solemn, on June 8 Mrs. Campbell went to his Eminence the Cardinal to beg the privilege of having Mass celebrated in Mr. Campbell's private oratory on each of the twenty-seven days of the three novenas. However, as it was impossible at that moment to find a priest to accept the charge, Mrs. Campbell and her daughter, not wishing to delay too long, began the first novena on the evening of June 15, by the recitation of the entire Rosary and other prayers.

As the novena proceeded, the invalid, instead of being relieved, grew steadily worse; until finally, on the 22d of June, Dr. Baldwin declared that the proposed operation was now most urgent, and that further

delay would render it impossible, on account of the great weakness of the patient. The least noise was painful to him, and it was with difficulty that he could articulate a few brief words. On the 23d of June, as well as on the preceding day, three injections of morphine were administered in order to subdue the severe pains in head and spine. In the evening his confessor, the Rev. Father Fottrell, S. J., came to visit him, gave him absolution, and then, reminding him that the novena to Our Lady of Pompeii closed that day, asked him: "Have you still firm faith that the Blessed Virgin will cure you?"—"Yes," the invalid replied, with great energy; "yes, I have always had unbounded faith in Our Lady of Pompeii."

At ten o'clock the Rosary and prayers for the last day of the novena were recited by the family, and toward midnight Mr. Campbell went to sleep under the influence of morphine. About five in the morning of June 24 he awoke, and, to his astonishment, found his head free from the acute pain which he had continually suffered at the injured point and at the beginning of the spinal column. At first he thought that he was dreaming, and, to convince himself that the pain had really ceased, he experimented by touching and pressing heavily on his forehead and the back of his neck; but the favor had indeed been granted: he experienced neither pain nor the least sensitiveness—he was cured! He called his wife, and in the general commotion the miracle became more apparent. He raised himself in bed and asked for something to eat, the nausea from which he had previously suffered having entirely disappeared.

But the miracle was not complete. When he tried to rise from bed, he found that the use of his legs had not yet returned, and the spine was still very painful. Animated by fresh fervor, Mr. Campbell and his wife began the second novena; and in speaking to various persons, the patient remarked: "At the end of this novena Our Lady will complete her work."

The morning of July 2, Feast of the Visitation of the Blessed Virgin, while Mrs. Campbell was at Mass in the church, the invalid was inspired to rise from bed and dress himself. "Mary has obtained you the grace," he heard an interior voice saying; and he rose. On putting his feet to the floor, he found that he could stand upright without the aid of crutches. He dressed as well as he could, and without any support began to walk around the room. To assure himself that he was perfectly cured, he tried to ascend the step of a *pedana* which was in his room. It is to be observed that the free movement of the knee having before been impossible, he could not in any way lift his foot from the ground. Now, however, he could mount easily. Not satisfied with this, there being also in the room two high steps leading to the window, he attempted to mount them, and again succeeded. When Mrs. Campbell returned from church, what was her joy on entering the room to see her husband, whom she had left in bed, walking around without support of any kind!

Mr. Campbell adds that during the last ten years he never felt better than at present; and whereas formerly he could not remain on his knees for the length of one Mass, now he can kneel during several without serious inconvenience.

Together with his deposition, Mr. Campbell presented to his Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop a certificate from the attendant physicians, Drs. Catani and Baldwin, who confirm the gravity of his illness and his perfect and almost instantaneous cure.

The original of this relation, signed by Mr. and Mrs. Campbell, by Father Fottrell, S. J., and two other witnesses, exists, together with the doctors' certificate, in the private archives of his Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop.

Given from the Archiepiscopal Palace in Florence, August 10, 1891.

CANON GIOVANNI BATTISTA MILANI,
Secretary.

The Success of Patrick Desmond.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

XXVII.

The thoughts of the youth are the actions of the man. And he who gives way to the counsels of the world many times in small things, finds it hard to resist the counsels of the devil in great things.—*St. Maur.*

WHILE Mrs. Desmond led her lonely life at Redwood, living from day to day in the knowledge that her son was not far from her, and thankful that he was safe from the temptations of a great city, at least for a time, Patrick was absorbed in the excitement of watching Eleanor's interests at the mines of Eaglescliff. He had not heard from Eleanor since the brief line, written by Mary Fitzgerald at her request, had announced her father's death. He had cut loose entirely from Miles; and Nellie constantly bewailed the ingratitude of the serpent she had nourished in her flat, as she pathetically put it, on all the luxuries of the season. The truth was that Miles scarcely needed a secretary, so idle and careless had he become of late; and Nellie was very glad to explain the "falling through" of her visit to Saratoga by declaring that Patrick's defection had thrown so much work on her hands, that she was actually prevented from entering the fashionable whirl. She had become more and more devoted to her friend the Baroness; and Miles had been presented to the ingenuous Mr. Bayard, who, with his wife, had made a flying visit to New York.

Miles had a feverish period of activity during Bayard's visit. Bayard had managed, by means known only to himself at this time, to acquire a major interest in a large number of Fly-Away Mine shares; and these he had sold to Miles, and for them the latter had given all the money he could beg or borrow. His borrowings were generally in small sums from comparatively poor constituents; they had gone into the coal-mine

stock, sold by Bayard because he needed the money. Bayard sold all he could get, though the stock was steadily going up.

Arthur Fitzgerald, who had gone back to New York, was bitten by the craze for speculation. He bought in the small interest his client had in the mines, and, after the Judge's death, made Desmond an offer for Eleanor's shares,—an offer which would have meant ruin for him and for several of his friends had the mines failed. But Desmond refused. He had begun to look on the shares as his own. Arthur, inspired perhaps by Mary, who had a womanly taste for matchmaking, had hinted more than once to Desmond that he had only to ask to be accepted. All men at Desmond's age have a fair share of vanity, more or less tempered by good sense; and so earnest was Arthur's assurance, and so successful was Patrick in the management of affairs at Eaglescliff, that the latter felt justified in believing that Eleanor would not refuse. And now there was no obstacle. Eleanor was about to enter the Church, and Dr. Talbot had thoroughly dissipated the fear of his mother that there was insanity in her blood. He now felt strong enough to overcome his mother's opposition.

Several weeks of exciting work, mental and physical, passed at Eaglescliff. There was only one opinion in the place—Patrick Desmond had developed into a shrewd man of business; his opportunity had come, and he had seized it with no uncertain grasp. It was generally said that he would be a successful man. The lessons he had learned during his apprenticeship at Redwood were useful to him now, and he put them into practice. As yet he had not found out the meaning of Bayard's telegram advising him to sell,—that telegram which he had read by accident. In fact, he had forgotten it in the multitude of anxieties.

Desmond was immersed in business thoughts; he had no time for anything else. The thought even of Eleanor was not what it had been at first. It was not like a

breeze over a field of fresh flowers, calm and cool. It was not of reverence, of doubt of his own worthiness, of the sweet unreason of the love which Coventry Patmore describes. There was reason enough in his mind now. His marriage to Eleanor Redwood—he felt that he had a right to ask her, since he had helped to save her property—would realize all his dreams.

After his day's work, he betook himself to his room at the hotel and built castles in the air. And these castles were not without foundation; for the Fly-Away Mines were gaining gradually in public favor on the stock exchanges. Desmond's dreams were not of the kind of which Jack Conlon would have approved. He planned no great church now; he never thought of the problems which John Longworthy had touched on in his book; the condition of the Grogans and the other people whom he had seen in New York occupied him no more; he had one object in his mind, one question occupied him; and this question was: How to make money. He read with interest of the doings of the millionaires as chronicled in the New York and Chicago papers. Some day *he* would be a millionaire, and become all-powerful. He recalled some of Miles' cynical sayings about the power of money, and gave assent to them. Shylock's cry, in which he mingled his daughter and his ducats, was not altogether foreign to Desmond's thoughts, though he was no Shylock. Nevertheless, the question of money had come to hold in his mind a place beside the question of love. If Eleanor had been poor, he would have worked for her all his life without the thought of sacrifice; he would have waited for her with the patience of Jacob, and worked the while; he would have grown purer and manlier for the discipline of patience and of labor.

As it was, Patrick Desmond was not the Patrick Desmond of his mother's thoughts or of Jack Conlon's hopes. He was neither mean nor sordid, and yet the example of

the Redwood practices—which meant that anything short of legal robbery was fair—had its effect on him. He smiled a little at Jack Conlon's ideals when the thought of them crossed his mind. How little Jack knew of the trials and temptations of real life! How little he knew of the tricks and evasions and sharp turns by which a man, hand to hand against the world, was obliged to resort to if he would grow rich! Desmond found that, by the careful use of a little money of his own, he could do things that surprised him. He could not buy a single share of the Fly-Away stock; for nobody, except Bayard's friends and Fitzgerald's client, had sold out, and that had been done very quietly. But he had quadrupled his money; and Arthur Fitzgerald had, by Eleanor's direction, allowed him a liberal salary. Desmond looked into a golden future,—a future in which he beheld Self glorified.

His mother noticed a difference in him when he came back to Redwood. He was impatient of her simplicity; she had come to love the poverty he despised. Its shifts and ingenuities meant independence to her. She loved the scarlet sage which made a hedge between her yard and the back street; the crab-apple tree, which gave her the famous preserve whose flavor she improved every year; her old stove, and the rag carpet. Desmond found all these badges of the poverty of his youth intolerable. He was preoccupied; he listened to her half impatiently; he sneered at Mrs. Howard Sykes' brilliant turnout as it scattered the dust; he criticised the houses of the great, and kept very much to himself. His mother was jealous; she attributed this change to Eleanor, until she found, when he had gone, after a long, dull Sunday, during which he had not disguised his impatience to get away, many scraps of paper covered with lead-pencilled figures. She shook her head, but felt relieved that the magnet which was attracting her boy was not the love of Eleanor Redwood.

Bayard had returned to Redwood, leaving his wife in New York. He hated Desmond, principally because he felt sure that he and Laura might control Eleanor, now that the Judge was dead, if Desmond did not stand in the way. Besides, Desmond was associated in his mind with defeat. It was his opinion that Desmond would marry Eleanor, not for love, but for money; and he disliked bitterly the thought of a possible triumph on Desmond's part. Again, he was ashamed of his part in his wife's absurd plan for the marriage of the Baroness and Desmond. Had it succeeded, he would have had more shares to sell; he regretted the shares, but he felt a sincere pleasure in knowing that Desmond had not as yet concluded to sell. Bayard feared that he might,—feared that he was only holding on for a grand stroke, which would carry him aloft to fortune.

Desmond's manner to Bayard, when they happened to meet, was exasperatingly cold; and one day when Bayard had played a very clever and shabby business trick, and boasted of it, Desmond remembered the crumpled telegram which had blown into the car window. He coolly alluded to it; he felt that he could afford to be insolent. The other changed color; he had trusted that it had entirely escaped Desmond's memory.

"You will act on it, of course?" he said.
 "It was good advice *then*."

"And why not *now*?" Desmond asked, mockingly.

Bayard's face, always pale, became green; he made a sudden resolution, and that day he sold the few remaining shares he held. Having paid back the money he had borrowed, he was comfortably well off. He said to himself that now he could afford to be honest—if it paid. The men who had, under an unusual temptation to do so, trusted him with their money, pocketed their portion of the profits, and felt no qualms of conscience. They had completed a sharp business transaction. When the truth came out, who would condemn them? Not

public opinion. Public opinion had long ago settled that morality in business was merely a matter of law,—not Christian law, but a different thing. There were several men in Eaglescliff—prominent men, leading citizens, members of churches—who held that Desmond was either a most daring young man or a fool. But most people believed, as the Fly-Away stock went steadily up, that Desmond would be a millionaire. That was his own belief, too.

It was Bayard's opinion that Desmond would sell out the shares when they had reached the highest possible value. He cursed the ill luck by which Desmond had got hold of his telegram to the Baroness. Bayard was safe enough himself financially: Laura could enjoy herself in New York for a time in her own way, and all her Redwood bills had been paid; but he hated to think that Desmond should profit by the new facts brought out about the mines. Against Eleanor he had no feeling, but he could not endure the vision of Desmond's supremacy. He knew better than any man the weakness of the mines; he had learned that, in spite of the recent discovery of new beds of coal, the water surrounding the mines was a constant menace. The oldest miners shook their heads, and were careful not to strike too deep into the walls on the water side. But Desmond, clever as he was, was not a miner; and the surface indications, the reports of those interested in keeping the mines going, had weight with him. The old miners did their work and said little; as long as the rats stayed, they could stay.

In the meantime Desmond enjoyed immensely the adulation he received. It seemed very easy to rule the world; and his manner took an importance which made Bayard wild with rage when he met him. Patrick copied successfully—and perhaps unconsciously—the manner of the rich men of Redwood. People found no fault with him for the assumption of a manner befitting his station in life, but some privately

bewailed the blindness of Judge Redwood's daughter in giving such an opportunity to one of the Irish from "over the river."

Desmond had in his desk a standing offer for all the shares he had, at the ruling price. All he would have to do would be to send the message "Sell" to Arthur Fitzgerald or his representative in New York, and the shares would change hands in less than half an hour. But Desmond had no intention of accepting this offer. He knew that Arthur Fitzgerald wanted the shares badly; but he was determined to make them the first round in a golden ladder which, mounted adroitly, would make him the envy of all the men who had once looked down on him. If Eleanor had alone been concerned, he would probably have sold out the shares, and put her money—with Fitzgerald's concurrence—into property whose value would fluctuate less. As it was—he had argued himself into the belief that the stock would always be his to manipulate,—he preferred to hold it.

(To be continued.)

The Name of Mary.

BY MARION MUIR RICHARDSON.

IN Europe's youth, beneath primeval trees,
 By still, green meres, whose silver-crested
 reeds
 Caught the faint rumor of untravelled seas,
 He paused, the knight of old, amid his deeds
 Of war and plunder, prowess and renown,
 To bend the knee in honor of Her woe
 Whose sweet, sad face had won him, looking
 down
 Above his mother's prayers, in childhood's
 rosy glow.

The East awoke; the shaken world in arms
 Beheld the desert banners sweep their way
 From green Ionia's olive-yards and farms
 To rugged summits where the frost winds
 play;

On home and harvest fell the spoiler's hand,
 Imperial volumes fed the Tartar fires,
 And crownéd motherhood in every land
 Sank with the victims of debased desires.

Then, white-hot from the furnace of the Lord,
 The priest, Apostle of the unseen real,
 With sacred lightnings armed the Gothic
 sword,
 Touched the knight's lips with coals of the
 ideal,

And sent him forth, the champion of his time
 For Christ, for freedom and his mother's name;
 And Europe, trembling in her stormy prime,
 Escaped the Crescent's overwhelming shame.

So, may we hope, will some prophetic seer
 Awake our dreaming hosts and bid them wage
 War with the evil phantoms that appear
 Large on the borders of our troubled age;
 And, in the name of Mary, pierce the gloom
 With infinite compassion for its helpless pain.
 So may the glory of pure love illumine
 That mournful life wherein the senses reign.

The Pilgrimage to Treves in 1844.

NO city to the north of the Alps is more full of interest than Treves, or has more claim on the traveller's attention, were it only for the number and the importance of its antiquities. Once the metropolis of Northern Europe, it was known as the "Second Rome,"—a position which it held long before its Eastern rival, Constantinople. The Roman genius ruled over it for many centuries, and here as elsewhere it has left behind majestic tokens of its presence. . . . But the Romans have passed away, and the glory of Treves has departed with them. The ancient mistress of the North now sits silent and pensive on the banks of the Moselle, like some uncrowned queen. . . . Built upon ruins, with ruins all around her, she breathes the dust of past ages. In spite of her situation, which is very favorable to commerce, it seems that God has denied her

the ambitious and restless activity of our age; and left her instead the duty of guarding the bones of her martyrs, meditating on her ancient glory, and so seeing the nothingness of the things of earth.

Such is the state of the venerable city of Treves at the present day; she stands in the midst of tombs and ruins. The stranger who knows the history of her misfortunes may well salute her with compassion, as the passers-by once saluted Job the man of sorrow, but yesterday the king of wealth and power, and to-day the king of weakness and poverty. On the other hand, one who thinks of her holy martyrs, and sees the many towers of her ancient churches, will rather feel moved to bend the knee before her, and honor her as we honor the white hairs of old age, the humble haunts of a saint, or the rustic cross planted by faith at the roadside.

Now, it was in this same city that a remarkable event occurred a year ago [*i. e.*, in 1844]. At first little heed was paid to it, but it gradually became noised abroad, throughout all Europe and beyond the seas. It was a most surprising event, which for many weeks formed the subject of discussion in conversations, in the press and in the literature of the day. And it still occupies the serious attention of all true thinkers in Germany. Treves has witnessed a festival which puts to shade all her ancient glories. Yes, we have seen a Christian feast unknown in the annals of the Church, surpassing even the golden days of faith and piety. It was a festival that in its beauty and grandeur outstripped all our hopes and all our calculations. Who can foresee its consequences in the future of the whole Catholic world? It was, indeed, a portentous event, which no one was able to anticipate. . . . In the midst of the nineteenth century we have seen entire populations, awakened as though from sleep, bestirring themselves and renewing the fervent pilgrimages of old. A million of the faithful, of all ranks and

all ages, regardless of human respect, and heedless of the scorn heaped upon them by unbelievers, came flocking to Treves to venerate a relic.

This ancient city, the Rome of the North, now a holy city and a home of martyrs, boasts the possession of the seamless robe which our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ wore on the way to Calvary; the same robe for which the soldiers cast lots during His agony on the Cross. This robe, according to a tradition, which seems well founded, was brought here by St. Helen, the mother of the great Constantine. For fifteen hundred years has Treves been in possession of this precious relic. During all these centuries it has only been taken from the obscurity of the sanctuary and exposed to the veneration of the faithful eleven times. But at each one of these expositions the people have come together with joy, and crowds of pilgrims have flocked to the privileged city, entering the vast Basilica and prostrating themselves before this robe of their dear Redeemer; while tears of love and sorrow have flowed in abundance, as all the records testify.

The last exposition [before 1844] was held in 1810, through the efforts of Mgr. Mannay, the French Bishop of Treves, whose memory is still cherished in the city. On that occasion, in spite of the terrible and ceaseless wars of the Empire, two hundred thousand persons passed, in the space of a fortnight, before the precious relic, which had often been in danger during those troublous times. Thirty-four years later, at the prayer of the learned and saintly Bishop, Mgr. Arnoldi, this sacred robe, so rich in great and sorrowful memories, was offered once more to the veneration of the faithful. . . .

On the 28th of June, the eve of SS. Peter and Paul, at eleven o'clock in the morning, the Bishop of Treves, in the presence of his clergy and the civil authorities, took the Holy Robe from under the high altar of the Cathedral, where it had been

walled up since 1810, and laid it on the marble altar in the Chapel of Relics. From that time the chapel remained strictly closed, being sealed with the episcopal seal, as well as with that of the chapter. After this ceremony the Bishop and his clergy withdrew, to the sound of the bells and the strains of the *Te Deum*.

No further step was taken until Sunday, the 18th of August, the Feast of St. Helen. On that day, at one o'clock in the afternoon, the bells of the Cathedral, as well as those of the twelve churches of Treves, sounded a full peal. This was the signal. The Holy Robe was then taken from the Chapel of Relics and set over the high altar, spread out in the form of a cross, like Jesus crucified on the summit of Calvary. After this the Bishop, followed by all the clergy of the episcopal city, the civil and military authorities, and a deputation of the chief inhabitants, passed before the Holy Robe. The Bishop was the first to venerate this precious memorial of our redemption, thus opening the long and majestic procession which lasted for seven weeks, and was often continued throughout the night.

Then began that astonishing pilgrimage to Treves, that magnificent and consoling sight, which came to gladden all the Christian hearts of this nineteenth century. The cry of "The Holy Robe of Treves!" was heard in the ancient city of Constantine; and soon it was taken up through the valleys of the Moselle and the Rhine, and echoed in all directions for a hundred leagues around. . . . Then whole populations bestirred themselves and set forth, not to fulfil any duty laid upon them by the laws of God or of His Church, but to perform a free act of piety and devotion. A million Christians came to Treves to kneel before a relic, the authenticity of which is no article of faith; thus offering an earnest and practical protest against modern philosophers, who are ever telling us that Catholicism is a dotard worn out

and decrepit, and hastening to the tomb. These pilgrims have shown in the face of the world that this Church of nineteen hundred years is still unchanged; that her heart still beats with youthful fervor, and the blood of her first martyrs still warms her veins; and that God knows how to give striking and convincing evidence of this to those who oppose her, and this at a time when men least expect it.

To tell all that took place at Treves during this last exposition, without doubt the most solemn and the most brilliant that has ever been held, would be a task beyond the powers of any writer. Say what we will, the reality would still far surpass the description. One must have been present to form a true notion of what took place; and those who had that happiness can find no words to give even a faint picture of what they saw. Those weeks at Treves were one long feast-day, unbroken even by the night. It was a feast the like of which was unknown in all Christendom.

For seven weeks, in the town and in the villages, in the house of the rich and in the cabin of the poor, all were talking of Treves and the pilgrimage and the Holy Robe. All the roads thither were filled with carriages and carts and diligences loaded with travellers. Along the Moselle nothing was to be seen but boats conveying the pilgrims to and fro without ceasing. Processions were to be met on every side. At all hours of the day and night prayers and hymns might be heard in field and forest, on the mountain side and in the depths of the valleys. In like manner, both in the towns and the country places one might hear the sound of bells that told the arrival or the departure of the processions that were passing by.

Rich and poor, young and old, were all eager to be off to Treves. The old man aroused himself and put forth all his strength, that before death came upon him he might go to bow his white head before his Redeemer's robe. The child just begin-

ning life asked to be taken to venerate this robe of Him who died eighteen hundred years ago for the life of all. The townsman made a truce of some days with all his worldly affairs. The husbandman hastened his work and brought in his harvest. All were on the way to the holy city. It is impossible to tell the number of the pilgrims; they flocked in thousands from Germany, France, Belgium, Holland, Switzerland, the Tyrol, and from other lands. It seemed as if we were back in the days of the old pilgrimages to the Holy Land, or listening to some new appeal from Peter the Hermit or St. Bernard. Nay, it almost seemed as if the sound of the last trumpet had summoned all men to the great assizes of the general judgment.

For eight and forty days, and almost as many nights, Treves knew no rest. The peal of bells might be heard on all sides, mingled with the chaunts of the processions coming and going. The ancient Basilica, whose grey towers rise above all the city, with the banner of the chapter floating on the summit, echoed these various sounds, and stood forth proudly as the one centre to which all was converging. From the city gates to the entrance of the Cathedral groups of pilgrims succeed one another without ceasing. Processions come in and pass out in all directions, singing and praying, reciting the Rosary, and making the air resound with the canticle of the Holy Robe. Sometimes it is a great city that is coming: it is Mayence or Cologne or Aix-la-Chapelle, with its nobles and its citizens, the young and the old bearing their rich banners and marching under the leadership of their numerous pastors. Now it is a whole country: it is the Grand Duchy of Luxemburg or Limburg, or the great tract of country lying between Cologne and Mayence, that sends its people in one mass up the course of the Moselle and the rich valley of Treves. Men and women, young and old, rich and poor, learned and unlearned—all are here; all have wished to

take part in this magnificent feast, and pass on slowly and steadily to the happy city, the object of all their vows and of all their desires.

Every day, from the Feast of St. Helen, August 18, up to the 6th of October, Feast of the Martyrs of Treves, twenty, thirty or forty thousand persons knelt before the Holy Relic. The admirable order maintained in the midst of the apparent confusion was hardly less remarkable than the numbers. Vast multitudes were continually passing one another in all the avenues and at all the crossways, or taking their stand in the churches or the squares; and their attitude was everywhere peaceable, recollected, and thoroughly Christian. With touching simplicity they were always saying the same thing—a *Pater* and an *Ave*; they proceeded on their way saying the Rosary, absorbed in the pious hope of shortly seeing and venerating the Sacred Robe which had touched the Body of our Lord Jesus Christ.

It was indeed a beautiful and an astonishing sight. There was in it something that spoke to the heart and conveyed deep lessons to the mind. Standing one day on the height of the Porte-Noire, that stately ruin of Roman grandeur which a German poet has likened to an inscription on a tomb, we looked down on the ancient city of the Treviri, where all these pious throngs were surging at our feet, and we asked ourselves with emotion: What would be the thoughts of one of these old Romans, whose ashes have lain so many centuries in the trenches around us, could he rise at this moment from the dust of the tomb and see Catholic Treves standing on the ruins of pagan Treves? What would such a one say, to see on the throne of the Roman emperors and prefects of old, a poor and humble Bishop, who by a simple letter can bring more than a million strangers to his church, whose word is enough to subdue and rule the hearts of a whole province; while the Roman Empire, with all its

legions and its executioners, could only fetter the body and triumph over the slain? And we turned our gaze lovingly to the cross which rises over the Basilica.

As the end of the exposition drew near, the fervor of the faithful increased. Those who had been to the holy city went back to their homes and told their kinsmen and friends of all they had seen and experienced. This awakened in the hearts of all a desire of taking part in the great feast. Each day the number of the pilgrims grew larger. The exposition often began at four o'clock in the morning and lasted till eleven at night. The news that many processions were coming from the north and south of Germany, together with the daily-increasing influx of French pilgrims, at length induced the Bishop of Treves to extend the exposition of the Holy Robe for eight days more.

But at last the end came. On the 6th of October, at two o'clock in the afternoon, the gates of the Cathedral were closed. Then the Bishop of Treves, Mgr. Arnoldi, with the Bishop of Verdun, the chapter, the clergy of the city, the chief functionaries, and guards of honor, approached the precious relic which had been the object of so much veneration. When they had come before it, all prostrated themselves and adored Him who in His mortal life had worn this garment stained with His Precious Blood. The Holy Robe was then taken back to the Chapel of Relics, the door of which was sealed with the three seals of the Bishop, the city, and the chapter. After this all the doors of the Cathedral were opened, and it was speedily filled by a vast throng of citizens and pilgrims. The Bishop then mounted the pulpit and preached the closing sermon. This was followed by a solemn procession round the Cathedral, the *Te Deum* being chaunted to the sound of the organ and the chime of bells. After Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, the people streamed out of the Cathedral, the doors were shut, and for the first time in

seven weeks the vast building was left in silence and solitude.

Finally, on the 25th of October, at two o'clock in the afternoon, the Bishop of Treves came once more to the Chapel of the Relics, followed as before by his clergy, the city authorities, and the guards of honor, whose perfect discipline and great civility had been admired by the strangers who came to the exposition. The case was then opened, and the Holy Robe was spread out on a table covered with silk stuff. All passed in turn before the Holy Relic, kneeling in veneration, and lingering some minutes to examine it thus near at hand. The Bishop then blessed the coffer in which the relic was placed under a threefold covering of white, red, and blue silk. This coffer was next closed and sealed with sixteen seals—that of the Bishop, that of the chapter, and those of the city and the various functionaries who were present. On the following day, October 26, the relic was once more walled up under the high altar of the Cathedral. . . .

* *

The foregoing account was written by the Abbé Wayant, as an introduction to a history of the miracles wrought at Treves during the exposition of 1844.* It has been translated for THE "AVE MARIA" by the Rev. W. H. Kent, O. S. C. After describing the ceremony of reposition, the Abbé goes on to express a wish that before many years have gone by the Holy Robe may once again be taken from its resting-place and exposed to the veneration of the faithful of the world. Happily, this hope has been, in some measure, fulfilled by the solemn exposition now taking place in the ancient city of Treves:

* Relation Authentique des Guérisons Miraculeuses opérées pendant la dernière Exposition de la Sainte Robe à Trèves, en 1844. Par le Dr. Hansen, Médecin de Trèves. Traduit de l'Allemand par l'Abbé Wayant, Vicaire à Notre-Dame de Metz. Augmenté d'une Introduction et de Notes du Traducteur sur le Pèlerinage de Trèves. Paris et Trèves. 1845.

The Last Word on the Massacre of St.
Bartholomew's Day.

BY THE REV. REUBEN PARSONS, D. D.

III.

IT was not intended that the massacre should extend beyond Paris. We learn from Tavannes that the popular fury rendered the massacre general, "to the great regret of its advisers, they having resolved on the death of only the leaders and the factious." They who hold that orders to slaughter the Huguenots had been sent into the provinces, adduce in proof only two letters: one from the Viscount d'Orthez, governor of Bayonne, to Charles IX.; and one from Catharine to Strozzi, who was watching for an opportunity to surprise La Rochelle, one of the four cities accorded to the Calvinists. Now, there is very good reason for regarding both these letters as unauthentic, and no argument can be urged in their favor. The first letter, whatever some authors may say, is not found in De Thou, not even in the Geneva edition of 1620; and this writer's Huguenot proclivities and his aversion for Charles IX. would not have allowed him to overlook it, had he deemed it authentic. It is given only by the malevolent D'Aubigné in these words: "I commence with Bayonne, where a courier arrived with orders to cut in pieces the men, women, and children of Dax, who had sought refuge in the prison. The Viscount d'Orthez, governor of the frontier, thus replied to the king: 'Sire, I have communicated the order of your Majesty to the inhabitants and soldiers of the garrison; and have found them to be good citizens and brave warriors, but not executioners. Therefore they and I supplicate your Majesty to employ them in any possible, even though hazardous, matters,'" etc. But the Calvinist martyrologist furnishes us with reasons for supposing that no such

orders as the above were expedited, either to Orthez or to any other governors in the provinces. This author, whose work is a veritable "Lives of the Saints" for French Protestants, says nothing, save in one case, of such instructions; and certainly he was interested in chronicling them, had he known of them. But, on the contrary, he tells us that the murderers "at Orleans resolved to put their hands to the work without any orders from the governor, D'Entragues"; that those of Bourges "sent Marueil in haste to the court, but he returned bearing no commands"; that Charles IX. wrote many letters to Bordeaux to the effect that he "had not intended that execution to extend beyond Paris." The exception to which we have alluded is that of Rouen, the governor of which city, says the martyrologist, received orders "to exterminate those of the religion"; but this assertion is contradicted, observes Barthélemy,* by the inactivity of the governor, and by the date of the Rouen murders, which occurred nearly a month after those of Paris.

As for the second letter, that of Catharine to Strozzi, no French contemporary or *quasi*-contemporary historian speaks of it; not even Brantôme, who was then at Brouage with Strozzi; and there are intrinsic arguments for its rejection. It is supposed that six months before the massacre the queen-mother wrote to Strozzi, enclosed in another to be read at once, a letter which was not to be opened until August 24, the fatal day. In this reserved document Catharine is said to have written: "Strozzi, I inform you that to-day, August 24, the admiral and all the Huguenots here present were killed. I earnestly request you to make yourself master of La Rochelle, and to do as we have done to all the Huguenots who fall into your hands. Beware of backwardness, as you fear to displease the king, my son, and me." Now, he who

* "La Saint-Barthélemy," in his "Erreurs," vol. i; Paris, 1865.

would regard this letter as genuine must ascribe to Catharine a gift of prophecy such as few of the saints have received. She must have foreseen that Jane d'Albret,* Queen of Navarre, an ardent Huguenot, would consent to the marriage of her son, Henry de Bourbon, with Margaret de Valois. She must have known that Pope St. Pius V., who would not grant the necessary dispensation, would soon die, and that Gregory XIII. would concede it. She must also have seen Coligny and his followers madly confiding in the affectionate disposition of Charles IX.; the admiral ignoring the warnings of the Rochellois and other Huguenots; the crime of Maurevert failing to cause the flight of the future victims; and, finally, the certainty of no imprudence on the part of Strozzi, or perhaps his death, revealing her letter to the Calvinists. We decline, therefore, to accept as authentic either the letter from Orthez or that to Strozzi.

IV.

The massacre was not the result of long premeditation. The rejection of the aforesaid letters does away with one of the strongest arguments which militate against this position. The contemporary historians, Capilupi, Masson, Tavannes, Castelnau, and others, are said to declare that the massacre was planned at the conference held at Bayonne in 1565, between Catharine and the Duke of Alva. But these authors speak only of a general agreement as to mutual aid in extirpating heresy; when any of them mention any sanguinary advice on the part of Alva, it is to be noted that they do not say that he counselled a massacre, but that the Huguenot leaders should be "arrested and executed."

* Jane d'Albret, Queen of Navarre, married in 1548 Anthony de Bourbon, Duke of Vendôme, a lineal descendant of Robert, Count of Clermont, son of St. Louis; this latter having married Beatrice, daughter of Archambault de Bourbon. On the death of Anthony, in 1562, Jane embraced Calvinism. Her son, the great Henry of Navarre, becoming Henry IV. of France in 1589, definitively united France and Navarre.

Now listen to the testimony of Queen Margaret, sister of Charles IX. In her "Mémoires" she says that the massacre was designed because of the Huguenot resolution to avenge the wounding of Coligny; and that her brother was with difficulty persuaded to consent to it, and only when "he had been made to realize that otherwise his crown and life were lost." Then we have the testimony of the Duke d'Anjou, the king's brother, drawn from a MS. of the Royal Library by Cavairac. This prince had been elected king of Poland in 1573, and while on his way thither he was often insulted by Huguenot refugees. He was so affected by their curses that he could not sleep, and on one occasion the horrors of St. Bartholomew's Day so oppressed him that he summoned his physician and favorite, Miron, that he might relieve his mind. Then the duke detailed all the circumstances of the massacre, and plainly showed that it was a sudden conception. We give a synopsis of this testimony. "I have called you," said the prince to Miron, "to share my restlessness, which is caused by my remembrance of the Barthélemy, concerning which event perhaps you have never heard the truth." Then the duke narrated how he and the queen-mother had observed how Coligny had prejudiced the king's mind against them; how when, after any audience accorded to the admiral, they approached his Majesty, "to speak of business or even of his own pleasures, they would find him with a forbidding countenance," and he would show no respect to his mother and no kindness to Anjou. One day the prince approached the monarch just as Coligny had withdrawn; and Charles would not speak to him, but walked furiously up and down with his hand on his dagger, and looking askance at the prince, so that the latter feared for his life, "and deemed himself lucky to get safely out of the room." Anjou now consulted Catharine, and "they

resolved to rid themselves of the admiral." They took Mme. de Nemours into their confidence, "on account of her hatred for Coligny"; and they sent at once for a certain Gascon captain, but did not make use of him, because he assured them too readily of his good-will, "and without any reservation of persons." Then they thought of Maurevert, as "one experienced in assassination"; but they could influence him only by representing that the admiral was bent on avenging the death of Moul, whom Maurevert had lately murdered. Mme. de Nemours put one of her houses at their disposal; and when the attempt failed, "they were compelled to look to their own safety." When Charles wished to see the admiral, they determined to be present at the interview; and the wounded man having been admitted to a private conference with the king, "they retired to a distance, and became very suspicious, especially since they saw themselves in the midst of over two hundred of the admiral's followers, who, with ferocious countenances, constantly passed them with little show of respect." Catharine soon put an end to the colloquy under the specious pretext of care for Coligny's health, and then tried to learn from her son the purport of the admiral's remarks. At first Charles refused; but, being pressed, he swore "by death," and brusquely declared that "all Coligny had said was true," and that he had reproached the king with being a mere cipher in the hands of his mother. "This touched them to the quick," and the queen-mother "feared some change in the government of the kingdom"; but "for some hours they could come to no determination." The next day Anjou and his mother deliberated "as to the means of getting rid of the admiral." After dinner they waited on Charles, and Catharine "told the king that the Huguenots were rising in arms; that the leaders were enrolling troops in the provinces; that Coligny had procured ten thousand cavalry

from Germany and as many Swiss; that these dangers could be obviated only by the death of the admiral and of the chief leaders of the Huguenot faction." Tavannes, Birague, and De Nevers corroborated these assertions; and the king "became furious, but nevertheless would not at first hear of any injury to Coligny." He asked each one for his individual opinion; and all agreed with Catharine "except the Marshal de Retz, who deceived our hopes," saying that "if any one ought to hate the admiral, he was one, since Coligny had defamed his race throughout Europe; but that he would not revenge himself by means dishonorable to the king and country." But no one seconded De Retz, and "we soon observed a sudden change in the king." The rest of the day was devoted to the details of the terrible enterprise. The Duke of Guise was entrusted with the death of Coligny. Toward the dawn of day, the king, Catharine, and Anjou were standing at a window, when they heard the report of a pistol, and fell back in horror. They sent to revoke the order given to Guise, but it was too late.*

(Conclusion in our next number.)

The Curse of Cowdray.

BY C. O'CONNOR ECCLES.

COWDRAY, in Sussex, for many generations the home of the Montagues, was considered one hundred years ago amongst the stateliest mansions in England. To-day it is a ruin; its blackened walls, overgrown with ivy, depress the beholder, and to them cling the sad story of an ill-fated race and the gloom of an accomplished curse. What the house was in the days of its splendor may be gathered from prints of the period, from allusions to it in the writings of the

* Cavairac: "Dissertation sur la Journée de la Saint-Barthélemy"; 1758.

day, notably in those of Horace Walpole, and from an examination of such fragments as remain.

Built in the form of a quadrangle, and in the style of architecture that takes its name from the Tudor dynasty, it stood not far from Medhurst and a few miles to the north of the West Sussex Downs, on the rising ground above the little river Rother. It was formerly approached from the high-road by a raised causeway, a few hundred feet in length, and shaded by fine old elms. Horace Walpole speaks of the beauty of the fountain in the central court; and even now one admires the mullioned windows, broken escutcheons, and crumbling battlements, that attest the former splendor of the castle. Its chief glory, however, lay in its stately apartments, the numerous art treasures collected therein by successive lords, and such curious, priceless relics of antiquity as the sword of William the Conqueror, the richly-embroidered robe he wore at his coronation, and the Roll of Battle which he caused to be compiled.

Various authors have left us descriptions of the famous "Buck Hall." Its floor was of black and white marble; at one end was a gallery, at the other a carved screen, on which appeared, amid many a blazoning and quaint device, the monogram and arms of Lord Southampton, with "*Loyauté s'approuvera*," the motto of his house. The lofty walls were panelled in cedar wood, and above the cornice of the wainscot were placed elaborate brackets bearing the statues of bucks as large as life, carved in oak in different attitudes. From these the apartment took its name.

Sir William Fitzwilliam, Knight of the Garter and Earl of Southampton, was the founder of Cowdray; but it was enlarged and beautified by his stepbrother and successor, Sir Anthony Browne. Sir Anthony was knighted by Henry VIII. in 1523, after the siege and capture of Morlaix in Brittany, and made rapid strides in the favor of that fickle monarch. In 1543 he

was made Master of the Horse and Chief Standard-Bearer of England; he was proxy for Henry at his marriage with Anne of Cleves; and, finally, to him fell the unpleasant task of announcing to the King that his illness was likely to prove fatal. How strong his hold must have been on Henry's affections we may judge from hearing that not only was he not executed on the spot for presuming to take a gloomy view of the situation, but was appointed executor of his Majesty's will and guardian of his children, Edward and Elizabeth.

Sir Anthony was in the fullest sense a courtier and man of the world, traits which reappear in many of his politic and temporizing descendants, the Viscounts Montague. He strengthened his position by prudent marriages; his first wife, Dame Alys, being the daughter of Sir John Gage, one of the royal commissioners who after the Reformation carried out the Act of Dissolution with regard to Battle Abbey; while his second wife was an Irishwoman, the Lady Elizabeth Fitzgerald, so noted for her beauty, of whom more anon.

The famous Abbey of Battle had been founded, as my readers are aware, by William the Conqueror, in commemoration of the brave warriors who fell at Hastings, and was further presented by his successors with many rich gifts and grants of land. Through the influence of Sir John Gage, this splendid building and its fertile acres were made over to his son-in-law, the saintly monks being summarily dispossessed and scattered abroad. Sir Anthony prepared to fit the monastery for his own habitation. His first act was to demolish the beautiful church, a poem in stone, and lay out its site as a garden. Flower-beds were cut where the altar had stood, and two lines of newly-planted yew-trees marked where the nave had reared its stately pillars. The chapter-house and cloisters were levelled, and sounds of jesting and profanity echoed where formerly was heard but the voice of prayer and praise.

At last all was in readiness. The building was altered to suit the taste of Sir Anthony; and his friends—the countless friends of the successful man—were bidden to a banquet in celebration of the house-warming. As they sat by the board there was a sudden disturbance in the hall, that made itself heard above the din of revelry; and, pushing aside the attendants, who would have barred his entry, a haggard monk strode fiercely to the dais. Beneath his cowl his dark eyes shone with the fire of inspiration, his height seemed more than mortal, and at his fierce glance the boldest quailed. “Man!” he cried, “who profanest the holy places, take thou heed to thyself. Repent while there is yet time; restore thy ill-gotten goods ere the judgment fall on thee. Harden thou thy heart, and by fire and water thy line shall come to an end, and out of the land it shall perish utterly.” Confounded for the moment, Sir Anthony sat silent; then, springing to his feet, ordered his followers to seize the man. But they dared not, and he passed from their midst as abruptly as he had entered.

Years passed, and though the fearful prophecy was whispered from lip to lip, there was no sign of its fulfilment. Sir Anthony prospered more and more. Dame Alys bore him sons and daughters, and finally in her thirtieth year slept in the family vault at Cowdray. He rose in esteem and honor with the King, and from the lands of Battle flowed noble revenues to fill his coffers. He saw many a worthier man perish on the scaffold, and amongst them the noble Earl of Surrey, the gallant lover of “Fair Geraldine.”

Sir Anthony was now sixty; Lady Elizabeth Fitzgerald (whose whole family, except one lad, Maurice, had perished by the King’s orders; while she, owing to her rare beauty or some caprice in her favor, was educated with the King’s daughters) was but sixteen. Still a union between them seemed good to the worthy knight, and what he desired he generally attained.

He wedded the fair Geraldine; but her two boys died in infancy, and their father soon followed them to the grave. His son by Dame Alys succeeded him; and having prudently conformed to the Catholic faith in the reign of Queen Mary, but without restoring the church property he held, was created Viscount Montague on the occasion of the Spanish marriage. The second Viscount, who died at the age of twenty-eight, was the author of a curious set of household rules, which show that he kept almost regal state at Cowdray. He appoints the places of thirty-six attendants at his table, many of whom were heads of departments; and regulates with the utmost particularity the *minutiae* of their different offices.

Gradually, however, the Montagues began to decay, and finally Battle was sold to the highest bidder. The seventh Viscount married a young widow, Lady Halkerton, who was a Methodist, and under her influence joined the Church of England. He died at Brussels in comparative poverty, leaving a son and a daughter in their mother’s care.

The Dowager Lady Montague was a good but narrow-minded woman, incapable of looking at things from any other point of view than her own. She frequently caused religious revivals to be held in the park at Cowdray, when Lady Huntingdon preached; and on the death of her husband devoted herself to the education of her children in the strictest Evangelical principles. Though her daughter adopted her views, her son laughed at her pet preachers; and, while he certainly was not a Catholic, could hardly be called a Protestant.

As soon as the latter was of age, he started for a continental tour, accompanied by Mr. Burdett (brother of the better known Sir Francis Burdett), an old servant named Dickinson, and a favorite black dog. When on their travels the two hare-brained young men conceived the project of shooting the falls of the Rhine, and to this end caused a boat to be constructed that

would offer the least resistance to the water. At the end of September, 1793, the party arrived at Laufenberg, where the Rhine makes a bend, and sweeps in a torrent under a picturesque and lofty bridge of one arch. They announced their intention of making the trial next day. In the morning a crowd had assembled to see them. In vain did the mayor try to dissuade them from their perilous enterprise: Lord Montague was determined. Having exhausted his entreaties without avail, and seeing his master determined on his own destruction, poor old Dickinson seized him as he was about to step into the boat, and tried to drag him back, exclaiming, "My lord, *it is the curse of water!* For God's sake give up the trial." But Montague wrenched himself free with such violence that he left part of his cravat in the old man's hands. They passed the first rapid successfully; and Dickinson, standing on the shore, saw the two young fellows rise up in the boat, waving their handkerchiefs. Then a cloud of spray enveloped them as they neared the second fall, and no mortal eye again beheld them alive.

The faithful servant lingered in the hope of recovering his master's body, which was not found until long afterward, much disfigured, and was buried quietly in the little Protestant cemetery of the town. He had at once dispatched a courier to England with the sad news. At Calais this man met another *en route* for Lucerne, who bore tidings that on the very day of the young lord's death Cowdray, with all its precious jewels, manuscripts and art treasures, had been burned to the ground, through the carelessness of a workman. And thus in very deed was fulfilled the monk's prophecy: "By fire and water thy line shall come to an end, and out of the land it shall perish utterly."

The next heir to the title of Montague was a poor friar at Fontainebleau, descended from a younger son of the second Viscount. He unwillingly received from

the Pope permission to marry and carry on the family; but he died without issue in 1797, and the house became extinct in the male line. Mary, the sister of the wilful young lord, married William Poyntz, a very handsome and charming man. Two sons and three daughters were born to them, and these their grandmother watched over with painful anxiety. She never allowed them to venture near the river; and in her extreme old age would often be found dragging the fountain with her silver-handled walking-stick, in the belief that one or other of the children had been drowned, and muttering to herself, "The curse! the curse!"

For the use of Mr. Poyntz and his wife, the keeper's lodge in the centre of the park was fitted up after the destruction of Cowdray; and here the family lived, very happy in their mutual affection. In 1815 they went to Bognor, and one day the father decided to take the children out to boat. Their mother objected, but her objections were overruled; and, with one of their sisters and her schoolgirl visitor, the party set out. The mother from her drawing-room window watched them anxiously; and all seemed well—when suddenly a squall struck the boat; it capsized, and its inmates were struggling in the water. The unhappy mother rushed distractedly to the beach. Before she learned by words what had happened, her heart had told her; for the prophecy had clouded her life, and she anticipated the worst. The children were drowned, the father and the boatman being saved with difficulty. No future heirs gladdened the home of the Poyntzes.

Of the two little girls left behind, one became the ancestress of Earl Egmont, who, with his wife, resides at a lodge near the ruins of the famous mansion. The other, Elizabeth, married in 1830 the Hon. Frederick Spencer, R. N., and became the mother of the present Earl Spencer. It may be remarked that both Earl Egmont and Earl Spencer are childless.

A Link in a Broken Chain.

THE Church has ever been the repository from which art, music and poetry have drawn their noblest themes, and under her auspices have the greatest masterpieces been given to the world. Her influence has been felt from earliest ages, and all that is truly beautiful in the literary and artistic treasures of the past bears testimony to the truth of the words,

“Art is true art when art to God is true.”

Every day new developments give ample proof that the resources of the Church are far from being exhausted; and as fresh fields are ever opening out before the student of antiquity, the claims of Christianity as a civilizing and refining agent are receiving strong advocates from the ranks of the learned.

Among the literary productions which owe their origin to the immediate influence of religion, no branch is more worthy of study than that which comprises the early liturgical prayers. Into them were infused the ardent love and sublime faith which characterized the first Christians, and from them have been drawn all that is truly devotional in the various rituals followed to-day. The “Book of Common-Prayer,” as used by members of the Church of England, is compiled from Roman Catholic sources; it is, indeed, as aptly styled by Father Lambert, “a mutilated Roman Ritual.” The order of prayers prescribed by the Eastern Greek Church is taken from the same source; and the offices ordained for the different festivals are made up of the heart-words, the bursts of inspiration, which came from the lips and pens of St. Basil, St. John Chrysostom, St. Gregory, St. Ignatius of Antioch, St. John Damascene, and others, who were shepherds of Christ’s flock in the one true Fold.

In a late translation of the prayers, liturgy and principal offices of the “Greek Orthodox Church of the East,” by Kath-

arine Lady Lechmere, we find the beautiful prayers and hymns, paraphrases and invocations, which breathe the spirit of the early ages of the Church, illustrating particularly her devotion to the Virgin Mother. The work is prefaced by an introduction from the pen of J. Gennadius, Envoy Extraordinary of his Majesty the King of the Hellenes at the Court of St. James, in which is this remarkable statement: “They [readers of the work in question] will be animated by a quickened interest in the practices of the holy Eastern Church, . . . whence all other churches, even Rome itself, derive their origin, their constitution, and their rites.” This is an absurd assumption. We claim as our own the jewels which form a diadem for our Blessed Lady, and which was fashioned for her pure brow in that Church which placed the crowning gem therein when Mary was proclaimed immaculate in her conception.

Among the prayers, what could be more beautiful or more Catholic than this:

“O pure One! in my trouble I found thee a harbor, in my sorrow a joy and happiness, and in sickness a help and a support; a savior in dangers and a protectress in temptations. Hail, thou golden lamp, inextinguishable light! Hail, glory of virgins, ornament and boast of mothers!”

Or this cry for help to our Mother, worthy the pen of a St. Bernard, whose writings are termed “a river of paradise”:

“Thy pity, as a sweet river and as a rich, refreshing gift, pour on my afflicted soul, O pure One! For I am afflicted as in a fiery furnace; and I magnify and exalt thee, and have recourse to thee, that thou mayst save me.”

Let us hope that one day East and West may be united in all things, that we may all enjoy the treasures that form the heritage of our Father.

ON the death of a friend’s child Longfellow wrote: “So the little ones fade and fall, like blossoms wafted away by the wind! But the wind is the breath of God, and the falling blossoms perfume the air, and the remembrance of them is sweet and sacred.”

Notes and Remarks.

News comes from Rome that on the 14th ult. the giant cross which for centuries has stood upon the highest point of Tusculum, near Frascati, was cut down by some iconoclastic ruffian, styling himself, in a note found near by, the "Treasurer of Humanity." The students of the English College, who are spending the summer months at Monte Porzio, near the scene of the outrage, have reared a new cross; and the Rev. John Prior, Vice-Rector of the English College, writes: "I may assure the old students of the 'Venerabile' that the Cross of Tusculum will remain. The good old Prince Aldobrandini declares his resolve that if it is cut down in the night, he will put up another the next morning; and continue to raise crosses as often as they are pulled down."

Writing to the *Northwestern Chronicle*, the Rev. Dr. O'Gorman gives an interesting picture of the Holy Father at the altar, and comments thus on the effect produced by the fervor with which the Pope celebrates the Holy Sacrifice: "It was a lesson I shall never forget. His devotion was so natural, yet so intense, that few in that chapel did not shed tears. I have heard that the elder Booth could recite the 'Our Father' and make you feel as if you had never heard the prayer before. I can assure you that the three 'Hail Marys' and the 'Hail, Holy Queen,' now said all over the world after every Mass, were so recited by Leo XIII. as to be a revelation to me."

A letter from Mgr. Osouf informs us of the death of Father Testevuide, the self-sacrificing founder and chaplain of the leper hospital at Fujiyama, Japan. He had been in feeble health for some time, but his death was hastened by his unremitting labors for the temporal and spiritual welfare of his afflicted charges. As many new readers have been added to our subscription list since we first described Father Testevuide's arduous apostolate, and appealed to benevolent persons to come to his assistance, it may be well to retell the story of his mission. In the course of his ministrations in the interior he met with

a sad case of leprosy, that so stirred the depths of his charitable nature that he determined to devote his life unreservedly to the lepers. The case was that of a woman who, having developed leprosy, was abandoned by her husband; and, the loathsome disease rapidly advancing, she was placed in a loft over a rice-mill. For bed she was given some planks covered with strips of matting; for clothes, some rags; for food, a cup of rice daily. Loss of sight rendered her condition still more pitiful. The Father visited her constantly, tended her with his own hands, and spoke to her of his faith in a hereafter where pain and sickness are unknown. It was then that Father Testevuide resolved to found a leper hospital, in the maintenance of which he wore out his life. One hero has fallen from the ranks, but another takes his place,—the lepers have been confided to the Rev. Father Vigroux, some idea of whose character may be formed from the circumstance that he esteems the charge a favor, and has thanked Mgr. Osouf for his appointment.

The Legislature of New Zealand has voted down the Private Schools' Bill, designed to give Catholics an allowance from the general school fund to aid them in supporting their own parochial schools. Our exchanges from that distant land devote considerable space to the subject; and one, the *Tablet*, has this standing editorial paragraph, headed "Progress and Justice in the Nineteenth Century":

"The Catholics of New Zealand provide, at their own sole expense, an excellent education for their own children. Yet such is the sense of justice and policy in the New Zealand Legislature that it compels these Catholics, after having manfully provided for their own children, to contribute largely toward the free and godless education of other people's children! This is tyranny, oppression, and plunder."

Come to think of it, "United States" might be substituted for "New Zealand" in this paragraph without falsifying the context.

An interesting ceremony took place on the 15th ult. at Loigny, France. Those who have read "The Story of a Brave Life," published in our last volume, will remember this little village as that which gave its name to the battle where in December, 1870, General de Sonis led the Pontifical Zouaves to the onset,

with the banner of the Sacred Heart floating above them, side by side with the national flag. That noble Christian hero fell, wounded, and spent a night of intolerable suffering on the battle-field. A stone cross about fifteen feet high now marks the spot which he consecrated by his sublime resignation on that terrible night. It has been erected by Mgr. Baurard to perpetuate the memory of the "glorious vanquished." The cross bears the standard of the Sacred Heart and a palm, symbol of the triumph which, in the estimation of Catholic France, was achieved by the Zouaves and their noble leader. On each of the four faces of the pedestal is an inscription recalling some incident of the night after the battle, and the title which the General wished to have placed on his tomb: *Miles Christi*,—"A soldier of Christ."

An incident related in our columns half a decade ago has lately been reproduced in some of our exchanges. May we suggest that "Mgr. Mermillod, a holy bishop and eloquent missionary," is no longer the proper title by which to designate the eminent Cardinal, whose genuflection before the Blessed Sacrament once effected the conversion of a Protestant lady? It is well to be exact even in small things.

An excellent idea broached by the Catholic Young Men's National Union is that of establishing employment bureaus in connection with the local or diocesan Unions. The benefits resulting to applicants and employers from the effective organization of such bureaus are patent, and the scheme proposed in outline seems perfectly feasible.

A careful study of the position of the Church in England seems scarcely to warrant the slightly pessimistic views entertained by some of our exchanges. While the fact that there is a "leakage" among the laboring classes, and especially among children, can not be gainsaid, it is none the less true, we think, that Catholicism is making real and steady progress among the English people. One phase of this progress is instanced by the *Liverpool Catholic Times*:—"The sentiments of hatred, fear and contempt with which the great majority of Englishmen looked upon

the Catholic Church forty or fifty years ago have all but vanished. Catholicism is now regarded as a religion that is entitled to respect. The hideous mask which concealed the face of the Church from the people of this country has been torn away. This is of itself a very great work, and in future years the Church will reap the fruits of labors which may now seem to be all but wasted."

The *Catholic Advocate* is waging bitter war on the church choir, and one corps of singers in Louisville, Ky., must have been exceedingly interested in a recent editorial of that journal. Their performance at the *Gloria* and *Credo* is styled "offensive shrieks, discordant yells, and almost meretricious tremulos." The editor of the *Advocate* evidently feels strongly on this subject; and one would judge that he has frequently been "caught" for High Mass under circumstances similar to those in New York on one occasion, when, he informs us, "the choir, through some miserable self-exploiter, occupied four minutes and a half in singing the one word 'Amen.'" This was sad surely, but we think our suffering brother was made more miserable by consulting his watch instead of his prayer-book or rosary. Have your beads with you, friend, and meditate on the Agony in the Garden.

Mgr. Lecot, Bishop of Bordeaux, has adopted an excellent means of having the Encyclical on the Condition of Labor thoroughly understood by his flock. He has written a catechism on the subject of labor, and to the hundred and thirty-six questions asked gives answers, as far as possible, in the very words of the Encyclical. The idea is a good one, as the catechetical form of instruction is perhaps the most popular and efficient for the masses.

The *Ypsilanti Sentinel* reprints portions of our article on the relic of Treves, with the observation that the true position of Catholics in regard to the veneration of sacred relics is little understood by Protestants. "We have not room for the proofs adduced in favor of the authenticity of the 'Holy Coat,' but this is sufficient to refute the charge of a superstitious worship offered by Catholics to the relic."



The Story of Fay.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FLOPS," ETC.

I.

FAY was a spoiled child when she came to St. Mary's Convent; but it was hard to resist her winning ways, and at first she seemed to run a great chance of being spoiled at St. Mary's too. Fay was just like her name—the fairy of the school. Her pale blue dress was prettier than anything we wore; her long fair hair shone almost golden, and fell in a tangle of curls about her forehead and round her shoulders. She loved to look at herself in the well in the stable-yard, or in the back of a spoon; and she got her first scolding for putting pink on her cheeks with geranium leaves. There were no mirrors at St. Mary's, and she put it on very badly, and was instantly detected.

Poor little Fay! it was hardly her fault that she was vain. She had been taught to look forward to being a pretty girl and wearing Parisian dresses. What wonder if she began to be more anxious to be pretty than to work or improve? "Papa doesn't care whether I learn lessons. One can't do what one does not like," she would pout, and toss the books away. And as for idleness—well, there is no describing the idleness of Fay. When Sister Francis, who was her class-mistress, would try to make her understand that it was wrong to waste time, she would come flying across the schoolroom in three skips, and spring up on the little platform of the mistress' desk

and hug her favorite Sister with a shower of kisses, much to the danger of the good nun's cap and veil arrangements, and much to our awe and astonishment. "Please don't say anything horrid," she would say. "There—don't! don't! don't!"

At arithmetic lesson Fay counted one, two, three, four, five, on the tips of her fingers; but presently she began to draw peacocks on her slate, and went on contentedly doing peacocks with their tails down and peacocks with their tails up, all covered with round eyes. Peacocks were easier than long division, and Fay had been brought up to think that life was meant for enjoyment. "One can't do what one doesn't like." And so the gay little idler never knew her lessons.

"Now, Fay," the Sister would ask, "which are the chief rivers of South America?"

And the little girl answered, with her frank, funny look: "Sister dear, I haven't the slightest idea."

"Well, take an easier question. What is the largest country of South America?"

The blue eyes, with a wandering gaze, looked along the range of sunny windows and up at the ceiling. At last she smiled sweetly and shook her head. "Give it up!"

"My dear child, this is not a riddle: it is a lesson." And down went some more bad marks in the new book. "What will your father say when he hears how idle you have been?"

"Oh!" replied Fay, considering, "*my* papa thinks 'marks of application' are all good marks. It's so funny that they mean being bad! *My* papa will be quite pleased."

Fay said all these things so gently, and with such a candid gaze of her blue eyes, that everyone knew she did not mean to be rude or vexatious; she was only saying whatever came into her head, and until then she had been accustomed to do and say all she liked without blame or hindrance. However, the nuns were becoming serious about it. As for us, we thought Fay was

“fun,” as schoolgirls say. But for one thing we were all sorry. The knowledge of it had come to us with a surprise and shock when she was only two days at the school. This was how we first knew it.

Fay was in one of the practice rooms of the great corridor. She had a violin—and how it squeaked and groaned! But after groaning, Fay always produced some pure notes of melody, and became enraptured with her own performance. Work was almost impossible to her. She would not practise, but she would scrape about till she got a good note, and her sensitive fingers and quick ear helped her to find another and yet another. When she did not succeed, she dashed the violin away on the floor; but when she did succeed, she was perfectly happy. Again I see, rising out of the mists of time and memory, that slender, bright-haired little maiden, with her violin against her shoulder. The white walls and the small crucifix form a background,—the crucifix toward which Fay had cast a shuddering glance before she turned the other way and began her music. She was so happy at last with the violin, when the glass door opened, and the usual schoolgirl head was popped in—a healthy face and straight hair brushed smoothly back.

“It is Benediction now. Come along, and get your veil.”

“Benediction! What is that?” said Fay.

The elder girl’s lips parted. She stared at the child with the violin. “Why, Benediction—don’t you know?”

“But what *is* it—please?” The violin hung down. Fay had run to the door, impatient at not being told at once; and then trying, childlike, to cover her impatience with the polite “please.”

Sister Francis was passing. “Never mind calling Fay, Kate.” Then, in a lower tone: “She is not a Catholic.”

What a sad surprise it gave us when that word passed on to us all!

“Of course,” said Sister Francis at the

door, addressing Fay as well as Kate, “if she would like to come, she may.”

And just then the procession to the chapel began to go by—the youngest first, veiled, and with white gloves on their little joined hands; and along the corridor the white veils rising higher and higher as the first classes advanced.

“Can’t I go too? What is it going to be? Have I a veil? Sister dear,” cried the impulsive child, “please let me go—quick!”

“Let her have my white veil,” pleaded Kate; “I can put on my black one.”

So Fay was arrayed like one of us, and timidly, with wide-open blue eyes, she went for the first time to a Catholic church, our convent chapel, and learned afterward, by a hundred eager questions, what Benediction was.

“It is perfectly lovely!” she said. “But papa says I must not get any religion until I grow up and choose for myself. Papa has not got religion himself yet.”

It seemed strange that she had been sent to a convent school. But her father expected soon to go away, and he had the true impression that she would be safe and happy out in the sunny country at St. Mary’s. This was far from being her first absence from home; she had made long visits, petted and spoiled everywhere; and, though she loved her father dearly, she came to the convent in a glow of excitement at the novelty of going to school.

Fay was indeed a fairy or a butterfly by nature. She took life very lightly. The world was a place where one was to be happy; nothing was necessary but to dress and look nice; to dance, enjoy music and pictures; to travel, make hosts of friends, and be very gay. By and by she would have dresses from Paris, a beautiful horse, a country house and a town house, and a box at the opera. She knew about all these luxuries only in a childish way; but she looked forward to grown-up life as a blissful future, when she would be, as the fairy tales say, “happy ever after.”

Fay offered to help the others in carrying the palms and lilies upstairs to Our Lady's Chapel on the eve of May. She looked with wistful wonder at the beautiful white statue of the Virgin Mother and the Child. Then she went to the window, and her eyes wandered vaguely away to the river and the blue hills in the distance.

One day, passing the parlor, she heard her father's voice. She knew it in an instant, and flung the door open and sprang in. Her father was terribly changed. His face looked old and haggard. The Rev. Mother appeared troubled, as if she had been stopped suddenly in a conversation about something painful.

"My poor child!" said the father; and he could not smile when Fay rushed into his arms. "Do you know—I have got nothing but you in the world?" He was in a feverish excitement, and seemed not to care what he said. "I was just telling this lady about it. We are ruined, Fay,—ruined! We are poor! You and I are paupers!"

Fay burst into tears, and clung to him in an agony of humiliation. Poverty meant rags to her; paupers meant the workhouse. She did not realize the misfortune, but she did understand that her own father had spoken in this terrible way before Rev. Mother—that the bad news had come to the school.

He would have explained more, thinking that Fay had been his little companion so long she could surely comprehend his troubles. But the nun wisely interposed and talked of other things; while the little crushed creature leaned against his chair, her head resting on his shoulder, and panted out hot little sobs and sighs, the last of a perfect storm.

The man had lost everything. He had to go abroad now, to try to make some new stroke of fortune. Fay was to be left at St. Mary's. By degrees, the meaning of the calamity dawned upon her. All the visions of the future vanished. Life had become

an unendurable nightmare. In a word, Fay had met her first great sorrow, and did not know how to bear it. The schoolgirls did not learn what had happened, but they saw that the bright fairy had changed into an angry, passionate, vengeful little elf.

"What a little Tartar!" the girls would remark to one another. "Who would ever think it?"

Fay would fling her books right across the schoolroom the moment she was tired of them. One day she sent all her books flying together, and her little ink-bottle after them.

"Go and pick them up, Fay," said the Sister, with quiet firmness.

"But I don't want them!" cried the child, with an outburst of angry tears. "I hate lessons—I hate everything!" And when she walked to the middle of the floor, instead of picking up the books, she flung herself down on the inky heap, and cried with rage and misery.

"My dear Fay," came the Sister's voice, "have some self-command. You are behaving like a spoiled child of four."

"I don't care!" was the only answer from the heap of fair hair and embroidered muslin.

"Then you must leave the room."

"I won't!"

"Fay!" in a tone of reproach.

The little girl sat up straight, and shook back the heap of fair hair like a wild, bright mane.

"Yes," said Sister Francis, who in a quiet way was as firm as a rock, "you may look at me to see if I mean it. I do,—you must go out of the room. And when you have apologized for your conduct, you may join the class again."

Poor little Fay had the pride of a pagan. To be turned out, to be told to apologize to any one—all fanned her trouble into a glow of anger. She stood up, with her pretty dress all smeared with ink, and her hot face stained with tears. "I don't want to join the class again!" she said. And she

marched out of the room, giving the door the most tremendous bang that had ever been heard in St. Mary's Convent.

It was a rainy day. The angry and lonely child did not know where to go—the garden was all wet,—but she was determined to amuse herself. She took her violin to the room where she usually spent her practice hour; but her heart was in a storm and she could not play. She began to think of her father, and to wish for him with passionate longing. He was on his way to Cape Town by this time—far away across the ocean. She felt outrageously injured, as spoiled children are likely to feel when first they meet with justice. Why had Sister Francis, whom she loved, been so stern? It was hard, it was unjust, it was everything unkind! She could never be happy here; she would write to her father and tell him she had been unjustly treated, and was the most unhappy girl in the world.

The violin fell to the floor. She sat on the window-seat and rested her head against the ledge of the window. And then—just then—she saw the crucifix on the white wall. Once she had turned away in horror from that bleeding figure, so tortured, so desolate, with the hands and feet nailed, and the head hanging meekly forward. But now she did not shrink from the sight of suffering: she looked up at the crucifix and listened to the rain. And time after time the clock chimed from the tower, or the jangling hand-bell was rung in the corridor. Fay's trouble quieted down; she began to forget to be angry; in fact, she began to forget herself altogether.

"Miss Fay!" The voice startled her. A lay-Sister, wearing a white linen veil, was holding the door half open, and speaking to her. "Please go to Rev. Mother at once."

(Conclusion in our next number.)

EVERY violation of truth is a stab at the health of human society.—*Emerson.*

A Hard Lesson.

When the Athenians were defeated in Sicily, a barber was the first man in Athens to learn of it. He had been told of it by a slave who had run away after the battle. Delighted at being the first to hear the news, the barber spread it abroad; but, alas! he was not believed. "Who told you?" the people asked; and he could only answer that he did not know. "It is a false report!" they cried. "To the rack with the liar!"

So the poor barber was placed upon the rack and commanded to confess his deception. Fortunately for him, however, other refugees arrived and confirmed the news the slave had brought. "So the barber told the truth, after all," said the Athenians, going home and quite forgetting to release him. At night the executioner happened to pass by, and set him free; but he could not forbear asking him a question. "How did the General perish?" he inquired. "O dear me!" said the poor barber, "I don't know, and I never intend to know anything more as long as I live."

"There are some things," goes on the quaint old chronicle, "which can teach even the most talkative to be silent."

A Graceful Act.

Kings and emperors have often had favorite artists, with whom they relaxed much of the royal etiquette. Philip IV., of Spain, was very fond of visiting the painter Velasquez, and lavishing honors upon him.

This great artist had once painted a portrait of the infanta, and among the courtiers who were represented as standing near her was Velasquez himself. The King was greatly pleased with the picture, but declared that there was one thing lacking; and, taking a brush, he himself emblazoned upon the breast of the portrait of Velasquez the Cross of Santiago.

THE AVE MARIA

TO THE HONOR OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN

A MAGAZINE DEVOTED

HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED

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Sweet Source of Strength.

Favors of Our Queen at the French National Pilgrimage of 1891.

BY THE REV. THOMAS J. KERNAN.

BY A SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.

ONE day as Margaret Mary knelt in prayer
 Before the humble tabernacle throne,
 In bitterest distress she made her moan.
 She was so weak, a woman; yet would dare
 Whatever saint or martyr would, and wear
 Her thorny crown, and bear her cross alone,
 If so she might, in smallest part, atone
 For sin's ingratitude, and make repair.
 But O too well she knew—her direst ill,—
 From past defeat, no strength had she at all;
 Naught could she do but sigh and weep and
 speak
 In prayer, for she was frail. "My woman's will"
 (And tears fell swiftly as the raindrops fall
 The while she spoke), "dear Lord, is very
 weak."

Then, as she slowly raised her streaming eyes
 In mute appeal unto the Throne of Grace,
 Lo! there was her Beloved, face to face.
 "My child, thy humble prayer has pierced the
 skies,
 And I, thy strength, am come. Take courage,
 rise;
 Within this riven Heart thy weak will place:
 Sole refuge It for sinful Adam's race;
 Thence draw at will the fortitude you prize."

THIS world is only the negative of the world to come, and what is dark here will be light hereafter.—Anon.



IF it be often true that the repetition of the same scenes is monotonous, this can hardly be said of the marvels of Lourdes. France generally and even the whole Catholic world look forward eagerly to accounts of the wonders that have been wrought almost without intermission for more than a quarter of a century on the banks of the Gave. Each succeeding year the pilgrims set out, sure of a continuance of Our Lady's favors.

This year Paris and the departments of the north of France filled sixteen trains, leaving the capital on the 13th of August, and conveying to the healing source one thousand sick persons who, in addition to their other sufferings, cheerfully braved the great fatigue and inevitable discomfort incident to so long a journey. Many were in a dying state, yet joyfully undertook the pilgrimage. On reaching Lourdes, a heavy rain fell and continued during the whole of the first day. This was a sore trial to the weary pilgrims, but did not prevent visits to the Basilica and Grotto. Ardent, heartfelt prayers began at once, and were kept up during the entire night.

The first name on the list of the cured at the National Pilgrimage is that of Maria Rayon. She is thirty-three years of age, and a native of Redon (Brittany), but at present resides at Versailles. She had been confined to her bed for fourteen months. Chronic bronchitis during eight years had gradually reduced her to a state of great exhaustion. Several physicians who had been consulted finally abandoned all remedies, declaring the case hopeless. One of these, Dr. Lesur, in delivering the certificate for Lourdes, protested against her being dipped in the piscina, as it would result in certain death. But neither the doctor nor his certificate could shake Maria's confidence in the Blessed Virgin. For months she had been unable to absorb any food, even milk; she took with her, however, on her journey to Lourdes a bottle of mineral water and a small phial of brandy, the only liquids her stomach could retain. During the long hours in the train she suffered acutely from coughing, hemorrhages, suffocation, etc. Her first thought on beholding the Grotto was not for herself: she prayed ardently for the recovery of the poor sufferers she saw lying helplessly around her. She pleaded, too, for the conversion of heretics and sinners; a favorite devotion with her, and one which, it will be remembered, Our Lady recommended to Bernadette, and through her to all future pilgrims to the Grotto. On Friday, August 21, during the procession of the Blessed Sacrament, Maria was deeply rapt in prayer, when all at once she felt acute pain. To quote her own words: "It seemed to me as if my chest were wrenched out of me; a cold perspiration covered me, then all pain suddenly disappeared." Springing up from her mattress, she threw herself upon her knees, and rose to follow the Blessed Sacrament to the Basilica. She afterward walked to the Grotto, where she was examined by the Bureau des Constatations, and the same evening returned on foot to the Hospital of the Seven Dolors. She was radically

cured, a fresh color tinging her cheeks.

The cure of Antoinette Fredouille greatly interested the examining physicians, who pronounced it quite extraordinary. Aged thirty-one, this young woman, in consequence of her confinement, had lost the use of her limbs, and for the last five years has been lying in the Hôtel-Dieu in Paris, under the care of the eminent surgeons, Drs. Gailard and Dumontpallier. Their efforts to ameliorate her condition were powerless. She was carried to the piscina on a litter. After a first bath she was at once enabled to stand alone; after the next she walked without any assistance, going immediately to the Grotto and thence to the Bureau des Constatations. The former invalid now walks and eats like one in perfect health. For six months previous to her sudden cure she had been kept alive on milk. We may remark that the only trace of her former malady is a certain unsteadiness, due to the fact that she has been long unaccustomed to use her limbs.

Another of the more remarkable cures was that of Lucie Renauld, a bright little girl of fourteen. She was stricken with paralysis in her infancy, in consequence of which the growth of her left leg was stopped. To remedy this defect, when Lucie was four years old she wore a boot with a high heel; as she grew taller, the height of the heel was gradually increased until it was about two inches. She was able to walk with the aid of a crutch, and at the age of eleven was placed in apprenticeship to a flower manufacturer. As years went by one thought took possession of her mind—that if she went to Lourdes she would surely be cured. She could scarcely hope, however, to see her desire realized; for her father's hostility to religious practices in general, and to those of Lourdes in particular, was not easy to overcome. Finally, by some innocent little wiles, she managed, without displeasing her father, to be admitted to the National Pilgrimage of this year. While taking her fourth bath in the

piscina she felt a crackling in her shortened limb, and in an instant that member extended to the length of the other. In her bare feet the overjoyed child walked round the piscina. When a pair of ordinary shoes had been procured, she ran about as if she had always done so. The wonder and joy of her relatives and friends when she returned home may be imagined. She lives at No. 15 Rue Gracieuse, Paris.

Cures that have been mysteriously denied at the Grotto are sometimes wrought on the journey homeward. Such was the case with another child, a deaf-mute, named Emile Jacquot. The following is the certificate delivered by the doctor before the little sufferer set out for Lourdes with his parents: "I, the undersigned Gabriel Guillemard, medical doctor at Sermaize (Marne), certify that the boy Emile Jacquot is affected by complete deafness and dumbness. July 26, 1891." Emile is nine and a half years old. The most violent noise never attracted his attention; and if he occasionally understood anything, it was by signs. During the journey to and his stay at Lourdes the little fellow frequently used the miraculous water in lotions, but all in vain. The afflicted father and mother left Lourdes in sadness, yet continued to pray in the train. Suddenly Emile's eyes brightened, he seemed to wake from a dream. In surprise his mother called out: "Emile! Emile!" and he instantly turned round. The noise of the train frightened him and he began to cry. Then a watch was put to his ear; and, unable to express what he heard, he struck one hand upon the other, so as to imitate the ticking. If any traveller in the next carriage happened to tap, even lightly, against the partition, Emile would turn quickly to see whence the noise came. His pious parents made him repeat over and over again: "Jesus! Mary! Thank you!" The boy pronounced these words correctly. His overjoyed mother continued to teach him to speak, and the task does not seem to have been very difficult. Emile belonged to the

devout group of pilgrims from Châlons. The venerable Abbé Guillemain, parish priest of Maurupt, had convened his parishioners to a preparatory novena before the pilgrimage, and the mother and the little *miraculé* had both assisted at it.

The last cure I shall relate—passing over a large number—can not fail to be of special interest to American Catholics; indeed, it is spoken of as the most touching of all the miracles wrought at Lourdes this year. The happy subject of it is Miss Sarah Frewy, a native of Philadelphia, where she and her brother live on Sixteenth Street. They both undertook the long and expensive journey to implore in her favor the succor of the miraculous Madonna of the Grotto. Miss Frewy's malady was of long standing, and her journey was decided upon after mature reflection. She had been suffering for thirteen years, and from the first she yearned to accomplish a pilgrimage to Lourdes, but with only a remote and faint hope of ever being able to do so. The origin of her infirmity was a fall downstairs, which so seriously injured her spine that paralysis of the lower members ensued. From that time her life was a weary one, partly spent in bed and partly on a chair, she being unable to move from one to the other without help. In vain did doctors and surgeons try various remedies: their skill was of no avail. As there remained no human hope, she and her brother consulted together as to what they might do; and finally concluded that, by hard labor and strict economy, they would try to lay aside a little capital to enable them, in time, to make a journey to France. Thirteen years passed away, during which that devoted brother persevered in his heroic self-denial, saving every cent, until he found himself in possession of four hundred dollars. The dream of many years became then a reality. Leaving his work, he and his sister set out to cross the ocean, both buoyant with hope and sustained by that faith which literally works wonders. Otherwise the invalid was

in a pitiable condition, being unable to stir from her chair.

Arriving at Lourdes some time before the Assumption, they found such a crowd there that for several days they were almost bewildered. They prayed with all their hearts, but remained timidly in the background, where they could be in nobody's way. Finally the National Pilgrimage arrived. Every evening, when the greater number of the worshippers had dispersed, the two Americans drew nearer to the Grotto, Miss Frewy seated in her little carriage, where she remained motionless, praying until a late hour of the night. Père Ephrem, a Carmelite of the Convent of St. Omer, seems to have been the first to notice them particularly. It was his custom also to go to the Grotto toward evening, the better to enjoy the quiet of the hallowed spot. He drew near and asked the invalid if he could be of any service to her. Not understanding French, she replied in English; whereupon the good religious, not knowing more English than she French, smiled, and offered her a small statue of the Apparition, which she received with evident joy and devoutly pressed to her lips, while her brother rose and bowed his silent thanks to their first friend in Lourdes. The next day, among the ever-moving crowd, Sarah and her brother had the happiness of overhearing a pilgrim speak English; overjoyed at the discovery, they ventured to address him. The speaker was a captain of the English army stationed in India; he had recently left his regiment at Agra, and, although he was spending only a few hours at Lourdes, he succeeded in having Miss Frewy admitted to the piscina without delay. This was the privilege she had been praying for.

The first immersion, alas! wrought no change in her poor paralyzed limbs. Next day, with undiminished faith, she awaited patiently her turn. Her brother lifted her in his arms to carry her to the piscina; but, to her dismay, she perceived she had lost

her statuette. She was inconsolable, and, in her distress, sobbed aloud. Her grief attracted the attention of two English ladies, who after a short search succeeded in finding the precious object. On receiving it back, with expressions of joy and gratitude, the crippled woman felt herself instantly cured. She and her brother related to the English ladies the story of those long years of suffering, crowned by this ineffable prodigy, the magnificent reward of their faith in the power of the Mother of God.

Miss Frewy asked to be taken to see Père Ephrem; and, seizing his hand with an exuberance of gratitude, she told him, through an interpreter, that she knew he was a Carmelite Father. When the religious expressed his surprise at being thus recognized, she added: "Yes, something—an interior voice—told me you were a Carmelite, although I had never seen one before. Ever since I was paralyzed my one thought has been to be cured for the glory of the Blessed Virgin in our own country, and I promised in return to become a Carmelite nun."

So saying, Miss Frewy and her brother kissed the hands of the venerable priest, and bade him adieu with tears. They departed from Lourdes *en route* for their distant home, leaving all the pilgrims who saw them deeply impressed with the incomparable beauty of the communion of Christian souls, and the no less incomparable power of the ever-glorious Virgin.

As God determines for each man the measure of his stature and the complexion of his mind and the number of his days, yet not the same for all; as one child of Adam is preordained to live one day and another eighty years, so is it fixed that one should be reserved for his eightieth sin, another cut off after his first. Why this is we know not, but it is parallel to what is done in human matters without exciting any surprise.—*Newman*.

The Success of Patrick Desmond.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

XXVII.—(Continued.)

IMMEDIATELY after the Judge's death, Mary Fitzgerald had obliged Eleanor and Belinda to come to her. And in an atmosphere of the deepest sympathy Eleanor spent the earliest days of her mourning. At first she did not realize what had taken place; her father was gone—she knew that,—but she could not yet understand that he was gone forever. The days of her childhood came back to her again; she lived in them; a hundred details of her father's tender love recurred to her. A figure passed the window, a footstep sounded. Surely it was he! And then came the great sense of loss. In consoling Eleanor, Mary almost forgot her solicitude for Miles; nobody could have done the work more effectually, as far as it could be done; but there was a point to which no human consolation could reach.

"At least I can pray for him!" Eleanor exclaimed one day. And when she had realized this, Father Jackson needed to argue with her no more: she glided, as it were, into the Church.

When Eleanor had begun again to take an interest in ordinary affairs, she heard one day, by chance at the table, that Desmond had refused to sell Arthur Fitzgerald the shares he coveted; and Arthur congratulated her on having such a careful agent. Later she asked Mary if her husband would be made very happy if she sold him all or a part of the shares. Mary had not answered at once. Then she had said:

"It is better to leave these matters to the men, my dear. Mr. Desmond knows best what is for your interest."

"And *his*," she added in her mind, but she did not speak it.

Eleanor thought it over; and on the day before the great storm that swept over the Atlantic coast and made an epoch from which many people date events, she came to the conclusion to instruct Desmond to sell the shares. She was not a woman of business, but a woman of gratitude. What difference did it make to her now whether she were rich or not? And surely Mary Fitzgerald's husband deserved all the kindness she could show him. In the afternoon, just as she was about to go to the telegraph office with her message to Desmond, Laura Bayard sent up her card.

Mrs. Bayard was a new woman. The rather loud and gushing Redwood manner had been replaced by a reserve which went well with a careful manner of dress, free from the colors in which she had delighted at home. The blackened eyebrows and the too-golden hair were there, but Eleanor saw a look of true sympathy in her eyes; and there was silence. Eleanor could not speak; for this woman had been a little girl with her, and shared her dear father's care. Laura wiped a tear hastily under her veil.

"I come to ask you a favor," Laura said. "But first I must ask you to keep the nature of my errand a secret—don't be afraid: it concerns only yourself."

Eleanor, softened by the sight of her old friend, easily promised.

"I want you, Eleanor, to sell your stock in the Fly-Away Mines as soon as possible; Harry has sold his. He is in possession of information—exclusive information,—and he knows that in a short time they will be worthless. I have always liked you, Eleanor; and your father—dear old Judge!—was always good to me. For old friendship's sake I have come to you, though if Harry knew it he would almost kill me. He thinks—but never mind what he thinks. Take my word, Eleanor, and get all you can for the stock at once."

Eleanor was silent for a time. "You have done me a great kindness, Laura," she said, in the quiet, low tone which had

become habitual to her of late. "But are you sure—"

"Sure!" exclaimed Laura. "I am certain and positive of the truth of what I say. To save you, I have betrayed Harry's confidence in me. He has no grudge against you, but he absolutely hates Mr. Desmond."

"But how can it affect Mr. Desmond?"

Mrs. Bayard smiled. How demure these quiet people could be! she thought. Eleanor was too greatly occupied to notice the smile.

"I advise you to sell, that is all!" Laura said.

Eleanor thanked her. The talk drifted to the old days; and when Laura Bayard left, she congratulated herself on having done a good action and made sure of Eleanor's gratitude, should her husband's present prosperity prove fleeting.

Eleanor did not send the telegram; a little later in the day she went to the rectory with Belinda, who was temporarily subdued, for the usual instruction from Father Jackson. She determined to ask him what she should do, as the case stood. But he was summoned to a sick call. She made her third visit to the Blessed Sacrament, and stopped at the telegraph office on her way home. There she wrote:

TO PATRICK DESMOND, Eaglescliff.

Whatever happens, do not sell shares.

ELEANOR REDWOOD.

"A night message?" the clerk asked.

Belinda interposed. "Of course!" she snapped. "It's twenty cents cheaper. Do you want to rob people with your day messages?"

"It will not reach him until eight o'clock to-morrow morning."

"That will be time enough," responded Belinda. Eleanor did not think so.

It was the last message that went to Eaglescliff that night. An hour later the storm burst, and every telegraph wire around Eaglescliff was down. An hour before, Arthur Fitzgerald had telegraphed to Desmond his highest offer.

XXVIII.

Success means not what a man gets, but the attainment of what he wants to get.—*Paradoxes of a Philosopher.*

The sunset was magnificent and the air was still and clear. The weather had been dry for many days; the leaves rustled, but the keen ear could detect in their rustle a different sound from that of early summer: it was sharper; they rasped rather than rustled. Perhaps the extreme dryness of the soil and the trees and the hedges—the appearance of anxious waiting which nature puts on in times of drought—had something to do with the restless anxiety of Patrick's mind on the evening before the great storm.

He had returned from supper, which he had enjoyed in company with Mr. Stokes, who had come over to Eaglescliff on a short visit to his uncle, one of the merchants of the town. This uncle was a leading member of the Baptist Church, and he had argued forcibly with his nephew on the absurdity of his giving up the ministry.

Patrick, reasonably content (if it were not for this strange restlessness which seemed to be in the air), well dressed, handsome, made a marked contrast to the dispirited Mr. Stokes, whose "waterfall," as school-boys used to call the glossy circle of hair on his forehead, was unkempt and straggling, and whose lank duster and soiled blue tie reflected the struggles of his mind. Patrick caught the glance of his soft, appealing eyes as he passed him in the street, and he invited his limp friend to share his frugal hotel supper, which consisted of a number of dabs of various indigestible compounds set out on little saucers.

The repast was not inspiring, nor were the hotel surroundings. The dim kerosene lamps, the paper of the day before yesterday, the fly-blown advertisements on the walls, and the rickety tables, with horrible pens with which no man could write, seemed calculated to drive the low-spirited guest to drink. Desmond asked Mr. Stokes to his little office, which was more comfortable than the common room of the khan.

Desmond's office was furnished with three chairs, a desk, a telephone, and a pile of pamphlets and newspapers on the window-sill. It would be dreary enough in the light of the usual kerosene lamp; but the sunset, marvellous in luminous colors, and tints of dark purple flashed with red gold, in a lake of the palest green, illuminated the place and filled the large window. All the ragged edges of daily life were concealed by the illusion; even the particles of metallic dust on the pamphlets in the window-sill shot out little gleams of radiance.

Mr. Stokes, who had taken one of the chairs, sighed, while Desmond went to the window to read Eleanor's telegram, which had just arrived.

"It's all right," he remarked, dismissing the boy who had brought the message. "Sell!" he said to himself, with a little chuckle. "I have no intention of selling. It would be suicide to sell shares in Fly-Away just now. But women like to give advice, and I suppose one must pretend to take it."

And he folded the telegram tenderly and put it into his waistcoat pocket, forgetting for the moment that Eleanor herself had not written that precious signature with her own hands.

Mr. Stokes sighed again.

"Why, what's the matter?" Desmond asked, turning from the sunset.

"Oh, I am wretched!" he answered. "I'm in what they call a no-thoroughfare. My uncle says I'm a fool, and that I ought to go in and be a minister. He wouldn't help toward my college expenses before, but he says that he'll see me through now, because I'm not fit for anything else."

Desmond laughed. "I don't think he means it, Stokes. I'm sure he wouldn't have you be a hypocrite."

"He says I'm not practical, and that the ministry is the only place open to a man that's not practical. He says I needn't expect to make money in the ministry,—that's out of the question, unless I develop

a great gift for preaching. He says that religion's a matter of sixteen ounces to the pound, and that nobody believes much more than that nowadays—"

"And most of them don't believe that," interrupted Desmond, with another laugh. "If a man doesn't believe in heaven or hell, he'll find it much easier to give twelve ounces to the pound, provided he can keep out of the penitentiary."

"Dogmas have got to go," said Mr. Stokes; "and yet I don't see how morality can be kept up without them. But my uncle says that if a Baptist believes in immersion, people are not likely to ask questions about his other beliefs, and by and by he'll work into the respectable beliefs. 'Believe,' my uncle said, 'that you've got to hold your head up in the town you live in, and don't bother yourself about the Presbyterians or the Revised Version, or Probation. But,' he added, 'if I had my way, I'd go in for Probation after death and the salvation of *all* the heathen, because I don't like to see money going out of the country.'"

"He is a practical man," Desmond remarked, with a smile. "But I say, Stokes, why don't you examine the doctrines of the Catholic Church?"

"I never thought of it," answered Mr. Stokes; "and I should not like to. You see, if I became a Catholic, nobody would speak to me except yourself. And it would give our college a bad name to have turned out a Catholic."

Desmond looked at him in amazement. "But you are on the road to infidelity now. Isn't that worse?"

"Not infidelity," said Mr. Stokes, drawing his limp duster about him, and stretching himself out, so that his feet rested comfortably on the other chair. "I'm a little broad in my opinions, but it takes a great deal of breadth to be considered an infidel by Protestants nowadays. We are more tolerant than you are in these matters. I am much attracted by Buddhism; there's so

much color in it. And, then, the *nirvāna*, and the golden lotus,—it's very sweet. Mrs. Bayard has a sister, the Baroness Something-or-Other, who is about to adopt Buddhism, and preach it in New York with musical accompaniments. Mrs. Bayard, to whom I spoke of my doubts, said I might make a very good living by assisting as a neophyte at her sister's *séances*, if I could get myself to believe in the *nirvāna* and metempsychosis."

"Stokes," returned Desmond, "you're a fool! You refuse to accept the divine beliefs of Christianity—I mean such as your mutilated religion has preserved for you,—and yet propose to swallow the absurdities of an outworn, selfish and barbarous religion."

"I am not any more of a fool than you are," said Mr. Stokes, in his meek voice, but with a certain decision. "Buddhism attracts me; New York attracts me; I can accept Buddhism with as much faith as I have in anything, and I am assured that I can earn a living without those exertions which my education has made me incapable of. I am honest so far. I can say honestly, too, that I think I would examine the doctrines of your Church—whether I should have the courage to accept them or not,—had I not watched you closely of late."

"Me!" asked his companion, with a start. "And what—"

"Yes, *you*," said Mr. Stokes, rising, and deftly lighting the kerosene lamp, for the sunset had disappeared. "You profess to believe *everything* that the Bible teaches—you are a more literal believer in the Bible than any Protestant I know,—and you make pretensions of self-sacrifice and charity, and you are supposed to live up to your belief. I know what you believe. I've gotten beyond the old frauds about Popish ignorance and that sort of thing. Now, I've watched you and heard about you of late very much; and I see plainly that your religion, supposed to be so spiritual, has very little to do with your daily life."

Patrick's hands trembled as he drew down the shade. Was this true? Was he, who above all prided himself on being the staunchest of Catholics, falling below himself? Nevertheless, he was angry with Mr. Stokes, and he did not speak.

"You live to make money—only to make money," went on Mr. Stokes. "You dream of making money, you think of making money. You are one man on Saturday, another on Sunday. You would beggar a man, according to your business principles, on Saturday; and toss him a dollar, according to your religious principles, on Sunday. You will take something for nothing by a business trick, and defend it on business principles. Everybody praises you because you are making the most of your talents; you will grow rich on business principles, which to my mind are not those which your priest preaches and reads from the pulpit. I watched you," said Mr. Stokes, with a break in his voice, "for a long time. The Patrick Desmond of Redwood, so upright, so sincere, so firmly practical in applying his religion, almost made me desire to be of the faith which had made him such as he was, and to be like him. I would have braved public opinion. I see now, by your example, that dogmas are inadequate to influence men, when they have so failed in your case."

"You do not judge me fairly," said Desmond, in a low voice, having lost all his anger. "I act according to the lessons I have been taught in business; I act as other men who desire to be rich—"

"I know you do. But if men who hold dearest a religion with such claims as yours act merely as other men, you can not blame us, who are not so supported, for turning from it."

Patrick's anger rose again. "I am not my brother's keeper. Your convictions should not hinge on my actions."

"No," returned Mr. Stokes, wearily; "perhaps not. But example in your case has had much to do with mine. I shall go

to New York and put money in my purse, as you are doing. But don't take such high ground. If you were offered a thousand dollars for a thing you knew were useless, you would sell it, and do a good stroke of business. Come—we will not quarrel; here is Bayard."

The door opened and Harry Bayard entered.

(To be continued.)

Cross and Crown.

BY EUGENE DAVIS.

WH, give me back the olden time
Of candor and of truth,
When life looked radiant and sublime,
Seen with the eyes of youth;
When hill and vale and plain and grove
Basked in a golden glow,
That lit the smiling skies above,
And bathed the earth below!

Oh, in those dear, departed hours
What fancies strewed the shore—
All laden with the choicest flow'rs,
And hallowed evermore!
What glorious visions met our view
Within the bowers there,
Where life was jubilantly new,
And bosoms owned no care!

Since then the weary, wasting years
Have brought us pain and ruth,
Have stained our eyes and hearts with tears,
And robbed us of our youth.
Our dreams, like leaves in autumn-tide,
Lie withering or dead,
While down abysses bleak and wide
Our fondest hopes have sped.

But yet we know eternal spring
Blooms in the far-off skies,
Where heaven's minstrels, as they sing,
Will hush our wayward sighs;
And there within the White Throne's haze,
Through God's own endless reign,
We hope to live the olden days,
And dream their dreams again.

The Last Word on the Massacre of St.
Bartholomew's Day.

BY THE REV. REUBEN PARSONS, D. D.

IV.—(Continued.)

SUCH, according to the Duke of Anjou, is the inner history of the Barthélemy; and although this prince was brother to Charles IX., we hold that his testimony is valuable. No one will deny that he knew all the circumstances of the massacre; and what had he to gain by deceiving Miron? Certainly not self-justification; for he painted himself in the darkest colors. And he could not have wished to conciliate the Poles, his future subjects; for Miron could not effect such conciliation; and, again, the Polish representatives had already shown by their unanimous vote that such a course was superfluous. And now to the testimonies of Margaret and Henry de Valois add those of three celebrated contemporary historians—the hostile Brantôme, the Protestant La Popelinière, and Mathieu. Brantôme, when treating of Catharine dei Medici, says of Coligny's aspersions against that queen: "Behold the cause of his death, and of that of his followers, as I learned it from those who knew it well; although many believe that the fuse was laid some time previous." La Popelinière gives the arguments for and against the supposition of premeditation, and inclines to the latter view. Mathieu says that he understood from Henry IV. that Catharine informed Villeroy, her confidant, that the massacre was not premeditated. Finally, it may be observed with Cavairac that, if long prepared, this tragedy would have been executed simultaneously, or nearly so, throughout France; and most Protestants believe that it was so effected. But at Meaux the slaughter happened on August 25, at La Charité on the 26th, at Orleans on the 27th, at Saumur and Angers on the

29th, at Lyons on the 30th, at Troyes on September 2, at Bruges on the 14th, at Rouen on the 17th, at Romans on the 20th, at Toulouse on the 25th, at Bordeaux not until October 23.

But in reply to all the above proofs of the non-premeditation of the massacre, it has been alleged that Sir Henry Austin Layard, president of the London Huguenot Society, discovered facts which caused him to come to the conclusion that "there can not be a doubt that Pius V. had instigated Charles and the queen-mother to exterminate the Huguenots, and that Salviati had been instructed to press the matter upon them." Thus the Hon. John Jay, addressing the American Huguenot Society in its annual meeting on April 13, 1888. But long before Layard was heard of, Lingard had investigated the real connection of the nuncio Salviati with the massacre, and had judged that the event was not premeditated. While Chateaubriand was ambassador at the papal court (1828-30) he procured a copy of the correspondence of Pope Gregory XIII. with his nuncio Salviati, and sent it to Mackintosh, who used it in his "History of England." This correspondence proves that at the time of the massacre Salviati knew nothing of the designs of the French court. We transcribe Lingard's synopsis of these letters: "On August 24 he (Salviati) wrote an account of the occurrence in ordinary characters (evidently under the notion that in such circumstances his dispatch would probably be intercepted and opened on the road); but to this he added another and real statement of the case in cipher: that the queen-regent, in consequence of the ascendency which gave to Coligny in a manner the government of the kingdom (*quasi governava*), consulted with the Duchess of Nemours, and resolved to rid herself of his control by the assassination of the admiral. The Duke of Guise provided the assassin; and the Duke of Anjou, but not the king, was privy to the attempt. The queen,

however, when she saw that the admiral would not die of his wound, and considered the danger to which she was now exposed, alarmed also by her own consciousness, and by the threatening speeches of the whole body of the Huguenots, who would not believe that the arquebuse had been discharged by an assassin employed by the Duke of Alva, as she had persuaded herself that she could make them believe, had recourse to the king, and exhorted him to adopt the plan of the general* massacre which followed. It appears that the cardinal secretary, in his answer to this dispatch, probably on account of the different reports current in Rome, put to the nuncio several questions respecting the cause, the authors, and the circumstances of the massacre. Salviati, in reply, wrote two notes on September 22. In the first he says: 'With regard to the three points: (1) who it was that caused, and for what reason that person caused, the arquebuse to be discharged at the admiral; (2) and who it was to whom the subsequent resolution of so numerous a massacre must be ascribed; (3) and who were the executors of the massacre, with the names of the principal leaders; I know that I have already sent you an account, and that in that account I have not fallen into the least error. If I have omitted to mention some other particulars, the chief reason is the difficulty of coming at the truth in this country.' This passage was written in ordinary characters; but he wrote the same day in cipher the following repetition of his former statement: 'Time will show whether there be any truth in all the other accounts which you may have read, of the wounding and death of the admiral, that differ from what I wrote to you. The queen-regent, having grown jealous of him, came to a resolution *a few days before*, and caused the arquebuse to be discharged at him *without the knowledge of*

* The words of Salviati do not necessarily imply, as Lingard would infer, that the slaughter was to be "general."

the king, but with the participation of the Duke of Anjou, of the Duchess of Nemours and of her son, the Duke of Guise. Had he died immediately, no one else would have perished. But he did not die, and they began to expect some great evil; wherefore, closeting themselves in consultation with the king, they determined to throw shame aside, and to cause him (Coligny) to be assassinated with the others; a determination which was carried into execution that very night.' Evidence more satisfactory than this we can not desire, if we consider the situation of the writer, the object for which he wrote, and the time and opportunity which he possessed of correcting any error which might have crept into his previous communication; and from this evidence it plainly follows that the general massacre was not originally contemplated, but grew out of the unexpected failure of the attempt already made on the life of the admiral."

Mr. Jay introduces his arguments under the auspices of Baron Acton, whom he carefully notes as "a very distinguished Roman Catholic historian, who so admirably represents the honorable members of that faith who reject the doctrines and methods of the Jesuits."* He tells us that Acton furnished the *London Times* of November 26, 1874, with a translation of some Italian letters from Salviati to his Roman superiors, which prove that religion had very much to do with the massacre. On September 22, 1572, a month after the tragedy, the nuncio is represented as communicating to the king the desire of his Holiness, "for the great glory of God, and the greatest wel-

fare of France, to see all the heretics of the kingdom exterminated." And on October 11 the same Salviati is said to have declared that the Pope had experienced "an infinite joy and great consolation in learning that his Majesty had commanded him (Salviati) to write that he hoped that in a little while France would have no more Huguenots." Well, what does all this prove? One who is acquainted with the epistolary style of the Roman Curia will not be frightened at the use, in the first dispatch, of a word which Acton translated into "exterminated." Every bishop is sworn "to extirpate heresy"; but who believes that the American hierarchy is ready, if it had the power, to inaugurate another Barthélemy? We, too, sincerely pray that the day will soon come when this republic will have no more Protestants; but is not the American priesthood full of that material out of which the Catholic Church forms a St. Vincent de Paul, a St. Philip Neri, and a Don Bosco?

V.

The number of the victims of the massacre has been greatly exaggerated. It is remarkable that in proportion to their distance in time from this event, authors increase the number of the slaughtered. Thus, Masson gives it as 10,000; the Calvinist martyrologist as about 15,000; the Calvinist La Popelinière as more than 20,000; De Thou, the apologist of the Huguenots, as 30,000 "or a little less"; the Huguenot Sully as 70,000; Péréfixe, a Catholic bishop, as 100,000. From this last number to 2,000, the figures established by Cavairac, the difference is immense. Now, if we will compare the authority, in this particular matter, of Masson with that of Péréfixe, we shall opine that the former's estimate is the correct one. Masson did not wish to hide from posterity the true number of the slain: he openly laments that Calvinism was not destroyed by this great blow; he labors much in gathering apparent proofs that the massacre was long

* Since many very good Catholics have rejected certain teachings of certain Jesuits, just as other good Catholics have rejected certain teachings of other schools, this remark might be allowed to pass. But coming from Mr. Jay, this sentence would indicate, even to those who are unacquainted with Acton's career, that his "liberal Catholicism" was impatient of all control. And at the time of his letter to the *London paper*, the quondam Catholic editor had thrown off his allegiance to the centre of unity, had joined the "Old Catholic" heresy, and was no more of a Catholic than is Mr. Jay himself.

premeditated. Therefore he would have cheerfully recorded a larger number of victims, if truth had allowed him. Péréfixe, however, had an interest in exaggerating the effects of a policy of cruelty; preceptor to the young Louis XIV., he might, remarks Barthélemy, have too readily accorded credence to the largest estimate of the victims of an event which he offered to the execration of his pupil. But our attention is principally claimed by the calculations of the Calvinist martyrologist. When this interested author speaks in general terms, he puts the victims at 30,000; when he goes into details, he presents us 15,168; when he gives their names, he can furnish only 786. Now, we must suppose that this writer, engaged upon the pious work of perpetuating the memory of those whom he regarded as martyrs for "the religion," as his title-page announces, took every care to discover their names; and the zeal and vanity of their friends would have helped him. Nevertheless, he could name only 786. We do not believe that this number includes all the victims of the massacre; but we do contend that the martyrologist's estimate by cities and villages, 15,168, is an exaggeration. He designates the victims in Paris as 10,000, but his details show only 468; it is not unlikely, therefore, conjectures Barthélemy, that a zero slipped into his Paris total, and that it should be made 1,000. This, indeed, is the opinion of the Calvinist La Popelinière, and it is confirmed by a bill at the Hôtel de Ville of Paris, which indicates that 1,100 were buried in the suburbs. We regard, therefore, as nearly correct the assertion of La Popelinière that the victims in Paris were about 1,000 in number; and as it is generally conceded that the slain in all the other parts of France together were less numerous than in Paris, it would appear that Cavairac did not err when he declared that all the victims of St. Bartholomew's Day amounted to about 2,000 persons.

The reader will doubtless expect us to

allude to the charge made against Charles IX., of having taken an actively personal part in the massacre. Voltaire makes much of the accusation that the monarch fired on the Huguenots from a balcony in the Louvre.* Prudhomme represents Charles as leaving a game of billiards for this purpose.† This charge is founded only on the assertions of Brantôme, who, according to his own admission, was a hundred leagues from Paris on the day of [the massacre;‡ and of D'Aubigné, who says that he left the capital three days before the event.§ Sully, a Calvinist, who was present and barely saved his life, says nothing in his "Mémoires" of the king's intervention. Again, that part of the Louvre from which Charles is said to have fired an arquebuse, and to mark which with infamy the Commune of 1793 erected "*un poteau infamant*," was not built until nearly the end of the reign of Henry IV., over thirty years after the Barthélemy. Finally, the accusation against Charles IX. is refuted by a Huguenot pamphlet of 1579—that is, written twenty-five years before the narrative of Brantôme, and thirty-seven before that of D'Aubigné. In this work, entitled "A Toesin against the Murderers and the Authors of Discord in France," || we read: "Although one might suppose that so great a carnage would have satiated the cruelty of the young king, of a woman, and of many of their courtiers, they seem to have grown more savage as the work approached their own eyes. The king showed no diminution of zeal; for although *he did not use his own hands in the massacre*, nevertheless, being at the Louvre, he ordered that according as the work advanced in the city, the names of the killed and of the prisoners should be brought to him, that

* "Essay on the Civil Wars"—"Henriade," in the Notes.

† "Revolutions de Paris."

‡ "Œuvres," edit. 1779, vol. i, p. 62.

§ "Mémoires," edit. Lalanne, p. 23.

|| Published in the "Archives" of Cimber & Danjou.

he might decide as to whom to spare." And Brantôme himself shows the small value of his assertions concerning the massacre, when he tells us that the king "wished only Master Ambrose Paré, his chief surgeon, to be spared."* We know from the "Mémoires" of Margaret de Valois that Charles wished to spare La Noue, Teligny, La Rochefoucauld, and even Coligny; and the writings of Paré show that this surgeon was a devout Catholic, and that therefore there was no need for anxiety in his regard on the part of the king. The Catholicity of Paré is also proved by the fact of the interment of his body in the Church of St. André-des-Arts, of which the famous leaguer Aubry was pastor.†

In conclusion, we would say with Louis Veuillot that Catholics generally adduce the extenuating circumstances of the Barthélemy with too great timidity. Catharine dei Medici was a freethinker of the Macchiavellian school, provoked by Calvinist sedition; and since she could not otherwise preserve her power or even save her head, she adopted the policy of assassination. In the whole affair the Catholic faith was conspicuous for its absence; the executioners were no more influenced by it than the victims. God, says Bossuet, often chastises crimes by other crimes. The ninth Thermidor, says M. de Maistre, witnessed the slaughter of certain monsters by others of the same sort. Just like the ninth Thermidor, the Barthélemy was a human wickedness and a divine justice.

* "Hommes Illustres," in the Discourses on "Coligny" and "Charles IX."

† See the Introduction of Malgaigne to the "Œuvres" of Paré.

LET me close [a letter] with a blossom from St. Bonaventura: "The best perfection of a religious man is to do common things in a perfect manner. A constant fidelity in small things is a great and heroic virtue." —*Longfellow.*

The Colonel's Dinner Party.

BY GEORGE PROSPERO.

IT was a glorious July afternoon, in a large garrison town not fifty leagues from the French capital. The heat was so overpowering that the usually busy town seemed on this particular day to be asleep. All the gay uniforms generally seen in such large numbers were nowhere visible. Everyone who could remained indoors, glad to take refuge from the burning rays of an almost tropical sun. The various colonels, whose regiments were stationed in the town, had decreed that the long marches should take place in the early morning, the men being more active in the fresh, cool air; whilst the afternoons were devoted to fencing, wrestling, etc., in the barrack courtyard. Even the many tourists who daily visited M—— seemed to lack their habitual energy; and though the town is full of interest, with its wealth of historical souvenirs, they walked about languidly, apparently indifferent to the beauties which lay around them on every side.

A pleasant resort on this sultry afternoon was the beautiful Avenue N——, with its venerable trees, whose luxuriant foliage formed a perfect shelter from the sun. About half way up the Avenue, to the right, stands a grand family mansion, formerly owned by a gentleman well known to military fame in France. Financial misfortunes came, and he sold the old house. The great *porte-cochère* usually remains open all day, and no passer-by can fail to arrest his steps as he glances beyond the large oaken door into the space behind. There lies the garden of this once splendid dwelling, and what a glorious sight it is!

At the end of the garden, in a pretty cottage, lived Madame Damerval,* a widow

* This narrative being true, the names of the different characters are fictitious.

lady, and her son Lucien, whose regiment was then stationed at M——. In the room in which they sat on the afternoon in question, a charming picture met the view. Madame Damerval, though not old, had snow-white hair, and her regular features still bore traces of rare beauty as well as of much suffering. She was of noble birth; but having married M. Damerval, who was inferior to her in rank, her family had gradually ignored her; and she, completely absorbed in the care of her only child, did not perceive, at first, the void which had come around her. After her husband's death, her estranged relatives still left her to herself; and she, too proud to seek them, became daily more wrapped up in her son. They lived absolutely one for the other.

Lucien was now twenty-eight, and generally considered a fine type of manly beauty. He knew the painful sacrifices it had cost his mother to enable him to continue his studies; and, once in the army, he resolved that she should never want for anything. Still, with the small pay of a French officer one can not indulge in many extravagances; and after the settlement of M. Damerval's affairs, almost nothing remained for the widow and her son.

Madame Damerval was busily engaged with her embroidery; but after a moment laid aside her work, looking anxiously at her son, as he pored over a large map spread out before him on the table. Various books lay all around him, and the appearance of the table gave one the idea of hard study.

"Always working, Lucien," his mother said, tenderly. "Always working."

"Yes, mother dear," the young man answered, as he raised his dark eyes to his mother's face, looking at her with loving affection. "One must work. We must know so much now that I often wonder our poor heads don't refuse to contain so vast an amount of knowledge."

"Everything is peaceful, and there is no talk of war at present. Why not rest a little?" asked the good lady.

"Ah! you know the old saying: 'In time of peace prepare for war!'" he said, laughingly. And after some further pleasant conversation between mother and son, the latter remarked: "And now it is time for me to think of going, *mère chérie*. There was no drill this afternoon, but I must take a turn round the barracks, see that the men are in order, then a few minutes in the church, and then to my *pension*.* I'll come back as early as possible."

Madame Damerval rose, and, going to the window, called out a cheery *au revoir* as her son disappeared in the garden.

Lucien passed around the barracks, then went to the Church of St. Louis to make his daily visit to the Blessed Sacrament; for the young man was a good, practical Catholic, and never shrank from any duty through fear of the raillery which his devotion sometimes called forth.

His prayer finished, he went to a quiet street, where he made some purchases, done up in tiny paper parcels, which he slipped into one of the pockets of the loose undress jacket which had just been introduced into the French army. He then bent his steps to the *café*, where the officers assembled daily when off duty.

Lucien Damerval was a universal favorite. His amiable and obliging disposition made him liked by all his comrades; whilst, owing to his superior learning, and extensive knowledge on all military subjects, he was thoroughly appreciated by the higher officers. His arrival was, therefore, greeted with pleasure, and before long he found himself in animated conversation with his group of officers. Many and varied were the subjects under discussion, some serious, others light; one of the principal being their Colonel's lovely daughter, Yvonne de Margency.

No words could express what Lucien endured when he heard Mlle. de Margency made the subject of conversation in the

* The *pension* is the restaurant where the officers—those who wish—take their meals together.

café. To hear her name in that assemblage seemed like a profanation, and made him utterly miserable. Enshrined in the sanctuary of his heart of hearts, the young man cherished the image of this beautiful girl, with whom he had spoken hardly half a dozen times, but whose vision ever pursued him. Her goodness equalled her beauty; and to Lucien she appeared as a being of another world, to whom he could never aspire. Not even to his mother had he spoken of this affection. Why afflict her by the avowal of a wild hope which could never be realized, of a joy which could never be his? Better far to bury it beyond the reach of human ken.

The time passed away, and the officers were about to disperse when a voice was heard exclaiming, "The Colonel!" And a moment later, to the surprise of all, Colonel de Margency entered the *café*, holding an open telegram in his hand. All the officers rose to greet him.

"*Messieurs!*" said the Colonel, with beaming eyes, "I am the bearer of good news—for me at least. I come to tell you of it, as I know you will share my joy. My son Raoul has just passed with brilliant success his examination for St. Cyr."

Each and all pressed forward to offer their warmest congratulations; the officers did, in very truth, share their Colonel's joy, as they knew that all his hopes were centred in his son's military career. This first step, having been so successful, gave bright promise for the future.

"*Messieurs,*" resumed the Colonel, "I feel deeply touched by your warm congratulations. My wife and daughter are absent in Paris, therefore I can not invite you to my home; but we shall dine together to celebrate the pleasant event and drink to my son's future success. No dressing, *messieurs,*" he added, seeing many anxious glances cast on the undress uniform. "No dressing; just as we are, quite *sans cérémonie*. It will be all the merrier."

So saying, and courteously saluting the

head of the establishment, Colonel de Margency, accompanied by all his officers, went to the restaurant in which the unmarried officers took their meals. There a large room was prepared for the party, and all sat down to a sumptuous banquet.

The Colonel was in the highest spirits, while the officers seemed to vie with one another as to whose jokes should be the most witty, whose laugh ring the merriest. In a word, time passed so pleasantly that the evening was far advanced ere the party thought of separating. At last the Colonel made a suggestion as to what the hour might be. Twenty watches were at once drawn out to see.

"That's strange!" exclaimed an officer at the end of the table. "My watch is gone!"

"You left it at home," said his neighbor, consolingly.

"Not so," returned the officer, quickly. "I had it when I came in here." And he continued an apparently fruitless search in his many pockets.

"Well, *messieurs,*" called out Colonel de Margency, "in presence of so sweeping an accusation, we have but one resource in order to clear ourselves. Let each of us turn his pockets inside out. And," he added laughingly, "to set a good example, I begin." Suiting the action to the word, he turned all his pockets, one after the other. The rest of the company did likewise, Lucien alone remaining immovable on his chair.

"Eh, Damerval!" called out the Colonel, cheerily, seeing that he did not stir.

"I must refuse to turn out my pockets," replied Lucien.

"You say—?" inquired the Colonel, with animation.

"That I decline to turn out my pockets," repeated Lucien, in a husky voice.

Colonel and officers alike could not believe their ears. The former rose hastily from his seat.

"*Messieurs!*" he said, in a hard tone, "our dinner party has lasted too long. An

evening pleasantly begun has had an unpleasant ending. Let us separate."

The officers bowed and were about to withdraw.

"Before retiring, Colonel, I must speak to you alone," said Lucien, in a resolute tone, making a violent effort at self-control.

"I can not see," answered the Colonel, "what a captain can have to say to his colonel which may not be spoken before his brother officers."

"I have something to say which I can reveal only to you."

There was something so earnest in the young man's tone and so resolute in all his bearing that the Colonel felt impressed.

"Be it so," he answered, in a stern voice. Then, turning to the officers, "*Messieurs*, I will soon rejoin you at the *café*."

Lucien, alone with the Colonel, began at once to turn out his pockets. "You will see," he said, in a voice broken by emotion, "that what I disclose to you alone, and which hitherto has been a secret between God and myself, I could not reveal to my brother officers."

The contents of the pockets looked very harmless indeed. First a bunch of keys, then a purse very flat, as if but scantily filled, a small note-book, a rosary, a knife. Last of all came the pockets of the undress jacket, from which he drew a handkerchief and two tiny paper parcels. Lucien opened the parcels, unfolding in one a small roll of bread, in the other a piece of cheese. Colonel de Margency looked greatly surprised.

"Colonel," said Lucien, after a moment, "you know that for fortune I possess only my pay. At the time of my father's death, my studies would have been discontinued were it not that my mother, by a miracle of maternal love, found means, by working herself, to defray my expenses. Once in the army, I vowed that she should work no more, nor should she ever want for anything. I have kept my promise. My brother officers, never seeing me at the *pension*, often chaff me on my filial

devotion; while my mother, with whom I never take a meal, believes I remain with my comrades. You alone now know the truth. In order to provide my mother with every possible comfort, I have deprived myself of all, save the bare necessities of life. My dinner generally consists of bread and cheese. You have the proof of the truth of what I say; but that truth I could not disclose before the others. Had I emptied my pockets in their presence, they would have guessed my secret. I would die rather than that they should know."

Colonel de Margency asked himself if he heard aright. Could it be possible that one of his officers, in truth the model officer of his regiment, had been reduced to such hard straits?

"I am forgiven, then, am I not?" asked Lucien, drawing near the Colonel.

These words broke down every barrier between the two men. It was no longer a superior addressing his subject, but a father speaking to his son. The Colonel's two hands were extended to the young man, as he said, with emotion: "You are the bravest man, the noblest heart amongst us all."

Lucien hastily gathered up the contents of his pockets. "You will reinstate me in the good opinion of my comrades, Colonel?" he remarked, in a voice in which emotion and gaiety strove for the mastery. "But my secret—that lies buried in your breast."

Five minutes later they entered the *café*, where they found the officers anxiously discussing the last event of the evening.

"*Messieurs*," said Colonel de Margency, by way of explanation, "short as it is since we parted, I feel myself a better man for what I experienced in that brief interval. As to Captain Damerval, I can only repeat before you what I have said to himself: he is the bravest man, the noblest heart amongst us all. Before a month expires, you will know the high esteem in which I hold him."

On inquiring for the missing watch, he learned it had been discovered by its owner

in a pocket to which it should not have found its way. Thus the evening so pleasantly begun had a happy ending, in spite of the cloud which had overshadowed it for a moment.

During the fortnight that followed many letters passed between Colonel de Margency and his wife; then one morning came a telegram from Paris, bearing the laconic message: "Have spoken to Yvonne; it is her dearest wish." The Colonel smiled a contented smile; evidently the telegram brought him the news he desired.

In the afternoon Colonel de Margency, arrayed in full-dress uniform, his many medals and crosses displayed upon his breast, sought out Madame Damerval in her peaceful retreat. He found the mother and son together. Joyfully he made known the object of his visit. He and Madame de Margency deemed their loved daughter Yvonne had come to an age when they should think of procuring a suitable husband for her and Lucien Damerval was the object of their choice. Yvonne's fortune was more than sufficient for the *jeune ménage*.

Madame Damerval did not believe any girl too good for her son, therefore she was not surprised; but Lucien listened as if in a trance, asking himself if it were not some glorious but delusive dream, from which he would awake all too soon. Not so, however. Colonel de Margency left, bearing with him Madame Damerval's consent, and Lucien's eternal gratitude.

Before a month had elapsed all the regiment knew of the *fiançailles*, which proved in what high esteem the Colonel held Lucien. Whatever the mysterious secret might have been, none could guess, but all envied his happy lot.

In the following October Lucien Damerval and Yvonne de Margency were married in the old Church of St. Louis, at M——; and on that festive day Colonel and Madame de Margency became, as they charmingly expressed it, the happy father and mother of a second son.

Notes and Remarks.

The Cardinal Archbishop of Paris has issued a circular to the clergy and the faithful of his diocese, calling upon them to transmit to him all the writings, letters, etc., that may be accessible of the following servants of God, the process of whose beatification is to be formally introduced by the Holy See: The Abbé Olier, founder of the Sulpitians; the Abbé Moye, priest of the Seminary of Foreign Missions and founder of the Sisters of Providence; Bishop Guenot, of Metellopolis; and the missionaries Neel, Neron, and Venard, who suffered martyrdom in Cochin China, Tonkin, and China. A life of the last named, translated from the French by Lady Herbert, was published a few years ago by the Catholic Publication Society Co. It is a book of thrilling interest.

The article on the Massacre of St. Bartholomew's Day, by the Rev. Dr. Parsons, concluded in our present number, is in every way the most satisfactory essay on the subject that has ever come under our notice; and we have no hesitancy in saying that no Catholic writer has ever published a more complete, dispassionate, and convincing account of that sad and shameful occurrence than our scholarly contributor. American Catholics have reason to be proud of so able a publicist, whose career we trust may be prolonged many years.

The Very Rev. Leopold Waczkarz, lately elected Superior-General of the Cistercian Order, is eighty-one years of age. He was formerly vicar-general of the province of Austro-Hungary, which has thirteen monasteries. The Order has establishments also in Italy, France, Belgium, Switzerland, Ireland, England, and America; in Germany as yet it has only the newly-erected Abbey of Marienstatt and some communities of Sisters. A movement is on foot to found a house of this austere sisterhood in the United States.

Devotion to our Blessed Lady, which, as the years roll by, is becoming more and more fully developed throughout the northern portion of our continent, has long been a marked

feature in the lives of the Catholic peoples to the south of us. In connection with the recent civil war in Chili, the *Boston Republic* says of the cult of Mary in that country:

"So thoroughly Catholic are the Chilians that their army has for years regarded Our Lady of Mount Carmel as its special patroness and protectress. Our Lady of Perpetual Help is also a favorite with the Chilian soldiers. In the last war between Chili and Bolivia and Peru, two of the victorious generals, in replying to the congratulations extended to them at the close of hostilities by the Bishop of Concepcion, publicly attributed to her intervention the glory of the Chilian victories. In the same war the Chilian navy bore favors of Our Lady of Perpetual Help; and Admiral Rivero, who commanded the *Blanca Encalada*, declared that a large picture of the Virgin of that title held the place of honor aboard, which place it already occupied in the hearts of the seamen. In a letter describing the decisive victory won by the Chilian fleet over the Peruvian, a prominent citizen of Valparaiso wrote to a friend: 'Our Lady of Perpetual Succor has heard the supplications of a whole nation; and our brave seamen, with her medals on their breasts, peace in their hearts and prayers on their lips, have won brilliant victories. All the commanders and officers—Rivero, Ferrari, Latoore, Condell, Baracoua, Gaona, Castello—wore medals of Our Lady.'"

The London lady who, under the pen-name of "John Law," has acquired considerable reputation as a writer on social questions, recently sent a letter to the *Pall Mall Gazette*, contradicting a report that she had joined the Salvation Army. She says:

"If I became a member of any religious organization, it would be the Catholic Church, because Cardinal Manning has been so good to me, and I think it would please him. But, in the words of His Eminence: 'To become a Catholic has only one legitimate motive—belief in the truth. Without that I would not receive you into the Church.'"

The Cardinal's words are not particularly striking: the simplest parish priest would use them in a like case; but how strange must be the complexion of "John Law's" mind when she can discuss the question of joining the Church "because I think it would please him"! No one entitled to the name John would express himself in this wise.

No Catholic should allow his curiosity to draw him to the "lectures" of ex-priests, escaped nuns, or kindred unconscionable impostors, whose trade it is to vilify the Church and her practices in exchange for the half-

dollars of ultra-credulous Protestants. The safe rule to follow in this respect is to let such defamers "severely alone." No possible good can be served by the presence, at their performances, of Catholics; and, moreover, as a correspondent of the *Pilot* remarks, "there is always a degree of participation in the spreading of error by your presence at such lectures. The money you pay for admittance is what these spouters want,—your contribution helps to keep them going."

Among those cured on occasion of the exposition of the Holy Tunic at Treves in 1844 was the Countess Droste-Vischering, then a girl nineteen years of age, who for two years had been totally unable to walk save with the aid of crutches. She was admitted to touch the sacred relic, and was perfectly cured. She became a Sister of Charity, and the *Caxton Review* states that she is still living and in good health.

The *Yokohama Daily Mail*, a Protestant journal, pays a glowing tribute to the noble nature and heroic benevolence of the late Father Testevuide, and expresses the hope that the hospital founded by him may remain a lasting monument to his memory. Says the *Mail*: "Few men have shown a more splendid example of benevolent self-sacrifice in the cause of suffering humanity than the heroic missionary recently deceased." *R. I. P.*

Joseph Degonzague, an Indian of the Aberneki tribe, was recently ordained by Mgr. Gravel, of Nicolet, P. Q. He is said to be the first genuine representative of his race, the first full-blooded North American Indian, to be crowned with the dignity of the priesthood. Father Degonzague has three sisters who are nuns.

The Rev. Charles Collin, an Oblate missionary, residing at Colombo, in Ceylon, contributes to *Les Missions Catholiques* of August 28 the first of what promises to be a very able and interesting series of papers on Buddhism. Father Collin has made an exhaustive study of his subject, and, unlike many Western enthusiasts who have adopted the Buddhistic fad, knows whereof he writes. We translate: "One

can not but laugh at those Americans and Europeans who publish books on Esoteric Buddhism. In the doctrines of Buddha there is absolutely nothing of the esoteric—that is, of the mysterious; for not only were they to be preached indiscriminately to all, but Gautama (Buddha) pretended that his system was based on pure reason; and he instructed his disciples to accept, in the way of doctrine, nothing but that which was proved to them. He was the worthy precursor of our modern rationalists.”

In his charming essay, “On a Certain Condescension in Foreigners,” Lowell wrote, twenty years ago: “It will take England a great while to get over her airs of patronage toward us, or even passably to conceal them.” That the “great while” has not yet come to an end may be seen from the following sentence, which we find in an English exchange. Reviewing a volume of sermons published by an American priest, our contemporary says: “Nearly every one of these sermons might have been preached to any congregation of Catholics in England with most excellent effect.” Well, well, well!

The Rt. Rev. Theophile Meerschaert, who for the past eleven years has been attached to St. Mary's Cathedral, Natchez, was on the 8th inst., Feast of the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin, consecrated Bishop of the Indian Territory. Bishop Meerschaert has long been known as a pious and learned priest, and the flock now entrusted to his care have reason to congratulate themselves on being presided over by so eminent a pastor.

The sanctity of the marriage tie is so frequently disregarded in this age and land of overburdened divorce courts, that it is gratifying to see ecclesiastical authorities surrounding the Sacrament with all possible safeguards. The laws of the Church regulating the union of Catholics have been dictated by consummate prudence and foresight; and that they are not being relaxed may be seen from the following declaration of a pastor in Philadelphia. We quote from the *Catholic Standard* of that city:

“We therefore warn all our people against contracting forbidden marriages; and before entering upon such unholy alliances we beg of them to reflect

seriously upon the severe spiritual consequences that are sure to follow. And we announce again, by the authority of the Archbishop, that if any Catholic of this parish contracts marriage outside the Church, he can not be admitted to the Sacraments until he shall have made public reparation for the scandal he has given, and be publicly absolved from the censure of excommunication, when incurred, in presence of the congregation on a Sunday. The frown of the Church is on all such people and their marriages; and the frown of every good Catholic should fall on conduct so irreverent and disobedient to our holy mother the Church.”

The recent death, at the age of eighty-three years, of Mgr. du Marhallac'h, at Quimper, France, suggests a curious coincidence. The venerable deceased was the only representative of an illustrious family of Brittany; a family whose motto for centuries has been: *Usque ad aras*,—“Even to the altar.” The last scion of their race reached the altar, and with him perishes the name.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands, as if you were bound with them.
—HEB., xiii, 3.

The following persons are recommended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

The Rev. Ambrose Rank, O. S. B., who breathed his last on the 18th ult., at Colorado Springs, Colo.

Sister M. Otilia, of the Sisters of St. Francis, Dubuque, Iowa; Sisters Mary Matthew, Mary Fidélis, and Mary Severina, of the Order of St. Dominic; Sister Mary Bridget, O. S. B., Subiaco, N. S. W., Australia; and Sister M. Catherine, of the Sisters of St. Joseph, Toronto, Ont., who were lately called to the reward of their self-sacrificing lives.

Mr. Patrick Mahoney, whose sudden but not unprovided death took place at Campello, Mass., on the 3d of May.

Miss Florence A. Sloan, whose life closed peacefully on the 1st inst., in Cleveland, Ohio.

Miss Ellen M. Cottrell, whose happy death occurred at Newport, R. I., on the 23d ult.

Mrs. Charles O'Neill, who passed away on the 20th ult., at Patterson, N. J.

Miss Bridget O'Brien, a devout Child of Mary, deceased in Chicago, Ill., on the 21st ult.

Mr. James Melaven, of Fulton, Ohio; John McGarigle, Philadelphia, Pa.; Mrs. Bridget McEntyre, W. Manchester, N. H.; Miss Joanna Barry, Lawrence, Mass.; Mrs. M. J. Kirby, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Mrs. Anne and Bernard McGuail, Co. Louth, Ireland; Mrs. Mary McKee, Trenton, N. J.; Timothy McCarty, Miss Margaret Foley, and Mrs. A. Damon, New Bedford, Mass.

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



"My Father's at the Helm."

'T WAS when the sea's tremendous roar
A little bark assailed,
And pallid fear, with awful power,
O'er each on board prevailed:

Save one, the captain's darling son,
Who fearless viewed the storm,
And playful with composure smiled
At danger's threatening form.

"Why sporting thus," a seaman cried,
"Whilst sorrows overwhelm?"—
"Why yield to grief?" the boy replied;
"My father's at the helm."

Safe in His hands whom seas obey,
When swelling billows rise,
Who turns the darkest night to day,
And brightens lowering skies:

Let us look up, how'er distressed;
Jesus will guide us home,
To that blest port of endless rest,
Where storms shall never come.

* * *

The Story of Fay.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FLOPS," ETC.

(CONCLUSION.)



HE lay-Sister's message recalled Fay to earth, and to what the girls would have called the "scrape" she was in. There was no refusing a summons to Rev. Mother. Fay stood up and went at once, though slowly, and with a vague dread, utterly unconscious of her inky dress,

tossed hair, and smeared face. Thus she presented herself in the superior's room, under the pictures of the saints, and facing the plain oak table covered with books and letters.

The Rev. Mother of St. Mary's, when I look back at her across a lapse of years, seems to me to have been a most wonderful woman. She was very fond of Fay, as she was of each one of us; in fact, there was not a child, big or little, in the school, who was not under the blissful impression that she herself was a special favorite of that great, warm heart. She knew all about each one with an individual care, as if each were her child, and her only one. Even in our scrapes, after the first moment of awe, all trouble vanished by degrees in her loving presence. She would condescend to give us the reasons why our faults were wrong; and, with the magnetism of her face and voice attracting us, she would suggest a generous self-conquest. The whole matter had been explained to our intelligence; duty and order had been shown as matters of right and common sense. And, then, the great key-note of that Mother's beautiful life gave out its clear tone: "Be generous. I am sure you don't want to do things by halves."

"But I can't learn lessons, and I can't be good, and I can't beg anybody's pardon,—that would be *too* dreadful!" pleaded Fay, leaning on the table, with her bright hair hanging about her face. The explanation was over; and Fay had learned that, instead of being unjustly treated, she had quite deserved her humiliation, and, in fact, had brought it on herself; for the class work could not have proceeded with a child flinging herself, her books, and her ink-bottle on the middle of the floor. Yes, Fay was reasonable, intelligent, and she understood. Besides, she had been brought up amidst refined surroundings, and the rudeness of her answers was now fully realized. Still, when she was asked to do better, she pleaded: "I can't."

“O Fay!” said the Rev. Mother, reproachfully, “don’t you know that cowards—moral cowards—always say ‘I can’t’? You mean, my child, that you will find it very hard. Isn’t that it?”

“Yes,” Fay assented. “Mother dear, I don’t want to be a coward. But that’s just it: it will be very hard,—oh, it will be dreadfully hard!”

“Everyone finds something hard,” said the nun, calmly. “But, believe me, the more you try to overcome yourself, the sweeter will life become.”

“But it is all miserable,” continued Fay, with a smothered sob, “since—since that horrid day in the parlor,—that day when papa was here.”

Then a kind hand was stretched out, and the pretty, spoiled child, whose life seemed wrecked by her first grief, was drawn to Rev. Mother’s side. Fay was glad enough to kneel on the polished floor, while her bright head sank against the white and black of the nun’s habit, and the motherly arm encircled the long, sunny hair and slender waist.

“My poor little Fay, let us face the world together. Let us look at the worst of it. Suppose you are not to be rich, after all—not to have everything you wish for. Suppose you and your father are poor—no, no, you must not cry; I only mean that you may not be able to afford luxuries. And I must tell you, Fay, that many of the noblest, the best, the most lovable people in the world are just in that position—earning their way all their lives. Now, Fay, listen and keep quiet. If you are rich, your father will want an intelligent daughter, one who can be his fitting companion; not a girl who knows nothing and can do nothing. If you are not rich, will he not want, even more, a clever daughter, who can help him and be a comfort to him? In fact, my dear little girl, there is no room in the nineteenth century for uneducated young ladies—dunces in pretty dresses. If you love your father, you will overcome yourself;

you will try to become ‘a perfect woman nobly planned,’ and prove a consolation to him. I am afraid you have been forgetting your father’s trials, and thinking only of your disappointment.”

It was very true. For the first time this new view of life dawned upon the child. She did love her father, but it had been hitherto in a thoughtless way; and, though it brought grief with it, the wise nun set the thoughtful view of love before her, with its necessity for work and effort. It was a very hard lesson, this first lesson that Fay ever learned. It was a revelation to perceive any connection between her school work and her love of her father, and her usefulness to him in after-life. Gradually the little girl subsided, to sit on the floor, with her head against the Rev. Mother’s knee, and the kind hand resting on her shoulder.

“Now, I want you to tell me something, Mother dear,” said Fay. “Please tell me all about the crucifix and our Blessed Lord. Did He really look just like that? How very cruel they were!”

The nun waited for a few moments in blank surprise, then tried to answer:

“No, He did not look quite like that. The prophecies tell us how He looked.” And she told the untaught child the words of Isaias about the one wound from the sole of the foot to the top of the head. “They don’t make the crucifix like that, my child, because it would be too much for our eyes to look upon. The carver and the painter do not represent Him as ‘a worm’ or as ‘one wound.’”

Her hand caressing the child’s cheek felt trickling tears.

“Poor Jesus Christ! Is He really God? And do you think He would know it if I loved Him?”

There was a moment’s silence. The questions altogether were such a beautiful surprise. The soul of the nun seemed to have suddenly touched the generous heart of the child. Even in an unchristian at-

mosphere, Fay could not have grown up without receiving some hints of Christian beliefs. Now she heard of the Redemption for the first time in a connected narrative; all was linked together in simple words—man's sin and God's compassion, Calvary and the Resurrection. All the child's heart went out in sympathy; it seemed an overwhelming story, a glorious belief.

"I'll choose *that* when I grow up," she said. "But I love Him now. Oh, I hope I won't forget Him when I grow up! What shall I do for Him, Mother?"

The nun taught her a few words of prayer, that she might know and love Him more. "You see, Fay," she said, "He sacrificed Himself for us, and we make our little sacrifices for Him. Now, show that you love Him, and go and ask pardon."

"Will He know?"

"Yes, of course; He knows everything—even your thoughts."

"Then I'll go this minute!" cried Fay, springing to her feet. And, without a second thought, away she went with the swiftness of a fawn. Dear, generous heart! She knew Him at last, though imperfectly as yet. How sad it would be if she were, as she said, ever to forget Him when she would grow up!

Of course Sister Francis was astonished, as were all the girls, when proud little Fay, looking so strangely sweet in her first humility, came straight up the refectory, and said out loud: "I beg your pardon, Sister dear. Won't you please forgive me this time?"

What had come over her? It was marvellous. And then she went away, changed the inky frock for her best blue one, washed away the traces of her tears, smoothed the sunny hair, and came down all radiant, but wonderfully gentle. She was enjoying the first delights of an un-earthly love, and thinking of her newly-found Friend.

They wanted next day to provide her with new books, hers had been so ruined.

"No: let me keep them, Sister dear," she pleaded. "When I see the ink all over them, and the ink there on the floor, I shall remember how naughty I was."

"But that is all over, and I don't want you to remember."

Still Fay pleaded to keep the inky books, and she won her way. "When I see the ink I shall remember my Friend—don't you know who I mean?—and that I have begun to try."

Only "to try"—that was all poor little Fay could promise. It was so hard to sit quietly when the garden was outside, all sunshine; so hard not to want her own way when recreation came; so tiresome to do fancy work when the silk got tangled, and when she was tired of the pattern; so very hard to listen to the reading and not think about her father; and harder still to try to do sums; and almost impossibly hard to keep silence. Then when one had tried for a whole day—which was a very long time indeed,—the second day came, and one had to begin all over again. Fay found the third day harder still; and on the fourth she got bad marks for inattention, because there was a butterfly dancing on the window all the morning. And on the fifth day she broke the rules, and ran on the grass, and fell right into the geranium bed. Oh, it was a most difficult world to be good in! The others seemed to get on smoothly enough, but to Fay it seemed that she alone had always to be beginning again. Then, as she had been idle so long and had never worked, it was almost impossible for her to learn. She would remember a whole French verb in the evening, and not recollect a letter of it next morning.

"I am very stupid, and the others are so clever and they know so much," she said, sadly. So by this time, with the effort of trying and failing and trying again, Fay's character was changing. She had learned at least the humility of a student.

Imperceptibly she was learning more

still. A vague, compassionate devotion to Our Lady had begun in her heart. She had heard that when her Friend was dying, His own Mother stood beneath the cross, and became there the Mother of us all. Fay had a longing for a mother's love, and her eyes filled with tears of pain and compassion when she heard that part of the story.

Her word was always, "When I am grown up, papa says I can get any religion, or none, if I like. But I must have the religion with the crucifix in it, and a mother, and heaven. Oh, I hope I won't ever forget Him when I grow up!"

It seemed to have been deeply impressed upon her mind that she could only "get religion," as she called it, when she was older, and after a definite choice. But already knowledge and love had begun; the bitterness had gone out of her prospect of life, and she was once more our happy fairy, even sweeter, we thought, than when she came to St. Mary's.

The holidays were approaching, and we were busy with our drawings, our fancy work, our songs for the prize day. Fay had an invitation from friends in town. It was already three weeks from the closing of school; but as this invitation had been arranged with her father at parting, Fay accepted it with delight. There was to be a party; all the festive memories of home came back to her with the thought of it. She was wild to go. Her white dress was made up, and packed softly in her box; and she had a lovely sash folded on top of it, and the prettiest little white shoes. We all envied Fay, and she danced round the box as the lay-Sister packed it.

All at once she caught sight of the crucifix on the dormitory wall. "Oh, what shall I do if I forget Him when I go to the party?" she exclaimed. Nor would anything satisfy Fay except the gift of a little silver cross, which she declared she would wear on her neck.

"But your friends will ask you questions, Fay."

"I don't care. I can tell them all about Him. And when I am dancing and having fun, I shall feel this dear little cross just inside the neck of my white dress. And I'll bring you heaps of sweets—see if I don't!"

So Fay went away gaily, under escort of a maid who came for her. After a week she returned. She had enjoyed everything, and came back full of smiles and laden with sweets and presents. But our poor little Fay, she was very ill; and her father's friends were off to the country, so they had sent her back wrapped up. And she indeed had protested against being laid up as an invalid away from St. Mary's. So here she was, coughing sadly, smiling and trying to talk and laugh, with hot cheeks, and sometimes caught by pain when she tried to breathe. She had been badly watched over, and, wild and reckless, she had caught cold in the garden on the night of the famous party.

They were reading "Callista" aloud in the refectory that night, while Fay was trying to take a hot and savory supper. The reader had reached the part where the pagan girl speaks to the priest, and is captivated by the Christian idea of love for an Invisible God. "'There is but one Lover of souls,' cried Cæcilius; 'and He loves each one of us, as though there were no one else to love. He died for each one of us, as if there were no one else to die for. He died on the shameful cross. *Amor meus crucifixus est.*'"

The face of Fay turned white as she listened; her lips parted, her blue eyes filled; then the hot blood surged back again to her cheeks.

"My dear child," said Sister Francis, "you are quite ill; you ought to be in bed. Come, and your supper will be brought up to you."

"I am afraid I can't eat," whispered Fay. "I can't—I have tried very hard."

The evening sunshine was still in the room when she was laid in her little white bed, waiting for the Sister Infirmarian.

"Tell Rev. Mother," said the child, "I shall not wait any longer."

"For what, Fay?"

"Well," she answered, huskily, while her favorite Sister bent down to hear, "papa always said I was to choose when I grew up. But I can't wait. I have chosen Him now. I love Him too much to wait any more. Maybe I sha'n't grow up. I feel quite old and wise," with her sweet smile; and then followed the cough that hurt her almost beyond endurance.

The infirmarian, the Rev. Mother, the doctor, all were round the white bed before night. Fay was seriously ill; but she was in good hands, and marvellously patient.

A sudden cloud came over all our preparations for the holidays. "How is Fay?" "Can we go and see her?" "Is Fay better?" everyone was asking at all hours of the day.

And our dear Fay *was* better, and was now sleeping her last sweet sleep. It was on the prize day,—a silent prize day, when only the lists were read, and the wreaths and prizes given. The wreaths were from Our Lady's altar. They were all carried up to Fay, and laid at her feet. That morning she had received her first and last Communion. And it was through the thin white veil that we saw her bright hair, her closed eyes with the golden lashes lying softly on her cheeks, her happy lips, her folded hands—yes, and the crucifix on her breast.

It was better so; for was she not gone to the heavenly Paradise, instead of perhaps running the risk of forgetting Him in that poor earthly paradise, of which she once dreamed all her childish dreams? It was better so; though we could not foresee how a pilgrim, her own father, kneeling at her tiny grave in the nuns' part of the convent grounds, down by the river, and reading on the stone, "Died on her First Communion Day," would weep a strong man's tears, and pray for pardon, as he had not prayed since his own boyhood. Yes, it was better so.

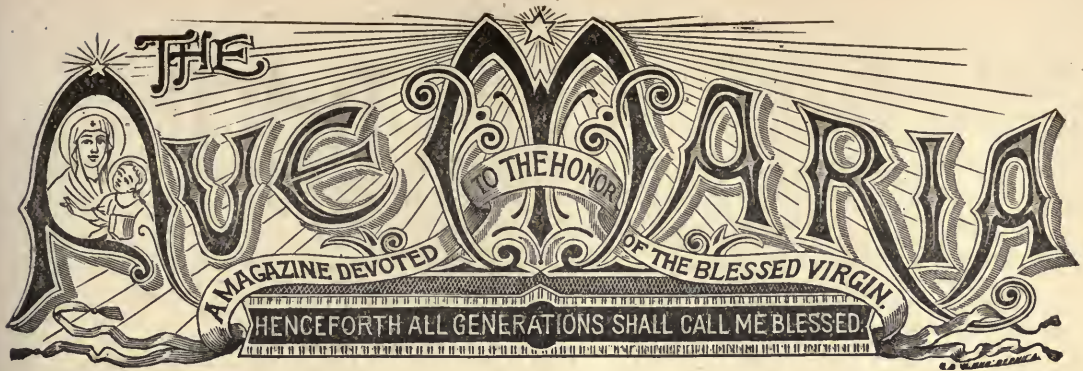
"It was sweet to have her with us," the Rev. Mother said, looking at the veiled face of the child at rest. "But you know we must be generous now, and not even wish her back again. Who *could*—dear little Fay?"

The Dogs of St. Bernard.

The dogs belonging to the "pious monks of St. Bernard" are not only trained physically, but have their manners attended to as well. When they are fed one of the Brothers says a short grace, during which each dog, with his tin dish before him, keeps silence and meekly bows his head. Usually not one of them moves until the "Amen" is said; but now and again a young puppy ventures to begin his meal before the Brother's invocation is fully over, for which offence a wise old dog near by will sometimes pull Master Puppy's ears and give a little growl, as much as to say: "Young fellow, if you are not quiet during the grace, you will not get one bit of dinner."

A Poet's Answer.

Hiero, the tyrant of Sicily, went to the wise poet Simonides, and demanded from him a description of God. "Give me a day to consider the matter," said the poet. At the end of a day the tyrant approached him again. "I shall require two days," said Simonides. When two days were passed he demanded four; when four had gone by he said that he would require eight. "Why do you put me off like this?" demanded Hiero. "Because," answered Simonides, "the more that I try to express in puny words what the great God is, the more I realize my powerlessness. If I were to try forever I could not tell you." So the tyrant bade him not to attempt it.



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

The Rosary.

BY THE REV. A. B. O'NEILL, C. S. C.

IN olden days, as German legends tell,
 Upon the castled banks of storied Rhine
 There bloomed a garden fair, a floral shrine,
 Wherein the Princess Criemhild loved to dwell.
 All knights avowed her beauty's potent spell;
 And rapture thrilled his pulse like bodied wine,
 The victor round whose brows her hands would
 twine

A rose-wreath—token that he jousting well.

A fairer garden blooms for us to-day,
 A fairer Queen of Beauty dwelleth there;
 And oft as we our pleading "Aves" say,
 Those mystic roses form a wreath of prayer,—
 A love-twined wreath we humbly offer thee,
 Sweet Lady of the Holy Rosary!

The Queen of Marian Devotions.



FTEN as the excellence of the Rosary has been extolled, it has never received its full meed of praise; nor will an adequate eulogy of this favorite devotion ever be possible to those who practise it, until, illumined by that light which "never was on land or sea," they behold the vastness of its influence on the destiny of the world at large,

as well as on that of individual souls. In the meantime lips that daily murmur, with an iteration that never cloy, the familiar words of the Angelic Salutation, delight to sing new canticles of praise, lauding the simple chaplet whose beads they tell, and glorifying her whom they honor in the telling—the Queen of the Holy Rosary. Just as the rose is the queen of flowers, so the Rosary is the queen of devotions. But the latter has one advantage over the fairest of blooms: the rose pleases the eye, but bears no fruit; the Rosary yields fruit whose variety is as endless as its efficacy is marvellous. That this devotion comprises in itself all that can inspire our confidence, three considerations will suffice to show.

The Rosary is a practice of piety, a formula of prayer; and the power of prayer can scarcely be exaggerated. "Therefore I say to you," declared Our Lord, "all things whatsoever you ask when ye pray, believe that you shall receive, and they shall come unto you,"—a divine promise, whose fulfilment has been going on during each hour of the countless days that have elapsed since Jesus walked with His disciples by the shores of Galilee. Is there any favor unattainable through prayer? Is it not the key which opens for us the treasury of heaven, and the armor that protects us from the assaults of our enemy? Do we not owe to its omnipotence the clothing wherewith we are vested and the daily bread that sustains our life? Through it we merit for time and

eternity; through it we do violence to the Almighty, and, in a manner, constrain Him to do our will. It is the guarantee of salvation and the source of all good. In a word, everything in spiritual concerns is accomplished by prayer, and it may be said that nothing is beyond its control.

Now, a wonderful efficacy belongs to the particular form of prayer which we are considering, because it exerts a sweet violence on the Heart of Mary. The Rosary employs simultaneously both methods of prayer, the vocal and the mental,—the one being the oral recitation of certain formulas with the requisite attention, the other consisting in the meditation of the truths of faith. Better than the exclusive use of either of these methods is their combination or union, and this is accomplished by the Rosary. This manner of praying is, therefore, quite conformable to our nature; since it calls into action the totality of our faculties, and applies to the service of God the entire man, body and soul. Another advantage of the Rosary is that the beads are equally well adapted to private and to public prayers. We may recite them alone in the solitude of our chamber; or a family, a parish, a whole city even, may assemble to say them in common.

What qualities render prayer pleasing in the sight of God? In the first place, all prayer should be based on faith. The Rosary possesses this first characteristic: it is an outgrowth of faith, it lives on faith and faith's mysteries. We ask and implore expressly by the merits of the life and passion of our Divine Redeemer. Prayer should be constant. The recitation of the beads occupies considerable time, and the self-same appeals are repeated again and again and yet again. This should give us only a fuller assurance of being heard, and of ultimately obtaining the favor which we ask; for a special benediction is promised to perseverance. In support of this promise we have the parable, related by Our Lord, of the man who went by night to buy three

loaves of bread from his neighbor. Assuredly that suppliant did not knock or call more frequently than do we in a single recital of our beads, and yet the door was opened to him, and he obtained the bread, as much as he would; why not to us?

Prayer should be accompanied by humility. The Rosary is pre-eminently a simple and humble invocation, and one proof of this fact is that certain self-styled vigorous minds contemn it as puerile, and would consider it beneath their dignity to appear in public, beads in hand. Saying the beads is the favorite prayer of the people, and of Christ's poor, who entertain no such exalted ideas of their knowledge and their prestige. These content themselves with words dictated by the Church and by God Himself. The publican of the Gospel could not, like the Pharisee, address Heaven in magniloquent phrases; filled with confusion, he merely repeated the same words over and over again. Yet because of his humility he was justified. Finally, our prayer should be animated by a firm, unwavering confidence; and herein the Rosary is peculiarly apt to be of benefit, since it treats in part of the sufferings of our Saviour,—sufferings that attest the infinite love and compassion entertained for us by Mary's Son and our Elder Brother.

A fact that should increase our confidence yet more is that the Rosary is one of the "great devotions" of the Church. These great devotions, which spring up at certain epochs in the history of the Church, become a manifestation of Christian piety toward persons or things nearly allied to faith. Their author is ever the Holy Ghost, the Spirit of Truth, who governs and directs His Church. At certain periods, when the need of extraordinary helps is manifest, He draws from the inexhaustible treasury of religion new means destined to revivify the piety of the faithful and maintain them within the bonds of morality. These devotions, once they are recognized and approved, enjoy boundless credit. This is a

distinctive characteristic of the Rosary. It has not only been sanctioned by the Holy See, but, a much rarer prerogative, has been adopted as a formula of Catholic prayer. Its marvellous institution is well known, and daily experience proves that no other devotion is so generally and frequently employed.

When we recite the Rosary we pray in our own name and in that of the Church; we repeat the invocation of her children and her saints. The Breviary and Holy Mass excepted, no other means has for centuries been so universally employed to render homage to God and respect to Mary. It is the highroad between heaven and earth; the golden ladder by which our aspirations mount to the throne of the Most High, and grace in turn descends to us. Another advantage it possesses is that of excluding or even weakening no other devotion; it embraces them all, since it comprises the principal mysteries in the lives of Jesus and Mary.

Most potent of all reasons, however, for our confidence in the Rosary is that it is a devotion to Our Lady, one of the numerous methods by which the children of the Church honor their Sovereign. Our prayer seems to soar naturally toward her; our heart voluntarily chooses that tender Mother as the object of its praises. Moreover, the doctrine of the Church and our personal experience teach us how powerful is the assistance which we obtain in venerating the Saints, and especially her who merits by so many titles to be called their Queen. With justice do we attribute special efficacy to every prayer which we address to her, and which she deigns to support with her intercession; for Mary, as Mother of the Saviour of men, is our real spiritual Mother. Not only is she full of grace, but she gave birth to the very Plenitude of all grace. For this reason she enjoys exceptional power; and, in virtue of her rank and sanctity, she co-operates with her Divine Son in the dispensation of His favors. We do well, therefore, to attach

great importance to the intercession of Our Lady. "Very often," writes one of the Fathers, "we obtain a favor more easily by invoking directly the Name of Mary. Not that the Virgin has more power than Jesus, or that without Him she has any power; for all the power and grandeur that is hers she has with Jesus and by Jesus." Why, then, is our prayer frequently answered most promptly when addressed to the Blessed Virgin? It is because in this recourse to her there is hidden a beautiful act of humility. Judging ourselves unworthy to petition the divine Majesty, we feel the want of an intermediary; and who should mediate for us if not our Mother?

The Lord, master of His graces, can at His pleasure determine the conditions on which He will bestow them. Our duty is to satisfy those conditions. Among those which God sometimes orders as a preliminary to His granting favors is the intercession of His saints, thus promoting their honor and His own glory without prejudice to our interests. It would seem that He desires to strengthen the bonds of friendship between heaven and earth, the two portions of His kingdom.

These are the reasons which give to our devotion its power and efficacy; "the foundations thereof," we may say, are "in the holy mountains." In the mystic garden of the Rosary there are three mines rich in metals and precious stones—the mine of prayer, that of great Catholic devotions, and that of the cult of Mary; precious quarries, wherein labor will never prove futile nor hardship ever vain. More powerful and benign than those genii who, the legend tells us, hid jewels in the mountain's side and spread golden sand over the bed of the river, our Sovereign showers with lavish hand divine pearls of grace into the bosoms of her clients. Happy those who, desirous of the only wealth that will survive the fleeting years, enroll themselves as Mary's servants, and wear her beads as a badge of honor!

Traces of Travel.

 MERRY ENGLAND.

 BY CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

I.

IF there is one creature I love more than another it is your passionate pilgrim. I say wear your heart upon your sleeve—and suffer the consequences; it will pay you a noble royalty in the end. The heart worth wearing upon one's sleeve will attract more doves than daws, you may depend on it.

Well, next to the passionate pilgrim, if he can not chat with me and I with him, I love his note-books; I love those limp, leathern covers, with ragged corners and leaves that lie loose within them. They show much wear and tear; a thousand times they have travelled in and out of the pocket; a thousand times they have rested upon the knee of the pilgrim, perhaps as he paused at some wayside shrine; perhaps as he sat upon some heaven-kissing hill, and his heart was like a chorus with cymbals; or perched upon the dizzy cliff, while the "wrinkled sea beneath him crawled," as the Laureate puts it. Perhaps it was in the humble shepherd cot—how seldom one really finds the genuine article in these days, and yet mutton is plenty enough!—or in the Halls of the Gay, on days when they were open to the public for a small consideration. Perhaps they lay open on the corner of a little table in a chop-house, where he was refreshing himself with roast-beef and recollections; or it may be he was cast away in some lonely and impoverished region, where he had for his supper memories without meat or drink.

I think it may be said of these note-books that they are the key to a scribe's inner life,—his impressions, and surely his honest impressions, given hour by hour in all

circumstances, times and places. Whatever he may prepare for the reading public, at a later day, is pretty sure to be written with more or less caution or reserve. He can not risk his reputation, if he has one, by sending a careless paper to the press; and if he has reputation yet to make, there is all the more reason why he should write with a guarded pen. There will no doubt be art enough in his article; but I prefer the impulses of nature, and the little brown, thumb-stained note-books, travel-worn and weather-worn; and often enfolding a leaf or a spray or a faded, ghost-like flower, plucked for love of the spot where it grew. These are my treasures; and some of these I'll share with you, if you like.

I turn leaf after leaf. Ah, me! what memories, what new and strange experiences, jotted down in a kind of shorthand that would fill volumes were it only elaborated! That is the way books grow, and the best books are founded on personal experience; they must be.

I find that my voyage over the Atlantic was much the same as all voyages. The best of them are uneventful, unless they include a wreck or a rescue. What is it, after all, to steam from New York to Liverpool, yet how many are there who have never done so! The scribe's heart melted when the ship lay off the Irish coast, and the tender came out to take the Queenstown passengers into port. For it's oh! the tears of joy that dimmed the eyes of the old folk, long exiled, come again to the shores of their dear native land. And it's oh! the trembling hands, hardened by long years of toil, that have saved the pittance that has brought the fond hearts and true home again, home again, to find rest at last, and blessed rest, under the green sod.

One might moralize here; but let us not moralize to-day. There are so many of these little note-books to search through; and, then, everybody moralizes, and what good has come of it?

It seems that Liverpool does not impress

our friendly scribe as being a brilliant and attractive city: it is a marvellously active one, however, with a population of half a million or so. Here is a note that catches my eye:

“Off for London, full of deep gratitude; for my first experience in the old country has resulted in no worse disaster than a cold and exceedingly damp drizzle, stained with smoke; and a rather expensive famine at the hotel, in the midst of considerable upholstery of a very agreeable pattern.”

But we will let the scribe tell his tale; when a word of explanation is necessary, I will add it with pleasure. Of course there is the customary scorn of the European method of railway conveyance; he would hardly be human, after all, who could afford to enter an English railway carriage without comment. The scribe merely murmurs—to himself no doubt:

“Our Pullman cars are a thousand years in advance of these primitive coops on wheels, and I hourly exalt my horn and grow more and more American the more I see of England. Having resigned myself to the situation, I lean against the window with my back to the locomotive—the opposite seats are filled,—and look out upon the landscape. It is very lonesome, for no one says anything; and yet we are forced to sit facing one another. We emerge from the sepulchre that begins in the edge of Liverpool and ends some distance on the way to London, finding a lovely country spread on either hand. It is a finished landscape from the beginning. The slope of the low hills is a picture, green even in mid-October, and fringed with long strips of sunshine and shadow that are almost too artistic to be real. Village after village comes under my eye—quaint, old, moss-grown and sombre; church spires such as I had dreamed of; winding streets such as I had never thought to find in reality. A canal winds hither and thither, with a lazy procession of boats floating between its trim and well-kept banks. Now and

again we dash into large manufacturing towns, with a forest of tall chimneys, and every house in the place built of brick. Not very poetical spots these; but in five minutes we are out of them, rushing on, over country lanes, under bridges, between walls that shut out other villages from view, and again into tunnels and out on the other side, catching glimpses of churchyards that are sanctified by the dust of great poets, and near whose hallowed ground the early days of some one whom the world knows and loves have been passed. It is not safe to turn one’s back on any spot in England; for the chances are that it is memorable, and worthily so.

“Nothing crosses an English railway on a level with it: everything goes under or over it. Yet, with this commendable precaution, there are accidents at times, and insurance tickets are sold in the most convenient localities.

“There are glimpses of park lands and forests; green lanes, with country folk plodding down them, seeming to be a part of the picture; and we see it all for so brief a moment we can not tell whether they are moving or no. There are woolly flocks in the meadows, and cattle knee-deep in placid pools under the shadow of trees. There are gray towers, and the castellated walls of some old mansion breaking through the dense foliage that strives to hide it. There are hedges and hedges and hedges, and scarcely a fence to speak of. Everything is mown, clipped and trained till it seems that the whole country must belong to one estate, and *that* one under the best of management.

“The afternoon wanes. We come to a momentary stop at towns whose names are familiar to me through many books. At Rugby I can not resist the temptation to alight, since I have dreamed of it so often. The station is, like all English stations, a groundwork of flagstones, a framework of wood, stone or iron; they are nearly all alike, and nearly all handsome and cleanly.

But I instinctively hurry to a book-stall close by, and there, wide open at the title-page, lies a fine, illustrated edition of 'Tom Brown's School-Days.' Classic ground this! Anon I glance out of the car window, and see the Tower of Rugby over the tree tops, and am glad.

"Glad, because ever since the hour when, as a boy, I first read that story of school life, Rugby has been my ideal,—Rugby town and Rugby school, and all the meads and meadows and willow-lined waters, and the copses and the rooky woods that make beautiful the outskirts of Rugby. Dr. Arnold was my ideal master, Tom Brown and Arthur my ideal boys. Many a time I have laughed over the mishaps that befell the heroes of the tale—for Arthur was a veritable hero, in his quiet way; and who would ever have dreamed that he was one day to become Dean of Westminster? You know he was none other than Dean Stanley himself!

"Don't you remember the evening when Arthur, who had been ill, lay on a lounge by an open widow, and Tom Brown came in to see him? Arthur was lapped in the languor of convalescence; he was highly spiritualized, and more of a contrast to that out-and-out boy Tom than ever before. That is why he had such influence over Tom, and such a good influence. Well, Arthur lay there in the gloaming, looking very thin and wan; and Tom was kneeling by him, quite humbled in the presence of such an embodiment of tranquillity. There was a branch of a great tree stretching past the window, only a little way off; and while the boys were chatting in low voices a rook came and perched upon the branch; and then another and yet others, until the branch was nearly filled: they were sitting close together, and talking a little bit to one another, but not noisily. Finally came the biggest rook of all and solemnly seated himself at the head of the line, and a great silence followed; then, clearing his throat, he began to caw in the solemnest kind of

way. And when he finished, they all cawed in chorus, and then flew away.

"Tom was amused; but Arthur said to him: 'They do that every night about this hour. I think the old one at the top is the dean; he recites a prayer and all the others say "Amen"; and then they hurry away to their rookeries, for it is their bedtime.' How all this impressed and delighted Tom! But *he* never could have interpreted the Even Song of the Rooks.

"Ah, me! We are long past Rugby now. The evening draws on apace. Villages grow more frequent; it begins to feel as though London can not be far off,—London, the great centre and soul of men and things, within whose eternal vortex I am about to cast myself, with nothing but one trunk to sustain me, and a small one at that. The smoke thickens on the horizon; the sun hangs like an illuminated balloon over a purple cloud, and then descends and is lost in the general conflagration of the twilight. London is evidently about to begin. My destination is Hampstead Station. I alight, alone in a strange land. I have a friend to whom I am consigned, and too late I discover that he has gone to Paris before his time.

"Alone in London, a stranger to all that mighty world, suddenly I am thrown upon my own resources, and for a moment know not which way to turn. But my Good Angel lends his aid; and, plucking up courage, I stand at the door of a private lodging-house and appeal to the heart of the landlady. She responds in good English fashion; and as her house is full, she throws a shawl over her head—it is quite dark now,—and goes from door to door, up and down that avenue of lodging-houses, and at last finds me shelter. In the edge of London, where there are more than four millions of souls to be provided for, I find it difficult to secure a bed on short notice. But I do it at last. A widow, flying white-crape signals of distress, admits me, leads me to a sitting-room, gives me supper,

shows me to my sleeping room, and breakfasts me in the morning; and the whole affair is conducted as though I were a prisoner in solitary confinement, allowed the bare necessities of life, but religiously deprived of all those amenities for want of which a lonesome soul is continually starving.

"At night I retire early, for I am weary and forlorn. I am just sinking into the Vale of Sleep when a chime of bells breaks loose in a neighboring church tower. I am amazed and for a time amused; I can but listen. The bells start at the top of the scale, tumble down with considerable alacrity, and at once proceed to pick themselves up as best they can; but it is like drawing a long breath with the croup. For two mortal hours those bells jangle and play all manner of inharmonious pranks. I am privileged to summon the landlady in case of distress, and I proceed to summon her. It seems that it is the custom for the bell ringers to hold high jinks on every Tuesday evening, and this is the result. It is, as it were, a full-dress rehearsal of those complicated chimes and changes that fill the morning air on Sundays and holydays with exaggerated melody. For two hours those crazy bells tip over and fall down, and whirl and spin and jingle, till I long for the broad Atlantic and a solitary island, and nothing else under the sun save only silence.

"At last in despair I rise and look from my lattice (they have them in this country). Away in all directions the pale mist floats over a furnace of light; it seems to flash and grow dull again, as though a slow pulse were in it; it sends a soft glow far into the zenith, and is almost like another aurora. It is London, at night, and close at hand."

(To be continued.)

Saint Francis of Assisi.

—
SERAPHIC Saint! thy soul's deep, holy fire
 Consumed the bonds that held thy youthful heart

To earth; the hopes that early years impart,
 Transformed by love, enkindled new desire
 In praising God to join the heavenly choir.
 Thy longing, winged by Love's unerring art,
 Bade Mercy's fivefold burning streams to start,
 That in their radiant depths self might expire.

When lo! upon thy hands and feet and side
 The sacred stigma blessed thy loving zeal,—
 Sweet passion-flowers which Jesus crucified
 One Friday gathered as a tender seal;
 That as on earth thou didst in Him abide,
 So He would here His love for thee reveal.

—♦♦—

The Success of Patrick Desmond.

—
 BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.
 —

XXVIII.—(Continued.)

MR. BAYARD looked close at Desmond. The former's face was as white as usual and his eyes as furtive, but there was the complacent expression of prosperity about him.

"May I use your telephone, Mr. Desmond?" he asked. "You are lucky enough to have the only one in town, and I want to speak to the baggage-master at Redwood."

"Certainly," Desmond said, picking up a pamphlet to avoid looking at Bayard; he had an involuntary antipathy to the sight of this pale, smooth-talking, furtive creature; and, besides, like most people in Redwood, he had heard rumors.

Bayard telephoned to the baggage-master a message about a piano which was to go to New York as freight; but he took a long time about it, and there was much ringing of bells.

"You may not be your brother's keeper,"

—♦♦—
 HE that believeth only that which he comprehends must have either a very long head or a very short creed.

whispered Mr. Stokes; "and religion may not be a matter of example—" he paused, for Bayard's hallooing and ringing had ceased for a moment. He went on when Bayard had begun to ring again, and there was a touch of bitterness in his tone: "But I can tell you that even if Eleanor Redwood was attracted by the sincerity of the Desmond of the spring, she will not admire the clever business Desmond of the summer."

A glint of humor shone in Desmond's eyes. "Oh, that's it,—is it, Stokes?" he said. "I see."

Mr. Stokes smarted under the glance and turned pale; his secret was revealed. He said nothing, but at that moment he hated Desmond.

"It will be a nasty night," said Bayard, coming from the telephone box and trying to light his cigar over the blackened glass of the lamp; while he watched Desmond's face, on which Mr. Stokes' words had left a trace of dejection. "He has heard bad news," said Bayard to himself; "he will sell as soon as he can. I had better hurry up matters.—Listen to that!" he remarked aloud. The wind was sweeping around the house like some huge winged being fleeing from an enemy. "Good-night!" he said.

Mr. Stokes said good-night too; he thought he would go to the hotel before the storm broke. Bayard took his arm, and they walked toward the chain of lakes, the first of which lashed the shore furiously.

"Come, take a walk, Stokes," Bayard said; "this wind is exhilarating, and the rain will not come for some time."

Mr. Stokes' duster flapped and floated about him, and he had to hold his hat on. The wind *was* exhilarating; it seemed to blow his thoughts away.

"Desmond is in a bad humor to-night," observed Bayard.

"Yes," said Stokes, on his guard.

"Bad news; stocks and investments trouble him since he has got into business. Put a beggar on horseback, you know—" and Bayard laughed in his high treble.

"Perhaps so," said Stokes. "I don't know anything about business."

They had reached one of the entrances to the Fly-Away Mines,—one near the lake, and seldom used except by the inspectors and owners.

"There's nothing wrong with the mines," Bayard went on. "Does he think there is?"

"I don't know," answered Mr. Stokes.

Bayard took a key from his pocket and opened the rickety wooden door of the frame structure, that covered a rather primitive windlass. Mr. Stokes followed him with a certain curiosity.

"Since Mr. Desmond is anxious about the mine, I'd better drop down to the first gallery and see that everything is right on this side. Will you manage the windlass?"

Mr. Stokes had no objection; just then he had no objection to anything. He took the rough wooden handle in his grip. Bayard took a pickaxe and a miner's hat and lamp, and entered the primitive cage, used only for this short distance trip.

"Lower!"

Down he went, the thick wire rope creaking and Mr. Stokes' arms aching. Nevertheless, the exercise did him good: it eased his restlessness; it would be easier to draw Bayard up, since he could help himself by using another rope, hand over hand, he reflected.

Having reached the first gallery in the new part of the mine, Bayard sounded the black wall with his pick. "In three days the lake will be in," he said; "but he may sell before that. A few strokes, and, with the help of the storm, it will be in to-night."

One could hear the lake, aroused and strong, palpitating against the wall. The rays from the lamp in his hat fell on the glossy black lumps around him. He raised the pick and tapped the wall. The sound in one place satisfied him; he gave half a dozen strong strokes at the wall. Then he pulled the rope; the windlass creaked, and in five minutes he stood beside Mr.

Stokes. He was paler than usual, and sweat poured from his forehead.

"Everything is right," he said. "Desmond need have no fear. They distrusted my report of the first disaster, though I know these mines like a book—better than the owners do," he added, with a short laugh. "Go up and congratulate Desmond."

"I will," replied Stokes, anxious to be alone with his thoughts, "when it stops raining."

"Do," Bayard went on, smiling in the darkness. "Tell him I said that there's no danger; or, better, say you've been here and have seen there's no danger in the mines,—and this one is the weakest."

"I will," said Stokes, "after a while."

Bayard, grinning to himself at this delicate stroke, said good-night. He would not lock the door: Mr. Stokes might stay in the shed as long as he liked.

The wind and the rain rushed together, like opposing armies; the uproar was deafening. Mr. Stokes closed the door after Bayard had gone. The tempest without soothed him; it was delightful to his weak nature to know that there was such strength in the world. He closed the door tight, and in his idleness let down the cage into the depths; he pulled it up easily. As he did so slimy, soft bodies brushed against his knees and dropped upon his feet. There seemed to be many of them. He lowered the lamp. Rats, squealing with fright as the light struck them, were rushing against the wooden walls as if for refuge. They had come up from the mine; he knew what that meant, and listened. There was a rush of waters beneath; he could hear the roar. He felt the cage with his hand: it was wet. He looked out into the night: all nature seemed in anarchy. Never mind, he would have the satisfaction of telling Patrick Desmond that his hopes were vain,—that he was a beggar again, no better off in the world's eyes than "the fool" Stokes.

He rushed through the storm to Desmond's office. It was warm and light; for

Desmond had built a fire in the rusty grate, not caring to face the rain and wind outside. What a storm it was! The world seemed tottering.

Mr. Stokes rushed into the room, his linen coat clinging to him and his straw-hat drooping over his face. Patrick lay on the three chairs, dozing. Mr. Stokes touched his elbow, and he jumped to his feet. Then Stokes, not with eagerness now, but with a certain regret, told him the truth. Desmond, in his light coat, ran with the wind to the entrance of the mine near the lake. He saw that the waters meant ruin; what could be done on such a night? What could be done at any time, with the lake galloping into the mines? He ran back to his office, battling with the wind. He telephoned to the telegraph office; the answer came: all the wires to New York were down.

"I am ruined," he said, grimly, to Mr. Stokes. "Eleanor Redwood is no longer a rich woman. The wires are all down, and I can not sell the stock. If I could only reach the Hoffmann House, New York. I need not sell to Fitzgerald, for he is a friend; there's a man at the Hoffmann House who would buy at once, if I could reach him."

He spoke as if to himself, and mumbled incoherently. He tried to ring up the telephone operator at Redwood. Yes, all was lost. His castles in Spain were down; no riches, no power for him; Eleanor and he would both be beggars. "Do not sell," she had wired. What difference did that make? He must sell those shares before daylight or perish.

The telephone bell sounded. Mr. Stokes watched Desmond with an odd smile on his wet face, as he stood dripping in the middle of a pool of rain-water. The operator at Redwood announced that one wire from that town to New York was safe. He had a message for Desmond. The broker at the Hoffmann House could sell the shares at once, at one per cent. increase on his offer of the morning.

"Thank God!" Desmond exclaimed.

Then like a flash came the question (the result, at this crisis in his life, of years of good training and pure thoughts): For what was he thanking God—the God of charity? His conscience answered at once: He was thanking God for a victim whom he would ruin, to whom he would sell something for nothing, save himself from poverty, and keep Eleanor rich against her will. His mother rose before his mind. Would she exchange her worn shawl and her poor little house for riches won in this way? Would she not call his thanking God a horrible blasphemy? But success, power, money, a great house, luxury, everything that the men around him valued, were in his grasp. And would not Eleanor thank him for it later? She was a woman, after all; and fond of diamonds and rich dresses, as all women, except his mother, were.

"The wire is waiting. Will take your message. Broker waiting," telephoned the operator at Redwood.

"O Mother of God!" Desmond cried, between his teeth. Perhaps the mines could be saved; he did not *know* they were utterly ruined, a voice said. But he flung it back; he *did* know that they were ruined, for the lake mine was the key of the rest. Mr. Stokes, forgetting his drenched condition, gazed at Desmond with intense eyes; he understood the struggle as well as if he saw it.

"No message to-night," Desmond said, grimly; and he rang the bell.

The bell was rung furiously from Redwood again. "Did you say no message?" asked the operator.

"None," Patrick answered, as firmly as before.

A quarter of an hour passed. Desmond had forgotten Mr. Stokes, who had sat down near the fire. The bell rang again. Desmond answered: "I told you I had no message."

"It wouldn't make much difference if you had *now*," was the reply: "the New York wire is down."

"I am glad of it!" said the young man, half aloud.

Mr. Stokes went up and took his right hand. "I take back what I said. Your religion is the strongest thing in life,—stronger than life; it works miracles."

Patrick was white, and dark circles had come beneath his eyes. "Yes, I know," he answered, speaking more to himself than to Mr. Stokes. "But I am a failure, all the same. No," he added, with a gleam of light in his eyes: "I have succeeded, because I am what I wanted most of all to be—an honest man." •

Mr. Stokes stole away. And in the morning, when Patrick awoke, the Fly-Away Mine stock was a drug in the market. But he said his prayers with a clean heart, and he felt that no glance of his mother or of Eleanor could ever reproach him now; he could look the world in the face, even though it might call him a failure.

(To be continued.)

A Modern Prophecy.

BY THE REV. FATHER EDMUND, C.P.

PROBABLY but few of our readers have heard of the Venerable Servant of God, Father Bernardo Maria Clausi, of the Order of Minims—that is, of the Order founded by St. Francis of Paola (or Paula). He died at Paola on the 20th of December, 1849, and his beatification is now pending at Rome.

About a year and a half ago we saw some extracts from the "depositions" sworn to in the "process." They were in Italian, and had been sent from Rome to one of our Passionist brethren then in the United States. One of the witnesses who swore to these depositions was a priest of Father Bernardo's Order; the other a nun—also of St. Francis of Paula's foundation,

if we remember rightly. The extracts we saw consisted of predictions made by the servant of God in the years 1836 and 1842. They were most remarkable, and left an indelible impression upon our memory.

Now, with regard to many prophecies made by saints under divine revelation, it is true to say that their fulfilment is conditional; or, again, that they are obscure and may be realized in ways little thought of by those who accept them. But we have no sympathy with the temper which hears of such predictions impatiently and dismisses them as wholly unimportant. Whatever God reveals to His servants is to be received with reverence, and as something which it is good for us to know. While these particular utterances of Father Bernardo leave little room for a conditional fulfilment, and can not well be called obscure.

I. For convenience we divide the entire prophecy, so far as we remember it accurately, into four points. It predicts the fortunes of the Church in the present century.

(1.) That the state of things then prevalent (when he spoke)—the troubles, to wit, of the Church and the Holy See—would increase, instead of diminishing, until at last there would be *no human aid* left in any quarter.

(2.) That when things should have come to the worst, God Himself would take matters in hand, and *by a catastrophe* compel *the whole world* to acknowledge Him.

(3.) That multitudes of the impious would perish in this catastrophe, but many others would be converted; faithful servants of God remaining uninjured.

(4.) That this judgment would be followed by *an era of peace and charity* such as *has never been from the beginning of Christianity*.

Moreover, as an appendix to this prophecy, we have the declaration of the same witness that Father Bernardo told him that the "illuminations" received concerning the catastrophe and the era which should

follow it had been so vivid that, at first, he had mistrusted them; whereupon God had certified him with the words, "I *swear* that I will do what I say." And, again, that having asked him *when* these things should come; to pass, the witness had heard a voice, which was not Father Bernardo's, crying, "*Presto, presto, presto!*"—that is, "Quickly!" or "Soon!" And that the servant of God himself had answered at last: "I shall not live to see it, but *you* will." Now, witness was in his seventy-sixth year at the time of this deposition.

II. Here we have predictions of a very positive kind. And the first of them has been verified already. Up to 1870 there were hopes that France and Austria would protect the Pope and champion the Church. But have not the words of the servant of God been borne out more and more? Is it not a fact that, at the present hour, all prospect of help from any human source has vanished? Surely, then, we shall do well to ponder the threatened "catastrophe."

"I will take matters in hand Myself; and *by a catastrophe* compel *the whole world* to acknowledge Me." Here we are particularly struck by the two italicized phrases, "catastrophe" and "the whole world." What sort of a catastrophe must that be which is to bring the whole world to its knees in penitent acknowledgment of its Creator? Surely nothing which could be accounted for by purely natural causes? A European war, on the largest scale, would prove indeed an awful disaster; and might, of course, end, by God's overruling, in the complete liberation of the Holy See from the insolent usurper. But would such a triumph for the Catholic cause "compel the whole world to acknowledge God"? Or would it inaugurate an "era of peace and charity" such as history has never witnessed yet? Clearly, it would be quite inadequate for either of these results. That portion of the world known as Christendom would be greatly surprised, no doubt, by such an unexpected turn of events; and

there might be many conversions of the well disposed both within the Church's pale and from without. But the infidel *animus*, so undisguised to-day, would only be intensified; and the secret societies would continue their nefarious plots. Neither, again, would a world-wide pestilence or famine effect the promised change. For these could be attributed to merely natural causes; and an age which has dispensed with God as a factor in its science would remain only hardened against Him.

It appears, then, that nothing short of a preternatural catastrophe could avail to bring about this "era of peace and charity," with (what is implied) the conversion of the world to the one true Church and faith. The thorough reformation of the Catholic nations, and the conversion of those now in heresy or schism, would be followed, of course, by a missionary zeal which would bring the awakened multitudes of Mahomedans and idolaters into the bosom of the Church within a very few years.

III. Before passing on to further question of this "catastrophe," let us notice some other authentic predictions which point to an "era of peace and charity" such as we have been considering.

In the first place, there are Scripture prophecies which have not yet had an adequate fulfilment, especially those of Isaias. The peoples have not ceased to "learn war"; they have not yet "beaten their swords into ploughshares and their spears into pruning-hooks"; neither do "all nations flow unto the mountain of the Lord's house"; nor is "the earth filled with the knowledge of the Lord as the covering waters of the sea." We may say for certain that these glorious results *would have* followed long ere this, had the nations of Europe been true to their vocation to the faith with its graces. But if God has allowed His designs to be frustrated in so great a measure up to the present time, is there no likelihood of His showing the

world, as in the glory of a sunset, what might have been, and would have been, but for man's perverseness? "Hath He spoken, and shall He not make it good?"

In the second place, there is a number of private revelations, perfectly authentic, that converge upon a period of peace and triumph as awaiting the Church before her final contest—before the struggle which will be ended by the coming of the Judge Himself. Now, it can not be that all these saints were deceived. Private revelations do not make faith, but they corroborate it. God gives them by way of timely warning, and also by way of consolation.

A very noteworthy prophecy is found in Mr. Edward Healy Thompson's "Life of the Venerable Anna Maria Taigi." This favored woman, whose beatification is also pending at Rome, assures us that the Church and the Holy See will have "such a triumph that *the whole world will be stupefied with amazement*," and that "entire nations will return to the unity of the Roman Church." Now, this "stupefaction" will have to be caused by divine intervention in a quite unmistakable shape; in short, by just such a "catastrophe" as the saintly Minim predicts.

IV. We may now inquire: Is there no *hint* given as to what this catastrophe is to be? We think there is, and a very plain hint. For we read in the same "Life of Anna Maria Taigi" of something currently reported in Rome as her prediction, though it is not unquestionably hers, as the one above is; a prophecy, too, which it is difficult to account for as attributed to her, if she did not utter it. It is the one which made such a sensation some years ago, and afterward came to be laughed at because some people had expected to see it verified at once: the well-known prediction of a "three days' darkness, in which nothing will burn but blessed candles."

Such a catastrophe as this—all over the earth, and accompanied by widespread destruction of the impious—would infallibly

have the effect of "compelling the whole world to acknowledge God." It is easy to see, too, how the Church would stand forth vindicated in her claims; how all nations calling themselves Christian would hasten to submit to her teaching; how the Mahometan and all other false religions would be abandoned, and heathendom in general reach out supplicating hands to Truth.

But do we sincerely believe in this "three days' darkness"? We do not pretend to think more than that here we have quite possibly, and not improbably, the "catastrophe" foretold by Father Bernardo. When we first heard of it, indeed, we took the "three days" to mean three *years*—because "day" so often stands in Holy Scripture as the prophetic term for year,—three years of extreme persecution, in which only faithful souls, the "blessed candles," would retain their charity and give light. It seemed to us then that the very idea of a divine intervention so miraculous as the literal fulfilment of the prophecy would be was like an argument which "proves too much." For how, we thought, could the world forget the awful lesson it had learnt, and fall away again, so as to give Satan a chance with his Antichrist, or so as to allow that personage anything of a career? How, at any rate, could it forget until after several generations—whereas we are assured that the promised triumph of the Church will be but of short duration? But now, whatever may be thought of this difficulty, it appears to us quite conceivable that in twenty years' time from the date of our "catastrophe" abuses will have grown up, both in society and in the Church itself, which will call for the old remedy of persecution. Does not Church history countenance this view? Prosperity for any length of time is not good for our fallen nature.

Then, again, with regard to the coming of Antichrist: the tradition of the Church clearly indicates the Antichrist of the Jews—their pseudo-Messiah—the person to

whom Our Lord alluded when He said to them: "If another shall come in his own name, him you will receive." We, for one, consider it demonstrable that Mahomet was the Antichrist of the Gentiles, and fulfilled, in himself and in his empire, the prophecies of Daniel and the Apocalypse which relate to the first great pseudo-Messiah. It is, therefore, what we may call the *second* coming of Antichrist which is to precede the second coming of the Christ. Well, taking it for certain that the Jews, as a body, will not be converted to the faith of Christ till after the destruction of their pseudo-Messiah, it is plain that the "era of peace and charity" aforesaid will be just the opportunity they want to return to the Holy Land and rebuild Jerusalem, and so prepare the way for him who "shall come in his own name." While as to the power their Antichrist will acquire under "the working of Satan" (for he will be St. Paul's "man of sin"), material for that will be found, we suppose, in the smouldering remains of Mahometanism in the East and in a resuscitation of the secret-society evil in the West,—which latter mischief, if suppressed a while among Christians, will be sure to survive among the Jews.

After all, then, the "catastrophe" of Father Bernardo's prophecy need not hinder Satan from making his last great throw. But perhaps we shall find leisure soon for a paper on the question of Antichrist by itself. For the present we pass on with another remark or two concerning the "three days' darkness."

It strikes us, for one thing, as a singularly fit ending for the age in which we live—an age which so prides itself upon *enlightenment*, and, more than any which has preceded it, "calls darkness light, and light darkness"—that it should terminate in a darkness like that of Egypt, symbolic of the eternal "outer darkness" to which pride and luxury inevitably lead. This would surely be a righteous judgment.

Again, for another thing, if this kind of

chastisement come to pass in the lifetime of Leo XIII., we shall see, in the light that will follow the darkness, a literal verification of the Pope's prophetic title, "*Lumen in caelo*,—Light in heaven."

V. In conclusion, there is something else beside prophecies and private revelations which encourages us to look for the "era of peace and charity" promised through Father Bernardo. It is certain that the Holy Ghost, who dwells in the Church continually, not only "guides her into all truth," but also inspires, in a true sense, her Supreme Pastors how to act in times of more than ordinary danger. It is not, then, without well-grounded hope that the present illustrious occupant of the Chair of Peter has ordered special prayers to be said daily throughout the Church, and the Rosary all the month of October, year by year, until the mercies asked for shall have been granted. It can not be that this crusade of prayer will fail of its effect. And *what* is thus persistently prayed for? Not merely the conversion of sinners, but "the freedom and exaltation of our holy mother the Church"—her deliverance from, and triumph over, the machinations of her enemies. Our "glorious and Immaculate" Lady is directly invoked, St. Joseph, SS. Peter and Paul and all the saints indirectly—to bring about by their intercession precisely what is meant by an "era of peace and charity." And then St. Michael, the Church's Angel Guardian, is called upon to "thrust down into hell Satan and the other evil spirits, who prowl about the world seeking to destroy souls."

This latter invocation is particularly remarkable. We are at once reminded of what we read in Apocalypse (xx, 1, 2, 3)—how an angel "bound Satan for a thousand years, and cast him into the bottomless pit, and shut him up, and put a seal upon him." We have little doubt that the first meaning of this "millennium" was realized in the reign of the Church during the ages of faith: the arch-enemy being "bound"

the while, in the sense of being restrained from setting up any more heathen or infidel empires to war upon the Church—or, in apocalyptic language, calling up any more "beasts" out of the "sea." The expression "a thousand years," too, does not mean that precise period of time; for then it would be "a thousand *days*." We say that the above is in all probability the first meaning of the passage referred to. But since many of the great prophecies have a double fulfilment, it may well be that Satan will be "bound" again, during the era of peace we are expecting, in such a way that the Church will accomplish, even in a very short period of time, as much as she has been able to do in "a thousand years" before. It may be, we repeat, that this second fulfilment is included in the first; for there are such inclusions in Scripture prophecies.

Well, leaving further discussion of apocalyptic questions to the future, we feel sure that our Catholic readers, whatever they may think of Father Bernardo's prophecy or of our suggestions thereanent, will agree with us thus far at least: that it is at once a duty and a privilege to pray fervently and constantly for the intentions of our Holy Father the Pope and for the triumph of the Church's cause. We would particularly recommend that whenever they say or hear Mass they remember these urgent intentions; and, again, that whenever they recite Our Lady's Rosary they offer it for the same end,—a practice which will not interfere with any other intentions they may have.

THE last few years have brought out very visibly the extraordinary and mysterious power of the Rosary over all kinds of Catholics. The more one considers the Rosary and observes its influence on souls, the more clear does it appear that it is the divine weapon offered to all Christians, for their constant use during the crisis of unbelief and sin which the world is at present traversing.—*Bishop Vaughan*.

A Burning Question.

Notes and Remarks.

A VIGOROUS writer in the *Catholic Home*, of Chicago, contends with reason that a voluntary or religious school which follows the course of secular instruction prescribed by an official school board, and submits to the same examination as secular schools, should share in the school-tax fund. This position is sound. Citizens who believe in "sectarian" schools are taxed for educational purposes equally with the advocates of the "non-sectarian" public schools; and, provided the secular instruction required by the State be given to their children, we fail to see how the State can justly withhold their *pro rata* of the general fund. Several questions will need a different solution from that which has as yet been reached before the theory of equal rights so much vaunted in our Republic becomes more than an "iridescent dream." The school system is one of them. As the *Home* remarks:

"It is a sin and a shame that parents who have at heart the religious interests of their children should be taxed double: once for the support of a godless system which they can not conscientiously use, and then for the support of their own schools, which do the same work of instruction. And it is a scandalous thing, utterly unworthy of Americans, that Christian parents should be thus obliged to support, unaided by the State, these voluntary schools. Especially so when millions of the school money are squandered upon high schools and colleges, and fancy methods and educational fads, which have no place in a common school system."

The wonder is that there should be a difference of opinion on this subject among Catholics themselves. The views of many non-Catholics on the burning question of the public schools have been notably modified within the past ten years, and not a few now admit that the position of the advocates of the parochial school system is a sound one. It is, indeed, surprising that meantime all Catholics should not have come to a perfect understanding of the advantages of the religious school, and of the injustice of the taxation to which they are subjected.

Some time ago a terrible railroad disaster occurred at Mœnchenstein, Switzerland. Amongst the passengers were two women from the neighborhood of Porentruy, the Jura, who were returning from the pilgrimage of Einsiedeln. Having taken their place in the car at Basel, the women began to recite the Rosary together. This excited the mirth of the jovial groups who were on their way to the Sænger-Fest. The conductor demanded the tickets of the women with a sneer, when just at the moment the bridge over which they were passing broke down, and the car fell into the Birse. When the two women were extricated from the wreck, they were unconscious; their clothes were torn to pieces and were covered with blood, but they themselves had not received so much as a scratch. This fact is the more surprising since all the other passengers in the same car, without one exception, were either killed or frightfully injured. Behold how our sweet and powerful Mother protects those that place their trust in her.

Sir Edwin Arnold, whose "Light of the World" has enhanced the reputation won by his former epic, "The Light of Asia," has often been accused of a preference for Buddhism. Speaking of this criticism in a recent interview, he said: "For me Christianity, rightly viewed, is the crowned queen of religion, immensely superior to every other; and, though I am so great an admirer of much that is great in Hindoo philosophy and religion, I would not give one verse of the Sermon on the Mount for twenty epic poems like the Mahabharata."

The Fifth General Congress of German-American Catholics was held in Buffalo, N. Y., on Monday and Tuesday of last week. Full reports of the proceedings have been given through the medium of the daily press, so that we need add nothing, except to commend the resolutions passed as the result of the deliberations of the delegates assembled. They declared their most devoted affection to the supreme head of holy Church, and promised anew and for all time filial devotion and

unfailing fealty. They maintained the necessity of the temporal power of the Pope, and greeted with the utmost pleasure the idea suggested at the recent Catholic Congress held in Germany, to call an International Catholic Congress for the purpose of urging the restoration of the temporal power of His Holiness. They protested against State interference with the parochial schools, and demanded the full right and liberty to retain the German mother-tongue together with the language of the country. They protested against all attempts to encroach upon the rights of the Indians in the selection and practice of their religion; and against the withdrawal of the support of the Government from the Indian schools under the hypocritical plea of supporting the public schools; inasmuch as open opposition to Christian education, and especially to the Church, is thereby manifested.

The rumor that a full biography of Cardinal Manning is being prepared recalls an incident that occurred some time ago. An author who was, or was said to be, writing the life of the Cardinal, was requested to meet His Eminence. The latter mentioned the report about the proposed life, and added: "I don't like being gibbeted while I am alive; when I am dead they can do what they like with me." The life did not appear, nor do we think that any biography deserving to be called "full" will be published until the period when the great prelate's modesty and humility will run no risk of being wounded by the eulogies which his biographers must perforce pronounce,—the time, still far distant, let us hope, when he is enjoying in another world the reward of his magnificent, unselfish labors in this.

Interesting information concerning an organization that is destined to grow in numbers and in power for good is furnished by the sixth quarterly report of the Catholic Truth Society of America. Although the total membership of the Society is only six hundred and seven, it has distributed, in the second quarter of its second year, pamphlets, books, and leaflets numbering no fewer than eleven thousand nine hundred and forty-five. Among the objects of the organization are: "The publication of short, timely articles in the sec-

ular press on the fundamental doctrines of Catholicity; the publication of pamphlets, tracts, and leaflets; occasional public lectures on topics of Catholic interest; supplying jails and reformatories with good reading matter; the prompt and systematic correction of mis-statements, slanders and libels against Catholic truth; and the promulgation of reliable and edifying Catholic news, calculated to spread a knowledge of the vast amount of good being accomplished by the Church."

The field for such work as this is immense, and the labor devoted to its cultivation can not but be blessed with abundant harvest. The key-note of the practical Catholic's habitual action with regard to the Church and her good fame is struck in this paragraph, which we quote from the report: "A Catholic who has the same regard for the honor of his Church that he has for that of his mother or his wife, can generally find the means to refute a calumny against her. In many cases, perhaps a majority, such refutation comes with better grace and more effect from a layman than a clergyman."

In a tribute to the late editor of the *Monitor*, the *Buffalo Union and Times* relates an instance of genuine heroism, in which Mr. McCormick was the actor. "A woman was lying sick with small-pox on one of the wharves of Portland, Oregon. Everybody seemed afraid to go near her or do anything for her. McCormick picked her up in his strong arms and carried her two miles, to an abandoned hut outside the town, where he improvised a bed for the sufferer, and sent an Indian woman from his house to take care of her." Medals have commemorated and poets sung deeds less noble. Happy the Christian soul who finds the mention of such charitable acts placed to his credit in that Book where even the "cup of cold water" given in Jesus' name receives record!

The Rev. Stewart Headlam is an English Ritualistic clergyman and the editor of a little paper called the *Church Reformer*. In his August number there is an article on "The Holy Rosary," some portions of which show how closely Anglican Catholics are approximating in devotional forms to the body whose

name they usurp. Addressing the "Guild" of which he is the chief, Mr. Headlam writes:

"You meet, as I understand, to do honor to Our Lady: to help to make her own promise true, even in England in this nineteenth century, by calling her blessed: you must frankly speak to her and want her to help you in your joys and sorrows. We have learned, by looking at the history of Protestant England after the Reformation and before the Catholic Revival, to see to what a pass a nation comes which is individualistic in religion and ignores Our Lady. How can you make your light shine? How can you do good propagandist work without any kind of self-assertion? I suggest to you a simple, practical answer, . . . that you should try and start a little fund for the ringing of the Angelus. . . . Let the bell ring out its Gospel—in the morning to consecrate our life, at noon to consecrate our work, in the evening to consecrate our recreation and our rest."

In a recent pastoral addressed to the clergy and laity of the Diocese of Covington, Ky., the Rt. Rev. Bishop Maes calls attention to the necessity of fostering genuine vocations to the priesthood. The subject is one that merits the careful consideration of all who have at heart the interest of our holy religion; and priests and people should deem it a duty to encourage and assist those whom God has apparently marked out for the sanctuary. As the Bishop well says:

"A second generation of American-born young men of every nationality is growing up, and we have a right to expect a sufficient number of vocations among them to minister to the spiritual wants of our diocese. . . . Thoroughly identified with the ideas and manners of the country, they are particularly fitted, by circumstances of birth and by a thorough Catholic education from childhood, to do good and acceptable work among their own. Besides, the field of conversions among the descendants of non-Catholics was never more promising. The men of the country have lost all belief in so-called churches, the creeds of which, based on human error, are disintegrating with a rapidity which shocks the religious instincts of even the most indifferent. The infidel spirit, and the demoralizing influences that surround them, make people outside the Church feel more and more the necessity of believing on the unerring grounds of revealed religion, lest the material progress of the century hurl them into refined paganism."

The Catholics of Hobart, Tasmania, are rejoicing that their Archbishop has secured the Marist Brothers for the parochial schools of the city. The Brothers have for years been teaching in New South Wales, and have a flourishing college in Sydney.

New Publications.

THE HISTORY OF ST. DOMINIC, Founder of the Friars Preachers. By Augusta Theodosia Drane. London: Longmans, Green & Co.

In a fine octavo volume of five hundred pages, the distinguished author of "Christian Schools and Scholars" has given us the most adequate Life of St. Dominic that has yet appeared in our language. Nor is it simply a biography of the Saint, but rather a comprehensive history of his life and times. Thirty-four years ago, the author informs us in her preface, she published a compendium of St. Dominic's life with a sketch of the Dominican Order; and one can readily believe that much of the intervening time has been given to a thorough and critical research of the most authentic authorities bearing on the facts that appear in this later and fuller work. A list of twenty-six of these authorities, with the author's judgment as to their relative accuracy and trustworthiness, is not the least valuable portion of the prefatory chapter.

The narrative extends over a period of sixty-four years—from 1170, the date of the Saint's birth in "the fortunate Calaroga," a little village of Old Castile, to 1234, thirteen years after his death, when he was canonized by Pope Gregory IX., whose personal testimony to the virtues of Dominic was: "I have no more doubt of the sanctity of this man than I have of that of St. Peter and St. Paul." The reader who would intelligently peruse this history must bear in mind the condition of European society during the age of which St. Dominic's half a century's lifetime forms not the least interesting period. The Saint was one year old when St. Thomas of Canterbury received the crown of martyrdom; he was in the flush of youthful manhood when Lion-hearted Richard was waging valiant war against the Moslem hosts in Palestine; his apostolate in Languedoc coincided with the reign of King John and the six years' interdict in England; and he founded the Order of the Friars Preachers in the same year that saw the signing of the Magna Charta. "It was emphatically a semi-barbarous age, replete indeed with great ideas, such as befitted the heroes of the Crusades, and the mail-clad champions of

English liberty; but certainly not to be judged by any modern standard, social or political."

In chapter XI. the reader is given a vivid picture of the heroic warfare of these "heroes of the Crusades," in an account of the siege of Muret. The King of Aragon, with at least forty thousand men, advanced to the attack; and to oppose him the Count de Montfort had only eight hundred cavaliers. When asked if he had reckoned the number of the King's troops, the Count replied: "It is not my custom to count either my own soldiers or those of the enemy; if God be with us we shall be strong enough." The description that follows—the Mass, the blessing of the swords and shields, the adoration of a relic of the True Cross, and the unequal contest itself, resulting in the complete triumph of De Montfort and the Catholic cause—is a graphic bit of writing, as inspiring as the best chapters of mediæval romance. Other chapters of special interest are those bearing the titles: "The Albigenses," "The Crusade," "St. Dominic and the Holy Rosary," "Foundation of the Order," and "The Dominicans in England." From the one last mentioned we quote the following, on the practice of the Rosary in the England of the olden time:

"In England, indeed, we are able to affirm with the utmost certainty that its use was never laid aside, but existed with undiminished popularity all through the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. In the wills of various personages belonging to that period we find bequests of richly ornamented beads, or Pater Nosters. The learned author of 'Pietas Mariana Britannica' gives the inventory of a jeweller's shop in 1321, which includes 'four sets of Pater Nosters of coral, six sets of Aves of geet, with Pater Nosters of silver-gilt; thirty-eight sets of Aves of geet, with gawdees or beads of silver-gilt,' etc. And this notice is the more significant as the title of 'Ave' bestowed on some of these devout objects shows that the prayers said on them included not merely the 'Pater' but the 'Ave.' The most indubitable proofs that the real Rosary of Our Lady, as we now recite it, was generally used in England before Blessed Alan's revival of the devotion in other countries, are to be drawn from the statutes of many hospitals, colleges, and other pious foundations of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, in which the founders enjoin on the members of their several fraternities the recitation of Our Lady's Psalter. Chief among these are the statutes of Eton College, founded by Henry VI. in the year 1440, in which he requires his scholars to say daily 'the complete Psalter of the Blessed Virgin, containing a Credo, fifteen Paters, and one hundred and fifty Ave Marias.'"

To quote, however, a title of the passages which we have marked for quotation would be to extend this notice far beyond the allotted space; so we must content ourselves with advising our readers to procure the book for themselves. Of its literary excellence, the name of Miss Drane is a guarantee more than sufficient; it is superfluous to add that there is not a dull page in the volume. Of the thirty illustrations which it contains, several are portraits of the Saint, one of them a copy of that preserved in his cell at St. Sabina in Rome.

THE MINISTRY OF THE WORD. By the Rev. James McGinnes. Glasgow: Hugh Margey.

The Rev. James McGinnes is the Professor of Sacred Eloquence in the Royal Scots College, Valladolid, and has embodied in the work now given to the public the results of his years of teaching and practical experience in the sacred ministry. In concise but clear and methodical form, the most valuable instructions are here given as to the preaching of God's word and preparing for the same. All ecclesiastical students and many a hard-worked missionary priest will welcome this book as a safe and excellent guide in a matter upon which so much depends in laboring for the good of souls.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands, as if you were bound with them.
—HEB., xiii, 3.

The following persons are recommended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

Mr. Nathaniel Mullen, of Manchester, N. H., who departed this life on the 20th of August.

Miss Mary Early, a devout Child of Mary, whose happy death took place on the 5th ult., at Pawtucket, R. I.

Mrs. Mary Reynolds, of Des Moines, Iowa, who breathed her last on the 4th ult.

Mrs. Frances Rauh, who died a happy death on the Feast of the Nativity of the B. V. M., at Norfolk, Va.

Mrs. Mary A. Kennedy, of Albany, N. Y., who piously yielded her soul to God on the 5th ult.

Mr. Anthony Wonderlie, of Des Moines, Iowa; Mr. James Gorman, Logansport, Ind.; Mrs. Bridget Hirt, Omaha, Neb.; Mrs. Catherine Lancaster, Hartford, Conn.; Mr. James Murray, Audubon, Iowa; Mrs. Ellen Cahill, Fall River, Mass.; Miss Margaret Lannan, Big Bend, La.; Miss Bridget Cummings, Co. Wexford, Ireland; and Mrs. Bridget Mulvahill, Norfolk, Va.

May they rest in peace!



My Rosary Beads.

BY LAWRENCE MINOT.

I DREAMED the roses were in bloom,
 Tho' it was autumn time;
 I dreamed that light came thro' the gloom
 Into my little curtained room,
 Like sun in tropic clime.

I saw the roses flame and glow—
 A garland rich and fine,—
 Those red, red roses in a row,
 With lines of others white as snow.
 "And these, my child, are thine!"

So sweet my Guardian Angel spoke,
 Like summer wind thro' reeds,—
 "When all earth's glory fades like smoke,
 These flowers will live!"—then I awoke,
 And found my rosary beads.

The Legend of the Jewelled Pen.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TYBORNE," ETC.

IN olden days the kings of Spain were very powerful, and at their mere word people were put to death or pardoned, as might be. A certain King Pedro was on the throne at the time of my story, and he was extremely particular as to the amount of homage paid to him. It was very difficult to have an audience with him, and no one ever came into his presence without much state and ceremony. The ante-chambers were full of attendants and the courtyards crowded with guards.

One day the King sat alone in his room,

reading. He raised his eyes and saw before him a Franciscan friar. Astonishment kept the monarch silent. The friar spoke in a voice like music:

"Your Majesty, I have come to ask the pardon of Joseph Garcion. He has been unjustly condemned to death. I *know* that he is innocent, and I want you to grant him pardon."

The King stared at the friar. He knew many of the Franciscans in the city, but neither in nor out of the Franciscan habit had he ever seen so beautiful a creature, a roseate hue on his face, eyes radiant with light, and an expression of mingled majesty and sweetness.

At last King Pedro remarked: "Joseph Garcion? It shall be inquired into."

"Oh, impossible, your Majesty!" answered the friar. "The execution is to take place at noon, and the clock has struck eleven. I have brought the document with me for your Majesty's signature." And so saying he unfolded a large sheet, which contained a long, stilted form of a royal pardon in Spain. "It only needs your signature," said the friar; and taking up a jewelled pen, he presented it to the monarch.

King Pedro was still more astonished when he found himself writing under the friar's dictation. The paper was signed, and the friar, with a graceful bow and radiant smile, departed.

In a few minutes the King recovered from his surprise, and then there was a commotion.

"How dare you allow a monk to pass in?" asked the King of his servants.

"A monk?" said the terrified servants. "No one has seen a monk pass here."

"Of course not! You are a set of lazy varlets, half asleep; and lying ones into the bargain. Where is the majordomo?"

That individual came, trembling, and was ordered to dismiss all the servants without wages, and to replace them in four and twenty hours.

Then the King sent a message to know

if Joseph Garcion had been executed. The answer came back:

"No. A Franciscan friar brought the royal pardon. Joseph Garcion has been set free."

"Who is this man Garcion?" demanded the King.

"Oh, just a poor weaver, your Majesty! The only support of his blind, widowed mother."

The King ordered his carriage and drove to the Franciscan convent. The friars had just finished their dinner, when his Majesty suddenly appeared in the refectory and began in loud tones to upbraid the Father Guardian.

"What do you mean," said he, "by allowing one of your religious to force himself into my presence and interfere with the government of my kingdom?"

"Indeed, your Majesty," replied the Guardian, "I never thought of such a thing. No one has done it with my permission, and I can hardly believe any one in our house has been guilty of such disrespect."

"Summon the community!" cried the enraged King.

That was easily done, for they were all there; the few who had been absent from the refectory had quietly crept in to know what the commotion was about.

They all passed in file before the angry gaze of King Pedro. There were young friars and old friars; some worn with age, others in the vigor of youth; but nowhere could the King find those radiant eyes which haunted him, and which in all his anger he longed to see again.

"You are hiding some one," said he. "I shall go through the house."

So he stalked through the cells. Not a mouse could have hidden in those cells. Into the infirmary: it was empty. At last the King, with his attendants and the whole community, arrived in the cloisters. There, in the midst of the garden, was a statue beautifully carved in white marble. No radiance from his still eyes, no glow of

roseate bloom, of course; but the features—they were the same.

"There he is!" exclaimed the King; "that is his likeness. Now, tell me whose statue is that?"

The Father Guardian bowed low. "Your Majesty," said he, "over that friar I have no control: he does what he pleases. He is named Antony of Padua."

The King was haughty, but he had faith. He knelt before the statue. "Blessed St. Antony," he said, "do thou pardon me!"

Then inquiry was made, and it was found that the widow Garcion had been all her life a devout client of St. Antony. And when she lost her son, as he was imprisoned and condemned to death, she implored the Saint to help her, saying over and over again the Creed that St. Antony loved so well; and so her heavenly protector found and restored her son.

From that day the Garcions never knew want, and the jewelled pen was treasured by King Pedro as a relic.

Catholic Boys of America.

BY F. C.

II.—THE BOY PROFESSOR.*

"Do you mind, I'll stick that boy professor yet, or my name's not Dougherty!"

This dire threat was made more than a half century ago, in the sober little village of Bardstown, which lies in the heart of Kentucky's famous blue-grass region. The speaker was the professor of mathematics in St. Joseph's College; and he was inveighing against little Martin Spalding, a boy of fourteen, who was teaching in a rival institution.

Martin John Spalding was descended from one of the old families which settled

* The facts of this sketch are drawn from the "Life of Archbishop Spalding," by the Rt. Rev. J. L. Spalding, D. D.

the colony of Maryland in order to escape from the persecutions inflicted upon Catholics in England. In 1790 his grandfather immigrated into Kentucky, then a tangled wilderness, the haunt of wild deer and the lurking place of hostile Indians. A settlement was made on the banks of the Rolling Fork, where, in the practice of rugged virtues, the colony grew and prospered, until it became a centre of Catholicity in the Great West.

The difficulties of these pioneers were very great. Their houses were log cabins. On entering one of them, the stranger might notice that the floor was of dirt, and that the windows were devoid of glass; but he soon forgot all lack of comforts in the genial hospitality that greeted him. The three-legged stool was immediately placed for him; the wooden platters were arranged on the table; the tin cup, if the owner were fortunate enough to possess one, being reserved for the guest; while the good-wife busied herself in preparing the simple meal.

Of this hardy stock came Martin Spalding, a delicate child, one of a family of twenty-one children. His mother dying when he was still young, he was fortunate enough to come under the influence of his saintly grandmother, Alethia Abell. When he was only eight years old he learned the multiplication table in a single day, much to the delight of his friends, who at once decided that such a prodigy should be sent to college—when a college was established. In 1821, when Martin had just completed his eleventh year, an abandoned distillery was bought for this purpose, and received the name St. Mary's College. Father Byrne became the president and faculty—that is, prefect, professor, treasurer, and manager.

One of the first pupils to cross the threshold of the new college was little Martin, a boy with a sweet, loving disposition, but of slight frame, entirely different from our idea of a typical Western country lad. Under the direction of Father Byrne,

Martin advanced so rapidly in his studies that at the end of three years he was made professor of mathematics. This was, indeed, an honor that neither Martin nor his friends had looked for,—a professor's chair at the age of fourteen! But our young Kentuckian bore his honors gracefully. Of course, the country around was all excited over the boy professor, and travellers used to go miles out of their road to hear Martin expound the mysteries of lines and angles to his attentive pupils. Folks will be sceptical, however; and some there were who doubted the ability of the boy teacher. Among these was the county surveyor, who one day handed Martin a problem, with a request for a solution. Martin took the question, and returned it a day or two afterward with a correct answer.

It was just at this period of our hero's life that Professor Dougherty came on the scene. He was not at all satisfied with the surveyor's test; and, being fully convinced that Martin was absolutely incompetent to teach, and that it was to his own interest and that of the college to make known the ignorance of the boy, he made the rash promise with which our sketch opens. He bided his time, and soon an opportunity of carrying out his intentions presented itself.

The regular examination day of St. Mary's has come, and the pupils are gathered in knots about the yard, discussing their probable chances of success, when to their dismay up rides their redoubtable enemy, Professor Dougherty. With quaking hearts, the young Kentuckians gather in the classroom; and their enemy opens fire, ostensibly to discover what they know, but really to find out what they do not know. Every time, however, that he succeeds in worrying and confusing one of his victims, the boy professor comes to the rescue of the hesitating pupil and helps him out. Mr. Dougherty, at last becoming desperate, proposes a very intricate problem, which he is satisfied will blast St. Mary's reputation forever; but the boy professor

explains it immediately, to the chagrin of his rival, who, amidst the cheers and applause of Martin's pupils, picks up his hat and makes a hasty and ungraceful exit.

At the end of his college course, young Spalding determined to devote himself entirely to God, by studying for the priesthood and laboring on the missions in Kentucky. Accordingly, at the age of sixteen he entered the seminary, where he edified all by his innocence and sweet humility. His devotion to the Blessed Virgin was remarkable, and it increased with age and knowledge. The young seminarist showed such aptitude for study that Bishop Flaget determined to send him to Rome to complete his course. Here he succeeded so well that, at the close of his career as a student, he was chosen to make the "grand act"—that is, a defence of theological tenets embracing the whole range of theology.

The "grand act" is a very difficult and consequently honorable performance. It is practically a debate, carried on in the Latin tongue and according to the strictest rules of logic. Martin Spalding was the first American chosen for this severe test; and when he mounted the platform ready to meet every foe, he found himself in the presence of seven cardinals, a large number of bishops, besides many learned theologians, professors, and students. The young theologian must have trembled just a little when he cast his eyes over so imposing an array; but his was not a heart to be daunted, so he braced himself for the trial, and during six hours he held his own against the brightest minds of Rome. Amongst his opponents were Cardinal Mezzofanti, the greatest linguist of the century, a man who could speak forty-seven languages; Cardinal Wiseman, who proposed the same difficulties that he himself had refuted with such brilliancy and acumen in his lectures on the Holy Eucharist; Father Kohlman, S.J., who was tried and acquitted in a United States court for refusing to break the seal

of confession; and Father Perrone, the renowned theologian of the Roman College.

At the close of this trying debate, the cardinals and other dignitaries pressed round the young American and warmly congratulated him on his successful examination for the Doctor's cap, while his fellow-students in their enthusiasm mounted him on their shoulders and bore him away in triumph. This signal success was a fitting close to his student's career in Rome; and, although the contest was with friends and his lance was a blunt one, he gave evidence of what he could do, and promise of what he afterward did accomplish in the Vatican Council, when with the naked and pointed lance of truth, amidst the applause of the world, he defended the Holy See and Papal Infallibility against all that dared oppose him.

Dr. Spalding returned from the Propaganda in 1834, and devoted himself, heart and soul, to the spiritual interests of the Diocese of Kentucky. He spent some years in outlying districts, where he sustained continual hardship. No work of zeal was beneath him, and he took especial pleasure in instructing negro slaves and children. His leisure time he employed in writing for newspapers and magazines. A periodical called *The Minerva* and two newspapers—*The Advocate* and *The Guardian*—were successively established under his management or advice. For years he lectured in Lexington, Louisville, and other cities; his large audiences being composed in part of Protestants, who gave rapt attention to his logical and beautiful development of Christian ideas.

In his day there was great ignorance in the United States with regard to the doctrines of Catholicity, which were supposed to be subversive of free institutions. Dr. Spalding and his contemporaries thought it their duty to instruct the American people on the true nature of the Church, and they succeeded so well that we of the present day have much less opposition from

our separated brethren. In addition to numberless essays and editorials and lectures, the young Doctor found time to compose, during his busy life, four volumes: "Sketches of Kentucky," "Life of Bishop Flaget," "Miscellanea," and a "History of the Reformation." These books were all popular, and were productive of incalculable good.

In fact, so edifying and successful was the zeal of the young priest that it attracted the attention and approbation of Rome. The result was that one hot Sunday in August, 1848, the venerable Bishop Flaget ascended the altar of the Cathedral in Louisville, and handed Dr. Spalding the bulls by which he was appointed coadjutor to the Bishop of Louisville.

It was during his administration, on the 5th of August, 1855, that Louisville's fair name was blackened by the awful massacre of Catholics which has made that day ever memorable as "Bloody Monday." Party feeling in the country ran high at the time; and calumnies had been spread about the Church, which was publicly called by such vile epithets as "the woman of Babylon" and "the mystery of iniquity"; while the Know-Nothing organization was formed with the express purpose of destroying the Church and persecuting foreigners. Finally, one election day, the passions of the mob were so excited by the report that the Catholics were organizing, under command of Bishop Spalding, to defend themselves, and were concealing arms in the churches, that a course of murder and destruction was begun.

A block of houses, occupied by the poorer Catholics, was surrounded and set on fire. Many of the helpless inmates—men, women, and children—perished in the flames; and those that tried to escape were shot down, one by one, as they rushed from the burning houses. The mob, frenzied with fire and blood, then turned its attention to the Cathedral; but Bishop Spalding handed the keys of the church to the Know-Nothing mayor, and told him

that if the church were burned, the city would have to pay for it. This was an argument the mayor could understand, so he exerted himself and saved the Cathedral. When the sun went down that memorable evening, twenty houses were in ashes, and nearly a hundred innocent victims lay dead in their sorrow-stricken homes.

But Bloody Monday passed away, and better times began to dawn for the Church in America. Bishop Spalding continued unremitting in his labors for the advancement of religion, and in 1864 was appointed successor to the great Bishop Kenrick in the archiepiscopal see of Baltimore.

In 1866, with the approbation of Pius IX., and under the auspices of Archbishop Spalding, the second Plenary Council of Baltimore was held; there being present seven archbishops, thirty-eight bishops, three mitred abbots, and over one hundred and twenty theologians. It was, at the time, the largest council of bishops that had been held since the Council of Trent. The opening of the Council was a grand event. "The bishops, clad in splendid robes, with mitred heads, each bearing the crosier in hand, attended by a throng of priests and acolytes, recalled, as they moved in solemn procession through the streets to the Cathedral, what we read of the religious pageants of the Middle Ages. The whole city had crowded to behold the glorious scene. The streets around the Cathedral were thronged. Every window and available spot, even the house-tops from which a view of the procession could be had, were filled with eager spectators, who looked on in silent reverence."

Every detail had been arranged for the Council, so that work proceeded quickly and smoothly. The result was a code of regulations and laws which has challenged the admiration of theologians and scholars the world over. This second Plenary Council would have been a fitting monument to the labor and genius of any man, and its excellent effects in producing unity and

harmony of action in the Church of America have been far-reaching; but Archbishop Spalding was to attain yet greater eminence: he was to connect his name forever with the Ecumenical Council of the Vatican.

On the assembling of the Vatican Council, in 1869, the principal point brought up for discussion was the dogma of the Infallibility of the Pope. Dr. Spalding was an earnest advocate of the definition, and by his famous letter to Bishop Dupanloup greatly lessened the opposition thereto. He had the consolation of assisting at the final vote on July 18, 1870, when 533 bishops voted for the definition, and only two against it.

On Archbishop Spalding's return from the Vatican Council, crowned as he was with the glory of having defended and championed the Holy See, he was met in Baltimore by 50,000 Catholics, who came out to show their love for their dear pastor, and to express their joy and enthusiasm over the formal definition of the Infallibility of the spiritual ruler of Christendom.

Shortly after his return home Archbishop Spalding fell ill, and it became manifest that he was not long for this world. He lingered, however, until February, 1872. We may understand how peaceful and happy was the death of this great and good man from the narrative of the Sister of Charity who nursed him in his last illness.

"On Sunday night," she said, "he seemed to be much easier, and asked us to say prayers for him. When we had finished, he continued to move his lips in silent prayer. All at once he raised his eyes and hands toward heaven, his countenance lighted up, and in an ecstasy of delight he exclaimed: 'O my beautiful Mother! my sweet Mother! how beautiful thou art!' He said to me: 'Oh, do you see her?' But all that I saw was his countenance, so radiant that I know not how to describe it. After remaining thus transported with joy for three or four minutes, he closed his eyes, and said: 'Now, my sweet Jesus, I know for certain

that Thou art going to take me to Thyself; for Thou wouldst not permit me to see that light and leave me in this miserable world. O my God, that light alone is worth not only one but many lives!' I then asked him what he had seen. Hesitating for some moments, he said: 'Well, I will tell you, but you must say nothing of it; for the world would only laugh at you. Our Blessed Mother has deigned to visit me, and I saw her Divine Son at a distance. She smiled on me, and said: "Courage, my child; all will be well. I will soon come again." But she did not tell me when.' Then, looking at the pictures of the Blessed Virgin, he said: 'Take them away! I can no longer see in them any trace of my beautiful Mother.'"

Amongst all the great men that have adorned the American hierarchy, not one has contributed more to the advancement of religion than our illustrious Kentucky prelate; for he made the Church known when it was in obscurity; he made it loved by the fair-minded when it was hated alike by high and low; he made it respected and admired by all when it was despised; and this glorious result he accomplished by using every means in his power: teaching by word, instructing by his pen, edifying by example,—becoming all things to all men, to gain all to Christ.

Anecdote of Constantine.

The great Emperor Constantine had a quiet wit all his own. Some of his enemies having thrown stones at his statue, he was called upon by his courtiers, who suggested to him to have the offenders severely punished. "They have mutilated your features," cried the courtiers. Constantine put his hand to his face and smiled. "Have they?" he said. "My face seems to be in its usual condition and is very comfortable. I think I will let the rascals off this time." And he did.

THE
AVE MARIA
 A MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE HONOR OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN
 HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED

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To My Godmother.

ON THE FEAST OF THE ANGELS.

MADRINA, on this dear October day
 When Holy Angels make the heavens ring

With loud hosannas, and exultant sing
 Sweet alleluias for their roundelay;
 We also, joining in the festa gay,
 Would offer homage to the Angels' King
 'By glad *Te Deums*, and rejoicing bring
 Our grateful hearts and fervent lips to pray.

Fair Feast of Angels! Though we sadly gaze
 Adown the vista of receding years,
 On its sweet memories, like sunny rays,
 There forms a rainbow mirror'd in our tears;
 For brighter festivals, more joyful days,
 Our Angels promise us as heaven nears.

T. A. M.

A Servant of Mary in the 17th Century.

BY ELLIS SCHREIBER.

IN the beginning of the seventeenth century, two centuries and a half before the dogma of the Immaculate Conception was promulgated throughout Christendom, the city of Naples was already conspicuous for its devotion to the Mother of God under her glorious title of Mary Immaculate, and

the festival of the 8th of December was celebrated yearly with special magnificence in the church of the Gesù. A fresh and powerful impulse was given to this devotion some hundred years later by the preaching of St. Francis di Geronimo.

Francis di Geronimo (styled in the English calendar St. Francis Jerome) was born in 1642, in a small country town not very far distant from Naples. His vocation to the priesthood seemed marked from the outset; for before he was ten years old, the boy used to gather round him ignorant and neglected children, that he might instruct them in Christian doctrine; and in all things the love of God and of His Blessed Mother became the ruling motive of his life. He applied himself to his studies with great assiduity, and pursued them successfully under the direction of the Jesuit Fathers, first at Taranto and subsequently in Naples. From his childhood Francis cherished a deep veneration and fond love for the Blessed Virgin. He chose her as the guide and protectress of his youth; and so well did she requite the confidence reposed in her that not only was he preserved intact amid all the temptations that beset him, but was enabled to attain at an early age to a high degree of sanctity.

After his ordination, for four years he filled the post of prefect at the college of the Jesuit Fathers at Naples; and so exemplary was his conduct that the most sharp and merciless criticism, noting every detail

of his daily life, found in him nothing to censure and everything to admire. And when, at the age of twenty-eight years, he sought admission into the Society, the leading Fathers of the province did not hesitate to express their opinion that in the person of such a man God was conferring a most valuable gift upon the Society. Furthermore, when Francis was conducted to the altar of Our Lady, to receive at her feet, and as if from her hands, the habit of the Order, the master of novices who vested him in it felt a sudden overflow of spiritual joy, and an inward conviction that he was admitting into the Society a singularly holy and virtuous priest, who would be both a burning and a shining light.

This presage was fully verified. Francis was equally unremitting in working for his own perfection as he was unwearied in his labors for the sanctification and salvation of others. The scrupulous exactitude with which he observed the Rule, the eminent virtues he displayed, were a continual source of edification to the community, and led him to be, even during his lifetime, universally admired and regarded as a saint. The extraordinary height of sanctity to which he attained by detaching himself completely from all things belonging to the world is said to be the secret of the immense success that attended his apostolate.

His external labors were devoted to mission work in Naples and its vicinity. This he carried on for little short of forty years, and abundant indeed was the harvest of souls he was privileged to gather in during that period. From the commencement of his preaching, many and marvellous were the conversions he effected in all classes of society. His apostolic zeal knew no distinctions of rank or calling, of birth or nationality, but assumed ever wider proportions as he became increasingly conscious of the needs of his fellowmen, and the love of souls glowed more intensely within his breast. The supernatural gifts, too, and thaumaturgical powers bestowed upon him

—such as that of reading the thoughts of others, foretelling future events, controlling the elements, healing the sick, raising the dead, of which numerous instances are given in his biography,—added weight to his exhortations, and made a deep impression on all who came in contact with him.

It is the unhesitating opinion of all who were best able to judge of the work accomplished by St. Francis di Gerónimo that he was the means of increasing to a very great extent the honor and worship paid to the Most Holy Mother of God, not in Naples alone, but wherever he went. Throughout his life he spared no pains and left no means untried in order to kindle within the breasts of others the devotion that burned so brightly within his own. Wherever he gave a mission he took with him an ample store of scapulars and rosaries, which he was indefatigable in distributing. He had a handsome banner made representing Our Lady Immaculate in the act of transfixing with her lance the infernal dragon, prostrate beneath her feet. When he went in procession to preach in the streets and squares of Naples, he caused this standard to be borne before him; nor would he begin his sermon until it had been set up on one side and the crucifix on the other.

For a period of twenty-two years he went every Tuesday, if it was in any way possible for him to do so, to the Church of Santa Maria di Constantinopoli, in order to preach upon the glories of Mary. The building was generally crowded upon these occasions, and he delighted to enlarge upon the graces and favors our Queen bountifully bestows upon her loyal and loving clients. He took care to make these sermons thoroughly practical, and never failed to inculcate upon his hearers that the surest way to please Mary is to refrain from sin, and especially from sins against purity. One of the remarks which frequently fell from his lips was that "he who is not a true servant of Mary can scarcely

hope to save his soul." The truth of these words was strikingly illustrated by the following incident:

Among the associations established in Naples for the benefit of different classes of people was a Sodality of Artisans, of which Francis was the director. It was placed under the special protection of Our Lady of Dolors; and every Sunday morning its members assembled in a chapel, whose only ornament was a large and beautiful statue of their Patroness, to recite the Little Office of the Blessed Virgin and hear Mass. Afterward Francis addressed to them a short exhortation; and such was the blessing attending his efforts for their spiritual advancement, that they might have been taken for a body of fervent religious. One of the number, however, having succeeded in a comparatively brief space of time in amassing a large fortune, became thereby changed for the worse. He neglected his religious duties, rarely attended the meetings of the Sodality, and when he did so behaved in a haughty and supercilious manner. Francis remonstrated, reprovèd, threatened, all in vain. At length, one Sunday at the conclusion of Mass, he addressed the offender thus: "Unhappy man, I declare you to be no longer a member of the Confraternity of Our Lady. Be assured your pride will not go unpunished. The day is not far off when you will beg your bread." Then, turning to the image of Our Lady of Dolors which stood on the altar, "Holy Virgin," the Saint exclaimed, "this brother has been a sharp sword, which has pierced thy heart! I will draw him out." Suiting the action to the words, he drew forth one of the swords from the heart of the statue; then taking up the register of the Sodality, he struck off the name of the offender. Shortly afterward the man lost both his property and friends, and would have died of hunger had not Francis charitably sent him assistance from time to time. Far from being brought to repentance by these chastisements, the

miserable man hardened his heart, and was at length cut off by death, without giving any sign of contrition; a sad example of what those may expect who estrange themselves by their pride from God and His holy Mother.

In illustration of the manner in which St. Francis di Geronimo exerted his influence over younger members of the Society in order to inspire them with a like filial love for their Queen, the following account, taken from his biography, of the death of two young Jesuits will not be deemed out of place here:

There was in the Jesuit novitiate a young man named Tarsia, specially dear to the master of novices on account of his attractive qualities, his rare sanctity, and angelic innocence. Before he had been many months in the house he was attacked by an illness which gave cause for great anxiety, although it did not seem to threaten immediate danger. Alarmed at the thought of losing one who promised to be an ornament to the Society, the novice master, Father Vespoli, sent to beg Father di Geronimo to come and visit the invalid; for, knowing how numerous were the cures God had already wrought by his means, he imagined that what had been done for so many others could not be refused in the case of the young Jesuit.

Francis, on being admitted to the sick-room, said all that was kind and consoling to the sufferer, who appeared better and in a fair way to recover. As he was leaving, Father Vespoli met him and eagerly inquired what he thought of the invalid. Laying his hand gently on the novice master's arm, he said: "My dear Father, it is useless for you to try and detain Tarsia on earth: Our Lady wants him!" Grieved and disappointed, Father Vespoli rejoined: "Is this all the encouragement you give me? I hoped you would have cured Tarsia, and you do but predict his death."—"What can I do?" answered Francis, repeating as he took leave, "Our

Lady wants him." A few hours later fatal symptoms suddenly appeared, and it soon became evident that the end was at hand. Just before the saintly novice breathed his last, he fixed his eyes on a Mádonna which hung opposite his bed; and, turning to Father Vespoli, who was watching beside him, whispered, with a beaming smile: "Our Lady wants me." Thus he went to behold forever in heaven the ineffable beauty of the Queen of Virgins.

In order yet more to promote the honor of his Queen, Francis wrote a paraphrase of the *Salve Regina* that was much admired at the time, and also a translation of the *Ave Maris Stella*. The former has been preserved, but the latter is unfortunately lost. For the purpose of further stimulating the devotion to Mary, he composed the following simple lines, adapted to an air that was then very popular in Naples. The words originally sung to the tune were much the reverse of edifying, and it was with the intention of superseding these that he wrote those in question, of which a literal English translation is given:

He who seeks his soul to save
Must the help of Mary crave;
Mary he must serve and love
If he hope for heaven above.

No love for God is in that heart
Where love of Mary finds no part.
He who seeks his soul to save
Must the help of Mary crave.

The object Francis had in view was fulfilled: the new verses were warmly welcomed, and sung to the old tune in the streets of Naples. He had them printed, and we are told that he distributed more than ten thousand copies with his own hand.

Of St. Francis' personal devotion to the Queen of Heaven it is not easy to speak in adequate terms. His spotless and perfect purity was doubtless the reward of his faithful devotion to the Immaculate Queen of Angels. Before going forth on his daily rounds, it was his habit to commit himself to her watchful guardianship, and in his case the promise of Holy Scripture was

strikingly accomplished: "Forsake her not, and she shall keep thee; love her, and she shall preserve thee" (Prov., iv, 6). His confessors gave it as their opinion that his baptismal innocence had never contracted the slightest stain. Besides invoking the protection of Mary Immaculate, he was careful to observe the strictest precautions,—precautions which to some persons appeared excessive. "*Beati immaculati!*" he loved to repeat; "*beati immaculati!*"

Mary was, his biographer tells us, his counsellor in all his doubts, his comforter in all his trials, his strength in his arduous undertakings, his refuge in every danger, his resource in every need; and it is not known that he ever had recourse to her without being heard and answered. On one occasion, when a great many persons were assembled in the church of the Gesù, a violent shock of earthquake, which threw down several buildings in the city, was suddenly felt. The congregation, in their alarm, were on the point of rushing out of the church, when Francis, who was praying in the tribune, exclaimed, in tones loud enough to be heard in every part of the edifice: "Holy Mother of God, come to our aid!" So great was the confidence his words inspired that all present remained quietly in their places. No second shock followed; and the preservation of the beautiful church, as well as the safety of all within its walls, was universally attributed to the prayer of the Saint and the gracious interposition of the Queen of Heaven.

It has been already mentioned that one means by which Francis endeavored to stimulate devotion to our Blessed Lady was the distribution of rosaries. Whenever he could he used to procure a quantity of beads—beads made of olive-wood by preference,—and to employ poor people who were out of work, or whose weak health unfitted them for field labor, in making them up. Everywhere and at all times this zealous apostle enjoined on his hearers the use of the Rosary; and never

did he allow a day to pass, however pressing and urgent might be his occupations, without reciting the whole of it himself. Not long before his death he was sent to a town at a short distance from Naples, in the hope that his failing health might be recruited, in some measure at least, by the change. The journey was made by water, and scarcely had the shore faded from sight than Francis called his fellow-passengers around him and requested them to say their beads with him. This they gladly consented to do, and he spoke a few words in explanation of each of the mysteries. In such terms did he discourse upon the Assumption of Our Lady and her coronation as Queen of Heaven, that he caused the hearts of his hearers to glow within them. Several persons afterward remarked that he could not be far from the heavenly country of which they thus heard him speak. When lying on his death-bed, racked with pain, he constantly held his rosary in his hand, and would recite it in so tranquil and recollected a manner, and apparently with so much enjoyment, that it was difficult to believe him to be suffering any pain at all.

When his last hour drew nigh he expressed in the tenderest accents the love he had always cherished for the Blessed Virgin, and the absolute trust he reposed in her. Fixing his eyes on a picture of her, "Mary! Mary! Mary!" he repeated several times, "my dearest Mother! Thou hast always been to me the tenderest of mothers, though I have been a most unworthy son to thee. I beseech thee now to complete the long list of thy favors to me, by obtaining for me grace from thy Divine Son." Certainly we can not doubt that she who so dearly loved her faithful servant was near to succor him at the moment of death; and after death failed not, as is her gracious custom, to reward him richly for the innumerable actions he had performed in her honor, and the unceasing efforts he had made to promote her glory.

The Success of Patrick Desmond.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

XXIX.

"A ministering angel?"

THE New York papers, on the morning after the storm, were filled with telegrams from all over the country. Great had been the damage, great was the suffering brought about by this war of the elements; and Mary Fitzgerald felt almost ashamed of her own grief over certain double-headed paragraphs as she read the record of loss by wind and wave. Eleanor had not come back from early Mass. She and Belinda were to be received into the Church in a week's time. Belinda was clattering about in the kitchen. *She* couldn't get used to going to church on weekdays. "It seems a waste of time," she said. Arthur gave Mary *The Sun* from his bundle of papers, and there she read of the disaster to the Fly-Away Mines.

"Poor Miles! Poor Eleanor!" she said. "O Arthur, Miles is ruined!"

"Miles?" repeated Arthur. "Oh, is he? I believe I did hear that he had shares in that confounded swindle,—mines so near a lot of lakes are nothing but a swindle. Mary," he added, changing his tone, "if Patrick Desmond had sold me all the shares I wanted, I should be a beggar this morning."

Mary looked at him with tears in her eyes. "But Miles is worse than a beggar: he owes everybody. We could endure being poor," she said, "we have so much to make us happy. But poor Miles!"

Arthur jingled his spoon on his saucer impatiently. He was, as a rule, silent when Mary lamented over Miles.

"I don't know what will become of him now. He has been accustomed to money, too; poverty is always harder on people of that sort. What can he do?"

"Go to Canada, I suppose. He will, at least, be out of the way and out of politics," murmured Arthur. "It is strange, Mary, that you have no word of gratitude for my—for *our* escape; for it is clear from the telegrams that the disaster is irretrievable. And think of poor Miss Redwood and Desmond!"

"It *is* sad," answered Mary; "and I am glad, too, Arthur, on our account. But Mr. Desmond and Eleanor are young and hopeful; they have not been taken care of all their lives as Miles has. He," she went on, seeing a frown on her husband's brow, "has a peculiar temperament; he always had from his boyhood."

Arthur hid his face in a huge mustache cup, in which his coffee was generally served.

"I must go to see him immediately after breakfast. I hope you will come with me; it might encourage Miles, and we might think of some way to help him."

"No," replied Arthur, briefly, putting down his cup.

Mary looked at him in amazement; he was not in the habit of saying "No" to her in that tone.

"And we can cable to the Longworthys. They are in Munich."

"No," repeated Arthur. "I shall wash my hands of Miles, Mary. Let him live his own life."

Mary turned her face from her husband and rested her head on her hand. It was a very pathetic action, habitual to her in moments of keen distress. It went to Arthur's heart, but he was silent; he could not forgive at once Mary's lack of sympathy with him in his joy at having escaped from ruin.

"If I could help Desmond, I would—and I will," he went on, with some bitterness in his tone. "He has worked hard and faithfully."

Mary tried to restrain her tears. "If you had brothers and sisters, Arthur," she said, "you would understand what I mean—how I feel. I rejoice with you, of course; but it breaks my heart to think of poor Miles, after

all his struggles. And dear little Miley!"

"And poor Nellie!" added Arthur, with a touch of malice.

"Nellie has been used to the hardships of life; she has not Miles' temperament."

"Oh," said Arthur, rising from the table, "I must go!"

And off he went, leaving Mary divided between regret that she had not said good-bye more affectionately and grief over the misfortunes of her brother. Arthur Fitzgerald was a dissatisfied man during that day, although his friends congratulated him on his "level-headedness" in keeping clear of the Fly-Away stock, and said pleasant things about his being a young Hannibal of finance.

As for Mary, she cried, and waited for Eleanor. When Eleanor came, rosy from her walk, and more cheerful than she had been for many days, Mary broke the news to her.

"It's too bad! Oh, it reconciles me to dear papa's death to know that this did not happen before!" she said, looking brightly into Mary's face. "As for me, I have enough for the present, though you—you wicked woman!—have destroyed all my hopes of earning anything by *my* art."

Mary was astonished at this coolness. If dear Miles could only feel the same way! "And Mr. Desmond!" she said, with a little hesitation.

"He will not like it, he has worked so hard. I suppose he will come to talk it over. I have had a talk with Father Jackson this morning, and made a resolution; or, rather, a resolution came to me," she went on. "But I'll not speak of it now—something is worrying you, dear."

"Yes," Mary said, giving Eleanor her coffee. "I am Miles' only friend—all he has in the world."

"There is—his wife," suggested Eleanor.

"His wife!" said Mary, with more scorn than one would have thought her gentle nature capable of. "His wife! What does she know about the peculiarities of his

nature? How can she understand him? Why, Eleanor Redwood, I brought him up,—he was my mother's legacy to me. *She* let him go into this foolish mining business—"

"And you would have 'let' Arthur do it," observed Eleanor, gravely and directly.

"Oh, Arthur is able to take care of himself," said Mary; "Miles never was. I am his only friend. I must see him this morning. Will you come?"

"With pleasure," Eleanor answered. "But wait till I put on an older dress. It's raining; and, now that I am poor again, I can't wear my clothes so extravagantly."

During the interval Mary forgot Miles and wondered at Eleanor's coolness; for she had read to her friend every detail about the flooding of the mines, and Eleanor had not exclaimed against her misfortune.

"I never cared much for money, and I don't care for it at all since papa died," she said. And yet, in Mary's thoughts, this disaster meant a fearful loss for Eleanor. Patrick Desmond could not marry her now: he was too poor; and she must earn her own living by some everyday drudgery. "School-teaching perhaps!" Mary said to herself, and shuddered at the thought of her own long days behind the desk.

The Galligan flat in the Grand Windsor was in disorder. Nellie sat at the breakfast table, with a *Herald* in her hand; little Miley was in his high chair, solemnly painting his face with maple syrup; Miles lay on the lounge. His face was flushed with that perennial flush which ought to warn the hard drinker that he had better stop or die. He lay on a pile of the morning papers, and two telegrams had fallen from his hands and were on the floor.

"It's all up, Nell," he began. "Bayard's message says so, and Desmond's says so too. I ain't worth a cent, and I can never pay what I have borrowed."

"We have *got* to pay our debts, Miles, no matter what happens," answered Nellie. Nellie had red eyes; her bang stood out

like bristles, partly put up in papers when the awful news had interrupted her toilet. Her tea-gown of pink and green suggested misfortunes by the number of spots scattered over it, and the pieces of cheap lace which little Miley had torn, and which draped the front of it.

"Pay!" broke out Miles, with irritation. "Pay! I can never pay; and in that I'll be no worse off than a lot of my friends, who are living on the interest of their debts. If I catch hold of that Desmond, I'll—"

"No, you won't!" said Nellie, firmly, giving Miley another hot cake. "You'll let my cousin alone; he's an honest man, like all his family. You ought to go gunning for Bayard, if you are mad at anybody. I never liked him. Did you hear him try to sing with me the night he came here with the Baroness? *He* sing!" said the pupil of Prof. Fortescue, with indignation. "If I had my way, there would be singing in his house and he wouldn't hear it. And the Baroness! I always had my opinion of *her*! But I made up my mind she wasn't respectable when she tried to make me pay ten dollars for a course of her lectures on Buddha or some heathen. I can stand powder and paint and airs," said Nellie, virtuously, "but I can't stand irreligion,—I can't, Miles, and nobody need ask me to."

"It was your being so thick with the Baroness that got me in with Bayard," observed Miles. "I'm done for, that's all! I might give two picnics a year, as I promised to the crowd that I would; but my name would be Dennis, all the same. Coming up here to live for your health and some other little things have made me unpopular with the voters; but, since I've touched their money, they won't touch me. I've been too good-natured,—that's my misfortune. I've neither money nor credit now; and the landlord can seize everything we have, if he wants to. I got him to go into Fly-Away too."

Nellie looked around her with some regret, and then out of the window. The

sight of roofs glistening with rain and of the distant spires stimulated her. After all, it was a great thing to be alive in New York, she thought, even if the landlord did seize her red plush hangings and the piano. He would have to settle with the instalment man, at any rate; this gave her some comfort. Poverty had no terrors for Nellie; it had too many ameliorations in her eyes to be horrible. Besides, she had been thinking a great deal of life, and she had come to the conclusion that red plush and all her imitations of elegance did not compensate for the gradual brutalizing of Miles. She did not expect much of Miles; she had no ideals for him or for herself beyond display, diamonds, and a rather low standard of respectability. She did not expect him to keep sober always, but she was resolved that he should not drink himself to death; she knew that nothing would keep him from this finality except want of money and separation from his companions.

"Will Longworthy help us?" asked Miles, re-reading the telegrams.

"You know he won't!" snapped Nellie.

"That viper of an Esther won't let him."

"That girl hated me from the moment I was born," remarked Miles, pathetically. "Arthur Fitzgerald may do something."

Nellie's brow darkened. "What do you want, Miley?" she asked, turning her attention to that precious child, who was stretching toward the hot cakes again.

Miley screwed up his lips, and then spoke one of the few words he had been laboriously taught. "Boodle!" he said, quite distinctly.

Miles threw himself back and laughed uproariously. Nellie joined him. "It's the cutest thing out!" she said, delighted.

"I'd give a case of champagne to have some of the crowd hear him say that,—but there'll be no boodle for your poor daddy from this out," said Miles, sadly. "Nell, you must send for some whiskey."

Nellie did not answer; Miles watched her from under his eyelashes. When sober,

he had been a little afraid of Nellie of late.

The servant called from the kitchen: "There are two ladies at the speaking-tube—Mrs. Fitzgerald and Miss Redwood,—wanting to come up."

"Let 'em come!" answered Nellie.

"Let them come into the midst of our poverty and sorrow," said Miles. "There's no knowing but that Mary has some information saying things are not so bad as they seem. Mary has never been so hard on me as the other one—"

"She has *only* slighted your wife whenever she could," interrupted Nellie, with a resolved look.

(To be continued.)

A Song of the Cross.

From the German of Wolfgang Dessler (1660-1722).

COURAGE, my heart! Press cheerly on
Along the thorny way;
For joy shall come with victory won,

Though pain be ours to-day:

Nor shrink the load to take
Which love shall easy make.

Can these light, transient woes compare
With glory that awaits us there?

'Twas by a path of sorrows drear

Christ entered into rest;

And shall I look for roses here

Or think that earth is blest?

Heaven's whitest lilies blow

From earth's sharp crown of woe,

Who here his cross can meekly bear

Shall wear the kingly purple there.

Where would the garden's splendor be

If north and south winds slept?

Its spices flow most fragrantly

When long the clouds have wept.

Only do Thou remain

My rest in every pain;

My sun that cheers me still with light,

When storms of grief would else affright.

For Thou, my God, art sun and shield

To every faithful heart,

That to be made like Thee would yield
To trial's fiercest smart,—

Would bear earth's darkest woe
If Heaven may but bestow
On patient love the martyr's palm,
For vanquished grief, Thy perfect calm.

And yet, dear Lord, this shrinking heart
Still trembles as of yore;
Come, Cross beloved, nor e'er depart
Till I have learnt thy lore!

Here scorned with Him I love,
There crowned with Him above;
Here to the cross with Jesus pressed,
There comforted with Him and blest.

Then I will meekly yield me up
To suffer all Thy will;
I know the seeming bitter cup
O'erflows with mercy still.
In every cross, I'll see
The crown that waits for me;
Thy patience shining, beckoning on
Until the starry heights are won.

Traces of Travel.

MERRY ENGLAND.

BY CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

II.

COME let us growl, sigheth the scribe;
for it is a good and a wholesome thing
to relieve one's mind at intervals. This
marvellous world of London seems to be
built in flats; for instance, you can go by
rail from one end of it to the other over
the tops of the houses; you can do the very
same thing underground, if you like, com-
ing to the surface now and then for a breath
of fresh air. Meanwhile there is an inter-
mediate level, upon which busses, street-cars
and vehicles of all descriptions, mingled
with the myriad pedestrians, pass to and fro.
There are streets that run over the roofs
of houses for some distance, and steps that
lead into the bowels of the earth. In fact,

it must be that London is at least three
sites deep; for in no other way could the
atmosphere become so polluted as I find it
at this present writing.

I have read so much of the London fog
that I shall not think of saying anything
fresh about it. Mulford, who is my room-
mate at the present moment, and who has
felt his way about town until he can go out
whether it is foggy or not, volunteered to
show me something of the place this morn-
ing. We breakfasted about nine o'clock.
You would naturally call it five, it was so
dark and dismal. The air was chilly; a
hoarfrost covered the curbstones in shady
corners; and some tufts of grass in a church-
yard we passed seemed to have been
sprinkled with lime, they were so white
and lustreless. We groped our way through
streets that shall be nameless, because it
was actually impossible to read lettering
sunk a fathom deep in fog.

Who that lives could imagine what this
fog is, never having seen it? They call
this "pea-soup day." The whole town is
deluged with a thick yellow cloud, that is
so dense it seems to fall from the eaves of
the houses and block the very streets. The
wind has changed within the last few
hours, and the smoke that has been pour-
ing out of London and travelling down the
country for twenty miles at least, has re-
coiled, and is coming back on us in tre-
mendous volumes. Meanwhile we have
been smoking to a considerable extent at
home, and the combination is more than
the lungs of a free-born American is accus-
tomed to. Without exaggeration, I have
been wheezing this forenoon as though I
had the asthma; and, while we felt our way
along the dingy walls of London town,
our eyes smarting, our throats burning
as if we had inhaled some gas or other,
I looked up toward the imaginary Eng-
lish sky, saw an object that looked like a
red wafer, and knew it was the London
sun; and then I began to realize that the
fog of the tourist was not a fable, and

that probably the half had not been told.

As we ploughed through a substance a little less solid than the walls that hemmed us on each hand, I was conscious of towers that climbed into purer air (I trust there is something of it left on top of this London); and when a chime rang out of space, and its muffled, monotonous notes came down to us like audible lumps of fog, I thanked Heaven that the world had not actually come to an end, though it seemed as if that end could not be very far away. As we got soundings, now and again Mulford (who has breathed with me the pellucid atmosphere of the Pacific) would say: "There stands the quaintest building, six hundred years old"; or, "Here was where Chatterton died," and other exciting footnotes, such as would have electrified me had we been in sight of land. Now and then the fog grew pale for a moment, and I saw buildings shaping themselves in the fashion of the last century; but it shut down upon us in a moment, and the world was a great blank, full of lively spectres, that seemed substantial only when they came in actual contact with us—and that was pretty often.

It was thus that we drew on toward Fleet Street, and thus that somehow a triple arch spanned the way,—an arch that was moulded out of vapor, with two cloud-like statues in two mysterious niches ornamenting the front of it, and the whole structure looking as though it would dissolve in the first hour of sunshine. And this was Temple Bar,—alas, now vanished forever before the iconoclastic march of improvement! It is pleasant to know that in 1715, and much later also, the heads of many rebels were strung along this gateway and left to wither in the wind; and that in 1746, as Walpole records, "spy-glasses were let at a halfpenny a look," so the morbid might gloat over the gory curios; that the place was hung with black for the funeral of the Duke of Wellington, and appropriately decorated and illumina-

ated at the marriage of the Prince of Wales; and that it shone like beaten gold when the Prince rode to St. Paul's and gave thanks for his gracious and astonishing recovery after an almost fatal illness. It is pleasant to know that we may pass under Temple Bar with our hats on, though the Queen of England must pause at the entrance and receive the keys of the city of London before she may drive past the offices of *London Fun*, *Punch*, and the other weeklies and dailies that multiply as you plod up Ludgate Hill.

We were cautiously feeling our way toward Ludgate Hill. Presently Mulford paused, and, pointing through a gap of shadows (I suppose they resolve themselves into houses when the weather clears), he said: "There is St. Paul's." I peered into fathomless depths of spiritualized pea soup, and saw a round spot that looked like a bright carnelian set in a desert waste—the London sun again, but there was nothing else distinguishable. I thought of Ethelbert, King of Kent, who reigned in A. D. 610; of the great fire; of the resurrection that followed it—three cathedrals successively erected upon the same site. Indeed I thought of everything appropriate. Those wonderful old buildings have a marvellous effect upon a fellow's imagination, especially when he has read up for them, and suddenly finds himself under their shadow, and finds that they are only shadows to him. It is as though they were dreams—but it is just possible that some of them will become realities, if the weather clears.

"And here," said Mulford, "is London Bridge!" Through the dense atmosphere, under the awful weight of the fog, something seemed to shimmer and flow with a roar as of many waters; it might have been the great world of London, for it is ebbing and flowing continually like an ocean of humanity. Not an arch was visible, not a stone of the many that for seven years or more employed the diligent hands of eight hundred laborers. There was a conscious-

ness of some irresistible, yet invisible, power in motion; and it was impressive, in spite of the weather.

We halted before a high iron railing, beyond which there were a few leafless, sentinel trees; the ground sloped away into the mist, and we seemed to be standing upon the edge of the earth, with nothing but chaos before us. Yet within a few yards of that iron rail, and just across that hollow in the earth—which is a moat,—stands the Tower of London. Shades of William the Conqueror! has it come to this? The spirit of Richard I. was in that cloud, and the spirits of John and of Henry VIII., and of the six hundred Jews who were apprehended and confined here in 1278. The forlorn Catherine of Aragon haunted the spot, and the ghost of Lady Jane Gray mingled with the vapory curtain that shut out every angle of the tower.

We could not hope for any apparition at mid-day and in the midst of the city of London, so we turned to bury ourselves in the fresh wildernesses in search of the picturesque invisibles; and as we turned I saw the meridian sun, shorn of his beams, and swimming, like a bloodshot moon, in a sea of smoke and vapor. You can not escape from this demon of the air. It is sooty, wooly and ill-smelling. It comes down your chimney, and fills the room with a thin blue tissue, that finally settles about in grimy spots. Your nostrils, like chimney-flues, are clogged with cinders. The gas lamps that often burn through the day resemble glow-worms. The bottle-green fog of London is so dense that linkboys throng the streets to light pedestrians over the crossings. These great London chimneys—seventeen-barrel chimneys,—that loom over the roofs of the town, seem to have special twists in some of their pots, as if they were made to bore into the dense fog and create a draft in the house.

But one hears very little complaining amongst the folk who have been brought up on this sort of thing. They carry the

sky about on their shoulders with cheerful resignation. They wander up and down the streets, trusting in Providence, and coming out with nothing more serious than a smutty face. Business men sit on top of the morning bus and are wafted down to business, out of sight of land most of the way. Everything seems to be floating about; and, but for the thunders of traffic, one might imagine himself in a fairy land that was badly ventilated, and rather nasty in some other respects.

It is two o'clock in the afternoon. My gas burns blue, and I feel as though I were stuffed with sponges; it is like having a stomach full of fog. Yet in an hour, if there is a rift in a cloud, some one will remark that it is "quite a pleasant day." I am patiently waiting for a rift, and then I shall rush to my landlady; for it is cheering to be told that the day is a fine one, whether you believe it or not. The truth is, there is no climate in London, and the vacuum has been filled with smoke.

And Mulford, good, faithful friend, who piloted me on that eventful day when we "did" all the sights of London without seeing one of them,—what of him after all these years? Mulford was a humorist; it was his pleasantry to take me the regular round, when he might as well have been leading a blind man to inspect the lions of the metropolis. Mulford, who drifted out of old Sag Harbor while he was still a mere youth, found his way to California in early days, and there went through a round of experiences that might have worn out a less remarkable man. Later he was abroad for a considerable period; we met again and again, in various places, and lodged together more than once. He was a reliable person, a most excellent help in time of trial. He could on the shortest notice cook a palatable meal out of next to nothing; he could edit a paper—had edited several,—and fill its columns in every department with appropriate and readable matter. He was original; he was sponta-

neously humorous, and yet could preach to a mixed congregation a sermon full of wisdom and philosophy—and did, in fact, for a time preach to a congregation of his own in various cities. He was of the most advanced school of modern speculative philosophy.

We were separated at last, never to meet again. Occasional letters passed between us. The last direct communication I received from him was a photograph bearing his autograph, with the following inscription: "Your old friend after fifty years of struggle—with himself." He published much, but was comparatively little known. He had a silent and earnest following, larger, much larger, than is generally supposed,—but it was widely scattered. Those who believed in him believed wholly in him; in their eyes he was a prophet, and his utterances they thought inspired.

'And the end of it all? Early in June, '91, a canoe was seen floating in a lonely cove on Long Island. It was neatly covered with canvas; the few who saw it thought it the property of some camper, who would anon return and claim it. Three days it drifted to and fro on the ebb and the flow of the tide. The canoe was evidently unmoored, and in all this time had not been touched. Curiosity at last impelled the dwellers upon the near shore to investigate. They approached the canoe, threw back the canvas cover, and there lay the body of my friend Prentice Mulford—three days dead!

From papers found upon his person—a kind of diary of his impressions while awaiting death—it is evident that some fantastical hallucination had unseated his mind. There can be no doubt that he deliberately entered his canoe on a voyage which he believed to be a voyage of death. And his end must have been painless; for he lay as if he were sleeping,—rocked, as it were, in the cradle of the deep.

(To be continued.)

WE never lose those whom we love in Him whom we can never lose.—*St. Augustine.*

An Unwarranted Scriptural Interpretation.

ONE of the most important of recent publications, one which we are happy to learn has had a wide sale both in this country and in England, is the Abbé Fouard's work, "The Christ the Son of God."* It is an able tribute to the divinity of our Blessed Lord, and comes at a time when faith in the Man-God is being weakened in many minds outside the pale of the Church. The book was noticed in our columns on its first appearance, and we afterward referred to it again, quoting with approval a criticism which appeared in the *Caxton Review*. While the erudition and piety of the author were highly commended, exception was taken to what seemed not to be in accord with the Catholic idea of the intimate and affectionate relationship that always subsisted between the Redeemer of the world and His Blessed Mother—the author's interpretation of the words addressed to the Blessed Virgin by Our Lord at the marriage feast of Cana. (St. John's Gospel, ii, 4.) Anent this criticism we have been favored with the following letter from the distinguished Abbé:

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "AVE MARIA."

DEAR SIR:—My attention has been called to an article in the *Caxton Review* for March, in which a passage from my "Vie de N. S. Jésus-Christ" (pp. 144-5 in the English edition, "The Christ the Son of God") is sharply criticised. Again, in THE "AVE MARIA" for April I find the objections of my English critic quoted with approbation. The interpretation which I have given to a verse in St. John's Gospel strikes your reviewer as "repellent to all the devotional instincts of the Catholic heart"; while the *Caxton Review* characterizes it as "un-Catholic and unwarranted," adding that my construction of

* Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co., publishers.

the text is borrowed from Archdeacon Farrar's *Life of Christ*.

With all respect for the opinions of both authors, I beg leave to set them right on one point immediately. I consulted no Protestant writer when making my translation of, or comments upon, this passage. I did, indeed, borrow my reading of the text from St. Gregory of Nyssa (*Patrologiæ græcæ*, t. xlv, p. 1308), and from St. Bernard (*Patrologiæ latinæ*, t. clxxxiii, p. 160). Maldonatus, in whose work you will find it, does not adopt it, but he alludes to it as worthy only of praise. "Si forte non propriam," he says, "utilem certe et hominibus religiosis accommodatum." (*Comment. in Joan.*, cap. ii, 13.) It seems to me that an interpretation proposed by St. Bernard, famous for his devotion to the Blessed Virgin, authorized furthermore by the most illustrious Catholic commentator of the Gospels, can not be characterized either as "repellent to all the instincts of the Catholic heart" or as "un-Catholic and unwarranted."

The thought that Our Lord should have answered His Divine Mother with a refusal is exceedingly shocking to both of my critics. Father Patrizi, on the other hand, has no hesitation about using this word: "Mater, etsi *repulsam* tulisset, certa tamen nihil ipsi a filio negatum iri, velut si, quod petierat, exorasset, ita se gessit." (*In Joan.*, *Comment.*, cap. ii, v. 5.) This word "repulsam" is used in like manner by Jansenius of Ghent. (*Comment. in Concord. Evang.*, pars i, cap. xviii.) Moreover, what follows in my narrative (vol. i, pp. 145 and 147, Eng. ed.) shows in what sense I construe this refusal: to wit, that Jesus did not on the very instant perform what His holy Mother requested; but that, at the same time, He gave her some such reason for assurance that she considered her wish as granted, and acted accordingly. Here again I have really done little more than follow and translate the learned Jesuit cited above.

During the last ten years and more, dear

sir, very many bishops, as well as many learned and pious theologians, have done me the honor of reading my work, thereafter favoring me with their criticisms. To not one of them has it occurred to call in question the passage we have been alluding to. And they were right; for, as you see, it contains nothing contrary to the doctrine or devotion of Catholics.

With greatest respect, believe me, dear sir,

Your humble servant,

CT. FOUARD.

A similar letter had been sent to the editor of the *Caxton Review*; and as we quoted its criticism with approval, we take occasion to reproduce its reply, which is as follows:

"I am glad to find that the Abbé Fouard's attention has been called to my review of his work, 'The Christ the Son of God'; the more so because I hope it may lead to his making some slight changes in another edition of his valuable work.

"In reply to his letter, I have first to remark that the words I take exception to are simply the following: 'In order to show Mary that He [Our Lord] had ceased to belong to her (yet only that He might be entirely at the will of His Heavenly Father), Jesus refused to pay any heed to her appeal.' (Vol. I., p. 144.) And again, on the next page: 'Whose prayer it cost Him so dear to deny.' It seems to me that the above quotations include three propositions, which to me have an un-Catholic ring in them and seem unwarranted by the text. (St. John, ii, 4.) The propositions are the following: 1. That there was a time when Our Lord ceased to belong to His Blessed Mother. 2. That His belonging to His Mother might interfere with His being entirely at the will of His Heavenly Father. 3. That He refused to pay any heed to her appeal.

"Having carefully consulted the authorities brought forward by the author, I can find nothing in support of these propositions. The passage referred to in St. Greg-

ory of Nyssa occurs in that Father's discourse on the difficult words of the Apostle in I. Cor., xv, 28. It is quite true that the Saint there says that while in answer to His Mother's request Our Lord did not refuse to come to the aid of those who were in want, he also adds that He took occasion to show her, now that His public ministry had begun, that His subjection to her was different from what it had been during the years of His hidden life. For this reason the Saint gives an interrogatory form to the words, 'Nondum venit hora mea,' and interprets them as meaning, 'Do you not know that I am now of age?' and in doing so makes them almost parallel to the other words spoken long before in the Temple: 'Did you not know that I must be about My Father's business?' This is very different from saying 'that He had ceased to belong to her,' or that 'He had refused to pay any heed to her appeal.' Although I entirely agree with Maldonatus in not accepting St. Gregory's interpretation of the text, I quite admit that Our Lord's relation to His Blessed Mother was different during the years of His ministry from what it had been at Nazareth. The purely *mystical* interpretation given by St. Bernard in his sermon is clearly no great help in defining the *literal* sense of the text; but on this Saint's words the author might have consulted with profit Franciscus Lucas Brugensis, no mean authority, who writes as follows in St. John, ii, 4: 'Non fuerunt igitur hæc verba contemptus, non objurgationis, non reprehensionis, sed instructionis, datæ, non Matri, sed circumstantibus. . . . Hanc interpretationem suggerit D. Bernardus Serm. 2. in hoc Evang. ubi ait: Sed manifeste jam video, quod non velut indignans aut confundere volens Virginis Matris teneram verecundiam, dixeris, quid Mihi et tibi, sed propter nos, ut conversos ad Dominum jam non sollicitet carnalium cura parentum. . . . Sed ut hoc se habeat, certe manifestum fit, Matrem, non tantum non passam

esse repulsam, verum etiam impetrasse quod petierat.'

"I now come to the Abbé Fouard's third authority, that of the late Father Patrizi. That learned Jesuit, in his Commentary on St. John's Gospel, when he comes to the interpretation of this text, begins by speaking of the two places of this Gospel where the Beloved Disciple mentions the Blessed Virgin—that is, at Cana and on Calvary,—and says: 'Primum duorum in hoc loco (St. John, ii, 4, 5) narratur; eoque docemur Deum, respectu Virginis hujus precum, ab omni æternitate quædam aliter fieri decrevisse ac fuisset decreturus si Virgo preces non interposuisset' (p. 29). So far, then, is he from saying that Our Lord *refused* to pay any heed to her prayer, that he actually affirms that in consequence of Mary's foreseen request on this occasion, God from all eternity decreed to act differently from what He would have decreed had Mary's prayer not been made. But he goes even further, and repeats the same *in the very same sentence from which the Abbé Fouard quotes* without completing the quotation. The words which immediately follow are: 'Scilicet in ejus [Mariæ] gratiam Deus aliter decreverat ac decrevisset si ipsam non intercessuram esse prævidisset; ita ut ejus voluntas, ut vocant, antecedens fuerit ut Christus nondum miracula faceret, voluntas vero consequens, ut in Matris gratiam jam faceret' (l. c). He then goes on to say that they who believe that the prayers of the Blessed Virgin hastened the time of the Redemption have in this fact a solid basis for their belief. It is thus obviously clear that whatever meaning Father Patrizi may attach to the words 'etsi repulsam,' he can not mean that Our Lord 'refused to pay any heed to her appeal'; nor does he give any ground for saying that He wished 'to show Mary that He had ceased to belong to her.'

"Lastly, I come to Jansenius of Ghent; and here I have again to point out that the author has committed the same oversight as with Father Patrizi. In the *very same*

sentence again from which the Abbé Fouard quotes the word 'repulsam,' Jansenius explains in what sense he uses this expression, and for this reason I give his words in full: 'Tamen quo Matrem ob *repulsam Filii* non deficientem in fide et spe honoraret, *prævenit illud tempus miracula faciendi*, ostendens simul se temporibus non subjici, sed dominari eis: Mater enim etsi *repulsam passa* videretur a Filio, tamen tum quod divina sua prudentia scopum et rationem verbi intelligeret, videlicet quod non impotentiae excusatio neque Matris contemptus erat, sed ne videretur sese miraculis ingerere, et spectaculo exponere; tum quod spei fideique firmitate optime confideret de filii sui et potentia et benignitate erga omnes, et maxime erga se matrem, mensæ ministros admonet,' etc. Thus Cornelius Jansenius of Ghent not only denies that there was any real refusal on the part of Our Lord to hear Mary's request, but also anticipates the words of Father Patrizi, and maintains that it was precisely in answer to her prayer that He hastened the time for working His miracles. When, however, I turn to the pages of Farrar's 'Life of Christ,' I find the following: 'But it was necessary now, at once, forever, for that Son to show her [Mary] that henceforth He was not Jesus the Son of Mary, but the Christ the Son of God.' (Vol. I., p. 164; 23 edition.)

"I must now state again that I did not, and do not, charge the author of borrowing directly from Farrar, but merely state my belief that he has 'unconsciously made his own,' here and elsewhere, many passages of that writer; and I may add that I believe it to be impossible for any careful reader of these two lives of Our Lord not to be struck over and over again by the similarity of thought and expression, even to the very footnotes, that is to be found in their pages. I must add that this impression was made upon me more than ten years ago, when I first read the Abbé Fouard's work in the French original."

In concluding his reply to the Abbé Fouard's letter, the learned writer in the *Caxton Review* makes an observation which translators of doctrinal works from foreign languages would do well to consider. He says, alluding to the Abbé's statement that of the many bishops and theologians who have done him the honor to read and criticise his book, not one has ever before objected to the passage to which reference has here been made: "I can only explain the fact that it has never occurred to the learned and devout theologians on the Continent to call in question the passages I have alluded to, on the supposition that they would naturally not be so much on the look out, in the midst of a Catholic population, for the rendering of the text referred to, as we should be here in England, in the midst of heretics daily questioning the prerogatives of the Blessed Mother of God."

Unrecorded Blessings.

OF all the surprises that shall greet our keener vision on the Judgment morn, perhaps none will be greater than the realization of how often we have been preserved or aided by the special favor of Our Lady and the saints. It is well, no doubt, to think that the laws of nature are the appointed channels whereby God would have His temporal favors reach us; but it is not less certain that His mercy constantly impels Him to assist us at extraordinary times by extraordinary means. Miracles not less wonderful than those related in the Gospel are of daily occurrence around us, but we are so much of sense and so little of spirit that these marvels fail to impress us. The scrutinizing spirit of materialism has penetrated even unto the holy things of God. No event that can not be reduced to the plainness of mathematical formulas is accounted worthy of credence; and yet

there are few of us who have not recognized at critical moments the Almighty Hand outstretched to help us, even though our fellowman could not be made to feel the thrill of its touch. Here is a story of the remarkable preservation of a devoted priest. We heard the words from the lips of his brother, also a priest, in answer to an inquiry about a beautiful rosary that was conspicuously suspended in his room:

In one of the towns of the Duchy of Luxemburg stood an old church that was sadly in need of repair, and not all the cares of his extensive parish could hide this fact from the pastor, Father J—. The village artisans were summoned in consultation; and soon the din of hammers was heard in the church, and the walls were lined with a slender scaffolding reaching even to the roof. Onto this slight structure, as the work progressed, Father J— loved to climb and watch the fulfilment of his plans for the renovation and ornamentation of the church. One day, the better to survey the whole, he stepped incautiously upon a loose plank; and there, full forty feet from the stone pavement below, he felt the plank springing under him, and then the sense of sinking. Instantly realizing his danger—for he knew that to fall upon the pavement beneath meant death,—he uttered a fervent ejaculatory prayer to the Blessed Virgin for assistance. He fell to the pavement, and was taken up in what was supposed to be a dying condition, from internal injuries. It was considered extraordinary that no bones were broken. He remained unconscious for about three hours, and then, as if awaking from a restful sleep, got up and resumed his duties. He was as well as ever, and from that hour to this he has not experienced the slightest ill effect from his fall. When the work in his church was finished, he made a pilgrimage to Lourdes to return thanks for his preservation; and the rosary which we admired was a souvenir of his visit to the world-famed Grotto. We have seen a photograph of

Father J—'s church, and can testify to the height of the ceiling, etc. Sceptics may doubt the supernatural quality of this fact, but Father J— does not doubt it, nor do we.

An *Enfant de Marie* writes gratefully of the cure of her father. For many years the cold winter winds had regularly brought him some strange affection of the throat, and all hope of relief from medical science had been dissipated by continual failure. In her extremity, his daughter resolved upon a novena in honor of the Blessed Virgin to obtain a cure. The patient was made to drink Water of Lourdes the while; and the disorder suddenly left him, and he has since enjoyed perfect health.

Another friend writes to say that thousands of miles from Lourdes the merciful effects of Mary's apparition were shown her in a marvellous way. Thirteen years ago, feeling that one of his lungs was seriously affected, her husband consulted a doctor, who expressed the opinion that eighteen months would prove the limit of his life. His mother, it was thought, had died of consumption; but his wife still clung to the hope that when earthly help failed the Blessed Virgin would intervene. She procured some Water of Lourdes, which her husband drank. His believing wife prayed fervently, promising that if Our Lady cured him a perpetual light should be kept burning before her picture. Nine days after this her husband again visited the doctor whom he had first consulted, but no trace of the disease could now be found; nor has any symptom of it since appeared. Previous to the novena, the life insurance companies declined to issue a policy in his behalf, but a certificate was readily obtained afterward. The little votive lamp still burns before Our Lady's statue in a convent of the Sacred Heart.

Last year another grace was accorded to the same favored Child of Mary. Her own life and that of her unborn child were suddenly threatened, and a message was

hastily dispatched to the priest, and another doctor was summoned. Meantime Water of Lourdes was given to the sufferer, and before the arrival of either priest or physician she was delivered of a healthy child.

Thousands of these "lesser marvels" might be added to the list. Their full number will never be known until, in the *lumen gloriæ* after death, the mysteries of time shall be revealed to us.

Notes and Remarks.

Dr. Roch ("Church of Our Fathers," Vol. III., p. 197) describes a wall-painting done in the fourteenth century, in a church in Oxfordshire, England. St. Michael the Archangel holds the balance of the sanctuary, in one scale of which is shown the soul (as a tiny nude figure with joined hands), with its few good deeds; within the other are all its sins, which the devil, under the form of a hairy, horned beast, strives to make heavier, pulling it down to his side. At the other side we behold the Blessed Virgin Mary, wearing a crown and holding a sceptre, befriending by her prayers to Heaven the poor forlorn sinner under trial, and in whose behalf she triumphs, as she withstands the wicked one; for by casting her Rosary upon the balance, she turns it, and so wins a soul from Satan and for heaven. Doubtless this is to signify that the sinner, with all his transgressions, had persevered in saying the Rosary, and thus secured the intercession of her who is called "Omnipotent interceding."

The ancient Pharisee and the modern bigot are kindred spirits. The little-heartedness, crooked-mindedness, and deep-seated pride characteristic of the one are prominent traits also of the other. Of all bigots, the clerical bigot is the most hopeless. He loves darkness; and when the light is flashed upon him, he shuts his eyes that he may not see it. The Rev. Lancelot Holland seems to be one of these creatures. In a recent letter addressed to *The Scotsman* he wrote: "I knew lately the case of a young girl who went to a convent in

Paris, as a probationer; and I heard, on the highest authority, of a case at the Roehampton convent, in both of which drugs of the most noxious character had been administered." Brought to task by the Roehampton nuns, Mr. Holland hurriedly informed *The Scotsman* that he "was merely pointing out that the extraordinary statement of a system of hurtful drugs being administered, was capable of being somewhat confirmed by the case of a novice nun in the Roehampton convent, who had mentioned that medicine was given her which she believed had a bad effect upon her." A fitting sequel to the incident is the following note appended to the second letter by the editor of *The Scotsman*: "Mr. Holland does not seem to know the meaning of what he writes. More unmanly conduct than that of which he has been guilty it would be difficult to conceive. His present letter is, if possible, more mean in character than its predecessor."

One of the probable results of the magnificent Catholic Congress recently held at Malines is the preservation of the Catholic workmen from the baneful socialistic doctrines that are working such incalculable injury to the cause of true democracy in European countries. The absence of dissensions among the members of the Congress falsified the predictions of the Liberal press, which very naturally views with abhorrence the union that is strength in the accomplishment of good as well as in the spread of evil.

The membership of the "Anglican Brotherhood of St. Paul" has dwindled down to one, a Mr. Robbins. We learn from the *Liverpool Catholic Times* that this gentleman still adds to his signature the words, "Superior O.S.P." Under the circumstances, a more appropriate title would be "Survivor O.S.P." Let us hope and pray that Mr. Robbins may come into the Church out of the cold.

The seventh Grand Council of the Pacific Jurisdiction of the Young Men's Institute was held recently at Watsonville, Santa Cruz Co., Cal. It was one of the most successful conventions in the history of this rapidly extending association. An eloquent address was deliv-

ered by the Most Rev. Archbishop of San Francisco. He spoke in commendation of the object of the society, which is "for the mutual benefit, benevolence and improvement of its members":

"The education of a young man is just begun when he leaves school, and he needs much more training. Talent may be formed in solitude, but character is formed in the storms of life; hence the necessity of after-school moral training. The amusements which young men have, the company they keep, form their character much more than their school-books; hence they need good associations and surroundings. The Young Men's Institute throws around the young man religious and moral influence, and he is stimulated to higher moral activity by his companions. Some of God's gifts are given more than once, some are given once only. The seasons come and go, the flowers bloom, wither, and come again: youth comes but once to all. God lends us talents or gifts only on prescribed conditions. In youth we must prepare for the autumn and winter of life.

"This is a country of young men. One-fourth of the male population are between the ages of eighteen and thirty. The looking after the young men is of the greatest importance; we must help them and encourage them. The best thing in man is his religion. What he thinks of God is the highest thing in him. If a man is false to his religion, he will be faithless to any trust if it is profitable for him to betray."

The Institute is doing good work among the Catholic young men of the Pacific coast, and meeting with well-deserved success in propagating its beneficial mission throughout different parts of the Union.

In a recent letter, acknowledging the receipt of a work entitled "Our Lord's Miracles of Healing," the veteran English statesman and scholar, Mr. Gladstone, has this pregnant sentence: "I am afraid that the objections to demoniacal possession involve in germ the rejection of all belief in the supernatural."

The Catholics in the army of the United States are 40 per cent., but as yet there are only 3 Catholic chaplains. The Lutherans have 1; the Episcopalians, 18; the Baptists, 7; the Presbyterians, 1; the Congregationalists, 1; and there is 1 "Christian."

The following paragraphs, which we clip from the London *Weekly Register*, will probably prove more interesting to American than to English readers. We are glad to discover that an American so highly eulogized by the Prot-

estant press of this country admitted the justice of Catholic claims to religious education. The *Register* quotes from Mr. Raymond Blathwayte, who thinks that he was the last Englishman with whom Lowell had a good talk:

"Cardinal Manning, again," said Lowell, "is a perpetual puzzle to me. An English gentleman, an Italian Cardinal, a prince and a courtier, a Radical reformer—there is a curious mixture,—and yet one of the most winning of men." He was much interested in my telling him of some conversations I had had with the Cardinal.

"I asked his Eminence once," I said, "if he was not now and again conscious of the old leaven of Protestantism." And Mr. Lowell laughed heartily when I told him that the Cardinal smiled and laid his hand on my knee, and said: "Do you know that that is a very home question indeed?"

"I quite believe it," remarked Mr. Lowell. "I can distinctly trace Puritan influence here in America in Roman Catholics."

"Lowell was evidently pleased when I told him that only a few days previously the Roman Catholic Archbishop of New York, Dr. Corrigan, had been regretting to me that the old spirit of Puritanism was dying out in America. 'Did he, indeed?' was the poet's reply. 'That is very interesting, and a very noble remark for him to make. But the decay of our Puritanism is only in creed: its influence amongst all classes is strong and healthy still. Referring to the Roman Catholics, it is essential to remember that we influence Rome quite as much as she influences us; it is perhaps a delicate political matter for me to discuss, but I must say that I think their demands as to the religious education of their children are not only natural, but reasonable.'"

No one who knows, or knows of, the excellent Archbishop of New York will misunderstand the sense in which he spoke. The Puritans were a narrow-minded, selfish, fanatical race; but they had sterling virtues, which it is much to be regretted their descendants do not generally emulate.

The following contributions to promote the Cause of the Ven. Curé of Ars are gratefully acknowledged:

A. M. W., \$10; S. A. Hammond, \$1; T. J. R., Peabody, Mass., \$1; a Friend, \$1; Lawrence Denny, \$1; Miss Margaret F., 50 cts.; Friends, San Francisco, Cal., \$5.

The Very Rev. Promoter of the Cause has just sent us some relics of the Ven. Curé of Ars (a particle of his surplice), for distribution among those who have made offerings. We request friends who desire to have one of these souvenirs of the holy Curé to send us their addresses.

New Publications.

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THE ISRAELITE BEFORE THE ARK AND THE CHRISTIAN BEFORE THE ALTAR; or, A History of the Worship of God. By the Rt. Rev. L. De Goesbriand, D. D., Bishop of Burlington, Vt. Published for the author.

As its title indicates, this work is divided into two parts, the first of which treats of the rites and ceremonies of divine worship among the children of Israel, and the second considers "the worship of God since the days of Jesus Christ, together with the ceremonies and Sacrifice of the Catholic Church." The central dogma of the Christian religion is the Divinity of Jesus Christ, and the one great Sacrifice of the New Law is daily consummated through the real presence of the Son of God upon our altars. Herein is embodied all that relates to the beauty and efficacy of the worship of God. But, as the Rt. Rev. author observes, "in order to understand perfectly the origin and meaning of our rites and ceremonies, we should be well acquainted with the worship of the children of Israel and with the life and sayings of our Saviour Jesus Christ." This consideration has led him to prepare the present work, in which will be found a continuous history of religion in both the old and new dispensations. It is a work replete with interest and instruction, and can not fail to be of benefit to all who read it. We hope it may be read by many.

LIFE AND TIMES OF KATERI TEKAKWITHA.
By Ellen H. Walworth. Buffalo: Peter Paul & Bro. 1891.

On most youthful minds the study of that portion of our country's history pertaining to its aboriginal inhabitants exerts a fascinating influence. Nor does it cease with years; for somewhat akin to the thoughts thus awakened were those suggested by the perusal of the Life of Kateri Tekakwitha, for which we are indebted to the graceful and facile pen of Miss Walworth. She writes out of the abundance of the heart; hence the vivid pictures of that little Indian maid, the perfume of whose virtues is yet wafted down the centuries. The opening chapters form a pen-picture of much beauty, descriptive of the Mohawk valley, where passed the early years of the Iroquois

child. Indian life and character, its customs and modes of warfare, are well sketched; while the labors of the saintly Jogues and those who imitated his heroic example tell us what hearts fired with the love of Christ will do and dare for His sake. Again, something of the spell that lingers round the pages of Washington Irving, when treating of similar subjects, charms us in the chapters relative to the "beginnings of Albany."

Tekakwitha's life is replete with lessons worthy of careful study. When we read of her unselfishness, her lonely wanderings through the dark forests, her heavy burdens, her persecutions, and her ardent love of God, it puts to the blush our own ignoble efforts, our shrinking from the Cross of Christ. In presenting this volume to the public the author has done a good work, for which Catholic readers especially owe her a debt of gratitude.

 Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands, as if you were bound with them.
—HEB., xiii, 3.

The following persons are recommended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

Sister Mary Teresa, O. S. F., Rochester, Minn., and Sister M. Teresa, of the Sisters of Mercy, Beatty, Pa., who were lately called to the reward of their selfless lives.

Mr. Peter Thompson, who passed away on the 20th ult., at St. John, N. B., fortified by the last Sacraments.

Mr. Henry Connelly, of Philadelphia, Pa., who peacefully departed this life some weeks ago.

Miss Sarah Boylan, whose happy death took place on the 30th of August, at Pawtucket, Mass.

Mrs. Mary T. Kelly, of Philadelphia, Pa., who piously yielded her soul to God on the 9th of August.

Mr. Edward A. Doyle, who calmly breathed his last on the 19th ult., at Troy, N. Y.

Mr. Pierre Joseph Sordelet, of Academy, Ind.; Mr. Maurice Wood and Mrs. Sabina Tobin, Lowell, Mass.; Mrs. Margaret Hart, Philadelphia, Pa.; Frank J. Reid, Clarion, Pa.; Mr. Jeremiah O'Brien, Hartford, Conn.; Mr. Daniel Driscoll, Ashland, Wis.; Mr. C. J. O'Donohue, Detroit, Mich.; Mrs. Mary Roach, Valatie, N. Y.; Mrs. Ellen Quinn, Stuart, Iowa; Anna and James O'Connell, Providence, R. I.; Miss Nellie Doyle, St. Paul, Minn.; Mrs. Catherine Daly, Eugene Francis Daly, John Cunningham, and Mrs. Mary O'Leary,—all of Lafayette, Ind.

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



Birds of Clay.

THERE'S a legend quaintly tender,
 That Our Lord one summer day,
 And a group of dark-eyed children,
 Who already felt His sway,
 Moulded with their boyish fingers
 Tiny sparrows out of clay.

As they formed and stroked the plumage,
 Sighed a youth: "Could they but fly!"
 At the eager wish, half uttered,
 Kindled bright the Christ-Child's eye,
 And He smiled upon a sparrow—
 Lo! it sped unto the sky.

All our daily actions, children,
 When we study, work or play,
 Are just like those moulded sparrows—
 Helpless little birds of clay;
 But if Jesus smile upon them,
 Straight to heaven they speed away.

Charlie's Resolutions.

BY L. W. REILLY.

ON the evening of the Feast
 of the Assumption, eight
 children were playing on the
 lawn of the Miller home.
 There were Mary, Charlie and
 Frank Miller; their cousins
 —Edmund and Carrie Evans;
 and their neighbors—Joe White, Cora
 Hewitt, and little Edna Hayes. They were
 having "a splendid time"—talking and
 laughing, eating fruit, playing "tag,"
 riding bicycles, and otherwise enjoying
 themselves. Their elders were at dinner in

the dining-room, for it was after five o'clock;
 and the young folk had decided that they
 would prefer to wait for a second table
 rather than go to the meal with their re-
 spective fathers and mothers, so that they
 might be more free to chatter while they ate.

"A song! A song!" cried Charlie, when
 all had tired of games. "Let us go in the
 house and sing. Please, Carrie, sing for us."

"Yes do, Carrie!" exclaimed Mary.
 "But let us sing a hymn instead of a song."

"All right," said Charlie.

"Oh, I'll tell you what let's do!" broke
 in Frank, as they all walked toward the
 house. "Let's have 'There were Three
 Kings.' Mary will play the piano, I'll get
 my violin, Carrie, Cora and Joe will sing
 the parts, and all of us will join in the
 refrain. What do you say?"

And, without waiting for an answer, he
 rushed upstairs to bring his violin from
 his bedroom, where he kept it from what he
 called "I-can-not-clasts." But he did not
 return promptly. The other children mean-
 time grouped themselves around the piano.

"While we are waiting for Frank," said
 Mary, "suppose we sing 'Hail, bright Star
 of Ocean'? Cora will sing solo, and we'll
 use the first verse as a chorus."

The suggestion was well received. Cora
 sang the canticle very sweetly, and the
 others made the house echo with their
 loving tribute to the Virgin Mother.

They were finishing the chorus for the
 third time, when Frank appeared, his violin
 and bow in one hand, a paper in the other.

"Stop your noise," he cried, "and listen
 to this! While I was upstairs in my room
 getting my violin, I noticed a butterfly
 making a short flight from the window to
 Charlie's statue of St. Joseph. It lighted
 on his nose. I went to catch it and moved
 the statue a bit. But it escaped. It flew up
 to the top of the wardrobe. Then I took
 hold of the statue to put it straight on its
 bracket. By chance I turned it upside-
 down, and there, ladies and gentlemen, I
 discovered this document."

He flourished the paper that was in his hand as he spoke. Then he laid down his violin and bow.

Meanwhile Charlie's face wore a troubled and puzzled look. He was wondering what the "document" could be.

"Let me read it to you," continued Frank. "'My resolutions for this year: I. I will get up in the morning as soon as I am called.'"

At this Frank paused, and cast a roguish look at Charlie, exclaiming, "Hello, old sleepy!" Then he resumed the reading:

"II. I will study my lessons every evening, and look over them every morning before going to school.' Why, he's quite a student, boys and girls!" said mischievous Frank; and the other children, carried away by his bad example, and now understanding what the "document" was—the broken and forgotten resolutions made by Charlie on New Year's Day,—clapped their hands and laughed.

Poor Charlie, aflame with mortification, called out: "Give me that paper!" But Frank, paying no attention to him, went on:

"III. I will obey mother promptly at all times.' He did not have to resolve to obey father," was the jeering comment.

"IV. I will say my night prayers before I get sleepy.'"

This caused a general laugh, because Charlie had lately told a story on himself, of some foolish remark he had made when, half asleep, he was about to kneel down to pray before retiring.

Charlie could stand the exposure and the ridicule no longer. He jumped to his feet, rushed over to where Frank was, and tried to snatch the paper from him. But that unkind brother was too quick for him; and, rushing around the centre table, he continued:

"V. I will doff my hat when I pass a priest or a church.' What a pious, polite youth we are!" shouted Frank; and the others applauded Edmund's epithet of "Saint Charlie."

All but little tender-hearted Edna. She did not quite understand what all the rumpus was about, but she did see that Charlie was suffering. So she went over to where he stood, quivering with anger and humiliation, and said softly: "Never mind, Charlie."

But Charlie *did* mind, and he began to chase his brother around the table, and into the back parlor, over the lounge and under the piano and around the room. The others, all but Edna, cheered them as they flew from room to room. At every chance he got Frank would stop long enough to read a new resolution from the paper, and to make some unpleasant comment on it. Then off he would start again, amidst the laughter and plaudits of the others, with Charlie in hot pursuit.

When the hubbub was at its highest, the door leading to the dining-room was suddenly opened, and Mrs. Miller stood before the excited children.

"Why, what is the meaning of this loud noise?" she asked.

A hush at once settled on the room, and the children slunk into seats; but no one answered the question.

"Mary, who is responsible for this boisterous conduct?" inquired the mother.

"Frank found Charlie's New Year resolutions, and was reading them for us," answered Mary.

The triumphant look of the successful tease had given place on Frank's face to one of apprehension; for he knew how his mother disliked to have one child torment another. And Charlie was in tears.

"Let me see them," said Mrs. Miller.

The paper was produced. Just then all the old folk who had been at the dinner entered the parlor, forming a group at the door, as Mrs. Miller said, after glancing hastily at the resolutions: "May I read them out, Charlie?"

The poor boy, who had full confidence in his mother's consideration for his feelings, gave a tearful consent. Whereupon

Mrs. Miller read aloud Charlie's good intentions. There were no jeers now, however, from any one. Even the older persons present listened in respectful silence. When the end was reached, Mrs. Miller added:

"I can say that Charlie's conduct has improved on every one of the points he made in his self-examination. He has good-will, is disposed to be obedient, truthful, studious, respectful and industrious; and I am proud to say here before you all that his mother has reason to call him a good son."

Charlie was crying again, but this time his tears came from the fulness of his heart, that had been thoughtlessly wounded by his playmates and was now comforted.

"I shall not chide you, Frank, for exposing the secret thoughts of your brother," Mrs. Miller went on to say; "nor you who shared in Frank's misbehavior in making cruel 'fun' of Charlie. But I do say that it is better to make good resolutions and to try to keep them, even for a time, than not to make them at all."

"So say we, all of us," observed dear old Grandpa Evans, who was in the group at the parlor door, amid the approving looks of the young and old folks present. "Now go and take your dinner. I am sure you are sorry that you teased Charlie, and I am equally certain that he will forgive you."

Charlie had the generosity to say, "I do, grandpa"; and the others the good-will to respond, with one voice, "Thank you, Charlie!"



A Student who Deserved Success and Won It.

Perhaps few of our young readers have heard of the celebrated Valentine Duval, who died at Vienna in the year 1772. His career furnishes a striking example of what can be accomplished by diligent study combined with energy and perseverance.

Valentine was a native of Artenay, a village in Champagne. His father died

when he was about ten years old, and, being a poor laborer, left his family without any means of support. The destitute widow was soon forced to place Valentine, her eldest child, with a wealthy neighbor, who gave him charge of the poultry-yard. The lad was naturally curious, and liked to test for himself the truth of many statements which he heard made. Being told that turkeys hated red, he on one occasion tied a bit of red cloth to a stick and waved it among a flock of them. The gobbler at once flew at his tormentor, and nearly killed him. As if this were not sufficient punishment, his master promptly dismissed him from his service.

It was in the winter of 1709, the severest season ever known in that region; but young Valentine, fully aware of his mother's poverty, determined to leave Artenay. In vain did he seek work: the distress arising from a recent war was so great that no one could afford to hire help. To add to his misfortune, he fell ill of small-pox. The only shelter he could find in this sad strait was a stable, whose owner allowed him to sleep on the straw, and each day sent him some barley-water. At length the damp straw on which he lay induced a perspiration, and the fever was broken. But the farmer declared that, much as he desired to be charitable, he could keep him no longer.

Valentine thanked the farmer, and, unwilling to depart without confession and Holy Communion, called on the parish priest. The kind pastor kept the little wanderer until he had recovered his health. Then he set out anew, and having knocked at the door of the neighboring Hermitage of St. Anne, was cordially received by the four religious who dwelt there. Moreover, they gave him charge of the six cows which served for the cultivation of their few acres of land; for cows are used in France as Americans use horses and oxen.

The good hermits wished to teach Valentine to read and write. One of them set

him a model of penmanship; but as the teacher was old and his hand not very steady, the letters were not perfectly formed. Duval got a pane of glass, laid it over some engraved script, and traced it again and again, until he could write rapidly and well.

He next tried arithmetic; and having found an elementary work on that subject among some old books in the library, he soon mastered its first four rules, sometimes spending the entire night in working out difficult problems. One day he picked up an almanac in some rubbish that the librarian had swept out, and saw the names of the signs of the zodiac. Shortly afterward he built a sort of nest in the top of a lofty oak-tree; and in that observatory he traced among the stars the forms of the Ram, the Bull, and the Crab. On another occasion the superior of the hermits sent him to a fair at Luneville, and gave him two francs to spend. Observing a number of drawings and diagrams exposed for sale, and spread out at full-length on the wall, he examined them, and among them saw a planisphere on which the stars were marked, named and arranged according to their respective size. He bought the planisphere and a map of the world, but it cost him all his money. When he reached home, one of the hermits, admiring his love of knowledge, gave him a mariner's compass. In his leisure hours afterward he traced out all the animals with which the poets have filled the celestial sphere, there not being a sufficient number of men or women whom they deemed worthy of such a token of honor.

Every Sunday Valentine went to the church of the Carmelites at Luneville. One morning he noticed the gardener seated at the bottom of an alley reading, and asked him what subject occupied him. "'The Method of Studying Geography,' by Delaunay," was the reply. Duval at once begged the loan of the volume. He succeeded in borrowing it, but so eagerly did he read it that he made some extraor-

inary mistakes. One of these was that those three hundred and sixty little black and white spaces that composed the equator were so many miles, and hence that the globe was three hundred and sixty miles in circumference.

To study the heavens better, Duval, having no telescope, cut open two elder stalks, removed the pith and then bound them together. So great was his thirst for knowledge that he obliged the foxes, martens and squirrels to surrender their furs, which he sold to a furrier in Luneville; and to such an extent did he lay them under contribution, that in a few months his purse contained about forty crowns.

With this sum Valentine hurried off to Nancy, and bought Pliny's Natural History, "Titus Livius," "The History of the Incas," and the "Fables of La Fontaine." He had already read Plutarch's "Lives" and the history of Quintus Curtius; and the account of the cities in which they had signalized themselves excited in him a passionate thirst for geography. With all his industry as a student, however, he neglected none of his duties as cowherd; much less did he fail in his duties to God.

Duval had the good fortune one day to find a gold seal with a coat of arms engraved upon it, and he immediately went through the streets crying it publicly. It proved to be the property of an Englishman renowned in literature. The owner was much struck with the honesty of the youth; and on further acquaintance, finding that his conversation revealed a highly cultivated mind, he invited Valentine to visit him. The boy did so, and received a present of a hundred volumes.

One afternoon some months later, as Duval was seated in a little sylvan study in the forest, deeply absorbed with his map, a passing stranger asked him what he was doing. "I am tracing out the route to Quebec, where there is a university. I should like to go there to study."—"Indeed!" exclaimed the stranger. "There

are universities much nearer than Quebec; and if you wish to study, it will give me pleasure to show you one." As they conversed, several gentlemen, followed by attendants, approached the stranger and addressed him as "My lord." Valentine was greatly confused when he discovered that he had been conversing with Duke Leopold, sovereign of Lorraine. Thanks to the kindness of this nobleman, Duval entered the Jesuits' College at Pont-à-Mousson; and, having in due course completed his studies, was appointed librarian to the Duke, and professor of history at the Academy of Luneville. Some time afterward he was summoned to Vienna by the Emperor Francis, who wished him to form a cabinet of medals.

It is pleasing to note that before entering the Emperor's service, Duval paid a farewell visit to his native village of Artenay, and caused a fine, substantial house to be erected, at his own expense, which he presented to the authorities for the use of the schoolmaster.

We are not told anything about the after-life of Monsieur Duval, as he was now called; but no doubt it was a happy and peaceful one, in the company of good books, interesting manuscripts, medals, etc. And there is reason to think that he was an industrious student as long as he lived, having such a thirst for knowledge. His example is worth remembering and imitating. If he had had the advantages which most young readers of THE "AVE MARIA" enjoy, how grateful he would have been, and how much he would have profited by them! But advantages are nothing to those who do not appreciate them. There is no royal road to learning, and he who would become learned must do as Valentine Duval did, although he may have many more helps over the hard places.

E. V. N.

LEARN the luxury of doing good.—
Goldsmith.

Protected by an Angel.*

In a certain city which we shall call B. there is a narrow street,—so narrow that a tall man could almost reach across from one house to the other. In this street there stood, some years ago, an old, rickety wall that threatened to fall at any time. It happened one day that a woman was passing through this street, leading a little girl of five by the hand. When they had come to within ten paces of the wall, the child stopped, and stared before her as if she saw a ghost. Her mother called out to her:

"Come on, dear. What ails you?"

But the child remained as if rooted to the spot, and did not stir.

"Why, what's the matter?" Come on," repeated the mother, in a tone of vexation.

But lo! suddenly there was a fearful crash, and clouds of dust filled the air. The old wall had fallen; and if the mother and child had gone only a few steps farther, they would undoubtedly have been crushed.

Pale as death with fright, the mother snatched up her child and ran toward home. Here she knelt down with the little one before the crucifix, and thanked God with an overflowing heart for their preservation. Then she asked the child why she had stopped still in the middle of the street. The latter replied by asking,

"Did you not see, mamma?"

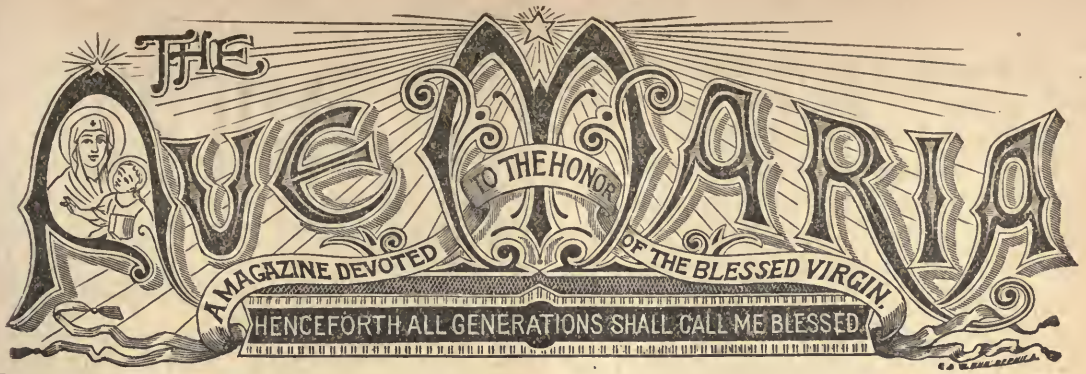
"See what, dear?"

"Oh, that beautiful man, all white, with a long bright dress! Did you not see him? He stood right in front of me, so that I could not go on."

When the mother heard this a shudder of holy fear ran through her. She took up her child and kissed her, with tears in her eyes, saying,

"O happy child! it must have been your Good Angel you saw. Thank him with all your heart, and as long as you live never forget what you owe him."

* From the *Sendbote*, for THE "AVE MARIA."



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To Our Lady of the Rosary.

BY WILLIAM D. KELLY.

IN myriad manners are thy praises told;
The suns the circles of their course complete,
And ever hear some tongue thy name repeat;
The stars that follow where those orbs have
rolled,

Know all the lands and climes thy clients hold;
The spring's first daisies blossom at thy feet,
For thee the summer winds are bland and
sweet,

And thine its beauty as the year grows old:

And yet, perchance, of all the forms and ways
Wherein thy children, wheresoe'er they be,
Delight to voice the volumes of the praise,
Incomparable Queen, they render thee,
None glorifies thee more than his who pays
His orisons upon thy Rosary.

St. Michael in Peril of the Sea.

BY THE COMTESSE DE COURSON.

IN a fine August day the railway station of the little town of Pontorson, situated on the frontier line between Normandy and Brittany, presents an animated aspect. Crowds of tourists—French *abbés*, English travellers, shopkeepers out on a holiday, students fresh from college, all hot and

dusty—surround the primitive *char-à-bancs*, of ample dimensions, that stand in waiting outside the station.

Pontorson, a small and sleepy provincial town, wakes up from its usual apathy during the summer months, when it is much frequented, as being the station where travellers bound for the far-famed Mont-St.-Michel leave the train. During the months of August and September, an average number of five hundred tourists daily visit the sea-girt shrine, which old French historians lovingly named "the marvel of the West."

When at last the travellers are seated, the lumbering vehicles begin to move. They proceed slowly along a dusty road, flat and uninteresting; then suddenly a vast expanse of sand breaks upon the view. In its majesty, with its abbey-fortress standing aloft between the sea and sky, the glorious Mount appears. The huge granite rock upon which the abbey is built rises out of the sea. In olden times it could only be reached at low tide; and even then great precautions were necessary, on account of the dangerous quicksands, where many travellers have found their death. Hence the popular name, *St. Michel au péril de la mer* (St. Michael in peril of the sea), by which the sanctuary was known in the Middle Ages. Of late years modern science and industry have found their way even to the remote corner of Normandy; and between the Mount and the mainland a

stone road, or pier, built above high water-mark, renders the access of the island safe and easy at all times and seasons.

Lovers of the picturesque are sometimes tempted to lament this change, wrought by the utilitarian spirit of the age; yet enough that is beautiful, poetical and uncommon remains at Mont-St.-Michel to render it a pilgrimage of exceeding interest. On the very summit of the rock, many hundred feet above the level of the sea, rises the great abbey church, the delicate tracery of its Gothic ornaments, its flying buttresses and fairy-like pinnacles, standing out against the clear blue sky. In the twelfth century a pointed steeple crowned the stately mass of buildings; it was destroyed by lightning, and replaced by the square tower that now exists.

Below the abbey church are the thick walls and battlements erected for its defence; during the Hundred Years' War between England and France, they resisted the efforts of the English soldiers, who, encamping on the neighboring island of Tombelaine, repeatedly endeavored to storm the fortress. Lower still are the dwellings, hostleries, cottages and shops, in which live the one hundred and eighty inhabitants of the Mount at the present day.

Many of these houses are but little altered since medieval times; and their overhanging roofs, pointed gables and quaint windows, bear the impress of ages long gone by. They seem to nestle for protection around the abbey, clustering in picturesque groups beneath the shadow of the grand old pile. Thus in the Middle Ages did the Church extend her protecting influence over the poor and little ones of this world. Over the whole mass of buildings—walls, houses, battlements, and towers—time and nature have cast their softening influence. The walls, grey with age, are partly covered with ivy and virginia creeper; the tiny houses have bright patches of gardens, carved out in terraces on the face of the rock; here and there

clusters of sweet-smelling pinks relieve the stern battlements, and the dark granite rock is made beautiful by flowering mosses and yellow lichens.

There is but one street at Mont-St.-Michel,—a steep and rough little street. It passes by the Hotel Poulard, the favorite resort of the tourists; then under the dark gateways and frowning battlements, up to the abbey that crowns the Mount. Along this narrow street—so narrow that one might almost, with arms extended, touch either side—kings and prelates, knights and monks, saints and criminals, have trod their way during the last thousand years; for Mont-St.-Michel has played an important part in the history of France.

As far back as the days of the Druids, the lonely island was regarded with superstitious awe, and on its summit a community of vestals, or heathen priestesses, established itself. Later on, when the light of Christianity broke over Gaul, St. Pair, the apostle of the country, founded a small monastery where the pagan edifice had stood. It was only in 708, however, that the island of Mons Tumba, as it was then called, became consecrated in a special manner to the Archangel whose name it bears.

At that period the town of Avranches possessed a holy Bishop named Aubert. Times were dark and troubled. The rival kings of Neustria and Austrasia, by their perpetual struggles for supremacy, spread desolation throughout Northern France. The old lawless, pagan spirit still retained its hold over the people; and Christ's ministers, like St. Aubert, carried on their apostolate amidst untold hardships and difficulties. From time to time the holy Bishop loved to retire to Mons Tumba, and spend some days in solitary meditation. Here, alone, with the sea at his feet, the sky overhead, he prayed for light and strength to fulfil his arduous mission. Kneeling on the bare rock, he pleaded for his half-civilized flock; for his country, convulsed by war; and sought, in intimate communion

with God, for the help he so greatly needed.

One evening, says the legend, after praying more fervently than ever, St. Aubert fell asleep; and in his dreams he saw standing on the rock a bright Archangel, with a golden helmet on his head and a flashing sword in his right hand. The remembrance of his dream haunted him the next day. Anxious to discover whether it was a vain delusion or a heavenly vision, the good Bishop fasted and prayed for three days with great devotion. On the third night the Angel appeared to him again. "I am Michael," he said. "I protect those who fight for Christ. Thou must build me a church on this spot, so that the sons of this land may invoke me, and I will assist them."

Aubert awoke, deeply moved, but still hesitating. He remembered the unholy influences that in pagan times overshadowed the island, and he feared that the agency of the Evil One might be at work under the appearances of a heavenly spirit. He continued to pray more fervently than ever, begging God to point out to him, with absolute clearness, the line of conduct he ought to follow. Once again the Archangel came. "Why dost thou confuse the signs of heaven with those of hell?" he said, thus answering the good Bishop's secret thoughts. "Why dost thou not obey me?" And he laid his finger on the head of the Saint, who exclaimed: "I will do as thou dost command me." When he arose perfect peace and security filled his soul.

It is said that Aubert then dispatched pilgrims to Monte Gargano, the famous Italian sanctuary dedicated to St. Michael; and that they brought back a stone, which was employed in building the new church that soon arose on the island. Be this as it may, it is certain that toward 709 a church was erected on Mons Tumba; a community of monks was established, and the island dedicated to St. Michael, the Prince of Angels, whose name it was henceforth to bear.

Almost immediately began the long stream of pilgrimages that, from those

days to our own times, have poured to the sea-girt shrine from all parts of France, even of Europe. Childebert III. was the first king who came as a pilgrim to honor St. Michael; after him appeared the new masters of the soil, the Norman pirates, who, after ravaging the west of France, settled down in one of its fairest provinces, to which they gave their name. Here the wild pirates of the North embraced the Christian religion, and their chiefs became the generous patrons of St. Michael's Abbey, which they justly regarded as the most precious gem of their ducal coronet. It was owing to the munificence of Richard II., Duke of Normandy, that Hildebert II., Abbot of St. Michael's Mount, was able to begin, in 1028, the huge mass of stately buildings that still exists. They comprise the cloisters, refectory, library, dormitory and chapter-house, with the walls and towers that in bygone days made the abbey-fortress almost impregnable.

As ages rolled on, the number of pilgrims continued to increase. Up the steep street, which is still trod with reverent feet by countless visitors, passed Charlemagne, Philip Augustus, St. Louis, Charles VI., Charles VII., Louis XI., Francis I., Charles IX.; Louis XV.; also the Dukes of Normandy, Richard II. and William the Conqueror. It was Louis XI. who instituted, in honor of St. Michael, an order of chivalry bearing his name; and every year, on the 28th of September, the knights in their long white mantles, embroidered with golden shells, their red velvet caps edged with fur, walked up two and two, in solemn procession, to the abbey church.

St. Michael's Mount was, as befitted a spot consecrated to the angelic warrior, a fortress as well as a church, and it is as rich in warlike recollections as in saintly memories. During the long wars between England and France it became the stronghold of the French forces, while the neighboring island Tombelaine was occupied by the English. Many a hard-contested battle

was fought beneath those old grey walls; and where to-day French and English tourists wander side by side in friendly companionship, their heroic ancestors once struggled to the death in their country's cause. The names of the principal French knights who distinguished themselves in the defence of the Mount are engraved on a marble slab inside the abbey church; many of the old Norman names of our own day being recorded on this honored roll of French chivalry.

The Middle Ages were the golden epoch of St. Michael's Mount. Devotion to Christ's champion, the warrior-saint of heaven, was in harmony with the spirit of the times. In those days of faith and chivalry, of heroic virtues and darkest crimes, Religion mingled with the acts of everyday life, and cast her softening influence over the sternness and violence of the age. Thus at Mont-St.-Michel the good Benedictines of the abbey and the knights to whose guard the island was committed lived on terms of brotherhood. While the former chanted Office in their glorious church, or slowly paced their lovely cloister, that gem of Gothic art, the knights below, in the great hall called the Salle des Chevaliers, kept watch on the movements of the enemy stationed close at hand. We can not wonder that the influence of the monks, whose watchword was "*Pax*," purified and softened the rough warriors. Living as they did under the very shadow of St. Benedict, the knightly defenders of the Mount, whose valorous deeds are proudly recorded by ancient historians, were without reproach and without fear.

During the Middle Ages, the pilgrims to the Mount were so numerous that special roads were made to facilitate their journey through France; these roads were generally called *les voies montoises*, but sometimes medieval writers more poetically name them *les chemins du paradis*. As the spirit of faith and chivalry grew weaker, devotion to the great Archangel gradually

declined, and the pilgrims to his shrine became less numerous.

Under Louis XV., Mont-St.-Michel was used as a prison; during the Revolution of '89 it was stripped of its treasures and relics,—the precious offerings that kings and princes had laid at the Archangel's feet. Napoleon I., and after him Napoleon III., following the example of Louis XV., used the Mount as a state-prison; and the criminals confined within the fortress, chiefly Revolutionists of the darkest dye, had little in common with the chivalrous knights of old.

Now things have changed for the better. If the solemn chant of the Benedictines no longer echoes through the church and cloister, if the Salle des Chevaliers possesses but the memory of past glories, still the venerable pile is treated with due reverence. The abbey church is now under repair; and the priests formerly attached to its service have removed to the parish church, situated half way up the Mount. The banners and *ex-votos* that fill the sanctuary prove how numerous are the pilgrims who, now as of old, visit the Archangel's shrine.

The parish church, built by the founder of the abbey, Duke Richard of Normandy, seems to nestle for protection under the shadow of the fortress. Close beside it is a little cemetery, fresh and fragrant with flowers. An old granite cross, worn with age, arises in the centre; around it are buried the inhabitants of the island, chiefly fishermen and innkeepers. One grave, more carefully tended than the rest, has an English inscription. Here lies a young English girl, who, in 1875, was accidentally drowned among the dangerous quicksands that surround the island. Her body was subsequently recovered and laid to rest in this peaceful God's acre, under the guardian wing of the Archangel.

Few spots possess the strange fascination of Mont-St.-Michel, with its natural beauty, its works of art, its unique position, and its memories of heroism and sanctity. Leaning

over the parapet of the highest platform, on which the church is built, the pilgrim beholds a sight that few can forget. To the left, on his level, stands the church, with its delicate Gothic carvings, its buttresses and pinnacles, where kings and princes paid homage to the Prince of Gaul,—*Princeps imperii Galliarum*, as he is called. Below is the little town, its houses, with their quaint gables and overhanging roofs, unchanged in a great measure since the Middle Ages. Here and there a bright red creeper, a cluster of pinks, a group of trees and brushwood, give a touch of color to the grey walls and to the granite rock. Beyond is the calm blue sea, that twice in twenty-four hours comes up with swelling tide, and covers the vast expanse of sand extending for miles and miles around the Mount. To the left, far away, are the undulating pastures of Normandy. Other parts of France possess grander scenery: few can boast of a brighter aspect than this, our own province, with its glorious cathedrals and abbeys rising among pastures of emerald green. To the right, separated from Normandy by the little river Coesnon, are the low-lying shores of Brittany, melting away into the blue distance.

As we gaze for some moments on this fair scene, visions of the past slowly rise up before us. A long and solemn procession wends its way toward the church; the pilgrims of days long gone by are there: St. Aubert of Avranches and his half-savage flock; the fair-haired Norsemen, in the first fervor of their conversion. Then a goodly array of kings and warriors: Charlemagne, the mighty Emperor of the West; Norman William, the conqueror of England; Louis IX., the royal Saint of France. Then Duguesclin, the great warrior; and his faithful wife, Tiphaine Ragueneil, whom he was accustomed, during his distant campaigns, to leave under St. Michael's protection. After him, the Benedictines of the abbey and the Norman knights, their chivalrous defenders. Times go on. The degenerate

Valois, the wily Louis XI., the sensual Louis XV., follow the steep path once trod by their warlike ancestors. After them comes a blank: the dark shadow of the Revolution obscures our radiant vision. The holy abbey is deserted and despoiled; criminals suffer and expiate where once saints and heroes fought and prayed.

We awake from our day-dream. The Benedictines' chants are hushed; hushed also is the warlike din of arms. Instead of the medieval pilgrims, nineteenth-century tourists are swarming up the steep ascent; but above the changes wrought by time and men echo the words of good omen addressed by the Archangel to St. Aubert: "I am Michael. I protect those who fight for Christ." Words as true and as precious now as they were a thousand years ago; for which of us, among the tempests and quicksands of life, does not need the help of him whose shrine has been so fitly named "St. Michael in peril of the sea"?

The Success of Patrick Desmond.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

XXIX.—(Continued.)

MARY and Eleanor entered the dining-room. Little Miley held out his hands to his aunt; and his mother took occasion to slap them, on the pretence that they were sticky. Miles did not move from the lounge. Eleanor stood near the door, wishing she had not come. Mary threw her arms about Miles' neck, kneeling beside him.

"O Miles," she said, "are you well? Can you bear it?"

Miles took the precaution to cover his mouth with his hand, and murmured something to the effect that he still lived. Nellie administered another slap to the unoffending Miley, and asked Eleanor to sit down; she had a great respect for Eleanor.

"What are you and your husband going to do for us in our trouble?" Nellie asked, coolly, turning to Mary.

Mary rose and looked at her helplessly. Nellie repeated the question. It sounded brutal to Eleanor, who saw her friend's face grow paler and paler.

"Arthur—" began Mary; she stopped and began again: "I am afraid—oh, I hope Miles is not ruined!"

"Sit down," said Nellie, motioning her sister-in-law to a chair. Mary obeyed, sick at heart. What could she do for them, unless Arthur relented? Nellie stood at the head of the table, and, in spite of her frizzled hair and her tawdry gown, the dignity of her manner impressed Eleanor; for there was much that was impressive about Nellie when she succeeded in losing her self-consciousness. "Ruined!" she repeated. "No, he is not *quite* ruined, but almost—thanks to you!"

Eleanor started up to protest in behalf of her friend, but Nellie would not listen.

"You pampered him; you made a fool of him; you babied him; and then you are down on me because I can't undo all the mischief you've made since he was a boy. I'd rather see my little Miles dead, Mary Fitzgerald, than brought up the way Miles was brought up. You and your mother—"

Mary raised her hands imploringly.

"You and your mother made him what he is—a selfish drunkard!"

Miles started up. "I won't stand this, Nell!" he said. But she looked at him with fire in her eye. Well had her old friends of the Lady Rosebuds often said that Nellie Mulligan was afraid of no man. Miles subsided to his lounge again.

"A selfish drunkard! I repeat it, Mary! You are not bound to live with him, but I am. You could spoil him as much as you wanted to—doing the devoted sister act, of course,—and I've got to take the consequences, and the world has got to take the consequences. Maybe you fancied that I never thought of all this, but I have. And if

I had had your education and a real *home*, I'd have thought it out long ago and been a different girl. Oh, I know you look down on me! But Miles, bad as he is, is *mine* anyhow, and you can't take him away!"

Nellie paused and began to cry. Little Miley, believing that there was an intention to tear him from the bosom of the family, shook his spoon at his aunt. Absurd as it may seem, this bit of pantomime was an additional sting to Nellie's words; for, in her heart, Mary had felt a special proprietorship in her brother's child; and had believed in her heart that little Miley would have been an angel were it not for his mother.

"I am his only friend," sobbed Nellie. "You gave him money to drink and kept him in idleness until he was no good, and then I had to take him—and, what's more, I'll keep him!" she added, fiercely. "And I'll try a new way with him."

Miles groaned; the prospect was bad. But he admired Nellie's cleverness; Mary always was too much of an old maid, he said to himself.

"I suppose I have to go back to the glove counter to support the man that you taught not to work for himself. But I don't care; it's better than living in a way you can't afford. Or, if Lacy won't have me, I may sing," added Nellie, regaining her complacency. "Prof. Fortescue says there are worse voices than mine."

Miles groaned again. Mary did not move. Were these terrible words true? Had she helped to ruin her brother's character and life? She could not say. She had meant to be true to her dead mother, and Miles was the only boy. No one spoke for a time. Miles was reflecting on the chances of Mary's going out for whiskey if he fainted, when Nellie spoke again:

"I shall manage Miles in my own way. I don't expect to make much out of him, but I am not going to have him drag little Miley and me into the dirt. He'll work or starve,—he'll work or starve; and he'll

work at something honest. I've seen fashionable life,—I've met some of the Four Hundred, and I don't like them. The Lady Rosebuds are a great deal better, only they haven't got the style. I'm going to have my own way [in future, Miles Galligan, as I did before I was married.]

"Take care, Nell!" spoke up Miles, with a weak effort to assert himself.

"Take care!" repeated Nellie, scornfully. "You take care, or there will be singing in this house and you won't hear it!"

Miles sank back on the lounge again.

"And now, Miss Redwood," said Nellie, turning to Eleanor, "I want to ask your opinion."

"Why not go to the country?" asked the young girl, eagerly. "Take your husband and the little boy to a place in the country. I am sure I could get you a nice house at Redwood, and your husband would be away from temptation—"

"My husband is no worse than other men," said Nellie, shortly. "Do I look like a girl that could bury herself in the country? No: give me New York, if I *am* poor. I didn't intend to ask your opinion about the country; but I've always heard that you had common-sense. Who ought a man to stick to—his wife or his sister? Who is his best friend?"

"His wife," said Eleanor, with a pitying glance at Mary's white face.

"Well, Miles, what do you say?"

"I'm with you, Nell," Miles answered. "You're right about Mary. If she had kept a curb on me, and not pretended to believe my lies—some of 'em were whoppers!—when I wanted money, I'd not be in this fix to-day."

"Now!" said Nellie, looking at Mary with sparkling eyes.

Mary rose, kissed little Miles on the forehead, and went out, without looking at her brother. Had she deserved this? Her heart was very sore. After all the patient watching, all the sacrifices, all the love, it had come to this! She went back, past Eleanor

who was at the door, and put her hand on the child's head; she looked at Nellie appealingly, and said in a low voice:

"If this little child ever needs—"

"A mother?" said Nellie, mockingly. "He'll have one as long as I live, and I'm not of the dying kind. I'd rather have him go to an asylum than have your kind of bringing up."

When the two women reached the vestibule, Mary turned her tear-filled eyes to Eleanor. "Was she right?"

Eleanor hesitated. "I don't exactly know"; and then, with more courage, "but I am afraid it sounded as if she was."

Mary was silent; she had learned her lesson at last.

XXX.

Not fear
Can bow when all looks drear,
Nor hope—when skies are clear—
Can buoy

The heart that reigns sedate.
Only to trust and wait,
Through early days and late. . . .

—R. Howley.

Eleanor glided, as it were, into the Church. She found herself one day with the rosary in her hand before the altar of the Blessed Virgin, and it seemed to her as if the prayers she said had been breathed to her in some long-forgotten time. The "Hail Mary" was not new to her, though she had never said it before in her life. For the last week before her conditional baptism, she had been much with Sister Raphael, who managed the girls' school in the parish; and, under her guidance, Eleanor serenely drew near her "home," as she called it. Besides, she had a glimpse into the inner life of some of those people whom she had pitied so greatly on the night of her visit to Father Jackson's clients. At first it had seemed to her that the Sisters were not doing enough; and so fervent was her interest that during the week after she had been received into the Church, she spent nearly all her time with the Sisters in their school. She was sure that she could teach little children, even if she could not paint good pictures.

“And I think,” said Sister Raphael, smiling, “that St. Charles Borromeo, when he began his Sunday-school, did a greater work in the world than Raphael,—not *my* Raphael the angel, but Raphael the artist.”

This rather shocked Eleanor at first, but after a time she saw what the Sister meant.

Belinda took her conversion with great tearing up of the soul; she was inclined to be rigorous, and her general confession produced an agony of mind which frightened Eleanor. This once over, Belinda found, as she said, that her new ‘religion fitted her like a glove.’ She longed for controversial contests, and hoped daily that she might meet Mr. Stokes or Mrs. Howard Sykes in a New York street, and give him or her battle. She never quite got over her distrust for the Sisters. Maria Monk’s revelations, which she had read in early youth, clung to her mind, and she shook her head sadly when Eleanor talked of the admirable work of the Sisters.

“There are some things I can’t understand in the Church, and I suppose I never shall; and these are why she approves of nuns, and why she lets her priests go about with holes in their handkerchiefs, like that poor Father Jackson,” she said, in moments of confidence. She had not made up her mind as to her future yet, although the people in Mary Fitzgerald’s kitchen wished she would; for the traditional Redwood ways of housekeeping were not theirs.

The Judge’s death had changed Eleanor, not outwardly, but in heart and mind. She often wondered that she could smile at all, and yet many things gave her pleasure. But she never forgot her sorrow for an hour; still her feeling could hardly be called sorrow. There seemed to be a wound in her heart, which ached at times with a dull, physical aching. She would not have brought her father back again if she could; but if she could only see him, only look into his eyes for a moment, the pain, she thought, would grow less. There is some special link that binds father and daughter

together; and Eleanor had been so near her father always, that in her case the bond was even closer. She felt that she had much to regret; she felt that she had taken his love too much as a matter of course, and had not been grateful enough for it. But she could make up for it now: she could stretch her hands out to him; she could pray for him; she could clasp on this side “the golden chain which binds the whole round world about the feet of God.” Her grief did not paralyze her: it gave her new motive for good works; since each, offered to God, could help the soul of the departed.

(To be continued.)

Ave, Virgo Singularis.*

AVE, Mary, Life’s fair portal,
Star of Ocean, light immortal,
Virgins’ glory, virgins’ prime;
Heart and flesh one whiteness sharing;
Perfect maidenhood, yet bearing
Jesus Christ, our Lord, in time.

He, the Mover of creation,
Loveliness and separation
Giving earth and sky and sea,
Lives and reigns and all things orders,
With no term, nor bound, nor borders
To His kingdom’s majesty.

Heavenly mysteries unwinding,
For His name fit language finding,
Where is now the tongue of earth?
Thought on thought man vainly masses:
Everlasting God surpasses
Thought, in greatness, beauty, worth.

Where are now thy laws, O Nature,
Time-coeval legislature?
Fruitful is a Virgin’s womb:
Him, the Verity, conceiving;

* This sequence, from the Paris edition (1859) of the works of Adam of St. Victor, by L. Gautier, will appear in “*Carmina Mariana*,” now in course of preparation by Orby Shipley, M. A. The piece was formerly sung at the Abbey of St. Victor during the Octave of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin. Translated by A.

Her, the Virgin, not bereaving
Of dear honor's lily-bloom.

In the wondrous parturition,
As before the Angel's mission,
Pure was Mary as the morn;
With no mother of His glory,
With no sire, in mortal story,
God, the Word, in time was born.

Almond-blossom Rod adorning,
Star dilated to the Morning,
Lo, a Virgin bears a Son!
Morn with light and beauteous favor,
Bloom with fruit and pleasant savor,
There where light and fruit were none.

He, the Witness all unerring,
Him the true light came averring,
Bread unfailing from above;
Bread to sons of destitution,
Asking life in absolution;
Bread refreshing faith and love.

By the love of Eva Mother,
Every flesh-descended brother
Is despoiled of Life's true Breath;
By the love of Mother Mary,
Life and health and sanctuary
Come replacing guilt and death.

O thou strong in deed and blessing,
Thou whom angels come confessing,
Mary, full of heavenly grace!
Thee we laud, with supplication
That thy mighty mediation
May our many sins erase.

Penitence our weakness nerving,
We confess the deeds deserving
Wrath of God retributive;
O grief-soothing, O crown-wearing,
Mother of the King cross-bearing,
Through thy pleadings we would live!

Orisons for sad ones say thou,
For the sinful pardon pray thou,
Queen who art to God so dear;
So may He who, not abhorring
Virgin's womb, came life-restoring,
Life-restoring reappear.

Mother of the mighty Maker
Of all being; meek partaker

In the new life of the Cross;
Be thy Son the breach-repairer,
Be thy Son the comfort-bearer
To the sons of grief and loss.

He the character vouchsafe us,
Patient when misfortunes chafe us,
Lowly in the sunshine hours;
Faith and hope, the heavenly-purest;
Charity, with life-flame surest,—
Charity the dower of dowers.

Chastity's undying beauty,
And the loyal fruit of duty,
Set within, without our shrine;
Be our life as blossom fairest,
Be our death as incense rarest
To the heart of Love Divine.

Father, Son, and time-exceeding
Spirit, from the Twain proceeding,
Triune God, from heart and tongue—
To Thy Name, with hope's elateness,
Praise, dominion, glory, greatness,
Now and evermore be sung.

Traces of Travel.

MERRY ENGLAND.

BY CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

III.

THAT famous plotter Guy Fawkes has a day all his own in English history. There is little danger of his memory losing its original greenness as long as the children hold out; in fact, he belongs to them in a great measure.

I happened to be at Hampstead on the night of the 4th of November—Guy Fawkes' Eve,—and early the next morning (about eight o'clock is early and dark at this season in England) there was a sound of revelry down John Street, among the numerous suburban villas that line it on both sides, and in reality constitute the major part of the old village of Hampstead,

now absorbed with twenty other pretty villages in the ample skirts of London.

There was a song or a chant rapidly uttered, and then three rousing cheers, and a "God bless the Queen!" which came in as a substitute for the American "tiger." I was breakfasting with some friends, and we all rushed to the window for an explanation of this uncommon commotion. The street was again quiet; a few youngsters were mounting the garden walls in the neighborhood, and all seemed deeply interested in something down the street, not visible to us.

We returned to our eggs and coffee, only to hear the same chant repeated somewhat nearer; the same cheers, and the same blessings called down on her Majesty at an hour when she must have been utterly oblivious. At least, I suppose royalty doesn't breakfast by candlelight as a general thing; but we had business in town, and were pardonable.

Before we had risen from the table, a motley crew of chunky English boys stole in at the street-gate, and, ranging themselves under our window, began to repeat, in the rapidest possible English, some verses about poor Guy and his gunpowder, and all that old-time plot that missed fire. Then came the cheers and "God bless the Queen!" which last refrain was merely a tag, I fancy, that didn't mean half as much as it implied; at any rate, the youngsters rattled it off with a jovial air, as though they had been saying, "That lets us out," or something in the same vein.

Of course we were all at the window by this time. There we saw a half dozen urchins with their faces painted like theatrical Modocs; and in their midst they bore an effigy of something that was perhaps meant for Guy, but it might have passed for anything under the sun. It was a stuffed suit of sorry old clothes, a mask and a cocked hat, and the figure tied into an old chair, which was pushed about in a wheelbarrow. Having completed their entertain-

ment, they bowed and scraped as only these English boys can, with a comical and characteristic grace; whereupon we threw them a few coppers, and they withdrew to the next lodge, where the same performance was repeated, and not without profit.

Every year these youngsters have great fun, trundling their Guy about and reaping handfuls of pennies. They are supposed to expend the sum total in a grand bonfire at night, when poor Guy is burned, to the infuriated joy of all young heretics. I saw at least twenty of those dummies, of all descriptions, followed by mobs of children, whose chief delight it was to pipe at the top of their lungs and keep up the excitement, while the larger boys went about industriously gathering pennies.

Guy was not the only sufferer: the Pope was burned over and over again; and in the procession that followed his effigy, banners were borne bearing the motto "No Popery." The Shah was sacrificed; so was a certain lady of rank, whose good name was tarnished not very long before in an affair with her page.

Probably two-thirds of the masquers on Guy Fawkes' Day are quite unconscious of the significance of the occasion; but the remaining third is composed of that class of bigots who, in days gone by, did their best to mutilate the beautiful temples of Catholic England, and succeeded in a measure. Fortunately the hand of the destroyer was stayed in season, and the abbeys and chapels were spared, and are to this hour the only truly admirable specimens of architecture in the kingdom.

After dark. It begins early, this winter dark: the streets are lighted by four in the afternoon on dull days. It is even necessary to keep the gas burning all day long in some of the shops; for the sky is continually overcast, and the fog not infrequently opaque. London by gaslight is even more wonderful than London by daylight; but I can not believe that any capital on the globe is more wonderful than London. It

is not alone the infinite number of gas lamps that thickly line the streets on each side; nor the blaze of light that glorifies the front elevation of some music-hall or fashionable retail establishment; nor the superb crest of flame that crowns the Victoria Embankment, with every jet repeated in the waters of the muddy Thames—and, by the way, this embankment, either by night or day, has the magnificent glare of one of Turner's pictures,—it is not these that amaze me. But wander into any one of the ten thousand byways of London—dark courts that lead off from all the great thoroughfares, and crooked lanes that beguile you into the thief-haunted byways of the town,—and there you will look into the broken heart of London, and see such sights as are appalling to eyes that are not yet able to take in the millions of souls that are concentrated in this one spot.

Some of these alleys, not more than six feet in breadth, are lined with booths, where every conceivable commodity is on sale. Overhead a long line of gas jets flare and flutter in the air; while beneath a continual stream of humanity is ebbing and flowing, and the current is so slow that it runs almost like a compact mass. Everyone is crowding, laughing, shouting, and making the best of a rather uncomfortable situation. Slovenly women are marketing; slovenly men are chafing them; street boys are worming their way through the crowd like weasels. There is a strong flavor of raw meat in the air, mingled with a faint suggestion of vegetables a trifle stale—but not for long; a fish-stand is close by, and beyond it a second-hand shoeshop. Old clothes, old iron, worn and cast-off articles of every imaginable description, make up the catalogue of wares that attract so motley, so monstrous and so amusing a crowd as is usually to be found in the lanes that slink down under the shadows of the great houses on the main streets.

Having emerged from the busy throng that is bent on making a trifling purchase—

a fish for a half-penny, perhaps, or a pair of well-worn shoes, or a stray cup and saucer, —getting out of this practical crowd, it is pleasant to tread some of the darker courts, where the gas lamps are few and dim, and where there is an air of secrecy, not un-mixed with a sense of insecurity, which is quite delightful. There is little passing here: a few shadows that discover themselves in the distance; a straggler now and then, who seems to have no special aim in life but to hang around in case he might be called for; a woman in rags sitting in a corner, where the street light falls on her—they are always to be found here; and presently the mechanical notes of a hand-organ that are attuned to the very latest popular air. The organ ceases, and in a few moments comes round the corner, followed by a troop of children, all under ten years of age. I wonder if children never get any older in this country, but become men and women at once? Again the organ begins to grind out "Spring, Spring! beautiful Spring!" which every child in London knows by heart.

The organ has no sooner begun its gentle, sarcastic "Spring, Spring!" in the middle of November in a London slum, than the wretched little children, bare-footed, bareheaded, but half clothed at best,—these little sufferers take up the refrain, and not only sing it with some spirit, but dance it, waltzing in a very pretty and creditable manner. One continually comes upon these dancing children, some of them exceedingly small, and most of them ragged and hungry-looking. But you can not help thinking of Farjeon's "Blade o' Grass," if you have read it; for there is just such a picture within a stone's-throw of almost any point in London. The organist gets little money, and doesn't seem to be specially amused by the dance of the youngsters; so he lugs off his instrument, and incurs the anathema of juvenile London, thus choked off without a moment's warning, finding its only joy too brief and its

left shoe in the air without accompaniment. I have followed these untiring street-dancers for miles, and never yet came upon the Italian grinder who would play a single note for the love of it; though again and again the children have besought him, with charming persistence, just to give them one tune more.

Sunday in London is the dreariest day of the seven, and somehow I am always glad when it is well over. Nothing seems capable of breaking its dismal monotony. Just listen to a catalogue of events such as are repeated week after week without the slightest change, so far as I can discover. I wake in the grey dawn and learn that it is eight or nine o'clock. I wake then. If I had my choice I should sleep on. I wake with an oppressive sense of profound and penetrating silence. The great world of London is actually still, and its stillness has all the prolonged fatigue of a crisis in the sick-room.

The milkmen and milkwomen have trotted by under the window, with two great pails swinging from a wooden yoke that rests heavily on their shoulders. One or two newsmen have passed, crying their papers in a high, shrill voice, that can be heard only on Sunday, notwithstanding its height and shrillness. The chimes are jingling afar off, and the bells in a steeple close at hand strike the quarter-hours with provoking deliberation. There is nothing to be done but to rise and skirmish for breakfast. This is no easy task on the Lord's Day; for two-thirds of the little chop-houses, where the pilgrim and the stranger find welcome during the week, are closed for prayers, or for something with which the homeless have no sympathy; and nearly all the other eating-houses are shut, for a good part of the day at least.

In one of the small alcoves in a chop-house—the cheap English chop-house is not unlike what a third-class dining-car might be on an American railway, if there were such an institution as a *third-class*

dining-car on an American railway,—in one of those homely little haunts there is breakfast, and with it some study of human nature. Most men forget themselves when they are eating; and, then, a bill of fare is a kind of index to a man's character.

One is glad enough to eat and travel on Sundays; for all the people one meets have a blank expression on their faces, and an air of resignation that is anything but jolly. Perhaps there are two men in subdued conversation—friends, of course; perhaps not a word is uttered during the meal, beyond the mere order for breakfast that is given to the neat and tidy maid who alone serves the guests. A ballad singer is likely to come slowly down the street, singing an air that is enough to break a fellow's heart. They are good singers, some of them,—men and women who go up and down the pavement, measuring the bars of the ballad with deliberate and apparently aimless steps. They seem to be singing to no one, to see no one; perhaps they are rapt in a sort of ecstasy—a cheap one, of course,—and sing for the love of it. I have never yet seen any soul toss a copper to any singer; still the town rings with their melancholy voices, and there is no shutting out of the refrain that is continually reiterated.

Well, after breakfast comes church. You can't miss that in London; for the air trembles with the thunder of ten thousand bells. There are chimes up in the city—and the city, as they call it, is but a very small part of the great London—there are chimes in the neighborhood of Ludgate Hill that are positively deafening. One instinctively dodges a little when a whole octave of clanging notes from those brazen bells begins to tumble out of the smoky sky. People are in the streets passing to and fro, taking the thick air in lumps, and calling it recreation, I suppose.

It is a spectacle for the curious, the porter-pots that congregate at the thresholds of the public-houses waiting for the

hour of their filling. You see, the public bars are open for a little while before church time, and then they are closed by law until afternoon, when they open again for an hour or two; then they are once more closed for evening service, and not opened till one is quite thirsty. But when they do open, you would think that all England had taken to porter at one fell swoop. And, then, the working people have their Sunday dinners cooked at public kitchens; and there is an hour in the afternoon when the air of London is redolent of roast beef and gravy, and nearly every third person you fall in with has a platter and a roast on it. And the end is not yet; for all the rest of creation is around with a pewter pot, and the world wags well. This is, of course, in the business part of the town, where folk live in chambers, or in apartments that don't merit so dignified a title.

After dinner more bells, and then the settling down of the thick, silent twilight; and a kind of suspense, which is to be followed by the storming of the public-houses as soon as the law will abide. There is nothing after that but men, women, and gin; unsteady people help one another home, and succeed but poorly in so doing. The few cabs and busses that have been on the go during the day grow fewer. No theatre, no street musicians, no brilliant show windows, that invite the weary eye in search of entertainment; no nothing.

It is Sunday night; but by three in the morning the new week will begin, and London lift up her voice again like a furious lioness.

(To be continued.)

THE answers to prayer through the intercession of Mary, in every age of the Church, and in every state of life, and in all manner of trials, public and private, have taught the faithful that she bears an office of power and patronage over us.—*Cardinal Manning.*

The Foundation of the Living Rosary.

SECRETS OF A SAINTED SOUL.

IN his Encyclical published in 1883, our Holy Father Leo XIII. called on all Christians to practise, with a renewal of fervor, the daily recitation of the beads; and expressed a desire to see October especially consecrated to the Queen of the Holy Rosary. Since that time each recurrence of the present month has witnessed an ever-growing confidence in the efficacy of this devotion, and a constantly increasing interest, reflected in the columns of the Catholic press, in everything that relates to it. Readers of Catholic periodicals have come to expect, during this early autumn season, abundance of Rosary literature; and perhaps we can not better satisfy this expectation in our own readers than by giving this week a sketch of one who did much to propagate this typically Catholic form of prayer—Pauline Marie Jaricot, foundress of the Living Rosary.

Pauline was born at Lyons, France, on July 22, 1799, her parents being wealthy and virtuous members of the higher commercial class of that city. Mr. Jaricot, a man who, in the midst of the religious upheaval which occurred in France during the concluding years of the last century, had clung to the old faith, was noted for his exceptional probity, and enjoyed the highest esteem of citizens of every class. Pauline's mother was particularly remarkable for her boundless charity; and she early developed in the heart of her daughter that genuine love of God, of which tender sympathy for the poor and the unfortunate is a spontaneous outgrowth.

Gifted in mind, beautiful in person, and prospectively wealthy, Pauline had spread out before her the promise of a brilliant future; but her soul delighted in higher aspirations than mere social success, and

from her childhood she consecrated herself to God. She confessed as much one day to her mother. Acting with due Christian prudence, Madam Jaricot exposed to her daughter, one by one, all the opportunities for happiness which she could find in an honorable marriage, and advised her not to be hasty in renouncing them. When she finished her eloquent plea in favor of married life, she received for reply: "Dear mother, you are defending a cause long since lost. You know that the renunciation of all these earthly hopes causes me not a single regret. Would you, who are so pious and who serve God so well, hinder me from obeying His voice that calls me?" Tears fell on the young girl's head, as, laying her hands upon it, the mother answered: "No, Pauline; I will not place myself between God and you, or dispute with Him the possession of your love. Since He has deigned to call you, render yourself worthy of His election."

As the religious houses had not, at this period, been reopened in France, Pauline continued to live at home, leading there, however, the life of a saint. She had scarcely completed her fifteenth year when she lost the incomparable mother who had been the guardian angel of her childhood; and Mr. Jaricot having soon followed his wife to the tomb, Pauline's fund of natural affection centred in Phileas, her elder brother, who was then studying theology in the Seminary of St. Sulpice, at Paris. This young levite was inflamed with the desire of devoting himself to the missionary life, and his conversation with his sister habitually turned on the abandonment of the distant vineyards of their Celestial Father. Passing from speculative theories to practical action, they not only devoted to the support of foreign missions their own resources, but collected from their friends alms for the same purpose.

This was the initial step of a great and good work, the subsequent organization of which was due to Pauline,—a work which,

under the name of Propagation of the Faith, is yearly extending its operations, and which in 1890 gave to foreign missions a million and a half of dollars. A formal approbation of this association, addressed by his Holiness Gregory XVI. to the modest maiden of Lyons, was a more than sufficient compensation for the adverse criticisms that had assailed Pauline when she first broached its plan; and when, after learning that the Sovereign Pontiff had said of the organization, "May it increase and multiply," some of the whilom critics took to themselves the credit of its inception, she said to friends who urged her to assert her title of foundress: "The work did not exist, it is founded; of what use would it be to make known God's instrument in the matter?"

Having thus consecrated her life's first bloom to the assistance of the apostles of the Gospel's glad tidings, the pious young woman, finding herself bedridden in consequence of a fall which she had received in earlier years, completed her union with her adorable Redeemer by generously accepting the fate of long years of irremediable sufferings. Her zeal, however, was none the less active. She had gathered around her a certain number of young girls, whom she formed to piety, and to assiduous labor in behalf of the poor, of churches, and of her beloved missions. This blessed family gave the name of "Mother" to her who protected it with so much love and solicitude. The most tender and Christian union of souls made of their abode, called Loretto, a little terrestrial paradise, into which the world never penetrated, but where at all times misfortune found succor and consolation.

Pauline tenderly loved the Queen of Heaven, whose cult and protection, indeed, she looked upon as the only available life-boats in the shipwreck of modern society. From this conviction sprang her desire to bind the faithful to Our Lady with the chain of the Living Rosary. Comparatively

few persons have either sufficient leisure or adequate fervor to recite fifteen decades of "Hail Marys," accompanying the recital with meditations on Our Lady's life. Pauline recognized this fact, and, exercising that faculty of organization which she possessed in so eminent a degree, and which she had already turned to excellent account in the scheme for the support of foreign missions, she adopted a simple yet ingenious plan to supply the want of time or devotion. Briefly, the plan was to divide the fifteen decades of the Rosary among fifteen persons, each of whom would daily recite one decade, accompanying the vocal prayer with the meditation of one of the mysteries. The assigning of these mysteries to individual members was to take place once a month in a general reunion.

The court of Rome approved the new association, and enriched it with many indulgences. Two briefs were sent by his Holiness Gregory XVI. 'to his well-beloved daughter, Pauline-Marie Jaricot.' The Living Rosary soon spread on all sides, became a source of spiritual joy to souls eminent for their piety, and accomplished untold good, by gathering at the feet of Mary hearts united in a pure and reciprocal affection.

The foundation of the Living Rosary was the celestial fruit of the years of suffering that elapsed between 1820 and 1832, the latter year being the date of the canonical establishment of the association. Pauline was still a prey to affliction, that indefatigable messenger of divine love, when in 1834 the insurrection of Lyons burst forth. She and her pious colony of Loretto escaped as if by a miracle from the peril that menaced them during that period of terror; but the excitement of those fearful days sapped the remaining strength of the saintly invalid, and brought her in a few years to the very portals of the tomb. Despite a secret presentiment that she would be reserved for a longer and still more sorrowful career, Pauline asked for

and received the last Sacraments with inexpressible faith and love. Her prayer was continuous, and one thought never left her: "Go to Mugnano." This was the sanctuary in the kingdom of Naples whither the sacred relics of St. Philomena, virgin and martyr, had been transported from the catacombs. Pauline felt a strong and unconquerable impulsion to ask her cure at that shrine, where so many marvels had been, and were daily being, worked; but the difficulty, not to say the impossibility, lay in the undertaking of such a journey. The attempt would be characterized by all as sheer folly; but it was the folly of the Cross, and it was destined to be blessed by God.

Having overcome the objections of her physician, who told her at first that the trip would be simply modified suicide, but who finally consented, because in any case he had no hope of saving her life, Pauline set out in April, 1845. The trip to Italy was not made in those days as rapidly as now, and several weeks were generally consumed in reaching Rome. From Rome to Mugnano del Cardinale, in the diocese of Nole, was still another journey of considerable length. Undeterred by prospective difficulties, however, the invalid began the long-desired pilgrimage, being accompanied by her chaplain and two of her devoted friends. She lay in a carriage that had been made as easy as possible, but looked so near death that those who saw the departure remarked: "The carriage will soon be a hearse." It often seemed as if the prophecy were to be verified; for each jolt of the conveyance appeared to be the last stroke given to the dying woman, whose palor and immobility inspired in her attendants the liveliest fear.

As the days passed on, however, and the invalid still lived, her friends, little by little, began to acquire the confidence which sustained Pauline herself. This confidence was immeasurably increased by an incident that occurred during their passage of the Alps. The party had arrived at a place where the depth of the snow allowed

them to advance only with the greatest difficulty, even though assisted by a band of mountaineers. The prospect from their lofty height was a charming one, and they had halted for a few moments to enjoy its charms, when suddenly a beautiful boy appeared at the carriage door, smiled graciously on the invalid, and held out to her a fragrant white rose. Pauline had scarcely time to smile her thanks when the young messenger disappeared. No one knew the boy, and the mountaineers declared that no such flowers as the white rose grew in the vicinity.

Having at length reached Rome, Pauline and her two friends were cordially received in the convent of the Religious of the Sacred Heart *della Trinita del monte*. Gregory XVI. visited the devout servant of Our Lady, and, struck with the helpless condition in which he found her, asked her to pray for him and the Church as soon as she reached heaven. "Yes, Holy Father," said Pauline, "I promise. But if on my return from Mugnano I go to the Vatican on foot, will your Holiness authorize the cult of dear St. Philomena?"—"Assuredly," replied the venerable Pontiff; "for that would be a miracle of the first order." Then, turning to the superior of the convent, he added: "How ill she is! She looks as though she had just come from the grave."

After a few days of repose, the journey was resumed. On the way to Mugnano the invalid sank lower and lower; not a word, and scarcely a breath, passed her colorless lips. She suffered intolerable anguish while being transported to the tomb of the virgin martyr, and at the spectacle of her supreme distress the people of the vicinity undertook to make a public novena for her cure. On the last day, as the accustomed prayers were being recited with more than wonted fervor, Pauline experienced indescribable suffering; her heart bounded in her bosom and seemed about to break, while violent pains affected her whole body, overcoming her so completely

that she lay white and motionless as death. The good Neapolitans thought that the end had come, and were about to remove the easy-chair in which Pauline was lying, when, in a supreme effort of faith and hope, she made them a sign to leave her there. It was the hour of divine omnipotence. All at once Pauline's disease vanished: she was radically and completely cured. Ecstasy succeeded to despair, and on all sides arose shouts of "*Vive St. Philomena! Vive the good martyr!*"

After spending another period of nine days at Mugnano, offering a novena of thanksgiving, Pauline began her homeward journey. On arriving at Rome, she proceeded to the Vatican, where she met with a paternal reception from Gregory XVI. He made her walk and run before him, marvelled at her agility, and kept her in Rome a whole year, so that the prodigy worked in her favor might be thoroughly studied and proved.

Her return to Lyons caused unusual excitement. She, who, according to the predictions of many, would die on the first day of her journey, ascended the hill of Fourvières at a firm and rapid pace, and was followed by a large throng to the venerated sanctuary, where the *Magnificat* was solemnly chanted in gratitude for so marvellous a cure. Mlle. Jaricot soon built a chapel to St. Philomena, and Gregory XVI. enriched it with a precious relic of the Saint. The same Pontiff proclaimed St. Philomena the protectress of the Living Rosary founded by Pauline.

The life thus miraculously prolonged was not, however, to be spent in joys or consolations. Trials without number came to vex and overwhelm the devoted mother, who once again had gathered around her the little colony of Loretto. The heaviest of these afflictions was the dishonesty of an agent, whom she employed to purchase a property designed for a foundation in behalf of laborers. The agent proved faithless, and robbed her of four hundred thousand francs.

Finally, on the 9th of January, 1862, the long and eventful career came to an end. She had been ill for a year previous, and on the preceding Christmas Day had a premonition of her speedy death. Ineffable peace characterized her last moments, and she gave up her soul to her Creator as a child sinks to sleep on its mother's bosom. Her funeral service drew together an immense concourse of the poor, of orphans, priests, and persons of every class in society, who by their presence desired to render a last homage to the virtues of this faithful servant of the Saviour. All joined in applying to Pauline the well-merited eulogy, *Transiit bene faciendo*,—"She passed on the earth doing good."

Notes and Remarks.

Among the qualifications necessary for writers upon Catholic subjects in many of the daily papers, one of the most essential would seem to be the densest kind of crass ignorance concerning the matter treated. The acceptability of articles on the Church's doctrines, history, and cognate subjects, is in inverse ratio to the accuracy of the information given. Brilliant instances of "how not to tell the truth" have been frequent since the Exposition of the Holy Coat at Treves fired the imagination of these sapient moulders of public opinion; but the very summit of success in this much-studied art has just been attained by a writer in one of the Chicago dailies. In a description of a trip down the St. Joseph River, this scribe discourses thus of our neighboring town of Niles: "The first mission school established by the French is at Niles; and St. Joseph, the French priest after whom the river takes its name, lies buried near the town"! If sterling merit is properly appreciated in Chicago, speedy promotion to the editorial chair surely awaits this typical penny-a-liner.

When, six years ago, the biennial pilgrimages to Rome of the Catholic workmen of

France were inaugurated, one hundred laborers knelt before the throne of the Sovereign Pontiff and besought his benediction on their lives. Two years later eighteen hundred took part in the pilgrimage. In 1887 the pilgrim-laborers numbered ten thousand, and this year no fewer than twenty thousand have thronged to the Eternal City to testify their veneration and love to the Holy Father. The first group of these pilgrims of 1891 was received in pontifical audience on the 19th ult. They were introduced to the Pope by his Eminence Cardinal Langénieux, and an address on their behalf was read by the Count de Mun. The Count enumerated the many reasons why the laboring classes had especial cause for gratitude to the reigning Pontiff, dwelt at some length on the admirable Encyclical recently published, and concluded by soliciting the Apostolic Benediction of one "to whom popular gratitude has already awarded the title of 'the Pope of the Workmen.'" In his reply Leo XIII, commented on the favorable reception with which his Encyclical, "The Condition of Labor," was meeting; expressed a hope that no further time would be lost in sterile discussions, but that the principles which were no longer a subject of controversy should be realized in actions. The Holy Father also advised the workmen to assemble in associations and circles under the patronage of their bishops and pastors, and earnestly exhorted them to look after the Christian education of their children.

Practice is the better part of preaching. Not content with recommending the recitation of the Rosary in season and out of season, the Holy Father recites it faithfully. Two years ago, when he became a member of the Society of the Perpetual Rosary, he chose the hour from 10 to 11 p. m. on the first day of every month for his recitation of the beads. And surely the Pope is the busiest man in the world.

The new Cathedral at Mandalay, the ancient capital of Burmah, is the most imposing edifice in the city, its spire being higher than the great tower of the palace. This beautiful church was built at the sole expense of a

wealthy Burmese convert to Christianity. It was consecrated last year, on the Feast of the Immaculate Conception.

The *Catholic Advocate* announces the death of Gen. Alpheus T. Baker, a prominent Catholic citizen of Louisville, Ky. Gen. Baker was one of the leading lawyers of the State, and was renowned for his eloquence as well as knowledge of the law. When the civil war broke out, he enlisted as a private soldier on the Confederate side, and rose to the rank of brigadier-general. He was wounded several times, and suffered much during a term of imprisonment. At the close of the war he resumed the practice of his profession, and won fresh laurels at the bar. Gen. Baker led a pious life and received the last Sacraments with much fervor. At his own request he was interred among the Confederate dead, and his pall-bearers were companions in the Lost Cause. *R. I. P.*

L' Autorité, of Paris, publishes a letter which the now notorious infidel Renan wrote to a college friend in 1844. It is hard to associate the writer of the impious "Vie de Jésus" with such affectionate regard for the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin as is shown in the following lines:

"I have learned with considerable joy that you had been elected Prefect of that Congregation, the remembrance of which will always be dear to me, and to which I am indebted for so much grace. . . . I pray you give assurance to all the members of the Congregation, if there still be among them a few to whom I am not altogether unknown (for it is now five years since I left it, and five years obliterate many things), that I shall ever consider them as my dearly-beloved brethren in Mary, and shall ever remain with them in heart and prayer."

The most notable gathering of Catholics—prelates, priests, and people—ever witnessed in the State of Iowa, assembled at Dubuque on the 30th ult. The occasion was the celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the consecration of the Rt. Rev. John Hennessy, D.D. Four archbishops, nine bishops, three hundred priests, and twenty-five thousand laymen, visited Dubuque to join with the clergy and laity of that city in honoring the distinguished prelate who a quarter of a century

ago was made a bishop. Occasions of this nature are especially interesting when considered as halting-places, from which one looks back to note the progress made in the work of building up the Church. The retrospect in the present instance is certainly calculated to gratify all who are interested in the spread and growth of Catholicity in our Republic. In 1866 there were within the limits of the present diocese of Dubuque only twenty-seven priests: to-day there are more than two hundred pastors, a preparatory seminary, a college, and scores of schools, in which six hundred Sisters give instruction to twelve thousand children. This progress was commented upon by the venerable *jubilarius* in his reply to the address from the clergy. His speech and the sermon of the Most Rev. Archbishop Ryan, of Philadelphia, were perhaps the most notable features of the celebration.

The clergy of Holland are promoting a movement for the erection of a suitable monument to Thomas à Kempis at Agnetenberg, near Zwolle, where is situated the Augustinian monastery in which the illustrious servant of God took the religious vows in 1406. The "Imitation of Christ," which must ever remain his best monument, has had, next to the Holy Scriptures, a greater number of readers than any work of sacred literature, ancient or modern.

At the recent General Chapter of the Dominican Order, held for the purpose of electing a successor to the late Father-General Larocca, the choice of the members fell on Father Frühwirth, the Provincial of the Order in Austria. The new General, who is spoken of as a man of superior administrative abilities, is only forty-seven years of age, although severe study has so worn him that he looks much older, and is of most ascetic mien. His jurisdiction extends over from fifteen to twenty provinces, of which two are in the Western world.

There is much that is suggestive in the following paragraph from the *Sacred Heart Review*. The late Catholic Congress of Baltimore emphasized the importance of the work

before laymen of our faith; and the good to be effected by zealous Catholics in the world is incalculable:

"The field in which the Catholic layman may do good work is broad and inviting. In this field the layman has endless opportunities peculiarly his own, by the intelligent use of which the cause of religion might be promoted, the light of truth be more generally diffused, and the erring, the weak, and the needy, receive a helping hand. It is easy to recall many instances in our own recent history in which laymen, united and moving as one man, might effectually act to defend the cause of justice, or to avert threatened mischief. Now, not only is this assistance lost, but often the layman's silence is misconstrued; for it is taken as an approval of the wrong or a sign of his indifference."

From our St. Louis exchanges we learn of the recent death of a noble Christian, Mrs. Winnifred Patterson. The "valiant woman" of the Bible is recalled by this paragraph from the *Western Watchman*:

"She was a woman of boundless wealth, but she lived a life of simplicity and frugality, laboring for the poor and the orphan, whom in death she made her sole heirs. For nearly a half a century this charitable lady has been the almoner of the poor of the city, sewing five hours a day for the orphans, and checking out her large income toward the building of churches and the maintenance of asylums. Her personal expenses have been less than what would support the wife of an ordinary mechanic. She had only two servants and kept no carriages, stinting herself in every way that she might have the more to bestow on God's poor."

Mrs. Patterson's benefactions continue after her death. She left half a million dollars to deserving charities; but far more precious even than her legacies is the memory of her virtuous career—a selfless life in a selfish age.

Although, in deference to a decree of the late Plenary Council of Baltimore, we no longer publish the spiritual favors in which subscribers of THE "AVE MARIA" are sharers, it may be well to state again that these precious benefits have not been withdrawn. A few years ago a perpetual daily Mass—the only foundation of the kind in the New World, as far as we know—was canonically founded at Notre Dame by the Very Rev. Father Sorin, Superior-General, C. S. C.; and in this inestimable treasure all subscribers to THE "AVE MARIA" are sharers. The Mass is offered at 5.30 o'clock in summer and at 6 in winter.

New Publications.

THE LIFE OF JESUS CHRIST ACCORDING TO THE GOSPEL HISTORY. By the Rev. A. J. Maas, S. J. St. Louis: B. Herder, Publisher.

This is a very useful work, combining in itself both a Gospel harmony and commentary. The text is entirely framed out of the words of the Gospels in such a way that nothing is omitted and nothing added; while the arrangement of events is such as to form a complete narrative, presenting a "Life of Jesus" as set forth in the Four Gospels. In the many valuable notes accompanying the text, the author marks off clearly historical facts and dogmas of faith from human conjecture and pious belief; difficulties are explained; and where different opinions exist, the more probable ones are emphasized, while those that are untenable are rejected. An amount of information—dogmatic, historical and geographical—is thus imparted to the reader, which otherwise, whether through lack of leisure or of opportunity, might not be obtained. The work, therefore, is calculated to be of interest and benefit to all classes of readers, and may be said to be invaluable to students for the sacred ministry and priests on the mission.

LIFE OF ST. ALOYSIUS GONZAGA. By Father V. Cepari, S. J. New Translation, with Notes from Original Sources, Letters and Documents. Edited by Father F. Goldie, S. J. Benziger Brothers.

The holy enthusiasm with which the Christian world celebrated the tercentenary of the death of St. Aloysius Gonzaga evinced the love and veneration in which the "Angel of Castiglione" is held; and many votive tributes in honor of the occasion were placed on the countless shrines dedicated to his name. Statues, portraits, medals, and books were multiplied to spread devotion to this favorite Saint. Among the souvenirs of the commemoration none seems to us more worthy, more fitting, than this new edition of the Life by one who was a contemporary of the Saint and his fellow-student. It is an ideal biography. The connection of the Gonzaga family with the Court of Spain, the imperial house of Germany, and the Holy See, is set forth in so clear a light as to insure more than common interest, while the genealogical tables and

authenticated documents give a decided historical value to the work. The operations of grace in the soul of St. Aloysius, the development of those rare virtues which lent so bright a lustre to his life, are recorded with admirable care and skill. From every point of view the book is an attractive one. The rich binding, the artistic workmanship, the numerous fine illustrations, are of the highest style of the bookmaker's art.

THE WITCH OF PRAGUE. BY F. Marion Crawford. London: Macmillan & Co.

The author of "Marzio's Crucifix" is a wonderfully versatile author,—so versatile that he sometimes loses a deep concern for his fine art, on which his reputation principally rests. In "The Witch of Prague" he has done as much as any man gifted with his admirable style could do to injure the respect which discriminating readers had for the magician who created "Saracinesca." "The Witch of Prague" is a study of the preternatural. It is abnormal, weird, lurid, and sensational; but perfectly written from the point of view of words. The Wanderer is a being that never existed on earth or sea; Keyork Arabian is probably intended to be a modern Mephistopheles, or one of those bodies who, according to Dante, walk the earth while their souls are in eternal torture. Unorna and the lady-love of the Wanderer are mere puppets, which Mr. Crawford moves to suit the "situations" of his story. The book, though, is intensely interesting; it has all the interest of a nightmare. This reaches its culmination when Unorna, the mistress of the art of Hypnotism, tries to force her rival, while in a mesmerized condition, to commit sacrilege. Unorna leads her victim to the church, and the sacrilege is only prevented by the accidental fall of a huge crucifix and the entrance of a nun.

There are some subjects, however, which are beyond the legitimate bounds that a writer of fiction, especially a Catholic writer, should set for himself. And the subject of the kind of sacrilege which Unorna contemplates is beyond those bounds. Her state of mind—her opinion that the *intention* does not count, but that the act makes the crime, though introduced to make her appear less monstrous—is unworthy of an artist. Mr. Crawford does not

escape the influences of the habit of continually writing for non-Catholic readers. The timidity of statement engendered by this habit appears on page 315. "To all Christians," the author says, "of all denominations whatsoever, the bread-wafer when once consecrated is a holy thing. To Catholics and Lutherans there is there, substantially, the Presence of God. No imaginable act of sacrilege can be more unpardonable than the desecration and destruction of the Sacred Host." Since Mr. Crawford did use the episode of sacrilege, it should have been his aim as an artist to say "the Blessed Eucharist is really the body, blood, soul, and divinity of Our Lord." This would have intensified the deep guilt of Unorna's attempt to damn Beatrice's soul. But the susceptibilities of so many unbelieving readers must be considered. Whether many modern Lutherans really believe in consecration is doubtful; it is certain that no Lutheran believes in Transubstantiation. "The Witch of Prague" is an unhealthy book.

Obituary.

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

—HEB., xiii, 3.

The following persons are recommended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

Mother Margaret Cronin and Sister M. Angela, Presentation Convent, Windsor, Victoria; Sister Mary Josephine, Carmel of St. Joseph, St. Louis, Mo.; and Sister Mary Ignatius, of the Sisters of Notre Dame, San Francisco, Cal., who were lately called to their reward.

Mr. Thomas Cordiell, whose happy death took place on the 20th of August, at Oakland, Cal.

Mrs. John Coyne, of Baltimore, Md., who passed away on the 26th ult.

Mrs. Ellen O'Brien, who died a holy death on the 9th ult., at Nashua, N. H.

Mrs. Margaret Reilly, of La Salle, Ill., who peacefully departed this life on the 4th ult.

Mr. William H. Duncan, of Cedarhurst, L. I., N. Y.; Mr. John McKenzie and Mr. Francis Shay, Frostburg, Md.; Martin Fitzpatrick, Onico, Ill.; Mr. John Murphy, Fall River, Mass.; Mr. Richard Rowan, Jr., and Mr. Francis Dunphy, Altoona, Pa.; Mrs. Ellen O'Connor, Boston, Mass.; Mrs. Julia and William H. Dougherty, Baltimore, Md.; Mrs. Mary McGrath, Wilmington, Del.; and Mrs. Mary McInerany, Melbourne, Australia.

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



The Lily of Far-Away Alley.

BY LOUISA DALTON.

I.



HOW the alley came by its name nobody seemed to know. It was certainly very far away from the sunshine and everything else that was pure and sweet; but, then, it was painfully near to the smoke of the city, and all things that were foul and dreadful. The Waif said once, when somebody told him what a beautiful place heaven was, that he reckoned the alley was named because it was so far away from that happy country.

The Waif was a dwarf, and no one knew positively how old he was; I don't think he knew himself. He was called The Waif because on several occasions he had been invited to a waifs' Christmas dinner. The people in the alley had no idea what the word "waif" meant, only that this little fellow was one, and that he had no regular home. So, as most of the denizens of the alley had some sort of a place to crawl into at night, The Waif acquired a kind of distinction among them; and they were proud of him, and had long ago forgotten whether his name was Dick or Billy or anything at all.

His body was well proportioned, but very small; and, although there was a tradition that he was twenty years old, he had a round, baby face, and looked like a wise child. As for his heart, a giant might have been proud of it; for many years of knocking around the worst section of the

city had failed to make him actually bad, — though he could not be called innocent, I am afraid. A sympathetic heart was beating in that little breast, and everyone had some kindness of his to remember. And many poor homes would have been shared with him, but he was used to the life of a vagabond, and preferred a bed on an old coat, with his feet tucked into a box of shavings, to any shelter the crowded houses had to offer. He seemed so happy that many a lad who was beaten at home longed to be like him, a waif, free as air.

There was a new family in Far-Away Alley. An English miner had, with his wife and children, sunk lower and lower in regard to prosperity and neighborhoods, until he had landed there. A number of boys, The Waif in their midst, were discussing the new arrival. The red cheeks of the English people had attracted their attention. Red cheeks, unless caused by fever, were not common in Far-Away Alley.

"The girl hain't no red cheeks," said The Waif. "She looks just like a potato a-growing in the cellar. Do any of yer fellers know how angels look?"

"Why, wot's angels?" asked the taller of the group.

"Well, angels—is only angels. Didn't yer ever see pictures of 'em? They've got long, shining hair and wings; they can fly. And that English girl looks like one. But, my eye, kids! here she comes herself."

Yes, a thin girl, led by a boy, was slowly walking their way. There was a strange expression on her face. She was looking at them, yet did not seem to see them.

"Where's a bread-shop, please?" asked the boy.

The sight of the pale child, looking like a white flower dropped into a gutter, aroused the better natures of the lads, and in an instant about ten kindly offered to show the way.

"My sister's blind, you know," volunteered the strange boy, as they moved on with two guides.

Blind! blind, like the poor old beggar whose dog led him about; all the light of day, or what little there was in the alley, shut out as if a black curtain had fallen! The rest of the boys stood still and looked at one another in silence. They had no fine words, although they were moved.

"It must be rough to be blind," finally said Bill.

"Well, I don't know as there's any fine sights here to miss," ventured another. "Perhaps that girl will think we're all dudes with stovepipe hats on," he added, with a smile, at the same time kicking his bare toe against the broken curbing.

"Shut up!" cried The Waif. "She's a-coming back."

The boy carried a loaf of bread, and led his sister. "I'll be out pretty soon and get acquainted," he called, looking over his shoulder.

In a few minutes an animated talk was going on, inspired by the advent of the girl who looked like an angel. It can not be quoted literally. Those lads were children of the street; their conversation was that of thieves and vagrants, and must be translated for these pages. But the new boy, whose name proved to be John, was of a different type; and there was but little of the coarseness of the slums about his speech as he went on, in answer to eager inquiries:

"Yes, she's my sister. She's twelve, I'm ten. She's blind from ketching cold when she had scarlet fever. That was when we wasn't so awful poor. She don't know how poor we are now. Mother's kept it from her. We let her think this is a pretty nice place to live in, but I think it's the worst I ever saw. Her name's Lily. She's awful good, and somehow she makes other folks good. They're so sorry for her, I expect. Mother's feeling awful, 'cause we sha'n't be able to have a Christmas celebration this year, and the time is drawing near. Lily was born on Christmas Day."

"Christmas don't never come here to anybody," spoke up a boy—"only to The

Waif. That's him—that little chap on your right, who forgot to grow any after he was seven years old."

When the laugh caused by this sally had subsided, The Waif spoke. "Boys," he said, "somehow I don't take much comfort thinking of that there dinner; and if they come around this year a-giving out tickets, I'm going to ask 'em if a blind girl what looks like a hungry angel can't have it instead of me."

"Hooray!" shouted a tall boy, approvingly.

"Yes," the little fellow went on; "and maybe some of you kids can help her have a Christmas, too. What makes her happy the most?" he asked, addressing the English boy.

"Oh, she's happy anyway! She imagines things; makes believe, you know. But if there's anything she dotes on, it's music, especially hand-organs."

"Any particular tune?"

"Yes: she likes 'Swanee River' and 'Home, Sweet Home!' Guess she likes 'Home, Sweet Home!' best, though. Do you know it?"

"No," answered The Waif.

"Most of *our* homes is just places to go and get licked when the old man's drunk," explained a looker-on.

"Now, kids," continued The Waif, "what do you say to giving that blind girl a treat when Christmas comes round? I'll find out what a hand-organ man will charge to play every fifteen minutes all the afternoon, and have every other tune 'Home, Sweet Home!' Then we'll rustle round—at something honest, mind you,—and chip in enough to pay him."

The idea was so novel that the boys were surprised into agreeing before they knew it.

"And," said John, "I'll get her to tell you a story, a true one, about Christmas. She's great at telling stories."

So the meeting broke up, the boys going their various ways, The Waif wiping

his eyes on his sleeve. As he passed the old house where the English family lived, a little song floated out into the smoke and gloom,—

“Be it ever so humble,
There’s no place like home.”

And he knew it was the blind child singing.

In due time an Italian organ-grinder was engaged for the day before Christmas, for fifty cents. He had at first wished to have seventy-five for his services, but had lowered his price when he heard that Lily was blind; and he would fix the instrument so that every other tune should be her favorite.

II.

The 24th of December was clear and warm for the season. Lily had entered heartily into the scheme of story-telling, and had her own little secret besides. She had no idea of the rags and squalor of the alley; it was full of children who had never heard the beautiful Christmas story. That was enough. Mrs. Perkins, who took in washing, had put her tubs out of doors and given up a whole room for the occasion. At the proper moment The Waif gave a signal, and the hand-organ struck up. When the music was over, Lily began. Her voice was clear though low, and not a word escaped her listeners. Straight on she went, telling in her own way of the Babe and His Mother; of the Child Jesus, and then of the Man, and His agonizing death. “And,” she ended, “He died for poor folks just as well as for rich folks; for He was poor, too. He had nowhere to lay His head, and He never had a beautiful Christmas like this, with music and everything lovely in it.” The Waif was weeping, with no attempt at concealment. “And now,” the blind girl went on, “here’s a lady who wants to talk to you.”

Miss Bowen stepped from a corner, and told them how some kind people had built a home for boys who had no other, and how even boys with homes were invited there on the blessed Christmas Day; and

she told them how, a few days before, she had come to the alley to look for children, and had first of all found little Lily, who was their friend, and who had planned this surprise for them. “And,” she concluded, “I want every one of you to take dinner with me to-morrow.”

“Will *she* go?” asked one, with an awkward motion to indicate Lily. And when the lady smiled and nodded yes, they all shouted, and The Waif gave the signal for the hand-organ to strike up again.

And they did go, each with as decent garments as he could muster, to St. Joseph’s Home, of which Miss Bowen was the presiding spirit, and to the building of which her fortune had been given. And after High Mass in the chapel, at which the boys were awestricken and delighted attendants, there was a real old-fashioned Christmas dinner, and a warm suit of clothes for every guest.

Here would be a good place to end my story, with the boys of Far-Away Alley learning to love the One who died for them; but there is more to tell. Besides, this is not a Christmas story.

That night The Waif could not sleep. It was not the cold that kept him awake; for the weather was mild, and he had a snug place under a doorstep. It was the new, strange message which kept his brain in a whirl.

“Christ died for me—me, a poor dwarf in Far-Away Alley! I’ve stole, and drunk a little too much sometimes, and lied, and yet He died for me, and will forgive me if I’m sorry. And He started a Church when He was on earth, and I can be in it; and there’s nobody so—what’s that? Fire!”

Thin tongues of flame were bursting out of an old wooden house in that narrow street. He screamed with all his might, and then some one gave the alarm. In less time than it takes to tell it, the alley was swarming. Fire-engines rattled over the stones, and orders were shouted. Suddenly above it all a woman’s voice was heard.

"My baby! my baby! In the corner room up there. I thought Jim had her safe."

The fireman hesitated to mount the ladders which were placed against those burning walls; but The Waif, his body that of a child, but his muscles those of a man, was up one of them like a cat. He swung himself into the window, snatched the little one (who was sound asleep), and dropped it into a blanket held below, just as the roof fell in. Some timbers caught him and held him. The people saw him and worked like madmen, in order to reach him before the fire did. He was trying to be brave, but the smoke was choking him. Just then a clear voice arose above the shouts and the crash of falling walls. Lily was as near as they would let her go, and was calling to him to keep up his courage. Just then the man lifted a beam off his chest, and the flames burned his hair—but he was saved!

Far-Away Alley is no more. The fire wiped it out, and then began an era of improvement in the neighborhood. Wide streets were made, and its inhabitants found homes elsewhere. The Waif is a waif no more: he is a useful and honored inmate of St. Joseph's Home, and has been named James Bowen by church and state.

And Lily? An oculist says she may see again before long; but whether she does or not, she will, we are sure, always be the happy, loving Lily, whose version of the "old, old story" softened the hearts of the boys in Far-Away Alley.

A Legend with a Lesson.

Many of us are always looking about, seeking some great deed that we may do, while the simpler duties, which, being hardest, are often the great ones after all, are ready at every turn.

Once there was a novice, belonging to the Carthusian Order, to whom the habit

became very irksome in time. He especially disliked to wear the cowl. "If I could only be rid of this oppressive thing," he said to himself, "everything else would be easy enough." But he saw no way out of his vexation; and the cowl seemed to grow heavier and heavier each time that he put it on, just like the countless little troubles which we are determined not to endure patiently.

One night he had a dream, in which he thought he saw our Blessed Lord trying to ascend the monastery stairs, but much encumbered by the heavy cross under which He labored. "Let me help Thee, dearest Lord!" cried the pitying novice; "I can not bear to see Thee bent under that awful weight." Thereupon he seized one end of the cross, and would have lifted it, but Our Lord, in a stern voice, told him to desist. "Why do you presume to help Me in this manner," He asked,—“you, who for My sake will not wear willingly so light a thing as a cowl?”

So saying Our Lord disappeared; and the novice, overcome with shame and repentance, awoke, with the firm resolution never to murmur again.

A Little Boy's Prayer.

A little boy had committed some misdemeanor, for which he was about to receive punishment at the hands of his mother. The boy begged to be first allowed to go to his room. Permission was granted, and he went upstairs to his own room and closed the door behind him. The mother followed and listened outside, after telling him he must hurry down again to receive punishment. The boy went to the side of the bed, knelt down, and this was the prayer he offered: "Dear Lord, if You love little boys and want to help one out, now is Your time." The prayer was answered.—*Lewiston Journal*.

THE
AVE MARIA
 TO THE HONOR OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN
 A MAGAZINE DEVOTED
 HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.

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Inviolata.*

BY EDMUND OF THE HEART OF MARY, C. P.

WHO hast alone Inviolata remained,†
 Sings Holy Church. And I too, Lady
 sweet,

Can find no word to murmur at thy feet
 Melodious as this—which thou hast deigned
 To hear so often from a love unfeigned.

Ah, could my heart the tender thought repeat
 More musically still, with every beat,
 And pour a ceaseless worship unrestrained!

Inviolata soul, inviolata body, thine.

Sin could not touch thee, nor the tempter near:

Pain no disease, and age no blemish gave.

More virgin for thy Motherhood Divine:

Serene, sublime, mid sorrow without peer:

Beauteous in death, untainted in the grave.

Louis XI.; The Travestied and the Real.

BY THE REV. REUBEN PARSONS, D. D.

AMONG the great calumniated of
 history a place in the very front
 rank must be assigned to King
 Louis XI., of France. Not only
 has he been visited with what Macaulay
 would style historical decapitation, but he
 has been utterly travestied until he excites

ridicule in schoolboy and philosopher alike. One of the most salient characteristics of this monarch was religious devotion, and it actuated itself especially in regard to the Mother of God. Protestant and freethinking writers have therefore endeavored to render his memory odious. With the exception of his contemporary Comines, all historians, down to our own day, have sinned in their treatment of Louis XI.: some having yielded to blind hatred, others being victims of ignorance or of superficiality. Claude de Seyssel, who has been justly styled the mitred valet of Louis XII., but obeyed the will of his master in decrying the reign of that master's enemy. Peter Mathieu thought that he could best write for Henry IV. by writing *against* Louis XI. That writers of the calibre of Mezeray and Garnier should blindly follow the crowd is to be expected; but one is pained on seeing Bossuet compromising his great name by crediting the hideous story which will form the main object of this article. When so great an aberration is encountered, no wonder that the gentle author of "Quentin Durward" should feel justified in exhibiting the enormities of Louis XI. by the light of the burning human torches at Plessis, and that Casimir Delavigne and Boucicault should have transferred the bloody shower of the scaffold of Nemours to the stage. But had Scott written his entrancing novel some years later, we doubt whether he would

* Published before, but now re-written.

† "Quæ sola inviolata permansisti."—*Antiphon.*

have represented Louis XI. as a mocking Tiberius and a bloody Rabelais, as a wolf in sheep's clothing, and as a superstitious driveller. For the nineteenth century, redolent of humbug as it is, has witnessed the revelation of many historical shams, and, *e converso*, a number of wonderful rehabilitations, among which not the least striking is that of the man of Montlhéry.

During the reign of Louis Philippe there appeared a History of Louis XI., which would have been expected, because of its solidity, rather from the pen of a Benedictine than from that of a professor of the modern University of Paris. Its author, Urban Legeay, had spent ten years in its composition; and his aim was to conduct his work just as Louis XI. presided over, nay made his monarchy,—seeing nothing but its interest; so true is it that there are often similarities between the subject and the worthy writer of a history. M. Barbey d'Aurevilly, one of the most judicious of modern critics, drawing attention lately to this unfortunately neglected work, sees in the qualities of Louis XI. one of the most sensible of men, the most sure of his own actions, the “most desirous of the one thing,” an attraction “for all the faculties of this Urban Legeay, who was also sensible, who also applied himself to his task, never turning off to side-issues; and resembling Louis XI. also by that which was wanting in that great man—for the grandeur of Louis XI., equal, for him who knows how to measure it, to that of Charlemagne, seems inferior to the greatness of Charlemagne only in that which captivates the imagination at a distance—external *éclat*. and poetry.”* The work of

Legeay has yet to be appreciated; he was no eagle, and his style was ordinary. But the future historian of Louis XI. will find in his book the material for a successful one. It is something more than a history of Louis XI.: it is a history of the histories of the monarch, and his criticism of these confirms the judgments emitted in his own. He presents to us a Louis XI. of whom we have not even dreamt, and sets forth in all its merited grandeur a reign the glory of which could not be, after all, entirely abolished, since it left France prosperous and aggrandized; whereas monarchs like Louis XIV. and Napoleon, whose greatness is not contested, left her bleeding and diminished.

To proclaim the greatness of Louis XI., in face of the universal contempt shown for him, as at least equal to that of Charlemagne, was to confess one's fitness for a lunatic asylum; but Legeay, very unlike a modern *universitarian*, thought of nothing but truth. He realized that Charlemagne had to do with barbarians, whom he defeated and baptized; Louis XI. had to do with civilized lords, many of whom were as powerful as himself. The glories of Charlemagne had been prepared by Charles Martel and Pepin, and above all by the Papacy, then all-powerful and unresisted, even in whispers; Louis XI. followed immediately upon imbeciles, and was forced to contend with memories of Crécy, Poitiers, Azincourt, and of the murdered Maid of Orleans. During his entire reign the great lords, no longer loyal chevaliers after the fashion of the Paladins, were leagued in revolt against the crown, allied with the English and the Burgundians; but he defeated their projects as Charlemagne never defeated his barbarians, by force of intellect. But although intellectuality was the special characteristic of the greatness of Louis XI., he did not confine his sword to its scabbard: he was a thorough soldier, and he would not have his sword forgotten when designing his statue for his tomb in Notre-Dame de Cléry. That he could be

* M. d'Aurevilly says: “It is said that Montesquieu, at the time of his death, had the intention of writing the Life of Louis XI. Certainly it would have been more brilliant than the work of M. Legeay; it would have shown more style, and even of perception. It would have presented Montesquieu; but would it have better presented Louis XI.? Would it have shown more historic reality? That is doubtful.” Cf. “Œuvres et Hommes,” vol. viii.

brave even to audacity is shown by the interview of Péronne. Nor was Louis XI. the monster of duplicity which history has depicted him as being; Legeay proves that among the rulers of his time this sovereign was perhaps the only just one, and the only one faithful to his word. Louis XI. was every inch a king; a greater one than Louis XIV., who was more of a sultan, and more "the sun," but, to use the words of D'Aurevilly, less a king in permanent action and incessancy of function. Charlemagne in his old age cried at the window from which he gazed on the river by which he expected the Norman ships to arrive; but when dying Louis XI. wept not at the thought of the coming of those Valois who were worse than Normans for France, but counselled his son in regard to the evils he foresaw. Charlemagne was the Empire, Louis XI. was France. The *grand monarque* Louis XIV. had many mistresses, and the most costly of all, Versailles; Louis XI. had no mistress but France; he was without love, remarked Comines, who knew him well, save for his state. Legeay finds, and D'Aurevilly agrees with him, in Charlemagne, St. Louis, Louis XIV., and Napoleon, an imagination which frequently carries them away; but Louis XI. was always master of himself.

We have been led to these reflections while making some researches in reference to an almost universally credited charge against Louis XI., to the effect that the children of the Duke of Nemours were placed under the scaffold of their father, there to receive on their white robes the trickling blood of the victim. Michelet admits that the historians contemporary with Louis XI., even the most hostile, do not allude to such a horror. But such silence does not prevent the champion liar of the universe, Voltaire, from accrediting the accusation. He says that "all the grace accorded to this unfortunate prince was that he might be buried in the habit of a Franciscan,—a grace which was wor-

thy of these atrocious times, and which equalled their barbarity. But what was not usual, and was introduced by Louis XI., was the placing of the young children of the Duke under the scaffold, to there be covered with their father's blood. . . . The unheard of torments suffered by the princes of Nemours-Armagnac would be incredible if they were not attested by the request presented by the unfortunate princes to the Estates, after the death of Louis XI., in 1483."* And Duclos says: "The children of the culprit were placed under the scaffold, in order that the blood of their father should fall upon them."† One would have expected better things of Garnier, but he says: "By a barbarity hitherto unexampled in our history, the unfortunate children of the Duke of Nemours were placed under the scaffold, that the blood of their father might flow on their heads."‡

Before we refute this allegation let us consult Duclos, an historian not suspected of devotion to Louis XI., in order to learn the crime the expiation of which has furnished material to novelist and dramatist for a superlatively harrowing scene. The Duke of Nemours, in spite of the obligations binding him to Louis XI., entered into nearly all the plots against that monarch, and finally joined the faction of the Count d'Armagnac, head of his house. "Armagnac was one of those who prove that tyranny is sustained by baseness, and that legitimate power, when its possessor does not abuse it, is favorable to the happiness of the people." The King, informed of the excesses of the Count, and suspecting him of relations with the English, entrusted the Count de Dammartin with full powers for investigation. The result was a declaration, on the part of the royal council, that the Duke of Nemours having obtained his duchy from the King,

* "Essai sur les Mœurs," etc. See also letter to Linguet, June, 1776.

† "Histoire de Louis XI.," vol. ii, p. 297.

‡ "Histoire de France," ed. 1768, vol. xviii, p. 339.

and having been loaded with favors, had been one of the chief inciters of civil war; and that having received pardon, and having sworn to serve his Majesty against all persons, he had again excited insurrection and had joined the Count d'Armagnac. Consequently Nemours was declared guilty of high-treason. But Nemours begged the intercession of Dammartin; and Louis again pardoned the rebel Duke, "on condition that if he again swerved in his fidelity he should be punished for the crimes already committed. . . . He was ungrateful, and was one of the first to declare himself in the war of the 'Public Weal.'" He even sought the assassination of his sovereign. Finally, Louis caused his arrest; he was condemned to decapitation, and executed in the Halles de Paris on August 4, 1477.

"Lie, lie bravely: something will always remain. Fling mud: some of it will stick." Voltaire was never more fully actuated by his cynically daring axiom than when, in his anxiety to asperse the memory of Louis XI., he said that "the unheard-of torments suffered by the princes of Nemours-Armagnac would be incredible if they were not attested by the request presented by the unfortunate princes to the Estates after the death of Louis XI., in 1483." The request to which the Sage of Ferney alludes was presented by the lawyer Masselin, and in the time of Duclos and Garnier it was preserved in the Royal Library at Paris; these authors knew it well, and the latter made a long extract from it in the nineteenth volume of his work. Now, in the pleading of Masselin there is not a word such as Voltaire insinuates as existing, and which Duclos and Garnier implicitly recognize as existent; even the rhetorical figures employed by the interested advocate to excite sympathy for his unfortunate clients can not be twisted so as to justify the anecdote so eagerly used by the romancists. Hence it is that Henri Martin, the pet historian of modern freethinkers, whose writings are

marked by error, hatred, and prejudice, in things both little and great, is compelled to reject it. "It is a fable invented by the reaction against the memory of Louis XI."* And Fournier admits "the execution of Nemours was very different from that which is generally described; the frightful details, the children kneeling under the scaffold, the shocking deluge of blood, as Casimir Delavigne represents it, form a melodramatic paraphernalia which must now be relegated to the 'Crimes Célèbres.'"†

As to the crimes so freely ascribed to Louis XI., for which he is said to have begged pardon in advance from the saints whose leaden images he carried around his hat, many of them are either without any historical foundation, or, when properly investigated, prove to have been not crimes, but justifiable actions on the part of a monarch. Duclos did not err on the side of devotion or in appreciation of true devotional character; but he had enough good sense to remark: "I need not allude to the monstrous alliance of cruelty and superstition which is ascribed to Louis XI. in the charge that he was wont to ask permission from the Blessed Virgin for his assassinations; those nonsensical tales merit no refutation."‡ If there was one quality which supereminently shone in Louis XI., one which stamped him as a born ruler of men, it was that of knowing how to choose his instruments. All those whom he raised to eminent positions of trust were men of great capacity. Some, like Cardinal Balue, were traitors—for the fifteenth century, the moral decadence and vital end of the Middle Age, was the period of traitors,—but he who sought only the good of France was never deceived as to their fitness for their positions. Romancists like Scott may be prodigal of sneers for Tristan l'Hermite, "the executioner"; we are not astounded

* "Histoire de France," 4th ed., vol. vii, p. 135.

† "L'Esprit dans l'Histoire," 2d ed., p. 113.

‡ Loc. cit., vol. ii, p. 514.

when we hear the American journalist vituperate a President of the United States as an "ex-hangman," on account of his having been a sheriff of his county. But when grave historians hold up Louis XI. to ridicule for his confidence in Tristan, they betray their own unfitness to lift the torch of investigation. This "hangman" was a brave officer, a master of artillery, a tried servant of the crown, who had subdued the men of Liege in 1457, and who, as the executor of the high justice of the King, deserved as much respect as any Minister of the Interior who is responsible for the internal order of a nation.

Much has been said of the absolutism of Louis XI., but the truth would be better consulted if we were to say that for the mixture of feudality and government by Estates, which had obtained in France since the reign of Philip the Fair, he substituted a new form of government which may be called a limited monarchy;* a form which is as essentially different from the absolute as from the constitutional. The limited monarchy is different from the constitutional, inasmuch as in the latter the national assemblies, periodically gathered, enjoy political rights, the exercise of which gives to the nation a share in the conduct of public affairs. The limited differs from the absolute monarchy, because it respects the organic laws already issued by the various powers of the state, because it tolerates local liberties, such as provincial and municipal privileges, etc. A few of the acts of Louis XI. were violently despotic; but he can not be said to have established a despotic monarchy, for he found in the

prerogatives of parliament and in the national customs an impediment to the erection of the royal will into a supreme law. His excesses remained excesses, and not until the reign of Francis I. (1515-47) did France see the royal will become legality. During the reign of Louis XI. the progress of the Third Estate was constant, and that by the very nature of events. According as a greater number of capable men were formed in its bosom, its influence became more considerable, and the administration passed, to a great extent, into its hands. The policy of Louis XI. contributed greatly to this result: he diminished the power of the nobles, whom he did not love, and proportionably elevated the others. He augmented the liberties of the communes, and was the real King of the people.

The Success of Patrick Desmond.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

XXX.—(Continued.)

MARY was not at all jealous of Eleanor's attention to Sister Raphael; she was glad to be left alone for a time, for the last interview with Miles and Nellie had cut her to the heart. She had passed out of Miles' life; he was done with her. Nellie would have it so, and she had a right to make it so. Mary bore her punishment in silence and without an appeal for sympathy. She knew what Esther would say; she knew what to expect from Arthur; and Father Jackson was sternly practical; it was his opinion that the Galligans could and would take care of themselves, if they were let alone. About Eleanor's opinion she could conjecture from the few words she had dropped after the interview. Suddenly Mary awakened to the truth that she was sacrificing her happiness to the caprices of a thoroughly selfish man,—a man whom

* "By a limited monarchy we understand one in which the national assemblies, convoked at long intervals, have neither their own will nor action, and meet only to sanction the projects of the ruler; one in which the head of the state possesses all the legislative and executive power, disposes of the public revenue without rendering any account, and can levy taxes at his own will." Poirson: "Précis de l'Histoire de France pendant les Temps Modernes." Paris, 1840.

she had helped to make selfish. This latter revelation shocked her; she flew to the Jesuits at St. Francis', and sought out a priest who had often helped her. She told her trouble to him in the parlor. How could she make reparation for the harm she had done? A twinkle came into the old priest's eyes; he knew the family history.

"I know that the dear boy's faults have been brought about in some measure by my injudicious kindness; how can I repair the evil, Father?"

"By letting him alone," the priest answered; "and by giving your whole thoughts to your husband, and not letting him have only one-fourth of them."

Mary felt that she did not deserve this. "By letting him alone!" she said, in horror.

"Yes, my child. You have chosen your path; he has his."

Mary felt that her punishment was very hard, but she resolved to bear it. And, later, when she had boys of her own, she wisely applied the lesson she had learned to them. It was the best way, Arthur said, of making reparation to the human race for the existence of Miles,—but he did not say this aloud.

Sister Raphael was not only practical, but very spiritual-minded. It was this union of qualities that fascinated Eleanor; she had never met anything like it in her experience. It was a revelation to her to hear the Sister explain the meaning of the word "vocation."

"It is more beautiful than anything Emerson has said!" exclaimed Eleanor. "And have I, too, a vocation? Do you know, Sister, that I always looked on work as work to be done because it had to be done? But you glorify it. It seemed to me that my vocation was simply to be Eleanor Redwood. I never thought of living for the greater glory of God. Your talk is very serious, very consoling; to think as you think puts sunshine into the darkest days."

The Sister, who was walking up and down the long corridor of the school with

Eleanor, during a short recreation, smiled.

"You are growing more and more of a Catholic every day. It is a matter of evolution, though some converts seem to think they must find out all the beauty and strength and consolation of the Church at the outset. You are discovering new flowers every day."

Eleanor did not answer at once. "Of late," she said, "I have regretted the loss of fortune almost with passion,—only of late, since I have understood how far John Longworthy's book falls short of showing how miserable the poor people in your tenement houses are."

"All tenement houses are not like those you have seen," remarked the Sister, pleased with the earnest look in Eleanor's eyes. "But some of them are blots on the civilization of the most civilized city in this land. You have lately helped us to teach the little children who come here; you have lived among them; you see how wretched some of them are, how neglected by beer-drinking mothers, how familiar with the worst side of life. Lilies, by a miracle, many of them are; but how terrible the condition of others!"

"It is now," said Eleanor, passionately, "that I *long* to be rich."

The Sister looked at her gravely, and paused to pluck a dead leaf from the pot of geranium that stood before the statue of Our Lady of Victory at the end of the corridor.

"Oh, yes, Sister, I *long* to be rich!"

"Do you think that money would make a man as devoted as Father Jackson, or pay women to do the work our Sisters do? Or that money will change the slipshod, drinking and gossiping woman into a careful housewife, making the most of what she has, and careful of the example she gives her children? Suppose you gave this woman a fine house and handsome appointments, do you think they would make her different? We must begin, my dear, with the children. But so long as the children remain with the parents in some

of these slums, our progress is slow. We begin with the children, and sometimes the children change the parents. Money is useful,—it would be useful if there were enough of it to make some of these tenement houses habitable, and to keep outcasts of society—Chinese pagans and criminals—from mingling in daily intercourse with the virtuous and self-respecting. Money is not what we need most; we can give more than that to the service of God, as St. Francis of Assisi did: we can give ourselves. Could St. Francis have done what he did with money?"

The young girl felt for a moment that she was an outsider. Who was this St. Francis, of whom the Sister spoke as of a cherished friend?

"I don't know what St. Francis did," Eleanor said. "I wish I knew about him. But I think I understand what you mean. It is noble!"

To know more about this St. Francis became a great desire of Eleanor's. Sister Raphael gave her a little picture of the Saint,—a brown-tinted little picture, in which the whole life of the emaciated and spiritual face was in the eyes, upturned toward the seraphic vision. Underneath was the ejaculation in German, "Hail, St. Francis of Assisi!" and the verse, "Happy are thy clients when they learn to love poverty and the will of God!"

The saints seemed at first to Eleanor like far-off people. It was strange to hear Sister Raphael talk as if St. Joseph were at her elbow, and to see Mary Fitzgerald stop her occupation and beg St. Antony to help her find some lost article. Even Arthur, when in a serious mood, spoke of his favorite St. Paul as if he were living in the next house. It was a habit which these Catholics had from their earliest childhood; it had been part of their education to live in the communion of saints. To a woman trained in a school in which the "communion of saints" is a mere phrase, this was the strangest thing of all.

Sister Raphael told Eleanor of St. Francis, and lent her the "Fioretti." Then she found Mrs. Oliphant's Life of her beloved Saint in the Mercantile Library; she devoured it, but it did not quite satisfy her. She read every scrap she could find, in order to know more about this new friend of hers.

"There is nothing in English that satisfies me," she said to Sister Raphael. "I must learn Italian."

"Pray for his spirit, my dear," the Sister answered. "That will be better."

Like everybody in the little circle of which Father Jackson was the centre, Sister Raphael believed that Eleanor would marry Patrick Desmond, whose praises Arthur and Mary had so often sung. Sister Raphael was not of the world, but she lived in it unavoidably, and she did not disapprove of the match. She smiled a little to herself at Eleanor's fervor; she had known converts before who had been quite as exalted; it was her opinion that they needed gentle restraint and frequent dashes of cold water in the beginning. Eleanor, however, was so persistent and persevering that Sister Raphael caught herself wishing that the girl had a vocation for the religious life, though she said no word to influence her.

"I understand what St. Francis did *now*," said Eleanor one day, after a morning of prayer and meditation. "He gave himself entirely to God and God's poor. I could not fathom his mystical mission, but at the Offertory I asked for his spirit with all my heart; and, Sister Raphael, a new understanding came to me. Oh, I could never go back to my old life! I am cut off from it by a flood of light. Help me, Sister, to be like St. Francis: let me give myself to the poor and be of the poor."

Sister Raphael looked at the upturned, earnest face, framed by the black veil of mourning, and said:

"Eleanor, are you free?"

"Free?" asked Eleanor, surprised. "I have no father to keep me bound in love."

"But is there no other?" pursued Sister Raphael. And, seeing Eleanor's puzzled look, she resolved to be entirely frank. "I have heard the name of Mr. Desmond mentioned—"

Eleanor smiled, much relieved. "He is a good man,—the best in the world, I think. But I never thought of him in the way you mean; and I am sure it was just his goodness that made him so kind to me."

Sister Raphael looked into her clear eyes; it was her turn to be puzzled. She kissed Eleanor on the forehead and bade her go to Father Jackson.

Somewhat later she returned to Sister Raphael, and waited for her until it was time to dismiss her class. The Sister found her pale and grave,—changed somewhat by the strain upon her mind; and, as she looked up when the Sister entered, all the life in her face seemed to be in her eyes. Sister Raphael took Eleanor's hand in hers, and they had a long talk.

Somehow Eleanor disliked to break the news to the Fitzgeralds. She felt that Mary would, in her heart, reproach her with cold-heartedness and with too much enthusiasm, or with both. She faced them at dinner, looking with a certain tremor at Mary over the bunch of mignonette in the centre of the table.

After dinner, while Arthur Fitzgerald dozed over his newspaper by the cheerful grate, and Mary played the "Traumerai" very softly, Eleanor thought over what Sister Raphael had said; and a strange, new gladness came into her heart.

"Mary!" she whispered.

Her companion looked at her, but did not stop her music.

"I want to tell you something. I am beginning to find my vocation."

Mary smiled and stopped abruptly. "I thought so! Had you a letter to-day? Oh, my dear, I hope you will be happy! But I am afraid there will be a long waiting."

"Do they make one wait long?" said Eleanor. "I did not ask Sister Raphael

about details, but I have spoken to Father Jackson."

"Sister Raphael!"

"Yes: she told me about vocations. It was lovely; it was satisfying. If they will let me, Mary, I will become a Sister."

Mary looked at the young girl in astonishment. Then she smiled and began the "Traumerai" again.

"This music is appropriate,—dreams, my dear; dreams! You converts are always at fever heat."

"I am sure I am not dreaming," said Eleanor, seriously. Mary, noticing the expression of her face, ceased playing again, and waited with anxiety. "It may be presumption on my part, but it is not a dream; at least, it is a hope."

"And what is to become of Mr. Desmond?" asked Mary, with a tinge of censure in her voice. "Eleanor, I thought you liked him."

"Of course I liked him,—of course I like him; he is a good and brave man, and whenever I have met him I have felt that there is more goodness and bravery in him than he shows. He was the first really religious man I ever met. I believe that it was the unconscious influence of his sincerity that caused me to begin to think, and to throw away a lot of nonsense."

"And you will give him up?" demanded Mary.

"Give him up!" repeated Eleanor, in some doubt. "Oh," she continued, with a slight laugh, "I see what you mean! How can I give him up? He never—" and the girl laughed again,—"he never *asked* me. I don't believe he ever thought of such a thing."

Arthur raised his head from his paper, to look toward the corner from which the ripple of laughter came.

"Ah, Miss Redwood," he said, "you are light-hearted, and yet here I see that the Fly-Away stock is out of the market! I can understand it; for Desmond writes that capitalists refuse to risk anything in the

reclaiming of the mines. And yet you laugh! If I were in your place—if Desmond had sold me the shares—I should not laugh, I assure you.”

Arthur buried himself in his paper.

“I thought Mr. Desmond spoke to you the other day in the parlor,” said Mary, in a low tone.

“He did, but not in that way. I’m sure he never thought of me. How can you be so foolish? I declare, I think all married people are inveterate matchmakers.”

Mary looked at her reproachfully. “I know Patrick Desmond is in love with you.”

Eleanor’s color rose. “It is impossible! You like me, and you fancy everybody else does. I admit that I like him; but,” she said, in a graver voice, “I like him because of the goodness religion has fostered in him.”

“I hope that he has *some* natural virtues,” observed Mary, sarcastically.

“Don’t let us talk about him,” Eleanor said. “If he did like me in the way you mean, I should not marry him. I see the shining of a great Light in him: why should I not choose the great Light itself? Why should I espouse the servant when the higher Spouse, Our Lord, awaits me?”

“Sister Raphael has been talking to you. Really, my dear Eleanor, you are very selfish!” said Mary.

Eleanor smiled, and no reproaches could induce her to continue the conversation.

(Conclusion in our next number.)

THE devotion—or worship, as we say in our Old English speech—to the Blessed Virgin which the Catholic Church teaches to her children, may be best defined in these words: It is the love and veneration which was paid to her by her Divine Son and His disciples, and such as we should have borne to her if we had been on earth with them; and it is also the love and veneration we shall bear to her, next after her Divine Son, when through grace we see Him in His kingdom.—*Cardinal Manning.*

Traces of Travel.

MERRY ENGLAND.

BY CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

IV.

TO tell the whole truth, yesterday was Lord Mayor’s Day, likewise the Prince of Wales’ birthday; but Sunday obstructed the usual ceremonies, and we have been having them twenty-four hours overdue, out in the drizzling rain, and enjoying them hugely, as we are expected to do. There were no firecrackers, no tin trumpets, no sudden explosion of pocket-pistols close behind us as we paced the crowded streets. There has been nothing but the clash of church bells, the din of the streets, and a vast throng of wonderfully good-natured people, whose hearts are evidently bent upon making the most and the best of everything that is *gratis*.

Cheapside, in the vicinity of Bow Church, was like an inundated channel for two whole hours before the Lord Mayor was expected to glorify it; but the interminable procession of vehicles had been switched off into other thoroughfares, and we of the populace had it all to ourselves. Police dummies were plentifully sprinkled among us; but it is understood that on a day like this any one may say and do about what he pleases, and the result is unlimited fun; yet, so far as I am able to judge, no one is positively rude, and each is willing to accept as much as he gives with an astonishing spirit of appreciation.

While the crowd was swaying to and fro, killing time humorously, I purchased the penny panorama of the Lord Mayor’s procession, done in pink and red; and saw at a glance two yards of footmen in gorgeous livery, interspersed with swell carriages, and concluding with the gilded chariot of his Lordship, surrounded by a retinue of

horsemen and footmen in curious armor. It was enough to quicken the appetite of a sight-seer who has grown a little tired of the sombre streets of London; and when Bow Bells began to jingle, my heart leaped with expectation, and I tried to catch the old refrain, "Turn again, turn again, Whittington, Lord Mayor of London Town!" but was not, I am sorry to say, entirely successful. The chimes no doubt have altered their lingo, out of due deference to the feelings of the present dignitary, who is for the time-being the lion of London.

So the bells of Bow rang the Lord Mayor into Cheapside; the police moved us back to the sidewalk, where we stood in one solid mass of jolly humanity. Everybody nudged everybody else in the highest state of excitement; and above the clamor of bells, that seemed to be making the tower of St. Mary-le-Bow quake with their jubilant peals, we heard the brazen music of the band and the clatter of hoofs; now the fluttering plumes, the flapping banners, the guards, the watermen—in fact, the whole pageant was upon us; and we cheered like good fellows, who cheer without any definite objects, but chiefly because everybody else is cheering; and, besides that, it is great fun to make a noise.

The Lord Mayor is the people's king. There is no child in England who may not aspire to ride in that splendid coach and six, if he has the money to pay for the honor. The highest genealogical honor the city can boast of is Sir Geoffrey Boleyn, Lord Mayor in 1453, who was father to Anne Boleyn and grandfather to Queen Elizabeth. At present it is the tradespeople who revel in this display, and pay extravagantly for a year's residence in the Mansion House, surrounded by twenty gentlemen in waiting, including the Sword-Bearer, the Common Hunt, the Common Crier, and the Water Bailiff, all of whom have the title of esquires. The plate and jewelled ornaments are said to be worth from £20,000 to £30,000. The traditional "fool" was

formerly one of the Lord Mayor's household; and it was his duty, at the inauguration, to leap, clothes and all, into a large bowl of custard. This was doubtless highly amusing, but it is a thing of the past. The "fool" has disappeared from the Lord Mayor's premises, but the custard survives.

The total expenses of the banquet and procession on Lord Mayor's Day, 1865, amounted to £3,102 11s. 4d., or about \$15,500. Of this one half was paid by the Lord Mayor (Mr. Alderman Phillips), and the other by two sheriffs. The contract for the dinner and wine amounted to more than £1,600, which is in startling contrast to the bill of the feast of the Mayor of Norwich, in the time of Elizabeth, when he entertained the Queen and her court, at the very reasonable expenditure of £1,12s. 9d., which covered the entire charge. It is an age of progress. Perhaps money is not as tight as it was.

There was no end of chaffing when the procession swept slowly past us. A short but expansive woman, with a small child smothered in a red shawl, burrowed her way into the crowd, and exclaimed at the banners, the only part of the show visible from her point of sight. Another woman, with another babe, battered those in front of her with the head of her offspring, and then accused them of shamefully ill-treating the poor little thing. She ultimately secured a good place in the front row of spectators. You see, we have some feeling if we *are* out on a Lord Mayor's lark.

One after the other the bands came down upon us, mingling their music with the melody of the bells. The Queen's band was there, well mounted and clad in dazzling regalia; and close upon this fabulous display of musical talent and horsemanship followed the massive coach of the Mayor himself. The lancers, the coachmen and footmen, the robed attendants, and the several officers who sat in the coach with his Lordship, one bearing the great sword and looking precisely like the comical

fellow in my penny panorama, only more so,—all these dawned upon us, to the deafening clamor of Bow Bells; and I felt that I had realized the highest joy that is known to the untravelled cockney. The bells, which had been rippling up and down the gamut in a jubilant fashion, now reserved their forces, and leaped altogether in a crash of melody that was positively inspiring. It seemed to me nothing could have been finer. It was like a deep-mouthed growl, that expressed all that was pictured in the plumed chargers, the glittering helmets, the rumbling chariots, and the banners that flapped loftily.

As the coach rolled slowly past us, the crowd closed after it; but not until a woman, who was throned on a heap of boxes, seemed to catch the eye of the Lord Mayor, and then, in a loud voice and with a smile beguilingly familiar, exclaimed: "Well, you've got your coach out of pawn again, have you?" At this we all shouted—what else could we do? The Mayor seemed to enjoy it, and it was her last chance for a joke. Down Cheapside poured a torrent of belated people, vainly seeking to catch up with the times. There was no order after this: chaos had come for an hour or two within hearing of Bow Bells.

Down Fleet Street, through Temple Bar and into the Strand, on its way to Westminster, the show moved with becoming dignity. From every steeple the clang of bells took up the song of welcome; and I was irresistibly borne onward with the current of the mob, that seemed to whirl in eddies, and grew turbulent as we drew near the more notable localities in the route. The crush at Temple Bar was frightful for a while; we had to *drib* through, as it were, and it checked the great flood of people streaming in from the side channels and seeming to grow denser all the time.

Petticoat Lane is almost within the sound of Bow Bells; it is over against Cornhill, and highly respectable on all sides save the inner. There congregate the Hebrews;

there they have fattened and grown rich since the seventh century, yet to this hour you would never suspect it from any visible sign; for there is nothing to be seen but rags and cast-off garments, and the shadow of things that long ago were of moment. But their day is past. You could almost throw a stone into this Hebrew camp from Paternoster Row, or from Ave Maria Lane, or from Amen Corner. I assure you there is a halo of brighter and sweeter and better things that surrounds this strange haunt of thieves and money-changers.

Petticoat Lane is one of the best known slums of this goodly city; its reputation comes to the ears of the approaching tourist, and he can not sleep in peace until he has solved the mystery of the thieves' paradise. I have been there of a Sunday, for Sunday is a show-day up yonder. The law that puts out the kitchen fires of many a harmless eating-house, permits unlimited traffic over in Petticoat Lane, Leather Lane, Little Chapel Street, and many another byway, where there is nothing but sin and suffering and an ever-increasing population; but little or no sunshine, and, I'll warrant, no comfort at all.

Wending my way into the court—for Petticoat Lane is a broad court in the hollow of a dingy block,—passing in with a moving multitude, I found myself in the midst of a throng of idlers, who were being persecuted by the denizens of the place. The truth is, all up and down this gloomy court there were booths; and at every booth a wench or two, who were by no means well mannered. In these booths we could purchase anything under the clouded sun, from old iron to a hymn-book—penny jewelry, ha'penny drinks of uncertain origin, fruits, old boots (old boots are sold and re-sold in many of the lanes of London until they will scarcely hold together), pictures, toys—everything, in fact.

Again and again I was seized by a very large and very loosely girded woman, who implored me to buy a complete suit

of second-hand clothing; I might try them on if I pleased, and I might have an armful of assorted wares thrown in. It was difficult to escape this matron, and I was no sooner free of her than I found myself in the clutches of another of the same sort, who urged me to buy a small bird in a very small cage. There was no rapid flight for me: I was in the midst of a throng of men, women and children, and I had to drift around the court until the current swept me toward an outlet; and even there I was again interrupted, but at last breathed a purer air. Everything in that court smelt musty; everything looked old and haggard, and not likely to last long; everything was uninviting,—everything but the delicious pomegranates on sale, with their spotted rind cleft open, showing many a plump seed, half buried in a rosy and juicy pulp.

“Here you are, all right!” cried the fruit-seller. “Buy one, sir? Just look at it, sir; four or five hundred bloody pips in it, sir; all for a penny!” But I was not to be tempted into such an investment; it was safer to pocket a penny song-book with a gorgeous cover worth twice the money; I got it of a foul fiend who was crouching in the shadow of Noah’s Ark—an old building that is still damp from the deluge.

There is nothing better than the memories of dangers past. I love to dream of Petticoat Lane, walking of a still afternoon in the Park—but nothing is lasting; and by and by it will pass out of mind with the rest of these strange experiences that come to me daily; and there will be nothing left to me save a faint odor, sweetening the fetid air—the last breath of the pomegranates of Petticoat Lane.

Through Feather Lane one reaches the chapel I love best in all London. You can hear its bell some blocks away, and yet if you were within a stone’s-throw of the chapel itself you would hardly know where to look for it; or if you were actually

facing it, I doubt that you would know how to get into it, unless you had been there before. The truth is, and sad to tell it, the faithful are almost compelled to worship in secret in the land of the Establishment,—the land that was rescued from barbarism, taught its letters and its creed by the Church she has persecuted so sorely.

One must search the byway for the door that opens into a Catholic chapel—that is, with a few notable exceptions. And yet his Eminence the Cardinal is the first clerical dignitary in the kingdom, and as such commands the respectful consideration of her Majesty and her every subject, of whatever denomination.

But the chapel I love? It is in the centre of a dingy square, surrounded by rows of buildings that are dingier still. One sees the roof of it over the roofs of the houses that have backed up against it as if they were trying to hide it. Standing close by it one hears the deep-voiced bell, and wonders where it can be hanging; now he catches a glimpse of the narrow passage, and a few stone steps leading up it. It is Sunday morning. Now I know whither it leads, and I gladly follow.

A dingy passage surely, but at the end of it what a transformation! A great sanctuary, where the dim light is distinctively religious. Its only windows are far aloft, over the roofs of the houses that wall it in and hide it from the world. There is ever a faint odor of incense there; and through the pale mist that floats about the place, loading the air with fragrance, peer the outlines of rare old printings. From the pulpit one hears such quaint and charming English as comes only from alien and Italian lips—the sermon is half Italian; and from the high organ-loft angelic voices—the voices of innocent youths—fill all that holy house with melody, which only chanting cherubs may hope to rival. Here gather the exiles of Italy—at Hatton Garden,—and here I love to linger.

The Way Out.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

WHEN all the ways of life seem
gloomed .

By stony walls that hide the light,
When the fair hopes of day are doomed
To perish in an early night;
When every path and every gate
Seems closed, in spite of work and will,—
Seems locked by the dread hand of Fate
(The power that pagans worship still),
Then shall we doubt?

When errors rise before our sight,
And faults, and failings, even sin;
When memory blots our pages white,
And all our good seems evil's kin;
And all the walls that guard us round
Seem built about us by our hands
In long, long years, on stony ground,—
Tares, but no wheat upon our lands!—
No way leads out!

No way leads out!—our lives, walled in,
Must writhe in anguish day by day,
And curse the carelessness or sin,
The wilfulness that gloomed our way;
Too late! the pagan spirit says
(For in the heart of every man
There lives, in spite of Christian rays,
A something of the heathen Pan—
Of Fate, of doubt).

At Grecian Stoics shall we play,
And shut our teeth and press the thorn,
And hope not for a happier day,
But in our closets curse and mourn?
In outward show the Stoic face,
Within our hearts deep anguish know,
And hatred for the doom of race
That cripples all our living so!
There's no way out!

Come, come! The pagan lives forlorn,—
No walls do really close us quite;
No life of joy is wholly shorn,
No dusk without a cheering light.
Rise up, O Heart! The gloom but *seems*;
The way looks dark as you look back;

But backward far, God's sunny beams
(Though there were clouds) it did not lack!
Away with doubt!

“Ah, walls close in! I see no light,—
There's no way out,—no hope for me;
I've marred my life with all my might,
And now I have no liberty.”
A prayer brings hope; the cross of God,
The Beads that tell of Mysteries,
Can bring to man above the sod
The joy that makes all doubting cease,—
There's a way out!

No prayer is ever lost, and we
Are nearest dawn when stars are dim;
If bound, we have the liberty,
God gives, of soaring close to Him:
A Mystery, with trusting heart,
Said by a captive in his walls;
O potent Beads!—the thick stones part,
The dungeon-portal outward falls,—
There's no more doubt!

A Question of Priority.

MANY Catholics of the best intentions have a fashion of admitting that, although much of the settlement and progress of this country is due to the efforts of colonists from lands where their religion prevailed, to the Puritan element belongs the honor of establishing the first college and publishing the first book in North America. Let us see.

One naturally thinks of Harvard College when the seniority of educational establishments is in question. Harvard is an old institution, time-honored, respectable, and hoary; but more than a year before the first of its buildings arose, the missionaries of Quebec gathered together a number of French boys and founded a college, which afterward grew into the great Laval University, the pride of the Province. Champlain was alive, though soon to die, when its foundations were laid; and John Harvard was still across the ocean, meditating upon

his plan for the school in Massachusetts. And yet again. Two generations before the first brick of the famous Harvard was laid, a reputable college—that of St. Ildefonso—was founded in the city of Mexico, and can justly lay claim to antedating all others.

The Bay Psalm Book is commonly admitted to be the first book printed in America after its discovery; it may be news to some, therefore, that to Catholic Spain belongs the credit of establishing and nourishing literature in the New World. "The Ladder of Paradise" was translated into Spanish from the Latin, and published in this country as early as 1537. The learned Dr. Shea has kindly sent us a list of forty-five other books all printed in Mexico in or before 1640, and ranging from 1550 to that date; we shall publish this later. The Bay Psalm Book was issued only in 1640. Let the honor be placed where it belongs.

Readings from Remembered Books.

THE ROSARY A COMPENDIUM OF THE GOSPEL STORY.

THE Rosary of Our Lady owes its origin to St. Dominic, the apostle raised up to combat the heresy of the Albigenses. Finding that the gross ignorance of the people in regard to Christian doctrine was the greatest evil of the day, he set himself to discover a means of teaching the chief truths of the Gospel under an easy form. The Blessed Virgin gave him the Rosary, and bade him make use of it.

The Rosary may be called the compendium of the Gospel story. It was not destined to bring into relief one particular article of the Creed, or give prominence to one individual mystery of religion. It is at once the simplest and the most comprehensive form of devotion. It can be recited as appropriately in the presence of the Blessed Sacrament as in our own homes; when we adore the Infant Saviour in the Manger, or kneel at the foot of the Cross. It suggests reflections suitable to every season of the ecclesiastical year, and on this

account deserves to hold the highest rank as a sacred exercise. Other devotions are intended to honor a single mystery of Our Lord's life on earth, but the Rosary takes in turn all the chief points in the Gospel history of joy and sorrow and glory. In consequence of the variety in the subject of the mysteries, naturally directing the thoughts in different directions, the Psalter of Mary, as it was originally called, is divided into three parts, or groups: the Joyful, Sorrowful, and Glorious Mysteries.—"*The Psalter of Mary*," *Father Esser, O. P.*

THE HAND OF PROVIDENCE.

At the beginning of the year 1812 the sway of Napoleon had reached its point of culmination. At that period it might be said without exaggeration that the whole continent of Europe stood crouching in silence before him. Emperor of the French, or in other words ruler of a vast empire, comprising, in addition to the ancient confines of France, all the Belgic and Austrian provinces, as well as those of the republic of Holland; the most fertile principalities of Germany on both sides of the Rhine; Dalmatia; all the states of the King of Sardinia, with the exception of the island; the duchies of Parma, Piacenza, Tuscany, and Rome. He was, besides, King of Italy; and if not king by name, at least king *de facto* of that portion of Spain occupied by his troops, as well as of the kingdoms of Westphalia and Naples. Under the majestic title of Protector, he dominated over that part of Germany forming the Confederation of the Rhine; and elevating their princes to royal and grand-ducal dignity, made them subservient to him, as the Reguluses to the Roman Senate and the Cæsars. The above prestige was still further augmented by his family alliance with the Imperial House of Austria, and the assured succession to the throne of a son born within a year of the marriage.

Yet, notwithstanding all these earthly advantages, and at the very moment that he was in the zenith of power and glory, there was in preparation for him, in the councils of the same God who "shall cut off the spirit of the princes: He is terrible to the kings of the earth,"* an event that before the end of the

* Ps., lxxvi, 12.

current year was about to eclipse his grandeur and dispose the affairs of Europe for the fall of his colossal dominion. Certainly there happened in that year nothing worthy of being mentioned in the Fort of Fenestrelle; though, indeed, about the middle of June we had intelligence that the passage of Mont Cenis was rendered for several hours impassable to travellers; and afterward we learned that it was on account of the arrival of the Pope, on his way from Savona, at the convent of monks on the summit; on which occasion his progress was accelerated to such a degree as to put his life in danger. . . . At present I introduce the fact above stated merely for the purpose of observing that the violent, barbarous removal of the Pontiff from Savona to Fontainebleau was the last crowning sin of Bonaparte, such as, we learn by the Holy Scriptures, wearies at last the long-suffering of the Almighty, and, as has often been seen, calls forth the final infliction of His long-suspended chastisement. "Thus saith the Lord: For three transgressions of Damascus, and for four, I will not turn away the punishment thereof: because they have threshed Gilead with threshing instruments of iron." *

It is a well-known coincidence of historical facts that on the 20th of June, 1812, the Pope arrived a prisoner, almost in a moribund state, at Fontainebleau; and on the 22d of the same month Napoleon, intoxicated by an uninterrupted continuance of prosperity for fifteen years, marched his troops across the Niemen and invaded the Russian territory; thus making a beginning of the fatal war that hurled him from his throne, and marvellously, within the space of a few short months, deprived him of the fruit of all his victories. It is not the purpose of the present narrative to give an account of the memorable expedition of the French and allied troops in Russia, where, not by the hand of man, but by the hand of the Omnipotent God, one of the most numerous, well-trained armies that history ever recorded was consigned to utter destruction; but it is my object to submit to pious, religious minds the result of my own observation in an instance where, notwithstanding the idea may be held in derision by modern thinkers, the opera-

tions of the Hand that directs the affairs of the universe were distinctly recognized. The following is the instance in question:

The Emperor Napoleon, in a letter addressed to the Prince Eugene, Viceroy of Italy, complaining of the non-compliance of Pius VII. to some of his demands, used these remarkable words: "*Ignore-t-il combien les tems sont changés? Me prend-t-il pour un Louis Débonnaire? Ou croit-il que ses excommunications feront tomber les armes des mains de mes soldats?*" * Nay, more: Napoleon, after the fulmination by Pius VII. of the Bull of Excommunication, in the course of repeated conversations with the Legate Cardinal Caprara, expressed himself in almost the same terms; and was heard to observe, on different occasions, in a sarcastic, ironical tone, "that the Bull had not yet caused the muskets to fall from his soldiers' hands, and that it was a thing to be laughed at."

It was the will of God, notwithstanding, that the falling of the muskets from the hands of Napoleon's soldiers should literally happen; and accordingly I read with amazement and stupor the identical fact recorded in the history of the proceedings of Napoleon's grand army in 1812, where it is confirmed on the authority of one of his own generals, an eyewitness of the catastrophe. The following is the passage I allude to: "*Le soldat ne put tenir ses armes; elles s'échappaient des mains des plus braves.*" † And again: "*Les armes tombaient des mains glacées qui les portaient.*" ‡

Our freethinkers no doubt will say that it was the snow and the frost and the tempest that caused the arms to fall from the hands of the soldiers. But of whom do these meteors obey the command? "The fire and hail, snow and vapor, stormy wind, fulfilling His word." || —"*Historical Memoirs of Cardinal Pacca,*" Translated from the Italian by Sir George Head.

* Is he ignorant how much the times are changed? Does he take me for a Louis Debonnaire, or does he fancy that his excommunications will make the muskets fall out of the hands of my soldiers?

† The soldiers were unable to keep hold of their muskets: they dropped from the hands of the bravest. —"*Mémoires,*" etc., par J. B. Salgues, Paris, 1826.

‡ The muskets fell from the frozen hands that bore them.—Ib.

|| Ps., cxlviii, 8.

* Amos, i, 3.

THE SCULPTOR'S LOVE.

There was a famous sculptor in Paris who executed a great work. It stands to-day in the Galerie des Beaux Arts. He was a great genius, and this was his last work; but, like many a great genius, he was very poor, and lived in a small garret. This garret was his workshop, his studio, and his bedroom. He had this statue almost finished in clay, when one night a frost suddenly fell over Paris. The sculptor lay on his bed, with the statue before him in the centre of the fireless room. As the chill air came down upon him, he saw that if the cold got more intense the water in the interstices of the clay would freeze; and so the old man rose and heaped the bedclothes reverently upon the statue. In the morning when his friends came in they found the old sculptor dead, but the image was saved!

That is the greatest thing about you. Preserve that at any cost—the image into which you are being changed by the unseen Sculptor, who is every moment that you are in His presence working at that holy task. The work of creation is not done. Geology is still toiling to-day at the unfinished earth; and the Spirit of God, which brooded upon the waters thousands of years ago, is busy now creating men, within these commonplace lives of ours, in the image of God.—“*The Perfected Life*,” *Henry Drummond, F. R. S. E., F. G. S.*

A POET'S TRIBUTE TO A SAINT.

There where the gentle breeze whispers among the young flowers that blossom over the fields of Europe, not far from that shore where break the waves behind which the big sun sinks at eventide, is the fortunate Calaroga; and there was born the loyal lover of the Christian faith, the holy athlete, gentle to his friends, and terrible only to the enemies of truth.

They called him Dominic. He was the ambassador and the friend of Christ; and his first love was for the first counsel that Jesus gave. His nurse found him often lying on the ground, as though he had said, “It was for this that I came.”

It was because of his love for the divine truth, and not for the world, that he became a great doctor in a short time; and he came

before the throne of Peter, not to seek dispensations, or tithes, or the best benefices, or the patrimony of the poor, but only for freedom to combat against the errors of the world by the Word of God. Then, armed with his doctrine and his mighty will, he went forth to his apostolic ministry, even as some mountain torrent precipitates itself from a rocky height. And the impetuosity of that great flood, throwing itself on the heresies that stemmed its way, flowed on far and wide, and broke into many a stream that watered the garden of the Church.—*Dante's Portrait of St. Dominic, quoted by Augusta Theodosia Drane, in her "History of St. Dominic, Founder of the Friars Preachers."*

THE EXCELLENCE OF THE ROSARY.

The Rosary is the most efficacious of all modes of prayer, with the exception of the Holy Sacrifice and the Divine Office. The use of the latter is restricted to a few, but the Rosary is in the hands of the many: it is the inheritance of all the children of the Church, without distinction of sex, age, or condition of life. It is perfect as a sacred exercise; for it combines mental and vocal prayer—the prayer of supplication and of contemplation,—since meditation on the several mysteries accompanies the recitation of the prayers. It is the quintessence of Christianity, and the book of the unlearned.

Nor need exception be taken to the frequent use of the same formula; for this is no vain repetition like that practised by the heathen; no reproduction of pagan superstition, but an imitation of Our Lord's example. Three times He prayed in the Garden of Olives, using the same words. Repetition, moreover, answers to an instinct of human nature. The suppliant continually urges his request in the same terms; the populace delight in the refrain of a melody. What can the Christian do better than repeat the “Our Father,” which is the prayer sealed by His sanction? And as the twelve Apostles persevered in prayer after the Ascension with Mary the Mother of God, what can we do better than employ her intercession to render our petitions efficacious, addressing her in the words of the Angelical Salutation,—the very same words in which the glad tidings of the Gospel were announced to mankind?—“*The Holy Rosary*,” *Father Humphrey, S. J.*

Notes and Remarks.

In the Church of Santa Maddalena in Rome there is a statue of Our Lady known as the Madonna du Salut. It formerly belonged to St. Pius V.; and there is a tradition that the Pontiff was praying before it during the celebrated battle of Lepanto, which was fought on the 7th of October, 1571. The success of the Christian forces was attributed to the intercession of the Blessed Virgin, and the Saint instituted the Feast of the Holy Rosary in remembrance of the triumph of Catholic faith and chivalry. The image before which Pius V. prayed, and had a vision of the victory of the Christian fleet, was subsequently given to the religious of St. Camillus, by whom it is greatly prized; it is venerated, as we have said, in their church dedicated to St. Magdalene.

One of the proudest of artists in the world at present is M. Chartran, who recently returned from Rome with a portrait in oil of Leo XIII., and who is now triumphantly showing his painting to friends who visit his studio in Paris. When M. Chartran secured an audience with the Holy Father, about two months ago, one of the first remarks of the latter was that he had made it an absolute rule never again to sit for a painter. On being shown, however, an admirable sketch of himself which the French artist had made from memory, the Pope finally consented to allow M. Chartran a few brief sittings; and the result is what will probably prove the last genuine portrait of Leo XIII.

At the recent celebration of Bishop Hennessy's Silver Jubilee, Archbishop Ryan, himself the foremost pulpit orator of Catholic America, paid a glowing tribute to the eloquence of the Bishop of Dubuque, and in the course of a short after-dinner speech narrated the following incident as corroborative of what he had said in his sermon: "In 1876 I had the honor of being invited to deliver the centennial address on Daniel O'Connell. I could not go to Dublin for that purpose, because I had made a great many engagements in the diocese of St. Louis, and it would have been a serious inconvenience. But I received

the oration on O'Connell delivered by Lord O'Hagan—or at least written by him and read by the Lord Mayor of Dublin,—and I received at the same time the oration delivered on O'Connell in this city by your Rt. Rev. Bishop; I also saw other orations on the same subject, but I think none of these orations were equal to that delivered by the Bishop of Dubuque. And shortly afterward the illustrious Wendell Phillips came to lecture in my city, and he pronounced the oration delivered by the Bishop of Dubuque as a most masterly effort, which he said he would not attempt to emulate. So that of all the orations delivered on Daniel O'Connell the most eloquent was the oration delivered on the classic heights of Kelly's Bluffs."

We regret to announce the recent death, at Lourdes, of Baron Dunot de Saint-Maclou, M.D. For years Dr. Saint-Maclou has been a member of the Medical Bureau whose office it is to examine all the cures reported as having been operated at the famous Grotto. He was thoroughly equipped for this task, and was so scrupulous about assigning to supernatural causes cures that could be at all explained by any other theory, that his decision in any given case went far to convince the most incredulous of the miraculous nature of the favor. Dr. Saint-Maclou always insisted on the importance of what he termed the "miracle of number," holding that the multitude of cures effected at Lourdes was in itself a miracle irrespective of the miraculous character of any particular case. The Doctor died in harness, having been engaged in questioning favored patients the very evening before his demise. *R. I. P.*

The *New Zealand Tablet* sees in the map of Notre Dame, which was lately presented to our readers, with a sketch of the home of THE "AVE MARIA," an illustration of how the Church is spreading in America. The prosperity of Notre Dame illustrates more strikingly the power of Mary's patronage.

"If people at a distance would form a notion of what the progress and position of the Church in America mean, they could hardly find a better way of doing so than that furnished in a picture issued by THE 'AVE MARIA,' of the great scholastic buildings and establishments generally at Notre Dame,

Indiana. A whole country side is covered by a magnificent park, thickly studded with noble institutions devoted to the promotion of learning in almost every shape. It should, indeed, be a privilege to be a student among such surroundings as these, and to have at hand the means of study evidently provided there. America is notably the land of great things. Let us rejoice that nothing she contains can surpass in splendor her religious and educational establishments of the Catholic Church. Of this we are assured by the picture of Notre Dame."

We have frequently had occasion to speak appreciatively of the Catholic Young Men's National Union, and to applaud their zealous efforts to mould themselves and their fellows into the best possible types of American citizenship. It is, therefore, gratifying to note that the seventeenth annual convention of the organization, held recently in Philadelphia, was well attended and was fruitful of good. Among the speakers who gave wise counsel and kindly encouragement to the members of the Union were Archbishop Ryan and Bishop O'Farrell. One feature we note with especial commendation. In the course of a series of speeches on the best ways and means for the development of the societies, all the speakers, while giving due weight to the literary, social, and athletic aids, insisted on the paramount necessity of everyone's receiving the Holy Eucharist on the appointed Communion Sunday. With such a spirit animating its members, the Union has an assured future of brilliant success.

From the *Annals of St. Joseph* for October we learn that the Association of St. Joseph, established in De Pere, Wisconsin, has been honored by His Holiness Leo XIII. with the title of "Archconfraternity of St. Joseph for Northern America." Many indulgences are accorded to the members of this excellent society.

Since the latter part of May of the current year the Catholic missions of China have very generally been subjected to the raids of fanatical mobs, whose hatred has been written in deeds of pillage, arson, and not infrequently murder. Serious troubles disturbed Uhu, Koang-te-chow, Eastern Se-chuen, Western Tonkin, and many other localities of the Chinese Empire. The Jesuit missionary Fa-

thers have been the principal sufferers; and the burning of their churches, with the destruction of their schools and other mission buildings, dooms them to additional trials for many a long day. After the numerous reports of outrages chronicled from time to time during the past few months in the secular daily press, it is gratifying to learn that the Chinese Emperor has published a decree in which he calls upon viceroys and governors to use vigorous measures in the suppression of all hostile demonstrations against the Christians, whose security, he says, has been guaranteed by treaty. We quote one paragraph of the imperial edict as exemplifying the vigorous action which the Emperor proposes to take in this matter:

"We command the viceroys and the governments to appoint without delay competent civil functionaries and military officers, whose duty it shall be to discover and seize the principal guilty persons, to try them, and to decapitate them immediately, in order that their fate may serve as a lesson for the future."

The Bible Society of Maine publishes some statistics that are not calculated to rejoice the leaders of Protestant thought in that State. In fourteen counties visited, 5,410 families were "destitute of the Bible"; 50,000 families admitted that they were not accustomed to attend any religious service; and there are more than 40,000 school-children who do not attend Sunday-school. A Protestant home without the Bible is practically an irreligious home, and it is the strictly logical outcome of our much-lauded, "magnificent public school system." Godless schools and godless citizens are as intimately connected as cause and effect.

A writer who has been contributing a series of sketches to the *Southern Cross*, Buenos Ayres, uses some plain language, in a recent issue of that paper, on the subject of sermons and preachers. Prefacing his article with the statement that he is 'just as good a Catholic as his readers,' he proceeds vigorously to criticise the pulpit oratory prevalent in that city. As an instance, take this:

"When passion swells into sustained frenzy, when close reasoning and accuracy are sacrificed to dramatic effect, when modulation is swallowed up in a tissue of shrieks, and when gesticulation is exaggerated into the contortions of a medicine-man, the

effect of the noblest and purest diction that ever came from the mind of man must be utterly lost. That is generally what happens here."

After paying a graceful compliment to the Passionist Fathers—a tribute which those who have listened to Father Fidelis or Father Edmund can readily believe is well merited,—and one to the Irish chaplains in the camp, the writer makes a remark applicable perhaps in republics other than the Argentine:

"I say that the Catholic religion is starving in some countries for the want of that nourishment which the genius of humble and zealous oratory imparts. Preachers are wanted who will preach. Men are wanted in the pulpits who can bring themselves to believe that a whisper may do more to soften the heart than a shout, and who can recognize the necessity of making a great effort if the religion of the country is to be preserved for the generations that are coming."

The antiquity of the Church in Canada was incidentally exemplified a few days ago at Montreal. In the course of a case concerning the limitation of the powers of church-wardens, the Abbé Sentennes, pastor of Notre Dame, submitted the records of the parish for two hundred and thirty-one years. The first document presented was a decree, dated 1660, of the sainted Mgr. de Laval, first Bishop of Quebec. The Canadian Church is evidently not a thing of yesterday.

We are in receipt of additional contributions to promote the Cause of the Ven. Curé of Ars, as follows:

D. S. Mc., \$1; Mrs. G. H., \$10; Andrew P. Huplime, \$1; a friend, \$1; Mrs. J. M. D., \$1; Dr. J. V. K., \$1; a friend, \$1; "a friend of THE 'AVE MARIA,'" \$1; Mrs. David R., \$1; N. S., \$1; M. A. C., 25 cts.

The Holy Father has issued another Encyclical on the Rosary, a summary of which we shall present to our readers, *D. v.*, next week.

As the world grows older, thoughtful men are learning to see more and more clearly that the salvation of modern society must be worked out on the lines laid down by the Catholic Church, and little by little her methods are being adopted. The multiplied orders and congregations of priests, Brothers, and Sisters engaged in the educational training of Catholic youth have time and again been ridiculed and vilified by the Protestant re-

ligious press; and now comes the *American Churchman*, the organ of the Episcopalians in this country, with a plea for "the establishment of teaching orders, both of men and women, prepared to maintain the cause of Christian education by giving their own selves, their souls and bodies, 'a reasonable, holy and living sacrifice,' to the training up of Christ's little ones for duty in this life and for glory in the life of the world to come." While we doubt the permanence of all Protestant orders or brotherhoods—for they are and must be built on a foundation of sand,—we welcome this outspoken protest against education without religion.

THE "AVE MARIA" is sent free to a large number of charitable institutions; and while we are glad to do this, we are obliged to limit the favor to the United States, and to a single copy of the magazine, the applications for free copies are now so numerous. Those who cooperate with us in increasing the circulation of THE "AVE MARIA" have the double merit of spreading devotion to the Blessed Virgin and of diffusing good reading. As soon as our circulation will warrant the expense, we shall have pleasure in sending THE "AVE MARIA" free to charitable institutions abroad. We regret that we can not do so at present.

Obituary.

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

—HEB., xiii, 3.

The following persons are recommended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

The Rev. Adolph Wesseling, O. S. B., St. Benedict's Abbey, Atchison, Kansas, who departed this life on the 24th ult.; and the Rev. Gerardus Pilz, of the same Order, who peacefully breathed his last on the 20th ult., at Belmont, N. C.

Sister Mary Amelia (novice), O. S. D.; Sister M. Damasia, of the Sisters of the Holy Cross; and Sister Meinolphe, of the Sisters of St. Francis, who were lately called to their reward.

Dr. William Saunders, whose death took place recently at Scranton, Iowa.

Mrs. Mary J. Brennan, of Central Falls, R. I., who passed away on the 29th ult.

Mrs. Mary Kelley, who died a happy death not long since, at Tamaqua, Pa.

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



Catholic Boys of America.

BY F. C.

III.—OUR CABINET OFFICER.*

FACING the beautiful monument to the Father of his Country in Mt. Vernon Place, Baltimore, are the statues of two whom Maryland delights to honor. The seated figure looking to the south represents, in heroic size, one who for thirty-six long years, during the stormiest period of the Republic, filled the highest judicial position in the land—Roger Brooke Taney. †

Since Roger Taney is the only Catholic in the history of our country who was admitted to the councils of the nation as a cabinet officer, the only Catholic who was chief-justice, it is natural for Catholic boys to take an interest in his career, especially as it was his lot to suffer more from his political opponents than perhaps any other man of his day.

He was born in Calvert County, Maryland, in the year after the Declaration of Independence, 1777. When eight years of age little Roger was sent to the only school of the neighborhood, the teacher being an incapable old man, whose two text-books were the Bible and the spelling-book. Here our little pupil learned his letters, but not much more. The boys of that day used to think it great fun to annoy the teacher; and as their pranks were some-

times winked at by their parents, the poor teacher had frequent trials, and his students made little progress in their studies. The boys of Calvert County were not different from other boys, and one Christmas-time they formed a plot to bar out the master.

They chose the noon recess, when he had gone to dinner, to carry out their plan; and as soon as he was out of sight they hurried into the school-house, piled the desks against the door, and made everything fast. They were determined to keep him out until he promised to give an extra recreation. On his return from dinner, the master noticed with some surprise that there were no boys playing about the grounds; and on trying the door, he found it would not yield. The windows also were barred; and there was no climbing down the wide, old-fashioned chimney, because the little rebels, in view of such an event, had kindled a fire on the hearth.

The teacher threatened the boys, pushed at the door, and even battered it with a rail from the fence,—taking care, however, to do it no serious injury; for, after all, the school-house was his own, and any damage inflicted by him would have to be paid out of his own pocket. Finally, after doing all that any one could in conscience expect him to do, he parleyed with the boys. Being at heart a very kind old man, he consented to grant the desired recess. Probably it would have been better for the scholars had he waited quietly until they were ready to capitulate. For his was the advantage; since they, being imprisoned in the school-house, could not get away without falling into his hands. Perhaps, however, he was secretly as anxious as they for the holidays, and hence his line of conduct.

It does not appear that eight-year-old Taney took an active part in this school-boy rebellion; but if he had done so, it would only be one more proof that beginnings do not have to be perfect.

Roger's next school was ten miles away from home, and there he began the study

* The facts of this sketch are drawn mainly from the "Memoir of Roger B. Taney," by Samuel Tyler, LL. D.

† Pronounced "Tawny."

of Latin. He had been attending it only two or three months when the school was closed. The crazy schoolmaster, imagining himself to be a disembodied spirit, was drowned while attempting to walk over the Patuxent River, which was deep enough to float large ships. The next three years Roger spent at home under the care of tutors, and then he was sent to Dickinson College.

College instruction in America has improved very much since the beginning of the century; in fact, a new era has opened in teaching. As an example of the old methods, it may be cited that young Taney had never written an original composition when he sat down to compose his graduation speech. Nowadays there is not a single school of standing in the land which does not insist on regular and frequent practice in writing. The professor of geography at Dickinson taught that branch by means of a rhyming composition, in which he had strung together the names of the countries on the globe, their chief cities, rivers and mountains. From the opening lines of this geographical epic we may judge the whole:

"Round the globe now to rove, and its surface survey,
O youth of America, hasten away;
Bid adieu for a while to the toys you desire,
Earth's beauties to view and its wonders admire;
Refuse not instruction, improve well your time:
They are happy in age who are wise in their prime.
Delighted we'll pass seas, continents, through,
And isles without number, the old and the new;
Vast oceans and seas, too, shall have their due praise,
Including the rivers, the lakes, and the bays."

As this teacher was desirous of undying fame, he took care that the foregoing introduction formed an acrostic, the first letters of the lines spelling his own name—Robert Davidson.

The time came for Roger's graduation. Two honors were to be bestowed—the Salutatory and the Valedictory,—both of which were left to the votes of the class. As there were two rival literary societies in the College—the Belles Lettres and the Philosophical,—each was anxious to secure the coveted honors for its own members.

On this occasion, however, neither society had a majority of all the votes, the balance of power being held by outsiders; and, to add to the uncertainty of the election, there was rumored discord in the societies themselves.

Roger belonged to the Belles Lettres Society, and was nominated by some of his friends for the Valedictory; his principal opponent in the society being Henry Williams, of Pennsylvania, who afterward became a distinguished Presbyterian minister. Roger, having received a majority of votes in his own society, was put up as its candidate; Williams and his followers agreeing to support him. Our young graduate felt very nervous when the deciding ballot was about to be taken, as he was ignorant of the intentions of the outsiders; but when all the ballots were counted, he had a majority of two, and was awarded the Valedictory. The Salutatory was won by a member of the Philosophical Society.

He had won the coveted oration, but now the difficulty was to write it. Like most boys when they have to write a speech, he did not know how to begin. Young writers have a notion that the introduction is all important. In this they resemble an architect who would spend his time in devising an elaborate entrance, without ever giving a thought to the edifice itself.

Roger Taney, however, could not lay claim as yet to the title of a good speaker; so he worried for hours over the first few sentences, and re-wrote them a dozen times before he was satisfied. Finally the great oration was finished and learned by heart, and Roger was sitting on the platform before a crowded audience, waiting for his turn to deliver it. As one speech after another was given, his nervousness constantly increased, until, when he rose to begin the pathetic farewell, his limbs were trembling, his face was bloodless, and his voice almost inaudible. He managed to get through without the aid of a prompter; but alas for the pathos and animation that

he had so carefully worked up in his written speech! They almost entirely vanished in his cold, monotonous delivery.

After his graduation, Roger determined on studying law, and for that purpose he went to Annapolis. He was a diligent student, and his diligence led him into two errors. The first was a resolve not to go into society until he had completed his studies. By thus cutting himself off from polite circles, he deprived himself of that polish and elegance of manner which can be acquired only in intercourse with the cultured. His object, of course, was good; for he wished to be entirely free from distraction in his studies. But distraction, if moderate, is a help instead of a hindrance to study. His second mistake was in studying twelve hours out of the twenty-four; for by long and steady application the brain becomes fatigued and can not work properly, and either the bodily health will suffer or the mental effort will be weak. As Judge Taney himself said in later years, he would have done far better to read law only four or five hours, and spend some hours more in thinking over the principles, and learning to apply them.

In due course of time young Taney received his license to practise at the bar; and as he was then and during his whole life afflicted with a morbid sensibility in the presence of an audience, and as the memory of his Valedictory was still fresh in mind, he was in great anxiety about his first speech in court. He thought he saw a good opening in an assault-and-battery case of minor moment, which was to be tried in the mayor's court of Annapolis. Feeling confident that he knew more law than the mayor or anybody else in that court, Lawyer Taney thought that he would be able to speak there with perfect ease and self-possession. Just as he and his young colleague had empanelled the jury, and "felt quite brave, and men of some consequence in the presence of those around them," to their utter dismay, in

walked Recorder Duvall, who was then a Judge of the General Court, and afterward Judge of the United States Supreme Court.

The testimony was taken, and our young lawyer began his speech; but so overwhelmed was he by the presence of Judge Duvall that he had to lean against the table to steady his feet, and was obliged to fold his arms on his breast to still the beating of his heart. Notwithstanding these physical drawbacks, his strong will mastered his feelings sufficiently to enable him to make an orderly if not a powerful speech, and he won the case.

At the age of twenty-two he left Annapolis, returned home and stood for the General Assembly. There were five candidates, and only four were to be elected. The voting, which was *vivâ voce*, lasted four days, and during that time the candidates sat on a platform in view of the voter. The chances of the candidates fluctuated, according as their respective friends came up, but at the close of the polls Lawyer Taney was declared elected. At the congratulatory meeting which followed, in front of the court-house, Taney was the only candidate who made an address, and his friends were so elated over his successful speech that they placed him in a chair and carried him about the grounds on their shoulders.

After his first term in the House of Delegates had expired, Mr. Taney was a candidate for re-election; but he was defeated—fortunately, perhaps; for this defeat forced him to practise law, at which he gained honor and reputation; whereas if he had been successful, he might have degenerated, like many another, into a petty politician or professional office-seeker.

The second period of Taney's life opens in Frederick, where he went to seek a larger field for the practice of the law. Here it was, in 1806, that he married an estimable lady, Miss Anne Key. It was Miss Key's brother Francis who composed "The Star-spangled Banner."

As the circumstances under which this song was written are most romantic, it may interest our young readers to learn them. In 1814 the British fleet, on withdrawing from Washington, carried away an American citizen as prisoner. Francis Key and a companion went as accredited commissioners of the Government to negotiate for his release. Their demand was complied with, but they were informed that they could not leave the fleet until after the attack on Baltimore. They anchored near Fort MacHenry; and during the bombardment, which lasted all night, the three Americans anxiously paced the deck of their little vessel, awaiting the result. As long as the firing continued,

"The rocket's red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still
there";

but toward morning the firing ceased, and the American watchers were in dreadful suspense as to the fate of the Fort, until, "by the dawn's early light," they saw the star-spangled banner still waving over the Fort. Soon after the British fleet weighed anchor, and stole silently down the bay. In the exultation of the moment, the sentiments of joy and patriotism that filled Mr. Key's breast burst forth into numbers, that have since become historic. That night he arrived in Baltimore, and the next morning he showed his song to one of his friends, who strongly urged him to have it printed. It was sent to a publisher, and within one hour was being distributed on the streets. It immediately became popular, and has remained ever since a national song, almost as dear to the people as the flag itself that waves

"O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave."

Mr. Taney's reputation rose rapidly in Frederick, till he attained eminence in his profession. He was the soul of honor, and it was by his integrity even more than by his great ability that he obtained his wonderful influence over court and jury. One day a lawyer, who was the opposing coun-

sel in an ejection case, being asked by the court if he were ready to proceed, replied in the affirmative. Mr. Taney immediately leaned over toward him and whispered: "Your locations are all wrong, and so you are bound to lose the case, even if your client is in the right." The opposing lawyer, in admiration at this generous conduct, asked for a continuance of his case, and ever after cherished the memory of this high-souled act.

Mr. Taney became in time an eloquent speaker; and as he spoke from the heart, his appeals to the jury were irresistible. Few perhaps that met him in the courtroom knew the secret of his upright life; but they who saw him wend his way every morning, in rain and sunshine, to hear Mass in the little Jesuit chapel, understood full well that it was from the fervent practice of his religion that he drew the strength which enabled him to lead the ideal life of an advocate.

(Conclusion in our next number.)

The Feast of the Angels.

BY SYLVIA HUNTING.

"To-morrow will be the Feast of the Holy Angels," said the mother; and the children ran to gather flowers for the altar, where day and night, before a statue of Our Lady, a taper burned in the red glass lamp, making such a pleasant light in the gloom of the narrow back hall where the miniature oratory stood, that Mary, the poet of the family—she of the dreamy eyes,—was wont to say: "It is like a corner in heaven." The dear child might often be found there performing some special devotions of her own; her task it was to keep the lamp clean and bright, to fill the vases, and replace the embroidered napkin that served for altar cloth whenever it became soiled or dusty.

That evening Sarah brought trailing smilax from the garden, twining it about the picture-frame which held the lovely faces of two smiling angels. "The Guards" the children called them in their own quaint way, because when Fanny was very little and sometimes naughty, she had strangely formed the idea that instead of guardians, caring for her and feeling sorry over her faults, they were stationed there to watch and carry her off if she should continue to be refractory.

"I wouldn't like to go away from mamma and the rest of you," she had said one day, when unusual petulance had been followed by a burst of repentant tears. "Course I'd hate to go away, but I don't believe those pretty Guards would take me far, nor treat me badly, their faces look so kind. I shouldn't wonder if maybe they'd show me heaven, just to make me a good girl."

Margaret, lover of flowers, made all the place look beautiful with her artistic touch, placing a dark red Jacqueminot just in front of her dear Margaret Mary adoring the loving Heart of Jesus, open to receive the sinners of the world. Mattie, like her namesake of old, picked up every leaf and shred after the others had finished, looping the pretty lace curtains in graceful folds, and setting some vases straight that had been placed irregularly. And, then, there was Baby, dear little three-year-old Jamie, flitting to and fro among them all, the busiest of the group.

Suddenly, while the mother was speaking of the angels and the morrow's feast, the little fellow trotted away, and they heard him in the kitchen and dining-room, following Hannah about, talking volubly in his own darling way. When the dinner bell rang, Mattie saw him coming from the direction of the altar with a spoon in his little fat hand.

"What have you been doing, Jamie?" she asked. "Not touching the pretty light, I hope?"

"No, Jamie not touch pretty light," he said. "Bring back spoon. Don't want free, only two. Angels' feast."

"Yes," said his sister, not understanding why he smacked his lips.

In the twilight, when the time came to say the Rosary, Margaret remarked that she thought it would be lovely to recite the Litany of the Holy Angels as well. Everyone agreed to this; and, headed by papa, the procession sought the altar; mamma coming last, with Baby's hand in hers.

You can not guess, dear children, what they saw. Underneath the picture of the two sweet angels, Jamie had put his little table and a couple of tiny chairs. On a red fruit napkin were two small gold and white saucers, all that remained of his once cherished play dishes; beside them two thimble-sized pewter cups and a couple of silver spoons. Each saucer contained a piece of biscuit, a peppermint drop, and a dried prune. The cups were filled with water sweetened almost to syrup.

"Why, Baby dear," they all exclaimed, "did you mean to have a little party here to-night?"

"No party," he replied, almost reproachfully. "Feast for angels, mamuna say. Jamie make nice feast. Fink dem come down and eat like Santa Claus to-night, when Jamie go to sleep."

"You darling!" "You sweet thing!" and a chorus of endearing words followed this explanation. And I do not think I could ever describe how Jamie was kissed and hugged by everyone of the group, from papa down to "Fanny funny," scarcely larger than himself. And it was only they who knew the little fellow's fondness for prunes and peppermints that could appreciate the self-denial that allowed him to leave the morsels where his chubby hands had placed them. The second morning, finding them gone, he said: "Jamie finked angels would get hungry, and dem did."

Is not this a funny true story?



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The Need of Help from Heaven.

LEO XIII. AGAIN RECOMMENDS THE HOLY ROSARY.

AS Pius IX. of saintly memory has been styled the Pope of the Immaculate Conception, so may the present illustrious occupant of Peter's Chair be called the Pope of the Holy Rosary. More than any of his predecessors at the Vatican, Leo XIII. has been instant in counselling the faithful to have continual recourse to this most popular form of devotion to the Mother of God; and his latest Encyclical on the subject, bearing date of September 22, 1891, conclusively proves that as the years roll on and bring him nearer to the term of his ceaseless struggle with the enemies of the Church, he turns with ever-increasing confidence to her who was the earthly comforter and guide of the first Pontiff, as she has been the heavenly protectress of all his successors. Addressing the prelates of the Catholic world, the Pope writes:

"We call to mind with much joy the exhortations which, in preceding years, we have addressed to you, venerable brethren, in our great desire that the faithful, urged by your authority and by your zeal, should redouble their piety toward the august Mother of God, the mighty helper of Christians; and should pray to her

throughout this month, invoking her by that most holy form of the Rosary, which the Church, especially in trying times, has ever employed, and always with the looked-for result. This year once again do we publish our wishes; once again do we address to you the same exhortations. We are persuaded thereto by love for the Church, whose sufferings, far from being mitigated, increase daily in number and in gravity."

After enumerating the crying evils of our age—so many led astray by error and enmity of God; so many indifferent to all forms of religion; so many who are Catholics in name only; and, furthermore, the manifold evils existing in the organization of States that allow no place to the Church,—he adds:

"It is absolutely necessary that the Catholic voice should also call to God with unwearied instance, 'without ceasing'; that the faithful should pray not only in their own homes, but in public, gathered together in the Sacred Presence; that they should beseech urgently the all-foreseeing God to deliver the Church from evil men, and to bring back the troubled nations to good sense and reason, by the light and love of Christ. . . .

"The world goes on its laborious way, proud of its riches, of its power, of its arms, of its genius; the Church goes onward along the course of ages with an even step, trusting in God only, to whom, day and night, she lifts her eyes and her suppliant

hands. Even though in her prudence she neglects not the human aid which Providence and the times afford her, not in this does she put her trust, which rests in prayer, in supplication, in the invocation of the Most High. . . . This important doctrine of Christian wisdom has been ever believed and practised by Christians worthy of the name. Their prayers rise to God more eagerly and more frequently when the cunning and the violence of the perverse afflict the Church and her supreme Pastor."

As an example, he quotes the prayers of the first Christians offered in behalf of St. Peter in prison; and instances the prayer of Christ Himself in Gethsemane. Of the propriety of petitioning the Blessed Virgin, the Sovereign Pontiff, after quoting St. Thomas, who says that the Annunciation was effected with the consent of the Virgin standing in the place of humanity, declares:

"With equal truth may it be also affirmed that by the will of God Mary is the intermediary by whom is distributed unto us this immense treasure of mercies gathered by her Son; for mercy and truth were created by Jesus Christ. Thus as no man goeth to the Father but by Christ, so no man goeth to Christ but by His Mother. . . . She is the mighty Mother of the Almighty; but—what is still fairer—she is gentle, all tenderness, of an inexhaustible loving kindness. As such God gave her to us. Having chosen her for the Mother of His only-begotten Son, He endowed her with all a mother's feeling, that knows only pardon and love. Such Jesus Christ desired she should be; for He consented to be subject to Mary, and to obey her as a son obeys a mother. Such He proclaimed her from the Cross, when He entrusted to her care and love the whole of the race of man in the person of His disciple John. Such, finally, she proves herself by her unwearied efforts to gather in the heritage of the enormous labors of her Son, and in accepting the charge of her maternal duties toward us all.

"This merciful design realized by Almighty God in Mary and confirmed by the testament of Christ, was comprehended at the beginning, and accepted with the utmost joy by the holy Apostles and the earliest believers. It was the counsel and teaching of the venerable Fathers of the Church. All the nations of the Christian age received it with one mind; and even when literature and tradition are silent, there is a voice that breaks from every Christian breast avowing it most eloquently. No other reason is needed than that of a divine faith, which, by a powerful and most pleasant impulse, directs us toward Mary. Nothing is more natural, nothing more desirable than to seek a refuge in the protection and in the loyalty of her to whom we may confide our designs and our actions, our innocence and our repentance, our tribulations and our joys, our prayers and our desires—all our affairs. All men, moreover, are filled with the hope and confidence that petitions which might be received with less favor from the lips of unworthy men, God will accept when they are recommended by the Most Holy Mother, and will readily grant. The truth and the sweetness of these thoughts bring to the soul an unspeakable comfort; but they inspire all the more compassion for those who, being without divine faith, honor not Mary, and have her not for their mother; for those also who, holding Christian faith, dare to characterize as excessive this devotion to Mary, thereby sorely wounding filial piety.

"This storm of evils, in the midst of which the Church contends so strenuously, reveals to all her pious children the holy duty whereto they are bound of praying to God with instance, and the manner in which they may give to their prayers the greater power. Faithful to the religious example of our fathers, let us have recourse to Mary, our holy Sovereign. Let us entreat, let us beseech, with one heart, Mary, Mother of Jesus Christ and our Mother.

'Show thyself to be a mother'; cause our prayers to be accepted by Him who, born for us, consented to be thy Son."

Having thus shown the reasonableness and antiquity of devotion to Mary, and the power of her intercession with God, the Holy Father enlarges upon the form of devotion most pleasing to her and most efficacious to secure her patronage.

"Now, among the several forms and ways of honoring the Blessed Virgin Mary, some there are to be preferred, inasmuch as we know them to be the most powerful and the most pleasing to our Mother; and therefore do we most specially name and recommend the Rosary. The common language has given the name of *corona* to this form of prayer, which recalls to our minds in union the great mysteries of Jesus and Mary—their joys, sorrows, and triumphs. The contemplation of these august mysteries, meditated in their order, affords to faithful souls a wonderful confirmation of faith, protection against the infection of error, and increase of the vigor of the soul. The mind and memory of him who thus prays, enlightened by faith, are drawn to these mysteries by the sweetest devotion, are absorbed therein, and lost in wonder at the work of the Redemption of mankind, achieved at such a price and by events so sublime. Then is the soul filled with gratitude and love before these proofs of charity divine; then is its hope enlarged and its desire increased of those things which Christ has prepared for those who have united themselves to Him by walking in His footsteps. And the prayer combines in itself the words proceeding from God, from the Angel Gabriel, and from the Church; full of praises and of good desires, it is renewed and continued in an order at once determined and various, and its fruits are ever new and sweet.

"Moreover, we may well believe that the Queen of Heaven herself has attributed an especial efficacy to this mode of supplication; for it was at her command and stim-

ulation that the devotion was inculcated and spread abroad by the holy patriarch Dominic, as a most potent weapon against the enemies of the faith at an epoch, not indeed unlike our own, of great danger to our holy religion. . . . Thus under the favor of the Powerful Virgin, the glorious vanquisher of all heresies, the forces of the wicked were repulsed and dispersed, and Faith issued forth unharmed and more brilliant than before. A multitude of similar instances are widely recorded, and both ancient and modern history furnish remarkable proofs of nations being saved from perils and obtaining blessings by this means. And there is another signal argument in favor of this devotion, inasmuch as from the very moment of its institution it was universally taken up and put into most frequent practice by all classes of society. In truth, the piety of the Christian people honors, by many titles and in a variety of ways, the Divine Mother, who, truly most admirable among all creatures, shines resplendent in ineffable glory. But this title of the Rosary, this mode of prayer which seems to possess, as it were, a pledge of affection, and to contain in itself all the honor due to Our Lady, has always been singularly cherished and preferably used in private and in public, in homes and in families, in the meetings of confraternities, before the altar, and in solemn processions; for there has seemed to be no better means of solemnizing festivals or of obtaining her protection and favors.

"Nor may we let pass unnoticed the especial Providence of God displayed in this devotion. When through lapse of time religious fervor has sometimes seemed to diminish in certain nations, and even this pious method of prayer to fall into disuse, true piety and devotion have again flourished and become vigorous in a marvelous manner as often as, either through the grave situation of the commonwealth or a pressing public necessity, general recourse has been had—more than to any other

means of obtaining help—to the Rosary; and thus it has again come into favor and flourished as before. But there is no need to seek for examples of this power in a past age, since we have in the present a signal instance of the same. In these times—so troublous, as we have said before, for the Church, and so heartrending for ourselves—placed by the divine will at the helm, it is still given us to look with admiration on the great zeal and fervor with which Mary's Rosary is honored and recited in every place and nation of the Catholic world. And this must assuredly be attributed rather to the guidance of God than to the wisdom and zeal of men. It strengthens and consoles our heart, filling us with great hope for the ultimate most glorious triumph of the Church under the auspices of Mary."

Referring to the discouragement of those who receive no answers to their prayers, especially as regards the peace and tranquillity of the Church, the Holy Father bids them see that their prayers are made in the proper spirit; and assures them that if prayers and supplications for the Church do not secure for her immediate benefits, their influence is reserved for a time of greater need.

"The subtlety of the human intelligence fails now to grasp the secret designs of Providence; but the time will come when, through the goodness of God, causes and effects will be made clear, and the marvellous power and utility of prayer will be shown forth. Then it will be seen how many in the midst of a corrupt age have kept themselves pure and inviolate from all concupiscence of the flesh and the spirit, working out their sanctification in the fear of God; how others, when exposed to the danger of temptation, have without delay restrained themselves, gaining new strength for virtue from the peril itself; how others, having fallen, have been seized with an ardent desire to be restored to the friendship of a merciful God.

"Therefore, with these reflections before them, we beseech all again and again not to yield to the deceits of the old enemy, nor for any cause whatsoever to neglect the duty of prayer. Let their prayers be persevering; let them pray without ceasing; let their first care be to supplicate for the sovereign good—the eternal salvation of the whole world and the safety of the Church. Then they may ask from God temporal benefits, returning thanks always, whether their desires are granted or refused, as to a most loving, all-wise Father. Finally, may they converse with God with the greatest piety and devotion, according to the example of the saints, and that of our Most Holy Master and Redeemer, 'with great cries and tears.'"

In exhorting the faithful to more fervent and persevering piety, His Holiness does not forget the necessity of penance, and shows that it should ever be an accompaniment of prayer.

"This duty and our fatherly solicitude urge us to implore of God, the Giver of all good gifts, not merely the spirit of prayer, but also that of holy penance for all the children of the Church. Whilst we make this most earnest supplication, we exhort all and each one to the practice with equal fervor of both these virtues combined. Thus prayer fortifies the soul, makes it strong for noble endeavors, elevates to divine things; penance enables us to overcome ourselves, especially our bodies, most inveterate enemies of reason and the evangelical law. And it is very clear that these virtues unite well with each other, assist each other mutually, and have the same object—namely, to detach man, born for heaven, from perishable objects, and to raise him up to closer union with his Creator. On the other hand, the mind that is excited by passions and enervated by pleasure is insensible to the delights of heavenly things, and makes cold and half-hearted prayers, quite unworthy of being accepted by Almighty God. . . .

“And now, venerable brethren, your remarkable and exalted piety toward the Most Holy Mother of God, and your charity and solicitude for the Christian flock, are full of abundant promise. Our heart is full of desire for those wondrous fruits which, on many occasions, the devotion of Catholic people to Mary has brought forth; already we enjoy them by sweet anticipation. At your exhortation and under your direction, therefore, the faithful, especially during this month, will assemble around the altars of this most august of Queens and most benign of Mothers, and weave and offer to her, like devoted children, the mystic garland of the Holy Rosary, which is so pleasing to her maternal heart.”

The Encyclical concludes with a contemplation of the whole world united in the invocation of the Mother of fair hope and of holy love; and in a prayer for the liberty and exaltation of the Church, in which alone is salvation.

“How pleasing and magnificent a spectacle to see in the cities and towns and villages, on land and sea—wherever the Catholic faith has penetrated,—many hundreds of thousands of pious people uniting their praises and prayers, with one voice and heart, at every moment of the day, saluting Mary, invoking Mary, hoping good gifts through Mary! Through her may all the faithful strive to obtain from her Divine Son that the nations plunged in error may return to the Christian teaching and precepts, in which is the foundation of the public safety and the source of peace and true happiness. Through her may they steadfastly strive for that most desirable of all blessings, the restoration of the liberty of our mother the Church and the tranquil possession of her rights,—rights which have no other object than the careful guarding of men’s dearest interests,—rights from the exercise of which individuals and nations, far from suffering injury, have, on the contrary, derived innumerable and most precious benefits.”

Asleep.

BY SYLVIA HUNTING.

My darling lies asleep,
My precious, brown-eyed dove;
In silent slumber, soft and deep,
My little one, my love!

“This is Our Lady’s time,”
She whispered me to-day;
“You said the Beads were stairs to climb
To heaven,—come, mamma, pray.”

And now she lies asleep,
Her pure lips half apart;—
O Mary, when those eyes must weep,
May it be on thy heart!

My baby is at rest,
The sweetest in the land;
Soft waves of hair across her breast,
A Rosary in her hand.

The Success of Patrick Desmond.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

(CONCLUSION.)

XXXI.

“Without fear and without reproach.”

DESMOND, at Eaglescliff, had struggled against all probabilities to interest capitalists in the restoration of the mines. He spared neither time nor pains. It was useless: the mines were dead—for a long time at least. The lake on the night of the storm had done its work thoroughly, and restless water filled their innermost recesses. Experts, who had been hopeful after the first flood, gave opinions that seemed ultra-conservative to Desmond. For three weeks he worked harder than he had ever worked in his life. People said that he was a “trump”; hard-headed speculators admired his pluck. The new traction car company, whose president had some stock

in the Fly-Away, offered him a good place, which seemed to promise a future. This gave him hope; he accepted it, ran over to Redwood—where he would henceforth be stationed—to greet his mother, and then started for New York. His mother parted with him sadly. She kissed him wistfully over and over again. Why must mothers love their sons, and yet they see them go farther and farther away as each day brings their boys greater strength? It was right, of course, that her son should seek a wife; and yet, in spite of reason and right, Mrs. Desmond's heart was sore.

Patrick's ride to New York did not occupy many hours. It seemed to him as if it took him through a century, as thickly studded with hopes and fears as a Northern forest with pine-trees. He knew he had little to offer Eleanor Redwood; he felt utterly unworthy of her. How dared he think of her as sharing his struggles? How dared he offer her—a princess among women—a humble home? He became timid and brave in a breath. He had been dreaming; he had been living in a fool's paradise; he had built a bridge of rainbows, simply because his hopes were rainbow-tinted. He would get out at the next station and turn back,—but still he kept on.

The Fitzgeralds were in their cheerful sitting-room, which he could see between the curtains as he was shown into the drawing-room. The light of the reading-lamp was tempered by a soft, glowing shade; the sound of music struck his ear, and Mary's laugh, as Arthur tried to reach a high note. Was Eleanor there? Would he soon see her? Desmond's heart beat fast. In a moment the curtains would part, and he would behold her whom he acknowledged as the most worthy woman of all the world.

The curtains parted; Mary Fitzgerald entered with his card in her hand. The gas was rather low. Mary gave his face a quick glance, and turned the key of the gas-fixture; the light blazed. Patrick saw that

she was embarrassed. A fear seized him.

"Is anything the matter? Has anything happened to—to—"

He became aware that his question was more frank than conventional; he hesitated.

"I am sorry, Mr. Desmond," Mary said, nervously; "but Miss Redwood is not here. She left yesterday for the mother-house of the Sisters of Charity; she will become a postulant there."

Desmond did not move or speak. Mary clasped her hands. She afterward said she had never seen a man in such distress.

"O Mr. Desmond," she cried, searching for some consolation, "she may change her mind,—girls often do!"

"No, *she* never will; she is a woman—please let me go!" replied Desmond, in a voice that sounded broken. "Excuse me to your husband; I must be alone for a time," he said, with a gesture toward the other room. "To-morrow I will see him."

He rose. Mary, with tears in her eyes, followed him to the door. He waved his hand slightly, and, without speaking, went out into the darkness.

"O Arthur," said Mary, returning bathed in tears, "how hard-hearted she is! I could never have treated *you* that way."

"It wasn't your vocation," answered Arthur. "Hello! why didn't Desmond wait? Never mind! Come play this accompaniment for me. Believe me, my dear, he'll get over it; and, between ourselves, I think they are both too self-willed and Quixotic to have been happy together. Now, *we* are different."

But Mary sat down and had a good cry before she played the accompaniment. How could Arthur be so heartless? And Eleanor? If Mary had only known it, Eleanor had almost forgotten Patrick Desmond, having, as she thought, satisfied her obligations to him when she had written him a cordial note of thanks, and sent him her father's gold-headed walking-stick.

Desmond went back to Redwood, after he had a long business talk with Fitzgerald.

Arthur begged him to remain in New York; he might study law with him; there was a career open for him; he was honorable, he was energetic, he was clever; and Arthur liked him and would help him all he could. Desmond said that he must go; while his mother lived, he must stay at Redwood. At least he could make *her* happy.

Later, when Jack Conlon was ordained, and, through unusual good fortune, put in the place of the old pastor at Redwood, who was sent abroad for a rest, Desmond found his career at home. His own people at Redwood wanted a disinterested leader, who could keep them out of the political mire, and teach them their own strength and how to respect it. They found this leader in Patrick Desmond.

And his mother? Is she happy? Her boy is safe with her, but he is not the same: he is sadder, and he has left his youth somewhere. He is not the impetuous, hot-tempered, out-spoken boy of a year ago; and she regrets this. She has him back at home, but she can not think without a certain bitterness of Eleanor Redwood. She does not know the circumstances of the case: he has never spoken about it; for, after all, he has nothing to tell. He had hoped—that was all.

Father Conlon was delighted to hear that Belinda was not permanently engaged when he entered the rather dilapidated pastoral house at Redwood. To the amazement of that town, and afterward to the terror of the insolent, she took her place as housekeeper for him. In this position she arose far above her own level; and even the haughty Mrs. Howard Sykes saluted her meekly, after having offered her a tract—once, only once! Belinda was never particularly fond of Patrick Desmond; but she looks on him as an injured man, and repents of her impulsive betrayal of the Redwood family secret to Laura Bayard; the more that she somehow fancies that Eleanor would have married Patrick, if she had not done that wrong,—which the

honest old soul makes satisfaction for as well as she can. She often declares that if she had not learned to do penance, she should have gone mad with remorse.

Nellie Galligan, with some assistance from Esther Longworthy, who was appealed to in the name of little Miley, opened a cigar shop in the Bowery, next to Bastien's old place. She prospers and grows rich. Miles wears old clothes and does such work as his wife requires him to do. He has neither money nor credit; and Nellie keeps him in that condition as a guarantee that he will not drink too much. She speaks of the past with regret; of her "reverses" with a sigh; of the Longworthys and Fitzgeralds with charity and resignation. She now leads a life that suits her—a bustling, managing life. And she will make a man of little Miles; for there is a great deal of good in Nellie, and her energy is tempered by experience.

The Baroness von Homburg and Mr. Stokes have become theosophists. The latter is too limp to think seriously: a belief in the *nirvāna* pays him. So he is looked on as inspired by the frequenters of the Baroness' esoteric circle, and he wears the robes of a Brahmin as he once wore his dust-coat. But he feels his degradation: he has never forgotten the night of the great storm and the great sacrifice Desmond's religion obliged him to make. Sometimes when he passes the cathedral he longs to go in and find the secret of the awful grace that saved his former friend, under the greatest stress, from sin,—and yet he only longs: he lacks courage.

One day, as Desmond and Father Conlon were standing by the road that led to the bridge at Redwood, a carriage with a blazing coat of arms passed them. The women in it, who were gorgeously attired, bowed to Desmond; the man in the front seat involuntarily took off his hat, and then, replacing it, scowled. These people were the Baroness and Mr. and Mrs. Bayard.

"The Bayards have bought the Judge's

house, and will cut a wide swath here in Redwood," remarked Father Conlon. "They have grown wealthy in a short time. Those are fine horses, and how the whole thing glitters and shines!"

Patrick Desmond flipped some dust off his coat, cast by the wheels of the Bayard carriage. His face changed for a moment, and then took on a pleasant expression. There was his mother on the other side, on her way home from a visit to the Blessed Sacrament; he lifted his hat and waved his hand to her.

The Bayard carriage turned again, with a glitter of silver and a jingle of chains; its occupants looked the other way as they passed.

"Is that success?" Desmond asked, smiling.

"You'll have to look in the dictionary," answered Father Conlon, laughing. "It is not what you or I call success. My boy, you are, in the sight of God, the most successful man I know."

As they strolled by the river-bank, back of the Judge's house, as in the old days, Desmond recalled with a sudden pain the night he had seen Eleanor waiting in fear of ill news, and had given her a rosary. He wondered whether she had kept it or not. Certainly she must have prayed for him, since he had come to rejoice that she had found the highest vocation. He had heard of her profession, and after that no more; and he had asked of God that she might find all the joy of the spouse of Christ. His dream was gone; he wondered now how he could have built up his hope on such a slight foundation. He blushed when he thought of his presumption, and felt ashamed that Mary and Arthur, and even Belinda, had guessed his secret. After all, he thought, it was only just that the noblest woman in this world should have chosen "the better part," and he thanked Heaven that he had never disturbed the serenity of that pure soul by a word of love.

Eleanor became to Desmond what Beat-

rice was to Dante—a creature above the world, endowed with all virtues, a mentor, a guide, the companion of his thoughts and the censor of them. He led an inner life, of which only his friend, Father Conlon, caught glimpses. He rose step by step in the estimation of his fellowmen; his words carried weight, his name was synonymous with the most scrupulous honesty. And each step he took upward was a step for all the young men of his blood in Redwood, until it was the ambition of those he influenced, not to be rich at all hazards, but to be honest at all hazards. He accomplished this at the cost of many sacrifices, and some people declared he was a fool; Desmond knew what is said of every man with a purpose, and it did not trouble him. If he had followed the ethics of business common in Redwood, he might have had a carriage like Harry Bayard;—there, for instance, was that contract for the sewers when Desmond was in the Redwood town council,—but that is a long story.

Sometimes the old craving for wealth came back, and for a moment he saw himself at the telephone on the night of the great storm, with the terrible alternative of that occasion before him. The vision cured him. If he had succumbed, he would now be the greatest failure on earth—a man who had sold his conscience and his soul.

His disappointment, bitter while it lasted, had made him grave; and men took his reserve for pride in his immaculate reputation. But there was too much fear in his heart for pride to find a lodging place. However, this reserve, tempered by a tolerance which the memory of his keen temptation led him to extend to others who had fallen, was a great part of the influence he wielded.

There came a time when all Father Conlon's hopes concerning his people in Redwood were realized. Self-respect had forced out the idleness and thriftlessness which self-indulgence had fostered. Saturday night was no longer a *saturnalia* by

the river-side, when the whiskey shops consumed the week's earnings. Father Conlon's people had learned that they were bound to let their light shine clear before men; and that a stain on them meant, in the eyes of their unbelieving neighbors, a stain on the Church they loved more than life. They did not indulge in polemics, but they tried to live so that the glow of faith shone in their acts. Many times Father Conlon thanked Desmond, with tears in his eyes, for having helped by his example to make this possible.

Desmond never attained what the world calls success: he never became rich; he always lived in the little town that gave him birth. And yet, when he looked at his dear old mother, and felt in his heart he could say that her earliest prayers over his cradle had been answered, he knew that he had succeeded; for the first prayer of every good mother is that her son may be an honest man.

Traces of Travel.

MERRY ENGLAND.

BY CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

V.

ENGLISH club-life is not as a general thing wildly hilarious. Of course there are clubs and clubs; but the gentleman's club is always gentlemanlike, no matter what the hour or the occasion. There are clubs, homeless clubs, that meet occasionally, or semi-occasionally, in famous taverns. For years the celebrated Savage Club met at Evans's. The clubs that can gather under their own metaphorical vine and fig-tree are much at their ease; their rooms are usually attractive and contain an interesting collection of souvenirs. The clubs that disband temporarily after each meeting are always seen at a disadvantage, and allowances should be made for them; but I can

not resist the temptation to run hastily over the notes of a certain evening spent with the members of a club, which shall be nameless (I have forgotten its name), at a very ancient hostelry in London.

It was after a dinner at the Savage, where art, literature and the drama ate salt together, and held their respective tongues in the most civil manner. It was after a cup of tea at the Whitefriars, in the cozy little room, along with a dozen or fifteen choice spirits, William Black the novelist—"black spirits and white" were there—amongst them. A very quiet and retiring gentleman he seemed that evening; one who doesn't talk of the Princess of Thule, or of the Strange Adventures of a Phaeton, or of a House Boat, or of anything else which he has written, or is likely to write. It was, in short, quite late in the evening when three of us strolled over into Clerkenwell, toward St. John's Gate. I believe we had subsided, all of us, and were growing more or less sentimental under the influence of the hour, of the place, and the delightful memories that must forever cling about the ancient gate of the Priory of St. John of Jerusalem. When we came upon it—a low arch over a narrow street, with a chamber in the wall above the arch—we didn't uncover, or exclaim, or even pause for a moment, though I am half inclined to think that we would each of us have behaved in this style if we had come upon it singly and unobserved.

Old Doctor Johnson said he always looked upon St. John's Gate with reverence; and well he might; for it sheltered him when he was most in need, and to this hour his history is associated with it. The Priory of St. John, chief English seat of the Knights Hospitallers of St. John of Jerusalem, afterward called the Knights of Rhodes, and finally the Knights of Malta, was consecrated in 1185. It was then of almost palatial extent. King John resided there in 1212, and other English sovereigns occasionally held councils there.

It was burned by the rebels under Wat Tyler; and must have created a sensation, for the building was seven days in flames. Thus have perished many noble landmarks of the ancient faith in England. The South Gate, lately purchased by order of the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem, was rebuilt, as we now see it, in 1504, by the prior, Sir Thomas Docwra. His arms are on the walls, and in the centre of the groined roof is the lamb, bearing a flag and kneeling on the clasped Gospels. There are many memorials relating to the history of the Priory stored in the highly picturesque chambers above the Gate. This we thought upon as we approached the Gate with truly Johnsonian reverence.

Within we forgot the Knights of Jerusalem; we even forgot Jerusalem the Golden, and gave ourselves up to the full enjoyment of the quaint chambers of the tavern—the Gate is now a tavern, the nearest modern approach to the royal entertainment offered by the ancient Knights Hospitallers. There are dark floors waxed and of astonishing cleanliness; richly-stained wainscot; low ceilings; broad, easy stairs, that have creaked to the tread of the proudest feet in the land. It is one of the coziest corners in creation, that tavern at St. John's Gate; comfort—and English comfort of all comfort the most comfortable—is written through and through it. A tight little snugger as precious as an old pipe and as beautifully colored. The atmosphere is tempered with the faintest suggestion of "hot Scotch." You seem to hear the low song of the simmering kettle; there one instinctively looks forward to juicy joints at regular hours. As for the world, it goes by on the other side and wags its head; for it is not bidden to this feast. Sit down in this old chair—Sam Johnson's chair,—the one he sat in oftenest, and which has been sat in by thousands and thousands of his followers, who have worn it down to the bone with much sitting. The Doctor's bust is just over your head. Now, it was

here that Cave started the *Gentleman's Magazine* in January, 1731; it has always borne a picture of the Gate on its cover.

Well, Johnson, who was then unknown, worked for Cave at so much per sheet—mighty little, I warrant you,—and he chiefly depended upon the magazine articles for his support. Johnson had a stage-struck friend, of whom he frequently spoke; and Cave, at last becoming interested in the amateur, asked Johnson to bring him around, which he did. The result was that the young actor made his first appearance in the large room, now the dining-hall of the tavern, before a select audience, in Fielding's "Mock Doctor." Look through the door of the large room to the right and you will read this legend on the wall: "In this room David Garrick made his first appearance as an actor." Verily, it was Garrick, Johnson's friend!

On a certain occasion Cave was dining a friend of his, one Walter Hare, author of a life of Gustavus Adolphus. Johnson, who was too shabbily clad to sit at the same board with these gentlemen, secreted himself behind a screen, and enjoyed a conversation which his poverty and diffidence forbade his dignifying with his presence. Cave, who was doubtless pleased to get a compliment for Johnson without paying for it, turned the conversation upon a life of Richard Savage which Johnson had published anonymously. Hare, fortunately, praised the volume liberally. Now, just imagine how that young author must have felt, sitting in his threadbare garments behind a screen, in the presence of two men of prominence in their time,—he in semi-solitude taking tea and taffy at their expense!

But to business. It was club night. A party of festive Londoners had reserved the dining-hall of the tavern for the occasion. We were introduced, my friend and I, by the third gentleman of the trio, himself a Londoner. We were formally presented as a brace of American cousins, and received with flattering consideration.

It was Low Jinks at St. John's Gate. The atmosphere was clouded with the fumes of "bird's-eye." The gentlemanly riot, which was temporarily suspended on our entrance, was again resumed. The chairman called for a song in honor of the distinguished guests from America. A lusty voice pealed forth the ballad of the "Kearsarge" and the "Alabama"; there was a vociferous refrain, highly complimentary to the "Alabama." A toast was proposed—"Our American cousins." One of us—the other one—responded with the delicate and benevolent humor which has made him the admiration and the envy of his sex. Broad English palms thundered upon the board when my friend wound up with a graceful period, and hid his blushes in a glass of steaming toddy. Songs were called for, and for the most part called for in vain. You know how few there are who can, at a moment's notice, rise out of a "Low Jinks" like a tower of strength, and impress you with their individuality. A pianist attacked the piano, much against his will; for he was evidently "in bad form," as we say in England. He ultimately retired in confusion, under cover of a gratuitous peal of applause. Some one was called on for a speech, and responded at such length that he was finally driven from the floor by tempestuous cheers, mingled with fragments of a popular song.

Once more there was a gap in the chain of events; again the long-winded party came to the front and implored the attention of the club for a moment only. It was given with delicate reluctance; but he waited for it, and finally got it, such as it was. He had, he begged to state with pride—he had with him at that moment a gentleman who bore one of the loftiest names in England. He had persuaded his friend to honor the club with his presence. Personally, he felt the present moment to be one of the most enjoyable in his life; for he had the proud pleasure of presenting to the gentlemen of the Thingamy Club

Mr. Blank Blank, the son of the never-to-be-forgotten Blank Blank, Sr., whose fame would last while Britannia continued to rule the wave—as indeed has been her custom ever since ballad-writing came into vogue. Wild cheers rent the air. We looked with due reverence upon the speaker, who was trembling with emotion. An old gentleman in a skullcap—he must have been ninety if he was a minute—tottered to his feet and nodded incessantly, and in a very patronizing manner, to the audience. As soon as the dense enthusiasm had cleared away he spoke. A thin, piping voice, that soared to the ceiling, assured us that the speaker claimed nothing for himself. He was the fortunate son of a famous father; that was enough for him. It had carried him through the greater part of the century; it would strew his path to the inevitable tomb with second-hand roses; they were due his father, but he got them all. We were all of us more or less touched; for the interminable son of an illustrious sire, long since gathered to his grandfathers and great-grandfathers, drivelled until he finally sank into his seat a complete wreck. The enthusiasm was boundless.

Yet again rose that voice of truth, the one that had been crushed to earth earlier in the evening, and cried proudly: "I call upon my venerated friend, the son of Blank Blank, Sr., for a song!" To my horror, doubtless to the surprise if not horror of the majority, the son of the Illustrious smote his harp and sang. It was a naval ballad of the Elizabethan period, piped feebly by a singer in his dotage. He was nothing in himself but an amiable, frost-bitten fossil; but he was the legitimate offspring of a once famous somebody—I forget who. He was old enough to grandfather the crowd, but time was annihilated, and we grew wildly enthusiastic when we remembered that he was the son of somebody—I forget who. Yea! we were thrilled, we were shaken like aspens, we were affected

almost to tears when we looked with our own eyes upon this filial Methuselah, and thought on the memorable sire, whose name has unfortunately slipped my mind. Our feelings being much wrought upon, the chairman arose and said: "I beg to call upon a gentleman, for many years a much honored member of this club; one who has been absent from us some time, and whose absence has been sorely felt; for none other could fill his place. Gentlemen, we welcome home again our beloved brother, Mr. Snooks." A clap of premature applause seemed to sink under the table with embarrassment and ultimately dive through the floor; it was followed by sepulchral silence. Mr. Chairman said, somewhat briskly: "Will Mr. Snooks favor us with a few remarks?" No response. We agonize for a minute in our seats; then a feeble voice in the corner shouts out to the distant chairman: "The gentleman's name is not Snooks, but Brooks!" Tableau!

At this moment enter the landlord of the tavern, who whispers to the chairman and withdraws. Chairman rises and says: "Gentlemen, it is five minutes to twelve, and we must draw the festivities of the evening to a speedy close." Notwithstanding, festivities proceed as usual, if not more so. Re-enter landlord in great excitement, and speaks for himself on the threshold: "Gentlemen, in two minutes the doors of this house are closed by law, and any one found under the roof after that event is liable to arrest and fine or imprisonment." The chamber in which Garrick made his first appearance was deserted in a moment; the great punchbowl out of which we had been quaffing good spirits—Garrick's very punchbowl—was forgotten, and the next we knew we were pouring into the street at the first stroke of midnight. Two watchful guardians of the peace were standing like vultures on the opposite curb, ready to march us in had there been a hair's-breadth infringement of the Queen's law.

(To be continued.)

Fearless and without Reproach.*

BY MARY E. MANNIX.

THOUGH never favored scribe, with kindling soul,
Should trace thy story on the golden scroll,
Nor 'mid its blazonry thy deeds enshrine,
No record there is holier than thine.

Though never poet worthy of the name
Should sing, in fervid measures, of thy fame;
Though never artist hand, heaven-dowered,
should trace,
Or sculptor carve the grandeur of thy face;

Should all the world forget thee save the few
Who best thy strong and stainless nature
knew,—
Some, close to God, with thee their heaven
begun,
Some waiting still the guerdon thou hast won;

None, none, who read of that last solemn day
But dropped a tear, or turned aside to pray.
And for that life lost 'mid the battle's roar
Ten thousand lives are nobler evermore.

Mary Anderson.

TALENT AND VIRTUE ON THE STAGE.

BY ELLIS SCHREIBER.

LET no one deem the name of an actress to be out of place in a magazine the principal object of which is to promote the honor of the Blessed Virgin; for no surer way can there be to honor Mary than to avoid sin, and for her sake to keep oneself pure and stainless amid scenes and circumstances than which no greater temptation can possibly beset a beautiful and gifted woman. This is what Mary Anderson has

* Lines suggested on reading the biography of Lieut. Col. Julius P. Garesche, killed at the battle of Stone River, December 31, 1862.

done, and her pious and exemplary life is more truly worthy of admiration than her rare beauty or her exceptional talents. She has, moreover, conclusively proved that there is no lawful calling or state of life which prevents those who follow it from practising their religion; and she has also done much to remove the narrow and uncharitable prejudices entertained by too many persons in regard to actresses. What reader of these pages, then, can fail to take an interest in this brief sketch of her career?

She was born July 28, 1859, and made her first appearance on the stage at Louisville, Kentucky, in 1875. For some years she worked hard in the States, during which period she played "Julia" in *The Hunchback*, "Pauline" in *The Lady of Lyons*, "Meg Merrilies," and other parts. In 1883, eight years ago, she came to England, a young American girl, heralded principally by rumors of her striking beauty. "Parthenia," in *Ingomar*, was the rôle in which she was first seen. As to her talent opinions were divided, but no sooner did she appear upon the stage than she became a popular favorite. Not only was she acknowledged to be an artistic notability of the first magnitude, but her success was equally great from a social point of view. Her society was eagerly sought on account of her admirable personal qualities: she is a cultivated lady as well as a talented and painstaking actress. "To see her on the stage," it has been said, "is an artistic pleasure; to see her in private life, and to listen to her as she talks, is a far greater one. She is simple and natural as any child; and even while she is saying that we are all born actors, and regretting the fact, you think that if the study of acting brings about such results as are exemplified in the woman before you, whose every gesture, every movement is perfect grace, the better for Art and the worse for Nature."

She has made more than one long sojourn in England, and in the season of 1884-5 she played "Juliet" at the Ly-

ceum. Her physical advantages have always stood her in good stead, and her attitudes in repose could not be improved. The quality she represented best was girlishness. But though possessing an intimate knowledge of the technical side of acting, a certain self-consciousness prevented her from ever gaining a complete mastery. She just fell short of entire concealment of her art, and forced her audience to remember that she was on the stage. Her "Rosalind" was universally acknowledged to be her greatest triumph. It had a spontaneity and consistency which were convincing; and, being the most sympathetic character she attempted, might have been oftener enacted without becoming wearisome. Her representation of "Hermione" can hardly be reckoned a marked success; and her "Clarice" in Mr. Gilbert's *Comedy and Tragedy*, though in many respects most excellent, was marred by a certain *staginess* which longer experience would no doubt have remedied. In "Pygmalion" and "Galatea" both her strength and her weakness are illustrated. In the lighter scenes her artlessness was irresistible; in the serious portions she left her audience unmoved, especially in the final appeal to Pygmalion, which was but a cold echo from the grave.

Perhaps she left the stage too early to do herself full justice; her great gifts might, in course of time, have reached a higher development and more complete perfection. Be this as it may, a severe illness, brought on by overwork, compelled her to rest for a considerable period. With returning health, her desire to quit the stage grew stronger and stronger; though her career had lasted only ten years, and had been one long success. Her wish became a fixed determination; nor has she ever since then lent an ear to any of the numerous theatrical managers who are as eager as ever to offer her the most brilliant engagements. She was tired of the eternal make-believe. The sham anger and grief and happiness grew intolerable to her, as she went on,

delighting others,—never for a moment forgetting, even amid the most enthusiastic applause, how far her representation of a character fell short of the ideal she had formed of it. This applause, too, often came at a moment that she felt to be a wrong one, and consequently failed to help or delight her. A hushed and breathless silence is oftentimes a far greater compliment, and so she felt it to be. Her colleagues on the stage were also a constant source of disappointment to her. To quote her own words: "You conceive a scene after thinking long and seriously about it. You think you know how it should be acted; you go to the theatre full of enthusiasm, and try to impart something of it to those with whom you act. A few hours after you go home tired, with all your spirits quenched. Your comrades could not or would not see things as you wished them to; all your efforts have been in vain; you feel that it is hopeless." She had the choice between a public life of triumph and success and a retired home-life. She has chosen the latter; and should she, as time goes on, wish to return to the stage, her husband may, perhaps, not seek to prevent her.

We have thus mentioned her husband, although we have not as yet told our readers that one grey rainy morning, scarcely more than a year ago, Mary Anderson was married, in the Church of Our Lady at Hampstead, to Mr. Antonio de Navarro. His father is a Spaniard, but he was brought up in America, and speaks English perfectly. To some people it seems incredible that any one could deliberately prefer a quiet domestic life to such fame and fortune as Mary Anderson might at any time command. Facts are, however, irresistible.

For some months after their marriage, Mr. and Mrs. de Navarro resided in different cities; but they have now definitely decided to settle down in the picturesque neighborhood of Tunbridge Wells, a fash-

ionable inland watering-place about thirty-five miles from London, in the County of Kent. On one of the wooded hills outside the town they have taken a house, which commands a fine view of the surrounding country. The furnishing of this house, we are told, is a source of constant diversion to its future occupants. Now it is the purchasing of some quaint old piece of furniture, which causes the young householders no small interest and enjoyment; again they add to their vocabulary in making acquaintance with what are necessary, but to them hitherto unknown, goods and utensils of the kitchen and storeroom. And between these occupations and diversions—long rambles through lanes and byways, in which both husband and wife take equal delight; for they are unwearying walkers; the study of Spanish pursued by Mrs. de Navarro under her husband's tuition; the evenings devoted to music, of which both are extremely fond, while Mr. de Navarro is a high-class performer as well as a composer; and the intercourse with a few friends,—the routine of their daily life at present is completed.

One who not long ago met her for the first time in the drawing-room of a pretty country house in the vicinity of Tunbridge Wells, thus speaks of Mrs. de Navarro: "It was with no small admiration that I looked up to the radiant woman entering the room, her figure as queenly as ever, her face as beautiful, and flushed with the tinge that follows a life spent much out of doors, in pure air and pleasant surroundings; her eyes flashing with happiness and high spirits. Her dress was elegant but very simple: she wore a close-fitting costume of sage-green, with the unequalled grace we have learned to appreciate since we saw Miss Mary Anderson as 'Galatea,' but which is considered to go only with the clinging draperies of ancient Greece."

Each Sunday morning and often during the week Mr. and Mrs. de Navarro are to be seen seated side by side, devoutly assisting

at Mass in the little, old-fashioned chapel down in the centre of the town. On feasts of Our Lady Mrs. de Navarro, in particular, is never absent; and doubtless many a fervent thanksgiving rises from her heart to Mary Immaculate, who has been her guiding star over a perilous sea, and has enabled her to steer her bark safely into a quiet haven.

Our Lady of Jouarre.

A MISSIONARY'S STORY.

I WAS surprised and delighted some months ago to see in THE "AVE MARIA" an account of the old royal Abbey of Notre-Dame de Jouarre. I was there a short while since for the fifth time, and the entry in my diary is: "How few are the places one really *loves!*" I had left my luggage at the railway station, to be sent up by the *diligence*, while I took the short cut up the hill-side on foot. I said my Rosary all the way, for it was a pilgrimage to me. The writer of the article alluded to said in effect: "Miracles are not wrought there now." Well—perhaps not. But just listen to this story.

At the end of Lent, 1875, an English lady in Paris was much impressed by the preaching of a Benedictine Father; and, being in need of advice, she went to consult him. He was out when she called. Next day she called again; still out. This happened several days running. Each time she said she would go no more. "Why such persistence in seeing a stranger, when any other priest would do as well?" However, each time she went again, and at length found him. He, seeing her to be in ill health as well as in trouble, and having just returned from a visit to the Abbey of Jouarre, told her that what she wanted was rest and quiet, and that she would find a very ideal of this in the Abbey from which

he had just come. Then, leaving the subject, he asked her about her relatives; found she had a brother in London, a Protestant. Had this brother any children? Yes: a son and a daughter. "Very well," he said; "you go to Jouarre, and soon that little niece of yours will join you and become a Catholic." The lady smiled and replied: "That is not very likely, for she is already engaged to be married; and, what is more, engaged to the son of a Protestant missionary."—"Eh bien! that son of a missionary will also go to Jouarre and become a Catholic." So they spoke, laughing.

In less than six months (for she went to Jouarre) she was surprised at a proposal from her brother to place his daughter under her care for a while, that she might have the advantage of a period of study in the abbey school. And in that home of grace it is not wonderful that the young lady, surrounded as she was by an atmosphere of piety never experienced before, soon began to show "Catholic leanings."

Her *fiancé*, partly from alarm, wishing to spy out the land, and partly, of course, eager to see her again after so long an absence, arranged to spend his Easter holiday at the *aumônerie* of the Abbey. He took his Bible over, thinking that he should soon be able to knock "all that Catholic nonsense" out of her head. But everything took him by surprise. The constant, unforced life of prayer; the air of consecration that pervaded all things; the subtle influence of consummate purity; the absence of all sentimentality; the solemn reality of it all,—it was a revelation to him.

As soon as he found his feet in the French language, he ventured to question the chaplain, who was the first priest, nay I believe even the first Catholic, he had ever spoken to. His first question was about Our Lady, and (*laus Deo et Mariæ!*) it was reverently and not contentiously put. What he said was, allowing for the struggle with unfamiliar French: "I want to know what you mean by your devotion to the Blessed

Virgin, and I will put it this way: I have a sister whom I believe to be in heaven; though she is with God, she is still my sister, and no amount of love for her or of talking to her (were it possible) on my part could amount to idolatry. Now, is your love of the Virgin Mary, and your prayer to her, of that nature or not? Of course there is difference in degree, but is the principle the same?" On receiving the Catholic answer, the last suspicion of Catholic idolatry was immediately banished forever. A very good piece of work for three days.

The next thing was the (to him) startling suggestion that the Blessed Sacrament was, after all, a possibility. He had always looked upon it as a crude survival of unenlightened times, retained as an uncriticised and unoperative opinion in a mere form of dogma. But here it was evidently the centre of the whole life of the place. He shut himself up with his Bible, put together all the passages relating to the Blessed Eucharist, and immediately surrendered at discretion. It was plain as the daylight. Practice should follow hard on theory. He went straight out and knelt in adoration before the Blessed Sacrament. It was some little time before he became a Catholic, however; for there were other difficulties still, and there was much to learn. But never again did he pass a Catholic altar without bending the knee; and never again did he enter a Protestant church.

All this was in the Easter week of 1876. When it was over he returned to London. Ascension Day found him still undecided, but on that day he bethought himself of the ten days' prayer and fasting of the Apostles. Once more practice followed hard upon theory; and, though he had never heard of a novena before, and did not know how to fast (his idea was simply to drop dinner out of the day), he made such a preparation for Pentecost as he has never made since. The result was that his difficulties fell away from him like St. Peter's chains at the bidding of the angel,—he could not

tell how. One of these evenings, at night prayers, he tremulously ventured on his first "Hail Mary." He hedged it round with many conditions, in case it might be wrong—good Heavens, wrong!—but he said it and went to sleep. Next morning, Pentecost Eve, he awoke, and could not find his former difficulties: they had vanished in the night, and never since has he been able to put himself back in the old position where difficulties could even seem probable. Afterward, when he told these things to Cardinal Manning, who confirmed him, the Cardinal smiled his own peculiar grave, sweet smile and said: "It does not take long to learn the multiplication table, when it is properly put before you."

It may be quite true that miracles are not worked at Notre-Dame de Jouarre; but the young lady spoken of above is now a nun at that dear old Abbey, and her quondam betrothed is now a priest in a far mission land. It is he that writes these lines; and he is of opinion that, though miracles are not wrought there, there are some things better than miracles, and that what he has now told is one of them.



Unity Impossible.

THE Methodists held recently at Washington one of those comedies of convocation denominated an Ecumenical Conference. It was supposed to be representative of the sect's adherents in Europe and America, but without power to make any definite and authoritative ruling upon questions that might be considered. It will be seen, therefore, that even from a Protestant point of view, very little, if any, practical good could result from such an assembly.

One of the subjects debated was Christian Unity. "What means should be adopted in order to bring about the union of Christian churches?" Of course, as nothing of a

binding nature could be determined upon, no practical conclusion was reached. A recent issue of the *New York Sun* contained a sensible and pointed editorial commenting upon this subject. It said:

The feeling seems to be growing that the organic union of the Protestant churches is further off now than ever, and therefore the speakers at Washington talked rather of co-operation as the only feasible method of getting together. By that they meant the joining of forces and contributions for general religious and philanthropic purposes, as to whose necessity all the so-called evangelical denominations are agreed.

The tone of many of the speeches indicated, however, that they have grave doubts whether even such limited union is practicable. Each denomination has its own machinery for the propagation of its doctrines, and its partisan pride is concerned in keeping it up. . . . As it is now, every communion is striving to make the best show it can in the labor of conversion. It may have only friendly and Christian feelings for all the rest, but it wants first to build up its own household. If that were not so, the faith and conviction essential to religious propagation would be gone from the communion. It would have lost the reason for its existence. It would be a dead church.

Protestantism also implies and makes necessary many sectarian divisions. It is a revolt against the church unity which proceeds from overruling church authority. It teaches the right of every individual to interpret the Scriptures after his own fashion; and admonishes him to search them diligently to find therein his rule of faith and practice, and to discover for himself the way of salvation. Of course, therefore, wide diversity of religious views must always prevail among Protestants, and hundreds of sects must exist for their satisfaction. . . . This difference is so complete and radical that it is impossible for them to unite without being false to their convictions. . . . The prospect of Protestant Church union, accordingly, can never be hopeful so long as the sincerity of Protestant conviction lasts. It can not come about so long as Protestantism continues true to its colors and rejects the theory of church authority; or, in other words, denies the doctrine of the infallibility of the Church.

This expresses the fundamental principle underlying the constitution of the one true Church. There can be no unity without authority, or the power to impose obligations. Authority in the Church is the soul, or principle of life, that binds together in one body all those who profess the religion of Christ. When this element is rejected or disregarded, there can be only such a spectacle as Protestantism presents in the constant change and divisions of sects.

Notes and Remarks.

In the course of an article on "Recent Miracles at Lourdes," the *Catholic Mirror* calls for a scientific new departure—an investigation and report on the marvels of Lourdes by the learned scientists of John Hopkins University. "The Church invites such scrutiny," says the *Mirror*, "only asking that the investigation be made by a sincere person. . . . These professors go to Europe and examine railroads, oyster beds, socialism, etc. . . . Let the miracles of Lourdes be looked into. The Church claims that these wonders are genuine and above the explanation of Science. Surely Science, unless it be afraid of the experiment, should not retreat from it with a sneer of indifference."

Our esteemed contemporary makes a good point, but we may remark that it need not have waited so long nor gone so far for what it is pleased to refer to as a correspondence of the *New Zealand Tablet*. We ourselves read that excellent paper carefully.

We heartily wish that some one with a thorough knowledge of Latin and English, familiar with ecclesiastical idioms, conscientious and painstaking, were appointed English translator to his Holiness Leo XIII. (The office would be no sinecure.) Readers of some translations of the latest Encyclical on the Holy Rosary will probably share our wish. The Pope's Latin is generally considered classical; we know it to be difficult to render into readable English. The translations referred to are curiosities. We wonder if the Holy Father would at all recognize his style if the English were retranslated into the original. We doubt it very much.

The *Revue de Deux-Mondes*, a periodical that will hardly be suspected of clericalism, has this to say on the subject of education in France: "Everything done by the Government in opposition to Christian instruction in schools, colleges, and universities, turns to the advantage of revolutionary socialism. Of two things, one: either Christianity is the eternal, and consequently the social, truth; and then the child's education should be impregnated

with it every hour and at every step; his masters should be Christian in their belief and in their teaching, and hence the so-called neutral (non-sectarian) school is an inconsistency and a folly; or, Christianity is not the truth, and then it is socialism that is right. When will it be understood that by the educational policy which our century has inaugurated the way has been opened for a socialistic revolution that will build up nothing, but will result in ruin alone? Truly, there is need of a social reform; but *this reform will be accomplished by the Gospel, if at all.*"

The *Revue* has evidently been studying the Pope's teachings on the social question, and rather agrees with his conclusions. The non-sectarian school, as it is called, is the greatest folly of the day; and Catholics ought to give up at once and forever the experiment of trying to separate religion and education. Let us have Catholic schools taught by Catholic teachers with Catholic text-books in their hands.

The Catholic Young Men's Societies of various nations united a few weeks ago in a pilgrimage to Rome, for the purpose of venerating the relics of St. Aloysius Gonzaga and the august Chair of Peter. They were received with special kindness by the Holy Father, who cordially applauded their piety and their spirit of faith. In the course of a strong address delivered to the young pilgrims, Leo XIII. once more condemned "that perverse method of the 'laicization' of all teaching, which is simply the stifling of every germ of divine faith at its first awakening in the heart." In the following quotation he states a fact which many writers are fond of ignoring:

"What that makes for public and private good is forbidden or denied to aspiration by religion and the Church? Indeed, religion is for young minds an admirable guide to all such things as are true, pure, and beautiful. It perfects and ennobles the good tendencies of the heart; it reforms and corrects the evil. If young men desire to devote themselves to scientific studies, the Church favors the progress of all science; if they wish to cultivate literature, she has always been the guardian and mother of letters; if they are to be educated in the liberal arts, it is she who has inspired art in its perfection; if they are to dedicate themselves to business and commerce, religion teaches them equity and justice in their dealings."

The pilgrimage was a gratifying demonstration, in these latter days of infidelity or

agnosticism; and one of its results will be the intensifying, among the men of the future, of devotion to the Church and its visible Head.

The Catholic practice of leaving churches open on weekdays has frequently been commented upon with approval by non-Catholics, who recognize the benefits that must result from a visit, even of a few minutes' duration, to the house of God. A writer in a Lutheran journal, quoted in the *Catholic Standard*, states that while sitting in a Catholic church on a recent weekday, noticing the persons who were present, he was "deeply impressed with the real service which such an ever-open church renders to devout and troubled souls, especially in a great city. There are thousands in affliction and bereavement, in misfortune and trial, in conviction of and penitence for sin, in sorrows that wring the heart and shake the soul. There are many others in sore temptation to do wrong and commit crime; and others still are bearing burdens of tribulation that can be told only to God, the Searcher of hearts. For all such persons an ever-open place of prayer, a sanctuary where God is worshipped, offers a welcome resort."

In the case of Catholic churches this is, of course, perfectly true; in that of other places of worship, we do not see why a private closet in one's home or counting-house would not be practically as beneficial. Our churches are not merely places of prayer, sanctuaries where God is worshipped, but the actual dwellings of God, who is really present in the Tabernacle.

A correspondent of the London *Tablet* throws some light on the much-talked-of "incident of the Pantheon," by giving a quotation from the *Corriere di Napoli* of the 1st inst. That journal published, on the day before the disorderly demonstrations, the following item of Roman news:

"In the Borgo, which surrounds the Vatican, live many staunch Liberals, who are determined to get up a great demonstration against the pilgrims. The authorities, however, are equally resolute to prevent it, lest it should degenerate into disorder. Menotti and Ricciotti Garibaldi and other well-known politicians are here, moving actively in the matter."

From this it is clear enough that the demonstrations against the French pilgrims were prearranged; and that the trivial incident

of three young men—not pilgrims, by the way—writing *Vive le Pape* in the autograph book served only as an opportune occasion for an outbreak that would have occurred even had nothing been written. Italy certainly has not had of late years much to boast of in her treatment of the Holy Father, and she assuredly has not gained additional honor by the disturbance of the 2d inst.

The series of articles on "Family Names" lately contributed to the *Home Journal* by the Rt. Rev. Monsig. Seton is pleasant and instructive reading. In the concluding article the writer states that a new system of assuming names of saints took root in England after the year A. D. 1000, and became the most abundant source of family nomenclature. As Monsig. Seton remarks, "many who use the names thus derived are absolutely ignorant of their origin—as ignorant as a certain Puritan to whom I once explained, much to his surprise, that Boston was named for a Catholic abbot and saint, being a corruption of *Botolph's town*." Among the examples given of family names thus derived are: Saint Pierre—Sampire, Sampier. Saint Paul—Sampole, Sample, Semple. Saint Denys—Sydney. Saint Clare—Sinclair, Sinkler. Saint Maur—Seymour. Saint Leger—Sillinger, Stillinger.

These were the more knightly names, and generally denote a Norman extraction. The common people of Saxon race, as the learned Monsignor informs us, used to fashion a holy name to their own laws of euphony with the addition of *son*, or of the characteristic letter of the genitive *s*, or with some diminutive, as *kin* (little), or the termination *ock*. Thus: Henry—Henryson, Harrison, Harris, Hawes, Hallett, Hawkins. Andrew—Anderson, Andrews, Henderson. Alexander—Alexanders, Sanders, Saunderson. Michael—Mixon (Mike's son). Benjamin—Benson. Peter—Peterson, Peters, Pierson, Perkins, Pierce. William—Williamson, Wills, Williams, Wilson, Wilkes, Wilkins, Wilkinson, Willis, Willison, Bill, Bilson, Willet, Wilmot, Till, Tilly, Tillot, Tillotson, Tilson, Wiley, and by inserting a *c*, Wilcox (Will-c-ocks).

There may be much in a name, after all. People ought to be content with their names as well as their lots; but who would not sym-

pathize with the gentleman named Wormwood in petitioning the Legislature to alter his name to Honeyman? As he facetiously remarked, 'no one of taste or feeling could oppose his request.'

A Belgian correspondent of one of our exchanges has this to say apropos of the outbreak of bigotry and denunciation called forth by the throngs of pilgrims to Treves during the past few weeks:

"I saw at Stolzenfels, near Coblenz, an English family touching with some emotion the counterpane of a bed wherein Queen Victoria and her consort had once slept. Last year, at the Military Exhibition in London, I watched grave officers and members of Parliament contemplating with beatitude a pair of breeches that belonged to Wellington, and I know not what accessory of Nelson devoutly kept in a glass shrine [an old coat for which £150 were paid]. Poets in Paris have wept over the grey *redingote* of Napoleon. A month ago a crowd of clever Frenchmen paused before a restaurant window in Paris to see a stout Grand Duke eat a Chateaubriand steak. Realities being thus impressive, why should you so greatly wonder that men should throng to Treves?"

Obituary.

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

—HEB., xliii, 3.

The following persons are recommended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

The Rev. F. Coppin, S. M., rector of the Church of Our Lady of Victory, Boston, Mass., whose holy life closed peacefully on the 16th inst.

Mr. Henry J. Farren, whose happy death took place on the 11th ult., in the same city.

Mr. John F. Kelly, of Roxbury, Mass., who peacefully departed this life on the 25th ult.

Mrs. M. E. Shepard, who died a holy death on the 12th inst., at St. Charles, Mo.

Mrs. Margaret McCarty, of Somerville, Mass., who passed away on the same date, fortified by the last Sacraments.

Mr. Charles McElroy, who died suddenly on the 16th ult., at South Boston, Mass.

Mrs. Catherine Thompson, of St. John, N. B., a fervent Child of Mary, deceased on the 13th inst.

William Broderick, Thomas Knox, Hanora Meister, and Patrick McCall, of Baltimore, Md.; Mr. Thomas Cummings, Hartford, Conn.; Mr. J. Quinn, Minneapolis, Minn.; Mrs. Mary Ford, Omaha, Neb.; Miss Sarah Ryan, Philadelphia, Pa.; and Mrs. Matilda Jerningham.

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



Ave Maria.

These verses, found in a manuscript of the early part of the fifteenth century, were copied by a kind friend in England for the younger readers of THE "AVE MARIA." The author is not known:

HAIL, be thou Mary, Christ's Mother dear!
Queen thou of Heaven, fair and sweet of cheer;

Bright Star of Morning, shining ever clear;
Help me, mighty Lady, hear my prayer,

Ave Maria!

Hail be thou Mary, that high sittest in throne!
I beseech thee, sweet Lady, grant me my boon:
Jesus to love and dread, and my life to mend
soon,

And bring me to bliss that shall never be done,

Ave Maria!

Catholic Boys of America.

BY F. C.

III.—OUR CABINET OFFICER.

(CONCLUSION.)



LAWYER TANEY soon found Frederick rather circumscribed in its opportunities for the practice of his profession, and in 1823 he removed to Baltimore, where in a very short time he was recognized as the leading lawyer of Maryland. An amusing incident is told of his meeting here with the Duke of Saxe-Weimar. At a banquet the Duke sat between two gentlemen, who found it hard to keep up a conversation. Mr. Taney, noticing this, devised some charitable pretext to exchange seats with one of the

Duke's neighbors. The two soon became interested and were affording each other mutual enjoyment, when the Duke unfortunately broached the topic of religion. Thinking it must be a sentiment congenial to Americans, he began to inveigh against Catholicity for causing all the social and political ills of Europe. He was really waxing eloquent on the theme, and was flattering himself that he was showing his conversational powers to advantage, when to his great confusion Mr. Taney quietly remarked: "I'm a Catholic." This so embarrassed the poor Duke that he did not recover his self-possession until the conclusion of the banquet.

When General Jackson became President, he was anxious to form the best possible Cabinet, and to accomplish this purpose he consulted with all his friends as to the most suitable incumbents. Dr. Jones, a friend of the President's, said to him: "General, I know a good man for Attorney General."—"Who is it?" inquired the President.—"Roger B. Taney," was the reply. President Jackson eagerly followed up this hint; and finding on inquiry that Taney was the best man for the office, appointed him. Mr. Taney had no ambition to enter the arena of politics; still, as the office had sought him, he thought proper to accept.

The platform on which Jackson had been elected included a low tariff and the closing of the United States Bank. The Bank had been established by Hamilton for the purpose of strengthening the central government; but it had grown into a monstrous octopus; that had fastened itself on to the land, and was draining it of its vigor and strength. It had made many its debtors by vast loans, others it had won by corrupt practices; in fine, it had so intertwined itself into the commercial and social fabric of the commonwealth, that its removal must needs cause a shock and temporary injury to the welfare of the people. This lesser evil, however, was necessary if the Government was to be saved.

Andrew Jackson, the hero of New Orleans, the idol of the people, was not a man to fear difficulties when he knew he was right. He realized that the Bank was a menace and an injury to the country, and he determined to destroy it. In defiance of the great statesmen of the day, Webster and Clay, in defiance of the Senate, in defiance even of his own Cabinet, the rugged old soldier resolved to conquer the Bank as he had conquered the British. He gave orders to the Secretary of the Treasury to remove the seven million dollars that had been deposited in the Bank by the Treasury. The Secretary refused to obey, whereupon the President informed him that he had "no further use for his services."

To whom would the President turn in his trouble? There was one whom he felt certain he could trust, one who was the sworn foe of grasping monopolies, one who had sustained and encouraged his every move against the Bank. Him he asked to fill the breach—Roger B. Taney. It certainly was expecting a good deal of the Attorney General to resign the honorable position which he held, in order to perform the odious task that others were shirking; but the President knew his man. Taney was of heroic mould,—a man ever ready to sacrifice personal interests for the public good; and in this instance he accepted with alacrity a position which was to draw upon him a storm of abuse. He became Secretary of the Treasury, and three days after his appointment he gave orders for the removal of the deposits.

This patriotic move delighted the people and saved the liberties of the country, but drew upon the men that were bold enough to carry it out the merciless attack of partisan and corrupt politicians. The Bank and its friends endeavored by every means in their power to bring about financial distress in the country, in the hope that this evil might be laid to the blame of the opponents. Unfortunately they succeeded only too well, and the President and Mr.

Taney were censured by many; but their vindication soon came in the absolute failure and bankruptcy of the Bank,—a proof that its transactions were unsound, financially as well as morally.

When Mr. Taney's name came up before the Senate for confirmation as Secretary of the Treasury, the partisan senators vented their spleen by rejecting it. Many of those same senators, however, lived to rue that vote, and were only too glad in after years to claim the friendship and crave the favor of "the noblest Roman of them all."

A pretty little anecdote told of the Secretary of the Treasury, who at this time was so busily engrossed in affairs of state, illustrates his kindness of heart. One bitter cold morning, while walking on the street, he saw a tiny colored girl trying in vain to pump water into a little tin bucket. The Secretary stopped, filled the bucket for the child, and bade her go home and tell the one who had sent her that it was too cold for so small a child to be fetching water.

President Jackson, wishing to reward Mr. Taney for his faithful services, appointed him Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States; but the Senate had not yet become reconciled to their old antagonist, and in a petty spirit of revenge again refused to confirm his appointment. Again, in 1836, for the fourth time did Jackson propose his name to the Senate, and this time for the highest office in his power to bestow—the Chief Justiceship of the United States. Some of the senators, led by Webster and Clay, made bitter opposition to the nomination; but Mr. Taney was confirmed by a majority of fourteen. By this action of the Senate Roger Taney obtained for life the highest judicial position in the highest civil court of America, if not of the world. That bright trio of names, Taney, Marshall and Story, have lent a grandeur and sacredness to our Supreme Court that have made it revered at home and renowned to the ends of the earth.

Not to dwell upon Taney's record as a

judge—for, after all, the life of an honest judge is ordinarily devoid of stirring incident,—we may pass over the first quarter of a century that he spent in high office, and come to the celebrated Dred Scott case.

Before we proceed let us say a word about the sphere and prerogatives of the Supreme Court. According to the Constitution of the United States, there are three departments in the Government: the *legislative*, whose duties are committed to Congress; the *executive*, whose powers rest with the President and his Cabinet; and the *judicial*, whose functions are vested in the Supreme Court. The harmony and the strength of our Government arise from the check or balance of power which these three independent divisions exert on one another. The authority of the Supreme Court is absolute; for to it belongs in the last appeal the interpretation of the Constitution, which is the bulwark of our liberties; and to it are referred all disputes between the different States, and appeals of citizens of one State against another State.

Before the civil war, litigation in the Supreme Court was much more complicated than at present, owing to the disputed doctrine of States' rights. About half the country held that each State was supreme and sovereign, and that there were as many independent governments as there were States. According to this opinion, the union of the States under Congress and the President formed merely a league offensive and defensive, from which each of the States was free to withdraw at pleasure. The other part of the country maintained that the States were not wholly independent, but that, united together, they formed one integral government, and hence any State by withdrawing from the union committed an act of rebellion. In other words, the question at issue was: Were the States joined only in a sort of business partnership, dissolvable at will, or were they united as in a marriage contract, binding until death?

It is not necessary here to enter into the origin of the dispute; for to study it intelligently would require considerable explanation of the theory of government and the principles of moral philosophy. Suffice it to know that each party believed itself right, and acted in perfect good faith. Following this uncertainty as to the nature of our Government came the question of slavery. The Southern States upheld slavery, the Northern forbade it on their soil; and on this point the passions of men were gradually wrought up to a high pitch. At this juncture the famous Missouri Compromise was agreed on, by which slavery was forbidden above a certain latitude. Dred Scott was a negro slave of Missouri, who for some time went to reside with his master at Rock Island, Illinois, and afterward at Fort Snelling, across the Mississippi. On his return he claimed that he was a freeman; for he had resided, with his master's consent, north of the latitude marked by the Missouri Compromise.

The case was brought to the Supreme Court. It evidently had to be decided according to the question: Were the United States one government, or were they independent and sovereign States? If they were one government, then Congress could pass laws regulating slavery in the different States; and therefore the Missouri Compromise was constitutional, and by its application Dred Scott became a freeman. If, on the other hand, the States were sovereign, Congress could not pass a law forbidding a citizen of one State to take a slave into free or common territory; or at least the slave should not be freed by that act; for the slave being acknowledged as property, could be freed only by the owner, or by the laws of the State to which the owner was subject. In this view the Missouri Compromise would be illegal, for it destroyed the sovereignty of the States; and Dred Scott would still be a slave by the law of Missouri and the will of his master.

Personally, Chief Justice Taney was in

favor of abolishing slavery; for he himself had manumitted all the slaves he inherited from his father. But at the same time he was firmly convinced that each State was sovereign and independent. The question to him therefore was, should he decide according to his feelings and free the slave, or decide according to his judgment and favor the master? Not being an adherent of the policy, "the end justifies the means," he followed his reason, and decided the Missouri Compromise to be illegal. Of the eight associate judges, five sided with him and only two voted against him.

This decision raised a whirlwind of excitement throughout the country. Horace in one of his odes describes the man of principle and determination as one whom the base clamorings of the populace can not move from his fixed resolve; one who would stand unmoved beneath the crash of falling worlds. This sublime description applies to our Catholic Chief Justice; for, though the heavens did not fall, the social and political horizon was darkened by the volcanic upheaval of passion, and the atmosphere was "lurid with the lightnings of war."

Many in the North regarded the decision as the death knell of the Abolitionist party, and the fanatical could find no epithet vile enough to hurl upon the devoted head of the Chief Justice. Strange to say, although five of the judges voted with him, and two of the five were Northerners, Taney came in for nearly all the abuse; probably because he was regarded as the head and front of the Supreme Court. From this time the country was a sea of unrest, until its waters were tinged with the blood of a million victims.

In 1864 the venerable Chief Justice was laid to rest beside his mother in the little churchyard at Frederick. All through his public career he was mindful of that good, gentle mother, who had taught him his religion; after her decease he frequently expressed the desire to be buried by her side.

In him the country lost a great and good

man. Possessing an elegance and urbanity of manner that made him loved by all, and especially by those who knew him best—his own family and devoted servants,—he had an iron will that the tempest of adversity could not shake. It was this firmness of character that made him immovable in his religious practices. While boarding in Washington in the same house with his associates on the bench, one of them entered his room early in the morning, without knocking, and to his mortification found the Chief Justice kneeling at his prayers. When he apologized for his intrusion, the Chief Justice passed the matter off lightly, saying it was his wont to pray every morning for light in his decisions of the day.

His confessor frequently noticed him kneeling outside the box, waiting his turn in a line of penitents, many of whom were colored. The Father on one occasion came out and offered to hear his confession immediately, but the Chief Justice refused to enter before his turn. The priest insisted, saying that the time of the Chief Justice of the United States was too precious to be spent in waiting. "Not Chief Justice here, Father," was the meek and graceful reply; "only a prisoner at the bar."

After Chief Justice Taney's death, it was moved in the Senate to place a marble bust of the great jurist in the hall of the Supreme Court. This motion brought out a torrent of impassioned declamation. Mr. Wilson called the dead jurist "the abhorrence, the scoff, the jeer, of the patriotic hearts of America." Senator Sumner remarked: "Taney will be hooted down the pages of history"; and, in reply to Mr. Reverdy Johnson's defence of Taney, said: "When listening to Mr. Johnson I am reminded of a character known to the Roman Church, who always figures at the canonization of a saint as the 'Devil's Advocate'; and, if I can help it, Taney will never be recognized as a saint by any vote of Congress."

The "Devil's Advocate" is the one

appointed to search out all the faults and imperfections of the person whose holiness is under examination, with a view to preventing his canonization. Mr. Sumner discharged well his self-imposed though ungracious task—but with ill success. It is true that due honor to Taney's memory was delayed for a time; but nine years after, in 1874, the bill was again brought up, and this time passed unanimously, without debate. Mr. Sumner himself did not object, perhaps because he realized that he could not prevent Taney's being recognized as a saint; and probably, too, because his war passions having calmed down, his better judgment was willing to bow in reverence before the great Catholic Chief Justice.

♦♦♦

Prayer and Labor.

A story is told of a good hermit known as Brother John, who came to forget that all labor is one kind of prayer when done for God's sake; and who, because the angels do no work, finally persuaded himself that in order to be like them he must be idle. "It is surely enough to praise God," he said, and strolled about the forest or sat in his cell, as free from care as the birds; while the peasant people, who knew him as a holy man, brought him food and asked his prayers in return.

At the end of a week he found this want of occupation, so agreeable at first, rather wearisome; and thought that, to vary the monotony, he would pay a visit to another recluse, Brother Francis. So he wandered to his friend's cell and knocked.

"Who is there?" asked a voice within.

"Brother John," was the answer.

"Oh, no: that can not be! Brother John is no longer of earth. He became too holy and high-minded to work, and I think he has gone away to try and be like an angel."

Brother John kept on knocking. "It is I, Brother John," he insisted. "It is not

pleasant to be idle. I have tried it a week, and want to go to work again. I think even angels must be kept busy at something, or they could not be happy."

Then Brother Francis opened the door, saying with a smile, "If you were an angel you could enter without permission, but you seem to be still a man; and the quicker you go to work and earn your bread like a man, the better."

Once this same Brother Francis received a visit from some neighboring monks.

"What work do you do?" asked Brother Francis.

"We do not work at all," said one of the guests. "We follow the apostolic precept, to pray without ceasing."

"I suppose you eat?"

"Why, of course!"

"Who prays for you while you eat?"

The monks looked at one another and made no answer, not knowing what to say.

"And probably you sleep?" ventured Brother Francis.

"Certainly we do; one could not live without sleep."

"Who prays for you while you sleep?"

Again the monks looked at one another and shook their heads.

"Pardon me, my friends," spake the host, "if I tell you how I, for one, interpret your favorite maxim. All the morning I soak in water palm leaves, out of which I make rope. While I am doing this I say: 'Thou hast ordained men for work, O God! Have mercy on me as I work for Thee, and wash away my sins!' I sell the rope and give the money to the poor, reserving only enough to buy my food. So when I eat I think of Him who has given me strength to earn my dinner, and before I go to sleep I beg Him to give me health to serve Him in the person of the poor another day."

The monks were so impressed that they began the next day to make rope of palm leaves, and found that they could pray all the better for it.

FRANCESCA.

THE
AVE MARIA
TO THE HONOR OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN
HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED

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Echoes in Autumntide.

BY THE REV. A. B. O'NEILL, C. S. C.

WFT as the desolate winds of November
Wail out their dirge o'er the age-
stricken year,

Echoes of voices I loved and remember,
Plaintively resonant, strike on my ear.
Pleading they come from beyond the dark river,
Cries wherein patience with agony blends;
Moaning, the breezes their message deliver:
"Pity, have pity, at least you my friends!"

Loved ones, who still in God's prison-house
languish,

Mine the sweet duty your ransom to pay,—
Mine, through Christ's merits, to lessen your
anguish,

Washing all stains of your trespass away.
Soon shall I, too, in that place of probation,
Sigh for the Home where all suffering ends;
Then, in your turn, hear my soul's lamentation:
"Pity, have pity, at least you my friends!"

All Saints' and All Souls'.

I.

THE institution of the Festival of
All Saints is commonly ascribed
to Pope Boniface IV., who
lived at the beginning of the
seventh century. There was at Rome a
temple called the Pantheon, built by
Augustus some years before the birth of

Christ. This building was considered the *chef-d'œuvre* of architecture, and its founder made it the centre of idolatry by consecrating it to all the gods. The Roman emperors, after becoming Christians, enacted laws prohibiting the worship of idols, and destroyed the temples dedicated to their honor. Some, however, were spared because of their magnificence, and among them was the Pantheon. When the Christian religion was firmly established, and the Church saw she had nothing more to fear from idolatry, the temples that had been spared were purified and consecrated to the worship of the true God. In 607 Boniface IV. blessed the Pantheon, and consecrated it under the invocation of the Blessed Virgin and all the martyrs. This, however, can not properly be said to be the origin of the Festival of All Saints; it originated in the year 837, when Pope Gregory IV. dedicated a chapel, in the Church of St. Peter at Rome, in honor of Our Lady and all the saints. Soon afterward the festival passed into Germany. Louis the Mild, on the recommendation of the Pope and the bishops, ordered its celebration throughout his kingdom, and fixed the day for the 1st of November.

The principal object of this festival is Jesus Christ, the chief and model of all the saints. Inasmuch as their sanctity is but an emanation from the sovereign justice and sanctity of God, it is to Him we must refer the honor which we give to those

whom He has willed to sanctify. Faith teaches us that they have merited nothing except in virtue of the merits of Jesus Christ; and we believe that they can do nothing for us except through Him. Let us, then, have recourse to their intercession and prayers, knowing as we do how dear they are to God whom they loved and served so well.

Protestants reproach the Catholic Church with idolatry in the honor paid to the saints; but it is simply a calumny, as every Catholic knows. The saints refer all their merits to Jesus Christ; and we, on our part, profess our belief that their merits are in effect the gifts of Christ. It is He who has given to the saints of both sexes, of every age and condition, the strength to renounce the maxims of the world and follow those of the Gospel. The Church has honored the saints from the beginning, but it is always primarily Jesus Christ whom she honors in the worship which she gives to them. The saints are invoked—that is to say, the faithful implore them to act as their intercessors before God. Believing ourselves unworthy of being heard, we have recourse to those whom we know to be in the grace and friendship of the Lord. We honor the relics of the saints, because we consider their bodies as victims to God, either by martyrdom or penance. It is in the same spirit we honor their images: no Catholic believes that they possess any virtue or efficacy of themselves to cause them to be revered, but they excite within the soul thoughts and remembrances of those whom they represent. In the same spirit, too, visits are paid to their tombs and to the churches consecrated to God under their names. The design of the Church in celebrating the festivals of the saints, in honoring their relics and images, is to honor Almighty God in them, to propose them to Christians as models, and to lead to their imitation by showing the great reward awaiting those who follow in their footsteps.

It is vain for us to allege all the difficulties we have to encounter in the way of salvation: the saints have had the same, and even much greater, obstacles to surmount. They were fashioned from the same clay as we; but, knowing their weakness much better than we know ours, they avoided all that could enkindle the fire of their passions; they fled the occasions of sin; they exercised themselves in the practice of humility; they infused into themselves new strength by frequently approaching the holy Sacraments and by the practice of prayer. It was by these means that they triumphed over themselves and their external enemies. We have but to make use of the same helps. The Blood of Jesus Christ was shed for us as for them. The grace of the Lord is not wanting to us; it is we who are wanting in fidelity and exertion. If difficulties beset us, if temptations affright us, if enemies confront us, let us not lose courage, but redouble our ardor and cry out with Josue: "The Lord is with us: what have we to fear?" If our passions are strong and violent, Jesus Christ has furnished us with arms to subdue them.

Were we but less slothful, we should find that the difficulties which we allege are only imaginary; we should no longer dread the laborious paths of penance, no longer should we hesitate to do what has been done by so many saints. "Why," said St. Augustine, "should I not do what others have had the generosity to do?" Example ought to encourage us and silence our excuses. There is but one God, one Saviour, one Gospel, one Paradise. There is but one law; it is unchangeable. It is a dangerous error to believe that Christians living in the world are not obliged to tend to perfection, or that they can save themselves in any other way than that of the saints. "The kingdom of heaven," says our Blessed Lord, "suffereth violence, and the violent bear it away." It is as hard to save one's soul now as ever it was. Men

may change, and sacred obligations may rest lightly on them; but God's laws remain the same. The nineteenth century will be judged by the same standard as those that have gone before it.

II.

The Church has set apart one day in the year on which to make a general commemoration of all those who have died in the Lord—that is, in His grace,—but whose souls had not been found pure enough at their departure from this life to permit them to enter immediately into the enjoyment of the celestial inheritance. There is, indeed, a special memento made for them every day in the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, especially for those recommended to the priest. But the Church has selected one day in particular, that her children may be excited to pray in a special manner for all the faithful departed, who, having still some stain to expiate, have not yet been admitted into heaven.

It is the duty of a Christian to reflect seriously on what he owes to the dead, who are capable of receiving relief at his hands. They are of the number of the just; they are souls filled with the love of God and charity for us; they are children of God and members of Jesus Christ. All these titles certainly require of us to do everything in our power for their relief. It is evident, from the teaching of the Church, that when united with them by the bonds of charity, we can contribute to their eternal happiness. It is not less certain that there is an obligation on our part thus to assist them; since they live in the same communion of the saints as we, and each one of them is that neighbor whom we should love as ourselves.

The means which the Church places at our disposal to succor those souls whom God purifies by suffering are the Sacrifice of the Mass, prayer, fasting, mortification, almsgiving, indulgences,—all good works done in a spirit of charity, and offered to God for their intention. Whilst assisting

them, as far as lies in our power, we should on this day reanimate our faith and piety, and impress deeply in our hearts these important truths: that sin must be an evil infinitely greater than men imagine, since a single fault, even the slightest, found in the soul of the just, merits such terrible chastisements; that the purity and sanctity of God are indeed incomprehensible, since it is impossible to approach Him with the least stain of sin; that our present life being given us to work out our salvation, it is incumbent on us to make a good use of every moment; that the last moment of our life, of which we are kept in ignorance, will decide our lot for all eternity; that each one of us shall be judged according to his works, and not by his words; finally, that a happy eternity will be the reward of those who shall have persevered unto the end in the fidelity which they owe to God, and unending misery will be the lot of those whom death shall have surprised in sin.

On these principles, as the Church declares through the Council of Trent, the life of every Christian should be a continual penance, in order to expiate our daily faults. Truths such as these we should ever keep present before our minds. As it is written, "Blessed are they who hear the word of God and keep it."

THE world expresses no surprise when a young artist or a young soldier endeavors to win over his friends to the camp or the studio; it always has a smile of indulgence for the rash enthusiasm which exaggerates the glories of war and the delights of art,—ignoring, with a treachery that is partly unconscious, the hardships, humiliations and deceptions with which the road of each is strewn. But if a soldier of the Cross endeavors to recruit a comrade to the service of the Divine Master, this same world is scandalized, and loudly condemns his ill-advised zeal.—*Henry Perreyve.*

Pretty Polly Mulhall.*

BY ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

I.

POLLY MULHALL was the prettiest girl I ever saw, and the most unspoiled. She was the beauty of my native town—a dear old Irish town, famous for its beautiful women thirty odd years ago. Lying south of Dublin some forty or fifty miles, it was well known by a decent enough, if quite unmusical, name of its own; but, for the sake of prudence and a safe anonymity, we will call it by the more euphonious and far more appropriate name of Fairy Green.

It boasted, indeed, of the loveliest green in the whole Emerald Isle; and in its midst, on the velvety spot where the traditional Good People were said to have danced in olden times their lightest and merriest reels, stood in *my* day the Convent of St. Bride. The Sisters of Mercy abode there; and, far back in the Sixties, Polly Mulhall and I used to go to the school of those gentle, black-robed teachers.

Polly was the pride of the Sisters and the idol of the school. A tall, splendidly-formed girl was Polly at sweet sixteen, with wild-rose cheeks; great, glorious, Irish-blue eyes, under a brow as white and round as a snowball; a royal wealth of rich bronze hair, and a smile that revealed dazzling teeth and bewitching dimples.

If she had not been as pious and pure-hearted as she was lovely, Polly Mulhall would have been ruined with adulation long before she emerged from the school-room. But she loved the Blessed Virgin far too well for that. She was a devoted Child of Mary; and how earnestly she strove to imitate her great Mother in her humility and maiden modesty was disclosed in the limpid purity of her innocent violet eyes, so often veiled by their large, thickly-fringed

lids, and in the blush that at the least provocation flashed in and out of her soft cheeks.

The Mulhalls were of gentle blood, but as poor as church mice. There were traditions of enormous wealth and high distinction in Polly's ancestry; and certainly, if there be anything in heredity, there were unmistakable traces of bygone gifts and glories in that queenly maiden's delicate spirit and high-bred bearing.

The home of the Mulhalls bubbled over with children. Polly was the oldest, and (albeit they were all comely lads and lasses) the prettiest of the bunch. Papa and Mamma Mulhall, thoroughly realizing the superlative loveliness of their first-born, looked to her to retrieve the fallen fortunes of her house. "Our Polly" was fit to be the wife of a prince. But whenever there was talk of a great match and of the dumb luck of a cousin's daughter, Judith Gartland—who had gone up to Dublin not long before, and who, after no end of merry-making and sight-seeing, had immortalized herself by marrying the youngest son of the youngest son of an earl,—a far-off, dreamy look would settle upon Polly's sweet face, as the glorious blue eyes fixed themselves wistfully, longingly, on the belfry of St. Bride's, just visible from the window of her homely little chamber.

At certain times the militia were quartered in Fairy Green; and the girls went mad over the dashing fellows, with their gay coats, their epaulets, and their "soothing" speeches. Pretty Polly was then the observed of all military observers, conspicuous for her shy, shrinking grace under fire of admiring glances, and her modest indifference to all the gallant advances of the sons of Mars.

In vain did the soldiers waylay her little brother, Gerald Mulhall (familiarily known as "Jerry"), and line his pockets with six-pences and his mouth with lollipops, in their strategical manoeuvres to transform the lively lad into a messenger of Cupid to his charming sister. Jerry pocketed the

* From the Journal of an Irish friend.

money and swallowed the sweets with traitorous protestations of loyalty; and then danced an Irish reel around Polly, as she tore the military *billets doux* to ribbons, or flung them, unread, in the fire. He was always equal to the emergency, however, when next kidnapped by some ambushed prowler from the barracks.

"And what did she say, Jerry? Lord love you, lad, what did Miss Polly say to the bit of a note?"

"Say?" Jerry would cautiously echo. "Say? Well, as to words—she didn't *say* much, to be sure. But she *looked*, your Honor." (Jerry's vocabulary embraced a choice collection of titles of distinction, which on such occasions he dispensed impartially, with a happy freedom from all conventional restraints.) "She looked, your Honor—O glory! *such* a look!"

"What was it like, you rascal?" his capturer would query, uneasily.

"Like this," retorted the unblushing Jerry, striking a pensive attitude suggestive of silent but strongly reciprocated affection; and rolling up a pair of bright blue eyes, which were really quite fair counterparts of Polly's lovely orbs.

Again some swaggering officer who, as a suitor, deemed himself positively irresistible, would swoop down upon the treacherous Mercury, and pin him in a corner of the barracks, with a thundering "Now, sir, where's the answer to the letter I gave you yesterday for Polly?"

"Answer is it, your Eminence? Answer? Don't squeeze me so tight, or you'll murder me. Sure Polly was too much overcome with your beautiful letter to write you a word. But she sent you this, your Grace" (displaying a ribbon he had pilfered, for some such crisis, from Polly's dressing-table), "and she said—"

"What did she say?" roared the tormentor, as Jerry paused, literally at his wit's end as to what message he could adroitly evolve from his inner consciousness, suitable to the occasion. At last,

Beelzebub favoring him with an inspiration:

"She said, your Holiness: 'Give him *this*, and *he* will understand it all.' Deil a word more did she say."

A fresh shower of sixpences and lollipops was sure to reward the sagacity of Master Gerald Mulhall after such perilous encounters as these.

"That boy will make a successful Q. C.," Father Finbar had once said to his curate, as, in the course of their evening walk near the barracks, they overheard Master Jerry cajoling the military with his characteristic astuteness. "His great-uncle, Geoffrey Mulhall, was a noted Dublin barrister, and his mantle has certainly fallen on Jerry."

On Sundays the Catholic soldiers were always escorted to Mass under charge of a commanding officer. A Protestant, and generally a pompous fellow, the latter took up his post in the middle main gallery of our little chapel, the resort of the local aristocracy of Fairy Green. Here he screwed his gold-rimmed glass into his eye, and ogled Polly to his heart's content. But all in vain: Polly was as insensible to those evidences of his high and mighty regard as if she had been a marble statue.

The day that Polly Mulhall was eighteen, all the dwellers in Fairy Green knew that the rich cousin in Dublin, *née* Judith Gartland, had sent her a complete city outfit for a birthday present, accompanied with a pressing invitation to visit the metropolis, and be presented at the next drawing-room of the Lord Mayor:

The girls were green with envy when they crowded into Mrs. Mulhall's little parlor that night, and gazed on all the gorgeoussness spread out for their admiration on tables and chairs. Morning dresses and evening dresses, riding dresses and walking dresses, bonnets and scarfs, fans, jewels, and fairy handkerchiefs,—the little box of a room was glorified with all the Dublin grandeur. And in its midst, before a shabby cheval-glass, which imperfectly reflected her shining image, stood Polly,

beautiful and stately beyond words, in a white silk dinner dress, *en train*, and a lovely *parure* of pearls, ready, as it were, to step forth in a *menuet de la cour* with his Honor the Lord Mayor himself.

Jerry the irrepressible, Jerry the precocious, *pirouetted* about his favored sister, with a white satin opera cloak around his shoulders, and a white lace bonnet perched jauntily on top of his tumbled brown locks; and, whilst he flirted a large Japanese fan from side to side, sang, to a tune and time of his own:

"She's all my fancy painted her:
She's lovely, she's divine;
But her heart it is another's,
And never can be mine,"—

until his mother vigorously stripped him of his borrowed plumes, and suppressed him for the night.

Everyone was pleased at Polly's good luck. She was such a heartsome creature, of such unassuming modesty, and uniform sweetness of temper, that she had not an enemy in the world.

After she had gone to Dublin, it was one of our keenest pleasures to run into Mulhalls' of an evening, and listen to Kitty Mulhall (pretty Polly's younger sister) reading aloud the letters that came with comforting regularity from "Cousin Judith's." They were redolent of Polly's triumphs. The granddaughter-in-law of an earl moved, as might be expected, in very select circles; and the modest pupil of St. Bride's had been speedily launched upon the flood-tide of polite society.

Much to Cousin Judith's satisfaction and to the honor of her family, Polly had proved "the rage," the belle of the season. The finest "catches" of the metropolis were crossing lances for the monopoly of her smile. Her beauty, her grace, her cleverness, were on the tongues of everybody that was *anybody*; and when she was presented at the Castle, the Lord Mayor himself had felt moved to put up his honorable eye-glass, and murmur after her retreating figure: "A charming girl, 'pon honor!"

It was then that Cousin Judith began to drop hints about a wealthy, a fabulously wealthy, M. P., the Hon. Roderick Eccleston, of Galway, who had attached himself from the first to Polly's chariot wheels, and who was prepared at any moment to lay his wealth and station at her charming feet.

As to Polly, we would have known nothing of her new-found honors or her new-made conquests if we had waited to learn them from *her* pen. She was the true daughter of the "silent Mother who hid her own greatness." Once a week she dutifully sent a brief missive to her doting mamma, assuring her that she was well, and "as happy as Cousin Judith can make me." But, apart from friendly greetings to all the dear ones at home, there was little else in these notes save chronicles of visits to "the loveliest churches" and "the most delightful convents," which altogether manifested an unworldly enthusiasm for pious things, not at all satisfying to the ambitious cravings of Mamma Mulhall for the temporal success of her beautiful darling.

(Conclusion in our next number.)

Traces of Travel.

MERRY ENGLAND.

BY CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

VI.

OXFORD is only fifty miles from London town, yet this glorious old city seems to date back to the beginning of time; and there is an odor of sanctity and an atmosphere of serenity possessing it and its inhabitants that make all the world beside—with the few necessary exceptions—seem comparatively modern.

At this present writing, how I hate the smell of fresh lumber! How garish a new brick seems to me now! By the way, one seldom sees such a thing in this country;

even the modern houses are built in an antique pattern, and seem to grow "instant old," and become a part of the soft, subdued landscape that has gone to seed under these lowering skies. Coming suddenly upon the old town, and by the least desirable approach, the first impression of Oxford is likely to be unsatisfactory. It is stupidly modern up at the railway station; for railways and all that pertains to them can never grow old. A cab dashes into the city at a lively pace; and before one has become receptive or has unpacked his emotions, or is half ready to be charmed, he finds himself rolling under the shadow of moldering walls, where masses of ivy cling in such luxuriousness that the angles of the masonry are lost in the gray-green mantle that cloaks them.

For the present, I desired to see nothing of the interiors of these many mansions. It was enough for me to go up and down the streets that wind like rivers, as all English streets seem to do. I was shod in a pair of latter-day boots, but had they been Roman sandals they would not have felt out of place. The streets were not crowded, and yet there was life everywhere—life that is tempered by the scholarly routine, and impregnated with something of the spirit of perpetual revery that haunts the college gardens and parks, and must refine and beautify every soul that comes under its influence. The very stones of the city are worshipful; the groves are full of sentiment and song, and thick with traditions that grow riper with time, and lose none of their interest with repetition.

As I walked in a kind of delightful bewilderment, three hours ago, I met the citizens who were the only modern institutions worth mentioning in this connection. I met students of various grades, in their floating robes and their mortar-board caps, looking sufficiently uncommon to fit in anywhere in the vistas of Oxford. They seemed to be the masters of the place, though this title has been disputed with

them. The celebrated Town and Gown riots have lost much of their original dignity, and in fact are seldom thought of in these days. On St. Scholastica's Day, 1354, Town and Gown went at it and waged war for three days; before peace was restored, sixty-three students were killed. But the trouble didn't end here; for the town authorities—the Mayor, two bailiffs, and sixty citizens, representing the number slain—were condemned to attend St. Mary's Church annually, to have a Mass said for the souls of the dead students, and afterward to pay a fine of one penny each, "forty of which pence shall go to poor students and the rest to the curate." That unfortunate *mêlée* arose from some enraged students breaking a jar of wine over the head of a landlord who had served them with wine of a bad quality. About that time there were 30,000 students in the University—for all the colleges are incorporated under one head.

There was another order of man that took my eye as I wandered—flushed fellows of the herculean stamp, clad in loose white flannel, a brief jacket and baggy trousers, and wearing caps of sky blue or dark blue, or some significant color. These were the Fellows of the Aquatic College, whose home is on the bosom of the still-flowing Isis—a lovely stream that graduates a few miles from Oxford, and is known to the world as the Thames. I followed these mermen; and having passed under "Tom's" tower, that is the glory of Christ Church College, I found myself on the edge of Folly Bridge. Nothing can do justice to the wonderful picturesqueness of the Isis at this point. A hundred skiffs, shells, barges and boats of every description were drifting to and fro. Some of them contained but one oarsman, some six, some eight. All were moving upon the face of the water like great marine insects; the marvel was that such an infinite confusion could ever regulate itself, and that any one escaped to tell the tale.

There was no disorder—if there can be confusion without disorder, and I hope there can. There was no noise. These fellows picked their watery way by instinct; and the superb rhythm of the eight-oared boats—the crack racers now in training—was like a great heart-beat, that sent the frail shafts through the silver stream swiftly and silently but for the throb of the oars, and with a strong pulsation that seemed to work through the limber spines of those eight crack boatmen, as they crouched at the oar, and came away with a blade of steel in their grip and the muscle nearly bursting their jacket sleeves. It was simply glorious. I thought of “Tom Brown” and “Verdant Green,” and of ten thousand thinkable things. Along one bank of the Isis the class barges were moored; beautiful floating club-houses you might call them, gaudily yet tastefully painted. Beyond the barges the elms of Oxford—if they *are* elms—drooped; and there the shadow of the long twilight was beginning to gather and settle everywhere, but specially under the elms. It was growing chilly also: I shivered on Folly Bridge, albeit the grass was green, and is forever green in England. Down the meandering stream the boats came home; and when the basin by the bridge was choked with them, and the streets were growing gay with the white-liveried boatmen, every one of them with a pet dog at his heels, and most of the fellows paired off in amicable chumship,—well, then I came home to the old Mitre Tavern to dress for dinner; for I was to have a taste of student life this very evening.

When I woke in the gray English morning at the old Mitre Tavern, I looked out of the small window in my chamber, and saw a curious roof that ran to gables, and the gables were set against the four corners of heaven. There were old Spanish-looking tiles running down the many-angled roof toward a courtyard in the house. One of the gable windows, that bulged a little out

into the court, was supported by a quaint buttress, and this buttress bore the date of sixteen hundred and something. It was only a part of the Tavern.

All through the house one comes upon unexpected turns in the narrow halls and steps, six or eight of them at a time, leading up or down, as the case may be. I doubt whether there are two windows of a pattern in the whole collection. I know that the floors of the old house slope gently into the scuppers, like a ship's deck; and that the house itself is a kind of labyrinth, out of which I had to ask my way in order to meet a breakfast engagement.

There was a walk immediately after our breakfast. A constitutional in Oxford is a memorable event. Through ancient causeways; under walls set with tall, slim windows, and with niches and statues in them; through low, massive, crumbling arches, that frame vistas more lovely than any vignettes it has been my lot to chance upon; into a court with great, sombre buildings, wherein the fellows of New College waste the midnight oil,—thus we came at last into the marvellous garden of the place, that has been sung by poets and admired by everybody who knows anything of Oxford and its wonders. The garden is shut out from the world by a corner of the ancient city wall in excellent preservation. These very walls were once battered by Cromwell's artillery; but the scars are hidden now by dense entwining vines, and it is only here and there that the beautiful gray stone is seen—where an arbor has been hewn out of the massive greenery, and a rustic seat set in a cool, damp shadow. The walk that runs under the wall is bordered on the inner side with a sward as smooth as velvet; and in the centre of this sea, if it may be called so, is an island of many-tinted and most umbrageous trees.

Birds ran out upon the grass and looked at us; birds swung in the tree boughs and sang in low, clerical voices. Now and again a student was seen strolling along the

cloisters in his loose black robe. There was no sound but the twitter of birds, the occasional footfall on the flat-stone walks, and the ripple of chimes as they struck the quarter hours with half a bar of harmony like an unfinished carol. Hawthorne has made a note of the delicious melancholy that broods over the ancient gardens of New College, but the best part of the memory of the delightful spot is so subtle and so sweet it can no more be told or pictured than can a bird's song or a flower's perfume.

Magdalen (or "Maudlin," as the Oxonians choose to call it) College was founded in 1456, and is perhaps the choicest collection of the picturesque elements that is to be seen in Oxford. New College, which is a century older than "Maudlin," spite of its name, is the seventh in the order of establishment; there was a system of education in Oxford resembling a university as early as A. D. 730, and there are records of schools that date back to A. D. 440. But what are these few centuries of history to the speechless stones of the city that was founded in the reign of King David, thirty-eight years before the erection of Solomon's Temple!

One can not help thinking of these things as he gropes about among the corridors and quadrangles of the city; and having found his way into the *quod* of "Maudlin," there let him pause. On the four sides of the square stretches the stone cloister, a treasure-house of exquisite allegorical carving. Above the stone arches is a row of curious windows; and between the windows quaint statues and grotesque heads, cut in stone, start out and stare blankly across the silent court. From the roof a cataract of vines falls in the richest profusion, hiding the statues and veiling the windows of the students' chambers. On one side of the court rises a superb old tower that has beguiled a vine into climbing to its very summit. Above the roof looms another tower, and the bells call to

one another over the ancient walls in the same voice that has made melody these three centuries past, and rung out the lives of thousands of youthful and hopeful souls whose lot was cast for a season in this heavenly spot.

Moonlight in the *quod* of "Maudlin." The old towers spiritualized; the vines clinging like thunder-clouds to a shadow of a wall; blocks of moonlight paving the silent floor of the cloisters; a light or two streaming from the half-obscurd window, where the studious one is poring over his fascinating fable of the past. Two, three, four writhing figures that seem to have just started from their hiding-places after a thousand years of sleep—but they stay where they are, for statues are good sitters. In the centre of all this is a soft, spongy sward, with the grass blades stretching themselves in the dew, and the spirits of old who have gone before stealing noiselessly about without so much as blunting a spear of that sensitive grass.

Talking of spirits, hearken to a list of worthies who have cudgelled their brains within the consecrated walls of old "Maudlin": Addison, Gibbon and Lockhardt. Addison's favorite walk now bears his name, and it lies by the stream just over the bridge from the cloisters.

At Christ Church College these names come into my mind: Sir Robert Peel, Duke of Wellington, Lord Derby, Gladstone, Ruskin, Dr. Pusey, Byron, William Penn the Quaker, "who was expelled for misconduct" (our William—think of it!), Ben Johnson, Sir Philip Sydney, and the Wesleys.

New College—William Pitt, Sydney Smith and John Keble.

Oriel College—Cardinal Newman, Tom Hughes, Matthew Arnold, and Sir Walter Raleigh.

St. Mary's Hall—Sir Thomas More.

Queen's College—The "Black Prince," King Henry V.

University College—Shelley, the late

Father Faber, Goldwin Smith, and the author of "Verdant Greene."

All Souls'—Jeremy Taylor, Blackstone, the poet Young, Sir Christopher Wren, and Max Muller.

Exeter College—J. Anthony Froude.

Baliol—Cardinal Manning and Southey.

Worcester College—De Quincey.

And besides these hundreds whose names are household words; but the catalogue is too long to think of quoting.

I chanced in upon an art lecture by John Ruskin, given in a fine hall in the Museum, where Ruskin teaches drawing, and where may be seen original Raphaels, Michael Angelos and the usual rare sketches that seem not so rare in England after all. There might have been thirty students in robes, and with their mortar-board caps thrown carelessly upon a table in the centre of the room, along which the seats were ranged facing the lecturer. He also wore a robe, and stood very near the first row of seats, holding in his hands a sketch of his own, illustrating the progress of art from age to age. He was slender, nervous, sensitive; his voice was feeble and generally unimpressive, but his language was enough to identify him, and this alone was sufficient to enchain the class with its richness and beauty. Everything was done in the most informal manner. It was like seeing a friend in his own room and hearing him enlarge upon his hobby. His homely face lighted up with the enthusiasm of a soul that must be forever youthful, and imparted something of its magnetic joy to the young fellows who were listening to the solution of the riddles of art.

The theatre of Oxford is a grand building, open only for the commencement exercises of the University. But there is a little one-horse affair called the "Theatre Royal." As the good fellows who were trying to make my stay as jolly as possible left no stone unturned in all the dear old city, so we went to the Theatre Royal, and

saw a ridiculous performance that was not half so interesting to me as the audience there assembled. The roughs were crowded in the gallery at a shilling a head; the swells (fellows of the various colleges) were in the boxes, each armed with his "pup." Every man wore his hat all through the evening, and smoked when he felt like it.

During a rope-tying feat the audience was invited to send a couple of ambassadors on the stage, that they might look into the mystery and see that it was genuine. Immediately about a dozen of these gorgeous youths stepped over the rail of their boxes and climbed onto the stage, taking their pups with them. For the rest of the evening it was difficult to tell which party was the more prominent—the professional who had opened the house for a few nights and unwittingly invited the spectators to participate in the performance, or the festive Oxonian who had accepted the invitation to the fullest extent. I was sorry when the thing was over. I pined for those killing coats, those well-bred pups, those student airs and graces, that seemed to imply a fatal knowledge of the world and whole ages of experience.

Good-bye to Oxford! What delightful boys they are! Bred in an atmosphere that is a liberal education in itself—it is almost enough to breathe it. All the crowned heads of England, from the beginning, have visited this chosen spot; scores of bishops, priests and kings look back to it, and recall their "happiest days."

What further can I say of it, except to add that the half hasn't been told? Emerson, in his "English Traits," says of Oxford: "Its foundations date even from Arthur, for the Pheryllt of the Druids had a seminary there. . . . It is the link of England to the learned of Europe. . . . On every side redolent of age and authority." There is small need of my gushing after this; I will shoulder my quill and go elsewhere for my next screed.

Bells.

BY THE RT. REV. JOHN LANCASTER SPALDING.

I.

WITH human life in every hour
Of joy or grief, the bell keeps time,
Ringing in glad or mournful chime,
As days are bright or dark clouds lower.
On happy homes its sweet tones shower
God's benison in silvery rhyme,
Which tells of birth and hope sublime,
And pure hearts' trust in love's high power.

And when life's little day is passed,
And wings of death have darkened all
The gladsome ways of light and peace,
And on all joy their shadow cast;
Then the deep bell, with solemn call,
Still cries: "God's love shall never cease."

II.

The bell is sweetest voice of prayer,
Over the hills and mountains high
Like song of angels in the sky
Hymning their love in the pure air.
Through valleys deep, by rivers clear,
Where winds breathe out their lingering sigh
And quiet homes embowered lie,
It tells that God and love are near.

It greets the rising sun with sound
Of praise to heaven, to earth sweet peace;
And, following him from east to west,
Makes melody the whole way round,
Saying to all without surcease:
"To look to God is to be blest."

III.

In Christian lands at fall of day,
When listening silence fills the air,
The bell rings out God's call to prayer,
In tones which all hearts thrill and sway.
Then throngs that homeward make their way
Pause reverently and bent heads bare,
As though celestial voice spoke there,
And they who hear it needs must pray.

The sound is borne through rosy sky,
Plaintive and lingering, like a voice
Which says farewell to what is dear;
Seeming to mourn the days that die,
Or tell how vain are earthly joys
To hearts which feel that God is near.

IV.

O Belgium! classic land of bells,
The music of thy carillons,
Ringing in clear and silvery tones,
To memory dear, in my heart dwells.
How pleasantly the hours it tells
With cheery voice, through airy zones,
All heedless of our sighs and moans,
Like nuns who sing in narrow cells!
It falls and rises, comes and goes;
Then comes again, like merry child,
Who running forth, quickly returns,
With happy heart, free from all woes,
Prattling in glee to mother mild,
And glad as fire which sparkling burns.

V.

O fairest time, when every hour
Rang in the heart some new delight,
And hope and love were infinite,
Boundless and real as God's power;
When from the heavens poured the shower
Of ceaseless joy; as pure and bright
As stars which glisten through the night,
And fresh as bloom of dewy flower!
Those days are gone, yet still are mine;
Their music rings still in my soul;
I drink their light like sparkling wine,
And would not flee their sweet control.
They are the far-off sacred shrine
Where still I pray, when death-bells toll.

 A Nursing Order.

BY KATHARINE TYNAN.

THE orders of nuns that are devoted to the corporal works of mercy may be said in a special way to belong to the Church militant. While they fight with one hand the unseen foes that are all around us, with the other they meet and grapple such very visible and palpable foes as dirt, disease, want and misery. The Church advances with the ages, or rather leads them. In this utilitarian day there has sprung up about her knees a multitude of serving orders, which would surprise a

stately medieval religious in her abbey in a green park. The Little Sisters of the Poor, the Poor Servants of the Mother of God, the Little Sisters of the Assumption, are examples of such orders. They live in even sordid poverty. There is no poetry about their homes or their lives such as belongs to the old grand orders; there is only the high ascetic poetry of utter abnegation. Their naming of themselves is pathetically and genuinely humble. There is no delight of spiritual raptures and silent face-to-face with the Beloved for them: they care for the unsightly and neglected bodies that are the temple of the Holy Ghost, and reach to the souls that are seemingly as dead as if that Spirit had not breathed upon them.

The Little Sisters of the Assumption are the latest in this field of work; and, like the other orders I have instanced, they fill a place which before stood empty. Their mission is to nurse the sick poor in their own homes; so often the going to hospital of the father or mother means the breaking up of the home. The nuns face this difficulty, and accept all cases of illness. Even maternity cases they take in hands, after the baby is born; and so prevent the illness and premature breakdown, and even death, that often result when an anxious mother leaves the hospital too soon. If the husband and the helpless little brood are waiting at home, the woman will almost invariably take her departure too soon, despite nurses and house surgeons, and even the head doctor himself. A friend of mine, who visits one of the great maternity hospitals of Dublin, has frequently paid for a cab to take home the trembling creatures, who were so weak as to be scarcely able to walk across the ward, and yet eager to take up the burden of caring for dear and helpless ones.

The mother-house and novitiate of the Sisters is at 57 Rue Violet, Grenelle, Paris. It is an old-fashioned house in an unfashionable quarter; but has its big garden full of ancient trees and walled away from

the world, sweet with the scent of old-fashioned flowers, musical with the songs of birds and the hum of bees, and the voice of the wind in the thick branches. A mother-house veritably, and greatly beloved by those who go out from it.

The Order is but twenty-five years old. So long ago it was founded by a priest and a few pious women, who saw the necessity for voluntary nursing among the poor. The founder is still living and watching over the Order. Antoinette Fage, she whom he selected for his first Mother-General, is dead. The second Mother-General rules over seventeen houses of the Order in France, two in England, and two in America; other foreign and home foundations are constantly clamored for. At the Rue Violet there is a colony of one hundred and fifty; for all novitiates are made here. Here they are trained in nursing, and also in all domestic duties; for when a Little Sister goes sick-nursing, she has no sooner made her patient comfortable than she sets to work tidying up, cleaning, cooking, and doing all the housework that needs to be done.

At the Rue Violet they have a garden-house for the first year novices; here they live away from even their own Sisters who have persevered in a hard vocation. There are no lay-Sisters among the Little Sisters of the Assumption, and the work is common to all. They face the quite stern realities of the life they have chosen in this first year. Sometimes a girl comes in in fashionable attire through the dreamy old garden, and almost unpremeditatedly takes off her hat for the postulant's cap and veil. She has the quiet and the silence there in which to consider what she has done, and very few indeed are those who do not persevere. Occasionally a trained nurse joins the Order, and for her be sure the way is considerably smoothed. Revenues consist of what the Sisters may bring in, or what is handed to them voluntarily. They are denied the last privilege of the poor; for

they must not beg, not for themselves or their sick charges,—which is a reason that there is so little flourish of trumpets about the Little Sisters of the Assumption, and that even such an article as this is in a sense unauthorized.

The Order has just established itself in Dublin, and it is about three months ago since I first heard even its name. Very unlike the Rue Violet and its garden of greenery is the temporary convent of the Little Sisters in Dublin. James's Street is, if not in the Liberties of Dublin, at least closely adjacent; and the Liberties are the poverty-stricken portion of Dublin City. It is interesting to recall that the name comes because it was the part of the city to which the Huguenots flocked to dwell in great numbers after they had been driven from their own country by the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes. Ireland was tolerant then as to-day.

The Liberties look desperately poor,—far more dreadful slums to the eye than even Whitechapel in London; though of course the poverty is not really so hopeless, nor is there the violence of crime which makes rookeries hidden away behind broad Whitechapel Road forbidden places, even to the arm of the law, unless it be very strongly reinforced. Irish poverty is mainly, Irish crime is altogether, the result of drink; and the most battered loafer at the street corner will touch his hat to a priest; and the most shrewish and slatternly of housewives will send her children to the nuns' school, and will remember that she herself is a Catholic. The difference I take it between Dublin and London slums is that in Dublin, outside the class which lives by crime, there is little if any of the hopeless class, the wretched human wreckage of London, which is, philanthropists assert, hopeless and irresponsible; as incapable of grasping the thought of God as the thought of good or happiness or beauty, or anything the healthy human soul sighs after.

However, even in Whitechapel the Little Sisters of the Assumption are established; for they are to be found always where the deepest misery is, and what would they do with West End houses? They will tell you stories that read like a romance, of patients nursed in a Whitechapel garret who had fallen there from honor and wealth and station. Even in Whitechapel, they say, they pass unmolested, their nun's garb proving a safe passport. A nun I talked with told me that the only gibe that ever met her was from a sturdy Hallelujah Lass of the Salvation Army, who no doubt had the *trop de zèle* of the convert. It was the second time I had met with nuns who had braved the dangers of Whitechapel and found none. No doubt even poor London castaways can recognize the goodness of those who will bring them bodily comfort when they are ill, and will not force religion upon them unless they ask for it. The nuns visit all creeds impartially, and will tamper with none; though if there is a call for spiritual comfort, be sure they are very ready.

The Dublin convent is an old-fashioned house, which no doubt was a country house in its day, or at least a house in the suburbs. Business has pressed upon it for a long time, but it has kept itself a private house. Guinness' big offices are nearly opposite to it; and there is a wide street, with plenty of pure air; and the dark old church is across the roadway; so that it is a bearable part of the slums. A little bit away is the Wool-Crane, 161 and 162 Thomas Street, where Lord Edward Fitzgerald was taken in '98, but not before his captors had fatally wounded him. This poor part of Dublin is full of memories, but I must not travel to them away from the Little Sisters of the Assumption.

The rooms in the convent are spacious, and full of old wall-cupboards; the furniture as poor and simple as my Lady Poverty could desire—a few horsehair chairs, a table, one or two colored statues under

glass shades. In a room off the staircase were some things used in nursing. The front drawing-room will be the community room, but at present I should call it unfurnished. However, I suppose there is little enough community life for the five Sisters who form the Dublin settlement. The Little Sisters return to the convent for their meals, and to sleep, unless the patient requires a night-nurse, in which case one Sister replaces the other. The back drawing-room is the little chapel, chosen because of its quietness. The Blessed Sacrament is not yet permanently there, but there is the tabernacle to receive it, the doors painted with the picture of the pelican feeding its young with its life-blood. The pretty carved-wood altar is the gift of a lady who has given Him many resting-places on earth: her altars are everywhere in Dublin. There was no other furniture in the chapel except a confessional, a half-dozen *prie-dieux*, and the little font by the door. The convent has been most generously given to the nuns, rent free and taxes paid for a year by its owner.

Sister St. John, the superioress, told us many things full of interest. She was not at all expansive, however, and viewed things in a common-sense and prosaic way. She touched rapidly on one or two cases in hand, giving only bare facts in a way that would have been cut and dried if the facts were not so startling. One is a case of a young wife dying of a tumor. The husband earns fifteen shillings a week. There are five children, and when the nuns came they found all the family sleeping in the bed with the sick mother. She could not bear to go to hospital, and Heaven knows through what squalid neglect and misery she would have travelled to the gates of death if the nuns had not come. Now she is able to be dying quietly, while a Little Sister dresses and sends the children to school, makes preparation for the dinner, washes up and sweeps, and sets things in order. When the nuns are called in to such a

case, the first thing is to settle the bed and give the sick person the unheard of luxury of clean sheets. They need to be strong, the Little Sisters; for I need not say there are many repulsive things to be done. But it is a lovely charity to take all care off the sick persons, and let them die easily or travel back easily to life.

Another case Sister St. John told us of was of a girl employed at dressmaking in the city. She was worked to death to keep a roof over her ailing mother and provide a little food for her. She was a strong and bright girl at first; but times grew hard, and then it came that while there was food enough for one there was not for two. So this poor child silently ate her crust of dry bread in the morning, worked all day, and at night had not perhaps even a crust to eat with her cup of weak tea. The invalid mother noticed the girl growing thin, but never divined the cause. The neighbors talked about consumption. All of a sudden one morning, on her way to work, she fell in the street like a stone. The Little Sisters were called in, and soon found out that it was a case simply of starvation. With nursing and careful feeding she began to come back again to health. Then—it is only a few days ago—she got frightened about arrears of rent, and in the nuns' absence got up and dressed herself, and started off on her long walk cityward, to resume her work. She had gone only a few paces when she fainted again, and was carried home unconscious. She is so weak after this second attack that it is doubtful if she will recover. She may fade away in consumption, or she may slip out of life in a week or two, from sheer, weak inability to lay hold on it again. The rent—a pitiable few shillings—the Little Sisters have gathered from the friends who heard the story. But think of the martyrdom—the voluntary starvation, the agonies of sickness and hunger, endured with brave uncomplainingness day after day! The Little Sisters are so constantly face to face with the tragedies

of the poor that the story was told us in the simplest way. But how terrible it is!

Another feature of the Little Sisters' mission is the training of lay helpers. One knows scores of girls and women pining, miserable, even dying, of inanition of heart and brain. There are so many women who fill no place in the world, and do not know how to look for one. There is no work for them, and so they have not learned what a lovely blessing in disguise was that sentence on Adam that he should earn his bread in the sweat of his brow. Lay helpers are what the Sisters urgently need, and they have scores of applicants as the need becomes known. A lady or two, with no idea of "turning up her nose" at disagreeable things, to accompany each Little Sister, and help in the setting-to-rights and the scrubbing, and take a hand at the nursing,—how it would help the five Little Sisters who are called here, there, and everywhere; and how often it would satisfy a woman's heart, hungry with the pathetic craving to help some one, to be of use somewhere in the world! With the companionship of a nun, parents need not fear that their daughters will not be safe from rudeness; and they will be brought nowhere that there is infectious disease.

The extension of lay work among the poor is a great purpose. It is not to give alms, and so render helpless creatures more helpless and less self-respecting: it is helping them and teaching them to help themselves; and if our poor were but taught to help themselves it would be a big step toward the solution of a great social problem. Some day the ever-increasing tide of poverty will have to be met; it will then be a case of levelling up or levelling down. The more one draws up the working people toward the level of the rich, the less need there will be of reducing the rich to the level of the poor. The Poor Law system, the most debasing and odious ever devised, has created artificially a class of human creatures as little able to help themselves

as a babe in arms. With its enormous revenues, what good might have been accomplished by providing work, by opening new resources! The Irish people hate the poorhouse and its shameful ease, as they consider it. When they come to be satisfied with it, there will be a new trouble to face for those who will have to consider the providing for the immense waste portion of humanity which grows great as the ocean.

All institutions, except for the absolutely helpless, are to be avoided. Orphans and the friendless aged, and those maimed by disease or sickness, must be cared for by the Church or the State; but to keep the home inviolate, that is the truest charity and the truest wisdom as well. Therefore, I consider the Little Sisters of the Assumption one of the noblest and most progressive orders in the Church, or associations in the world. To strike at the home is to strike at Church and State; for it feeds the one, and it is the very foundation of the other.

A well-drilled body of lay helpers might some day consider Miss Rosa Mulholland's cheery suggestion of a Scrubbing Brigade. The Irish poor are dirty certainly; but, then, they come from a people who dared not be anything but dirty for generations of hard rule. The feckless and untidy mother makes a daughter of the same stuff; and the girls marry early, and neither they nor their husbands have ever tasted the delights of being clean. Given a tactful visitor, who in a friendly way will suggest a general turning out of things, and with a big apron over her frock will herself lead the way, there are few poor Irishwomen who will not cheerfully follow. But, of course, the thing should be done with tact and delicacy, and there should be no suggestion that there is a mountain of dirt to be removed. Father Cullen's Apostleship of Cleanliness, which I wrote of in another article, would march side by side with this; and the little daughters banded in the Apostleship would keep their mothers up to the new reforms.

Notes and Remarks.

My last word must be of a Little Sister of the Assumption who died at her post of duty in New York last May. It is the story of many a Little Sister's end. A New York doctor, writing to the *Times* of that city, says: "The recent death of Sister Euphrasie, of the Little Sisters of the Assumption, was surrounded by such sad and unusual conditions that I beg a little of your space for some details. Sister Euphrasie had been nursing a poor woman who had only recently come to America with her husband and four children. . . . She nursed the mother and two of the children, sick at once, with the most scrupulous fidelity. Not a single detail of treatment was neglected. It was impossible to enter the poor home, spotlessly clean, and see the Sister quietly moving about, caring for her sick, and encouraging all with her cheerful, wholesome presence, without feeling the deepest respect and admiration. She was not one of those who give a few dollars or spare a few hours, but a young, healthy, intelligent woman, who gave her life to the poor. I can honestly say that her nursing saved the poor woman to her children; for she was on the verge of the grave. Sister Euphrasie left mother and children convalescent, and then went home and sickened and died in ten days. The poor woman truly said: 'She died to save me.' Many of the poor, suffering from acute disease, die from lack of just such intelligent watching and devoted nursing as saved this poor woman."

"Les Dames Servantes," as they are called in France, number some of the noblest names in France and England among their sisterhood. Any one, however, who visits the little Dublin convent expecting to find French nuns will be surprised at the honest Irish accents that will greet him. The Order will grow certainly, and attract many practically holy souls within it. And for help in funds and clothing and medicines, no doubt God will inspire His people to send them.

It is worthy of note that the pious practice of praying for the dead is now followed by many members of the modern Church of England. The very High Church Anglican never composes an obituary notice without giving place to the Catholic addendum *R. I. P.* And a noted Episcopalian divine answers clearly in the affirmative the question, "Should we pray for the dead?" remarking that it was the custom of the early Church. "What Scripture," he asks, "forbids it, or tells us that we must only pray for those now in the flesh? Why should not an English Churchman pray as St. Augustine and St. Chrysostom and St. Cyprian prayed? Was St. Augustine wrong when he prayed for his deceased mother, Monica? Even John Wesley is quoted as praying for the dead, because it was the universal practice of the early Christians." It is to be hoped that the acceptance of this consoling doctrine will prove the prelude to a complete submission to all the teachings of our Holy Church, "the pillar and ground of truth."

A little chapel in which a Mass of thanksgiving for the discovery of America is known to have been celebrated in presence of the King of Spain was discovered a few years ago in Catalonia. It is of high artistic value, with all its architectural details well preserved. It dates from the early part of the sixteenth century.

Few outside of the Church can realize the beauty and significance of the Catholic's devotion to the Blessed Mother of God. So interwoven is it with faith and practice—so intimately and inseparably connected with both—that only one imbued with a spirit of faith, and consistent in the practical expression of what he believes, recognizes the dignity and intercessory power of the Mother of the world's Redeemer. Hence we were not surprised to observe in a recent number of *The Critic* the statement: "It can hardly be denied that the heart of the Roman Catholic Church to-day is given to Mary." The sentence expresses only a half-truth, and is intended by

the writer as condemnatory. The heart of the Church is indeed given to Mary, but that through her it may be united with her Divine Son. It is this devotion to the ever-blessed Virgin, through whose sweet mediation the graces and blessings of Heaven have been poured forth so abundantly, that has led countless souls to Jesus Christ. And if the Church places it so prominently before the minds of her children, it is that thereby they may be deterred from aught that could offend their Redeemer, and may become His faithful followers. In honoring the Virgin Mother the Church follows the example of God Himself; and her children need not fear to honor too much one whom the Almighty honored so highly.

The feelings of Catholic readers of *The Critic* (there must be many) are often wounded by such misstatements as the one on which we have commented. It is sad to see how completely the teachings of the Church are misunderstood by non-Catholics. We feel sure the statement was made in perfect good faith.

The Pantheon affair has had the good effect of drawing the attention of the whole world to the real attitude of the Italian Government toward the Church. And people seem to understand now better than ever the actual position of the Pope. The cessation of pilgrimages to Rome (which is a matter of life and death with the powers that be), and a better understanding everywhere of the difficulties with which His Holiness has to contend, may lead to a settlement of the Roman Question sooner than was expected, and in some way hitherto unlooked for. The present situation of the Holy See is merely a vicissitude of a power that is sure to endure as long as the world.

That the news contained in the cable dispatches frequently appearing in some of our American dailies is not always reliable, has been proven so often that one naturally waits for an authoritative confirmation before accepting as truth many of the flippant rumors published. A regrettable instance, in which the pure fabrication of an unscrupulous correspondent slandered an eminent Irish prelate, was the statement that Archbishop Walsh, of Dublin, had written for an Irish paper an

editorial in which he said that Christian charity could find no place at the grave of Mr. Parnell. Notwithstanding that the statement was, on the face of it, highly improbable, it went the rounds of the press; and some Catholic editors even permitted themselves to read the Dublin prelate a lecture on the flagrant indecency of his utterances. Of course the Archbishop has branded the statement as a falsehood, and possibly his denial of the charge may obtain some publicity; but it is safe to say, and sad to say, that for a hundred who read the calumny there will not be ten to read its refutation. Are journalists exempt from the observance of the Eighth Commandment?

A movement is on foot to restore the famous old mission at San Diego, Cal. It was one of the foundations of the sainted Padre Serra, and is among the most interesting of the old Franciscan missions. The bells which summoned the Indians to Mass a century ago, and which are thought to contain much silver, are being recast in Baltimore. They were originally cast at San Blas, Mexico, in 1790.

At Hoboken, New Jersey, there was recently laid the corner-stone of what, it is claimed, will be the largest school-house in the United States. The building, which is to serve for parochial school purposes, is being built by the Rev. Patrick Corrigan, rector of the Church of Our Lady of Grace. The Rt. Rev. Bishop Wigger and a distinguished body of the clergy and laity were present at the ceremony.

Sunday, the 1st inst., was a day of special solemnity in the city of St. Paul, Minn. Archbishop Ireland, in a circular letter to the clergy of that city a few weeks ago, recommended the celebration, by an unusual splendor of ceremonial, of the fiftieth anniversary of the dedication of the first chapel built in the territory which St. Paul now occupies. The Rev. Lucian Galtier, the first missionary of the Northwest, in November, 1841, dedicated a little log chapel to the Apostle of the Gentiles, and gave the Apostle's name to the little village which in a half century has developed into the metropolis of Minnesota. The extraordinary growth that has marked the passage

of the fifty years was eloquently dwelt upon by the pastors of the various city churches, and at the conclusion of Mass a *Te Deum* was chanted.

Mr. Hugh J. Syron, of St. Paul, has prepared a beautiful souvenir of the occasion—a print on satin, tastefully mounted, of the little log church. A magnificent cathedral, which it is said will be one of the most imposing ecclesiastical edifices in the United States, is soon to be erected in this flourishing city of the great Northwest.

In a recent issue of the London *Daily News* the death was recorded of a Pole of noble origin, named Stanislaus Zalewsky, residing in Bordeaux, whose birth certificate was dated Warsaw, 1780. His father and mother were banished after the first partition of Poland. Stanislaus entered the French army, and commanded a squadron of cavalry in the retreat of Moscow. On retiring from the military service he studied medicine, and practised for years as a physician in Bordeaux. The *News* says he was “a devout and prayerful Roman Catholic,” and that for the last twenty years of his life his chief occupation was prayer for the souls in purgatory. His memory was unimpaired, notwithstanding his hundred and eleven years; but, unlike most old persons, he disliked to be questioned about his recollections. *R. I. P.*

The late cyclone at Martinique, in the French West Indies, was a terrible disaster. In writing to the Cardinal Archbishop of Toulouse, the Bishop of the ill-fated island says: “Nature was in convulsions. The hurricane in question destroyed houses, churches, and killed more than a thousand persons—in short, the entire colony. I am condemned,” continues the Bishop, “like a second Jeremiah, to weep over the ruins of my people. Tears are my food and sobs choke my utterance.”

We are in receipt of further contributions to the Cause of the Ven. Curé of Ars, as follows:

Friends, Milwaukee, Wis., \$25; K. M. S., \$1; M. G., 25 cts.; per Sr. M. A., St. Louis, 50 cts.; Mrs. Peter B., \$1.50; a client of St. Anthony, 50 cts.; M. S., \$1; A. G., \$1; a Subscriber to THE “AVE MARIA,” \$1; Thomas Wharton, \$1; a Friend, \$5; J. Painter, \$1.

New Publications.

HANDBOOK OF THE CHRISTIAN RELIGION.
FOR THE USE OF ADVANCED STUDENTS AND THE
EDUCATED LAITY. By the Rev. W. Wilmers, S. J.
From the German. Edited by the Rev. James
Conway, S. J. New York, Cincinnati, Chicago:
Benziger Bros.

This is one of the most satisfactory works of its kind that we have had the pleasure to review. It is designed as a complete manual of instruction in the Christian religion, and it is most admirably adapted to realize the intentions and plans of its learned and zealous author. We learn from the preface that it has already done noble service among its German readers, for whom it was originally written; and we feel assured that in its English dress it will prove no less productive of good with those whose attention may be called to it. In a word, for one who should ever be ready, as the Apostle says, to give a reason for the faith that is in him, it presents a thorough dogmatic, moral and apologetic view of our holy religion. At the same time the work is so arranged that it may be utilized as a text-book for a complete course in Christian Doctrine in our schools and colleges. We have no hesitation in cordially recommending this handbook to our readers everywhere.

CHRISTMAS-TIDE. By Eliza Allen Starr.
Published by the Author.

Artistically clad in a dainty leatherette cover of white and gold, the hundred pages which make up this little volume come to us from one of the truest shrines of Catholic art in America—St. Joseph's Cottage, No. 299 Huron St., Chicago. “Christmas-Tide” contains five essays which originally appeared in the *Freeman's Journal*, of New York: “Christmas,” “Our Lady at the Crib,” “Epiphany,” “The Early Madonnas,” and “Raphael's Madonnas.” No one who is familiar with Miss Starr's “Pilgrims and Shrines,” “Patron Saints,” or “Christian Art in Our Own Age,” needs to be told that these papers, just reprinted, well deserve preservation in their present permanent form, or that they will well repay a perusal by those who delighted in them when first they appeared in the columns of the *Freeman*. A thorough enthusiast in all

that pertains to genuine Catholic art, Miss Starr delights to treat her favorite theme, and not infrequently her style glows with an opalescence that seems borrowed from some of her favorite Madonnas. Perhaps her apostrophe to that word, Madonna, may help to explain why we heartily commend "Christmas-Tide" to our readers as a valuable addition to a branch of literature of which we American Catholics have all too little, and as a peculiarly appropriate Christmas gift.

Madonna! Loveliest word in the loveliest of all languages spoken by human tongue. Madonna! Word fragrant as breezes from the Spice Islands of India, with all that moves the affections of mortal hearts, all that stirs them to devotion. Madonna! The keynote of dogma, the cipher by which we spell out the mystery of the Incarnation. Madonna! The inspiration of the Christian poet, as thou hast been of the masters of Christian song, the Cecilians of the ages; but, above all, the inspiration of Christian artists, from the unknown decorators of the Catacombs of Santa Priscilla and Santa Domitilla, and the Arch of Triumph in Santa Maria Maggiore, to Giunta of Pisa, Guido, Duccio, Simone Memmi, Ansano and Sodoma of Siena, Cimabue and Giotto of Florence, Jacopo Turrina the Franciscan in his mosaics, Nicolo Pisano in marble, Andrea Pisano in bronze, down to the richest efflorescence of Christian art under Ghiberti, Donatello, Lorenzo di Credi, Leonardo da Vinci, Luini, Fra Angelico, Perugino, Gentile da Fabriano, Giovanni Santi, Lucca della Robbia, Michael Angelo, to Raphael himself; as if to prove that art, above poetry or music, or any outcome of human genius, owes its inspiration to those dogmas of which the Incarnation is the life, the very soul.

NATURAL THEOLOGY. By the Rev. B. Boedder, S. J. Benziger Bros. 1891.

This work completes the series of "Manuals of Catholic Philosophy" prepared under the auspices of the Jesuit Fathers of Stonyhurst College. We have now for the first time in an English dress a complete exposition of scholastic philosophy—the true philosophy, venerable in its antiquity, but in these our own times imbued with all the freshness and vigor of youth, because of its adaptability to the investigations of reason. Hence the great value of these "Manuals," which are comprehensive treatises on every branch of philosophy, and provide the intelligent Catholic laity with the means of solving clearly modern difficulties against those natural truths which form the basis of Christianity.

Father Boedder, in his work, treats of those

important questions regarding the existence and the attributes of God, and the relations that exist between the Creator and this visible world, "the work of His Hands." The consideration of these subjects involves the refutation of the objections that have been conjured up by Atheism, Pantheism, Skepticism, and modern Freethought. Although the work has its proper place in the series, it may be read and studied by itself, and will be of interest and instruction to the general reader.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands, as if you were bound with them.
—HEB., xiii, 3.

The following persons are recommended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

Mr. John Conahan, of Chicago, Ill., whose happy death occurred on the 6th ult.

Mr. Timothy O'Neill, who departed this life on the 29th of September, at South Boston, Mass.

Mrs. Joseph Faneuf, of West Warren, Mass., whose life closed peacefully on the 21st ult.

Mrs. Michael Coleman, who passed away on the 20th ult., at Malden, Mass.

Mr. John Driscoll, of W. Newton, Mass., who died a happy death on the 14th ult.

Mrs. Anne Curran, deceased on the 11th ult., at Jersey City, N. J.

Mrs. Margaret Daly, who was called to the reward of her good life on the 24th of September, at South Boston, Mass.

Miss Emily G. Kelly, of Dorchester, Mass., who died suddenly on the 4th ult.

Mr. Louis A. Lafferty, who peacefully breathed his last on the 23d ult., at Nashville, Tenn.

Mrs. Mary Kennedy, of Chicago, Ill., whose exemplary life closed in a precious death on the — ult.

Mrs. Bridget Smith, who piously yielded her soul to God on the 13th ult., at Manchester, N. H.

The Rev. Sebastian Keens, C. P., of St. Paul's Monastery, Dublin, Ireland; Miss Abigail G. Miles, Lyons, N. Y.; Mrs. Margaret Dailey, Rosella Smith, John J. Curran, and M. J. Hoy, Minneapolis, Minn.; Mr. George F. Atkins, Washington, D. C.; Mrs. Margaret Linehan, Penacook, N. H.; Mr. Edward Dillon, Hartford, Conn.; Mr. John Ledwich, New Britain, Conn.; James C. Murphy, St. Paul, Minn.; Mr. John Dunn, King's Co., Ireland; Mrs. Patrick Fahey, New Bedford, Mass.; Mrs. Mary Long, Maria Collins, Patrick McMahan, John Killooy, Peter McIntyre, Mrs. Margaret Gleeson, Thomas Cochrane, Mrs. Thomas Cochrane, and James Rowan,—all of New Haven, Conn.; Mary Shelley, —, Ill.

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



An Orphan's Thought in November.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

I.

AH, rain of Fall! ah, rain of Fall!
How sad your drops sound to my ears!
The leaves and flowers have flown, and all
The dreary world is wet with tears.

II.

O rain of Fall! your mission true
Brings comfort to a sad child's heart:
You speak to me, and say that you
Are like my tears, that often start

III.

At memory of the father dear,—
At memory of the mother sweet,—
Yet there can be no season drear,
Since our dear Lord we all may meet!

VI.

You can but weep, O tender rain!
But I can pray and hope as well,
And know my prayers are not in vain
For those who would in glory dwell.

v.

Weep on, weep on, November tears!
I would I had a prayer for each.
I hear you,—but I have no fears:
Prayer to the waiting soul can reach,

VI.

And lift him up to heights above.
You weep the tears, and I will pray;
And thus I join you with my love,—
And help poor souls to brightest Day.

WHEN some one in Red Jacket's presence complained that he had "no time to do anything," the old Indian replied: "Why, you have all the time there is, haven't you?"

The Shrine of the Roses.

BY MRS. MARY E. MANNIX.

I.



IT had been a long, weary year for Father de Scrisy since the bright June morning when for the first time he had looked, from the top of "Martin's Hill," on the little mining village which was to be his charge.

Full of zeal and hope he had stood there, inwardly asking for grace and strength to fulfil his mission, at the same time craving a blessing on those whose spiritual care he was about to undertake.

But he had been grievously disappointed. The poor ignorant people had lived without a priest so long that they seemed to have forgotten the first principles of morality. Drunkenness had made sad progress among them; the children knew nothing of religion, scarcely that there was a God above them; and, in spite of all his efforts, the young priest felt as though in all these months, nothing had been accomplished. It would not have been so hard with the women, if he could only have made even a faint impression on the men. They were a strange mixture of Germans, Hungarians, and Poles, with a few Irish,—nominal Catholics, nearly all; but the church door seldom saw the shadow of the best among them. When not down below in the mines they were to be found at the village ale-house, drinking and playing cards.

The church, called so by courtesy, was a miserable little structure, but poorly supplied with the barest necessities for the altar; for even had they been so minded, the poor women of the congregation could not have contributed much to its adornment. Still the village numbered full forty Catholic families, and nowhere could there have been a broader field for a missionary.

This morning the priest walked up and down in front of his little cottage, utterly disheartened. "Shall I give it up?" he said aloud, having fallen into the habit, not unusual with those who live alone, of answering his own thoughts. "No, no," he replied: "that would be too cowardly. If I only could get the Sisters here, they might be able to do much where I have failed. But they could never keep soul and body together. And yet if the new Fulmer Mine should be opened, and smelting works were once started in the neighborhood, it would mean an accession of people, and prosperity to the place."

He paused in his walk at sight of a little boy coming up the slope of the hill. "Ah, there is Clement!" he said; and the frown vanished from between his eyebrows. He looked hopeful and happy again as he advanced to welcome the little fellow.

"Good-morning, Clement!" he began, as the child, flushed and rosy from climbing the hill, came within hailing distance.

"Good-morning, Father!" was the reply. He held up a covered basket as he spoke, and continued: "Mother sent me with this. She does not forget you at all."

"Your good mother never forgets me, Clement. What have we here?"

The boy knelt on the porch and uncovered the basket. "At the top there are roses," he said, "for the Sacred Heart Feast to-morrow,"—displaying a heap of blood-red roses, fresh and dewy still with the breath of the morning.

Father de Scrisy carefully laid them aside, while Clement produced a roasted chicken, some fresh eggs, a loaf of new-made bread, and a roll of golden butter. Then they took the things into the kitchen and put them away; for the priest was his own housekeeper, relying on the friendly offices of one or two of the village matrons for an occasional putting to rights. They next went to the church, and put the roses into a couple of vases, near a small picture of the Sacred Heart, in front of which

burned the perpetual lamp—in this case the lamp of the sanctuary also. The sun was clouded when they came out again.

"Do not go yet, Clement," said the priest. "There is going to be a heavy shower, and you would be sure of a wetting. But it will soon pass off. Let us have a little chat meantime."

The boy stooped to pick up a rosebud which had been left unnoticed on the step. Handing it to the priest, he said:

"How sweet it smells, Father! Mother said this morning it was so good to have the red roses for the Feast. The people here do not care much for flowers, but mother says that where flowers are there ought to be piety."

The priest held the bud in his fingers, looking at it almost reverently. "Flowers always seem to me as something direct from the hand of God," he said; "and your mother is right. But the folks hereabout have no time, I suppose, to care for them."

"No," replied the boy. "They have so much work, with all the children, and the husbands always at the bar-room. Mother has only me, and I only her; so we spend much time in the garden."

"If we could but teach them to love the flowers—the children, I mean," said the priest, "it might lead to better things. If she would give them some seeds now and then? Eh, Clement?"

"She would do so gladly, I know," said the boy. "Shall I ask her?"

"Perhaps I may go down toward evening and talk to her about it. It is always a pleasure to converse with your mother."

The boy's face flushed as he answered: "Thank you, Father. Mother will be very glad to see you."

The storm had passed over, the sun shone again, and the boy, bidding the priest good-morning, sped away down the hillside, the priest watching him till he was out of sight. Then he went into the house, feeling better and more cheerful for the little visit.

II.

Little Clement Bauermann was the son of a widow in modest but comfortable circumstances, who, for reasons which do not enter into the purpose of our story, had chosen this secluded village for a residence. Pious, intelligent, and amiable, she afforded a great contrast to the remainder of the inhabitants, with whom, while not on terms of intimacy, she was always friendly. Father de Scrisy had taught Clement to serve Mass, and supplemented the thorough instructions of his mother by some lessons in the larger catechism and Church History; and a warm friendship had sprung up between the three.

All along the village street the women were sitting at the doors of their miserable houses as Father de Scrisy passed in the twilight on his way to the widow's cottage. They saluted him with respect, and he occasionally patted the head or took the hand of a child who ran forward to meet him; but there was an absence of that sympathy and union so beautiful between a pastor and his people. Could the fault be in some degree his, he thought?—his relations with them had been so different from what his fancy had been wont to picture them before he came to this, his first mission. The thought was so persistent that he had scarcely set his foot over the widow's threshold when he said:

"Tell me, Mrs. Bauermann—you are much older than I,—tell me, do I fulfil my entire duty toward these people?—that is, am I as sympathetic with them as I should be; or is it something in me that holds us aloof from one another, and makes me feel that my sojourn among them has been almost fruitless?"

The widow calmly replied, in her sweet, foreign English: "Father, you do all as a priest that any one could do. But, as you feel perhaps more than you say, they are not like to you. You have not sprung from their stock; you can not understand them

as one might who had lived and worked among them. You have still, perhaps, too much of the dreamer and the enthusiast left. What would we have? You are young, and these are a motley crowd. Kind you are—yes, and they know it; fervent you are—yes, beyond their understanding; but they feel you to be cold, which is for them a mistake. It should perhaps be a rougher man who would manage them. You can not scold—no; that they are used to, and it would do for them maybe what your gentleness can not effect. Besides, some of them do not well understand English, and it hampers both you and them."

"That may be so," said the priest; "no doubt it is. But there are a few with whom I seem to get on very well—that is, the families along the beach here: the Nolans and Craigs, and all the Germans."

"True, Father. That is just to prove what I say. Those are Irish; they have the real love for the priest, and they are also intelligent. Those Germans too, they have in the old country come from a pious neighborhood. But the Poles and the Hungarians—ah, Father, they are different! I have seen them in Europe in their own country, and I know."

"Formerly I had a very romantic idea about those people," was the reply. "At least, so it seems to me now, judging from my latest experience."

"In their own country they are kept down like slaves. We must make an allowance for them."

"I know that, and I do."

"Often, sitting here by my door," continued the good woman, "almost in sight of the sea and the sound of the waves, I think much of the poor people. Sometimes in my pleasant little garden I can not help wishing for them that they too might be able to cultivate and enjoy the lovely flowers. But they will not bother—that is what they call it; they will not bother with flowers."

"If I could only find some way to inter-

est them in pious works and practices," said the priest.

Suddenly Clement sprang to his feet. "I know, Father!" he exclaimed. "I have thought of a way."

"What is it, Clement?" asked both his listeners in one breath, smiling at the boy's enthusiasm.

"Mother, your roses,—your beautiful roses! Give to each a slip and say, 'Here, you take care of this; and next year you will bring it to the church for the Month of Mary or the Month of the Sacred Heart,—whichever you please.'"

"That would indeed be a good idea, my son," answered his mother. "What say you, Father? You might perhaps mention it, in some way, from the altar."

The priest smiled. Turning to the boy, he said: "Clement, you have put a fine project in my head. Why not endeavor to excite a devotion to the Sacred Heart and establish the Confraternity? If they know that their efforts are to end in something definite, they will be all the more anxious to lend assistance. Perhaps by this time next year we may see our way to getting a statue of the Sacred Heart."

"O Father, that would be grand!" said Clement.

(Conclusion in our next number.)

The Story of St. Conon the Younger.

In the beginning of the last quarter of the third century—that is, in the year 275 A. D.—the Roman Emperor Aurelian sent his prefect Domitian into Asia Minor with orders to force all the Christians living in that part of the Empire to sacrifice to the pagan idols. The office was one which just suited the inclinations of Domitian, and he set about his sanguinary task with delight.

One day, after having long tried in vain to make an old Christian apostatize, he ordered the torturers to suspend their work,

and asked the old man whether he had any children.

"Yes," was the reply: "I have a young son; and I am surprised that he has not been dragged like myself before your tribunal. He has been my companion in life; it is only just that he should be with me also in death and in entering upon the happiness that will follow."

"No," said Domitian; "I shall allow him to live, so that he may adore the gods."

"Then you cherish a strange illusion," answered the old man. "As the tree is, so will you find the branch. I am a Christian, my son is a Christian, and he will remain a Christian like myself."

"We shall see," rejoined the prefect.

He caused the youth to be brought before him, and proceeded to examine him.

"What is your name?"

"Conon, the same as my father's."

"How old are you?"

"Seventeen."

"Judge," interposed the father, "you should know that despite his youth he has already been raised to the rank of deacon, and that his wisdom and piety have endeared him to all the Christians. He was made a lector when only twelve years old. Let us die together, so that together we may be crowned by Christ."

"If that be the case," said Domitian, "a malediction on you both! Neither of you deserves the least indulgence. Adore our gods, or be prepared to undergo every species of torture."

"Impious wretch!" cried the father, "have we not told you that we are Christians? We will never adore your gods. Now, then, play your rôle of executioner."

The prefect ordered an iron bed to be brought in. The martyrs were stripped naked and laid upon this hard couch, underneath which a great fire was enkindled. The iron soon became red-hot, but neither father nor son appeared to be suffering.

"Your fire," said young Conon to the pagans, "refreshes instead of burning us."

"We shall see how long you will talk in that way," angrily rejoined Domitian. Then he caused an immense caldron to be filled with lead, tow, rosin, pitch, and sulphur. When the intense heat had caused this mixture to boil, he ordered the martyrs to be thrown into it, saying, "There! I defy your God to take you out of that."

With their faces raised to heaven, the two Christians addressed a prayer to the God whom the prefect blasphemed: "Lord, Creator of the world, we beseech Thee to hear us. Once Thou didst preserve the three young men in the furnace of Babylon; send to-day an angel to extinguish these flames, so that all may know Thee to be Christ, the Son of the living God."

Immediately an angel appeared and put out the fire, saying to the martyrs, "Peace from on high be with you! Fear not nor tremble; Christ is your support. He will grant you victory and eternal glory."

"Well," said Conon to Domitian, "your firemen seem to be mocking you: their fire has gone out."

Domitian foamed with rage. "Drag them out of the caldron and fasten them to the *chevalet* [a sort of wooden horse]. I have many torments yet in store for them."

"Foolish man!" replied the Christian youth; "put us to death at once. We will never adore your idols. Our God is the only true one. No matter what you do, we enjoy His protection; and He will reward us if we remain faithful."

"Since you defy me," roared the tyrant, "I will go on to the end!"

The torturers bound the father and son, head downward, on the frame of timber; and then setting fire to rosin and green wood placed beneath it, they caused such a smoke that they themselves had to get away from it, for fear of being suffocated. The martyrs, however, only smiled contentedly. Finally Domitian, not knowing what other torments to inflict, commanded the bodies of the two Conons to be chopped into little pieces like mince-meat.

While they were being placed in position for this last act, the steadfast Christians prayed again: "Lord Jesus, King of heaven, born of the Virgin Mary, Thou who didst die for our redemption, we praise and adore Thee in our torments. Since we are about to die, hear our last petition. Grant that those who in the future shall invoke Thee by our intercession shall be heard. . . . As for ourselves, grant that we may die tranquilly without being mutilated; so that our persecutors may recognize their weakness and Thy almighty power, and that the faithful may bless Thy holy name throughout all ages!"

And all the Christians present answered: "Amen."

Then a voice was heard saying, "Come, faithful companions, receive your crowns. God has heard your prayer."

The martyrs made the Sign of the Cross and peacefully expired, while at the same moment an earthquake overthrew many pagan temples in the city. Domitian, terrified as he had never been before, ran to hide himself in his palace. The Christians took away the bodies of the martyrs, and buried them in a monastery near Iconium. Long afterward their precious remains were brought to Italy, where the festival of St. Conon the Younger is celebrated, with that of his father, on the 3d of June.

Old-Fashioned Children.

There are districts in Switzerland so remote that the inhabitants seem never to have heard of the outside world. Little children go about dressed in the long, coarse woollen gown worn in the Middle Ages; and attached to a leathern belt about the waist are several little bells, which keep up an incessant tinkling, and guide the mothers to their children when they stray. These bells are also supposed to scare away serpents.

have beheld her. But what I do see is that Rome, in spite of all the sacrilegious profanation of the last eighteen years, in spite of all the efforts that have been made to convert her into the capital of a country, still remains the capital of the world. In vain have they destroyed and built up; in vain have they cut out new streets, laid out new districts, modernized in every way: they have been powerless to efface the impress of nineteen hundred years of Christianity. The impure waters of revolution may sweep over Rome again and again: they can not stifle the sweet odor that the blood of the martyrs and the virtue of the saints have deposited in the very soil of this hallowed spot.

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For the Christian there are in Rome two places sacred above all others,—two places he would fain visit at the same time, were it possible: St. Peter's and the Coliseum. I visited first St. Peter's, the noblest, the grandest, the richest Basilica of Rome and of the world. Louis Veuillot, after having seen St. Peter's for the first time, exclaims: "*Ave Petre!* Hail Pastor of nations, greater than Moses; blessed Simon Bar-Jona, Simon son of the Dove, to whom the Spirit deigneth to reveal that which neither flesh nor blood reveals; and who, the first among men, hast said to Christ: 'Thou art the Son of God.' Here, then, have taken root thy feet that Christ had washed in order to give thee the inheritance of His kingdom; thy conquering feet that have humbled the Capitol and beaten down the powers of hell. Here is thy dwelling-place, whence thou commandest the world. Here is thy tomb, full of life and glory."

Who could worthily describe the Basilica of St. Peter's? I have just visited it for the fifth time, and I am only beginning to perceive that I have merely had a glimpse of it, so vast are its dimensions, so many and so varied are the beautiful things it contains. I must admit that on seeing it for the first time I experienced a sort of disap-

pointment. I said to myself: "After all, it is not so vast, so imposing!" It is only after several visits that one can form an accurate idea of the immensity of this pile, so wonderfully harmonious are its proportions. At first the portico seemed to me quite an ordinary one; on my third visit I discovered that this portico is of the size of a vast cathedral, and could contain perhaps as many persons as all the churches of Quebec put together. I had heard tell of the *little* angels that hold the holy-water fonts, so I was not taken un-awares; and yet it required some time to convince myself that these cherubs are really six or seven feet high. The chapels are large churches; each of the four pillars that uphold the dome occupies the space covered by an ordinary-sized church. The whole of the interior is lined with marble of diverse colors, and so clean, so fresh-looking, that one would think the work had just been finished. The pictures are wonderful; they are all mosaics, and yet, if one did not know it, one would fancy they were oil-paintings. How can such effects of light and shadow be obtained with little pieces of stone? To me it is a mystery. There is, for instance, the Baptism of our Saviour. It astonishes me more and more each time I look at it. Why, that water *runs*; it is transparent; you can see Christ's feet through it! And the statues! They are living, they speak, as Michael Angelo exclaimed on finishing his famous "Moses," of St. Peter's-in-Chains. The statue of St. Longinus seemed to me the finest of all. Such, indeed, must have appeared the centurion, suddenly converted at the foot of the Cross, and exclaiming, "Indeed this was the Son of God!"

Under the mighty cupola, around which we read in golden letters the famous inscription: "*Tu es Petrus,*" etc., is the tomb of St. Peter. Upon the altar placed over it the Pope alone celebrates the holy mysteries. Before the tomb burn night and day one hundred and forty-two lamps.

In this Basilica is to be seen a material proof of the catholicity of the Church. All around the transept are confessionals for penitents of different nationalities: *pro Gallica lingua, pro Anglica lingua, pro Hispanica lingua, pro Germanica lingua, pro Illyrica lingua*, etc.

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Behold the Coliseum! the mighty amphitheatre begun under Vespasian and finished under Titus. The Jews brought by the latter from Jerusalem to Rome worked upon it, and it is stated that twelve thousand of their number lost their lives during the construction of this gigantic building. 'Tis indeed an enormous pile; and it is an object of wonder how the hand of man could erect such walls, raise and put into their place such blocks of stone. The circular tiers of seats, rising one above another, could contain one hundred thousand persons.

It was there that were held the Roman games, the atrocity whereof surpasses all imagination. Of them Champagny writes as follows: "It is necessary that the witnesses be numberless and unanimous, that all these horrors be narrated by persons who saw them every day, in order that it be possible for us Christians to believe such tales." Here, during centuries, flowed rivers of blood,—blood of martyrs, blood of gladiators and of captives. Speaking of the latter, Louis Veillot remarks: "The stupidity of the human herds that were brought here to be butchered is an appalling mystery. They were commanded to slay one another ruthlessly, and they did so. Unable to save their lives, they did not dream of selling them, and made no effort to be revenged. Ten thousand and more of them were brought together to die. Many were armed, strong, skilled in warfare; they had often withstood the onslaught of the Roman cohorts, sometimes they had beaten them back; and yet it never once happened that the gladiators or the *bestiarum* endeavored to spring upon

the spectators, and hurl into the circus prince, Senate, vestals, and people. What a strange effect of fear, what awful human abjection! These victims neither forgave, nor were resigned, nor defended themselves. More than that, they even complied with the ceremonies of the games, dying as one performs an official duty."

Therein is indeed a mystery of the human heart. But within these walls was accomplished, during centuries, another mystery—a mystery of divine grace. Here was fought the great battle between Christianity and Paganism; here the martyrs, crushed in the lions' and the tigers' cruel jaws, vanquished Cæsar and the Senate, and the cohorts and the people, and the gods and all the powers of hell. If the slaying of the stupid gladiators is humiliating for mankind, the death of the martyrs is glorious. They knew wherefore and for whom they were dying. They died for Christ's sake; they died in order to obtain life; they shed their blood in order to cleanse the earth—in order to water the mustard seed, which has become the great tree that to-day shelters the nations of the world. The martyrs did not defend themselves, but they were resigned and forgave.

O Christ! who can think of this mystery of the Coliseum, of the battle fought within these walls, of the victory of the vanquished and of the defeat of the victors,—who can come here without kneeling reverently, without confessing that Thou art truly God, and that Thy Church is truly divine?

From a human point of view, never had the world seen such folly. Behold a poor Jewish fisherman comes to Rome, the proud ruler of the earth; he is without refinement, unknown, belonging to a despised and conquered race. And in whose name does he come? In the name of another Jew, crucified by His own countrymen. And what does he come to do in the capital of the world, in the great pagan city? He comes to preach a doctrine that flatly contradicts the customs and the passions

of the Roman people. What folly! He pays for his folly with his life. And how many of his successors, carrying on his folly, meet with the same fate? The mighty Roman Empire, Cæsar, the Senate, the legions, the people, and the wild beasts, will succeed in exterminating this foolhardy race. Is it not so, O ye wise ones of this world?

Come to the Coliseum. Ascend this stage. 'Twas here that Cæsar used to sit in all his glory and in all his power. See yonder: that is where sat the Senate and the haughty people, and the noble Roman matrons. And in that vast arena below the Christians died by thousands, under the wild beasts' claws, for having refused to burn a little incense on Jove's altar. What foolishness!

Now look toward the opposite side of Rome. Do you see that cross which towers above the city? 'Tis the cross of St. Peter's, and beneath its shadow lies he whom Nero put to death. And the sons of those who perished here in this arena now fill the earth: they are counted by millions and by hundreds of millions; whilst the memory of Cæsar and of the Senate, and of the legions and of the people, and of the noble matrons who in the days of yore rejoiced to see the wild beasts tear the Christians limb from limb,—the memory of these mighty ones is execrated by mankind. Of their works naught but these ruins remain to bear witness both to their greatness and to their impotency. Ye wise ones of the world, explain to me this mystery of the Coliseum, or confess that Christ is God, and that His Church is divine.

In a field near the Coliseum some soldiers were drilling. I could hear the sound of their footsteps and the voice of the commanding officer. They were soldiers of Umberto, so-called King of Italy. They took Rome from the Pope, and it is through them that Umberto hopes to maintain his hold on Peter's City.

Poor kinglet! what art thou compared to Cæsar, who once sat here? And what is

thy power in comparison to his? And thy troops that the Abyssinians cut to pieces, what are they compared to the Roman legions? And thou hopest to vanquish the Church, that hath overcome Cæsar and his might and his legions, and the wild beasts, and the barbarians, and heresies, and schisms, and all the powers of darkness! What folly!

Pretty Polly Mulhall.

BY ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

(CONCLUSION.)

II.

ABOUT this time Kitty confided to me, in a twilight canvas of the Dublin question, that "mamma" was awfully afraid Polly would refuse to accept the M.P., and so spoil the future fortunes of the family. And later, on a day when we baked our weekly batch of gingerbread, and when we were always sure of a most opportune visit from little Jerry Mulhall, who seemed to smell the feast from afar, I learned from that rogue, between monstrous mouthfuls of the spicy bread, that a long letter had just been dispatched to the belle of Dublin society, adjuring her by all that was respectable to either consent to engage herself at once to the Hon. Roderick, or never show her face again to her outraged parents. In this letter, Jerry further informed me, went an enclosure to Cousin Judith, giving that worthy connection of nobility, as it were, a power of attorney to coerce the refractory Polly, and bring her, *volens volens*, to terms.

"But I'd take my 'davy," concluded the sagacious Master Gerald, as he swallowed the last bit of gingerbread, and flicked off the crumbs from his velveteen shorts,— "I'd take my 'davy that she'll give old Rory the mitten in the end. Polly never *did* know a good thing when she saw it."

The next week pretty Polly came back from Dublin, with a diamond *solitaire* of enormous size on her finger, and a trunk full of costly gifts for the members of the family from her honorable *fiancé*. There were gay times then in the house of Mulhall.

The night after Polly's arrival I slipped in to see the young lady, and was told to run upstairs to her own little bedroom. If I needed anything to guide my steps, the want was supplied by the encouraging tones of Master Jerry's high soprano, as he swung to and fro from the old oak baluster outside his sister's room, singing at the topmost pitch of his shrill treble:

"Pretty Polly, don't you cry:
Your sweetheart will be here by'n by!"

Seeing me on the stairs, he poked his curly head around the door to assure his sister, in the same unprecedented key, that

"When he comes he'll dress in blue;
That's a sign your lover's true!"

He had turned a somersault over the railing, and was proceeding to vary the tune and sentiment of his song in this wise:

"Polly, put the kettle on:
We'll all take tea!"—

when Kitty sternly swooped down upon him from some unseen height, and bore him from the scene and from his prospective tea-party, kicking, screaming, and lustily protesting against the outrage in the purest Irish.

I found Polly sitting by the fire in an elaborate Dublin *négligée*. She was dreadfully pale, but more beautiful than ever, with those new shadows around her eyes (Lady Morgan's "track of a dirty finger"), and a certain nameless aroma of metropolitan elegance lingering about her, and enhancing her natural loveliness. After I had kissed her tenderly, she played in an absent manner with the delicate ribbons of her tea-gown, and looked fixedly at me with her large, sorrowful eyes.

"I must congratulate you—" I began.

"Hush!" she whispered, sharply; and going to the door of the room, closed and locked it. Coming back to her low seat

by the fire, she clasped her long, slender hands about her knees, and stared at the coals with an expression of unutterable wretchedness. "God forgive me!" she said at last, in a low, concentrated tone. "Nora dear, I have committed the greatest sin of my life."

"Why, Polly Mulhall!" I protested, in blank surprise.

"Nora," she went on, "I have no right to marry any man. *I'm bespoken!*"

"Why, Polly!" I repeated, vaguely racking my memory, as I spoke, to recall any local sweetheart to whom she might have secretly betrothed herself before her Dublin trip.

"See that!" she cried, like a wounded creature, holding up her long, white hand, on which sparkled the magnificent diamond *solitaire*. "Behold the pledge of my perfidy!" She paused for a second and hid her face; then added in a whisper, as if it were wrung out of the very depths of her soul: "On the day of my First Communion (we made it together, you remember, Nora,) I vowed that morning, with Father Finbar's approval, never to marry,—vowed to consecrate myself to God."

"My poor Polly! You were only a child; your vow was a rash one. Father Finbar will gladly release you from it."

"He dare not, Nora. You do not know all. There were many things revealed to me that day. I can not tell you the secrets of my soul." (A rich blush, a blush of heavenly humility, dyed her pale cheek.) "But Father Finbar was convinced my vocation was a true one,—that its inspiration came from God. And—*now!*" (she rose to her full, splendid height, and threw up her clasped hands above her head in a gesture whose unstudied grace was terribly, sublimely dramatic)—"*now*, coward that I am, vain wretch that I am, I have forsworn my God to promise marriage to a deformed cripple, who is seventy years old if he is a day. O Nora, this pain in my head is blinding me!"

"Polly, dear Polly! What is it? Are you ill?"

Before I could catch her, she had fallen at my feet in a dead faint.

Mrs. Mulhall and Kitty came thundering at the locked door in response to my horrified shrieks; and, letting them in, we managed to get poor, pretty Polly into bed, and tucked away for the night. Before noon the next day it was all through the town that Polly Mulhall was raving with brain fever, and that the doctor had been with her since day-dawn. A dreadful time the poor girl had of it for weeks to come, wavering between life and death, and all her lovely brown hair shorn away to make place for the fly-blisters that covered her aching head.

How they settled the matter with Cousin Judith and her honorable M. P. we never clearly knew; but Father Finbar went in and out the Mulhall house with every fluctuation of Polly's disorder; and, judging from the choice revelations of Master Jerry on gingerbread days, Madam Mulhall was forced to listen to some plain truths from the kindly but outspoken old priest.

On the next great festival of our Blessed Lady—the Presentation—a close carriage stopped at Mulhalls' door; and two female figures, closely veiled, got into it, and were driven rapidly in the direction of the Dublin station.

All was a blank mystery for the next three months. Even loquacious Gérald was as mute as a clam. No one saw the Mulhalls except at church, and Polly was missing even there; and the air of reticent dignity that hedged in the visible members of that respectable family effectually precluded all vulgar advances or attempts at quizzing.

So the winter passed; but in the first week of February the local paper announced to the astonished dwellers in Fairy Green that "on the 2d inst. Miss Mary Mulhall, the beautiful and accomplished daughter of our respected townsman, Patrick Sarsfield Mulhall, Esq., was

admitted to the white veil of holy religion in the metropolitan Convent of the Holy Cross, the novice's name in her new life being Sister Mary of St. Bride."

When lively Kitty Mulhall went up to Dublin to assist at Polly's "clothing," she took with her in her trunk all the clothing that Polly had left behind her at Fairy Green. Arrayed in the pretty *mauve* travelling dress that had adorned Sister Mary of St. Bride at her first visit to the metropolis, Kitty looked so fresh and *chic* that Cousin Judith insisted on claiming her as her guest.

In the precincts of her almost ducal drawing-room still lingered the disconsolate and unwedded M. P., as rich, as consequential, and as hopelessly ugly as ever. Kitty was full of the prudence of the flesh, and, although less beautiful, less *distinguée* than Polly, she was, nevertheless, an unusually charming and clever young woman; and, as Jerry phrased it, "she knew a good thing when she saw it."

Cousin Judith's finery and social tactics were not wasted on such a willing and apt pupil as Kitty; and before the month was out that worldly-wise young person consented to accept the diamond *solitaire* which Polly had so recently returned to her venerable *ex-fiancé*; and before Lent she became the Hon. Mrs. Roderick, to the great relief and triumph of her mamma, and all the Mulhalls, root and branch.

I was present in the parlor of Holy Cross Convent when Mrs. Kitty, accompanied by mischievous Master Gerald, made her first visit to Sister Mary of St. Bride. The novice looked lovely and happy as an angel in her white habit and veil; and an amused twinkle came into her spiritual eyes, as Kitty tossed her bridal bonnet until the orange blossoms quivered, and exclaimed, with a self-complacent smile:

"It has turned out for the best, after all, Polly; for Roderick suits me and I suit Roderick a deal better than you and he would ever have suited each other. Only

yesterday he told me he could never be grateful enough to you for making yourself into a nun, and giving me a chance to be happy."

"And, by the powers," quoth Jerry aside, with his crushed hat held before his face, and an indescribable wink in the off eye from Kitty,—“by the powers, old Rory is so blind and so stupid with age that it's a question if he knows for sure whether he's married to saucy Kitty or pretty Polly Mulhall!"

A Saint the Flemings Love.

BY E. W. BECK.

THE name even of this Saint is but little known beyond the limits of a comparatively small district; St. Godeleine is venerated chiefly in Flanders and the Boulonnais, the latter being one of the ancient divisions of Northern France. The interest of the present writer was first excited by the account given him of the cultus of this virgin-martyr by a worthy Dutch nun whom he met in the interesting old city of Wells, in England. Not long afterward he found himself in Bruges, and there was enabled to make some investigations, the result of which may interest the readers of THE "AVE MARIA." A life of the Saint* was published at Arras some three years ago, and this has been largely drawn upon. But in addition Ghistelles, where the Saint was martyred and where her principal relics are kept, was visited; and there the writer, though a complete stranger, was hospitably entertained by the venerable Dean, who gave him many particulars of the modern cultus, and made arrangements for his seeing the various spots connected with the history of the "dear St.

Godlieva,"* as the pious Flemings always style our Saint when speaking of her.

The father of St. Godeleine was the Lord Wilfrid of Londefort, a vassal of the Earl of Boulogne, whose banner he bore at the battle of Hastings, in which Earl Eustace took part on the side of his suzerain, William Duke of Normandy. Her mother was the Lady Ogine, or Odivge; and she was born in the middle of the eleventh century, being at the time of the battle of Hastings some twenty years of age. About this time she wished to become a nun; but she gave up her wish, and yielded to the desire of her father that she should marry. There was no lack of suitors for her hand; and among the rest came Bertolf, Lord of Ghistelles, in Flanders. But his advances were rejected by Godeleine, whose father refused to interfere when appealed to by Bertolf. However, he sought and obtained the intervention of the Earl of Flanders, who induced the Earl of Boulogne to use his influence with Godeleine and her father. Earl Eustace did so, and Godeleine consented to the marriage.

Now, Islinde, the mother of Bertolf, had not been consulted by her son; and when she heard of his intentions, she urged him not to ally himself with a woman who belonged to an alien and despised race; for Bertolf was a Dane, and the Danes despised the fair-headed Southerners. But his pride had been roused by Godeleine's refusal, and come what might he was determined to make her his wife.

The marriage took place in the parish church of Wierre Effroy, near her father's castle, Godeleine being then twenty-two years old. After the Nuptial Mass she set out for Ghistelles, her Flemish home, or, rather, prison. When the bridal party arrived there, Islinde was maddened to fury at the sight of Godeleine's beauty; and she so greatly incensed her son against her that he departed from the castle that

* "Sainte Godeleine, son culte et ses reliques," by the Rev. F. A. Lefebvre.

* Godlieva is the Flemish form of the Saint's name, which signifies "dear to God."

same night, leaving his bride to the gentle mercies of his half-barbarous mother, by whom she was confined in a small cell in one of the towers. Bertolf stayed from home for some days, and on his return was informed that Godeleine was already making mischief by her haughtiness, and that she had of her own accord left the nuptial chamber for the cell in which she had been forcibly lodged by Islinde. Bertolf, believing all that was told him, rejected the advances of his wife, and allowed her to be furiously beaten by his mother.

After this St. Godeleine was reduced to the condition of a dependent, and her love for the poor was to be the cause of yet further indignity. Though she had no money, she would not send away empty-handed those who asked for alms; so she shared her food with them. Nor did she cease from doing so when the quantity was reduced. She was therefore handed over to a brutal underling, who had orders to keep her from church and from the poor; but, in spite of all, she found opportunities of distributing her alms of bread from the terrace on which she took exercise. As if enough insult had not been heaped on the Lady of Ghistelles, she was treated as a menial, and sent to the fields to act as a scarecrow; all of which she bore with saintlike patience.

Lord Bertolf meantime was but little at the castle: he spent his time in debauchery with boon companions, to whom he calumniated his holy wife. It would have been better for him if they alone had known of the treatment to which the Lady Godeleine was subjected, but it became notorious; so much so that at length a lady of the neighborhood sought the Saint in the fields and urged her to fly from Ghistelles, pointing out that by returning home she might save her husband and her mother-in-law from further crimes. She reflected on the advice and followed it, escaping with a maid from her husband's castle. After many hardships they arrived at Londefort,

and her father was made acquainted with all that had passed. Lord Wilfrid sought counsel from the Earl of Boulogne, and then laid a formal complaint against Bertolf before the Earl of Flanders, who referred him to the ecclesiastical authority. The Bishop remonstrated with Bertolf, and threatened him with excommunication if he did not mend his ways. He refused to obey, and was excommunicated; thereupon the Earl threatened to confiscate his lands. The wretched man was then compelled to submit; he sent apologies to Godeleine, and promised that his mother should be sent away. Islinde did, in fact, leave the castle; but she continued to live near it, and to excite her son against his wife.

After her return to Ghistelles, Godeleine showed herself devoted to the wishes of her husband; and, though she constantly experienced ill-treatment at his hands, she would not act against him. When in Bruges for the winter she was urged by her friends to take measures to secure better treatment, by denouncing Bertolf to the Earl of Flanders; but she would neither do this herself nor allow others to do it for her. After some time she was once more confined in a tower, and was placed under the charge of two serfs, Lambert and Hacca, who were cautioned to prevent another flight.

Nor was this all. Bertolf determined to murder his innocent wife, and, as a preliminary, feigned repentance and reconciliation. One day he told her that on the following night Lambert and Hacca would bring a woman who had the power of reviving conjugal affection. Godeleine, for the sake of her husband, agreed to receive her, and to do whatever could be done without sin. Bertolf then left for Bruges. Toward midnight, on July 6, 1070, the two ruffians who had St. Godeleine in custody knocked at her door, and said that the woman of whom their master had spoken was waiting at the gate. Godeleine went with them, and was immediately strangled, her head being afterward plucked into a

pond, so that her murderers might be sure of her death. When they had satisfied themselves on this point, they washed away the blood from her nose and mouth, took the body back to the room which the Saint had occupied, laid it in her bed, and arranged everything to look as if she had been struck down by a sudden death. The people, however, were not deceived. They suspected foul play, and were confirmed in their suspicions by the sight of a violet line round the Saint's neck. Bertolf feigned great grief at the death of his young wife—she was but four and twenty,—and, returning from Bruges, he prepared a splendid funeral. She was buried in the church, and soon people flocked from all parts to seek her intercession; and it is said that many miracles were worked at her tomb.

Fourteen years after her death, on July 30, 1084, the body of St. Godeleine was raised to the altar by the Bishop of Tournay, in the presence of the Countess of Flanders and other illustrious personages. She was given by the Church the titles of Virgin and Martyr,—the former on the evidence of Bertolf himself; the latter because she had really been massacred from hatred to her piety and innocence by an impious husband, who could not endure her virtuous life. About a century after the martyrdom her relics were translated, and a few years after this the head was placed in a separate reliquary. At present the greater part of these holy remains are in the parish church of Ghisteltes; some are in the church of the Abbey of St. Godeleine, in Bruges, belonging to Benedictine nuns; some are at Wierre Effroy, in which parish the Castle of Londefort was situated; others again are in the Hospital of St. John at Ypres, in which it is believed that the Saint received hospitality when flying from her husband; and some are in other places, to say nothing of numerous altars in which they were placed by various bishops of Bruges, who, on account of the great devotion of their people to St. Godeleine, placed a portion of

her relics in every altar they consecrated.

It would only be expected that there should be many legends of a Saint so popular as the "dear St. Godeleine," and they are not wanting. Some of them possibly, if not probably, will not bear the light of modern criticism; nevertheless, we should be sorry to lose them; for, as has been well said, legend is the poetry of history.

On a certain occasion, when Earl Eustace was coming to dine with her father, a magnificent feast had been prepared, from which Godeleine took some dishes for her poor. Her father was offended, because he felt that he would be disgraced in the eyes of the Earl and his suite; but at the prayer of Godeleine a supply of richer food was miraculously furnished. There is one more legend connected with Londefort, according to which, when leaving home for Flanders, she stuck her distaff in the ground, and so caused a spring of water to gush forth.

One of the most curious of all the legends relates to the period of her married life. It will be remembered that she was obliged to act as a scarecrow. One day, when going to the fields, she passed a church as Mass was about to begin. She determined to assist at it; but at that moment a flock of crows came to the field, from which her companion tried to drive them, but without success. Godeleine invoked Our Lady, and the crows collected at her feet. She shut them up in a shed till Mass was over, and then released them. A chapel was built in later times on the spot where this marvel was said to have taken place.

On the day of her funeral there was a miraculous multiplication of the loaves which had been provided for distribution among the poor, who came in such crowds that the supply fell far short of the demand. We are told, too, that the pool into which her head was plunged received miraculous properties, as did the spring near her old home. Certainly the water at Ghisteltes is used to this day by those who invoke St. Godeleine for diseases of the throat and

eyes; among the more celebrated of modern pilgrims may be mentioned the late Archbishop Seghers, who met so tragic a death in Alaska a few years ago.

This water, another legend informs us, was used by one nearly connected with Bertolf. After the murder of his wife he married again, this time choosing a Danish woman, by whom he had a daughter born blind. In due course the child heard of the miracles worked at the shrine of St. Godeleine, and wished in consequence to bathe in the pool, but was restrained by her parents. However, when she was nine years old she induced some one to take her to the pool without their knowledge. There she invoked St. Godeleine, bathed her eyes, and received her sight.

A word may be said in conclusion about Bertolf. It was long before he repented; but after the death of his second wife he entrusted his daughter to some nuns, appointed a steward to look after his property, and then, dressed as a pilgrim, set out for Rome to obtain absolution from the Pope. Urban II. absolved him, but enjoined a pilgrimage to Jerusalem as a penance. He passed some years in the Holy Land, fighting against the Saracens; and when he returned to Ghistelles, in his palmer's weeds, no one recognized him; but the bronzed stranger was seen to kneel at the shrine of St. Godeleine, where he beat his breast and shed floods of tears. He stayed a few days in Ghistelles, and then, tearing himself away, he went to Bergues, where, climbing the hill of Groenberg which overlooked the town, he knocked at the door of the far-famed Abbey of St. Winoc. In the course of a long conference with the abbot he revealed his secret, and asked to be admitted among the brethren of the abbey. After a time his request was granted. For some years he lived there as a monk, his antecedents unknown to all but the abbot. He was a model of mortification, silence, prayer, obedience, and self-abasement, showing a particular love

for menial employments. Death came at length, and then his brethren learned his well-guarded secret. Some years later the monks had occasion to move his body, which was found intact, with the features unaltered, and exhaling a sweet perfume.

With the consent of Bertolf's daughter, the Lady Edith, a convent of Benedictines was founded in the Castle of Ghistelles, which in time acquired the dignity of an abbey, under the jurisdiction of the abbot of St. Peter's at Oudenburg. Tradition says that Edith herself was the first abbess. As the abbey extended its limits, it enclosed the pool, which was used as a well, and so became known as the *Abbaye aux Puits*. In later times the religious accepted the reform of Bursfeld, and joined the congregation of which that celebrated house was the head. In 1577 the nuns, under the Abbess Catherine de la Coste, fled before the Gueux, and took refuge, first in Bruges and then in Furnes. After many troubles and wanderings, and much opposition on the part of the civil authorities, they returned to Bruges, under the protection of Philip IV., King of Spain, and established themselves in the *Rue de la Bouverie*. This was about 1622.

The abbey was dissolved at the time of the French Revolution, but the nuns regained possession of their house about the year 1800. The religious were despoiled of their lands at Ghistelles at the same time that they were turned out of house and home by the revolutionists. At present the site of the old abbey is occupied by a farm, but visitors are gladly shown the well, and what is said to have been the cell in which St. Godeleine was immured. There is a chapel in which the Dean of Ghistelles has a weekly Mass said; and a little wayside shrine, which is believed to be on the site of an apparition of St. Godeleine.

A few words must be added with reference to the cultus of St. Godeleine at the present day. At Ghistelles her feast is kept on July 6, and on the Sunday within the

octave there is a procession in her honor, in which some ten thousand pilgrims usually take part; should the feast fall on a Sunday, the procession is held on the day itself. But besides this great annual pilgrimage there are many others to the church and the well, made on different occasions, especially by those who suffer from affections of the eyes or throat.

Though not so keen as in Flanders, the devotion to St. Godeleine has never died out in the Boulonnais, the inhabitants of which frequently make pilgrimages to Londefort and to Wierre Effroy. The exhaustive life of the Saint, before referred to, published by the Rev. F. A. Lefebvre, a priest of the district, would in itself be sufficient evidence that the sweet memory of St. Godeleine lives, and is likely to live, in the land of her fathers.

The Silent Pleaders.

BY HARRIET M. SKIDMORE.

THE "homes of silence" are everywhere:
 In the marble monument gleaming fair,
 In the lowly grave with its wooden cross,
 Or its headstone draped by the kindly moss;
 Or in unmarked spots that have nought to tell
 Where the prostrate forms of the sleepers dwell;
 Near the crowded cities of living men,
 In the desert waste and the forest glen;
 High on the purple hills, proud and free,
 And down, far down, in the depthless sea;
 'Neath mounds new-heaped with the dewy
 mold,

And in crumbling sepulchres ages old;
 In every clime on the earth's broad breast:
 In the storied East and the spacious West,
 In the dreary North and the Southland fair,—
 The homes of the silent are everywhere.
 But though we may, 'mid the sleepers, mourn
 Our loved and loving—so rudely torn
 From each clinging heart, that it well-nigh
 broke
 With the piercing pang of the cruel stroke,—

Alas! alas! by their cold graves bowed
 In a wild, vain grief, and an anguish loud,
 We weep, yet we murmur no *Requiem*,
 No tender pleading to solace them.
 Or, turning at last from the sunless gloom
 And the sadd'ning chill of the lonely tomb,
 We seek in the noise of the worldly din
 To soothe the sorrow our souls within,
 Till our ears are charmed, and we give no heed
 To the bitter cry of our dear ones' need.
 For, ah! thro' the gates of the pale lips dumb
 The tones of a passionate pleading come;
 We may hear the sound of its ceaseless wail
 In the summer breeze and the wintry gale,
 Or list to the sobs of its anguish-pain
 In the fall of the sad November rain.
 O thus the prayer of the dead ascends:
 "Have pity, have pity, ye earthly friends!
 It mattereth not if we lie beneath!
 The stately tomb and the costly wreath.
 And the solemn pomp of the funeral train
 Can ease no throb of our matchless pain;
 But the potent prayer and the Rite Divine,
 And the Sacred Feast at the sable shrine,
 The willing alms and the kindly deed
 Ye give for us to your neighbor's need,—
 O these can loosen the mystic rod
 That bars us out from the Face of God;
 And these are the pinions so bright and blest
 That can bear us hence to the Home of rest.
 And, ah! belovèd, when in your turn
 Ye must linger here, that the dross may burn
 From your stained spirits,—then shall we heed
 The wailing cry of your woful need;
 And our aid shall hasten your rich reward,
 Your entrance glad to 'the joy of the Lord.'
 Then, children of Faith, for us pray, O pray!
 In the rosy flush of the matin ray,
 In the softened gleam of the sunset light,
 'Mid the holy hush of the starry night,
 O pause one moment in spirit-prayer
 At the homes of the dead, that are every-
 where!"

THEY who are not of the unity of the Church do not believe in the intercession of Mary, because they have never made trial of it. But the whole Church is pervaded by a consciousness of her love and power now, as it was in the beginning.—
Cardinal Manning.

Traces of Travel.

MERRY ENGLAND.

BY CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

VII.

LEAMINGTON was once a quiet village, celebrated for its obscurity and filth. In a lucky hour some one discovered that a puddle of foul water, which had long disfigured the place, possessed virtues of an uncommon order, and the Star of Leamington looked over the horizon with immediate haste. By and by the Queen came and said that it was good; and from that day its reputation was established, and it has been on the increase ever since.

The place seems to me utterly uninteresting. You find some dozens of streets, such as are to be found in any city under the sun. Two or three of them have become the favorite resort of the more fashionable visitors who frequent this watering-place; the consequence is that at certain established hours the sidewalks are thronged with well-dressed but otherwise unattractive people, the street itself is blocked with elegant equipages, and there is a social exhibition for the space of an hour or two, which the participants must find thoroughly enjoyable.

I am unable to find anything of particular note in the town. It seems to me that it thrives upon the blood of its illustrious surroundings, for Leamington is girdled with castles and halls and picturesque ruins; for this reason it is well to lodge in town and go out daily upon brief exploring expeditions, which are sure to prove profitable. It is but two miles to Warwick Castle and the town which nestles under its walls; about five miles to Kenilworth, and nine or ten to Coventry; while Stratford-upon-Avon is an hour's ride hence by rail.

The details of these chosen shrines fill

the Leamington Guide-Book; and the sum total of local attractions is concluded when you have looked into the Pump-Room—a fine hall, behind which are various baths, hot or cold or swimming baths, that are said to be an effective cure for rheumatism and like ailments, and out of which the bather returns feeling very slim, and smelling rather like a damp match.

There is a garden that is opened only by a silver key; and few there be who go in thereat—just now, at any rate,—albeit the fashionable element still predominates. Beyond this there is nothing that I think of but the station, from which one may be transported to any of the several neighboring villages, nearly all of which are memorable, if not marvellous.

Coventry station is at the edge of the old town. There is much new brick and more freshness than is pleasant to meet with when in search of antiquities. I wander down a long, muddy street, toward the three tall spires of the city that mark its ancient centre. It is pretty safe to make for a church spire the moment you enter a strange city, especially if it be an old one. Having fairly got into the town, the character of it changes rapidly. There are fine old buildings that topple into the street, with their high roofs almost covering half the breadth thereof; and each succeeding story of the house overlapping the story under it, until the building itself seems to be a kind of funnel with a broad roof over the wide part of it. Long, low windows, almost the breadth of the front rooms, let in the half light of the shady street and make a conservatory of the chambers. Narrow doors, with black carved frames, lead into narrow halls that branch off into mysterious quarters of the house. Between some of these houses there are courts that look dark and forbidding; and yet these are the avenues that lead to the homes of the poorer people, who are walled within the centre of the blocks of buildings, and seldom see sunshine.

Through some of these winding streets the Countess Godiva made her heroic march, but there isn't even so much as a horseshoe left for her memory's sake. You find pretty photographs of a marble woman on a marble horse for sale in many of the shops; and you are told of a memorial window that once beautified Holy Trinity Church, whereon was told, in transparent color, the story of the brave lady, by whose side stood her lord, bearing in his right hand a charter containing these words:

"I, Luriche [Leofric], for love of thee,
Doe make Coventri tol-free."

Even the last trace of the transparency is gone, and a new window full of robed saints is in its stead. It seems almost as though the whole story were too poetical to be true; and that all record of its actual occurrence had been purposely destroyed, so that Godiva might take her place with the heroines of fable, where she must certainly feel more at home than she could possibly feel in the cold religious light of Holy Trinity Church in the nineteenth century.

About eight hundred years ago Godiva's noble horsemanship witched the little world of Coventry, then of great importance; it ranked soon afterward, in point of magnitude, third on the list, with London at the head; then it was that Tom the tailor, who, spite of the command for all citizens to keep within doors during the memorable ride of my Lady, peeped out of the corner of his eye, and was discovered by the zealous horse, who neighed lustily. And the end of it all was that Tom lost his eyes; and to this day there is a wooden effigy of the sly dog, with his ridiculous head thrust out of an upper window at the street corner,—the scorn of the people, and no comfort to anybody, I should judge.

St. Michael's and All Angels is one of the few churches that thoroughly satisfy the sight-seer; a genuine worshipper is probably satisfied with anything. Nearly three hundred feet in length and one hundred and twenty-seven broad, St. Michael's

and All Angels has the appearance of being built in illustration of the poetry of perspective. Its outlines are nowhere cramped or confused: the proportions are so graceful and complete that every angle of the building loses its angularity and becomes a kind of architectural climax. The spire is called the most perfect in England, and is as lofty as any; which is sufficient praise, for the country is bristling with elongated spires. The lower part of the tower shows marks of the tooth of time; for time actually nibbles away the corners and carvings of this soft red sandstone, and the effect is much as though the stone actually grew wrinkled with age. Within the church is a harmony of form and color, such as is only produced by the highest religious art,—the art that was busy in the early part of the twelfth century, when these stones were laid.

Almost the same praise might be bestowed upon Holy Trinity Church, a stone's-throw from St. Michael's. It is difficult to classify one's enthusiasm after the first flush of it is past. The sensation that one experiences upon entering this or that chapel may be vastly different from the effect that some other chapel has had upon him; yet in trying to recall and reproduce the same, he fails in either case. It is a matter of mood, I suppose; and an emotion once experienced is hardly likely to return in the same guise at any succeeding time.

Its name is the prettiest part of Grayfriars Lane; but there is a twelfth-century house in it, as well preserved as a petrification, and I naturally gravitated thither. The house is now called "Ford's Hospital." This Ford, in 1529, endowed the establishment for the reception of aged persons of "good name and fame"; and it is given up to women, only, perhaps, because there were not enough of the opposite sex qualified to fill the house. I passed under a low, carved arch into a dingy court, about the size of a family sitting-room. On all sides of me there were small windows; and as no one came to my assistance, I walked

around the quiet court, and saw in one room a little old woman stirring a little old fire; in the next room a little old woman was knitting a stocking; and farther on was a third woman of like quality, sitting very still, with a big book open on her knees, and a pair of spectacles with their bows yawning across the leaves of the book.

No one looked at me, and I seemed to have come into a waxwork show of the ancient times; but I returned to the arch that was open to the street, and knocked at a dark door. A woman answered the summons, and most cheerfully volunteered to show me over the quaint house, chatting all the time in an old-fashioned manner that was full of peace and contentment. The rooms I had caught flying glimpses of in my circuit of the court had windows on both sides of them,—one looking into the court, and the other out into the narrow lane that ran between the hospital and the adjoining premises. In these rooms everything was antiquated: the furniture, the few ornaments on the walls and mantel, the solitary occupant, the very light itself, were dingy and old. These good women who find lodgings in the house are settled for life, and they seemed to acknowledge the fact in all they did.

The matron and I went the round of the ground-floor and saw the complete set of pensive little bodies, no one of whom showed the slightest concern at our intrusion, but each sat in her chair composedly, and nodded her gray head sadly. It was altogether a peculiar and pathetic spectacle.

The upstairs rooms were cheerier: there was more light there; and from some of the windows I looked into the garden of the house, as green as Spring itself, and with pretty rows of vegetables, that grew with amazing vigor considering the locality. The matron said: "These rooms are brightest, but you see that the women can't come up on this floor until they are seventy." I thought of the unfortunate tenants who were only sixty, and who must

wait ten long years down below, looking out upon the blank wall on the one hand, and into the blank court on the other, before they can aspire to the joys of the upper chambers.

There were queer little cells in one corner of the house,—cells where the monks used to do penance and retire to meditate, the dame told me, but which are now used for coal-bins; and there was one room in which a good old soul, with snow-white hair, lay sick in bed, all alone, in a ghostly house that must be crammed with mysterious spirits; and the sight had a depressing effect. So I feed the matron, who had put on her sunbonnet to do the honors of the place with some style. She dropped me a sudden curtesy, withdrew into her own room under the arch, and I was again a wanderer in Grayfriars Lane.

Sometimes the angles of the streets in these old towns grow strangely confused. A sidewalk that is only broad enough for one foot-passenger grows broader in the distance, and then leads straight into a building, and under an arch that looks not unlike a tunnel run through the front room of the same. The houses face about in the most eccentric manner; and glimpses of distant walls, gables, and chimneys with astonishing elbows in them, make one think of Hogarth's picture of "Faulty Perspective." Probably for this reason the exquisite symmetry of the churches is a double joy to the eye that is sometimes pained with the incongruous features of a town that has warped, or seems to have warped and twisted out of shape with age and rough weather.

St. Mary's Hall is another crumbling evidence of the former opulence of Coventry. On the key-stone of the arch, in the porch, is a *basso-rilievo* representing God on His throne receiving the Blessed Virgin, who is kneeling at His feet. It looks as though it had been cut in sooty sponge, the tracery is so indistinct and the stone seems so soft and porous. In the

great hall are some fine pictures and a rare old bit of tapestry; but those dark chambers are not cheerful, and there is a tedious family resemblance between all ancient buildings. Perhaps Leamington, with its spruce modern air, will be an acceptable change. In half an hour by rail we are back again.

It is the Pump-Room, with its colonnades of stately pillars and its troops of languid loungers ogling one another with the critical stare that seems to be the proud privilege of superior breeding.

Young swells who are down at the spa for a holiday, flirt amiably with the daughters of invalid papas and devoted mammas who find London unhealthy at the height of the out-of-town season. The sound of revelry is heard; the subscribers to the Pump-Room concerts gather at the doors of the great hall, and the carriages and footmen begin to multiply in the broad street that runs down in front of the one fashionable resort of the town. No one looks particularly unwell, yet everyone bathes in the ill-smelling water, and drinks more or less of the disagreeable element, and is made whole in spite of himself.

The invalid-chairmen are out on dress-parade, dragging about with them hearty-looking people, who seem to be playing sick for the sake of the ride in these overgrown baby carriages. The hall is moderately filled; the orchestra sets every nerve upon springs, and society exchanges compliments to the bewitching measures of the last operatic success. The prima-donna sings her *aria* with conscious art, and withdraws smiling, while the hundred-tongued murmurs of criticism fill the rather long intervals in the programme. There is a formal spirit of approval possessing the majority of the auditors; there is a nervous spirit of suspense possessing the artists, who are taking stout behind the curtains; there is a cold and worldly spirit of indifference possessing the doorkeepers; and there is no spirit whatever, if appearances may be

relied upon, possessing the solitary policeman who stands in the outer hall like an effigy of himself.

The concert over, and the audience dispersed, there is nothing whatever of any particular interest to any one; so I return to my room and meditate upon the way of the world,—the broad way of the world, that leadeth to the seaside and the mountain top and the mineral spa; and am quite willing to rejoice with those who have reason to rejoice, inasmuch as the odoriferous fountains have brought wealth into the coffers of the city, and relief to the rheumatic bones of the Leamingtonians.

(To be continued.)

Our Lady of Regla.

BY GEORGE PROSPERO.

A MOST venerable image of Mary is to be seen at the Augustinian monastery of Regla, at the mouth of the Guadalquivir. According to tradition, this ancient work of art belonged to St. Augustine. After the death of the great Doctor, during the siege of Hippo, his dwelling was ruthlessly pillaged; but, happily, two of his devoted disciples were fortunate enough to obtain possession of the statue. In a frail boat they put out to sea with their treasure, and landed at Regla. We can imagine their joy on finding that their heavenly Guide had brought them to the door of an Augustinian convent, as well as the delight with which the monks received not only the statue, but the two disciples of their beloved founder.

In this monastery Our Lady's image was devoutly venerated for about two hundred years (various documents found in the house in the beginning of the seventeenth century leave no doubt on the subject). Then, at the opening of the eighth century, Don Rodrigues, last King of the Visigoths, sought refuge within its walls

when vanquished by the Moors, before the celebrated nine days' battle in which the valiant prince lost his life. Whilst he was at Regla the enemy came and laid siege to the convent. The holy monks, fearing for the safety of the statue, took it reluctantly from its shrine and buried it in a dried-up well, under the overshadowing branches of a fig-tree. A stand was placed in the bottom of the well, and the venerated image laid thereon, with a lighted lamp beside it; a large stone was then rolled against the spot, and a quantity of sand sprinkled over all, to further insure concealment.

In this subterranean sanctuary, strange as it may seem, Our Lady of Regla remained for centuries. Finally, Mary took upon herself the care of bringing the image again to the light of day. She appeared to a canon of St. Augustine, belonging to what church the chroniclers fail to tell. Her face was black, and she wore the costume of the antique statue. "Go," said the celestial visitant, "and walk toward the south until you reach the sea. There you will find my image, in a costume similar to the one I now wear. For centuries past it has been hidden, but I wish it to be restored to its sanctuary. Once on the spot, the rest will be revealed to you."

The good priest no sooner heard the heavenly message than he set out for the seashore, where he arrived toward sunset. He caught sight of a large fig-tree, whose luxuriant branches seemed to offer a pleasant shelter for the night. Hardly had he fallen asleep when he heard a voice saying, "This is my chosen place." He awoke, and, falling on his knees, implored Mary to enlighten him further, if such were her sweet will. At that instant a globe of fire came down from heaven and rested under the tree. The canon looked around and espied the large stone; he drew it aside with the aid of some persons who happened to be passing—when, lo! the miraculous image was discovered, all safe in its hiding-place; and, say the legends of the time, the

lamp which had been placed beside it so long ago was found lighting.

The news of this prodigy soon spread far and near, and hardly had the statue been replaced in a sanctuary of the monastery than miracles attested, as of old, the undiminished power of Our Lady of Regla. Amongst the first was the touching release of twelve Christians who were languishing in a prison cell in Granada. They had often heard of the miraculous image of Regla; one of their number related tales of the wonders wrought before her shrine, and exhorted his companions to pray with great confidence. A few nights afterward the prison cell suddenly became resplendent with light. Their celestial Protectress stood before them, holding the prison key in her hand. Scarcely had she given them the key than all became dark again. Five minutes later the captives were in freedom once more. The key of the prison, measuring a foot in length, which they took with them, is still preserved in the monastery.

Once a mother with a babe in her arms was looking down the well which for so long a period had sheltered the miraculous statue. Suddenly the child fell into the well, and all believed it must be killed or fatally injured; but, to the wonder of the bystanders, the babe gradually rose to the opening. A black Lady was seen to hold out a rosary to the little one. The child seized it; the Lady drew him up and thus restored him to his mother.

On another occasion a band of pirates had determined to force an entrance into the peaceful monastery on the eve of the Assumption, principal feast of the convent. At dead of night they came, but no door could they find; then they determined to scale the walls and enter by the windows. But when they had reached the top of the wall, they were met by the heavenly Guardian of the monastery, who herself drove back the intruders.

Our Lady of Regla knew happy and prosperous days until 1835, when, amidst

the ruin which fell on religious establishments in Spain, her shrine was despoiled of its treasures, and the venerated statue carried off to the church of Chipiona, in the neighborhood. There, however, it was not destined to remain. Two Spanish princes, spending the summer months of 1851 at San Lucar de Barrameda, visited the ruins of the old monastery; and having learned the history of the shrine from the last remaining monk, the faithful guardian of the image at Chipiona, they determined to rebuild the monastery. They gave orders at once for the work to begin, and so rapidly did it proceed that on the 8th of September of the following year the miraculous statue was brought back in triumph to the shrine prepared for it.

On the threshold of the monastery stood the two pious princes, waiting to greet the Queen of Heaven, who returned escorted by the inhabitants of the country around, who were overjoyed at seeing their celestial Patroness re-enter the old shrine from which she had so long dispensed so many and such munificent favors. Surely this bright day was one of the most glorious and consoling which had ever closed over the sanctuary of Our Lady of Regla.

Concerning Pilgrimages.

THE recent pilgrimage of thousands of French workingmen to the Eternal City emphasizes the change of sentiment concerning such pious journeys that has been brought about within half a century. Fifty or sixty years ago, in France, one of the disdainful epithets applied to the Middle Ages was "the epoch of pilgrimages"; and in the mouths of certain critics this meant "the age of barbarism." Pilgrimages had grown old-fashioned, and were just lapsing into a desuetude that would soon entitle them to be qualified as "prehistoric." There were, of course, oc-

casional marvels narrated of the sanctuaries of Rome and Loretto; but many of the more liberal, advanced Catholics shook their heads at the recitals, and murmured something about fanaticism. Some Catholics even went so far as to blush at this ancient form of piety, and were quite ready to give it up as one other concession to the sneers of the Voltairean school.

Suddenly God had pity on their weakness, and judged well to manifest His supernatural power. He sent His Blessed Mother to Lourdes. This apparition had the effect of a thunderbolt, and it effectively aroused the age from its lethargy. Crowds were set in motion; thousands on thousands of Catholic pilgrims thronged the highways of France, and the custom that seemed all but dead was found to be possessed of superabundant life. Pilgrimages in the nineteenth century equal anything of the kind that was witnessed in the Middle Ages.

As was naturally to be expected, the revival of pilgrimages, not only in France but throughout the Catholic world, called forth the most violent opposition and abuse from the adversaries of our faith. With three or four stock arguments, which are, after all, only refurbished sophisms, anti-Catholic or non-Catholic journals assail this practice which is steadily growing in favor. The statement of two or three simple principles may serve to show that, even from a strictly common-sense point of view, pilgrimages are calculated to satisfy the loftiest intellects and the greatest hearts.

The first of these principles is that God can work miracles where He will. Sovereign Master of the world, which He created and which He rules as King, He certainly has the power to choose as the theatre of His supernatural action whatsoever corner He will of this little planet which we inhabit. If it please Him to cure the blind, the deaf, the dumb, and the paralyzed, *here, and not there*, He can do so.

In the second place, if God works miracles in one special place, it is for love of

us, for the life of our souls. One must have a very restricted intelligence to imagine that the grandest thing in a miraculous cure is the fact of the cure itself. Take the case of a deaf-mute who suddenly opens his lips and talks distinctly. For him the miracle is undoubtedly an incomparable joy. But the miracle has been witnessed by hundreds or thousands, and among these spectators there are dozens or hundreds who in consequence will turn to the Eternal Light. How many thousands of pilgrims to Lourdes have had their souls illumined and their hearts transformed by the sight of marvels wrought before their eyes! God works miracles everywhere, it is true; but if He did not work them in greater numbers at certain places in our world, there would probably be fewer souls strengthened unto salvation.

A third and last principle is that men should especially honor those places where God's miracles are wrought. As a matter of history, humanity has always made pilgrimages. Men will never be prevented from visiting with more than ordinary interest scenes made memorable by their country's victory or defeat, or by a joyous or sad event in the modest annals of their home life. The room where one's mother died can never be a common chamber, nor the field where the flag of our nation triumphed common ground like any other. Then what of shrines consecrated by miracles? Here is a fountain in which Christians have bathed their sightless eyes and suddenly regained their vision; there a sanctuary where a cripple has thrown away his crutches and walked away erect. Is it childish or puerile to honor such spots, to visit them, and there petition for the favors of Heaven? Surely not. The least that man can do is to return the visit which God deigns to pay him. Pilgrimages are public testimonials of gratitude for public benefits, and are eminently rational, proper, and excellent manifestations of Christian faith and piety.

Notes and Remarks.

The Grady monument recently unveiled in Atlanta is a tribute to modern oratory. Men are fond of asserting that oratory has had its day, that the mighty press has superseded the living voice as an agent in moving the human heart and will; but this is only a half-truth. The press may speak to millions where the orator addresses hundreds; but the speech of the one is cold and dead; that of the other is instinct with impassioned life, communicating its own intensity and purpose to auditors who as mere readers would remain unmoved. Henry W. Grady's superb speech on "The New South," delivered at the New England dinner in New York, in 1886, did more to wipe out the bitter memories of old hatred between North and South than did all the newspapers, and books written on the subject, during the last twenty-five years. The genuine orator is born, and he will always find at least some occasions in his life when, in exercising his birthright, he fulfils a mission none else may accomplish.

Charles Francis Adams, in his interesting life of Richard H. Dana, Jr., the distinguished lawyer and statesman of Massachusetts, best known as the author of "Two Years before the Mast," quotes the following passage from the private diary of Mr. Dana. It is a tribute from an unexpected source to the wisdom of the Church in the ordering of her ceremonies and the solemnity of her services:

"1857. March 5. Thursday.—Mrs. Metcalf is buried to-day from the Roman Catholic church in Franklin Street. There was a very large attendance of judges, lawyers, and friends of her family. The deep, uniform bass of the Requiem is still in my ears. Centuries speak through it. How wise that Church has been, and how firm, to maintain its liturgy, its chants, its universal language, against all the assaults of time and place!"

In a letter recently read in the churches of the Westminster Archdiocese, Cardinal Manning makes an appeal to parents to preserve their children from the temptation of intoxicating drink. The first habits formed in childhood ordinarily rule the whole after-life, says the Cardinal; and it is chiefly and

primarily on the parents that these early habits depend. "There are families in which the happiness of parents is wrecked by the intemperance of a son, and sometimes even of a daughter. Who sowed the first seed of this bitter harvest—the parents or the children? Certainly not the children, who for so many years were passive in the hands of their parents. Who gave them the first taste of intoxicating drink, out of which has sprung the feverish thirst and the governing passion of intemperance? If the fathers and mothers of this generation had been trained up without so much as the taste of intoxicating drink, the homes of to-day would be happy in temperance, parental authority, and filial affection. If the children of to-day are trained up in temperance, such will be the homes and parents of the next generation."

The eminent advocate of total abstinence concludes by advising parents to allow their children to enroll themselves in the Children's Guild (Junior Temperance Society), and in their own houses to guard against anything that can endanger their little ones' perseverance in this counsel of a higher life.

No matter what nonsense may be talked of the Church's warfare against Science, it is evident that her most eminent representatives are not averse to using the latest triumphs in the scientific domain. Pope Leo XIII., Cardinal Manning, and Cardinal Gibbons have recently been enjoying the pleasure of listening to one another's voices, although more than a thousand leagues separated the Baltimore prelate from his Eminence of Westminster, and the Holy Father in the Vatican. The phonograph was the bearer of the *ipsisima verba* of all three.

As many as 41,303 pilgrims visited Lourdes during the month of September. Among them were twelve bishops and two mitred abbots.

The hundredth anniversary of the foundation of St. Mary's Sulpician Seminary, Baltimore, was celebrated on the 28th ult. with fitting pomp and splendor. A cardinal, several archbishops, scores of minor prelates, and hundreds of priests thronged to the Baltimore Cathedral

in order to enhance the glory attendant on the centennial jubilee of an institution to which the Church in America owes not a little of its progress. The Rt. Rev. Bishop Kain, of Wheeling, delivered the sermon. In an historical sketch of the Seminary he eulogized its founder and his successors, spoke impressively of the nobility of the mission confided to those who are appointed to train young aspirants to the priesthood, and paid the following warm tribute to the zealous ecclesiastics who have shaped the destinies of St. Mary's for a hundred years:

"Is there on the face of the earth a body of men who more conscientiously discharge the duties of their sublime vocation than the priests of the Society of St. Sulpice? Though they are not a religious order, there are no religious more exact in the observance of every duty. They are not monks, yet few monks lead so retired a life. They mingle not in the world, but with unselfish devotion consecrate their whole time to the work of their holy calling. They instil into the young levite the virtues of the great High-Priest, by the edifying example of their own lives. They are men of prayer—they are men of God. During the years of his seminary course, the aspirant to the sacred priesthood is made to see the beauty and holiness and perfection of the sacerdotal state by daily contact with those who are themselves model priests."

Our English exchanges announce the death of Mr. Gilbert à Beckett, a brilliant member of the *Punch* staff. He is spoken of as one of the gentlest and best of men, and, like Mr. Burnand, the editor of *Punch*, was a devout Catholic. Mr. à Beckett was the author of a number of pieces written for nearly every prominent London theatre. He was also joint author with Mr. Hermann Merivale of "The White Pilgrim." An accomplished musician, he published many graceful ballads under a *nom de plume*. R. I. P.

A correspondent of the *Weekly Register* tells of a novel scene recently witnessed in the two Catholic churches of Barra, in the diocese of Argyll and the Isles. After a vigorous Gaelic discourse on Temperance, the pastor of each church called on the adult male members present to take the total abstinence pledge for twelve months. With scarcely an exception, the men, to the number of eight hundred, approached the altar and in turn solemnly repeated the pledge. A similar scene was wit-

nessed in the same churches about a year ago; and although the men are fishermen, who are exposed to much temptation when freed from the restraint of home influences, the number of defections among them is said to be insignificant. We congratulate the zealous pastors of Barra, Fathers Chisholm and McDonald.

A letter from Canada tells of the progress made in the Dominion by the Capuchins. Mentioning a mission given by the Fathers in the cathedral parish of Ottawa, the writer says: "The Canadians are among the most religious people in the world. The men are as good as the women; and they are to be seen crowding the churches, and as eager for the Sacraments as their wives and daughters. . . . Not a few of the ladies in society, especially those of Irish extraction, would kneel down openly in the streets to receive the Fathers' blessing as they passed, and all stood respectfully aside to salute the habit whenever they appeared."

Canada's politicians are not immaculate, as recent events have fully shown; but the foregoing extract impels us to believe that, from the religious point of view, she is not in any urgent need of annexation.

The venerable Vicar-General of the Archdiocese of Philadelphia, the Rt. Rev. Monsig. Cantwell, celebrated the golden jubilee of his ordination on the 4th inst., the Feast of St. Charles Borromeo. Monsig. Cantwell has been rector of the Church of St. Philip Neri in the archiepiscopal city since 1845. The occasion was fittingly celebrated, and the venerable *jubilarius* was congratulated by hosts of friends among the clergy and laity.

The long, useful, and exemplary life of the Rt. Rev. Monsig. Preston, Vicar-General of the Archdiocese of New York, closed in a happy death on the 4th inst. He was a native of Hartford, Conn., and after graduating at Trinity College entered the Episcopal ministry. In 1849 he became a convert to the Church, and was elevated to the priesthood in the following year. He filled the important office of Vicar-General of the Archdiocese since 1873. In recognition of his apostolic zeal, distinguished services, and admirable priestly virtues, he

was made domestic prelate to his Holiness Leo XIII., and afterward was created Prothonotary Apostolic. Monsig. Preston was the author of several controversial and devotional works, which have had a wide sale and effected untold good among Protestant and Catholic readers. He was an earnest speaker; and his Advent conferences in St. Ann's Church, of which he was rector many years, will long be remembered as discourses of rare power and unction. He was beloved by his parishioners and friends, and highly respected by all who knew his worth. May he rest in peace!

In a long list of recent converts to the Church in England are mentioned a daughter and a grandson of Charles Dickens; and a Rev. Mr. Gandy, who is the fifth Anglican incumbent of one Plymouth church to become a Catholic.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands, as if you were bound with them. —HEB., xiii, 3.

The following persons are recommended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

Mother Marie de la Croix, O. S. D., Benicia, Cal.; and Sister Mary Baptist, of the Sisters of Mercy, Okla. Ter., whose precious deaths are of recent occurrence.

Mr. Joseph Schulte, of Detroit, Mich., who departed this life on the 27th ult.

Mr. David Mahoney, who passed away on the 15th ult., at Syracuse, N. Y.

Mrs. Elizabeth Savage, of Crompton, R. I., whose happy death took place on the same day.

Miss Catherine B. Thompson, whose exemplary life closed peacefully on the 29th ult., at Dorchester, Mass.

Mrs. Alice Barry, of Philadelphia, Pa., who died a happy death on the 8th ult.

Mr. John Carney, lately deceased at Marysland, Minn.

Mrs. Anna Flanagan, of Davenport, Iowa, who was called to the reward of a well-spent life on the 26th ult.

Richard and John Creen, of Medina, Mich.; Mrs. J. Butler, Minneapolis, Minn.; Mrs. Margaret Gleason, E. Hartford, Conn.; Michael and Daniel Curtin and Mrs. Ellen Cavanagh, Washington, D. C.; Mrs. M. Glockner, Portsmouth, Ohio; Mrs. Michael Tracey, Portland, Oregon; and Mrs. Margaret Creaven, Wilmington, Del.

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



Saint Stanislaus.

BY MARCELLA A. FITZGERALD.

ALL, Saint, so dear unto Our Lady's Heart,
So patient 'neath the burden of great
wrong;

In suffering silent and in faith so strong!
Let thy pure soul, transpierced with love's
bright dart,

To us its fervent tenderness impart,
And thrill our spirits with the heavenly song
Whose angel music cheered thy vigils long,
And bade all earthly thoughts for aye depart.

Pray for us, Stanislaus, by that great grace
Bestowed on thee when our dear Lady came,
With saints and with attendant angels bright,
Bringing to thee the King, whose holy Face
Enkindled in thy bosom such sweet flame
That but to die for Him were keen delight.

The Shrine of the Roses.

BY MRS. MARY E. MANNIX.

(CONCLUSION.)

III.

JEALOUS as Father de Scrisy was, he was not prepared for the surprise which awaited him. The congregation were deeply interested in the Confraternity; many joined at once, which gave him new courage. Beginning with those among the women whom she thought would second her endeavors, the widow set to work to pot and distribute slips of her wonderful rosebush, which often had as many as one hundred buds at a time. Soon

she was kept busy in supplying the numerous applicants who came for their share, one not wishing to be outdone by the other.

What was still more singular, the men also became interested; and in some way came to an understanding among themselves that a portion, at least, of the money which had formerly been left in the bar-room should be laid aside toward the purchase of a statue of the Sacred Heart. With this new emulation they began to recognize and appreciate the true piety and zeal of their pastor, whose efforts had in the beginning seemed a disagreeable and unwelcome check upon their so-called pleasures. Two of the most intelligent among them, who had been artisans in Europe, began to hold mysterious consultations; and one day, in the middle of February, Father de Scrisy was surprised by a visit from them; their object being to ask permission to fashion a shrine on the height behind the church overlooking the peaceful bay, where it might be seen by mariners coming inland.

Having obtained the desired permission, they set to work; and in a few weeks, during the hours when they were off duty in the mine, they had erected a beautiful and unique enclosure, made of the gnarled and twisted branches of trees, which they painted a very dark red to preserve them from the weather. This occupation brought them into closer relations with their pastor, and soon they came regularly to Mass, bringing with them others who had long been strangers to the church.

Meanwhile success attended the labors of the women: scarcely a rose slip but flourished, and grew strong and vigorous during the warm, short winter of that climate; and when May came there was many a fragrant opening bud to spare for the Month of Our Lady. And now June was fast approaching. The shrine was completed; even the pedestal stood waiting for the statue, which was to come from no one knew whence, but which Father de Scrisy

had determined should be forthcoming out of his own scanty means, if Providence should not open an easier way.

A new spirit seemed to be infused into the people. The children came more regularly to catechism; the fathers and mothers were anxious that the little ones should be taught to pray and know the truths of religion. United in a common cause, the hitherto alien factions became reconciled: Hungarian and Pole, Irish, German, and Italian, were all united in the service of the Sacred Heart. So confident were they that the prayers of their pastor would be heard, that many among them would not have been surprised if they had waked up some morning to find a statue miraculously placed upon its waiting pedestal. These poor people had never lost their faith; it had only been paralyzed, needing but the touch of heavenly fire to quicken it.

On the morning of May 24, Feast of Our Lady Help of Christians, the widow presented herself at Father de Scisy's door. Joy and exultation shone on every feature.

"Father," she said, "a great thing has happened. We can have our statue; and it shall not be of a mean order either."

"Come in, come in, Mrs. Bauermann!" said the priest. "I am all curiosity. Whence this glorious news? But are you sure of what you say?"

"Sure, Father, unless a dollar is no longer a dollar in the United States of America. I have a hundred of them, or will soon have, wherewith to purchase our statue of the Sacred Heart."

"Well, well! that is wonderful. Tell me how it came about," said the priest. "But first sit down and get your breath."

Her voice trembling with emotion, the widow began: "Father, I left behind me in the old country an uncle who had been as a father to me. He was well-to-do, but had fallen away from his religion. For many years we have prayed for him—my husband while he lived, and later, daily, my boy and I. Last winter I received a

letter that his health was failing. I wrote him, beseeching that he should return to the practice of his religion. I have also a cousin, a priest, near Vienna, of whom I begged that he would pay a visit to Uncle Robert, and endeavor to make him return to God. Yesterday I had a letter from my cousin, saying that Uncle Robert had died in the best sentiments of piety, leaving me a legacy of about five thousand dollars, and one hundred as a thank-offering that he had been converted, which I was to spend for the poor or in any other charity I wished. Now what better, Father, than to purchase the statue of the Sacred Heart?"

"Thank God for this great favor!" said the priest. "It is wonderful indeed."

"I also received a letter from a lawyer, Father, in which he sent some papers that I am to sign, and in a few weeks I shall have the legacy. But not to wait, lest it should be too late for the Feast of the Sacred Heart, I can now spare some money which I have in bank. If you wish, Clement and I will go with you to the city, and there purchase a suitable statue."

"Yes, that will do nicely. But come now to the church for a prayer of thanksgiving. Our Lady has been very good to us."

IV.

The Feast of the Sacred Heart occurred that year the second week of June. The welcome and wonderful news soon spread abroad. The village was in a state of pleasurable excitement. The beautiful statue, purchased in the neighboring city of L——, was unboxed the night before in the presence of the builders of the shrine, who placed it on the pedestal, where, covered with a white cloth, it awaited the celebration of the morrow. And now from every nook and corner of the valley and the long, narrow street of the village came women and children, bearing rose trees of every shape and many sizes, but all green and flourishing, and all laden with crimson roses, the true flowers of the Sacred Heart. The widow had rifled her bushes, and

they lay in rich profusion at the base of the statue, which stood, as it were, in a miniature forest of green branches and blood-red flowers.

On that bright morning in June a great crowd of men, women, and children gathered on their knees about the embowered shrine, while two little girls, at a signal from the priest, unveiled the lovely statue. A murmur of admiration arose from the multitude as they beheld for the first time the sweet face of Our Lord turned toward them, one slender finger pointing to His bleeding Heart.

Who can tell what floods of grace were poured out at that moment? Enough to say that from that day the good priest dated the prosperity of his parish, which soon became renowned for the sincere piety and industrious habits of its members. An influx of inhabitants, caused by the establishment of the desired smelting works, helped to work this favorable result. A new church was soon built, and before long the keeper of the bar-room began to look about him for a more desirable location.

To-day the traveller who happens among that wild but beautiful region of rugged hills and deep, narrow valleys can not but admire, even though he should not sympathize with, the faith and devotion which have caused that humble sanctuary of Christ's image to bloom a lovely bower of beauty and color—roses inside and outside, overhanging and entirely concealing the original framework of bent twig and mossy branch.

So, too, a tender thought or fervent prayer often arises from the sea-tossed, world-worn mariner, as, sailing inward from the perilous ocean, his eyes behold from afar, upon the rocky height, the flower-encircled tabernacle smiling down upon him like a waiting friend. For he knows that within its portal the face of Our Lord is turned outward to the sea, welcoming him from a Heart always beating with tender love from the beautiful "Shrine of the Roses."

Berlioz and Paganini.

It is not often that men have more than one great gift, but the composer Berlioz was a shining exception to this rule; for he was a delightful writer as well as marvellous musician, and has left an autobiography which gives us an insight into his strange nature. One little incident in that erratic life will bear repeating here.

It was in Paris, after a long siege with bronchitis, that Berlioz found a concert imperative, so low was the state of his finances. Paganini was also in Paris,—the strange-looking man, with wild eyes and long hair, who could play the violin like no other man before or since. He had long admired Berlioz, but had met him only seldom. At the time of the concert Paganini, too, was in a lamentable condition physically, having nearly lost his voice, and being emaciated from the effects of the fatal disease which was preying on him.

When the audience had retired, Berlioz was informed that Paganini wished to see him. The son of the visitor was with him to act as interpreter. The little fellow climbed on a chair and put his ear to his father's mouth, listening intently. Then he got down and said: "My father wishes me to say, sir, that never in his life has he enjoyed a concert like this one; that your music has affected him so that he must thank you on his knees." This was a little confusing to Berlioz; but Paganini took him by the arm, and, leading him to another room where some of the musicians were assembled, knelt down and kissed his hand.

The next morning Berlioz, overcome by the excitement and exertions of the previous night, was lying ill in bed when Paganini's son, Achille, was ushered in.

"My father will be sorry to know you are ill," he said. "He is ill too, or he would have come instead of me. But he sends you this letter. Please do not open it until I am gone."

Much amazed, Berlioz when alone opened the missive, and read, written in Italian:

MY DEAR FRIEND:—Beethoven dead, only Berlioz is able to make him live again. And I, who have tasted your divine compositions, worthy of a genius such as you,—I believe it my duty to beg your kind acceptance, as homage on my part, of twenty thousand francs, which will be paid on presentation of the enclosed.

Believe me always your affectionate,
NICOLO PAGANINI.

As Berlioz read those words he turned pale and grew faint with joy. Just then his wife entered the room.

“Oh, dear, what has happened?” she asked, alarmed by his condition. “Is it a new misfortune? Do not let it overcome you, dear. We have endured so many, we surely can live through this.”

“Oh, no, it is not a misfortune! It is very different from that.”

“Well, then, what is it?”

“Paganini—”

“I never did like that man. How is he bothering you?”

“My dear Harriet, I think we can afford to be bothered in this way. Think of it—the good man has sent me a gift of twenty thousand francs!”

His wife for a minute thought him out of his mind; but when she was convinced that he was telling the simple truth, she called her little son.

“Louis, my darling,” she cried, “a kind man has saved us from want! Come here, and let us thank the good God for sending this succor to your father.”

So they knelt by the bed, and the mother poured out her gratitude to the Giver of all good. Little Louis did not know what it all meant; but he knew something had happened that they should be very thankful for, and he clasped his little hands and said: “Amen.”

There were many scenes in the life of Berlioz over which one has not the heart to linger; but we can always think with

pleasure of his wife offering up her simple thanks to God, and the little Louis kneeling by her side.

Poor Paganini died soon after his munificent act of kindness to his gifted friend.

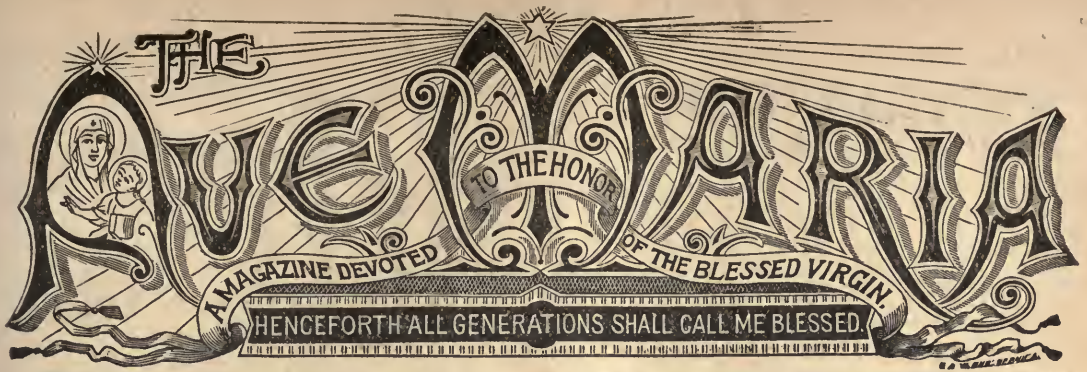
A Lesson Learned in the Desert.

Once there lived in the far East a man who really desired to be good. In the main he was successful, but he possessed a violent temper, which often got the better of him, and was a stumbling-block in the holy path he wished to tread. So he left the world and retired to a monastery. But the other monks had their peculiarities, too, being human; and he found himself continuing to give way to his temper.

“I must get away from the society of mankind,” he said; and journeyed to a distant part of the desert, taking with him only a bowl of earthenware out of which to drink water, if he found any.

One day, coming with the sparkling liquid from a spring which he discovered at a distance, he upset the bowl and spilled the water. Patiently he retraced his steps and filled the bowl again; but as he was nearing his humble dwelling his foot slipped, and out went the water upon the ground a second time. A third time he tried; but when he stooped to dip the bowl his hand trembled and the vessel fell upon the ground. At that he flew into a fierce fit of anger; and, picking up the bowl, he took a stone and smashed it into a thousand pieces. In time his anger cooled, and he saw how he had undone the work of months by giving way to his ill temper where he thought no temptation could exist.

“I am a fool,” he said, “to seek to fly from harm, when the temptation is in my nature, not in the provocations of men. When I have run away from my fellow-beings I am so determined to be angry that I vent my rage upon an earthen bowl!”



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Our Lady's Presentation.

BY WILLIAM D. KELLY.

HOW blithely must her childish feet
 have crossed
 The Temple in their eagerness to win
 A refuge from the wicked world of sin,
 Tho' all the tempter's wiles on her were lost!
 Encircling her about, a white-winged host
 Of guardian angels hovered; and her kin
 Was he, the priest, who bade her enter in;
 Herself the dwelling of the Holy Ghost.

And where can lips find language to portray
 The wondrous works of grace within her
 wrought,
 Or words to speak the happiness she felt,
 As gliding thus her maiden years away,
 Within the sanctuary she had sought,
 In blest communion with her God she dwelt!

The Mother Ages.

BY ANNA T. SADLER.

Were those ages dark in themselves, or only dark to us?
 MITTLAND.

A CHRONICLER writing in the reign of Henry VI., of England, says: "The men of this land are rich, having abundance of gold and silver, and other things necessary for the maintenance of man's life; they drink no water, unless it be that some from

devotion, and upon a zeal for penance, do abstain from other drink; they eat plentifully of all kinds of fish and flesh; they wear fine woolen cloth in all their apparel; they have great store of husselments and implements of household; they are plentifully furnished with all implements of husbandry, and all other things that are requisite to the accomplishment of a quiet life according to their estates and degrees."

Sir John Fortescue here gives us a view of the medieval era to which we are unaccustomed. He shows it to us in its prosperity. He reminds us that the life of the Middle Ages was not all gloomy and terrible, if grand or picturesque; that it had other features besides dungeons and racks and frowning castles, tyrannical lords who waged perpetual war, and abject serfs too spiritless for complaint; in fact, that the Middle Ages, taken in their broadest sense, from the Fall of the Western Empire to the era ushered in by the Renaissance and the Protestant Reformation, form a many-sided picture, full of life and movement, of grace and animation, of beauty and heroism, of struggle and high achievement. There may be a dark and lurid background; there may be blots upon the canvas which cause us of the nineteenth century to rejoice that the colors on our palette are of less glaring tone. But we can learn much by looking backward, and the retrospection is always full of interest.

The medieval life was one of associa-

tions. There were many pious associations, of nobles and peasants alike, to visit the sick, to bury the dead, to redeem captives or to free slaves. Certain Lombards, banished into Germany, bound themselves to a religious life, which was to consist in the exact performance of manual labor. They were at first all laymen, and were called the Umiliati. The merchants of Paris, in 1170, banded together to obtain the blessing of God upon their enterprises. This was a frequent practice. Officers of justice and notaries formed themselves into associations. Every trade had its guild, united under a patron saint. Upon the feast of this patron, the members marched in a body to church, where they had a solemn service.

The history of these guilds is most interesting. Their rules were of an exceedingly stringent character. A member found guilty of dishonesty or crime of any sort was immediately dismissed from the fraternity. Trafficking! on Sundays or holydays was forbidden, even where the associate lived amongst Jews or pagans. All were required to rest a certain time after each meal, and were hindered from working either too late or too early. Illegitimacy of birth was an obstacle to admission into the guilds; so that the Bastard of Orleans, the deliverer of his country, with his *baton* of field-marshal, was refused membership. These associations often figured as patrons of learning, offering a prize for the best hymn or poem or ballad. Besides supporting sick members and burying the dead, they gave liberally in charity. Thus the silversmiths are recorded as building a hospital for the aged and infirm, and a home for widows.

Many and great privileges were often granted to these fraternities by kings and nobles; as when the painters were declared free and noble, and the franc-archers free from taxes. There was a sturdy independence about these guilds, which commands our admiration; whilst the spirit of faith

kept them free from dangerous excesses. The holydays which they observed in common, and the strict observance of the Sunday commanded by their rules, lent them a spirituality far, indeed, from the soulless and irreligious lives led by many modern working people, who toil all the week for Mammon, and spend Sunday as though there were no God.

The burgher or citizen class had its own privileges and dignities. In certain cities the citizens had a right to the title of Sire. Sometimes they were authorized to wear spurs or to carry a sword, or could claim the privileges of knighthood. They were a most prosperous class, for commerce was very active in the medieval period. The Venetian, the Pisan, the Genoese, the English, the Dutch, the Spanish, the Portuguese merchants vied with those of France in extensive trading. At a very early period the study of Oriental tongues had become a necessity in France, on account of the commercial intercourse with the East. St. Louis, the French King, formulated the idea that, from a motive of charity, free-trade with all men should prevail. A curious bit of political economy.

From the dim old days of Clotaire, the Frankish King, comes to us a picturesque and beautiful type of the burgher class. He was the court goldsmith, and had achieved renown by his skill in the working of precious metals. His artistic taste was great; his carvings, upon gold and silver vessels and ornaments, of exquisite delicacy. Apart from all this he had an absorbing passion: it was for the ransom of slaves. When a vessel arrived from Africa, the goldsmith stood upon the shore bargaining for the bondsmen's release; once he even gave portions of his own clothing for their redemption. The poor thronged the street wherein he lived, so as almost to form a blockade; and on Sundays a hundred indigent persons sat at table as the rich man's guests.

The whole of medieval history, however,

bids us admire a charity that was vast and comprehensive, that was all-embracing, and that was undeterred by any obstacles. Every one of the religious orders had its motive in fraternal charity. Men bound themselves by vow to redeem captives or to free slaves, and to toil in their places if need be. They fought the Turk, to free Europe from the bondage that threatened it; but they counted it equally glorious to spend years at the bedside of lepers, to care for the orphan or to give shelter to the homeless. It was a spirit that pervaded society in its entirety. Seldom did a rich man die without his legacy to the poor of Christ, always asking their alms in return—prayers for his soul. Sometimes it was a hundred loaves of bread to be distributed at the market-cross, or a certain number of oxen to be killed at a given place; or it was a hospital or an asylum to be built, where the work of charity would go on to untold years. The benefactions of the monks and the sisterhoods are a too oft-told tale to require mention here.

“There is no doubt,” observes a historian, “that the higher classes sympathized more with the people than they have done ever since.” Very often the relations between the noble and his vassals were of a peculiarly intimate and affectionate character. The lower orders had their place at all great festivals or merrymakings; none, howsoever lowly their condition, were excluded. A place was reserved for them at the tables of the great; and at tournaments and pageants of all sorts there was room for the display of that “chivalry of humble life.” The wrestling matches, the archery contests, and the various other trials of skill, brought the man of low estate to the kindly and admiring notice of the highest in the land.

The following quaint description of the English judges in the time of Henry VI. points at what was expected of one class of medieval worthies: “I woulde ye shoulde knowe that the justices of England sit not

above three hours a day—that is to say, from eight in the forenoon until eleven complete. Wherefore the justices, after they have taken their refection, do passe and bestow all the residue of the day in the study of the lawes, in reading Holy Scriptures, and using other kind of contemplation at their pleasure. So that their life may seem more contemplative than active. And thus do they lead a quiet life, discharged of all worldly cares. And it hath never been knowne that any of them have been corrupted with gifts and bribes.”

A high standard was, in fact, held up to all men. Lawyers were forbidden to nourish false hopes in their clients, soldiers to engage in unjust wars, merchants to overcharge or adulterate. Everywhere the spirit of religion and the solid principles of Catholic truth and justice guided and directed society. The Council of Toledo decreed that kings should spend a certain time each day in the study of the Scripture and in devout reading; that they must approach the Sacraments frequently, thus giving an example of virtue; that they must refrain from putting unworthy men into public offices; must show mercy when possible; and do justice, when it had to be done, quickly. Such regulations were constantly laid down by councils and preached from pulpits. The king was then the servant of a higher Master, and the humblest monk might remind him that he but held his power from above.

It would be a most interesting study to inquire how far these principles prevailed with the monarchs of the medieval period. There is little doubt that they compare to advantage with any other class of sovereigns who have ruled the world. For even where there were great crimes, there was noble and magnanimous repentance, an humble avowal of wrong, and a desire to make satisfaction. Evil, whether in king or peasant, was then known by its own name, and deplored as an offence against Heaven. Chateaubriand declares that “St.

Louis, as a legislator, a hero and a saint, is the representative of the Middle Ages,"—St. Louis, of whom Voltaire admits that "human perfection could not go farther," and whom Hallam declares to be "the most eminent pattern of unswerving rectitude and Christian strictness of conscience that ever held the sceptre in any country." St. Louis was one of many.

Chivalry, that strange and fascinating creation of an olden time, has furnished us with a host of noble names,—men who were Christians no less than they were knights, who valued their unblemished honor second to their Catholic faith. No young man of that day was ashamed to hear Mass every morning, and to approach the Sacraments openly and frequently; for a knight it was a sacred duty. A Black Prince knelt at the head of his army to hear Mass and receive the Blessed Sacrament before beginning battle. An Alonzo d'Aguilar, a Lord James of Douglas, a Robert Bruce, a Bertrand du Guesclin, an O'Neil, or a Cordova, prayed with the simple fervor of childhood, and proudly made confession of faith.

The candidate for knighthood passed nights in prayer in a church and fasted in preparation for his investiture. He heard Mass and received Holy Communion. His bath was a symbol of purification, and he was clad in a white robe to signify the purity of life expected from him; over this was a red garment, a token that he must be ready to die for the faith. He wore sandals of black, as a reminder of death; while his gauntlets recalled to him the duty of prayer. When present at Mass, a knight always held the point of his sword before him during the Gospel, signifying his readiness to defend it. And being thus Christian, chivalry was, as Hallam declares, "the best school of moral discipline which the Middle Ages afforded. . . . The soul of chivalry was," he adds, "independent honor. It disdained falsehood and injustice. The books professedly written to lay down

the duties of knighthood appear to spread over the whole compass of human obligations. But these, like other books of morality, strain their schemes of perfection far beyond the actual practice of mankind."

This is a truly Protestant estimate of the matter; for the knights in numberless instances obeyed every axiom laid down in their rules, aided always by the influence of religion. And though there were knights who did not do so, and though the order of chivalry became itself degenerate, it is clear that its scheme of perfection was not, when inspired by religion, beyond the actual practice of mankind.

"Everyone knows," says Guizot, "that the domestic life, the spirit of family connection, and the high importance of women, were characteristic of the feudal times." Of the feudal system itself, it would be impossible to say more here than a passing word. Our newer and better system has replaced it; yet retrospection is always of value, and we dwell so often upon its crimes and excesses, that it is well to give a thought to what it had of virtue.

"As a scheme of civil freedom, the feudal polity bears a noble countenance," says Hallam. "It diffused the spirit of liberty and notions of private right. . . . The security of every vassal was found in the administration of justice by his peers, and the condition of allegiance from the vassal was the good treatment experienced at the hands of his liege lord. . . . The feudal lawbooks breathe the very spirit of honorable obligation. Violation of faith was first in the catalogue of crimes." The same historian points out that the struggles of the barons resulted in the Magna Charta, and gave to France her national splendor and glory.

(Conclusion in our next number.)

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THERE are a good many real miseries in life that we can not help smiling at; but they are the smiles that make wrinkles, not dimples.—*Holmes.*

Another's Burden.*

I.

IT was over: neither the eloquence of his counsel, the frankness of his avowal, nor the repentance of which he had given ample proof, had been able to disarm the severity of the judges. Michael Frayno was condemned to the galleys for fifteen years.

Michael was not one of those monsters whose hideous aspect, low forehead, and restless eyes, proclaim the born criminal. He was large and well built; and, although a simple villager, his physiognomy was open and intelligent. Regret and chagrin had calmed the vivacity of his ordinary expression, and his mien at present was one of mildness and discouragement. In vain would one seek in his whole figure for an indication of cruelty.

Behind the bench on which he was seated stood two women, who with palpitating hearts had followed every detail and incident of the trial. As often as Frayno had felt his courage sinking he had turned his gaze toward these two. One was old, and from the resemblance between her features and those of the prisoner, and still more from the tenderness which shone from her eyes as she gazed upon him, it was easy to see that she was his mother. The other woman was young: she could scarcely have attained her thirtieth year. Her face was strikingly pale, but the pallor served only to bring out more prominently the rustic beauty of her features. The linen cap which formed her head-dress could not confine her luxuriant hair, stray locks of which fell in curls about her neck. Her slender figure was enveloped in a long mantle. Her eyes were red from excessive weeping, and her whole aspect was one of poignant grief.

It was impossible to look upon her and remain unmoved; and even the judges,

* Adapted for THE "AVE MARIA" from the French of M. Louis d'Apilly.

accustomed as they were to such sights, turned their glances away from Frayno's wife, lest they might be stirred to pity, and pity might override the claims of justice. Her sorrow was especially touching as she had three children, of whom the eldest was barely four years of age, while the youngest, of scarcely so many months, was lying asleep in her arms.

When in a loud voice Frayno's sentence of condemnation was read, he looked at Loysa, his wife, and both burst into tears. The latter, although strong, soon fainted away. As for the old woman, she interrupted the judges with a bitter complaint.

"Fifteen years! You say that very glibly, you great folk there! Poor boy, he will have time enough to languish! Fifteen years! And who will work to provide for us—for me, for his wife and children? Will it be you? And what have *we* done to be condemned to die of hunger and privations? And those three innocents—what crime are they guilty of that they should starve, and never know their father?"

She was told that the severity of the law had been tempered with all possible indulgence.

"The law!" she rejoined. "Who was it that made this law of yours? They could have had neither parents nor children."

Michael manifested only utter discouragement and despair. "Lord God!" he exclaimed, as they led him away, "I am guilty, I know; but is there no pardon?"

Despite his afflicted state, however, the officers could not refuse his wife and mother permission to see him. "We can only weep with him," said Loysa; "but at least our tears will give him courage."

They found him lying in a dark cell, a prey to the most terrible sorrow. His clothing was in shreds, his hair and beard matted and unkempt. His mother threw herself upon his breast and wept. Loysa looked at them in silence and motionless. The children also, filled with that instinctive fear that obscurity inspires, kept

silence at first. Then, as their eyes grew accustomed to the twilight of the cell, they began to examine the surroundings.

God has placed in the careless simplicity of children consolations as unforeseen as they are real. Jules, the eldest child, noticed in one corner a piece of bread; and, as he had eaten nothing since the preceding evening, he seized and brought it in triumph to his mother.

"You must not touch it," said Loysa. "It is your father's bread."

"Let him have it," replied Michael; "I feel no hunger."

"You must not despair, my man. We are very miserable it is true; but if you give up hope, what will there be left to us?"

"It is not for myself that I am desolate. I will suffer—that is just; but you! I would have done better to throw myself into the river, as I was tempted to do."

"O Michael, don't say that! Fifteen years are long in passing, but still—"

"If I had died before my condemnation, they would have had compassion on you, and perhaps some charitable folk would have helped you to rear the little ones. Who will aid the mother and wife of a galley-slave?"

"Don't trouble yourself about us," interposed Julia, his mother. "Your children are not orphans or abandoned. We are left to them, Loysa and I. We will work. I am old, but still strong, and as long as I can—"

"Yes," continued Loysa; "and in a year or two Jules will be able to help us. And are there not in heaven the good God and the Blessed Virgin? They will not let us perish."

"We might have been so happy! What fatality impelled me? It is I who have drawn down upon you all this misery."

"It would have been better," said Loysa, "not to listen to those talebearers; but, after all, it was for love of me you did it."

"Ah! I did not foresee the fate I was preparing for you. Anger does not calculate."

"You are quick, and there are circum-

stances which deprive one of the mastery of oneself. You have always been good and kind to us."

"I was born for misfortune. Any other man would have made you far happier. Why did I marry you?"

"Because I wished it."

"You will not forget me while I am at Marseilles? O Loysa, in my misery, you will not condemn me? If I can send you anything from time to time, I will do it."

"Think of yourself," said Julia. "We will look out for the rest."

"And you, mother,—I will doubtless see you no more!"

"You will be chained, but they won't fasten any iron balls to *my* feet. I will go to Marseilles when my wish to see you gets too strong."

II.

Frayno was not sent to Marseilles until the eighth day after his condemnation. His wife and mother visited him every morning and brought the children with them. Their presence seemed to keep up the poor prisoner's courage. The women made heroic efforts while with him to conceal their own distress, and succeeded in hiding their despair.

During the hours that he passed in awaiting their coming, he revolved in his mind what he should say to them; when they had left him he dwelt on what they had said, and despite himself allowed other thoughts than those of his cruel lot to distract him. He began to look beyond the term of his imprisonment. He foresaw, after that long absence, his children grown up, another horizon, a new life; and the distant prospect made him wish to survive the horrors of the chain-gang.

Sometime, however, the realization of present affliction broke down his energy. He doubted everything, and most of all doubted his own endurance. He had suffered much in prison even before he had been declared guilty. Would not the galleys be a hundredfold worse? Could he

endure such punishment—grow accustomed to the sea fogs, stand the discipline enforced on the convict crew? Death had no terrors for him: it would put an end to his misery; but when his thought reverted to his wife and children, his heart was wrenched with anguish and he sobbed aloud.

Poor little ones! They would be reduced through his fault to nakedness, to contempt, to misery. Could their grandmother, at sixty-five, undertake hard work? Loysa had been hardy, but the nursing of her three young children had much enfeebled her. And what could two weak women effect for the support of a family of five? True, they were laborious, and they would consult their need rather than their strength; but, then, would they always find work? Would not the wife of the galley-slave, the target for the insults of his enemies, defenceless against injustice and malignity,—would not she be the last person whom patrons would wish to employ? And supposing that sickness should come to paralyze the energy of wife or mother, what would become of the family?

To these anxieties were added other fears more intimate and distressing. Loysa had been, still was, beautiful. Poverty is exposed to many temptations. Would her ears always remain closed to criminal solicitations? Torn by these considerations, which oppressed him all the more for his inability to speak of them or allow them to be suspected, Frayno became desperate. To be free from the overwhelming weight of misfortune which the future appeared to hold in store for him, he would have killed himself had there been at hand any instrument of death.

The innocent smiles of his children and the affectionate caresses of Loysa no longer sufficed to tranquillize him. His mother perceived this; and, failing to draw from him the cause of his secret anguish, exhorted him to carry his troubles to the feet of the Virgin, who is the nurse of the poor and the mother of orphans.

While awaiting their departure for the galleys, the gang of which Frayno was a member were crowded into a low, damp house, whose windows had been fortified with iron bars, and the door protected by great locks and bolts. His companion convicts rallied Michael on his downheartedness, and hailed his wife, whenever she entered, with insulting proposals. Loysa paid no attention to them; but her husband resented them bitterly, and would willingly have foregone the consolation of her visits in order to be spared this additional suffering.

Finally, the gang were ordered to march. On the eve of the appointed day, Michael bade adieu to his family as tenderly as if he were never to see them more. When he set out the following morning in the ranks of the criminal band, he walked with his head down, seeking to conceal his face from the curious crowd who stopped and gazed at the galley-slaves as they passed by.

(To be continued.)

The Departed.

WHERE they abide no gently falling
showers
Moisten the gaping soil, arid and dry;
On grey, hot slopes they count the weary hours
Thro' long nights dragging by.

Where they abide there is no joyous singing,
No sweet bird voices wake the silent air;
Only thro' blackness sullen waves are flinging
Wild moanings everywhere.

Where they abide there is no happy laughter,
Yet hope has not forsworn that waiting place;
And faintly, thro' the mists of the hereafter,
They still can see His Face,—

Can see His Face, their promise and salvation;
For they have knelt and wept the Cross
beside.

Shorten, Lord God, we pray, the desolation
Where they in tears abide!

M. E. M.

Traces of Travel.

MERRY ENGLAND.

BY CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

VIII.

A PLEASANT walk of a mile or more brings the visitor from Leamington in sight of the grand grey towers of Warwick Castle. This is the most satisfactory show-castle the tourist is likely to come upon. There is nothing incomplete about it; nothing that makes one almost sorry that he has come too late to see anything but the shell of a once glorious building, now given over to ivy and pismires, and the photographer, who grows fat on the carcass of defunct greatness. Looking through a long avenue, shaded by trees in summer and flanked by the smoke-colored skeletons of trees in winter, the first glimpses of Guy's Tower, that stands within the walls of Warwick Castle, is like an ideal landscape by an artist of the antique school.

There is a heavy and lofty battlement hung with ivy; a strip of blue sky beyond it; a reflection in the tranquil bosom of the Avon that flows under it; and nothing beside save a clear, cool day, and a dozen rooks that are evidently quite at home in the neighborhood. Then you come to a bridge that spans the Avon; close to the Castle wall and along the bank of the river, below the bridge, the windows of the Castle are seen—a wonderful wall crowded with them,—while the broken arches of a bridge that once crossed the stream a little lower down seem to have been put into the picture by an artist. In fact, everything about the place is eminently picturesque; and the quiet enthusiasm of the foreigner, who sees for the first time the home of an earl, never flags for a moment so long as the turrets of Warwick are in sight.

The gate is a trifle forbidding. You feel

as though you were about going to prison; but you lift the heavy knocker with a stout heart, and try to appear quite at your ease while you are waiting to be admitted to the mysteries of Warwick. There is a man watching you from the opposite side of the way; there is a carriage coming up the street at a brisk pace. You wish that the Castle gate would open instantly and let you in before all creation has seen you humbly seeking admittance to the Earl's domain. It does open at last, with a rattle of bolts and a creak of ponderous hinges—not the whole gate, but a little door that is hung in the great door,—and an ancient portress bids you enter. She is the first of the United Order of Butlers and Porters into whose hands you fall the moment you are within the walls. She has her little entertainment in the museum at the lodge. She shows you the massive armor of Guy of Warwick, a giant nine feet high, who lived ages ago—I forget how many. Fine old armor it is, much too large for a modern earl, and weighing a couple of hundred pounds, so says the portress. In the centre of the room stands a capacious broth-pot, made of bell-metal, and at least eight hundred years old. It is now used as a punchbowl; and the portress said to me, with great gravity, as she stirred imaginary punch in its hollow depths:

“I saw this caldron thrice filled and thrice emptied at the marriage of the present Earl of Warwick.”

She looked like one of the witches in “Macbeth” when she said it. Then she took an iron prong, once used to harpoon the meat in the broth that was brewing when Guy was in the flesh to such an unnecessary extent; and sawing the rim of the caldron with this bar of iron, she suddenly struck it a tremendous blow, that made the vessel ring like “Big Tom” at Oxford. The vibration was deafening, and I was glad to escape from the good creature, who stood with the javelin poised in one hand like an Amazon, while with the other

she received my sixpence, and dismissed me with the cold formality of a professional show-woman. She has been doing this sort of thing for the last fifty years, and has probably received silver sixpences enough to fill the punchbowl ten times full.

At the door of the Castle (at one of the many doors I should say) the portly butler welcomed me, and I was shown through a suite of magnificently furnished apartments, in which the Earl's family usually resides—the great hall, the red drawing-room, the cedar drawing-room, the gilt drawing-room, the state bedroom, the chapel, etc., etc. I have a dazed memory of rich carpets, of curiously fashioned furniture, with the cover thrown back from one chair so as to exhibit the character of the whole; of lofty panelled ceilings fretted with gold; of rare paintings and wall-eyed statues (I wish statues wouldn't always look wall-eyed); of tables that are miracles in mosaic, rainbow-colored and of most elaborate patterns. The place is ablaze with Venetian mirrors; and under the deep, broad windows flows the sweet Avon, just as it flows under the low eaves of the poor cottagers who may have had a glimpse of this stately magnificence, but have gone home to their dinner of herbs, no doubt thinking the whole Castle a kind of Christmas pantomime with the imps and the fairies omitted.

Vandyke, Rubens, Titian, Salvator Rosa, Carracci, Paul Veronese, Guido and Murillo, have filled the panels of these gorgeous halls. There are rooms crowded with armor. Cromwell's helmet is here; so is a waxen cast of his grizzly face, looking the very type of an English Communist. I remember also a stately bed, furnished with rich crimson velvet hangings, presented to the late Earl of Warwick by George III., and which formerly belonged to Queen Anne. There is a portrait of Napoleon I., by David; and a large, full-length portrait of St. Ignatius, the founder of the Jesuits—an inestimable painting by Rubens. The air

with which the butler pointed out these treasures, the quiet cue which he seemed to give me unconsciously—such as "A Venetian mirror, very fine"; and then, pointing with his wand to one of the pictures, "Queen Anne, by Kneller; the Earl of Essex, by Zuccaro; the Marquis of Hastings in the Vandyke manner, very fine,"—helped a fellow out, and saved me the trouble of trying to comment upon the private property of the Earl, to whose generosity the public is indebted for a sight of his splendid home.

There was a disastrous conflagration in the Castle some years ago; thirty or forty rooms were burned, and most of the decorations of the whole of the habitable part were hurried out of the building. Fortunately the fire was checked before much of the valuable property was damaged, and the burned part is now being rapidly restored. A public subscription toward the restoration was suggested; but John Ruskin wrote a letter to the *London Telegraph*, which put in such forcible form the absurdity of the public allowing the poor of London to go naked and hungry while they refurnished the house of an Earl, that the matter was allowed to rest. It seems that the Earl, for all his luxurious surroundings, is not a man of much available means. The butler led me to the door by which I had entered, took my fee—a shilling, perforce, since he was a fellow of such eminent respectability that I was fearful of offering him sixpence,—and, turning from him, I fell at once into the hands of the keeper of the Tower.

We crossed the lawn that lies in the centre of the inner court, and ascended Guy's Tower. Chamber above chamber, with groined ceilings, and walls well covered with the initials, names and dates of prisoners who have been confined there—a half dozen of these fill the structure with gloom. At one side is a little door opening on the battlements; trees throw out their branches under us; the fearless and faith-

ful ivy hangs all about us. The keeper of the Tower asked me if I wouldn't like to take a few leaves along with me. "It doesn't grow in your country—at least not this kind," said he. I asked him how he knew that; and he told me that ten thousand Americans had kept him posted, and that he was expecting a good lot of them over this season.

I went still higher, for Guy's Tower lifts its proud head away above the battlements. The day was lovely; the winding Avon seemed a kind of dream-river in the midst of a soft, undulating landscape that was all asleep. The extensive gardens of the Castle lay about us; a forest in one part of it, dense with undergrowth, musical with birds, whose notes sounded moist and melancholy—two qualities that are desirable in a bit of wood on the bank of a classic stream under a castle wall. The dim vista at the farther end of the garden was most delightful: bars of sunshine lying across broad lawns, trees clustering in inviting groups, the shimmer of waters, the tangle of narrow and winding paths, the white gleam of a statue; a peacock—or another guide!

In the conservatory at one end of the lawn stands the celebrated Warwick vase, which was discovered in a lake at Adrian's villa, near Tivoli, and was brought to Warwick three earls ago. It is a beautiful white marble urn, curiously carved, and the conservatory is its shrine. There are two palm-trees in the corner of the room that are far handsomer in my eyes; but they were not fished out of Italian waters, and no man made them. This is a distinction that must be respected, and the vase has a guide and keeper all its own.

The keeper of the Tower smiled at us as he took his expected sixpence; and the keeper of the vase followed me over the grounds, and finally led me back to the deep avenue cut in the solid rock, and which leads from the gate to the main entrance of the Castle. This avenue was like the bed of a swift stream that had not

long been dry. It was smooth and damp and ivy-clad and shadow-haunted, and as romantic an entrance to these gardens of enchantment as one could wish to see. A sixpence for the man, who at last returned me to the portress; and a sudden sense of freedom, not unmixed with gratitude, when I found myself without the walls with still a little money in my pocket. What a shame one has to feel that all this is a mere show, when the reality, if we might but be admitted to it, must be so pleasant; or if the fees were to go toward the endowment of some charity, and not into the pockets of the men and women, who should certainly be well provided for in so extensive an establishment!

Just fancy a delicious little hospital founded for twelve indigent men. A delightful old house with a quadrangle, having a covered passage of carved wood on either side of it, and out of this passage the doors of the brethren, the twelve indigents, open into cosy rooms that are a temptation to a man in his healthiest moments. This house is a companion picture to the Home for Old Women in Coventry; but the men seem to be having the better time of it.

I was beguiled into the house by the exhibitor, who met me in the street and marked me for his own. I was marched from room to room, from corridor to corridor, out into the garden, back into the chapel; and all this time the good fellow was rattling off a long, long history of the founding of the hospital by Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, in the twenty-eighth year of the reign of Elizabeth. The few *curios* to be seen are a document signed by Leicester, a chair in which his Majesty King James sat when he dined with the ancient indigents now at rest, and a bit of fine embroidery done by the fair hands of Amy Robsart.

It was utterly impossible to escape the lecture by this persistent fellow; he seated me in a chair before the rules and regula-

tions of the establishment, and then gave me, in the most rapid and astonishing manner, these rules and regulations, with voluminous notes and comments of his own. I wanted to laugh, but had some consideration for a man who was evidently discharging his duty as though it were six-barrelled; it was having to face him that annoyed and embarrassed me. Several times he dropped into a light narrative vein, that was intended to amuse me; said that no man might keep "dog or hawk" on the premises—I saw a canary in one of the windows; neither could any man bring a wife to his hospital to live upon the house—she might *board* if she liked; nor could his children find shelter there. But one man who was off on a six-weeks' furlough had asked leave to fetch a wife; and leave was granted, provided he returned with her within the limit of his furlough. He returned, aged seventy, with Mrs. Indigent, aged forty, having wooed and won her within the required time. It is good to be out of a hospital and away from the rattle of the Reception Committee, who dropped his *h's* all over the place, and picked up several that didn't belong to him.

In the chapel at St. Mary's is the tomb of Leicester. Under a gorgeous canopy, in the midst of alabaster pomp and considerable stained glass, Robert Earl of Leicester, after life's fitful season, and in company of his wife, sleeps well, and has multitudes of people come to see him do it. I was waiting for the warden to conduct me to the chapel; and while I waited I saw a tall, grave man, with square features, clad in a long black cloak, and gloved also, apparently lost in meditation. Ah! thought I, some earl has come to mourn over the ashes of the heir to all his titles. It was rather tiresome being there alone with him; and, as no one came to my relief, I ventured to ask the nobleman if he knew of any one who would conduct me to the chapel. Certainly: *he* would do it at once; and he drew forth the clanking keys and began

business. I wish church-wardens wouldn't look quite so impressive when strangers are about.

The walk home was more charming than can be pictured. On the way I came within sight of Guy's Cliff. The family was at home, and the public forbidden to enter the grounds; but from the road to the house sweeps an avenue of glorious trees, their airy branches crowded with rooks' nests, and the place as green as Spring. Later there was a glimpse of many windows and gables and clustering chimneys; and all this comfortable wealth lay beyond a mill-stream, in which three swans were admiring themselves, and by the side of which some sheep were quietly wagging their jaws sideways and looking as stupid as possible. I stood by the mill and took all this lovely landscape to heart; and thought how St. Dubritius, sometime Bishop of Warwick, on account of its charming seclusion, chose Guy's Cliff as the site of an oratory, which he dedicated to St. Mary Magdalen. This was in heaven knows what period of history; but long afterward, in the Saxon days, Great Guy of Warwick, "having weaned himself from the deceitful pleasures of the world," withdrew into this oratory.

Well, it is pleasant to have seen Warwick Castle, called "the first out of royalty"; but there is a companion picture which will be quite as pleasant to dream over—Kenilworth,—lying close at hand and sacred to to-morrow's pilgrimage.

(To be continued.)

THE Author and Finisher of the devotion which the Church perpetuates to the Blessed Mother of God was Jesus Himself. He founded it by His own example, and taught it to His disciples by His own words and deeds. They who reproach us for the honor we pay to her, reproach Him; for we have never honored her so much as He did.—*Cardinal Manning.*

Devotion to Our Lady in Denmark in
Pre-Reformation Times.*

LITTLE is generally known of the ecclesiastical history of the Scandinavian nations in pre-Reformation times. We learn from the writings of contemporary historians that the Danes were remarkable for faith and piety, and for their attachment to the practices of Catholic worship. Those who had it in their power to do so used to hear Mass on weekdays as well as Sundays, and assist at the recitation of the Canonical Hours. They were great lovers of processions and pilgrimages, often undertaking long journeys to shrines in their own or in foreign lands. They honored the saints with great devotion, and high above all others they held in loving veneration the glorious Mother of God.

There is no doubt that the Danish Order of the Elephant, when originally instituted, was a confraternity in honor of Our Lady. It is said to have been placed by Canute VI., who founded it toward the close of the twelfth century, under her protection; and later on it is mentioned by a Spanish ambassador at the Danish court under the name of the Order of the Virgin Mary. The meaning of the badge, which was originally an elephant with the image of our Blessed Lady and three nails, is not explained. About the middle of the sixteenth century King Frederick II. struck out the figure of the Blessed Virgin, in his zeal to eliminate popish errors, and only the elephant and tower were retained.

In old times the Angelus rang out from every steeple in Denmark; and so universal amongst all classes of the people was the habit of obeying its summons to venerate Jesus and Mary that on the introduction of Protestantism it was no easy matter to suppress the pious custom. Prohibitions were issued in vain: the only alternative

left to the preachers of the new religion was to give the bell a new name, as they could not silence its tongue. St. Mary's Bell became the Bell of Peace; and the people were taught a short prayer for peace, to be repeated instead of the Angelic Salutation.

One of the prayer-books most in use amongst the educated classes was the Hours, or Office of the Blessed Virgin. The Rosary was naturally a favorite devotion, for in the Middle Ages the bulk of the population were unable to read; and the Rosary is, as we know, the simplest form of prayer that the Christian can employ, as well as the most perfect. The wealthy classes had rosaries made for their use of coral, amber, or carnelian, the larger beads and the ornaments being of gold or silver. Associations of the Rosary, introduced by the Dominican Fathers, were erected in almost every parish; to these the principal citizens and landowners belonged, besides the chief authorities, civil and ecclesiastical. Only very gradually, and after a hard struggle, did Lutheranism succeed in banishing the Holy Rosary from the land. Although the use of it was repeatedly forbidden by Act of Parliament, the "Psalter of Mary" was for a long period recited; though not publicly, for fear of the law. Aware that it was said in secret, the apostle of Lutheranism, Peter Palladius, fulminated against it untiringly, but with little success. As late as the year 1728 a book printed in Danish on the Rosary, extolling the glories of Mary, was publicly burned by the civil authorities.

It appears from the old chronicles that Saturday used to be observed in Denmark as a day of particular devotion to Our Lady, on which her intercession with her Divine Son was specially implored; because on that day, while Our Lord rested in the Sepulchre, and all His disciples doubted, she alone believed confidently in the promise of His resurrection. In every town there was a church dedicated to Our Lady, and many of these still retain the

* *Stimmen aus Maria-Laach*. For THE "AVE MARIA."

title. In every church an altar was erected to the Mother of God, and her festivals were celebrated with great splendor, the Immaculate Conception holding high rank among them. Various places of pilgrimage attracted crowds of pious suppliants for her favor, and many foundations were made in her honor. On occasion of some of the festivals it was customary to give large alms, called *Mariebyrdh* (Mary-bread, or doles), which were devoted to the support of the clergy and to the relief of the needy poor. The religious orders most especially devoted to the service of Mary were held in high esteem: the Carmelites, known by their distinctive title of Brothers of Mary; the Dominicans, most active in spreading the devotion of the Rosary; and the Franciscans, who everywhere preached the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception.

Pictures and statues of Our Lady were not only numerous in Denmark, but were executed with much artistic skill. Of this abundant testimony is afforded by the images of the Madonna which are met with in all museums and collections of antiquities. Every village church had its image of Mary, wearing, for the most part, upon her head a crown of considerable value.

Refugio's Story.

SHE had been five years at the Indian school; for, both her father and mother having died, she had no other home. A good child, the Sisters remarked; she was my favorite among the children. Tall for her thirteen years, with unmistakable Indian features, and the large, soft, pathetic eyes that belong to the races of Southern California, she was certainly interesting and attractive. So thought Mrs. Brentfield, the wife of a doctor lately arrived from the East, who took the child on probation as a nurse, promising to let her go to Mass every Sunday, to confession

once a month, and occasionally to visit her old home.

"I am a Catholic myself," said the lady; "otherwise Father D—— would not have sent me, I presume."

So the Sisters permitted the child to go away to the new home, which Mrs. Brentfield promised would be a safe and comfortable one. That was on Thursday. Sunday morning, about ten o'clock, Refugio unceremoniously entered the sitting-room, surrounded by my children, who had been to Mass. She carried a bundle in her hand; there were tears on her dusky cheeks.

"Why, Refugio," I said in surprise, "what is the matter?"

"I have run away," she replied simply, looking neither afraid nor abashed.

"And why, child?"

"May I tell you from the beginning?"

"Yes, that is what I wish."

"Very well. I went with the lady to her house. She put me in a dark room—a closet—no windows; there I was to sleep. I asked her for a little window, I so like fresh air. She said to me: 'Hush, or I will slap you.' The baby was nice; I played with it. I had not much work to do. But when night came and I knelt by my bed, I cried; I was lonesome. The next morning she asked me if I had no other name than Refugio. I said no. She said it was ugly and foolish. I told her no, it was from Mary Refuge of Sinners. She said that was all nonsense, she would call me Annie. To that I would not consent. Then she beat me on the head with a hairbrush. I cried—but I liked the baby. She went out to eat, and brought me scraps of meat and broken bread. I did not care much: at the school I ate little. Her husband said she was cruel. I would not answer to Annie; again she called me Refugio, then I answered. The man said that was right. When I prayed by my bed, she slapped my shoulders and said I must not. 'Get up from your knees,' she said; 'you are a fool!' But I did not until I was through."

"You went there on Thursday, did you not?" I asked.

"Yes, ma'am. This morning I said: 'At nine there will be Mass. At ten I will be at home.'—'No,' she said. 'To Mass you shall not go to-day. I am going to a picnic. You must stay with the baby.'—'Yes, ma'am,' I said, 'after Mass, all day.' She slapped my face on both sides, and made fun of my Holy Mother. I said: 'You say you are a Catholic, but I think not.' She said: 'Not a fool-Catholic like you.' Then she called bad names to the Sisters. She was standing at the door of her room. I pushed her in and locked it. The baby was not yet awake, the doctor out. I packed my bundle; she pounded on the door, but I went away; for I was afraid she would hold me, and that I could not go to Mass. I was in time, and after I followed the children here."

"You were right and wrong, Refugio," I said. "I can not blame you very much, but you should not have locked her in."

"Oh," with a contemptuous shrug of the shoulders, "it will be good for her! And her husband has long since opened the door. The doctor was good; he said to her that she treated me like a dog."

"And now what will the Sisters say, and what are you going to do?"

"To stay here if you please,—oh, if you please!"

"Oh, yes, yes, mamma!" exclaimed the little ones in chorus. "Then you will not have to help Mary so much, and it will be so nice to have Refugio."

"But you know there are so many children already," I said.

"I am not little: I can work. The Sisters will tell you I can do many things. And money—I do not want it!"—this with another scornful gesture.

Papa added his entreaties, and the majority finally ruled. But I thought it my duty to call on Refugio's former mistress before consulting with the Sisters.

That lady had gone to the picnic, but her

husband received me. He seemed to consider the final episode in the light of a joke.

"My wife was very angry," he said; "but I didn't blame the child. She has pluck; that creature. This was no place for her. My wife is peculiar. I am very glad she is with friends. Good-day, Madam, good-day! Hand her this, if you please," placing a five-dollar gold piece in my hand.

And this was how Refugio, whose name suits her well, came to be domiciled with us, where she remains, more like a beloved friend than a servant, to this day.

S. H.

A Precious Heritage.

"CATHOLICS, even those who are worldly-minded," says Cardinal Newman, "have an idea before them which Protestants have not: they have the idea of a saint; they realize the existence of those rare servants of God who rise up from time to time in the Catholic Church like angels in disguise, and shed around them a light as they walk on their way heavenward. They have a standard for their principles of conduct, and it is the pattern of saints which forms it for them."

If the influence of the blessed is such on those who are imbued with the spirit of the world, how salutary must it not be to those whose whole heart is in the words of the Creed, "I believe in the Communion of Saints"! Full of consolation is the faith which establishes a tie between God's servants already enjoying the beatific vision, and the weary hearts of those who still look with longing toward the portal of death, which separates earth from heaven. To the true Catholic the saints are real, are personal; they come into close relationship with life, and are never-failing incentives to nobility of action in the service of God. In every walk of life have there been souls eminent for their sanctity; and old and young may find in the ranks of the

blessed ideals beautiful as well as stimulating, the imitation of which, even in an imperfect degree, must lead them nearer to Him who said: "Learn of Me."

Let us glance at the glorious records of the Church, and upon her bead-roll we shall find the names of those who had the same hopes and fears, the same divine aids, the same temptations, as ourselves. Men and women with hearts fashioned as are our own—yes, fashioned as are our very own,—but which corresponded to the graces given them; hearts which burned with the love of God. A precious heritage is ours in the lives and examples of these saints.

How wonderful is the life of John the Baptist, that marvellous Saint,—“a hermit first, then a preacher to a fallen people, and then a martyr”! The fairest words fail to paint the tender beauty of the career of the Beloved Disciple,—that Disciple whose heart felt the throbbings of the Divine Heart of Love Eternal. St. Peter, eager, impetuous Peter, has stamped all ages with the impress of his ardent zeal, and is a source of holy comfort to us when we think of our own many weak-hearted denials of our Blessed Lord. Our contrition is deeper when we mingle our tears with the tears of Mary Magdalen; and her soul-cry, “*Rabboni!*” echoes in our heart when we find Jesus after having lost Him by sin. Dear little St. Agnes, who was a pure lamb offered as a pleasing oblation, puts to shame our cowardice in the petty sufferings of life; and many a young soul has been led to the altar, there to become the spouse of Christ, through the holy influence of that loving child-martyr. Wherever the grand strains of the *Te Deum* are heard, there are called to mind the names of St. Ambrose and St. Augustine; in every school of theology and philosophy is the name of St. Thomas revered; afar in the jungles of India is St. Francis Xavier venerated; and in the forests of South America the memory of St. Rose of Lima is held sacred.

Every age, as it comes before us, presents to our admiration a host of saints—gentle, tender, zealous, holy men and women, who crucified the body that the soul might be glorified. A St. Francis of Assisi in the thirteenth century, as well as a Curé d’Ars in the nineteenth; a St. Alexis in the year four hundred, and a Benedict Joseph Labre in our own time,—all are fruits of Christianity as taught and practised in the Holy Roman Catholic Church, that Church which rejoices in the eminent holiness of so many of her children. Her treasury has been enriched with the superabundant merits of thousands of saints; and we, with our half-heartedness, our ungenerous dispositions, our fear of sacrifice, participate in the merits they have secured,—merits made estimable by the Blood of Christ.

The only admiration worthy the name is that of imitation; and if we feel that we can not follow closely in the footsteps which are marked with the crimson sign of martyrdom and heroic mortification, surely we can hearken to the counsels of the gentle St. Francis de Sales, and become meek and humble, striving to be “all things to all men” so as to win all to Christ. Everyday paths lead to heaven; and, as he says, “sanctity does not consist in doing extraordinary things, but in doing ordinary things extraordinarily well.”

An Apologetic Fraud.

MR. JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE (pronounced Fraud by some) has put himself again before the reading public, this time as an apologist for King Henry VIII., the man whose facility in marrying was only equalled by the ease with which he got rid of his wives. Mr. Froude acts in the rôle of mentor. “We are too quick,” he says, “to believe the tales of history; we should weigh them and sift them before accepting them. Henry VIII.,” he tells us in effect,

'has been the most unfairly judged of men. It was because he was so shining a mark that he has been vilified. His weaknesses'—Mr. Froude admits that he, being human, may have had weaknesses — 'have been exaggerated, his virtues ignored. His matrimonial eccentricities were simply matters of national policy; Queen Catherine was unworthy her exalted position, Anne Boleyn a designing minx,' and so on, *ad nauseam*.

It is unfortunate for the memory of King Henry that Mr. Froude was born so late. As a manipulator of scandalous evidence, as a divorce court pettifogger, he would have been in great demand in royal circles if he had lived at the time of the English "reformation." But it is too late now to attempt to rehabilitate the English King, of infamous memory. That he abandoned the Church because of his licentiousness there can be no doubt. In the face of death he would have been glad to make peace with her. In the Life of Hope Scott (Vol. I., p. 165) a letter of Mr. Gladstone's is quoted, in which he says: "I do not know in what history, but it is asserted that Henry VIII., *in extremis*, was quite ready and anxious to re-establish the Papal jurisdiction."

Mr. Froude writes fiction as well as history, and his readers are often embarrassed to know which is which. *Punch* hit off his novel about Ireland in this capital little rhyme:

'Bout Froude there is no mystery:
He writes without restriction;
His fiction's full of history,
His history full of fiction.

Everybody must admire Mr. Froude's style, but of all contemporary writers he is the most antagonistic and unfair to the Church. His new book is only a fresh proof of his bigotry.

As a rule, truisms are not things that are superfluous to say, but things that need constant reiteration.—*Canon Ainger*.

Notes and Remarks.

Having insulted the Catholics of the United States and stultified himself by his utterances in regard to his recent official visit to Europe, Mr. Benjamin Butterworth, secretary of the World's Fair Commission, should resign and withdraw from public observation. He was sent abroad on business connected with the Exposition, and his services were paid for by American citizens irrespective of religious belief. Instead of bearing this in mind and acting accordingly, Mr. Butterworth took occasion of a dinner party in Chicago to vent his spleen against Catholics, and to scoff at religious emblems sacred and dear to all worthy of the Christian name. His opinion of the Pope, his estimate of the power of the Holy See, his declaration of what he would do if he "owned Italy," etc., are of no value whatever; but the insulting expression of sentiments hostile to Catholics calls for fitting rebuke. It is no excuse for Mr. Butterworth to say that he did not intend to insult any one by his remarks: he should have known better than to make them. It will be a lesson to him and to all other bigots connected in any official capacity with the World's Fair if he is forced to resign his post as secretary.

Conversions to the Catholic Church amongst the Armenians, who are scattered through the various provinces of Asia Minor, are daily growing more numerous. What is particularly remarkable and pleasing in this is, that the converts mostly come in a body. Thus, at Rumdig, in the diocese of Cæsarea (Kaisserijeh), thirty families together were received into the Church. By the end of last year three hundred and thirty families were converted in Hadschin; in Husseinig, in the diocese of Kârputh, one hundred families. The fifteen new missions in the diocese of Diarbekir count three hundred and forty-five families, all of them recent converts. Many other conversions have been made in the dioceses of Trebisonde, Erzerum, and Malatia; and in Bÿjÿk-Yeniköj, Yenidsche-Basar, and Orlaköj, in the Archdiocese of Brusa, Bithynia. In Derigh, of the diocese of Mardin, twenty

families lately renounced their errors. At the head of the converts was the chief man of the place, whose name is Agoy-Demirdschian. Being falsely accused by the schismatical authorities, he was cast into prison, and suffered cruel ill treatment with the most heroic courage. When he regained his liberty, this confessor of the faith exhorted the other converts to be steadfast in their religion. This young mission thus promises a glorious future; for persecutions have always been the occasions of multiplied conversions.

By the recent death of Father Giovanni Caselli, of Florence, Italy has lost one of her most eminent men of science. For the past forty years Father Caselli had devoted himself to the study of physical science and art. He was the founder of a journal given up to subjects in that domain of knowledge, and won distinction by several very beneficial inventions. Perhaps his most important contribution to science was the discovery of a telegraphic system, which was soon adopted by France and Russia. He died after a few days' illness, at the age of seventy-six. Don Caselli was esteemed by all who knew him.
R. I. P.

The advocates of unsectarian education in Australia must be given the credit of consistency. Sixteen years ago the Minister of Public Instruction had the names of God and our Saviour expunged from the State text-books, in order to please the Freethinkers and Jews; and more recently the study of history has been abandoned, because of the impossibility of finding text-books on that subject acceptable to all classes. Such action is at least logically consistent.

The approach of the quadri-centennial celebration of the Discovery of America has called forth a number of "timely works," but none more worthy of the name than the translation of Tarducci's "Life of Columbus," by Dr. Henry F. Brownson. Irving's Life of the great discoverer is familiar to English readers; but, though charmingly written, it is filled with blunders and misstatements. To instance one or two: Irving makes Columbus cut short the confession of Moxica, and hang him before he

receives absolution. Irving takes the story from a Spanish author, but might have known better; for he himself shows that Columbus was miles away at the time. Again, Irving tells of a storm, on the return from the first voyage, which began February 14, p. m., and, after lasting three days, was over before the 15th. One of his most surprising blunders is his translation of what Las Casas says—namely, that the irons were put on Columbus by an impudent and shameless (unshame-faced) cook, named Espinosa. Irving translates it "with unwashed face." How it must have added to the anguish of Columbus to have a cook put irons on him without first washing his face! If Tarducci had only rectified the inaccuracies of Irving, he would have written something worth publishing; but he has added much later information, and written in a style better suited to the life of a grand but simple man like Columbus.

The invitation which has been sent to us for the Episcopal Golden Jubilee of the Most Rev. Archbishop Kenrick, of St. Louis, calls for special mention as well as grateful acknowledgment. We congratulate those who had the matter in charge on the beautiful souvenir they have prepared of an event which must ever be memorable in the annals of the Church in the United States. An envelope of gold paper, with the monogram of the venerable prelate in purple letters, encloses the memorial cards and programmes. These are of heavy gold card-paper, between ivory covers; the whole bound together with a golden cord, tastily knotted. The top cover bears an excellent portrait of His Grace, printed in purple ink and framed with golden palms; the other, the episcopal seal between the dates 1841-1891, also in purple and gold. A more beautiful souvenir could hardly have been devised; it is worthy of the occasion.

A good illustration of the excellent results achieved by the exercise of intelligent and well-directed zeal is a fact mentioned some time ago by the Rev. Edward McSweeney, D.D., in a letter to the *Catholic Review*. Dr. McSweeney wrote from Spain; and says, in connection with the statement, that it is a wonder

even in Gibraltar (where the English, Irish, and Scotch soldiers give good example) to see one of the native males at Communion: "In this connection let me tell you a fact. The past Easter it occurred to those admirable religious, the Irish Christian Brothers of that garrison town, to make a special effort to get their former pupils to their Easter duty. They issued four hundred and sixty circulars; followed up these by letters, visits, etc.; personally received the youths at the church and encouraged them in various ways. As a result three hundred approached the Sacraments."

The need of homes for young girls and women temporarily out of employment has often been felt, and it is gratifying to know that it is being supplied in many of our large cities. The devoted Sisters of Mercy in Denver, Colo., conduct an institution of this kind, known as St. Catherine's Home, which gave shelter during the past year to as many as 1,760 poor women. Besides this, the institution affords a pleasant home for business women, and girls who are employed in stores, offices, etc., during the day; and for those who are seeking work in families, etc. The inmates have the advantages of a night school, lessons in music, painting, fancy needlework, dress-making and plain sewing, cooking and domestic economy. A well-conducted employment bureau is another admirable feature of St. Catherine's Home.

The question, Must the Pope quit Rome? is one which almost every thoughtful person has put to himself since the incidents of the 2d of October. A writer in the *Correspondence Politique*, of Vienna, has just published an interview with "a prominent member of the Pontifical court," which we find reproduced in the New York *Sun*:

"The situation is very alarming," said the Cardinal. "You may fancy that I exaggerate, but I don't. It is the opinion of the Holy Father that in certain eventualities the populace might invade the apostolical palace and do violence to his person. Suppose, for example, that war should break out, and that a French army should enter the Peninsula. The thing is by no means improbable, and there is every reason to believe that in such a case the personal security of the Pope would be seriously menaced. Already the Vatican is falsely represented of

conspiring with France for the dismemberment of Italy, and the day that war might be declared the Roman populace would attack the Vatican. The Government, in all probability, would endeavor to check the popular fury; but we know what happens in times of war and revolution. The people in the end get the upperhand of the Government.

"The Holy Father is perfectly decided to quit the Eternal City when the war comes; but on that day the agitation will be already begun in Rome, and very probably the Pope would not have a chance to carry out his project. It is for this reason that he is seriously uneasy in the face of the dangers surrounding him. To leave at the present moment would be to take a very grave step, because in the mind of the outside Catholic world there is nothing at present to justify such action on the part of His Holiness. On the other hand, to remain and await the events would be simply to expose himself to the danger of not being able to leave when flight becomes necessary."



New Publications.

THE LETTERS OF FATHER GEORGE PORTER, S. J., Archbishop of Bombay. New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co.

Memoirs and biographies form no small proportion of the books yearly placed before the public; and yet how few even pretend to portray the character, the true life, of the one whose career is thus delineated in cold type! Detached incidents, jottings from the diaries of contemporaries, joined to moral reflections on the part of the compiler, may often make a pleasing volume, but they do not give us an adequate idea of the man. Letters, genuine letters, are the "open sesame" to one's feelings; they lead us into those inner chambers of the heart where are coined the golden actions, stamped with the love of God, which go forth into the world in the interests of Christ.

In the Letters of Archbishop Porter one reads much in the lines, and more between the lines. True devotion to the Church and her teachings, zeal for souls, practical charity, intelligent appreciation of art, a real interest in the affairs of state, evidences of a sincere fidelity to friends, prudence in the art of governing, submission in the more difficult art of obeying,—all are found as characteristics of the devoted Archbishop of Bombay. Imbued with a deep love of his native land, England, his prompt obedience to the powers that called

him to India, where he died in September, 1889, is food for serious reflection. Taken in the hour of greatest usefulness, and after a short illness, one's heart echoes words of his written September 8, the year of his holy death: "I often wonder at the ways of Providence." And yet he felt no fear of Azriel's message, for of it he wrote: "Death has not many terrors for me: the thought, in a way, fascinates me; for this world is a poor place, after all, most worthy of consideration in proportion as it is the preparation for the better life."

A few extracts from his charming letters will serve to show how varied are the subjects on which he wrote, and how uniformly kind, courteous and religious was his spirit. To one who consulted him regarding temptations against faith, the Archbishop writes:

"You will remark that sometimes we seem to make acts of virtue only with the understanding, whereas the will seems to hang back and not go with them. The understanding in the presence of truth must act. Liberty is not a quality of the understanding; it is the privilege of the will; difficulties are felt in the will; temptations attack the will principally, and hence it may come about that we seem to perform acts of the will only with half a heart. . . . Your faith is never so strong as when the temptations to unbelief importune you most, provided you don't give up your faith, provided you lead a life of faith, provided you pray: 'I believe, O Lord; help my unbelief!' . . . I sometimes console myself with the consideration: I can not, without abdicating my reason, say there is no God. I can not say there is a God, and at the same time say Jesus Christ is not God. I can not say Jesus Christ is God, and at the same time say the Roman Catholic Church is not His Church. Or, again, if I am deceived in my faith in Christ and His Church, God Himself has deceived me."

Before leaving England to assume the episcopal dignity at Bombay, he writes to a friend:

"The last Mass in Farm Street reminded me of St. Paul's parting. Partings not a few must enter into the apostolic life; the messenger knows not what is in store for him, save that crosses await him. There is the pain of parting, and yet they are partings without separation: the work of the Master pushes on, and the communion of charity and prayer grows closer."

Archbishop Porter's letters from India give most interesting accounts of the country, the people and their customs. He touches lightly upon what one feels must have been hard for him to bear; and when almost overwhelmed with onerous duties, he introduces a vein of pleasantries in his pen-talks with friends, as, for instance, in the following extract:

"The language, or languages rather, stand in our way. The Marathi is the one most needed in our part; then Hindoostanee is indispensable; Gujerati is wanted for the Parsees. Oh, if that Babel-building Co. had never started their wretched tower! A Brahmin takes me in hand every morning for half an hour, and torments me with strange letters and stranger sounds. My throat and nose attempt performances never before known to them. In the end I hope to learn my prayers and catechism in Marathi."

"All for God!" was the motto of his life; and as we read his beautiful letters, our thoughts are raised above earthly considerations, in response, as it were, to the whispered "*Sursum corda!*" which seems to come from his spirit as reflected in his words.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands, as if you were bound with them. —HEB., xiii, 3.

The following persons are recommended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

The Rev. Joseph Smith, a worthy young priest of the diocese of Trenton, deceased on the eve of All Saints.

Mr. William T. George, of Rome, N. Y., whose exemplary Christian life closed in a happy death on the 24th ult.

Miss Catherine Thompson, who piously breathed her last on the 13th ult., at St. John, N. B.

Mr. John McDermott, of F. Cambridge, Mass., who died, full of years and merits, on the 17th ult.

Miss Mary Gilmore, who passed away in peace on the 12th ult., at Lonsdale, R. I.

Mr. Charles O'Neil, of Paterson, N. J., who departed this life on the 25th ult..

Mr. Lawrence Ryan, whose happy death took place on the 6th ult., at Mattapan, Mass.

Mrs. Mary A. Fitzgerald, of Philadelphia, Pa., whose life closed peacefully on the 22d ult.

Miss Mary Driscoll, of South Boston, Mass, who died a happy death on the 31st ult.

Mr. Patrick Harney, who yielded his soul to God on the 27th ult., at Galena, Ill.

Mrs. Frances S. McDonald, who ended a holy life by a precious death on the 30th ult., at Ebensburg, Pa.

Dr. O. A. Watier, of Stillwater, Minn.; Mrs. Margaret Duffy, Hartford, Conn.; Mr. Michael Cleary, Patrick McGrory, and Mrs. Anna Kane, Trenton, N. J.; Patrick Breen, Kansas City, Mo.; John and Matthew Cahill, Mrs. Julia Cahill, and Mrs. T. A. Colten, New York, N. Y.; Mr. William Walsh, Valley Falls, R. I.; Mrs. P. F. Collins, San Francisco, Cal.; Mr. Michael Scanlan, —, Ireland; and Mrs. — McGuney.

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



The Fount of Mercy.

ROUND and round a marble fountain,
Where the birds were wont to drink,
Fluttered three such pretty songsters,
Perching on the basin's brink,
That I stopped to watch their motions;
But their oft-repeated cry
Seemed like pleading, and I noted
That the fountain bed was dry.

Fearlessly they hovered near me,
As if knowing that a friend
Had at last in pity heard them,
And assistance swift would lend.
As I loosed the pent-up waters,
To the silvery edge they flew,
Dipping low, then softly chirping,
Looking up to heaven's blue.

Suddenly I learned a lesson
Hidden neath the birdlings' song;
And I heard sad voices calling,
"Oh, how long, dear Lord, how long
Must we thirst for Thy sweet presence,
Must we linger here in grief?
Earth can ope the Fount of Mercy,
Why delay our sole relief?"

Yes, an *Ave* softly whispered,
Or to Jesus' Heart a prayer,
Just a Mass with fervor followed,
Will, with magic power rare,
Open wide the streams of healing;
And some poor and suffering soul,
Loosed from Purgatory's bondage,
Swift will reach the longed-for goal.

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

Truth in a Fairy Nutshell.

BY MARY CATHERINE CROWLEY.



VERY happy indeed Nellie Salford looked, as she rode a handsome new tricycle up and down the sidewalk one pleasant day in autumn.

"How I wish I were Nellie!" grumbled Celia Treanor, who stood watching her companion from the sitting-room window. "She has everything in the world that she wants."

"Everything?" questioned Mrs. Treanor, who, at a table near by, was cutting out a new dress for Celia.

"Well, a great deal more than I have, anyhow," persisted her little girl. "If I only had that tricycle now, how happy I should be!"

A shadow of anxiety flitted across Mrs. Treanor's face as she bent over her patterns. "I'm afraid, my dear, that you will never be happy," she sighed, laying down the scissors with a click.

"O mother! how can you say such a thing? What do you mean?" gasped Celia, in surprise.

"I mean," returned her mother, gently, "that I am afraid my little girl is encouraging a spirit of envy and discontent, which may lead her farther than she has any idea. No one can go through life without continually meeting with persons in some way more fortunate than himself. If you can not contemplate the blessings which others enjoy without coveting their good fortune, you will keep on rolling up for yourself a great burden of unhappiness."

Celia fidgeted and stared out of the window at the chimney of the opposite house, with an air which said plainly what she would not have dared to put into words: "I *do* hate to be preached at!"

"Take care, or some day you may be-

come like the beggar in the fairy tale," added Mrs. Treanor, in a lighter tone.

The ugly pucker of ill-humor in Celia's forehead straightened out a bit. "Why, what happened to him?" she inquired, turning around. After all, it was hardly worth while to sulk if mother had a story to tell; for mother's stories were sure to be interesting.

"Well, once upon a time, no matter when, in a certain city, no matter where, but you may call it New York if you like, there dwelt two beggars, who day after day sat at the city gate asking alms—"

"Oh, New York with a city gate!" interrupted Celia. "It must have been Bagdad or Constantinople."

"You may call it either if you wish," replied Mrs. Treanor, placidly; "the lesson is the same. The lives of these two beggars were apparently alike. Each was poor as poor could be, having neither home nor kith nor kin; each was old and infirm, and depended for his daily bread upon the charity of the passers-by; each was ragged and carried upon his shoulders an immense hump. Now, this was not merely an ordinary hump; but added to a natural deformity was a galling burden which each had somehow been condemned to carry, which he could not shake off, but must forever bear about with him wherever he went; the weight of which, waking or sleeping, he must ever feel. And this strange pack was made up of many strange things—the jeers of the world, the unkindness of his fellowmen, and the sorrows of life.

"But though the lives of the two beggars were apparently similar in all things, there was really a great difference between them; and this difference was that one beggar tried to be contented with his lot, while the other was always grumbling and bewailing his misery. He could not see any one happy without railing at Providence because the like blessings were denied him; yet so contradictory were his desires that Heaven itself could not have

granted them. He wished himself the pompous official who rode through the city gate with great display, because he coveted the latter's supposed wealth and power. He wished himself the simple farmer's lad who trundled along upon his load of produce; for he envied his tranquil life. He wished himself the child that played in the highway, because it knew not sorrow. In fact, he envied everybody that went by for one reason or another; but, strange as it may seem, he envied most of all the beggar who sat at the other side of the gate, and, like himself, craved alms of the multitude.

"'Brother, I wish I were you!' he cried, querulously, one day.

"'And prithee why, brother?' asked the other, with a laugh, merry albeit somewhat cracked, which shook his shrivelled frame as if all his old bones rattled.

"'Because you have the sunny side of the way,' complained the other:

"'Ho! if that's where the shoe pinches, I don't mind at all exchanging with you,' replied the good-natured beggar, amicably. So he hobbled across the highway as nimbly as he could beneath the weight of his hump, and took up his position in the shadow, while his companion limped lazily into the sunshine.

"Spring came, and then the early days of summer. The highway was bordered with flowers; the cool splash of the fountain by the gate was pleasant to hear, and gave refreshment and strength to many a weary traveller. The jolly beggar quaffed from it and was thankful. He noted the wayside blossoms, and felt that he shared in the bounty of God. But the discontented beggar saw only the dust upon the road, and thought only of the heat.

"'I wish I were you, brother!' he grumbled at last.

"'And prithee why, brother?' again queried his comrade.

"'Because you rest in the shade, while I sit here in the broiling sun.'

"'If that's what ails you,' replied his

accommodating neighbor, 'you are welcome to my place. With a Chinese umbrella and a palm-leaf fan, I shall be quite comfortable over the way—'

"O mother, a Chinese umbrella and a fan! I begin to think the jolly beggar must have lived in Hong-Kong!" giggled Celia.

"Perhaps he did," rejoined her mother, enjoying her perplexity. "Well, if he did not say it in just those words, he gave his friend to understand that he would cheerfully make the best of circumstances which to the latter appeared intolerable."

"So the days passed. The discontented beggar scowled at all who went through the gate, and demanded assistance in a surly tone, as if it were his right. His neighbor greeted everyone in happy-hearted fashion, wishing good fortune to those who came into the city, and Godspeed to those who passed out, bound upon a journey. Thus it happened that he was oftener the recipient of their favor. His ill-tempered rival noted this and brooded over it. Finally he called across, in a peevish manner:

"I wish I were you, brother!"

"And prithee why, brother?" repeated the other, in astonishment.

"Because of all who go by, scarcely one fails to drop a coin into your hand; while only occasionally will somebody scornfully toss me a penny as I crouch beneath my burden here in the shadow."

"Bah! if that's what puts you out of sorts, I'll willingly divide with you," exclaimed the jolly beggar, readily.

"Thenceforth the jolly beggar divided all he received into two equal parts, and gave one portion to his associate. Ere long, however, the latter discovered in him a new cause of envy.

"I wish I were you, brother!" he muttered, testily.

"And prithee why, brother?" said the other, at his wit's end to comprehend what the discontented beggar could now covet.

"Because I notice that even on stormy days, when few travellers are abroad, and

often no one pays heed to either of us, you wrap yourself in your tattered cloak and shrink into the shelter of the gateway, mumbling your prayers or crooning an old ditty with as much serenity as if the sun were shining, and a concourse of holiday makers thronged to the city scattering silver right and left. I wish I had your light-heartedness, brother!"

"Verily, that too I fain would share with you," replied his friend; "and, moreover, I would gladly teach you the secret of acquiring a goodly store of it for yourself. Trust in Providence, thank God for the blessings you enjoy, wrong not your neighbor in thought, word or deed, and make the best of everything; then, hap what may, you need never be disquieted—"

"Enough!" interrupted the churl. "At least I want none of your preaching."

Celia colored and looked conscious; but her mother did not appear to remark it, and went on with the story:

"Thus silenced, the jolly beggar held his peace. Finding it impossible to satisfy his envious neighbor, he ceased to try, but serenely continued in his own way. The discontented beggar took refuge in offended dignity, responded to his comrade's daily nod of good-fellowship only by a frown, and envied the jolly beggar more than ever."

(Conclusion in our next number.)

A Mysterious Passenger.

Everyone is familiar with the portrait of George Washington painted by the famous Stuart. Of this same Stuart many pleasant anecdotes are told, among them the following:

He was travelling in England one day, and the other passengers in the stage-coach did not, it appeared, have any desire to seem sociable. After some disparaging remarks about America and the Americans, they relapsed into silence. But Stuart,

ignoring their want of courtesy, was so very winning and genial in his remarks that the others were quite conquered, and by the time they arrived at the inn where they were to dine had their curiosity aroused as to the identity of the pleasant stranger. They made many roundabout inquiries as to his occupation, and after a while Stuart grew serious.

"I often dress people's hair," he remarked at last.

"Ah, a barber!"

"Do I look like a barber?" asked the artist, rather stiffly.

"Well, my dear sir, you led us to believe you were. But may we kindly inquire the truth?"

"Sometimes I brush gentlemen's clothes or arrange their cravats."

"Oh, I see! You are a valet to some nobleman."

Again Stuart looked hurt. "Do you take me for a servant? To be sure I sometimes make coats and waistcoats; but I am not a valet."

The mystery was solved. Here was a country tailor, abroad on a vacation. But when they hinted at the fact, Stuart pretended to be greatly offended.

"You honor me, gentlemen!" he exclaimed. "But let me tell you that I am no tailor, although I confess that I often make boots and shoes. I never handle a goose unless it be roasted."

A bootmaker! But when they suggested that, he shook his head again.

"My friends," he explained, "I might as well own the truth. I earn my living by making faces." So saying, he twisted his face in the most absurd way, and they made haste to inform him that they should have known from the first that he was an actor.

"But I am *not* an actor," he insisted. "I never was in a theatre half a dozen times in my life."

Dinner was over, and Mr. Stuart's fellow travellers were no wiser; but before the end

of the journey, having mystified them to his satisfaction, he was kind enough to say:

"Gentlemen, I have told you but the truth. I am a painter of portraits; and if you will have the kindness to call at John Palmer's in London, I will brush your coats, arrange your hair, furnish each of you with a wig or a pair of shoes, and even make faces for you. But I hope you will never talk, as I overheard you at the outset of our journey, about the unparadonable curiosity of Yankees."

The Hermit and His Olive-Tree.

Listen to the story of a good hermit and a little olive-tree: Once a hermit lived in a desert in Egypt; and, thinking that an olive-tree would be just what he wished to have growing by the door of his cell, he procured a young sapling and set it out. For many days he watched it, and fancying that it did not thrive as it should, he prayed for rain, and the rain came and fell on his little tree. Then he grew afraid lest it should become too moist, having heard that olives should not have too much watering. So he prayed for warm sunshine to come and start the buds. But the tree looked worse than ever, although the sun beat down and dried up the earth around the roots.

"I know what it needs," said the hermit. "It wants bracing. A hard frost would be just the thing. Trees are like people: too much luxury is not good for them." So he prayed for a frost, and the frost came, and the naked boughs of the olive showed that bracing had not been what was needed at all. "It is too cold," mused the hermit. "I am afraid that rough usage does not suit trees. I will now pray for a wind to blow and warm the air." He then began to pray for a beautiful breeze from the south, and when it came the little olive-tree died.

The hermit mourned over his lost treasure for a few days, and then visited another recluse who lived not far away, and who owned a flourishing olive-tree.

"What did you do, my friend, to make it grow?" he asked.

"Why, nothing at all!" answered the other. "I planted it, and asked God to take care of it; and it grew, and is doing finely, as you see."

"Well, I don't understand it. I took the greatest pains with my tree. When I thought it needed water or sun or frost, I just prayed for it, and it came; but, alas! the tree died."

"And I," said the other, "thought that God, who made my tree, knew a great deal better how to make it grow than I did, so I left the rain and the sun to Him."

"And so will I next time," said the visitor.

The Call of the Fiery Cross.

The Highlanders of Scotland were divided into various clans, each with its chief, whom everyone was sworn to obey. They were fierce fighters, and had no lack of employment; for the soil of Northern Scotland was drenched in blood for many generations.

These turbulent men of the Highlands had one strange and significant custom. When a sudden emergency arose, or when there was weighty reason for a speedy meeting of clansmen, a goat was slain; a cross of light-colored wood was made, the ends set on fire and plunged, still burning, into the blood of the slaughtered animal. Then the cross—called the Fiery Cross, or Cross of Shame, on account of the ignominy attached to those who failed to obey its mandates,—began its journey through the hamlets where the clansmen dwelt. As it passed from hand to hand, the call for a meeting or other message was swiftly whispered, and then it travelled on with its

stirring summons. No one dared to disobey its call. He who received it was bound to bear it on with the greatest speed. A man would leave his dying child, the tradesman his business, the bridegroom his bride, the mourner his dead, to hasten on with the blood-stained symbol of salvation calling the men to arms.

What those Scottish men of other days did for one another we should surely do for our Blessed Lord, and follow the summons of the Cross without waiting for a convenient season, which may never come.

A Jewish Legend.

The Jews have a tradition that once David, becoming impatient, complained to the Lord that He had made many useless things. When told to name them, he replied: "The list is long—too long to give; but surely, Lord, You will admit that there can be no use for men after they have lost their reason; or for those troublesome pests, flies and spiders." The Lord made answer that David in after-life would learn what was then so hard for him to understand. So it was.

When the Psalmist wished to escape from the palace of Achish it was only by feigning madness that he succeeded. When he was puzzling his brain to conjecture how to get away after having taken the spear from the sleeping Saul, a fly stung the warrior who penned the prisoner in, causing him to roll over and thus release David. He was at last to learn the use of the spider, that unpleasant insect he so despised. He was flying over the desert to escape Saul, when, as a last chance, he took refuge in a cave. A friendly spider immediately spun a web over the entrance. The enemies came up swiftly. "He can not be in here," said the leader; "for here is a spider's web at the door." So they went on, and David was saved.

THE
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 HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED

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Alma Redemptoris Mater.

BY THE REV. W. H. KENT, O. S. C.

HAIL, gentle Mother of our Saviour, hail!
 Heaven's Gate, that ever open dost
 remain!

Star of the Sea, by thy sweet light we sail;
 Help us who fall and strive to rise again.

Nature with wonder saw thy God thy Son,
 And thee a Virgin after as before;
 Hail full of grace, undo what Eve hath done,
 And peace and mercy to thy sons restore!

The Advent Season.

THE Liturgical Year is divided into five periods: 1st, the time of Advent; 2d, the Christmas season; 3d, Septuagesima and Lent; 4th, Paschal time; and 5th, the Sundays after Pentecost. These periods present, as it were, a tableau of the principal mysteries of the life of our Divine Saviour. Advent is a preparation for the great festival of Christmas, and reminds us that the coming of the Redeemer was preceded by a time of expectation, during which the patriarchs and prophets sighed for Him who was to come. Christmas and the Epiphany show us the Infant Saviour, and the mysteries connected with the early

life of the Messiah. Septuagesima is a preparation for Lent, which in turn prepares us for the mysteries of the Passion and death of the Son of God and His glorious Resurrection. Easter Day and Paschal time are devoted to the celebration of this great mystery, and this period includes Ascension and Pentecost. Thus, as Dom Guéranger says, the cycle of the holy liturgy ends and the successive series of mysteries finds its completion. The Church is established; we have but to recall its unchangeable teaching, which must be the guide and light of souls until the end of time. This is the thought impressed upon us during the period from the first Sunday after Pentecost to the last, when we are reminded of the judgment which one day awaits us all.

Advent, then, is a season of preparation,—a time set apart by the Church during which she seeks to prepare her children for the celebration of the great Christmas solemnity. The word itself—*Adventus*—means a *coming*, or *an arrival*, and was at first applied to the day of the birth of Our Lord, or Christmas Day. The four Sundays preceding the feast were then called the Sundays before Advent.

At the present time this holy season includes the four Sundays preceding the festival of Christmas, and consequently covers a period of three full weeks and a fourth week at least begun. It begins on the Sunday which falls between the 27th

of November and the 5th of December. Formerly Advent, like Lent, consisted of forty days. It began on the 12th of November, the day after the festival of St. Martin, and was called St. Martin's Lent. It was then a season of fasting; in some countries the fast was of obligation, in others it was only of devotion. St. Perpetua, Bishop of Tours, about the year 480 prescribed for his diocese three days of fasting each week from St. Martin's Day to Christmas. The Council of Mâcon in 581 decreed that this fast should be kept on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays; the custom became general in France, and gradually extended to England, Italy, Germany, and Spain.

In the ninth century the season was limited to four weeks, and the old customs continued only among religious. During the twelfth and thirteenth centuries the fast was modified and changed into abstinence, and in 1362 Pope Urban V. dispensed with abstinence in favor of the laity.

The institution of Advent dates back to very early in the fourth century, when the festival of Christmas was established under its present name. In the ages of faith Christians realized that no festival could be fittingly celebrated without some special preparation. And as Christmas was the most solemn festival of the year after Easter, the preparation for it should be in proportion to its importance. The earliest record in regard to Advent is the regulation made by St. Perpetua, to which we have already referred. Evidently the mandate of the Bishop of Tours supposes the season of Advent as already established, and simply determines the manner in which it should be sanctified. St. Gregory the Great seems to have ordered an office proper to the season, and the Gregorian *Sacramentarium* (590-604) contains five Masses for the five Sundays which then formed the Advent season. In the ninth century these were reduced to four, so that the Office of Advent in its present form has had an existence of upward of one thousand years.

Advent is a time of penance and of prayer. For this reason the priest at the altar wears violet vestments; the *Gloria in Excelsis* is omitted, and *Benedicamus Domino*, instead of *Ite Missa est*, is said or sung at the end of Mass.

There is a great analogy between the offices of Advent and those of Lent. As both are times of penance, the Church removes from her offices all joyful hymns and canticles, such as the *Gloria in Excelsis* and the *Te Deum*. In Advent, however, the *Alleluia* is retained, because in this holy season there is still a joyful note pervading the aspirations that spring from penitential hearts, as they long with eager expectation for the coming of the Son of God. As Dom Guéranger remarks: "These vestiges of joy, thus blended with the holy mournfulness of the Church, tell us, in a most expressive way, that though she unites with the ancient people of God in praying for the coming of the Messiah (thus paying the debt which the entire human race owes to the justice and mercy of God), she does not forget that the Emmanuel is already come to her, that He is in her, and that even before she has opened her lips to ask Him to save her, she has already been redeemed and predestined to an eternal union with Him. This is the reason why the *Alleluia* accompanies even her sighs, and why she seems to be at once joyous and sad, waiting for the coming of that holy night which will be brighter to her than the most sunny of days, and on which her joy will expel all her sorrow."

It is also in accordance with the spirit of the Church that during Advent, as in Lent, special instructions be addressed to the faithful. And this custom has a very remote antiquity in its favor. We have the two Advent sermons of Maximus of Turin, and the sermons of the Doctors of the eleventh and twelfth centuries, especially those of St. Bernard.

Advent reminds us of the time which elapsed before the coming of our Divine

Redeemer. We are reminded, also, that there are three comings of Jesus Christ: the first which has taken place in the flesh, the second which takes place in our hearts, and the third which will occur at the last judgment. "The first," says the devout Peter of Blois, "was at midnight, according to those words of the Gospel: 'At midnight there was a cry made, Lo, the Bridegroom cometh!' But this first coming is long since past; for Christ has been seen on the earth, and has conversed among men. We are now in the second coming, provided only our dispositions are such that He may thus come to us; for He has said that 'if we love Him, He will come unto us and will take up His abode with us.' So that this second coming is full of uncertainty to us; for who, save the Spirit of God, knows them that are of God? They that are raised out of themselves by the desire of heavenly things know indeed when He comes; but 'whence He cometh or whither He goeth they know not.' As for the third coming, it is most certain that it will be, most uncertain when it will be; for nothing is more sure than death, and nothing less sure than the hour of death. 'When they shall say peace and security,' says the Apostle, 'then shall sudden destruction come upon them, as the pains upon her that is with child, and they shall not escape.' So that the first coming was humble and hidden, the second is mysterious and full of love, the third will be majestic and terrible. In His first coming Christ was judged by men unjustly; in His second He renders us just by His grace; in His third He will judge all things with justice. In His first a Lamb; in His last a Lion; in the one between the two, the tenderest of friends."

The object of the Christmas festival is to commemorate the first coming—in the birth of Jesus Christ. According to the chronology received by the ancients, four thousand years passed away before the Redeemer came into the world. The four

Sundays of Advent remind us of this time, during which Our Lord was the object of the eager expectation of the patriarchs, the prophets, and the people of Israel. The Liturgy is especially adapted to recall the sighs and aspirations of the patriarchs of old, who awaited with sad longing the coming of the promised Redeemer.

But, as St. Bernard says, if the Son of God has come upon earth clothed in a body like our own, this first coming has been designed to prepare for His coming into our hearts; and if He enters into our hearts, it is that we may be ready to receive Him with joy when He shall come at the end of time, with all the majesty and glory of the Sovereign Judge and Lord of heaven and earth. This is the thought to be kept prominently before the mind, in order to realize the significance and profit by the lessons of the offices of the holy season of Advent.

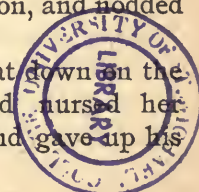
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Another's Burden.

III.

ONCE out of the town, the troop of boys who had thronged after the mournful procession dispersed; and then Frayno, looking about, remarked that two women still persisted in following. He stole a furtive glance at them, and tears fell upon his chained arms. The women were his wife and mother. Loysa carried her baby on her breast; and her second child was asleep on her back, in a shawl knotted around her shoulders. Little Jules tramped sturdily along by the side of his grandmother. The boy recognized his father among the other criminals, and, holding out his hands, called him joyously by name. Michael turned his head toward his son, and nodded with an attempt at a smile.

At the first halt, Loysa sat down on the grass by the roadside and nursed her youngest child. Her husband gave up his



rations to her, but the guards would allow them to speak only at a distance.

At nightfall the women, being obliged to leave the prisoners, sought shelter in a neighboring farm-house. Touched by the story of their misfortune, the good housewife provided them with supper, gave milk to the children, and arranged comfortable beds for them in the hayloft. They did not sleep very soundly, however; and at the approach of dawn they arose, thanked their hostess, and hastened to the highway to await the coming of the galley-slaves.

"Loysa," said Michael, when shortly afterward he came up to the family group, "do not come any farther. You will tire yourself out and make yourself ill. Go back to Soubéros."

"No," she replied. "I wish to see you as long as I can. We have all too many years to remain apart."

The devoted women continued thus to accompany the criminal procession during the five days which the journey to Marseilles occupied. The convicts, admiring their courage and affection, shared their rations with them, and ceased to rally them with insulting remarks. Even the guards relaxed their severity somewhat, and Michael was allowed to kiss his children and to converse privately with his wife and mother.

The moment for the final parting came. Frayno wept as he embraced these innocent victims, who were condemned to support so heavy a punishment for his crime. Loysa stifled her sobs, and encouraged him with gentle advice.

"Always keep your confidence in God and the Blessed Virgin," she said to him. "We will invoke them every day; and who knows?—perhaps our compassionate Mother Mary may obtain your pardon. At any rate, your chains will seem less heavy if you pray well."

"If I weep," replied Frayno, "it is not for myself. I am guilty, and it is only just that I should expiate my fault. I weep for

you, Loysa, for my mother. I weep for these poor children."

"They will see some dark days, perhaps; but Providence knows their innocence and will have compassion upon them. As long as God leaves us our health, the children will never be in absolute want."

"O Loysa! what a fate for you! And we counted on being so happy!"

"I would not be unhappy if you had more courage and fuller confidence in God."

"Yes, I had forgotten God, and He has cruelly punished my forgetfulness. I will reconcile myself with Him; and in supporting my suffering with good-will and resignation, perhaps I may regain His friendship."

Michael seemed quite calm and resigned as he boarded the vessel which served as the home of the galley-slaves. He dried his tears, bade a last adieu to his family, and entered the living hell where he was doomed to remain for fifteen years.

Exhausted with the effort she had made to appear brave, Loysa sank upon the quay, and, with her head between her knees, sobbed long and pitifully.

Her mother-in-law approached her, and said: "Loysa, we can not spend the night here. The children are hungry and thirsty. We must hunt up a lodging for them."

The young woman did not raise her head. "Let me die here," she sighed.

"Oh, yes! And I suppose I may provide for the children,—I, a poor old woman who can scarcely drag herself along! I must teach them to beg, must I? A fine trade for Jules! Come, come, Loysa! You are still young; your husband is not dead; we will come back to see him next Easter."

And, taking Jules with one hand and the arm of her daughter-in-law with the other, the vigorous old woman raised Loysa to her feet and drew her away.

They returned to Soubéros, as they had come, on foot. The peasantry sometimes took them for professional vagabonds, and repelled them with harshness; but they

always succeeded in finding some one who took pity upon them and received them at the evening meal. The children were smiled upon and caressed by the younger women, and Loysa was treated with true benevolence. When, after spending the night with charitable people of this class, the travellers set out the next day, they were generally pressed to take some food with them, in case the little ones should grow hungry on the way.

During the whole return journey neither Julia nor Loysa had mentioned Michael's name. The thought of their misery alone sufficed to occupy their minds. One result of so long continued a walk, with only a broken sleep at night, and no other food than that received in charity, was that the whole party, with the exception of the old woman, showed signs of exhaustion. Jules could hardly stand upright. The two younger children were pale and emaciated, but they did not complain. It seemed as if they instinctively understood that their mother's heart was already bruised with sorrow, and that they feared their cries might break it.

The grandmother, hardened by a long life of labor, seemed insensible to fatigue; but Loysa, pallid, with dark circles around her sunken eyes, could scarcely proceed under the weight of her little ones. At last they were within three leagues of their village home.

It was drawing toward evening. Julia, who knew well the characteristics of the villagers, insisted that Loysa should make a supreme effort and endeavor to reach their home that night. By entering the village after nightfall they would at least screen themselves from the insulting curiosity of the impertinent, and would find in their own house, if nothing else, a bed and a tranquil shelter. Loysa recognized the truth of all this; but the effort was beyond her strength, and they were obliged to await the morrow.

It took them the whole of the succeed-

ing day to traverse those nine miles, and night was falling as they beheld the smoke of the village rising above the trees. They sat down on a hillside and waited until they judged that the lights would have disappeared from the windows.

When they considered themselves free from observation, they proceeded to their home, which presented anything but a welcoming aspect to the wayworn and desolate travellers. Everything was in disorder; and, worst of all, the larder was empty. A piece of bread, mouldy and dust-covered, was the only food to be found; and, with the exception of a little corn-meal that the old woman discovered in an earthen pot, there was no material with which to prepare anything better. The children, however, were crying with hunger; the neighboring families had retired, so there was nothing to do but build a fire and make a sort of stirabout of meal and water. This Julia soon did, and succeeded in quieting the plaint of the little ones.

In the meantime Loysa, who on entering had thrown herself on a bench, remained there as if completely prostrated. It was the grandmother who put the children to bed and stayed with them until they fell asleep. Returning then to her daughter-in-law, she began:

"Loysa, will you not eat a little and then try to sleep? To-morrow we must go to work."

The young woman did not answer.

"Listen to me," continued Julia, offering the dish; "eat something, if ever so little."

"Thanks to you, I am not hungry."

"Do violence to yourself, dear; it will at least keep you up."

"No, I can not."

"Well, then, go to bed; sleep will help you somewhat."

"O mother—and *he*,—do you think he is sleeping?"

"I don't say that he is, but what will you do? One must get the better of chagrin and sorrow. Suppose you allow it to

kill you, will that help matters any? If you had no children, it would be bad enough; but with those three—”

“Were it not for them, I would not have come back here.”

“Very well; think of them, then. If you can succeed in lessening the hardship of their lot, Michael will be pleased to hear it, and his own lot will seem to him less cruel; for I am sure that he is worrying a great deal about us.”

“I am wrong, I know; but I can not control my sorrow. Let me weep my fill; when I have exhausted the fountain of my tears, if it *can* be exhausted, I may perhaps regain courage. I know that we must be up early to-morrow morning, but do not fear; I shall be astir as early as yourself.”

“Ours is a woful misfortune, it is true, daughter; but despair would be a still worse one. You can see that I am as afflicted as you, yet I do not allow myself to be overcome.”

“But you lose only a son.”

“O Loysa, God preserve you from suffering in your children! I closed my husband’s eyes when death overtook him, and I know well the difference between the two affections. If you saw your little Jules sick, dying—”

“It would be the greatest grace that Providence could bestow upon him and the two others.”

“Don’t talk like that, my daughter. Fear rather that to punish you God may grant your wish, and that a day may come when you will conjure Him without avail to turn away from you such cruel blessings.”

“Do you suppose I have not thought of the fate that awaits them? I said nothing, and I concealed the truth from their father; but from the very first day I foresaw all that they will be obliged to endure. Poverty is nothing: they would never have been rich in any case, and would always have been forced to work; but at least nobody would have the right to insult them. If they proved adroit and skilful like their

father, they would always be sure of employment, and would have no cause to blush before any one. God keep me from ever seeing them old enough to understand that now they *have* such cause!”

“Hold your peace, Loysa. You are offending God. You should rather pray that your children may grow up strong and vigorous; and that on his return Michael may find them stout, able workmen, of whom you are proud.”

“All that Michael will ever see of me will be my grave in the cemetery.”

“And is it for the young to talk in that strain to the old?”

“Those children—it was as a chastisement that Heaven gave them to me. I longed for them once. Ah, how much better it would have been had my wishes never been granted! Cursed be the day when I became a mother; for I want to die and dare not.”

“Loysa, my daughter, kneel with me and let us pray to the Blessed Virgin.”

“Does she hear us? I prayed night and day before the sentence was pronounced. I promised that, if Michael was not condemned, I would take my gold chain and my wedding-ring to Our Lady of Garazon. Yet she allowed him to be condemned; and now what is the use of praying? Will she have his sentence revoked?”

“We can not tell, daughter; but in any case she will protect us and will give us strength and resignation.”

Unable to think of any other means of rousing the half-distracted young mother from her bitter sorrow, Julia threw herself upon her knees and turned to Heaven a glance of humble and fervent entreaty. As if the Mother of the sorrowful had at once granted her prayer, Loysa’s spell was broken. The youngest child awoke, and began to cry and moan so plaintively that the mother’s heart was pierced, and, forgetting everything but maternal love, Loysa hurried to the crib. She took the frail infant in her arms and began rocking it

to and fro, covering it the while with impassioned kisses, as though repudiating the indifference she had so recently manifested.

"Sleep, my little darling; sleep!" she murmured. "You do not yet understand your misfortune. Alas, poor angel, you will know it and what it means all too soon!"

Even as she rocked the baby, she was little by little overtaken by the sleep of which she herself stood in such need. Her eyelids grew heavy, then closed; the motion of her arms slackened, and finally ceased. For the first time since the condemnation of her husband she enjoyed a brief interval of oblivion. A lethargic stupor paralyzed her members, and the remembrance of all her woes was lost.

(To be continued.)

The Mother Ages.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

(CONCLUSION.)

WOMAN held a high place in medieval society. Raised by Christianity from the degradation to which Paganism had reduced her, poets sang her praises, knights performed feats in her honor, the Church gave her a seat at its councils in the person of learned abbesses. Laws were made in various countries for her special protection. An insult to a woman was punishable by heavy penalties. James II., of Arragon, decreed that none save a murderer could be arrested in presence of a woman. It was a law of knighthood to permit no word to be said in derogation of the sex. And medieval womanhood, as a class, deserved the honor paid it. Every woman was then expected to be an adept in household arts; the higher her rank, the greater were the number and variety of domestic details which she was called upon to master. Many women, in the absence of their lords, governed castles, managed

estates, and even occasionally assumed the control of kingdoms. Margaret of Norway united all the kingdoms of the North. Nuns in their cloisters, princesses and women of high birth became famous for their learning.

Roswitha, the White Rose of Gander-sheim; the nun-mathematician and grammarian, Liobe, that abbess of extraordinary acquirements, who, with much of human lore, had committed the whole Bible to memory; Gisella, the sister of Charlemagne, abbess of the famous Convent of Chelles; Hilda of Whitby; the Gonzaga sisters; Ella Longspée; Philippa of Hainault; Anne of Brittany; Edith the Good, wife of Edward the Confessor, quaintly called "a storehouse of liberal science"; Osburga, the mother of Saxon Alfred; Rowena, the sister of Hengist; Mabel Rich, mother of St. Edmund; Mary de Bohun, wife of Bolingbroke; Gabrielle de Bourbon; Mathilda of Canossa; Isabel of France, sister of St. Louis; the Grecian princess, Anna Commena, were all women famed for their intellectual acquirements. Their names, of course, occur amid a host of others.

In the later Middle Ages many ladies taught in the Italian universities. Amongst the principal of these were: Cassandra Fidele, Isabella di Cordova, Isabella de Roseres, Catherine Ribera, Aloysia Sigia, and Benedicta Cornaro. It was told of the latter that the struggle between her natural modesty and the desire to obey her father, whose wish it was that she should deliver a course of lectures, so told upon her health that it finally cost her her life. It is related of these other female professors that they invariably delivered their lectures with eyes bent upon the ground. A recent non-Catholic lecturer declared that, to his mind, St. Catherine of Sienna was the greatest woman who ever lived. Young ladies of the period were kept much in retirement, never appearing in public unattended. At church or other crowded places it was customary for them to wear a long black

cloak, with folds of white. It is said that some orders of nuns have merely retained the medieval dress. Their time was more or less busily occupied. Spinning was a favorite pursuit. Shepherdesses spun at cottage doors, the daughters of burghers in the courtyards, and princesses upon balconies,—all listening alike to some olden tale, or to some music of minstrel or troubadour. Dante represents the Florentine ladies as listening, while they plied the distaff, to

“Old tales of Troy, Fiesole, and Rome.”

Kenelm Digby is authority for the statement that heroic love entered generally into the marriages of the Middle Ages. “The maxim of the Pythagoreans,” he observes, “‘to avoid a woman with gold upon her person,’ seems to have prevailed in all its force. Down to the fourteenth century, in France, the dowry of a woman was a chaplet of roses.”

The households of the Middle Ages were in many cases models of order and decorum, as well as of state and elegance, even when they did not reach the perfection of that celebrated one over which presided Elzear and Delphina. The rules laid down for the government of that home forbade, in short, “all offences against the law of God. None were to be idle. All were to spend a certain time in prayer and study. All were to be merry without offending God. For,” said the Earl, “I have no affair so near at heart as the salvation of those who serve me.”

The architectural beauty of the palaces and dwellings was very great, while the interior decorations were in perfect harmony with the externals. As to the abbeys and cathedrals, those “symphonies in stone,” as Victor Hugo puts it, they were truly the creations of love and worship. Kings gave their jewels, nobles their wealth, artists and architects their inspirations, artisans their gratuitous labor, that all might have a share in the grand monument of faith. Mechanics were known to travel great distances and to fast on bread

and water that they might add their toil to the sublime work. In Spain there were 70,000 great churches; in France, 30,000 churches, 185,000 chapels, 2,800 priories, and 1,500 abbeys. Sometimes these erections were reared at the cost of a certain number of fishermen or soldiers or scholars. On one occasion, a hundred and twenty coachmen united for such a purpose. As an instance of highly decorated exteriors, the Church of St. Martin of Tours was of green, white and red marbles, incrusting with gold and precious stones. The number of steeples and turrets gave a noble appearance to the medieval cities. It was the custom, besides, to commemorate notable events by the erection of graceful towers. In Florence a celebrated one was the creation of Giotto di Lapo; it was adorned with divers colored marbles from base to summit. In Padua was the tower of the celebrated Dondi brothers, also noted as clockmakers and astronomers.

The cities were marvellously quiet, travel being usually on horse or mule back. One of the bishops of Rheims once gave a piece of ground outside the city limits where all noisy trades might be carried on. “The silence,” says a chronicler, “was broken only by the tinkling of innumerable bells—for such was the number of clocks that struck minute divisions of every hour from churches, palaces, convents or portals, that it was like a constant shower of hours, a beautiful harmony; or else it was by the solemn chant of a litany, begun within a church and continued in the adjoining streets by the kneeling multitude.” One loves to fancy those quaint old towns, where at evening men and women gathered upon stone benches before the doors of houses, listening to the song of minstrels, or the recitations of wandering troubadours.

The maritime cities usually attained to the greatest prosperity, because navigation was so much in advance of other means of transport. The Free Cities of Italy became the models of pure democracy. And how

much do we not owe to these Mother Ages in the matter of discoveries and inventions, of mighty thinkers and sublime intellects! Organs and bells first sounded in their dimness. Arithmetical numbers and algebraic calculation, clocks and spectacles, glass and stone-coal, the mariner's compass and the manufacture of silk,—all have come down to us from those remote times. Roger Bacon explained the principle of the telescope, microscope, and magic-lantern. He strongly suggested gunpowder. The first bank and the first bills of exchange date from early in the twelfth century. The Abbé Requeno proves that two kinds of hand-printing were known, and Lardner refers to their existence and use. The sphere of geographical knowledge was constantly being enlarged by the daring of medieval explorers, above all the missionaries. The famous Vision of St. Brendan, an Irish monk, is said to have forestalled the discovery of America.

Carlyle declares that "Shakespeare was the outcome of the Catholicism of the whole Middle Ages"; Dante was their exponent, Raphael, Angelo and Da Vinci drew thence their inspirations. Art had penetrated down into the very lives of the people. It produced carvers in metal, wood or ivory, painters upon glass. The secret of the grand old painted windows of the medieval era has perished. At the fairs and other festive gatherings, the lower classes had incomparable advantages for education. They heard philosophers contest a thesis and poets declaim verses destined to be historical. Music was universally taught, and young and old, gentle and simple, alike could join in the sounding anthems, the glorious Latin hymns. The Church, then all-pervading, had its spiritualizing effect upon all classes. Its festivals celebrated with pomp, its shrines and its wayside crosses, its open-air preaching and its litanies and processions, even the miracle-plays, produced their impression. Upon the exterior of houses was often inscribed, "Jesus, my

Love, is crucified," or "Glory be to God alone." At the crossing of a bridge the words, "May this bridge be a path to heaven." Whilst within the monasteries everywhere arising, men and women of angelic lives were toiling and praying, living out their maxim of *Laborare et orare*, and so being the silent but powerful benefactors of mankind in its struggle for civilization.

Modern criticism is gradually tearing away the veil which has enshrouded the Middle Ages in darkness. The power of Protestant tradition grows weaker, and impartial outsiders are rendering to them the justice long denied. Says Mr. Frederick Stokes, M.A., in his preface to a new edition of Maitland's "Dark Ages":

"Those ages had many advantages which we do not enjoy. They were ages in which Christian faith was what a recent writer has called 'a vivid dynamic reality.' Whatever may be thought of the Crusades—and more than one authority has held that they resulted in great political advantages to Europe,—they were one of the most splendid displays of faith and manhood which the world has ever witnessed. . . . The great theological schools were full of activity and intellectual life. It was during the very ages which moderns call dark that Christianity was formulated and systematized into its present shape. St. Thomas, whose 'Summa' has dominated the Latin Church for many centuries, did but reap where the earlier scholars had sowed. . . . No man who is really grounded in the truths of Christianity can be said to be ignorant; and the practical teaching obtained from the pulpit and the confessional was of far more intellectual and moral value than the *farrago* of scraps of grammar and elementary arithmetic imparted to an unwilling generation in board schools and the like. 'This is life eternal to know Thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom Thou hast sent'; and this knowledge the men of the Middle Ages

possessed in a degree which we can hardly realize. . . . Men worked and fought and argued and preached and died, leaving no other record than a tombstone. Hence a large part of the criticism of the Middle Ages is too often mere generalization and declamation, representing rather the prejudice of the writer than the verdict of the scholar."

"The whole moral atmosphere of the age," says Mr. Frederic Harrison, an exponent of the positivist school, "amid infinite excesses and crimes, was so filled with a yearning after an ideal type of character that the fiercest soldier and the craftiest politician could be compelled to recognize and obey it. Pity for the suffering, justice to the oppressed, charity to the wretched, comfort to the afflicted, zeal for the improvement, harmony and happiness of men, have in all ages been the mark of the loftiest virtues. Those ages could not have been the darkest in which those qualities secured the unbounded homage of mankind."

"Gauge not with thy dilettante compasses," cries out Thomas Carlyle, "with that placid, dilettante simper, the Heaven's watch-tower of our fathers. Another world truly; and this present, poor distressed world might get some profit by looking wisely into it, instead of foolishly. . . . Man then had a *soul*, not by hearsay alone and as a figure of speech, but as a truth that they knew and practically went upon. . . ."

Such testimonies do the great Mother Ages, long defamed because they were the Catholic ages, provoke from impartial outsiders who remember their great claims to the veneration of mankind;—those ages in which lived the masters of thought, wherein nearly all the chief universities were founded; when France had her 60,000 schools and England her numberless bands of students; when Ireland was the light of the West, and Italy, under the ægis of the Popes, the hearth at which the torch of learning was ever freshly enkindled.

Mary's Gift to the Redeemer of the World.

OH, the Blood of Jesus!—
 What things that Blood hath donel
 It sprang from the Heart of Mary
 To the Heart of Mary's Son.
 No shadow e'er passed o'er it,
 God's sunshine called it forth;
 The angels knelt before it,
 And magnified its worth.

She stood, that Hebrew Maiden,
 Listening to Gabriel's song;
 And Satan's strength grew weaker
 As Mary's faith grew strong.
 The Spirit gently brooded,
 Wooing those accents few,
 The dawn of His new Creation
 Which fashioned all anew.

The heavens were hushed in silence,
 The earth lay very still,
 As mighty Gabriel waited
 The *fiat* of her will.
 Then, purer than the water
 Of Jordan's cleansing flood,
 The blood of Anna's daughter
 Became the Blood of God.

The moment just preceding
 It coursed through Mary's veins,
 And now the Saviour takes it
 To wash away our stains.
 The Heart of God lies beating
 His Mother's Heart so near,
 With well-nigh one pulsation
 Of the love which casts out fear.

Oh, who can tell the wonders
 That pass those Hearts between—
 The Mother and her Maker,
 The Almighty and His Queen!
 Yet there are men who tell us
 We may not worship thee,
 Great David's royal Daughter,
 Sweet bud of Jesse's tree!

Dear God, with exultation
 I thank that Blood of Thine,
 Which ransomed every nation,
 And made Thy Mother mine!

A. P. J. C.

Traces of Travel.

MERRY ENGLAND.

BY CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

IX.—A DAY AT KENILWORTH.

I AM willing to lay a wager with some one that the stranger who comes suddenly and unexpectedly upon the ruins of Kenilworth Castle mistakes it for a burnt factory. It is highly unpicturesque; there is nothing to be seen here save perforated brick walls standing at right angles, and a series of windows, through some of which one sees the great beams that have been inserted to keep the angular and ugly pile from falling in a heap of uninteresting rubbish. Still, there is, of course, a veil of romance shrouding the ruin; and if one may shut his eyes on the outward and visible ungainliness of the walls, fancy will people the place with such spirits as would add a charm to any locality.

Kenilworth village is a long street, full of unpretending, one-story cottages; it makes a wide sweep through the meadows, and ultimately returns to the starting point, which is not far from the railway station. Two or three small shops have show windows filled with Sir Walter Scott's novels, cheap editions of Kenilworth naturally lying at the top of the heap. There are also on exhibition the usual variety of photographs, and some few curios scarcely worth the keeping. Beyond this there is nothing in the business part of the village that impresses itself upon my mind. A dull spot, and, but for the historical associations that immortalize the neighboring ruin, not worth a visit. This can be said of but few English villages, no matter how humble they may be.

On leaving the station, I at once ran upon a large placard announcing in unmistakable terms that "The Bowling Green"

is the only desirable family hotel; that the way to it is by the path that runs under the above mentioned placard; and that any one trespassing upon the adjoining grounds will be prosecuted; moreover, he who goeth about in his pride with dog and gun will be dealt with according to the utmost rigor of the law.

The path leading to the Bowling Green seems to me so steep and thorny I instinctively avoid it, and at once begin my pilgrimage. I am alone, without guide or chart or compass. A small boy says to me: "Keep right on to the bottom of the road, and you'll come to the Castle" (pronounced *caustle*). I keep on, and come to nothing in particular: the road begins to seem bottomless. Twenty minutes later I apply to a good woman, who says: "You're quite right. Keep on to the bottom of the street, and there you have it." All English streets have tops and bottoms; everything lies between these two extremes.

Meanwhile the Kenilworth cottages line the way; they are like big snail shells—so are most cottages in the old country. They are complete little worlds in themselves; and when the cottager looks out of his small window, as you are trudging on toward some historic ruin infinitely more attractive than most cottages, he usually impresses you with the belief that he is looking pityingly down upon you as a mere tramp, who has no cottage to his back.

I find no notices posted by the wayside bearing the legend, "One mile to Kenilworth," or "This way to the Ruin," or any of the index fingers which would probably direct the stranger to points of equal interest—if we had any equally interesting—in America. You merely plod on and trust to fortune; thanking Heaven that there is but one street in the place, and that if you keep to it long enough you are sure to return to the spot from whence you started—at least in Kenilworth.

On a little bridge, under which a lovely stream of fresh water is flowing, I meet a

man with a dog and a cane. The man leans on the bridge rail, swinging his cane and apparently lost in reverie; the dog sits quietly by him, shivering from time to time, and no doubt wishing his master would wind up his affairs and begin life anew. The man looks coldly at me, for I have disturbed his dream. He knows I am a foreigner on my way to the ruin—what else would cause a foreigner to cross that particular bridge? I *feel* that he knows this, he looks so conscious of the fact. I hope that he will speak to me, if only to relieve me of my embarrassment—but he says not a word; he continues to swing his cane, and resumes reverie. Even the dog pays no attention to me as I go my way in silence. To that man Kenilworth may have become an old, old story; he wonders how any one can care to visit it.

A little beyond the bridge I find a round-shouldered nursemaid wheeling a pippin-faced child; child has small black eyes, like apple seeds. This does for a modern foreground. Just over the domestic tableau is a tall hedge; above the hedge some scattering trees; and, through the trees, behold the outline of the ruin plainly visible—this is the first glimpse one gets of it.

A great prison-like wall surrounds Kenilworth—a castle wouldn't seem genuine without it, you know. At the gate sit three old people. The moment I come in sight the three aged ones hobble to the Castle gate and await me. An old woman has an apron full of stereoscopic views; an old man has guide-books, with vague and shadowy lithographs distributed through fifty pages of gushing texts. From a reading of it one would naturally form the impression that this is the only ruin in the wide, wide world worth visiting, and that he who has not seen it has lived in vain. The third antiquity is an octogenarian man, with blank eyes and an itching palm, which he modestly but all too frequently thrusts forth in the manner of a

contribution box. He is stone-blind, poor soul! He can never again in the flesh see Kenilworth; so he passes his days at the gates thereof, asking alms of his more fortunate brethren, who may gloat over it to their heart's content.

I rap at the outer wall; am immediately admitted, and bidden to pass on into the grounds and look about for myself. There is no clattering tongue to cram me with historical recollections, and prompt me as to when and where my emotion may be freely and appropriately vented. I am my own master, and I thoroughly enjoy the rare privilege.

Green grass covers the silent courts of Kenilworth; there are hedges filled with red berries, like sealing-wax; there is ivy in all its glory clinging to bare walls as lovingly as if they were of fair proportions—which they certainly are not. Everywhere I miss the mutilated statues, the vacant niches, the graceful arches that are beautiful forever, even to their last remaining fragment. No fallen column here; no lizards playing upon the moss-grown capitals; nothing but square walls, very high and very thick, but very shaky for all that. When one has forgotten his first disappointment, and is half inclined to give way to sentimental fancies, and perhaps even grow a little enthusiastic, while the gracious mood is slowly growing upon him he comes suddenly upon a notice which reads: "No admittance," or "Dangerous," or "Visitors are warned not to trespass," or "Climbing strictly prohibited." What a blow to the passionate pilgrim is this!

While I grope about the grounds—those portions of them that are actually open to the public,—I fall in with three English lads, who seem astonishingly familiar with the place. At their polite invitation I follow them all over the accessible portions of the ruin, while they hasten joyously from one part of it to another, always hoping to astonish me with some uncommon spectacle; the spirit of British patriotism was

born in them. They talk glibly of Elizabeth, Amy Robsart, Leicester, and the worthies who feasted here in days of old. They know the dungeons, the secret chambers, the towers and turrets that are not labelled "Dangerous." They know everything that is worth knowing; for they have been over it all scores and scores of times, and have walked seven miles to see it again this very day. They expect to walk home when they have wearied of rushing up and down stone steps, and back and forth over the grassy courts, and in and out of every imaginable nook and cranny. Of such stuff is the youth of England made.

There are times in the summer season, I am told, when all the great courts of the Castle are crowded with picnic parties. Every gallery of the ruin is thronged: there is scarcely room enough unoccupied to move about in, for the acres of luncheon and the hungry multitudes that have come to break bread in Kenilworth. What an escape! Imagine one's having to *do* a ruin under such circumstances. Now I am quite alone: I have it all to myself. To be sure, the wind, that has been rising all morning, is howling through the vacant windows; a few dead ivy leaves whirl away in the gale, and even the short grass seems to shiver under the rushing blast; as for the holly bushes, they fairly gnash their thorny leaves and shake their scarlet berries threateningly.

Probably the state of the weather has something to do with my rather unpleasant first impression of Kenilworth; under a milder sky, the lofty walls silvered with moonlight and all the sharp angles softened, it is not unlikely that one, even I, might find much in the ruin to grow sentimental over. The guide-book does it, I notice; but, then, it is the duty of the guide-book.

I seek shelter from the unpleasant wind; I find it in a little nook called the "Privy Chamber." What a sweet enclosure! Overhead is a groined ceiling, broken but beautiful in decay. At one side a small Gothic

window admits a softened light; near it is an empty niche, where, no doubt, once stood a statue. The ivy veils this serene retreat with a veil that is not easily to be parted; the dense green leaves cloak it from the storm, and within its shelter I am as warm and cozy as possible.

Now I take out my guide-book for the first time and note its contents. Here, indeed, came Elizabeth, like another Queen of Sheba; here she was entertained with *fêtes* such as Solomon might have approved of. Seventeen days of uninterrupted festivity followed her arrival, and the memory of that welcome was for a long time the topic of conversation through all Europe. Multitudes of lords and ladies were constantly in attendance, and these were waited on by four hundred servants in new liveries. Sixteen hogsheads of wine were daily consumed, and forty hogsheads of beer; while ten oxen were slaughtered every morning. The expenses of these festivities were at least a thousand pounds per day, and at a time when a pound went very much farther than it will at present.

Out of compliment to the Queen the great clock of the Castle was stopped during the whole *fête*,—stopped with the hands pointing at two, the dinner hour. Italian acrobats tumbled and tossed knives into the air, and balanced platters at the top of tall wands, on the slightest provocation; strolling players came from near and far with comedies, tragedies and masks; there was music and feasting and dancing at all hours, and every game known to the people was played until it was played out. It was one long carnival of the utmost variety and splendor; and thus it was that Leicester entertained Elizabeth at Kenilworth in the great days of 1575. Ah, turn to your Scott's novels, and reread Kenilworth!

I return; re-encounter the three old folk at the gate, and find that I am leaving the ruin just in season to escape a party of tourists about to enter it. For this I am duly grateful. The long, narrow, winding

street leads me back to the railway station by the other side of the great meadow that lies in the heart of the village, and is doubtless the public green. There are houses on one side of the street only; all these front on the meadow-green and the stream that flows through the midst thereof. Small shops with diamond-shaped window panes announce good ale for sale, "to be drunk on the premises." The sunshine is sharp and clear, and the shop-windows glisten and blaze cheerfully in the slanting beams. Everything is tidy and clean, and as decorous as possible.

Passing slowly by the cottages, meeting no one, not even a vagabond dog, I see all the square windows with a flounce of white dimity drawn over the lower half of each, and pots of geraniums sitting there, and sprigs of holly still hanging that have hung since last Christmas week. One of these window-curtains is pushed aside invitingly; I can not resist glancing in as I pass. Would to Heaven I had not! There sits a row of the saddest-faced people against the wall of the little front room, their hands folded upon their laps, and not a soul of them lifting an eye to me. Opposite them a coffin is resting on two chairs; the sun streams into the room, but it is as if there were no life there—all is silent as death.

The churchyard is close at hand, and in the edge of the churchyard stands all that is left of Kenilworth Priory; there is little enough left,—nothing, in fact, but a single beautiful arch swathed in ivy. So perishes out of the land all trace of those who came hither to bring life and learning to a benighted people. Part of the old Priory is now used for a cowshed, and not the slightest care is taken to preserve the little that remains. These ruins are so common in England that only those most extensive are thought worth taking note of.

A little way from the Priory arch is a mound of fresh earth, and an ominous pit among the close-lying graves. It probably

awaits the tenant I unwittingly looked upon in that small house of mourning a little way down the street.

Many sheep are grazing in the churchyard; and, somehow, they seem to belong there. No other four-footed creature would look as well, or feel so much at home as they seem to. Some of them are lying down beside the graves, pictures of peace—shall I say statues? They seem not unlike marble monuments emblematic of the peace that has entered into the souls that once inspired the dust now lying there. The church is closed. I try in vain to get a glimpse of the interior; for it is a very ancient structure, and the prettiest sight in the village.

By the winding road I come again into the busy part of Kenilworth, if indeed any part of it can be called busy. There is a smithy on one hand, its roof entirely over-run by thick, dark ivy; the sooty smith seems to be making magical horseshoes in a perennial bower. Oh, how musical the ring of his anvil! Yet he attracts no attention from the public at large. I stop to look and to listen for a moment, and get a polite bow from his smithship, though he is no doubt quite unconscious of the admiration he has excited in this breast.

Not far away is the front elevation of the Bowling Green Tavern; it looks pleasant and hospitable, yet there are twenty unadvertised cottages within sight that might rival it in these particulars—if they chose to. I pause to rest by the wayside. Looking across the village green toward the pretty church in the churchyard where the sheep are feeding—there is the arch of the Priory at the farthest end of it,—I see a procession of folk moving slowly along the street toward the churchyard gate; they are all on foot; they bear among them a burden covered with a pall. Know ye not that of all burdens in this burdensome life this is the heaviest and the hardest to bear? And so ends my day at Kenilworth.

The contrast between the glorious day

of Warwick, when all Nature conspired to do honor to the occasion, and this sombre visit to Kenilworth is striking. They are companion pictures,—the one all sunshine and flowering trees and singing birds; there was a sound of rippling waters and rustling leaves; the shadows were faithful outlines of grand walls still perfect and unimpaired. Life, brilliant and satisfying life, was there, and luxury and all that desire might crave or ambition lust after. The other, a melancholy outline, the original of which is scarcely to be identified; for it is toppling over, and much of it has already disappeared. No life here; for ivy is only the emblem of life, and doesn't seem really to belong to us. Bleak wall, alone on a bleak hillock, and every vestige of the ancient splendor fallen into nothingness or blown hither and yon in the winds; not even a fragment remains to show aught of its color, form or texture. It is as empty as a chrysalis, and even of the butterfly that was born out of it nothing remains.

Ah, me! The sorrowful procession is returning from the churchyard—empty-handed, broken-hearted! The thought of that desolate cot reminds me of a glimpse I had of another churchyard, where a group of mourners with uncovered heads were gathered about an open grave. The railway passed but a few yards from the scene that had caught my eye; and as the train in which I was seated rushed onward at a mighty pace, I saw the coffin raised and lowered into the solemn tomb—at that instant we shot into a dark tunnel: it was like being buried alive!

(To be continued.)

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SUPERSTITIONS often hold great truths in solution. . . . An oar dipped in the water appears crooked or broken to the beholder, but the rower who guides it feels it to be strong and straight. So the designs of Providence seem to us sometimes bent or broken, but in His hand they are straight-forward and strong.—*Dr. Francis.*

A Glory of Carmel.

ST. JOHN OF THE CROSS, the tercentenary of whose holy death is now being celebrated throughout the Christian world, but especially in the Order of the Blessed Virgin Mary of Mount Carmel, was the associate of St. Teresa in her reformation of that venerable Order, and is called its second founder and other parent. He is one of those saints who, by the persecutions they endured and the pains they voluntarily inflicted upon themselves, remind us that the spirit of Christianity is the spirit of the Cross, and that we must enter into the kingdom of God through many tribulations.

St. John was the youngest of three children, and was born at the village of Fontibera, near Avila, in Spain, in the year 1542. His parents were poor but very devout, and John's first lessons were concerning his duty toward God. From his infancy he took greater pleasure in prayer than in childish sports, and was remarkable for his devotion to the Blessed Mother of God. While he was still very young he was placed under a master to learn a trade, as his parents could hardly earn sufficient to supply their daily wants. But he was unable to accomplish much; and a gentleman who had devoted himself to the care of the sick and distressed, noticing John's piety, took the boy to live with him and assist him in his works of charity.

John entered into this work with an earnestness that charmed his newly-found friend. Seeing how strongly he was drawn to the service of God, his protector sent him to a college of the Jesuits, where he studied the classics and philosophy with great success. His time during these years was about equally divided between the church, the college, and the hospital of the poor. He practised great austerities, and his devotion to his studies never seemed to interfere with his religious recollection, nor to make

him unmindful of greater interests than those which are merely intellectual. As he grew older, and saw the dangers of intercourse with the world, his pure soul began to long for the security and tranquillity of the religious life; and in 1560, when he was eighteen years of age, he received the habit of the Carmelite Order, at the Monastery of St. Anne, at Medina, taking the name of John of the Cross.

Soon after he entered the Carmelite Order his superiors sent him to the University of Salamanca, where he completed his philosophy and studied theology. At Salamanca he chastised his body with incredible austerities, and showed that the name he had recently taken was not a mere unmeaning title. He distinguished himself in his studies, and at the age of twenty-five was promoted to the priesthood. The privilege of offering the Holy Sacrifice, for which he cherished a most profound devotion, of course increased his fervor; and, longing for more complete separation from the world, he thought of entering the Carthusian Order. He mentioned this design to St. Teresa, who was then planning her reformation of the Carmelites; and that holy nun counselled him to wait a while, and see what was to be the success of her enterprise. A little later she instituted her reform, and at the same time obtained permission from the General of the Carmelites to establish a reformed house of monks. John gladly entered into the great work, and went to Deruelle, where, under the direction of St. Teresa, he founded the first convent of monks of the reformed Carmelite Order. The community took their vows on Advent Sunday, 1568, and the Barefooted Carmelites were established. The institute was approved by the Sovereign Pontiff St. Pius V., and confirmed by his successor, Pope Gregory XIII. The perfect self-devotion and fervor of St. John and his companions were very contagious, and the reform was soon extended into other provinces.

St. John seemed to increase his mortifications and their severity in proportion as he advanced farther in the way of perfection. Indeed, so rigid did he become in regard to his rule of life that St. Teresa was obliged to counsel him to moderate his austerities, lest he should diminish his usefulness and shorten his life. He had much to suffer, however, in his spiritual life. After tasting the delight of contemplation, and a union with God which is rarely vouchsafed to mortals in this world, his soul seemed to become the prey of evil spirits. All his natural love of prayer passed from him, and he was a victim to the worst temptations that assail the soul of man. But he sustained himself heroically through this bitter trial, casting himself upon God, and feeling more than ever his entire dependence upon divine grace. Finally, like a calm after a tempest, there came to him that peace which surpasses comprehension, and is a reward for great afflictions patiently borne.

His life was a succession of severe trials; for, as soon as he was freed from his interior darkness, God permitted him to suffer from persecution. The brethren of his own Order became his persecutors. Many of the Carmelites, who were living under the mitigated rule of their Order, deprecated the severe austerities prescribed by the reform of St. Teresa; and though her reformed rule was not binding upon them, they looked upon it as a reflection upon their way of life, which was less austere, and feared that in the course of time it might be forced upon them by the head of their Order at Rome. In a chapter they procured St. John's condemnation as a fanatical innovator and apostate; and then cast him into a dungeon at Toledo, lighted by an aperture about the size of a man's hand, where he remained for nine months.

But the sufferings which he was called upon to endure at the hands of misguided men were more than compensated by the consolation and joy with which God

crowned him. His body suffered much during his imprisonment, but the tranquillity of his soul was undisturbed. At last sickness came to his relief, and his persecutors were constrained to remove the uncomplaining victim of their injustice to one of their convents, and to treat him with more clemency. He was afterward, through the influence of St. Teresa, set at liberty, and immediately returned to the holy work which was so near his heart. He founded several convents under the reformed rule, and filled many high offices in the Order. His humility prompted him to shun as much as possible all positions of power and influence, and he appeared to consider himself the most unworthy of his brethren. He prayed fervently that he might not pass a day without suffering something; and that he might not die as superior, but rather end his life in such humiliation as should make him most conformable to his crucified Master.

Amid his constant and varied occupations, and the sufferings he endured from his brethren, he yet found time to write several admirable treatises on mystical theology. The last years of his life were marked by sickness and persecution, so that it seemed as if his prayer had indeed been answered. But he died in peace and happiness; for he saw the work to which he had devoted himself established on a firm basis, and felt that inward consciousness of duty done, which is the only source of joy in the supreme hour.

St. John of the Cross departed for heaven at Ubeda, on the 14th of December, 1591, in the fiftieth year of his age. He was canonized by Pope Benedict XIII. in 1726, and his feast fixed for the 24th of November. His relics were honored by many miracles, but they are all outshone in splendor by the great miracle of his pure and self-denying life amid such terrible sufferings, and by his contempt for all human consolations. St. John is considered a most perfect model of Carmelite perfection.

Ville Marie.

The sails were furled—
Solemn and slow the evening anthem rose,—
Rose to the Virgin.

ROGERS.

THE city of Montreal is to celebrate a series of remarkable historical events by placing tablets upon their sites; thus setting a good example, and meriting the gratitude of the strangers who, summer after summer, stop at the metropolis of the Dominion, and search, as best they can, for the spots made sacred forever by the prayers and bravery and sufferings of other days.

One of these tablets will commemorate an event the importance of which can not be overestimated—the landing of the true founder of Montreal, Paul de Chomedey, Sieur de Maisonneuve. The little town then begun was long to be known as Ville Marie, and so it is often called still in ecclesiastical documents. And where could one find a more fitting name? The love of our Blessed Lady is breathed in with the very air of Montreal.

It is sweet to stop and think, amid the bustle and grind of these later times of commerce, of that day in May, nearly two centuries and a half ago, when the *Salve Regina* rang out from the boats of Maisonneuve as they sought a harbor in the shadow of Mount Royal. Mass was celebrated, and then, as the day wore on and the light faded, fireflies were caught and hung before the altar where the Sacred Host remained exposed. The long journey was over at last; tents were pitched, camp fires lighted, and the devoted and pious exiles lay down to sleep. "Such," says Parkman, "was the birthnight of Montreal."

The tablet in memory of this occasion is to read as follows: Near this spot, on the 18th of May, 1642, landed the founders of Montreal, commanded by Paul de Chomedey, Sieur de Maisonneuve. Their first proceeding was a religious service.

Notes and Remarks.

Jolly, former president of the Baden ministry—many readers will have forgotten all about him,—died suddenly last month. He was a bitter enemy of the Church in that country. It was not enough that Baden felt the full weight of the Culturkampf: Jolly urged it on to the utmost of his power. When at last he pushed matters to such extremes as were too much even for his fanatical associates, he was forced to withdraw from the ministry, and at once passed into the oblivion which his death will render complete.

Among the reasons which justified the "Thanksgiving" of the 26th inst., one that was probably not much thought of is the fact that this is a Christian country, whose chief officer felt that he was merely keeping in touch with the people when, in the proclamation appointing Thanksgiving Day, he inserted this paragraph:

"To God, the Beneficent and the All-wise, who makes the labors of men to be fruitful, redeems their losses by His grace, and the measure of whose giving is beyond the thoughts of man, as it is beyond his deserts, the praise and gratitude of the people of this favored nation are justly due."

Representatives of the Polish clergy of the United States met last week in the neighboring city of South Bend to consider ways and means of promoting the welfare of the Poles in this country, and protecting emigrants on their arrival in New York. Thirty or more priests from all parts of the Union attended the meeting, and were hospitably entertained by the clergy of St. Hedwige's Church in South Bend, the Rev. Valentine Czyzewski, C. S. C., and his excellent assistants. We have rarely seen a more distinguished-looking body of men than this assembly of Polish-American priests.

In the *International Journal of Ethics* for October, 1890, a book from the pen of Francis E. Abbott was reviewed at length by Professor Royce, of Harvard University. The Professor condemned the book, and gave his readers a 'professional warning' against

Mr. Abbott's claims as a philosopher. Mr. Abbot has now issued a pamphlet in which he appeals for redress to the "corporation and overseers" of Harvard. The dispute of these gentlemen would prove of little interest to us or our readers, were it not for some alleged facts that the controversy has brought to light concerning the intellectual atmosphere to which students at the most famous of American Universities are exposed. Mr. Abbott states that at Harvard the very existence of moral obligation is denied; and further declares that a recent graduate told him that 'he left college bewildered, depressed and disheartened, because he saw nowhere any ground of rational belief about anything.' The graduate added that it was "just the same with all the other fellows." Catholic parents who are sometimes influenced by Harvard's prestige to send their sons to that institution, would do well to consider whether an atmosphere of universal scepticism, such as here implied, is likely to prove beneficial.

A sister of the saintly Redemptorist Father Seelos, who died in New Orleans in 1867, has just followed him into eternity, after walking in his footsteps for many years as a religious. She was superioress of the reformatory at Inn, Bavaria. Sister Mary Damiana joined the Sisters of Mercy in 1845, at the age of thirteen. Her humility and piety, her spirit of prayer, her saintly life, won the hearts of all with whom she came in contact. The prisoners on leaving the institution generally parted from her with tears, and made her the most serious promises of amendment.

At a recent meeting of the British Association Miss E. M. Clerke, a contributor to the *Dublin Review*, read an interesting paper on the aborigines of Western Australia, proving, from the success which has blessed the labors of Bishop Salvado and his Benedictine monks, that the Australian is by no means the hopeless savage that he is usually described. No savages are hopeless to our devoted missionaries.

Among a number of paintings lately added to the art gallery of the University of Notre Dame, one at least is of considerable interest.

It is a large canvas (eight by eleven feet) depicting the impressive scene at the famous battle of Gettysburg, when the Irish Brigade, of the Northern Army, just before going into action, knelt to receive a general absolution from the chaplain, Very Rev. William Corby, C.S.C. He is represented standing on a large rock in front of the brigade, all the Catholic officers and soldiers on their knees. Gen. Hancock and some members of his staff are seen at a distance viewing the sublime scene, which is thus described by Major-Gen. Mulholland, one of the commanders of the Irish Brigade: "I do not think there was a man amongst us who did not offer up a heartfelt prayer. For some it was their last; they knelt there in their grave clothes: in less than half an hour many of them were numbered with the dead. Who can doubt that their prayers were good? That heart would be incorrigible, indeed, that the scream of a Whitworth bolt, added to Father Corby's touching appeal, could not move to contrition."

In a new department of the London *Tablet*, called "Gossip of Letters," we find the following extracts, set side by side, of the instructions respectively given to Garibaldi and the Prince of Wales on their investiture as Grand Masters of Freemasonry (33d degree). In juxtaposition, these extracts have a peculiar significance, as the *Tablet* remarks:

TO GARIBALDI.

Masonry, being simply the Revolution in act, a permanent conspiracy against political and religious despotism, does not trick itself out with absurd decorations, through which princes and priests play in public the parts they have stolen and usurped. . . . Man is at the same time God, Pontiff, and King in himself. Freemasonry is therefore the God, the Pontiff, and the King of Humanity.

TO H. R. H.

Our rituals will prove to you how Freemasonry tends to inspire in all the purest morality, to recommend obedience to the laws, fidelity to rulers, the zeal and devotion of philanthropy, and, in a word, to teach all the domestic and social virtues. . . . Masonry sets out to make of a man a being essentially believing, by virtue and goodness.

Orphan Asylum. The *Toronto Mail* published a long dispatch, in which the Rev. Mr. Cotton was referred to as "a Roman Catholic rector." Mr. Ph. De Gruchy, the editor of our excellent contemporary, the *Toronto Catholic Weekly Review*, promptly branded the statement as a lie; but the *Mail* had not the common fairness to publish his letter. It is astonishing how a news item varies with different reporters. During the recent excitement prior to the Cork election, the cable dispatch to the N. Y. *Sun* mentioned that a priest had one eye destroyed by a stick in the hands of one of a mob. This was too tame for the *Chicago Tribune*, in whose columns the incident took this shape: "A boy had one eye destroyed from the blow of a stick in the hands of a priest." In news by cable, as in other matters, a good deal depends on the point of view. The *Tribune's* bias is decidedly toward bigotry.

The zealous rector of St. Joseph's Church, San José, Cal., the Rev. F. Calzia, S. J., has hit upon a novel way of promoting the cause of temperance. He lately sent a paper around to be signed by his parishioners, by which they pledged themselves not to enter a saloon from Saturday afternoon until Monday. On Sunday at High Mass he advocated this pledge in a powerful sermon on the evils of intemperance. After Mass several hundreds of his parishioners signed the document, and we hear that the number of signatures is continually increasing.

The death of Col. Don Piatt deprives Ohio of one of its most eminent Catholics, and the Church of an able and energetic son. He acquired celebrity years ago as an editor in Washington, and his name has been a familiar one to the reading public ever since. His death was calm and resigned. The funeral services, which were very largely attended, were performed by the Rev. William Conway, in the enforced absence of Archbishop Elder, of Cincinnati. *R. I. P.*

Toward the end of October last, the Rev. S. Cotton, Anglican rector of Carnagh, Ireland, was arrested on the charge of criminal ill-treatment of the children in the Carnagh

In a recent issue of our esteemed contemporary *Facts*, of Chattanooga, Tenn., it is stated that ex-President Johnson hoped to be able to devote the waning years of his life

to an examination of the history and claims of the Catholic Church. Shortly after expressing himself upon this subject, he was suddenly stricken with paralysis, and deprived of speech, though not of reason. "In this state," says *Facts*, "he assented to have done for him what the Catholic priest, if present, would do for him. Ex-President Johnson was thus baptized a Catholic on his death-bed, and may his soul rest in peace!"

The 8th inst. was a day of special rejoicing to the Catholic population of Danville, Ill., and to the zealous pastor of St. Patrick's Church in that town, the Rev. Dean O'Reilly. The occasion was the dedication of St. Mary's Academy, one of the finest and best equipped school buildings in the West. The dedicatory services were performed by the Rt. Rev. J. L. Spalding, Bishop of Peoria; and the customary sermon was delivered by Bishop Ryan, of Alton. The new Academy is in charge of the Sisters of the Holy Cross, whose efficiency as educators is proverbial from Washington to California.

The inventive genius of the nineteenth century has scored so many triumphs that one is scarcely surprised to hear of mechanical appliances that are in reality wonderful. Our esteemed contemporary, the *Michigan Catholic*, announces that it is using what is perhaps the most ingenious contrivance ever invented for the saving of labor in the printer's art. This is the typograph, or typesetting machine, of which there are several kinds, more or less perfect. The *Catholic* gives a cut of the machine and a brief description of the manner in which it works.

A writer in *The Owl* has a very appropriate paragraph concerning the use of the words "Roman" and "Romish" by many of our non-Catholic brethren. He says:

"These words, both derived from 'Rome,' are not synonymous. Everybody has heard of the 'Roman Catholic Church,' but who ever speaks of the 'Romish' Catholic Church? Again we hear of 'Romish' practices, 'Romish' tendencies, and so forth. These are not Roman practices or tendencies, but approximations. '*Tendimus in Latium*'—that is, we have not yet arrived there. The words Roman and Romish are often used indifferently by people who

know no better and mean no offence, but I never knew a Catholic who did not consider the quasi-hybrid epithet Romish as an insult. Even lexicographers are beginning to view it in the same light. The Rev. James Stormouth in his 'Dictionary of the English Language' (Harpers) defines Romish as 'a term offensively applied to the adherents of the Roman Catholic Church.' It may not be generally known that John Walker died a Catholic; we need not, therefore, be surprised that in the last edition of his dictionary the word Romish does not appear. The very sound of those hissing epithets, Romanist, Romanish, Romish, etc., indicates their origin; they are the brood of the old serpent, and as such should be eschewed."

The following alms to promote the Cause of the Ven. Curé of Ars are gratefully acknowledged. We have had pleasure in sending a relic of the holy Curé attached to an authentic portrait to each of the contributors:

Friends, San Francisco, Cal., \$3; J. B., \$5; Mrs. B. M., \$2; M. E. C., \$1; Mrs. M. M., \$1; A Child of Mary, 25 cts.; A Friend, \$1; William Byron, \$1; Mrs. M. E. D. and M. M., \$2; A. M. Rice, \$1; A. D., New Bedford, Mass., \$2; Mrs. M. W., \$1; Mr. B. H. M., \$1.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands, as if you were bound with them.
—HEB., xiii, 3.

The following persons are recommended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

The Rev. Michael S. Burke, C. SS. R., whose holy life and devoted labors closed in a happy death on the 7th ult., at the Redemptorist College, Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

Sister Mary Margaret, of the Carmel of St. Joseph, St. Louis, Mo., who was called to the reward of her consecrated life on the 10th inst.

Mr. Daniel Kennedy, who passed away peacefully on the eve of All Saints, at Patrick's Well, Co. Limerick, Ireland.

Mrs. Sarah P. Dillon, of New York city, noted for her charities, whose happy death took place on the 30th ult.

Miss Mary E. Fitzgerald, who peacefully departed this life at Marlboro, Mass., on the same day.

Capt. Philip McMahon, who died on the 16th ult., at Fall River, Mass.

Mrs. Hanora Emmet, of Johnsonville, N. Y., who calmly breathed her last on the 27th ult.

Mr. John Clarke, of Rochester, Minn.; Michael Maney, E. Haverhill, Mass.; Mary Ann Reilly, Brooklyn, N. Y.; and Mr. Peter McDonald, Borden Shaft, Md.

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



They Love Us.

At Palermo in Italy the children receive their gifts on the 2d of November, All Souls' Day, instead of at Christmas. The following lines are from a little Italian *canzone*:

HOW kind are the dead that love us!
 How tender their thoughts and sweet!
 How tender their thinking of us!
 How, loving, they long to meet
 Their darling little children who play in
 field and street!

And, oh! the dear dead love us,
 And send us their gifts to-day,
 And think in their prison of us,
 And pray for us alway,
 As sadly their slow waiting wears.
 O sweet Bambino, ease them, through Your
 children's grateful prayers!

Truth in a Fairy Nutshell.

BY MARY CATHERINE CROWLEY.

(CONCLUSION.)

BUT, mother, I thought this was to be a fairy story?" interposed Celia. "Where do the little people come in?"

"All in good time," returned Mrs. Treanor, with a smile; and she resumed her narrative:

"One afternoon, just as dusk was falling, the jolly beggar saw a very queer traveller coming down the street, borne along at full speed by a boisterous breeze. He rubbed his eyes in astonishment, wondering if it were possible that an ambitious sunflower had clambered over a garden

wall, and was running away to seek his fortune in the golden path of the setting sun. The discontented beggar saw it also, but he merely muttered: 'Humph! The wind is rising; it will stir up the dust, and blow plenty of rubbish into the highway.'

"As the droll object came nearer, the two spectators perceived that it was a tiny little man, clad all in green, with yellow curly hair which stood out around his face in tangled confusion, and a little brown velvet cap that he wore right jauntily."

"A fairy at last!" said Celia, delighted.

"He seemed to be in great distress, and first catching sight of the discontented beggar rushed up to him, crying,

"'Gossip' (which means friend)—'gossip, help me! I am chased by ruffians. They are already at my heels. Hide me in your pack, I pray you!'

"'Begone, sirrah!' replied the beggar, you are no gossip of mine. My hump is heavy enough. What a fool I should be to add to it by so much as a feather's weight!'

"At this the little fellow began to wring his hands and weep. All at once he espied the beggar at the other side of the gateway, and ran to him with the same request.

"'I will do all I can to protect you,' answered the jolly beggar, heartily.

"Without more ado, the nimble elf sprang upon the old man's shoulder and secreted himself in the top of the pack. Hardly had he done so, when a party of desperadoes appeared in hot pursuit. They were jeering and vociferating wildly; but, meeting no sign of their victim, and seeing only the two mendicants, the ringleader hastily concluded that the fugitive had turned down a bosky lane which led along by the city wall; and, unwilling to waste time in parley, he plunged amid its shadows, followed by his noisy band.

"When they were gone, the jolly beggar whispered to the small wayfarer whom he had harbored: 'Now, gossip, all is again quiet. You may continue on your way without dread of molestation.'

"But the knave pleaded: 'I fear to go alone; carry me home, I beg of you.'

"Where do you live?' asked the other.

"Only just beyond the hill yonder,' was the reply.

"The jolly beggar set out with his new friend, trudging along slowly and painfully beneath his burden, the addition to which was as the last straw that breaks the camel's back. And as he went he was followed by the derisive laugh of the discontented beggar, who called after him that he was a zany to take so much trouble for the sake of a vagrant who had no gold with which to recompense him.

"Heedless of these taunts, the jolly beggar toiled on till he came to the brow of the hill. To his surprise, he found it overlooked a romantic glen, of which, strangely enough, he had never heard. Here, in the light of the full moon, were sporting merrily a company of little people, each arrayed in the colors and after the fashion of some flower common to the region. They were dancing round and round in a fairy ring, singing a sweet refrain.

"Now put me down,' directed the wee wanderer, peremptorily.

"The jolly beggar was too tired to resent his lordly tone, or to question why he was now so helpless when he had climbed into his hiding-place with so much agility. He simply lifted the little man out of his pack and set him on the ground. Then he turned away with a cheery good-bye. The frolicsome chap had no notion of letting him go in that manner, however. Grasping the end of his ragged cloak, he led him into the midst of the sprightly throng, and to a throne of silvery moonlight, where sat the King and Queen of the fairies, in robes of rose petals embroidered with diamond dewdrops. Before the beggar could realize it all, his little acquaintance was presenting him to these royal personages, and telling of the assistance he had rendered to their needy subject. Their Majesties thanked him graciously, and the King gave him the

place of honor at the right of the throne.

"When our friend recovered somewhat from his confusion, he began to pay heed to the song the fairies kept singing in concert. He soon perceived that what he had at first supposed to be simply a gay melody was in reality a kind of task, which they were conning over and over. Each time they began bravely, and with every appearance of confidence; but after a measure or two the words came haltingly, the voices grew fewer, then they would break off abruptly and start again. This is what they sang: 'Monday, Tuesday! Monday, Tuesday! Monday, Tuesday! and—' At the pause which invariably occurred when they came to this point, they would stop dancing, glance piteously from one to another, and after a moment of perplexity and sadness begin once more.

"In a few moments our friend, the jolly beggar, apprehended wherein the fairies' trouble lay: they were trying in vain to learn the days of the week as mortals know them. 'Poor little creatures!' he reflected, indulgently. 'So it is throughout the world. What seems but a molehill in the path of one is a mountain of difficulty to another.' He listened attentively, and when they next came to a stop, he sang out at the top of his voice: 'Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday too!'

"The effect of this timely interruption was beyond the power of words to describe. The King and Queen started to their feet.

"Who's that helping our song?' they cried in delight, though they knew well.

"It is the jolly beggar,' joyfully exclaimed the fairy who had been to town. The whole company repeated: 'It is the jolly beggar,' and shouted and tossed up their caps in glee.

"As soon as the King could make himself heard, he commanded order, and delivered a neat speech as follows:

"Friends and subjects, our guest has accorded us distinguished aid,—first by rescuing one of our number from the hands

of lawless mortals; and now by helping our song, and revealing to us the knowledge which we have labored so long to obtain, and to discover which we sent our envoy to the city. Therefore, I proclaim three cheers for our guest!"

"Oh, did the Fairy King really say that?" asked Celia, incredulously.

"Well, something of the kind," rejoined her mother. "At any rate, the little people recommenced their merry clamor, and kept it up, till the King had to pound on the ground with his sceptre before he could get them to listen to him. When he at length succeeded in making them hear, he continued:

"In consideration for these inestimable services, I decree that the hump under the weight of which he has struggled so long shall be taken from his shoulders and hung upon the wall of yonder cliff; and that, if so pleases Providence, he may never more be burdened with it."

"At this a hundred elves seized upon the hump, cut the cords by which it was held in position, and carried it away in triumph, amid a tumult of enthusiasm.

"When the moon set, and the fairy festival was over, the jolly beggar made his way back to the city gate, wrapped himself in his cloak, and slept until morning. On awaking he was inclined to believe that his adventure of the night was all a dream. A consciousness of unwonted strength and elasticity surprised him, however; and soon the astonished exclamation of his neighbor across the way rendered 'assurance doubly sure'—his hump was indeed gone.

"Brother, I wish I were you!" cried the discontented beggar, with great energy.

"And his friend did not need to ask the reason this time, for he knew full well; but he generously began to think how he could help his less fortunate brother. To this end he told without hesitation whither the little man in green had led him, and how his good fortune had been brought about.

"Some night, if you follow the same path, I dare say you will come upon the selfsame company," he declared. "The little people are not very far advanced in their study of the days of the week; there is much left for you to teach them, and no doubt they will reward you likewise. But you must wait till the next full moon; for then only do they dance in the glen, I am told."

"Hm! hm!" grunted the discontented beggar; "nothing but moonshine!"

"He concluded to try, notwithstanding. A whole month was a long while to wait, and he spent it in a most envious frame of mind. The time drew to an end at last, and, following the directions of the jolly beggar, he set out, passed the brow of the hill, came upon the secluded glen, and caught the little people dancing in a merry round and singing gaily, 'Monday, Tuesday! Monday, Tuesday! Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday too!'

"Was there ever anything more ridiculous!" grumbled the discontented beggar, cynically. "They ought to go to the district school, instead of trying to learn in this kindergarten fashion. I've a mind to play a little joke on them. They will not know the difference, and the King will order the hump off my back in a twinkling." So when they next sang, 'And Wednesday too,' the silly fellow called out noisily, 'And Friday too!'

"Who's that spoiling our song?" exclaimed the Fairy King, angrily; for the voice of the discontented beggar had, from much croaking, grown harsh and discordant. Moreover, his Diminutive Majesty detected in its tones a false ring, which put him on his guard.

"Descrying the intruder, a party of elves dragged him before the throne of silver moonlight, and he found himself trying to make excuses for his presence among them; and complaining at some length how his neighbor, the jolly beggar, always had the best of everything. Seeing that the Fairy

King listened with apparent indulgence, he became self-confident, and, expecting to be relieved of his hump as a tribute to his wit, attempted to explain his little joke. Like most practical jokes, however, it met with scant appreciation from the intended victims.

“‘Caitiff!’ cried the King, in fury. ‘Do you call it fun to deceive? Would you teach us that Friday comes after Wednesday, when such is not the case? What punishment should be imposed upon one who would fain impose on us in this manner?’

“His Majesty drew himself up till he looked nearly twice his usual size; he paused, panting for breath, and glared about alarmingly. Suddenly he caught sight of the jolly beggar’s hump hanging upon the wall of the cliff. ‘Bring hither that pack!’ he commanded, in stentorian accents. The elves brought it with alacrity. ‘Strap it to the shoulders of the discontented beggar!’ thundered the irate monarch. The order was promptly obeyed.

“‘Know, wretch,’ continued the Fairy King, ‘that here everyone gets his deserts; for this is the place called “In the Long Run.” You have coveted your neighbor’s possessions. Well, take them now—the whole pack of sorrows and disappointments which your companion has borne so patiently. Take them, and learn that the envious man but doubles the burden which he is called upon to bear.’”

“That is a splendid story!” declared Celia, as her mother concluded. “Of course it is only ‘make believe’ though, mother? I know there are not *really* any fairies.”

“W—ell,” hesitated Mrs. Treanor, smiling; “at least it is not all ‘make believe,’ as you say. Perhaps we may call it a kernel of truth in a fairy nutshell.”

Celia never forgot this story; she often laughed over it. But more than this: whenever she caught a little feeling of envy creeping into her heart, she chased it away by saying to herself, “Dear me! I am getting like the discontented beggar.”

The True Philosopher’s Stone.

The Spanish painter Ribera was a man of quick wit and sound sense. One day two soldiers visited his studio, and amused themselves by a long discussion about the true philosopher’s stone—the wonderful object which would turn, at a touch, all baser metals into gold. Ribera grew weary of their presence at last; the conversation had become exceedingly tiresome, and also interfered with his work.

“My friends,” he said, “have the kindness to discontinue this present visit; and, in return, the next time you call I will show you how I use the philosopher’s stone which I possess.”

“This was news to the soldiers, who had been so sceptical in regard to the existence of such a wonder. You may be sure they lost no time in returning to the studio, where they expected to be invited into a mysterious laboratory and given a sight of the treasure. But Ribera, who was painting a picture of St. Jerome, motioned them to some chairs, and requested them to have patience until he finished his work. Then he said he would be most happy to fulfil his promise.

After a while the canvas was taken from the easel, and put into the hands of a servant with certain instructions. When the man returned he no longer had the picture, but instead of it handed his master a little paper roll. “At last!” whispered the soldiers to each other. Ribera carefully untied the parcel and took from it ten gold doubloons, which he threw upon the table, saying,

“You see, my friends, how I make gold: by my labor and in no other way. Know now that there is no true philosopher’s stone but diligence.”

The soldiers were indignant at what they considered a practical jest, and withdrew without remembering to bid the amiable artist farewell.

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To the Immaculate.

A Notable Anniversary.

BY THE REV. A. B. O'NEILL, C. S. C.

BY FLORA L. STANFIELD.

STAR of the Morning, whose splendor
 illumined
 Shadows that dark o'er the primal
 world lay,
 Still doth thy glory redeem the sad story
 Angels record of mankind day by day;
 Still art thou shining bright,
 Piercing the mists of night,
 Steadfastly gleaming o'er life's troubled sea;
 Gladly we hail thy ray,
 Hopeful the while we pray,
 "Virgin Immaculate, guide us to thee!"

Lily of Israel. Nature's ideal,
 Type the most perfect of woman most fair,
 Poets have hymned thee and painters have
 limned thee,
 Art knows no beauty with thine to compare.
 Lily all free from stain,
 Soul in whom Grace's reign
 Ne'er was disturbed by the shadow of sin;
 Virgin Immaculate,
 Teach us like thee to bate
 Aught save the glory that lies all within.*

* "All the glory of the king's daughter is within."
 Ps. xlv, 14.

SUFFERING in this world is in the case
 of sinners corrective or vindictive; in that
 of the children of God, purgatorial; in the
 case of Our Lady it was unitive.



FEW men of genius have
 deserved such a eulogy as
 Haydn pronounced on his
 friend Mozart:—"Posterity
 will have to wait a hundred
 years for another like him."
 Posterity has waited, but
 when has it seen another musician like the
 gentle Christian who yielded his soul to
 God just a century ago? There is none
 like him, none. The day of giants seems to
 have past. We have many clever pigmies—
 a universal diffusion of wit and learning,
 and an abundance of gifted mediocrity;
 but "there were giants in those days."

Probably there is not in all the long
 list of composers the record of a more
 blameless life than that lived by the author
 of the famous Requiem. Of trials he had
 his share, and the career begun so auspiciously
 was soon obscured by a myriad of
 clouds which threatened to hide the sun;
 but Mozart's sunny temper was unharmed,
 and his faith in the religion which was
 dearer than life itself to him never wavered.

In all the stories of precocious genius
 there is no name like his; yet he was far
 from being one of those infant monsters,
 who disgust and sadden while they com-

pel a doubtful kind of admiration. He was ever, until the very last, just a cheery, hearty child, with a child's warm and tender nature, playing his little games to the sound of music, and having a heart-ache when any of his friends were less cordial than usual. We can see him, when not seven years old, begging to be allowed to play a second part upon his little violin in a difficult concerted piece, which his father, a chief musician in Archbishop Sigismund's band, was to lead. The father, conquered by the lad's tears, finally said: "You may play, but very softly, so that no one will hear you." The leader waved his *bâton*, and pretty soon the second violinist laid down his instrument; for Wolfgang was playing his part for him, without missing a note, and forgetting all about "playing softly." As for the leader, we can well believe that he had tears of joy and wonder in his kind eyes.

That was the small beginning of a series of triumphs; Leopold Mozart taking his son, and little daughter Nannere as well, on long artistic tours, in which Wolfgang was overwhelmed with praise from kings and nobles, and a priest at Heidelberg giving him the name of "Wonder of God." He was composing all that time, and when only twelve years of age took a *bâton* almost as tall as himself, and conducted one of his own Masses in Vienna.

When at last they journeyed to Italy, a new world of delight was opened. In Naples the people could not believe that the child played of himself, and declared that he wore a magic ring. He was obliged to play without that ornament in order to convince them. His welcome in Rome was spontaneous and hearty. It was then forbidden to make public the score of the *Miserere* performed by the Papal choir in the Sistine Chapel during Holy Week; but our little German wrote it down after once hearing it,—a feat unprecedented in the history of music. The Pope gave him the Cross of the Order of the Golden Spur,

and called him Signor Cavaliere, which seemed very droll to him; for he was yet so small that he had to be lifted in order to salute the foot of St. Peter.

Although in blood a German, Italy was the true home of his soul, and he was doomed to a perpetual nostalgia for the rest of his existence. "You must let me go to Italy again," he wrote to his father in after years, "that I may renew my life."

After those enchanting years of travel he went back to Salzburg, his birthplace. But his friend the Archbishop was dead, and his successor and the young Mozart did not get on well together. So he resigned his place as court musician, and set out on his second grand tour; his mother with him this time, his father being too feeble to travel. But everything seemed changed. People would not overlook the trivial shortcomings of the young man, although they had lionized the boy; and he began to taste the bitterness of malicious criticism. He must have looked a strange little being at this time. His body was short and his head large, and the effect of this disproportion was heightened by the abundance of his fair hair.

Nothing in that nerve-destroying tour took his mind from the duties of religion. He writes, after a successful performance of one of his Spiritual Symphonies in Paris: "The moment it was over I went off in joy and told my Beads, as I had vowed."

In Paris, after two weeks of his devoted nursing, his mother died. His heart then turned homeward, and he followed its behest. He stopped at Munich to visit a young woman, Aloysia Weber, of whom he had become fond; but instead of giving him sympathy in his trouble, she treated him with marked disdain. In after years she gave the frivolous reason for her coldness, which was no more nor less than the fact that he wore, after the French fashion, a mourning coat of red, adorned with black buttons. "He did look so ridiculous!" explained Aloysia. We can but think of

the red-coated Oliver Goldsmith's visit to the bishop when we read this.

Wolfgang, however, saw nothing laughable in the incident, but was much hurt by the girl's conduct, and wrote to his father: "My heart is full of tears." Poor fellow! his heart and his eyes were often afflicted in that way. He lived to be glad of his escape, and married the young woman's sister Constance, who proved one of the most faithful and devoted wives with which exalted genius was ever blest. And her affection was returned. Mozart's love for her was founded upon the noblest sentiments. He says: "I never prayed so fervently or received the Sacrament so piously as when by her side. And she felt the same."

From this time Mozart's life was intimately connected with Vienna, and there he established his very modest household, but while his undying compositions were being given to the world, the young husband and wife were often cold and hungry. A friend once found them dancing about the room in order to keep warm.

There would be grave impropriety in attempting to number or name, in this necessarily abbreviated sketch, the works of this master of the divine art; but one must perforce be mentioned, in referring to the strangest and saddest incident in that short life which was so soon to end—or, recalling the harmonies of heaven, should we not say was to begin?

He and the faithful Constance were at their wit's ends. All that could be earned only sufficed to keep the most savage of the wolves of want away. One day a strange-looking man, lank of body and severe of visage, called and handed Mozart a letter, which proved to be an order for a Requiem Mass, the composer to take his time and set his price. He consulted his wife; and when the messenger returned for an answer, he was informed that such a service as he required would be worth fifty ducats. The stranger handed out that amount on the spot, promising a similar sum upon the

completion of the Requiem; and warning Mozart that all attempts to discover his identity would be unavailing.

There was really no mystery about the matter: the caller being only a vain nobleman, who wished to buy Mozart's work and pass it off as his own; but in the composer's nervous state he seemed a visitant from the other world. "The Requiem is for me!" he kept insisting to his disturbed and frightened wife. The day before he died he asked in some friends, then called for the score of his Requiem, now nearly done. Together they sang it, he himself beating time with his thin hand, and taking the alto part in a voice almost inaudible. When they reached the *Lacrymosa*, his strength gave out, and he motioned to his wife to take away the music. The next day, December 5, 1791, he passed from earth. One who was at his death-bed says: "It is impossible for me to describe with what an expression of utter wretchedness his devoted wife cast herself on her knees and called on the Almighty for aid."

The people who loved him passed before the house and wept; others came to preserve the image of that pale face in a death mask of plaster. There was but little money for the burial, and a common grave had to be selected. Mass was said at St. Stephen's, and the little cortege proceeded to the cemetery. At its gates an awful storm drove the friends back. When Constance arose from her sick bed and went to find her husband's grave, the record of it, by a most distressing blunder of the sexton and others, had been lost. But what does that matter now? After the lapse of a hundred years he is more truly alive than when he was stumbling along amid the briars and dangers which often so sadly beset the path of genius.

It only remains to say that Mozart was a faithful Catholic and servant of the Blessed Virgin even unto death; and to quote, in refutation of certain calumnies, his words to Sebastian Bach, who had

been lamenting, with true Protestant fervor, that the skill of so many painters and musicians was enlisted in what he called the "fruitless and mind-destroying subjects of the Church." To this Mozart made answer:

"With you, enlightened Protestants, as you call yourselves, when all your religion is the religion of the head, there may be some truth in this; but with us it is otherwise. You do not at all feel the meaning of the words, '*Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi, dona nobis pacem.*' But when one has from his earliest childhood been introduced into the sanctuary of our religion, and attended its services with fervor, and called those happy who knelt at the touching strains of the '*Agnus Dei,*' and received Holy Communion, while the music, gushing in tender joy from the hearts of the faithful, said '*Benedictus qui venit*'; and when now these words, heard a thousand times, are placed before one to be set to music, it all returns and stirs the very soul within him."

Another's Burden.

III.—(Continued.)

LOYSA passed the entire night in the same attitude, with her child pressed close to her bosom. When she awoke at daybreak, she was so sore and feeble that Julia compelled her to lie down. The old woman herself, spurred on by eager forethought, went out very early. She first hastened to the parish church, where the vicar always said a Mass at dawn, in order that the vintagers might assist at the Holy Sacrifice before going to their labor. After Mass, when the priest was investing in the sacristy, she entered and accosted him.

The vicar was an old man, who had been sent to this poor parish in his youth, and who had not wished to exchange it

later on for a better one. He had married Julia and baptized Michael. He had often addressed paternal reprimands to the latter, who neglected his religious duties; and had warned his mother that she would have cause to regret the blind indulgence which she showed to her son; but he had not thought of so terrible a chastisement as had befallen them, and to-day he forbore any useless recriminations. He simply said:

"Well, Julia, how are the children?"

"They are a little tired, but, thank God, not sick. We reached home last night, and I am come to ask you whether you know any one in the village who has need of a servant to work by the day. The little money that we had is gone, and there are five of us."

"I will speak to all the farmholders. In the meanwhile let Jules come to the presbytery. Do you also wait for me there. You will find some milk for the smallest of the children; I have also a bag of chestnuts and some maize. I will do all I can for you. I am not rich, however, and you must count on Providence. Take heart; God is good."

IV.

Reader, have you ever visited the galleys? There are among modern writers some very humane gentlemen, who, especially after dinner, push their charity further than that of the Gospel; who, viewing all convicts through the medium of a philanthropy stimulated by generous wine, can see in those criminals angels pure as snow. It would appear from their discourse that assassins, robbers, incendiaries, are simply the unfortunate victims of our unjust laws. Society is a cruel stepmother, who has nothing but chains with which to reward great and heroic virtues, which she can not comprehend. In the transports of their magnanimous indignation, it would seem that these visionaries are almost ready to advocate the incarceration of honest citizens, and the freeing of those who meditate nothing but the violation of the laws.

God forbid that we should ever invoke hatred or execration on the unfortunate wretches who expiate in those terrestrial purgatories the crimes which have sullied their lives! Far from us to add our maledictions to the weight that is already crushing them down. Despite the reforms that have been accomplished, the galleys are still an abode of horrors; and we sincerely trust that legislators will eventually succeed in paralyzing crime and in rendering it powerless without the aid of prisons, chains or balls.

Yet when one has passed an hour in the galleys, when one has witnessed the cynicism of those miscreants, and has thought of their victims, one must have a very lively charity to pity them. You are seized with disgust—a disgust mixed with horror and indignation,—and are almost tempted to accuse the laws of criminal weakness and senseless indulgence.

An unknown priest had entered the galleys at Marseilles. From the air of kindness that surrounded his visage as with an aureola, from the gentleness of his tones, from the unction of his words, and the complacency with which he stopped by each convict to question and console him, it was easy to see that neither morbid curiosity nor cynical indifference to the fate of the slaves had led him thither. As a natural result, he was listened to with respect.

We must add that as a general rule the chaplains are well received. The reason is that they alone seem to lose sight of the degradation of the convicts. These miserable beings feel themselves spurned and condemned by the rest of men: their guards treat them with harshness; their companions in the chain-gang are often enemies and sometimes spies; and strangers who visit them are not always careful to conceal the repulsion which they experience in looking upon these human wild beasts. On the other hand, the chaplain has for the convicts only words of compassion and pardon. He styles them his brothers, rehabil-

itates them in their own eyes, and appears to them as an angel of mercy and the veritable ambassador of the good God.

“Why are you here, my friend?” asked the priest of whom we have spoken, as he laid his hand on the shoulder of a hardened-looking prisoner, about forty years of age.

“Oh, I don’t know; for I’m not guilty! I found a bag of guineas lying in the safe of a miserly old lord. In default of a key I had opened the safe with a crowbar. I’d like to know if I deserved *eight years* for a little thing like that!”

“I,” answered another, “am just about as much a criminal as you are. I was a physician, and was frequently called to attend rich old people who couldn’t make up their minds to die. When their heirs asked me to help them out of this wicked world, I did so.”

“I have killed no one,” said a third. “Yet those fools in court have sent me here, as though I had done something awful. The whole trouble with me was that my uncle had left me his heir, and my parents would not recognize the genuineness of the signature to the will. They bribed the judges, and here I am. But I defy them to get at the money; I buried it too safely for that.”

“I can understand,” said still another, “that murderers and thieves should be sent to the galleys; but what have *I* done to be placed here?” His crime was one of the most revolting of immoralities.

All—incendiaries, forgers, poisoners—acknowledged the most execrable crimes with a tranquil carelessness that made the priest shudder. From the *naïveté* of their avowals, he concluded that they had no sense of the enormity of the evils which they had committed, and that the only thing in connection with their misdeeds which they regretted was the punishment now being endured therefor. It is undeniable that in many of those habitual criminals the voice of conscience had been completely stifled. Their souls, deprived of

moral intelligence, resembled the bodies of those who are physically deformed, and can no longer walk like the rest of mankind.

The ecclesiastic had need of such reflections to prevent him from holding the prisoners in aversion, and to enable him to see in them his fellows and brothers. He pursued his way among them, with a kindly word and glance to each. Convicts are frequently torn with a remorse that allows them no respite, but they take a species of pride in wearing a bold face and making light of their sufferings.

The priest found only one with a gloomy brow, and despair depicted on his features. Approaching him, and judging that this prisoner at least was not thoroughly corrupt, he resolved to converse with him.

"What is your name, my friend?"

"My friend? Friend!" repeated the man to himself. It seemed to the kind priest as if a light came into the convict's strong and dark countenance at this word, and that a tear, half kept back, had moistened his eyes. Then, after some moments of hesitation, he told his name.

"Michael Frayno, of Soubéros, near Aix, in Provence."

"Have you been here long?"

"Only about a month. That is nothing in comparison with the fifteen years I am doomed to spend here; yet already I have exhausted all my patience and courage."

"You do not look as though you were evil-minded. In consequence of what outbreak of passion did you come to be condemned?"

"O sir, I do not say that I am innocent! No, I am a guilty wretch; my punishment is deserved, and I do not murmur against it. I am tortured, however, at the thought of my family—my poor old mother, my wife and children, who are undergoing privations and miseries more severe than my own chastisement."

"I understand you. Your work was necessary for their support. Well, have confidence; the providence of God is in-

exhaustible. I have no purse, but I will endeavor to interest some charitable persons in their welfare."

An expression of joy, gratitude and confusion overspread the convict's face. At first there was an evident doubt, as if he feared some sort of trick or joke were intended, or expected to wake suddenly from a dream. But when he looked at the sweet, grave countenance of the priest again, all doubt was banished, and he realized that he had found a friend.

"Ah, that would be too good!—that would be too much! It is impossible to expect it," said the convict.

"Nothing is impossible, my friend, where there is trust in Divine Providence. Your poor old mother, your wife and children shall not want."

"I will owe you my life if you save my dear ones, Father. May the Blessed Virgin reward your kindness a hundredfold! From the moment when my children are removed from the danger of starvation, my chains will lose all their heaviness."

The language of the galley-slave surprised the priest more and more, and he continued the conversation.

"You do well, my friend, to invoke our Blessed Lady; she will give you resignation, and resignation alleviates even the worst miseries."

"I am worthy only of contempt and scorn."

"Everyone, my friend, must expiate his crimes either in this world or the next; and those who voluntarily do penance during their life will have a less rigorous account to render to God when comes the last great day. God will see your repentance; and your sufferings, by purifying your soul, will win for you an eternal reward. Have you been to confession lately?"

"Not since coming here. You are the first priest I have seen. I am prepared, however, if you will kindly hear me."

"Very well; this evening, then. And now," continued the chaplain, in order to

divert the convict's mind, "tell me by what fatal conjuncture of circumstances did you incur your guilt?" He knew that the recital would be a relief.

"I nearly killed a man, Father."

"Ah! That is a great sin assuredly. Since you are not condemned for life, however, the judges evidently did not deem you undeserving of leniency."

"If you have leisure to listen, Father, I will tell you my whole story. I don't think we shall leave the port this morning, so I shall have time to do so."

The priest drew up his cloak, and seated himself on the bench by the side of the convict. The latter wiped his brow, and, fixing his eyes on his new-found friend with an expression of gratitude, respect, love and humility impossible to describe, began his sad tale.

(To be continued.)

Our Lady's Council.*

(Commemorative of December 8, 1869.)

BY EDMUND OF THE HEART OF MARY, C. P.

THERE came an hour, and words† were utter'd then

That live to-day and echo evermore.

ONE spoke them to a knot of simple men,

Who simply took the simple sense they bore:

A promise—such as never tongue or pen

Of sage oracular had made before;

And a design no wisdom could have plann'd,

Save His who holds the nations in His hand.

"Thou callest me the Christ, the Son of God:

And blessèd art thou, Simon, son of John!

Thy knowledge cometh not of flesh and blood,

But 'tis my Father's gift to thee alone.

And I, a builder against wind and flood,‡

* First published (in the *Catholic World*) at the opening of the Council; but since rewritten, and with two additional stanzas.

† St. Matt., xvi, 18.

‡ Ibid., vii, 25.

Say, Thou art Peter—Rock and Corner-stone,
My Second Self.* Nor shall the gates of Hell
O'erthrow my Church thus wisely based and
well."

Had less than God so spoken, he had been

The wildest of all dreamers. What! to make
A poor rude fisher—who had never seen

A gloom upon his Galilean lake,

But fear'd the menace of its boding mien—

A rock no surge should overwhelm, no tempest
shake:

The baffled ages foaming at its feet

The broken malice of their ceaseless beat!

God saith, and who shall gainsay? Devils first;

Then fools, their ready dupes. To these, for-
sooth,

Has seem'd it ever degradation's worst,

To own the gentle majesty of truth;

Since came the Church to free a world accurst,

And heal its heartache, and renew its youth:

A spring to thaw the universal frost—

Fire-dower'd from her natal Pentecost.

Error must needs inerrancy defy

That will not cede its dear delusions breath

(For how should truth be "liberal" to a lie,

Nor offer God an honorable death?):

And so along the ages rolls a cry—

The din of onset at the gates of faith:

'Tis Arius now, now Luther, heads the fray,

Or bristles up the hydra of to-day.

And patient Rome sits victor over all:

Her strength in seeming feebleness increased.

She smiles to hear "the storm against the
wall" †

And lavish'd names of "harlot" and of
"beast,"

And prophets raving of her speedy fall:

While Satan counts his losses with at least

The joy that such solidity of rock

Draws none the fewer to the fatal shock.

Press on, close in, ye serried ranks of hell!

Still marshalling the might ye think to bow.

Was ever Holy Church, do records tell,

More one, more conscious, more herself,
than now?

The Chair of Peter when belov'd so well?

* St. Augustine calls St. Peter Our Lord's *alter ego*—second self.

† Is., xxv, 4.

Or when a Pontiff of serener brow?
 He calls, earth hears; responsive from all
 lands,
 Around its Chief a mitred army stands!
 And they who trembled, and had been content
 To scorn with quiet mirth a voice so weak,
 Are forced, they find, to yield their panic vent.
 "Another Trent!" rings out the indignant
 shriek:
 "This nineteenth century, another Trent!"
 'Tis not so sweet to have the Master speak
 When passion, weary of His peaceful sway,
 No longer deems it freedom to obey.

But speak He will—the blessed words of life.
 How welcome to the soul that thirsts to know,
 Or views alarm'd the too successful strife
 Of earth with heaven—truth's ebb and
 error's flow!

We murmur thro' our tears, "Decay is rife!
 The sound, the old, the sacred—all will go!"
 Fond fear! A fall let faithless thrones expect:
 Christ's kingdom stands: He garners His elect.
 The Serpent writhes (his last convulsions these)
 Beneath the foot that tramples his crush'd
 head.

O Lady, worker of thy Son's decrees!
 Thy Rome, thy Pontiff, trust thee. Deign to
 shed

Thy gracious light, lone Star of troubled seas,
 At whosesweet ray the ancient darkness fled!
 The Serpent writhes beneath thee. Deign to
 show

He is indeed the Woman's vanquish'd foe!

Thy Pontiff trusts thee—most of Pontiffs thine.
 For thee he calls this Council, in an hour
 Momentous. He has taught us, at the shrine
 Of thy Conception, that its peerless dower
 Of grace preventive is a truth divine.

Put forth, O Queen, put forth thy royal
 power—

And with a splendor all the world may see—
 To crown the Pontiff who has thus crown'd thee!
 To-day we hail thy victory, and claim

Thy prayer omnipotent. Nor let it rise
 For us alone, that boast to love thy name;

But those, unhappy, that have dar'd despise.
 Who came for them, not less by *thee* He came:

Thro' *thee* must break unclouded to their eyes.
 Ah, Mother's Heart! How long, then, wilt thou
 wait

Till all thy children sing "IMMACULATE"?

Traces of Travel.

MERRY ENGLAND.

BY CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

X.—STRATFORD.

A SMALL station in a heavy mist; some
 trees scattered about here and there, as
 if lost in the dense weather; a street lead-
 ing up toward a village of no special dis-
 tinction, so far as I could judge at the first
 glance—and this was Stratford-upon-Avon.
 I failed to discover anything very familiar
 along the street as I walked to the Red
 Horse Inn. Everywhere there were houses
 that looked much as if Shakespeare had
 been born there—or should have been born
 there, at all events. They were rather
 pretty externally, and seemed to have been
 turned wrong-side-out; for all the beams
 and plaster were out of doors, and I won-
 dered what they had left to make the
 inwards of. There was a coach bound for
 the Red Horse Inn; and a small sign on
 the coach door gave notice to the traveller
 that this was Washington Irving's tavern,
 much frequented by Americans and Eng-
 lishmen. I had learned all this before; had
 been posted as to the number of Irving's
 room, so that I might ask for it the moment
 I arrived. But I chose to walk through
 Stratford like a true pilgrim, rather than
 ride like any commercial traveller who has
 no soul above his business, such as some
 of us are proud to confess is our case.

I was constantly in fear of coming upon
 Shakespeare's birthplace before I was ready
 to see it. I wanted it to dawn upon me like
 a revelation. When I saw that house and
 crossed its threshold, it was my business
 to feel in my inmost soul that I at last
 stood face to face with a truth that never
 dies—to wit: that Will Shakespeare once
 lived, and that he was Will Shakespeare
 spite of his traducers; and at that moment

I expected to see the scandalous Baconian theory crumble to dust—and mighty fine dust, too! So I shut my eyes to everybody and everything, and went all wrong, and came very near not finding the Red Horse Inn at all.

I was a full half hour getting over the five minutes' drive to the station; and when I came at last to the Inn, it wasn't an astonishing inn, and I said to myself: "I won't be so very much of an American as to look for Irving's room, for it is late and I am tired; I'll take what offers, and be thankful that I have come to hand after all this trouble." So I went in like the least of sight-seers, and was led off by a porter who didn't look at all sentimental; but, after a brief interview with the landlady at the top of the stairs, he showed me to No. 15, and said in the most sympathetic manner: "You are very lucky, sir: this is the room Washington Irving slept in, and some people have asked to sleep on the floor here." I think I was grateful, but I know I didn't show it. This public demand on a fellow's emotions is beginning to freeze me up. I feel less and less inclined to "gush" the more I am appealed to. It is hard to gush on the spot without repeating oneself to a tedious extent, anyway; and a gentle smile is as good as a volume of adjectives, so long as your blood leaps a little and you feel a kind of tingling sensation all up and down your spine.

Irving's room is a small one, with a bed that half fills it, and a quantity of bed curtains that give a stately air to a chamber that might otherwise prove quite ineffective. A little upholstery tastefully arranged helps out a tradition amazingly.

It was a lucky hour when I came to Stratford; there were few people about, and I therefore had it mostly to myself. Slept in that Irving bed; ate alone in the Irving sitting-room; sat at table in the Irving chair, with a silver plate in the back of it bearing an appropriate inscription. One arm of this chair was broken off and lay

on the cushion. I wonder that no worshipping of the chaste old school of sweet and placid English had not run off with this relic. It was the right arm also, and Irving's fingers must have played on it as he sat by the fire in the Red Horse Inn and dreamed his dream of Stratford. By the way, [if that arm is missing in the future, know all men by these presents that I didn't take it!

Having eaten and drunk, it was time to look for Shakespeare. Of course I would not ask to be shown to his house. Not I. Something was sure to lead me thither. Stratford is a mere village. A man may walk all over it in an hour or two. Why ask for places which have been familiar to the eye since childhood, by reason of books, photographs, paintings, cork and verbal descriptions? It was the task of an hour only to thread these quiet streets, and at the end of the hour I was hopelessly lost. I had thrice passed the house without recognizing it. The man who hopes to realize his dreams of Stratford on the "smooth-flowing Avon" had better stay at home and nurse his hope.

As for that house where Shakespeare was born, there is scarcely a trace of it left. The outer walls are partly retained, but the front is by no means the old front. It is a dreadfully new-looking house. I thought it quite a modern structure, and scarcely gave it a glance as I passed and repassed it. It looks as fresh as the houses that are built every day in the same fashion all over England; it smells of varnish and new paint. I could no longer accuse myself of cowardice when I stood at the door and rang the bell—as directed in the placard that is fastened to the door-chain,—and felt no sort of emotion save that of the deepest disappointment.

While I was waiting to be admitted, some few people passed me, and we exchanged sympathetic glances. They had been through with all this business long before, but they still remembered the hours

when they stood there and pulled that bell-chain, and for this reason we exchanged our glances of recognition. A pleasant lady, in a fine merino shawl, came from the next cottage, passed through the garden, entered the Shakespeare house and admitted me. I stood in the middle of the main room, feeling a little dazed; and she showed me the fragmentary evidences of the mysterious life that has delighted and baffled the world. The many portraits, mostly bad, and no two alike; the one splendid picture of incredible value, set in an iron safe that is sunk in the wall,—this one picture is said to have been painted from life. Spinal column spoke for itself, or tried to, at the delicious thought. The many editions of the poems and plays; the illustrations of the text by various masters; the ring found in the garden; the cast of the original cast, but not the genuine article. Still, it was a little thrilling, and I wished the lady in the shawl would leave me alone for half an hour with all those treasures and my own thoughts. But not she! She told me many things that didn't interest me; and we came at last to that old desk where Will sat at school, and here I dropped something. I think it was a certain poetical spirit that was born in me, but I dropped it now. Had I been alone I would have hugged that ugly, hacked, clumsy old desk tenderly. I wanted to do something. So I coughed to myself, and began looking at the many curious objects collected in the house, and fancied that the shawl-lady would not see how easily I had melted at the sight of that desk. I wish I had kissed it and got a sliver in my thumb at the same moment.

The whole truth as to the house is that the partitions are down and the ceilings up. There is nothing of the atmosphere of truth or honesty left there. Could the immortal take on his mortality for an hour and cross that threshold in the flesh, I don't believe he would recognize his home; and it is a sin and a shame that it has been

allowed to pass into a mere side-show, undergoing its annual repairs and renovations, and that it takes sixpence per head to see it.

I didn't care much for the garden about the house. It didn't seem to belong there. I wanted the old butcher stall by the porch, and the smell of meat and the sagging roof. I looked for it elsewhere. Up one of the Stratford streets stands the school-house. The walls are of stone, and have been left in their original state through all this great age of progression and improvement. School-children still gather under the roof that sheltered the youthful Shakespeare; and no doubt his eyes have wandered up and down the street while his heart played truant, as he went, with satchel over shoulder, to his tasks. The school was out when I sought the place. No one seemed to know how I might get a glimpse of the interior, for the Dominie was away and the door locked.

I passed into an inner court, through an arch in the building, and rang at the door of a house which looked as though it might belong to the establishment. A sleepy maid answered the door, but professed utter ignorance of the existence of any school in the neighborhood. I was about to leave the premises, believing I had been duped by some dream, when she bethought herself of an old man in the next court who might know something on the school question. I hammered at his door, and finally was bidden enter. Enter Shakespearean inquisitor to dreadful old man, picking a chicken on a deal board, the only piece of furniture in the room. I asked my same old question; got a blank stare and a whiff of moist feathers. The old fellow approached me, fowl in hand, and I was half inclined to retreat. Again I asked for some clue to the mystery of the school-house, and then I was told that I must 'speak up if I would be heard,' for the man was deaf. I bellowed all I knew of the school and of Will's association with

it, and paused for a reply. It came in the shape of a great key as long as my forearm, and with this I was directed to explore for myself. Gladly I did so.

Alone in the long room at twilight, on the very floor where his restless feet waited impatiently the hour of deliverance from book and birch. Alone between the walls that shut in his young spirit before it could have known how great, how surpassingly glorious, was to be its future flight. Alone under the roof that shut out the sunshine from the heart that was all sunshine; between the windows through which his eyes looked and saw the shaping shadows in the clouds—to all of which he ultimately gave voices that speak now as clearly as in the days when his bones had marrow,—the bones that have been dust these centuries. It was good to be there then and thus.

Back I went to the old man in his cell; and lo! the fowl was stark naked, and the place more ghostly than before. When I put down my coppers—and most cheerfully, for my last experience had been profitable to me,—he pushed them aside with a hand that was fledged like a weak old chicken, and bade me go in peace.

All along those Stratford streets the little shops were lighted; and in most of the windows were busts of Shakespeare, and copies of the half-length bust in the chancel where he lies buried. There were photographs and guide-books, and carved wood for keepsakes; and tea-sets with his life-story told in shocking pictures on every cup, such as would take away a sensitive man's appetite. There was a shoeshop with a swinging sign, and on this sign this legend: "W. Shakespeare, shoemaker." And in another street was the name of Miss Delia Shakespeare, whom I found to be a slim spinster, "licensed to sell tobacco on the premises." Perhaps Miss Delia has put off her loves that she may go to her grave bearing that precious name. Her tobacco is fair to middling; but it is pleas-

ant to smoke a pipe of peace in Stratford, and to have had your pipe filled at the store of Miss Shakespeare.

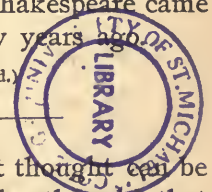
Irving's room is rather jolly this morning. I think I will get to bed and dream a sketch book, though I never write one; and to-morrow Anne Hathaway's cottage, and the end of this strange, eventful history. Fortunately, there is always something left for to-morrow, let us see what we may in the hour. As Shakespeare says: "To-morrow and to-morrow and to-morrow"—what is the rest of it?

Stratford ravel out in the broad meadows that surround it; you get to the last house in a walk of a few minutes, and are immediately in the deep green English country, that is fresh and fragrant even in mid-winter. The omnipresent flocks of sheep whiten the low hillocks; and these gentle, stupid creatures are all that relieve the peaceful monotony of the landscape. There are clusters of trees, such as one finds in every country—for trees are trees all the world over, and somehow bear such a strong family likeness that it makes little difference what their dress or shape may be; but it is not every land that is so nourishing as this, nor every hillock that is whitened with fleecy clouds like these.

A few low-eaved, densely-thatched cottages stand out alone in the meadows; a narrow trail, well-gravelled—which looks like business,—leads past these country homes; and before one has begun to settle himself for a good long walk, the houses begin to thicken, walls cut the pastures into moderately large gardens, and there are gates across the path; this is the edge of the village of Shottery, where Anne Hathaway lived, and whither Will Shakespeare came to woo her ever so many years ago.

(To be continued.)

It is only by labor that thought can be made healthy, and only by thought that labor can be made happy.—*Ruskin.*



An Early Champion of the Immaculate Conception.

BY WILLIAM D. KELLY.

ALTHOUGH the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin did not become an obligatory article of the Catholic creed until after its definition as a dogma of faith by the illustrious Pius IX., abundant traditional testimony, as all her clients are aware, proves that her spotless nativity was accepted as a matter of fact from the very dawn of Christianity; and innumerable evidences of that popular belief are to be found in the writings of the Fathers of the first ages of the Church.

One of the earliest defenders of Our Lady's singular prerogatives was St. Ildefonso, a learned Benedictine monk of the monastery of Agaliense, situated in the suburbs of Toledo, of which historic Spanish city this great Saint subsequently became the archbishop. From a life of our holy prelate written by Fra Flores, an erudite Austin friar, who at one time presided over the Royal College of Alcala, we learn that he succeeded Archbishop Eugenius, whose disciple he was, in the See of Toledo toward the end of the year 657; that his administration covered a period of nine years and two months; and that his death occurred in 667, on the 23d of January, on which day the Church commemorates him at her altars.

St. Ildefonso, we are furthermore told, always exhibited the tenderest devotion for the Blessed Virgin, in praise of whose surpassing virtues and graces he wrote much and spoke often. His most celebrated work, in fact—and, beside his continuation of the "Catalogue of Illustrious Men," begun by St. Isidore, he composed several other valuable books,—is a treatise on "The Virginity of the Mother of God," wherein he not only defends the Blessed

Virgin from the calumnies of certain individuals who, in his day, endeavored to resurrect the falsehoods of Helvidius and Jovinian, but also claims that her whole life, from the moment of her Immaculate Conception to the hour of her glorious Assumption, was free from the faintest shadow of the slightest sin. In addition to this treatise the saintly prelate wrote a number of letters and sermons in praise of Our Lady's privileges; several of the latter appearing in Fra Flores' biography, while some of the letters are to be found in Cardinal d'Aguirra's "Collection of the Councils of Spain."

For his zeal in her cause, and his defence of her virtues, the Immaculate Queen deigned to reward St. Ildefonso by sending St. Casilda, one of the patronesses of Toledo, to pay him a high compliment in the presence of the King and his court. In order that there might be no doubt of the truth of the apparition, and for the greater glory of the Blessed Virgin, the Archbishop, so the Spanish legend runs, called to the King to lend him the jewelled knife the monarch wore in his girdle, and with it he cut off a piece of St. Casilda's veil; which fragment, together with the King's knife, has ever since been sacredly preserved in the cathedral at Toledo.

And, not content with this signal mark of her favor, the Immaculate Mother subsequently appeared in person to the holy prelate while he was celebrating Mass in the cathedral, and threw over his shoulders a garment of wondrous beauty; leaving also the impress of her blessed feet on a stone of the sanctuary floor, which, though well worn since by the attrition of pious lips, is still shown in one of the cathedral chapels. The vestment which the Virgin gave the Archbishop no longer remains at Toledo, however. It was taken to Oviedo for safe-keeping when Toledo, later on, was threatened with a Moorish invasion; and the people of that city having once gained possession of the sacred relic, could not be

induced to part with it; so that the reluctant inhabitants of Toledo were compelled to leave it with them. The relics of St. Leocadia, the martyr, were also taken to Oviedo when St. Ildefonso's vestment was carried thither; and from Oviedo they were subsequently conveyed to the Abbey of St. Guislain, near Mons, in Hainault, whence, through the instrumentality of Philip II., they were, in 1589, brought back to Toledo with great pomp and ceremony, and deposited anew in the cathedral.

Deprived of Our Lady's gift to Archbishop Ildefonso, the pious people of Toledo determined to replace it, as far as they could, by bestowing a magnificent robe on her statue in the cathedral. Accordingly they ordered a garment made of the costliest satin; and this they embroidered so closely with diamonds, emeralds, topazes and other precious stones, that the texture of the cloth was completely concealed by the gems. This magnificent robe, which is justly considered one of the greatest treasures of the cathedral, is only used on great festivals, such as the Immaculate Conception, when, clad in its dazzling sheen and holding a golden image of her Divine Son in her arms, Our Lady's statue is placed upon a silver pedestal and borne in triumph through the streets of the city.

Naturally, devotion to the Blessed Virgin flourishes apace in the historic city over which the saintly Ildefonso once presided as chief pastor. Long before the dogma of the Immaculate Conception had been defined, a common mode of salutation there was "*Ave Maria Purissima*," to which the proper rejoinder was "*Sin Pecado Concebida*." Instead of knocking at a door you wished to enter, you exclaimed, loudly enough to be heard inside, "*Ave Maria Purissima*"; and if from within came the response, "*Sin Pecado Concebida*," you might enter without further formality. In some hotels the salutation and its answer were painted on the outside of the room doors; and they were used by all classes

of the people, even unbelievers in Our Lady's spotless birth being obliged to employ them in order to obtain recognition or attendance.

In conclusion, it may be noted that the name of this early champion of the Immaculate Virgin is borne by one of the oldest collegiate establishments of our Western World—to wit, the renowned Colegio de San Ildefonso, in the city of Mexico, which was founded by the Jesuits in 1575, nearly a century before the Massachusetts Bay Legislature granted a charter to Harvard University.

A Sick Call at Night.

I WAS roused out of my sleep the other night by a loud noise outside the gate. I raised the window and listened. There was the noise of voices and of footfalls; and soon a knocking—quick, violent knocking—took place. My senses were all confused, yet I hastened to find out what was wrong.

"O Father, my father is dying! Will you hurry, for the love of God! He got a fit—he's dying!" And the messengers began to weep aloud.

It took me some seconds before I could understand what was going on, I was so confused from being taken suddenly out of a deep sleep. I looked at the clock: it was half-past one, and I had been sleeping only a short time.

"Very well," I said; "I will be with you in a moment."

We went out through the fields. The moon was still in the sky, and a soft breeze beat on our faces. As I looked at the moon I began to think how quietly all God's works go on, whether we are beholding them or not; and I thought what a world of wondrous beauty is revealed outside, while we are in our beds.

The two boys, I noticed, lagged behind;

they must have run when coming for me, and were now tired. I could see their dark figures when I turned back; and, far as they were from me, I could hear, in the calm night, the cough of one,—a cough that seemed to tell of consumption.

Soon I saw female forms on the way.

"Is that Willie?" they asked. "Is that John?"

"No," I answered: "it is I."

"O Father, he's dead!—our poor father is dead!" And a long, low, suppressed wail escaped her.

"Whisht, Mary Anne! whisht! Here is Willie." And the sister went over to meet her brother as he came up.

"O Willie," she cried, "he's gone!"

A heartrending cry from the young man broke on the stillness of the night.

"O Willie, don't!" pleaded the sister, between her sobs. "O Willie, don't! You will kill mamma."

He checked his cries, and we moved toward the house. A simple incident will show how confused they were. One of the younger children, a little girl of about ten or eleven, came over near me, and, putting her hand through my arm, leaned on me, as if I had been her elder sister. Of course I said nothing to the poor child. What *could* I say?

When we went into the house all began to cry together. I stood in the midst of a group as sad as ever I beheld. Death had come as a double stroke,—death, ever terrific, was here swift and sudden and unprovided for.

"O Father," the mother cried, "our prop is gone! What shall we do?"

"Mother, don't weep so; oh, don't!" her daughters pleaded.

"Whisht, mamma!" said her youngest girl, in piteous tones; but with the poor mother's cry they all burst out, almost without control.

I suggested that we kneel down and pray for the dead. Twice while we were praying the poor mother fell off her knees,

and her head *thudded* on the sanded floor. At the second swoon we arose and put her in a sitting posture. I never felt how little we are in presence of strong emotion as at that moment. I saw that it would be of no use trying to restrain their grief, and that it was better nature should take its course. So, after saying some words of consolation, I turned to go home.

The white, fair moon was still shining in the heavens. I could see my shadow on the ground moving along in company with me. The soft breeze blew on my back. I had not gone far when something moved me to look behind. Figures appeared on the white road, as if they had filed out from the humble cottage; and a chorus of sorrow went up, in which a woman's voice was leader, that seemed to pierce the clouds, and that certainly re-echoed in the hollow basin of land all around. It was an awful cry, and never to be forgotten. I stood on the road and looked up to heaven, craving in dumb show for pity and peace for those who were so terribly stricken. As I walked slowly on my way home, the light breeze every now and again brought me a fresh burst of sorrow from that house of woe. Christ save us all from such a cross!

He was ill only from nightfall, and they thought nothing of it. Not for years have I witnessed anything so sudden and so sad as that death. I could not sleep when I got home for thinking of that Hill of Calvary; for every such Christian home is a Calvary in its own way.

There is a sadness over me still. The bright sunshine warms but it does not enliven me to-day. The birds sing, the rabbits sit still and hearken with ears erect for a moment, and then pop, pop, to their holes; the green leaves glance and quiver; soft breezes blow, and fleecy clouds float in the blue firmament; but for once I am indifferent to all I see around me. My heart is heavy. Human sorrow is a sacred thing. But praise be to God for His will!

R. O. K.

A Precious Privilege.

THE love of Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament has ever been the distinctive mark of deep, loyal faith. In Catholic doctrine the Real Presence holds a unique place: it is the mystery around which all the others group themselves, and its glory sheds a radiance over them. "All doctrines lead to it; all devotions are united and satisfied in it." In the Holy Eucharist the Blessed Sacrament becomes the food and nourishment of our souls; in the tabernacle it is the object of our adoration; when borne in procession, we worship the Body and Blood of the Man-God; and our hearts and voices sing the *Lauda Sion*, while hosts of angels hover near in rapturous love. All the rites of the Church are most beautiful, most consoling; but there is one which by many is looked upon with indifference, or at least without that high appreciation it merits—namely, the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

"As sons might come before a parent at night," wrote Cardinal Newman, "so once or twice a week the great Catholic family comes before the Eternal Father after the bustle and toil of the day; and He smiles upon them, and sheds upon them the light of His countenance." Such is Benediction—the smile and blessing of God. In the monstrance Jesus Christ is our King, and surely we owe Him allegiance; He is our Father, and we owe Him our gratitude; He is our Friend, and we owe Him our love. We read in the sacred writings of the value attached to a father's blessing, and do we not ourselves know how the sweet unction of a loving parent's hand upon our bowed head sank into the depths of our hearts? Jesus waits for us; and as we bend before His throne, His blessing falls upon us as soft rain on the parched earth.

We envy the little children who drew near our Blessed Saviour, and who felt the influence of His benediction on their young

souls; we think with longing of those privileged followers who stood on Mount Olivet when Christ blessed the assembled disciples and ascended to His Father; yet whenever we kneel before Him and receive the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, we are blessed by that same God; and to us, as to His Apostles, does He whisper: "Peace be to you!"

What graces might be ours did we only assist at the offices of the Church in the spirit of those who believe and love! We approach to offer our homage to Jesus in the Sacrament of the Altar, and lo! we find our burdens grow lighter as He blesses us; we come to Him in grief, and comfort emanates from the Heart of our dearest Lord in the monstrance; we bend before Him confessing our weakness, and upon the incensed air is borne strength to our soul. Father Faber says: "The grace of Benediction is not only in the faith and love which it excites in our souls, great as is that boon; but that it comes from Him substantial, solid, and powerful; purifying and creative, because it participates in the reality of the Blessed Sacrament Itself." And how sadly we need that grace, surrounded as we are by so much that is inimical to His interests! The world is, in a measure, an unbelieving world; and the worship of the Blessed Sacrament is a protest against its spirit. Kneeling at the foot of the altar, the tapers gleaming through the clouds of incense, the flowers giving out their perfumed life before Him, in the soft hush of eventide, who could think of the world?

Let us not lose a single opportunity of receiving our Saviour's blessing; for each time the Sacred Host traces the sign of salvation over a reverent, prayerful multitude, the hand of Jesus Christ is raised in loving benediction over those hearts which are offering protestations of loyalty, acts of love, or pleadings for a Father's mercy. If we would only realize the full meaning of the precious ceremony, how

rich to us in graces would be the days on which the Church allows Benediction! And as the soft-toned bell announced the passing of Jesus, head and heart would bow in awed expectance, our souls echoing the tender words: "*Nobis donet in patria!*" Then, indeed, would we long for our true home, feeling the depth of that word *patria*, "so sweet to an exile's ear, so sad on an exile's lips"; and our hearts would yearn for that last Benediction: "Come, ye blessed of My Father!"

Notes and Remarks.

The approaching beatification of the Venerable Louise de Marillac, foundress of the Sisters of Charity, has been announced by the Cardinal Archbishop of Paris. The life of this saintly *religieuse*, who was the colleague of St. Vincent de Paul in his works of mercy, is known to our readers through the beautiful sketch, "A Heroine of Charity," contributed to THE "AVE MARIA" by the late Kathleen O'Meara. Though she was held to be a saint while she was yet alive, the Church has paused thus long in pronouncing her official eulogy. To the Very Rev. Father Fiat, Superior of the Lazarists, and to Cardinal Richard, belongs the honor of promoting this most welcome beatification. The commission began its sessions in 1886, and closed them last year. Those who so perpetually weep with those that weep—the consolers of all kinds of sorrow—deserve that the world should rejoice with them when they rejoice. And theirs is now the most celestial of rejoicings.

An address delivered at a recent diocesan conference by the Anglican Bishop of Manchester is somewhat remarkable, as displaying the parity of that dignitary's views on the question of education with those of Catholic prelates. The Bishop, we are told, summarily disposed of the old contention of the secularists, that it is the duty of the clergy to teach religion after school-hours, instancing the fruitless efforts made in some of the British

colonies to accomplish any good results with that plan in action. He struck the nail fairly on the head in this sentence: "My friends, there is no disguising the fact that a purely secular education in the common schools means a rising generation of unbelievers."

The Manchester Bishop has no particular liking for the Catholic Church, but so profoundly does he feel moved at the prospect of irreligious or non-sectarian—they are in this connection synonymous terms—education that he would even prefer to see children brought up as Catholics rather than expose them to the danger of the Godless school. "If I am asked," he said, "whether I would rather make our children secularists or see them members of some other Christian denomination than our own, I answer that, rather than risk such a calamity, I would hand them over willingly to the most fanatical or superstitious Christian community in the land."

The funeral of the late William J. Florence, the distinguished actor, took place from St. Agnes' Church, New York, where Solemn Requiem Mass was celebrated for the repose of his soul, in the presence of a large gathering of actors and relatives of the deceased. The sermon was delivered by the Rev. Dr. Brann, who spoke of the love of the Church for the stage, and related a characteristic story of the departed actor. He said that Florence never saw an ambulance go by with a dead or wounded man but he offered up a "Hail Mary" for the unfortunate. Father Brann then asked all present to join with him in a "Hail Mary" for the soul of the departed. The prayer was said fervently, thus realizing the return of charity to him who failed not himself to pray for others. No doubt that devotion to the Mother of God ever burned in his heart, and was the means by which the faith of his childhood was kept alive, and he received the grace of the last Sacraments.

Among the Catholic emigrants from Europe to this country few merit higher praise for the stanchness of their faith and the generosity evinced in promoting the interests of religion than do the Poles. Should any one be inclined to doubt this statement, an exami-

nation of the *status* of the Polish parish of St. Stanislaus, Chicago, will speedily convince him of its truth. Of the 90,000 Poles who help to make up the vast population of the Western metropolis, the larger number live in the neighborhood of St. Stanislaus' Church; and their parish is one of the most thriving and thoroughly equipped in the city, and probably the largest in the world. Their school building is a spacious structure, 214 by 81 feet; and contains, besides class-rooms and apartments for societies, a hall capable of accommodating 4,000 people. An academy for girls has also recently been erected; its dimensions are 120 by 80 feet, there being a basement and four stories. It is to serve as a day and boarding school, but at present is occupied as an orphan asylum and day-school. Among the other congregational buildings may be mentioned the handsome private edifice occupied by the Polish Publishing Company. It is four stories high and measures 105 by 50 feet. The Company issue a Polish weekly, also a daily paper. On the whole, this material prosperity of St. Stanislaus' parish, being the mere outward expression of the practical faith of its members, clearly demonstrates that emigration has not weakened Polish devotion to the religion for which Sobieski triumphed and Kosciusko fell.

In proof of the efficacy of Catholic publications as dispellers of error and teachers of truth, the *Sacred Heart Review* quotes a passage from the story of the conversion of a Quaker to the Church, published in a recent number of the *Catholic World*:

"The beginning of the end of my loyalty to a system of delusions [says the writer, referring to her renunciation of Protestantism] was what seemed a mere chance finding of the first four volumes of THE 'AVE MARIA.' Contributions from Archbishop Spalding and Dr. Brownson were, of course, especially delightful; and these and others, some of which were of the kind I had scrupulously avoided for many years, I read again and again, hardly knowing what I was about, they so fascinated me; while into my heart came a yearning toward the Church of Rome, which grew stronger as, consciously and yet unconsciously, I cherished it."

No doubt many converts have been led into the True Fold by Catholic publications, and may their power for good increase! However, let us not forget that people are influenced

more by what they see than by what they hear or read. The beautiful lives of humble, prayerful, God-fearing Catholics have effected many more conversions in the United States than our publications. We say this not because we are not one with our excellent contemporary, the *Review*, in its advocacy of the important duty of sustaining and strengthening the Catholic press; but because too much importance is nowadays attached to intellectual arguments and the like, and too little to the example of the Christian life.

The health of the illustrious Cardinal Lavigerie is still in an unsatisfactory state. He is suffering from a complication of maladies, any one of which would incapacitate an ordinary man from exertion. But the great missionary Cardinal will not consent to inactivity. To a distinguished physician, who had declared that His Eminence might live many years if he would only take absolute rest, the Primate replied: "You must find another remedy for me. Nothing causes me greater fatigue than inactivity."

It will be of interest and edification to our readers to know that the late Prince Lucien Bonaparte was a practical Catholic. Our English exchanges state that during the last two or three years of his life in England, being unable through infirmity to attend Mass in the parish church, he obtained permission to have a private chapel in his house, where Mass was said regularly. These facts are worthy of special mention, as they have been studiously omitted in the statements of the secular press.

Mgr. Dscheridschiri, Greek-Uniate Bishop of Paneas, writes to the *Missions Catholiques*: "The movement in favor of return to the unity of the Catholic Church is growing more and more marked, and our position is improving in the moral point of view; our priests are growing better acquainted with the people and are gaining their confidence; our schools also are more frequented. Since my return not a week passes that I am not called upon by a family or by a whole village for admission into the True Fold. Of course I first try the

petitioners to make sure of the uprightness of their intentions. Schismatical priests have also asked to be received into the Church. My little flock has been increased by about five hundred souls."

An instance of implicit reliance on the merciful providence of God is related in one of our French exchanges. A working woman, a servant, recently accosted a priest in the diocese of Toulouse, and said to him: "Father, I have a special admiration for the work done by the seminaries. I think one of the best ways of pleasing God is to promote those vocations to the priesthood which the impious would smother entirely. Here are a thousand francs. I had intended to leave this sum at my death as a stipend for Masses; but I am confident that God, who knows my intentions, will be merciful to me when I die. Take it, then, for the seminary."

A valiant woman and a joyful mother was the late Mrs. Mary C. Dunphy, who passed away on the 19th ult., at Newburg, N. Y., aged seventy-two years. Of her seven children three became priests, one a physician, two editors, and one a Sister of Charity. The *Pilot* tells of another remarkable woman, also of Irish birth, and lately deceased—Mrs. Mary Callahan, of Philadelphia. She was the mother of seven sons, all of whom fought in the civil war—some in the army, others in the navy.

A recent number of the *Annals of the Propagation of the Faith* contains an interesting and edifying report of an incident which occurred a few months ago in one of the missions of Pondicherry. For weeks a distemper had prevailed among the cattle, causing great loss to the natives. "Finally," says the missionary priest who writes, "a little pariah herdsman procured a statue of the Blessed Virgin, made a portable altar, ornamented it with flowers, lighted torches, and, with drums leading the van, advanced toward the church chanting the Rosary. This was in the evening. Hearing the unusual melody, I came out and beheld the little troop advancing in good order. 'What triumphal display may this be?'—'Ah, Father! two oxen have died, and we are making a novena in honor of the

Blessed Virgin to beg of her to stop the distemper.'—'Oh, very well! you are good children; our Mother will take pity on us. Come into the chapel: the prayers are going to begin.' During nine days, therefore, we had a repetition of the same thing—music, torchlights, sacred songs. But every evening the scene became more beautiful, the number of grown people joining in the procession growing larger and larger. In front of every Christian house a little oil was dropped on the torches; the spectacle became quite fairylike. From the first days of the novena the sick cattle began to grow better, and the Christians have not since then had any other losses to deplore."

M. Alain Gouzeau, who is spoken of as one of the most active members of the anarchist party in Paris, returned to the Church lately, and has applied for admission into the Society of African Missions. This conversion has made a deep impression, as Gouzeau was one of the most eloquent speakers in the stormy meetings of his party, and one of its most influential members.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bonds, as if you were bound with them.
—HEB., xiii, 3.

The following persons are recommended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

Sister M. Philomena, of the Convent of the Visitation, Frederick, Md.; and Sister M. Augusta, English Canoness of St. Augustine, Neuilly, France, who were lately called to their heavenly reward.

Mr. John J. Acton, of Philadelphia, Pa., who passed away on the 8th ult.

Mr. William Grace, whose death took place on the 5th of September in Albany, N. Y.

Miss Mary Bereford, of Port Huron, Mich., who died a happy death on the 22d ult.

Mr. John Smith, who departed this life in peace on the 31st of October, at Manchester, N. H.

Miss Elizabeth Donnelly, of Cambridgeport, Mass., who breathed her last on All Souls' Day.

Mr. James Waldron and Mrs. Mary Cole, of Trenton, N. J.; Robert Kenny, Petersburg, Va.; Mr. Bernard Connelly, Hamilton, Canada; Miss Margaret Duffy, Hartford, Conn.; and Mrs. F. Carey, Port Huron, Mich.

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



To Agnes, on Her Birthday.

BY A. BARRY.

BIRTHDAYS are milestones we pass on life's journey,

Nearer with each comes the terminal goal:
Birthdays are breathing-whiles snatched from
life's tourney—

Strife wherein each plays the warrior's rôle.
Lagging they come to the youth or the maiden,
Eager to grasp what the years hold in store;
Swift, all too swift, to the old, sorrow-laden,
Musing on days that are lost evermore.

Namesake of her who is maidenhood's glory,
What shall I wish thee this festival day?
Surely that thou live anew her fair story,
Treading undaunted where she leads the
way.

What though no martyrdom's crowning betide
thee,

Still mayst thou love with St. Agnes' love,
Shunning with her whatsoe'er may divide thee
From the Redeemer, thy blest Spouse above.

A Tale Told in Venice.

SO much mystery and precaution had surrounded a conspiracy formed in Venice, that neither the Doge nor the famous Council of Ten had the least suspicion of its existence. Even the governmental spies, who were generally so watchful that they discerned things which were purely imaginary and heard words that were never uttered, were completely hoodwinked.

What will surprise our young readers still more is that this secret was shared only by girls, daughters of the first families of the Republic, the oldest of the number being scarcely twenty years of age. Nothing, however, concerning the conspiracy transpired up to the moment decided upon for action.

True, these maidens had not devoted themselves to the destruction of the Government, nor to the deposition of the Doge and the massacre of the Council. They did not need to seduce the army, to gain over the fleet, to amass arms, or to assemble in secret conclaves. As they had jealously guarded their secret from their friends, no one betrayed them; and all were able to assemble without difficulty at the appointed place and hour.

Their plot had for object simply an excursion on the sea; not a very unusual enterprise, and one that it seems hardly necessary to have kept so strictly to themselves. Some, perhaps, feared the refusal of their mothers, especially as it was February 2, Feast of Our Lady's Purification; others, it may be, simply wished to add to the anticipated pleasure the fascination of mystery. He would be indeed a skilful analyst of human character who could give a reason for all the caprices that sway the giddy heads of young girls.

In any case, none of their friends knew aught of their resolution. Each had given a plausible pretext for her absence from home; the greater number taking advantage of the festival to aid them in framing an excuse in which piety counted for much. One alone had been unable to avoid suspicion. She was called Mary; her mother was a widow, and watched over her daughter with extreme solicitude. Despairing of success in an attempt to deceive this careful mother, Mary tremblingly told her the truth, but under the pledge of the strictest secrecy. The widow had no desire to deprive her daughter of an innocent recreation; so, having accompanied her to

an early Mass, she herself went to the quay with Mary.

As soon as the dozen girls embarked in the graceful lighter that awaited them, the rowers seized their oars, the sails were spread, and they sped rapidly away from shore. It were impossible to paint the gaiety of the young Venetians when they found themselves out on the open sea. Incoherent proposals, questions without answers, joyous exclamations, choruses begun only to be left unfinished, peals of laughter,—the bark was full of noise, gladness, and motion; and the hoarse murmur of the billows mingled with confused echoes, in which the only intelligible note was the dominant one of joy.

The deck was covered with carpets, and sails painted in the most glowing colors formed a beautiful awning above them. The azure of the Adriatic sky was unsullied by a single cloud; and the land-breeze just filled the canvas of the lighter, which danced merrily along, as if in sympathy with the gladsome spirits of its passengers.

Venice, buried in its lagoons, had little by little disappeared in the distance, and the shore itself was lost in the foaming spray thrown up by the waves. The girls suddenly ceased their chatter, and, filled with some unaccountable alarm, unanimously asked the captain to return to land. The captain promised to do so; but just as he was about to give the necessary orders, he descried on the horizon a vessel of sinister appearance running in the same direction as his own, and apparently trying to get between the lighter and the shore.

He did not wish to alarm his passengers, but gave orders to shift the sails, and steer for land. The strange galley doubtless had its own reasons for imitating this manœuvre; but the Venetian captain augured ill of its following his example. He tacked frequently, changed his course several times,—the galley still followed him; and as she was far more heavily manned than the lighter, she rapidly gained

upon the latter, until finally it became evident that it was her design to run foul of the Venetian craft.

The captain of the lighter thought at first that the parents of the girls had sent the galley in pursuit of them. Yet he was not quite at ease, as he failed to descry the friendly ensign of the Latin cross. Still, as he measured with his eye the short distance that separated him from the Queen of the Adriatic, he could scarcely persuade himself that Moorish corsairs would be so hardy as to pursue their piratical adventures almost within the shadow of St. Mark's. Moreover, it was impossible to escape. The galley was now only half a mile away; so the course of the lighter was checked, and, standing in the stern, the captain allowed himself to be overtaken.

"Who are you?" he shouted, when the galley had approached within hearing distance.

For answer the stranger hoisted the Algerian flag, bearing the silver Crescent. There was no longer room for doubt: he had to do with a pirate.

"What do you want?" he cried again.

"To give you a tow-rope to the roadstead of Algiers."

The Venetian had no means of resistance. He did not attempt a bootless struggle; but, thinking of the fate reserved for the young girls whom he carried, he was seized with compassion, and was strongly tempted to snatch them from slavery by scuttling his vessel. While he was yet deliberating, the corsairs threw out their grappling-irons, and in another moment some of the more agile among them had boarded the lighter. When the girls first saw the turbans and the Saracen dress they were speechless with fright. Nevertheless, they could scarcely realize the certainty of their misfortune; more than one thought that their brothers, wishing to terrify them, had disguised themselves as pirates, and that these fierce-looking faces would shortly assume the well-known lineaments of loved ones

at home. This illusion they were not suffered to cherish long. The Moors swarmed on board the lighter and sought everywhere for booty. They found none but the maidens; yet, after examining them attentively, the pirate captain concluded that his adventure had not been a failure; for he felt sure that his captives would bring a good price in the slave market.

The Venetians guessed his thought and trembled. Mary fell upon her knees; her companions did likewise, and their hearts were raised to the Madonna whose beautiful festival the Church was that day celebrating. They besought with tears her pardon and assistance, and never had more fervent prayers arisen from heart to lip.

For answer the Moorish captain gave a sign to his crew, and the unfortunate girls were chained and let down into the hold. The Venetian sailors were also put in irons and taken on board the galley, which continued its course with the lighter in tow.

In the meanwhile the families to whom the girls belonged, seeing that they did not return, became alarmed at their absence. Mothers sought the friends of their daughters and made inquiries, but no one knew what had become of them. As they were all in a band, however, it was thought that there was no cause for serious apprehensions; especially as Mary's mother, who was present, spoke lightly of the matter. The widow, in fact, saw no reason to reveal the secret that had been confided to her. It was a beautiful day, calm, with no trace of a storm on all the horizon. The girls were doubtless enjoying themselves, and would return safely in the evening.

When night fell upon the city, however, and the gondoliers lit their lanterns; when the anxious glances cast upon the waters could no longer pierce the obscurity, and there was still no sign of the excursion party,—then real anxiety began to oppress many hearts. They did not suspect the true state of affairs, but uncertainty is often worse than the truth. Chimerical

dangers were conjured up, and the distracted mothers augmented one another's fears by lamentations over probable accidents and possible fatalities. They insisted upon remaining on the quay all night. Fathers and brothers launched boats, and explored the neighboring waters in an ineffectual search for the missing ones.

When morning dawned how eagerly all eyes swept the horizon, and what a sigh of relief went up at the sight of a vessel approaching land! Boats immediately put off to learn whether the lost ones had been seen. Alas! the vessel, a merchant schooner, had encountered no lighter during the previous day or evening. Then, with a common impulse, all the mothers went to the Church of Santa Maria, and earnestly invoked the Madonna. The day was spent in running backward and forward between the church and the quay.

While despair was thus fast settling upon many hearts in Venice, the pirates were quietly making sail toward the African coasts, to land their booty. They had expected to fare better on their cruise; and would gladly add to their present prize the merchandise of some trading schooner, if a favorable chance of pillaging one came in their way. Even while the captain and his first-mate were discussing the probabilities of such luck's awaiting them, the lookout signalled a sail in sight. The galley was turned to the direction indicated. Like most crafts of the corsairs, she was a swift sailer, and in case of danger could readily make her escape.

A quarter of an hour afterward the pirate chief beheld a magnificent merchantman, finer than he had ever dreamed of; and remarked with joy that she was half unrigged, apparently sparsely manned, and was flying a signal of distress. On sighting the galley, the merchantman made an effort to escape. It proved ineffectual: the galley soon ran up alongside, and the grappling-irons were once more adjusted.

In a trice, however, the scene changed.

The vessel, which had seemed so badly off and had solicited help, suddenly unmasked a formidable battery, and poured upon the pirates a volley of grape and canister that reduced their number fully one half. At the same moment the distress signal was hauled down, and in its place was run up the flag of the Knights of Malta. In their turn, the Moors endeavored to escape; but, impeded by their own grappling-irons, and lessened in numbers by the unlooked-for broadside, they had no time to defend their vessel, which was boarded and mastered in a few minutes.

In accordance with the usage of the time, swift justice was executed upon the pirates: in another half hour they had all been hanged. The knight commander, having thus satisfied the claims of justice, was congratulating himself on the success of his ruse—one that he had learned from the pirates themselves,—when, hearing voices in the hold of the lighter, he descended.

The captive girls, already terrified by the roar of the cannonade and the noise of the brief combat, no sooner saw coming toward them an armed sailor covered with blood than they believed themselves about to be massacred, and immediately broke into heartrending cries of anguish.

"Fear nothing, children!" said the knight. "I am neither a Moor nor a pirate. The uproar you have heard was the death-knell of your captors; and you are now as secure as though in the arms of your mothers."

Thus reassured, the overjoyed girls told their story; and the commander at once gave orders to put into Venice, where he had the happiness of restoring them to their afflicted relatives.

In memory of their deliverance, an annual festival was for many years celebrated in the Church of Santa Maria; and long afterward the once-captive maidens recounted to their own sons and daughters the favor which had been granted to them by the ever-merciful Madonna.

A Fresh Air Boy.

An old man, evidently from the country, walked into the room used as the headquarters of the Fresh Air Fund Association. His face was kind, though furrowed with care and time; his clothing of the strictly rural sort. In one hand he carried a small satchel and an umbrella, in the other a large paper bag neatly tied up with home-made twine twisted out of woollen yarn. He looked around for a moment, then addressed himself to a woman with a kind face, who was standing at a desk.

"Are you one of those what has charge of the Fresh Air children?" he asked; "that is, are you one of them folks what sends the little chaps to the country?"

"Yes, sir," she answered, courteously. "Do you wish some one sent to you? It is rather late in the season."

"No, ma'am; not exactly. You see, last summer we had a little chap with us for a week or so, mother and me and Susy. He wasn't very pretty, and he wasn't much bigger than a pint of cider; but he was awful good, and you jest ought to have seen him eat! I believe he never had enough to eat before. His favorite was apples; but they was green then, and we didn't dare let him have all he wanted. His name was Willie Murphy. I've brought him some ripe apples now, in this paper bag. Can you tell me where I can find him?"

The kind woman said that she would find out where Willie lived if possible.

"And you see," went on the visitor, "there's another reason why we take an interest in him. Mother and me haven't never been very pious. We wasn't brought up to be, you understand; and we got to thinking that religion was a humbug, and that if we paid our debts and behaved ourselves, the rest didn't matter. But the first time that little chap set down to our table and crossed himself solemnly, mother

looked at me and I looked at her, then we both looked at Susy. We tried to reason the religion out of him, but it wasn't no use. He was a poor Fresh Air boy, with ragged clothes, and not as much learning as our Susy has in her little finger; but, somehow, we've always thought different about religion since he was there. I don't enjoy Bob Ingersoll's talk any more. If I try to read what he says, I see the little Fresh Air chap's face between me and the print—oh, you've found the direction, have you? Thank you, ma'am!"

"I will go with you," said the gentle woman. "It will not be out of my way."

They walked through streets, reeking with all sorts of uncleanness and smelling of everything that was vile, and finally reached the house. Then up and up and up, to a room under the roof. Upon the door-knob a bit of tawdry black was hanging. A woman responded to their knock.

"Are you afraid to come in?" she asked.

"Why should we be afraid?" said the man, in surprise.

"Diphtheria," was all she said.

"Well, if you're the mother of Willie Murphy, ma'am, I hope you won't let him catch it."

She gave him a startled look. "He did catch it," she said, beginning to weep.

The old man looked at the bit of black, and understood it all.

"I'll sit down a minute," he said. "The city air always chokes me somehow."

Presently Mrs. Murphy led him to a poor little room across the hall, the use of which a neighbor had allowed for the occasion; and there was freckle-faced Willie Murphy, with two candles burning at his head.

The visitor stood for a minute thinking, then laid the bag of apples down.

"I'm Samuel Williams, ma'am," he said. "Willie spent a week on my farm last June."

"Yes," she sobbed; "Willie would talk for hours about you. You were very good to him, sir. I thank you for it."

"I hope he will know what he did for me—me and the old lady." And he told her the simple story in his plain way.

He stayed to see the "little chap" laid away in the sweet earth, and then went home, first helping poor Mrs. Murphy out of her awful poverty. Next year, if all goes well, two Fresh Air boys, in memory of Willie, are to spend the whole summer on the Williams farm.

FRANCESCA.

A Plain-Speaking Painter.

Robert, King of Naples, wrote to his son Charles, who was in Florence, bidding him send the celebrated painter Giotto to Naples, where he would find a large and important commission awaiting him; nothing less, in fact, than the decoration of the church and convent of Santa Clara, which had just been completed. This was a high compliment; and Giotto made no attempt to disguise his satisfaction, but set out for Naples without delay.

He was received with all the honor his great gifts merited, and at once set to work. King Robert not only munificently rewarded the artist, but spent a large portion of his time watching the progress of the work, and listening to the pleasantries and wise sayings with which the good-natured Giotto beguiled the tedium of his labor.

One day the King said: "My dear fellow, I could make you the first man in Naples."—"Do not trouble yourself," was the response; "I must be that already, or you would not think me worthy to undertake these frescoes." The King, instead of being angry, was highly amused. The weather grew warm, and the royal master said to the painter: "Now really, Giotto, if I were in your place I would give up working for a while and take a rest."—"So would I, your Majesty," returned the artist, "if I were in *your* place."

One day the King, having exhausted all topics of conversation, besought Giotto to paint an allegorical picture of his kingdom.

"With pleasure," said the Florentine, taking a pencil for a preliminary sketch and drawing a donkey, crowned and sceptred and wearing a packsaddle; at its feet lay another saddle, a new one, bearing the insignia of royalty. The donkey was snuffing at the new saddle, and seemed anxious to exchange for it the one he wore.

"I do not understand," said the King. "What does this foolish picture mean?"

"I can not help making foolish pictures when you give me foolish subjects," returned Giotto. "This donkey represents your people, who, even while I speak, are desiring a new ruler."

This was treasonable talk, but was overlooked by the sensible King, who had already forgiven the plain-speaking painter times without number.

The Alpine Travellers.

Two travellers were lost amid the snows of an Alpine mountain. All day long they struggled against the winds, which drifted the falling flakes into huge banks, hiding the path and obstructing their way. No friendly house greeted their eyes, no voice of man or beast made music in their ears. Night drew on apace—the awful blackness of an Alpine night, which was not pierced by any star of hope in the sky or light in a cottager's abode. One of the men gave up.

"I can go no farther," he said; "there is nothing for me but to die. But I beg of you to keep on; and one of us, at least, may live to tell of this awful journey."

So saying he lay down, and the other, whose strength had not yet failed, said a sad farewell and left him. But when he had gone a little way, he said to himself:

"Have I lost all humanity? A beast that has no soul to save would do more. I will

not leave my companion perish; or if he must die, I will not let him die alone."

He found his way back—it was but a few steps,—and began rubbing the limbs of the other. It was at first hard work; for his own hands were fast becoming numb. But after some minutes he felt a glow of warmth in the flesh of his unconscious friend, who at last was revived and able to stand and walk. Then the rescuer found, to his great joy, that he too was warm. The efforts he had used in helping and saving his friend had sent the blood coursing through his own veins.

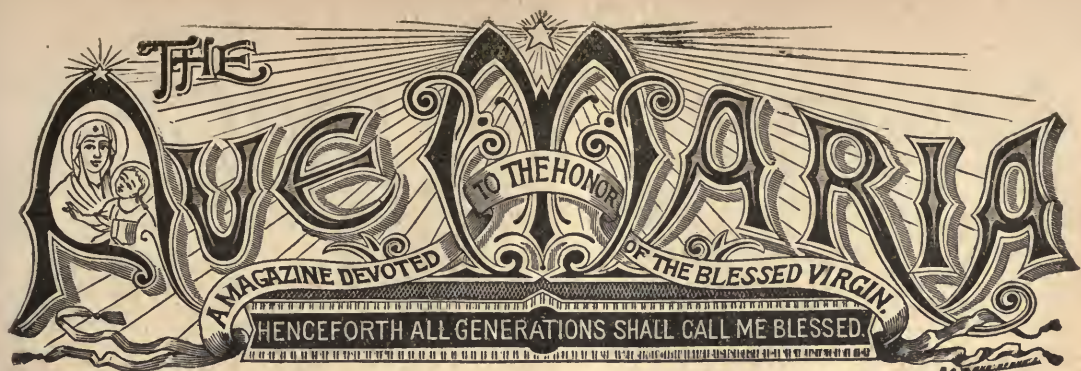
"Let us try again!" he cried. And they plunged on, to be rewarded before long by the sight of a feeble light in a hospitable huntsman's *châlet*.

There is no surer way to help oneself than to help others. The story of the Alpine travellers is a lesson for us all.

How to Cure a Scold.

A simple woman once went to a wise man for advice. "Tell me," she asked, "what to do. My husband is such a scold that I am constantly unhappy." The wise man filled a bottle with a muddy-looking liquid, and muttered some mysterious words over it. "Take this," he said, "and the next time your husband scolds you fill your mouth with the liquid for five minutes." In due time she came back again. "I want some more of that medicine," she said; "it worked like a charm. My husband has stopped scolding entirely."—"Ah," exclaimed the wise man, "just as I expected!" (The liquid was molasses and water.) "Continue to keep silent when your husband begins his tirades, and you will need no more."

The grateful woman went away, followed the sage's advice, and her husband, having no one to answer him, found scolding uninteresting, and so scolded no more.



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In Dreamland.

BY EUGENE DAVIS.

FUSHED is the clamor of the multitude—
 The mart's loud din, the fret and roar of life
 Athirsting for its lucre. Here no strife
 Assoils the soul with passions rough and rude;
 For all is calm as is a moonlit lake
 Whose silv'ry glass no restless ripples break,
 Or as the sunset when its quiv'ring fires
 Swoon on the bosom of a summer sea.
 There's joyance in this quiet, sweet to me
 As interludes betwixt the clang of lyres
 That in an hour, all exquisitely dumb,
 Breathe of past joys and promise joys to come:
 Oh, there is bliss in peace that wraps the heart
 In lotos lustre bright with fancy's gleam—
 It is the peace of nature, not of art—
 The fond and mystic silence of a dream!

Our Lady of Guadalupe.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

GUADALUPE, the great national shrine of Mexico, is a short distance—two miles and a half—from the capital. The magnificent causeway, erected by the Viceroy and Archbishop, Don Fray Payo de Rivera, as a fitting approach to it, was once adorned by fifteen beautiful, altar-like structures of stone, richly sculptured, and dedicated to

the fifteen mysteries of the Rosary. These were set along the road at regular intervals, so that the pilgrims going to the famous shrine and telling their beads by the way could pause before each to say the prayers of the mystery. Almost all of these altars are in ruins; several have totally disappeared; and, worst of all, the railway to Vera Cruz has been suffered to utilize the noble causeway for its track. Nevertheless, it is still a beautiful drive; and spreading far on each side are the green, fertile fields of the Valley of Mexico,—fields which in the days of the Conquest were covered with the now shrunken waters of the great lakes.

The hill of Tepeyácac, where in the month of December the Mother of Mercy appeared to the pious Indian, Juan Diego, is a volcanic formation, rising abruptly out of the level plain. The view from the crest of the hill is second only to that of Chapultepec. Immediately below is the little town of Guadalupe, with the great basilica dominating it. Around spreads far and wide the smiling plain, in the midst of which nestles the wonderful city of the Aztec and the Spaniard, worthy of its romantic history, with its myriad shining domes and splendid towers; while bounding the valley on all sides are the superb mountain chains, which culminate northward in the great volcanoes, crowned with their eternal snows. What words can describe the marvellous loveliness of this wide

scene—the tender green of the spreading valley, the ethereal azure of the distant heights; the gleaming, Oriental-like city; the shining waters of the lakes, which in the days of the Conquest encircled its walls; and the luminous, dazzling sky?

Not even Lourdes, with all its marvels, shows more strikingly the tender solicitude of the Mother of God for the humblest of the souls that her Son has saved than the apparition of Guadalupe. And when was a more gracious miracle ever wrought than that which imprinted the likeness of the Queen of Heaven on the blanket of a poor Indian for the conversion of his race? The miracle is described as follows by the chronicler, Fray Agustin de Vetancourt (*tempo 1672*):

“Juan Diego, a native of Cuahitlan, who lived with his wife, Lucia Maria, in the town of Tolpetlac, went to hear Mass in the church of Santiago Tlaltelolco on the morning of Saturday, December 9, 1531. As he was near the hill called Tepeyácac he heard the music of angels. Then beheld he, amid splendors, a Lady, who spoke to him, directing him to go to the Bishop and tell that it was her will that in that place should be built to her a temple. Upon his knees he listened to her bidding; and then, happy and confused, betook himself to the Bishop with the message that she had given him.

“But while the Bishop, Don Juan Zumárraga, heard him with benignity, he could not give credence to the prodigy. With this disconsolate answer Juan returned, finding there again the Lady, who heard what he had to tell, and bade him return to her. Therefore on the Sunday ensuing he was at the hillside, when she appeared for the third time, and repeated her order that he should convey to the Bishop her command that the temple be built. The Bishop, however, heard the message still incredulously, and ordered that the Indian should bring some sure sign by which might be shown that what

he related was true. And when the Indian departed, the Bishop sent two of his servants to watch him secretly; yet as he neared the holy hill he disappeared from the sight of these watchers. Unseen, then, of these he met the Lady, and told her that he had been required to bring some sure sign of her appearance; and she told him to come again the next day and he should have that sign.

“But when he came to his home he found there his uncle, Juan Bernardino, lying very ill with fever. Through the next day he was busy in attendance upon the sick man; but the sickness increased, and early on the morning of December 12 he went to call from Tlaltelolco a confessor. That he might not be delayed in his quest by the Lady's importunity, he went not by the usual path, but by another skirting the eastern side of the hill. But as he passed the hill he saw the Lady coming down to him, and heard her calling him. He told her of his errand and of its urgent need for quickness; whereupon she replied that he need not feel further trouble, as his uncle's illness was already cured. Then she ordered him to cut some flowers in that barren hill, and to his amazement he perceived them growing there. The Lady charged him to take these miraculous flowers to the Bishop as the sign that he had requested; and she commanded that Juan Diego should show them to no other until they were seen of the Bishop's eyes. Therefore he wrapped them in his *tilma*, or blanket, and hastened away. And then from the spot where the Immaculate Virgin deigned to stand there gushed forth a spring of water, which now is venerated, and is an antidote to infirmities.

“Juan Diego waited at the entrance of the Bishop's house until he should come out; and when he appeared, and the flowers were shown him, there was seen the image of the Virgin beautifully painted upon the Indian's *tilma*! The Bishop placed the miraculous picture in his oratory, venerated

ing it greatly; and Juan Diego returned to his home with two servants of the Bishop, where, to his great surprise, he found that his uncle had been healed of his sickness in the very hour that the Lady declared that he was well.

"As quickly as possible the Bishop caused a chapel to be built upon the spot where the Blessed Virgin had appeared, and where the miraculous roses had sprung up from the barren rock; and here he placed the holy image on the 7th of February, 1532, and here it has been venerated unto the present time."

The beauty of this picture appeals alike to the eye of faith and the eye of artistic appreciation. The beholder is astonished by its grace, tenderness and dignity. There are indeed few representations of the Virgin of Nazareth and Queen of Heaven which surpass it in these respects. Clothed in a sun-like garment and wrapped in a mantle embroidered with stars, the majestic yet benignant figure stands upon the crescent moon—the Woman of the Apostle's inspired vision, yet the tender Mother of the faithful, as the bending face implies; while in exquisite pose, the hands are clasped, as if in prayer, upon the breast.

Even those who have no belief in the gracious miracle which wrought the picture can hardly look upon it unmoved, so compelling is the charm of its blended sweetness and majesty; while no one can wonder at the ecstatic love with which the Mexicans gaze at the image of her who so appeared to one of the poorest of their race, and impressed her radiant likeness upon his blanket, as a marvel and token for all generations.

The noble basilica in which this incomparable picture has long been shrined has been remodelled and rebuilt on such a grand scale that it is one of the most magnificent churches in the New World. Mexico has given her best genius and poured out her wealth to prove her grateful appreciation of the fact that, while Mary's feet have

touched and hallowed many spots of earth beside the hill of Tepeyácac, there alone has she deigned to leave an enduring memorial of herself, imprinted upon the blanket of the humblest of the race, which, as Las Casas said, received the true religion with a readiness that no people in the world have ever surpassed, and hold it as faithfully to-day.



Another's Burden.

V.

"THOMAS CHOQUAZ and I," said the galley-slave, mournfully, "were enemies. We had been enemies from childhood; and when boys we scarcely ever played together without our sport ending in a quarrel. Our hatred of each other was instinctive. We hated naturally and without knowing why, unless it were that our mothers detested each other, and we imbibed their sentiments as a matter of course.

"Later, when I asked my mother the reason of this enmity, she always evaded my questions; and I am still ignorant of the causes that originated their bitter feud. Only I know their anger was not of the kind that evaporates in bitter words and is forgotten on the morrow. The two women never spoke to each other; and when they met, each haughtily passed without even looking at the other.

"Both were widows and neighbors. Thomas and I were born in the same year. My mother forbade me to go with him or to accompany him to his home, and she forbade him to come to ours. We met constantly at church, for we were both altar boys. We attended catechism classes together; and the good vicar who taught us spoke so much about friendship and charity, that we had ended by forgetting our resentment, and were ready to embrace each other.

"The day of our First Communion came. As I had a good memory, I was selected for the honor of reciting aloud in the church the different acts. Proud of the privilege that had been granted to me, and anxious that I should make a brilliant appearance before the whole parish, my mother had made for me a rich and handsome new suit. My fine clothes were much admired, and the praise lavished upon me made mother very happy.

"When the ceremonies were all over, and the village had regained its usual air of quietness, some of the neighbors, assembled around the public wash-house, revenged themselves for my triumph by recounting calumnies and slanders concerning mother. The latter was not long left in ignorance on the subject. Officious friends made it their business to visit her, and tell her all the remarks that had been passed about her life and character, rather exaggerating the maliciousness of the talk than attempting to palliate or make little of it.

"Mother became furious. I was not old enough to understand that her complaints were exaggerated beyond all bounds of reason; and I felt my passion rising in proportion to hers, until she was obliged to restrain me from going out and taking immediate vengeance on those whose vile tongues had angered her.

"The following Sunday morning, as I was going all alone to the parish church, a little before the last bell for Mass, I saw Thomas and his mother proceeding in the same direction. Whether the mother suggested the idea to him, or whether it came to him of himself, I can not say; but in any case he ran toward me with a pleasant air and cried: 'Good-day, Michael!'

"The path that we were following ran along the side of a sluggish stream five or six feet in width, whose muddy bottom was covered with black water to the depth of a foot or a foot and a half. Rank herbs that had grown at its borders formed a species of hedge between the brook and pathway.

"I had hesitated a moment before answering Thomas; but the kindly instincts of childhood prevailed over the consideration of maternal enmity, and I reached out my hand in token of friendship, when he suddenly sprang toward me, seized my black velvet cap and threw it over the hedge into the dirty water.

"At this instance of unprovoked hostility, I became thoroughly enraged. Thomas ran toward his mother, calling on her to protect him; but as I was more supple than he, and as my wrath still further increased my agility, I overtook him before he had gone a dozen steps. His mother was hurrying toward us, but she was too late; for, despite his resistance, I threw him into the stream, where he floundered about in the mud and water. It was wrong, of course: the chastisement was too severe for his fault; but I was so overcome by my passion that it would have been the same had the stream been a raging torrent.

"Seeing his sad plight, however, I repented of my hasty action, and was about to help him out, when his mother came up pale with fury, and uttering the most frightful imprecations on me and my mother. I seized my cap, jumped across the brook, and, knowing that there I was secure, I answered her cries with corresponding insults for a few moments, and then went home.

"I told mother all that had taken place; and, far from punishing me or even blaming me for what I had done, she embraced me with tears of joy in her eyes, and overwhelmed me with praise and congratulations. In the meanwhile Madame Choquaz had complained to the vicar of my wickedness. She took good care to say nothing of the provocation that I had received; and the vicar, with my case already prejudged, only awaited my arrival to inflict upon me a severe correction. I suspected as much, and did not want to go to the church; but mother, thinking that everyone else would judge me as leniently as

herself, insisted on my accompanying her.

"As soon as the vicar saw me, he beckoned me toward him. I went, and, unable to utter a word in explanation, I had to spend the whole time of the service on my knees in the middle of the aisle. My mother had not dared to resist the commands of the vicar; but to me she blamed his conduct, accused him of partiality and injustice, and above all inveighed against the Choquazs, mother and son.

"Happy in her approval, which I placed above all laws, because I did not imagine that my mother could be wrong, I conceived a dislike for the church; and if I still continued to appear there, it was solely through human respect. I brought to the altar neither piety nor charity, and I longed for the time when I should be old enough to give up going at all.

"When I did become a young man, with a will of my own, I allowed mother to go to church by herself; and although she reproached me for my neglect, I paid not the slightest attention to her reprimands. For Sunday I had always some trip ready or some pressing work, and the church saw me no more except on festivals of the Blessed Virgin. In Our Lady I always preserved a certain confidence, which, needless to say, she has never betrayed.

"In his turn, the vicar remonstrated with me about my scandalous conduct, and sought by every means to induce me to change my way of life. Seeing that his tender reproaches were unavailing, he predicted that God would withdraw Himself from me, and that sooner or later I would reap the harvest of my irreligion. I did not listen to him; but, alas! the issue has proved him only too truly a prophet."

VI.

The galley-slave interrupted his narrative, and gave himself up to a mental review of the scenes through which he had lately passed. The priest did not attempt to disturb his reflections; but in the course of some minutes Michael remembered his

presence, and, raising his head, resumed:

"Ah, yes! where was I? Oh, I remember now! I have brought my story up to the time when I abandoned God. Well, far from destroying or weakening the hatred I entertained for Choquaz, time only strengthened the evil sentiment. The young folk of the village often tried to reconcile us, and finally I apparently yielded to their efforts. I drank with him in the taverns and conversed with him whenever we met, as though all enmity were at an end between us; but in the depth of my heart the coals of rancor were still glowing, ready to burst into a destructive flame.

"I accompanied him often to merry-makings in the neighboring hamlets, where we danced and drank together; for in giving up God I had become a servant of the devil, and taverns and dance halls now received the attention that I had formerly given to the church. At the same time I lost no occasion that presented itself of provoking Choquaz by practical jokes and malicious tricks.

"We were both poor, possessing not a square foot of land under the sun. My mother, not wishing to see me spend my whole life as a mere day-laborer, a farm-hand forever digging and delving for others, placed me as an apprentice in a joiner's shop. Thomas desired to become a blacksmith.

"While learning our trades we were in towns far apart; and as we saw each other only from time to time, when by chance we visited our native village together, we began to forget all about our mutual hatred. Occupied as we both were with other cares and matters of greater interest, we would undoubtedly have become good friends, had not my evil destiny reawakened my old passion, and augmented it by paroxysms of jealousy.

"We had finished our apprenticeship, and had returned home to practise our respective trades. My mother pressed me to get married, and thus give her a daugh-

ter who would be a companion for her in my absence, and assist her in the management of household affairs. Loysa was then twenty-two years old. The prudence of her conduct, her industry, and the loving care she evinced for her parents, had rendered her an object of envy to all mothers. She had never been seen at dances; she shunned all those dangerous assemblies of the young, wherein girls little by little forget their primitive modesty. Yet she was not proud or affected: on the contrary, she was ever gentle and compassionate; and although not fond of finery, she was always neat in her attire, as she was beautiful in her innocence.

"I had first noticed her with admiration one day at Mass, on the festival of Our Lady of Mars—for even now I celebrated the feast-days of the Virgin,—and so when my mother spoke to me of Loysa and sang her praises, I declared that I would be only too glad to secure her hand.

"Thomas also had the thought of winning Loysa. At first I imagined that his only design was to cross me in my cherished plan; but I have since learned that he was inspired by a passion that was all too real. Our old hatred revived more lively, more terribly than ever. If Loysa had accepted him as her betrothed, I assuredly would have slain him on the eve of his wedding. It was I whom she preferred; and for six years now, to her sorrow, I have been her husband.

"We did not live in opulence and idleness, but I was never out of work; and in default of wealth, we enjoyed peace and mutual affection. Happiness had built her nest in our modest dwelling, and to crown our felicity three children were born to us.

"I was ungrateful. I neglected to return thanks to God for these blessings. I flattered myself that I owed them to nobody else than myself; that they were the legitimate and natural results of my courage, industry, and skill. Loysa tried at times to

recall me to God, but I would not listen to her. I respected her own piety, and allowed her to visit the church as often as she pleased; but as for me, I entrenched myself in my proud indifference, and persisted in my neglect of all religious duties.

"My example, and possibly still more my conversation, eventually reacted on the soul of Loysa. I noticed that little by little she lost the fervor and attention which she had once manifested in the recitation of her prayers. Then she became less scrupulous about attending Mass. Like a fool, I rejoiced at this sad deterioration, and could not see that I was conspiring against my own happiness.

"In the meanwhile Choquaz had swallowed the repulse with which he had met in his suit for the hand of Loysa, and had completely hidden the spite which he inwardly felt toward us both. He now began to spy out all that took place in our house, endeavoring unceasingly to sow seeds of discord and misunderstanding between us. Moreover, he besieged Loysa with his attentions. She rejected with disdain his offers of guilty love; but I, who was not ignorant of what was going on, felt my heart torn within me, and comprehended that I was growing wicked.

"I frequently told Thomas of my displeasure, and threatened him with terrible punishment if he persisted in his attentions to my wife. Then he changed his plan and had recourse to calumny. He dared not wage open war on me—I could have strangled him; but on the sly he played me all sorts of evil turns. For instance, he entered our garden one night and destroyed our finest vegetables and fruits. My mother had a goat; I found it poisoned, and knew too well by whom. He slandered me in the presence of all the farmers who gave me employment. Even my wife was not free from his envenomed rage. He circulated stories the most false and calumnious concerning her."

At Eventide.

BEHIND Point Loma's beacon height,
 In shimmering waves of grey and gold,
 The winter sunset dies; and Night
 Drops her dusk mantle, fold on fold,
 At Eventide.

And now, above yon shadowy line
 That faintly limns the distant bar,
 Thro' darkening paths, with steps that shine,
 She comes again, our favorite star,
 At Eventide.

O friend, our lives are far apart
 As Western sea from Eastern shore!
 But in our orisons, dear heart,
 Our thoughts are with you evermore,
 At Eventide.

M. E. M.

 The Work of Mary Immaculate.

THE admirable charity known as the Work of Mary Immaculate is an effect of the pity of Christian women for those other women in heathen countries, whose miserable existence is largely due to the difficulty experienced by missionaries in bringing the beneficial influence of religion to bear upon them. Notwithstanding the uninterrupted success of the work of foreign missions, this difficulty is met with at every step. In order to Christianize pagan lands, their society must be reached in its entirety; and that can be done only by access to the family life of the people. Here is the great difficulty. In nearly all pagan nations the domestic circle is like a prison, where deeply-rooted custom keeps the women shut up, with no possibility of speaking to a man except in the presence of the husband. The state of things is made worse by the fact that the condition of women in these countries is practically that of servitude; and the idea is fostered that there is no happiness for them

in this world or the next except in the service of their husbands. Hence the difficulty our missionaries encounter in their efforts to convert and instruct heathen women, and through them achieve the moral and social elevation of the family and of society. "This utter powerlessness of the missionary in regard to these poor souls whom he is longing to save at any cost," as the Rev. Père Dejean writes from China, "is a martyrdom for which he was not prepared, and a much more painful one than that to which he aspires."

Under these circumstances there comes at once the practical and serious question: Is this difficulty insurmountable? No, we say; assuredly not. While our ardent apostles are braving with more fervor than at any previous period of the Christian era all sorts of obstacles, the Blessed Virgin seems to be preparing, as a blessed consequence of the solemn proclamation of her Immaculate Conception, the deliverance of those poor daughters of Eve, still subject to the cruel yoke of Satan. To this end she has inspired several Christian souls with the idea of placing under her patronage an association of prayer and sacrifice for the salvation of those poor women, numbering, it is thought, more than four hundred millions. The first meeting of this association was held in Paris on June 4, 1880, the Feast of the Sacred Heart of Jesus. It was at this time that the Work of Mary Immaculate was founded,—“a work laudable in the means it employs, holy in its object, and grand in its desired result.”

This pious crusade was beginning to spread, when the members of its council heard of a similar work founded for the East by the religious of the Congregation of the Mother of God. This coincidence, seeming to be a sign of the divine will, inspired the idea of uniting the two organizations. In order to consecrate this union to the Blessed Virgin herself, the religious of both councils, after having laid at the feet of the Sovereign Pontiff the assurance

of their devotion and obedience, implored him to give his benediction to the project, and to open in its favor the treasury of indulgences. Leo XIII. cordially granted the request, and thenceforth the Association of Mary Immaculate succeeded wondrously. In 1884 the Work, which in the preceding year had counted its associates in 132 towns and 169 convents, could count them in 297 towns and 394 convents, of which 102 were in Rome. The same year the total of the prayers and pious practices offered for the object of the society amounted to 16,687,611. In 1885 these figures were raised to 18,717,417.

The number of associates can not be exactly ascertained, as the religious do not allow their names to be enrolled; but it may fairly be estimated at 70,000. God alone knows the number of supplications which from the foundation of the society have been addressed to Him in behalf of those poor souls deprived of the grace of Baptism. Many congregations and religious orders have given them a share in all the good they do, or even united in a special manner their works with those of the association.

From year to year this grain of mustard seed sown in the fruitful fields of Holy Church, and the development of the plant which has grown out of it, are watched with solicitude and delight by all the prelates of the Catholic world; in fact, there come from all quarters the most prompt and enthusiastic approval and encouragement of bishops and missionaries. We find upon the register of the Work, after the august name of the Pope, those of 16 cardinals, 43 archbishops and bishops of France, 36 bishops of Italy, 17 other bishops of Europe, 41 bishops of Asia, 11 of Africa, 29 of America, one of Oceanica, and 16 superiors-general of religious congregations.

The only condition required in order to co-operate in the Work of Mary Immaculate is to be enrolled on its registers. His Holiness Leo XIII., by a rescript dated

June 17, 1882, granted to the associates: (1) a plenary indulgence on the day of admission into the society, provided they approach the Sacraments of Penance and Holy Eucharist with contrite hearts, and pray for the intentions of the Sovereign Pontiff; (2) an indulgence of three hundred days, to be gained once a day, for piously reciting the *Salve Regina*. The associates are exhorted to use frequently the following indulgenced invocations: "Sacred Heart of Jesus, have pity on us." "Immaculate Heart of Mary, intercede for us." "St. Francis Xavier, pray for us." Also to offer their principal acts of devotion in union with the intentions of the association. The following are among the prayers and good works generally offered in behalf of poor pagan women: To hear Mass; to receive Holy Communion; to visit the Blessed Sacrament; to make the Way of the Cross; to recite a decade of the Rosary; to say the little Rosary of the Immaculate Conception; to offer some act of penance, or suffering. Young people at school, and persons very much occupied, are only asked to offer their morning prayers and their Christmas Communion.

What Christian woman could have the heart to refuse one intention or one prayer for those poor souls, so unhappily deprived of Baptism and of all the blessings of Redemption? "Although," says St. Francis de Sales to his daughters, "your sex does not admit of your being apostles, you ought to be so by prayers—by interceding for the success of the apostleship of preaching." About the year 1825 two pious Englishmen journeyed through Europe, replying to all who inquired as to the object of their travels: "We are come to beg you to pray for England." And see to how great an extent England is now laying aside her prejudices! Why should not all Christian women have the same zeal as those two English travellers? Wherever the Providence of God may lead them, why should not they say also: Pray for poor

pagan women? They would thus become messengers of good tidings to those unfortunate beings; and, thanks to their prayers, those poor souls might learn that to them also is born a Saviour, the Divine Son of Mary Immaculate.

Through the unseen workings of Providence in favor of those poor abandoned souls, the Work of Mary Immaculate has assumed in the minds of many bishops and missionaries in distant regions the form of an enterprise not merely confined to prayer and sacrifice, but of a really apostolic work in all the beauty and fulness of that appellation. The fruit of so many supplications addressed to the Mother of God was to inspire a certain number of Christian women with the heroic resolve to devote themselves to the assistance of their poor pagan sisters; to go and catechise them, under the direction of the missionary, in those places into which he himself could not gain admission; to bring them little by little to the true faith, and to the hope of eternal happiness.

"As for myself," said Père Dejean, "I find in this work the ideal of what I have been seeking on all sides. The conversion of souls presupposes a twofold but simultaneous effort: on the one hand directed toward God, on the other toward souls. It is by the free co-operation of men that their salvation is attained. God could have done without it; He might have employed the ministry of angels: He preferred that of men. Far from complaining of His choice, we ought to congratulate ourselves upon it. But, then, it is necessary that those souls upon whom the charity of God has shed the apostolic spirit should enter into the designs of His divine mercy, and unite action with prayer. It is thus that their apostleship will be complete, and bring forth fruit for salvation."

"An order, a society of women who would devote themselves especially to missions in infidel countries," writes the venerable Bishop of Canton, "is not this an

idea that should delight apostolic hearts?"—"The influence of Catholicism would make itself felt above all," says another bishop of China, "if one could send Christian women to carry the seed of the Gospel, as far as possible, into the families."—"Your work, the development of which is wonderful in the designs of Providence," writes the superior of a religious order in Stamboul, "is quite a revelation for our mission in the East."—"It is a proverb of the wisdom of antiquity," adds Cardinal Lavigerie, "that 'one can not love that which one knows nothing about'; and, generally speaking, no one knows in our civilized Europe what a pagan woman really is. If they knew it, many Christian women who desire an object for their zeal—who have a sort of confused idea that God is calling them to work for the extension of His kingdom, but who do not know how or where to set about it—would, I doubt not, devote themselves to a work so evidently necessary."

The general council of the Association of Mary Immaculate, seeing the immense and rapid diffusion accorded to the Work by the evident protection of Our Lady, and desiring to respond to the incessant and pressing appeals of missionaries from all parts of the world, began to perceive, not without a certain amount of timidity, but with an entire confidence in its powerful Patroness, the grand and laborious task which was devolving upon it. In its poverty of all human means, the council only saw an additional reason for relying absolutely, *nihil hæsitans*, upon help from on high. "When God wills the end, He furnishes the means."

This resolution was scarcely made known when immediately a number of noble Christian women presented themselves, begging as a special favor to be allowed to consecrate their lives to the realization of this humble but sublime enterprise. From different parts of France, Italy, England, Germany, and even Amer-

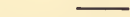
ica, letters came pouring in, with earnest inquiries as to the conditions for admission into this chosen phalanx; and these letters daily become more and more numerous.

If there is not much chance that the missionary catechists of Mary Immaculate may reap the honorable palm of martyrdom by fire or sword, they are at least assured of possessing in the sight of God the merit of that other martyrdom, which, because it only gradually consumes its happy victims, is none the less a witness before Jesus Christ, before angels and before men, of a love that stops at no sacrifice.

Such is the Work of Mary Immaculate, its objects, its accomplishments, its prospects.



Traces of Travel.



MERRY ENGLAND.



BY CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.



XI.—SHOTTERY.

THE village of Shottery—pronounce it in two short syllables, as though it were spelled Shot-try—the village is complete in one winding street, thinly bordered with old thatched cottages. The trail strikes the one street of Shottery at the corner of the Shakespeare tavern.

Now, Anne Hathaway's cottage has been photographed, painted and described so often that any one might hope to recognize it at first sight. Like Shakespeare's birth-place, it is but the repetition of half the houses in the neighborhood; and, of course, I went astray. I knocked at the door of a cottage just like Anne's, and was made welcome by a good soul, who laughed when I asked if the Hathaways were at home. They were not. Anne's cottage was at the other end of the village, 'along with a lot of rubbishy old houses that needed tearing

down.' So said the dame who filled her front door with her ample figure. But I added: "These houses are so pretty to look at, I should think it a pleasure to live in one."—"Well, master, if ye had the care of them you'd sing a different song," said she. With this I left the rambling old cottage, that was positively beautiful in its slow decay; and began feeling my way through the village, hoping that my next *guess* would be a little nearer the truth. It was! it was next door to it, and it took but a moment to run around to the front gate and find a welcome at Anne's threshold.

The smallest kind of a rustic wicket admitted me to Anne's garden. A row of flat stones, with the grass springing up between them and growing close to the edge of them on either side, led to the stone steps by the door of Anne's cottage. Roses, rosemary, rue, geranium, violets, and many other flowers and plants, grew about the place in profusion. Before I was ten paces within the wicket, the mistress of the Hathaway estate heard my approach, and appeared on the doorstep to receive and welcome me. We were at once friends; visitors are scarce just now, and I was doubly welcome for this reason. Moreover, the old dame has lived all her days under this roof, and takes great pride in exhibiting the few relics of Shakespeare's courting days that are still retained on the premises.

Up half a dozen steps to the entrance, through a little stone-paved hall, under a low door, and there we stood in the main room, with the great chimney-place, the courting settle, and the old-fashioned dresser full of blue-faced crockery. It was as homelike as possible; and I was contented to rest in the chimney-corner for a while before going upstairs to look at the celebrated "second-best bed," that is one of the chief attractions of the house. A small fire blazed in the chimney; a cat sat on a low cricket and purred delightfully; a bird hopped perpetually from perch to perch in its small cage that hung

by the window; and a great clock ticked slowly and solemnly, and looked as grave as a mummy. There was nothing to disturb me there. The good woman, who had entertained ten thousand transient visitors in that very room, had no long story to tell. She was as patient and kindly as possible. The motherly element was strong in her; and I happened to look a little like her only son, who was away from home eleven months in the year; for this reason I was given the freedom of the place immediately. By and by we had supper, cooked in the very chimney where Anne and Will sat and courted,—a great, soot-covered cavern, with a soft ray of sunshine streaming down its broad, open throat, and making the smoke column, that floated slowly upward, a delicate and luminous blue that was surpassingly beautiful. When the old man (her husband) came in from his work, I was again identified as being the likeness of that absent son; and under the shadow of that chimney we ate the coziest supper that it has been my good fortune to partake of since leaving home.

We smoked after that—the old man, the chimney and I,—and had a quiet talk of matters and things away out in the world. It seemed as though we were in the midst of some deep forest solitudes when evening came; for the fire was so like a camp fire. And when a brief shower passed over our roof, some rain-drops leaped down the chimney and hissed in the coals, so that the illusion was heightened.

The courting settle, whereon Anne and Will used to sit those charming nights, stands at the right of the chimney now. There is a picture of the courting, with this settle standing on the left, under the broad, low, many-paned window; and I got a photograph of it from the old dame, who has a small assortment of such remembrancers on sale. Originally the settle stood out in a garden under a bower; but as it began to disappear, splinter by splinter, in the most mysterious manner, it was

brought within doors, where it could be watched with more caution.

When the bird had stopped hopping about its cage, the rain had blown over, the fire was low, and conversation began to flag over cold pipes, we all went to bed; and it didn't seem at all as though I were going to sleep under the very roof where Anne Hathaway had lived, and where many and many a time Shakespeare must have visited—but such was the case.

The dame took a slim, home-made candle, with a clumsy wick, and led me up the narrow stairs to my bed. It was by this flickering light that we saw the little chamber where Anne's "second-best bed" now stands; and as we two bent over it and said nothing, but quietly took in the general effect of the whole, as though it were a sarcophagus, or something that was to be regarded with the utmost solemnity, the affair began to grow ludicrous, and we both smiled a little. It is a short, three-quarter bedstead, with a solid and heavily-carved headboard (as high as the ceiling), and two carved posts at the foot of the bed, supporting a massive wooden canopy. The fine old framework has grown shaky with age—the dame says the bedstead is four hundred years old; and certainly it looks it, if it looks an hour. There was nothing else in the room worth mentioning, save a book of autographs on a little table in the corner. I left the autographs till morning, said good-night to the kind folk who had consented to house me for one night only, and, without caring to look too closely or too long at Anne's great bedstead, that seemed to grow ghastly the moment I was left alone with it, I hastily retired. That night was one to be remembered, and I was rather glad when morning came.

Those autograph books contained some interesting and very many stupid inscriptions. On one page I saw the name of Dickens, Mark Lemon, Wilkie Collins, and several other notables, all of one party. The

dame said Dickens was the last to write his name; and he did so only after some persuasion, when the book was brought to him in the garden where he sat on a flat stone by the well—the old well at which Shakespeare has no doubt quenched his thirst. Mrs. Anna Cora Mowatt paid her tribute to the memory of Anne Hathaway, seconded by E. L. Davenport. Longfellow's name was there, and Elihu Burritt, and Artemus Ward, and a host of others that are known to the world. The dame told me of the desire some Americans have to possess something that has been long in the cottage; she once sold a little footstool, her own, to a gentleman, who put it under his arm and started for New Jersey. There have been many bids for the bed and bedding—some of the sheets are supposed to have been the work of Anne's own hands,—but these offers have invariably come from America or Americans. It was funny enough to see the old dame's embarrassment when I asked her to write her name on the back of the photograph of the courting scene under the chimney; she blushed and grew nervous and put on her sunbonnet, and finally wrote her name, with many apologies for the penmanship. She is a gentle soul, whose great-grandmother was a Hathaway; and, though she has been within six hours of London by rail, neither she nor her husband has seen that marvellous city, nor do they hope to so long as they live.

The walk back to Stratford was like the re-reading of some familiar poem. The repeated meadows, the song of cloud-bound larks, the tinkle of sheep bells, and the clamor of rooks—nothing can be more truly poetic than this sort of thing.

In Stratford I had still to see the garden and the site of the house where the bard ended his days in opulence. The Rev. somebody or other came in possession of the house after Shakespeare's death; and he, finding the worship of his predecessor rather a bore, demolished the house, threw the few articles he could not otherwise

destroy into a well, filled the well with earth, sold the extensive grounds in small lots, and cut down the mulberry that Shakespeare had planted,—thus, as he supposed, obliterating the last vestige of the mansion that possessed such interest for the world. In late years all the ground has been repurchased, the foundations of the house exhumed, the well opened, and some few articles discovered therein, which are now shown to the curious who apply at the premises.

There is little to identify the individuality of the man who came home to his native village to end his days: a few fragments of fresco that once adorned his rooms, a metal candlestick, a half dozen quoits that were perhaps numbered among his pastimes. But one can not help thinking that these trophies are nothing if not accepted on the faith in a tradition that is composed almost wholly of faith. It is a pleasure to think that the envious fool, who did his best to make his name despicable, succeeded so well that he was obliged to quit the town and bury himself in obscurity.

Last scene of all. The dim chancel in the beautiful church by the banks of the Avon; silence and the odor of antiquity; the bust on the wall, originally colored, then whitewashed by some rector who had no eye for color, but again restored to its primal state, just as it was when first placed there by Shakespeare's daughter three or four years after his death, and thought for this reason to be a tolerable likeness of the man at the time of his decease. Underfoot lies the slab bearing the immortal curse; and close at hand stands the warden, eager for the vent of the necessary emotion and the subsequent sumpence.

There is nothing to do but look and wonder and retreat. All this I did two hours ago, and the sum total of the experience may be resolved into a stronger faith in the reality of that master-spirit, and a deeper despair at the thought of the idols I have

come to worship showing so much clay in their composition. Stratford is still Stratford, but the virtue is gone out of it. Shottery alone seems to bloom perennially; and the breath of the blossoms in Anne's garden is as sweet and fresh as in the hour when Love played his pranks there, and caught two souls in the net, when they fluttered for a time like butterflies, but settled ultimately in a domestic quietude, that had perhaps less golden dust on the wings of it, but more patience and purity within the heart of it, than is generally supposed.

(To be continued.)

A Brahmin Convert.*

THE Christians of Dassapore, having established a school some years ago, chose for teacher a young pagan Brahmin, the son of "Shanuboga," tax-gatherer of the village. He was to teach not only reading and writing in Canarese, but also the prayers in common use among Christians. It was in the fulfilment of this latter duty that he heard the first call of grace. The beautiful language in which the Christians addressed themselves to God pleased him much. In order to understand it better he asked for books of explanation, in perusing which he was inflamed with the desire of becoming a Catholic. Meanwhile, without revealing his intention to any one, he recited the Christian prayers morning and evening, and several times a day the "Hail Mary," for which he had an especial attraction. In her turn the Mother of God did not forget her young pagan client: one night she appeared to him, sleeping or waking he could not say, and encouraged him to persevere in the resolution of becoming a Christian.

* From a letter of the Rt. Rev. Dr. Coadou, Bishop of Mysore, India, to the *Annales de la Ste. Enfance*.

Having seen the Bishop on one occasion at Dassapore, he tried to find out where he lived. But he dared not say a word about his determination to his family, who would not have failed to put him to death rather than let him embrace Christianity.

A fortnight after the first apparition the Blessed Virgin appeared to him again, this time chiding him on account of his delay, indecision and fear, and directing him to set out at once. "To what place?" asked the grieved young man. "To Bangalore," was the answer.

Setting out on the morrow at daybreak, he met a poor pariah Christian, and asked if he knew the road to Bangalore. "Yes, sir," said the beggar.—"Do you wish to go with me?"—"Yes, sir."—"Well, follow me, or rather lead me, and tell no one whither we are bound."

After twelve days' journey, the two travellers reached Bangalore. The beggar led the Brahmin to our church, the native vicar of which, Father Shanta by name, was known to the young aspirant. The priest, after having heard with great pleasure all that the young man had to say, encouraged him and sent him to me. The Brahmin, in accosting me, asked for Baptism. I told him he should first learn the prayers and be instructed in Christian doctrine. "I know the prayers," said he, and he repeated them. He then recounted to me the two apparitions of the Blessed Virgin, and again begged to be baptized. Seeing his great frankness and simplicity, I made up my mind to send him to our seminary, there to prepare himself for Baptism. Though evidently disappointed at the delay, he expressed his willingness to go.

Now the trials began for him. In the seminary it was a regular, monotonous and secluded life. Overcome by tediousness, he yielded to discouragement; and, leaving the seminary, went to Father Shanta to borrow money in order to return to his village. Remonstrance, encouragement, reproaches, were all to no purpose. He wept

and kept repeating: "They do not want to baptize me; I am going away." Father Shanta told him to wait a few moments. The poor Brahmin sat under the porch of the church and began to sob.

Father Correc, then a young missionary, who was in a room adjoining that of Father Shanta at the time, moved by the sobbing of the young man, began to say his beads for him, entreating the Blessed Virgin to retain him whom she had miraculously condescended to bring to us. He had not finished the first decade when, as if moved by a supernatural force, the poor fellow, his face beaming with joy, threw himself at the feet of Father Shanta, exclaiming: "I am resolved to return to the seminary! I do not want to go away." He did return indeed, and from that day began to make himself at home there.

His relations, however, who had been seeking for him, soon came to know that he had gone to Bangalore to embrace the Catholic religion. His father arrived here, and in a threatening tone demanded back his son. "Your son," said I to him, "may go with you if he likes; I did not send for him, nor will I send him back. But if he shows himself constant in his determination of becoming a Catholic, I will confer Baptism upon him."—"We shall see," replied the grumbling father, who betook himself to the seminary. There he reproached his son with dishonoring the family by embracing a religion that was meant for a low caste of people, conjured him to return to his home, threatened to curse him and deliver him over to the police, etc. The young aspirant bore the assault with the greatest calmness, but declined to comply with the wishes of his father, who thereupon brought the police. But he behaved toward them with the same firmness, and, with that irony which Indians know so well how to use, said to them: "I thank you, sirs, for your visit; I am going to make a declaration, and you will be my witnesses. I came here of my own accord, and I wish to become a

Catholic. I am eighteen years old, and, according to the law, I am my own master." The policemen then went their way. The father, enraged and disappointed, also took his departure.

Shortly afterward, on the Feast of St. Francis Xavier, the catechumen received Baptism and was named Maria Francis. For the past two years he has been teaching at the school of Sattihally. The rank he holds among the Christians, along with his marriage to a Brahmin girl, also a neophyte, saves the honor of his caste; and his family, hitherto so opposed to him, are now quite content. It is even said that some of his relatives are disposed to follow his example.

May the Blessed Virgin, whose motherly intervention shines out in his story, deign to continue her protection to the follower of her Son!

Notes and Remarks.

Preliminary steps have been taken for holding a Catholic Congress in Chicago during the World's Fair. A committee was appointed during the celebration in St. Louis to perfect plans, prepare the questions to be discussed, and issue a call. It is proposed that each diocese of the United States be represented by delegates, to be named by the respective ordinaries. The different Catholic universities and colleges will also have representatives. The Congress held in Baltimore and the German Congress in Buffalo illustrate the importance of the project, and—if we may say so without giving offence—show clearly what had best be done and what it would be well to guard against to insure the success of a congress in 1893.

Probably the most noted celebrity in the German medical world is Father Sebastian Kneipp, of the Bavarian village of Woerishofen. As many as thirty thousand patients, including princes, dukes, barons, and bishops, are annually treated by him; and an astonishingly large percentage of this number are

permanently cured by his ministrations. Father Kneipp, a well-preserved, bright-eyed man of seventy, is an enthusiastic admirer of water as a remedy for all diseases to which flesh is heir; and the well-authenticated cases of cancer, blindness, lameness, etc., which he has cured go far to make one agree with him. It is said that his first patient was himself. His feeble health was an obstacle to the attainment of his heart's desire, ordination to the priesthood. Reading one day of the curative properties of cold water, he broke the ice of the Danube and plunged into the river. Frequent repetitions of his bath restored his vigor; he prosecuted his studies, was ordained, and now freely dispenses his services to the poor and unfortunate. It would seem that the best medicines, like all best things in this world—sunshine, air, and water—are within the reach of everyone.

The patriarchal vicar of the Chaldean rite in Constantinople publishes in the *Ecoles d'Orient* some account of the movement amongst the Nestorians toward reunion with the Holy See. A deputation of their clergy was appointed to confer with the Catholic Chaldean patriarchate at Mosul and the apostolical delegate of Mesopotamia. The Nestorians desire especially the opening of Catholic schools in their country, in order that the youth may be educated in sound Christian doctrine. The Chaldean Catholic patriarch, Elias XII. Abolinan, is in consultation with the Holy See in regard to the movement. We all know that Pope Leo XIII. has a special fatherly care for the East. A Chaldean seminary is being founded in Rome. Let us hope and pray for the speedy return of the East to the bosom of the Church.

A celebration rare in the history of the universal Church, and unique in that of America, was the one held in St. Louis on the 30th ult. The fiftieth anniversary of a prelate's consecration to the episcopacy might well be expected to stimulate his priests and people in their efforts fittingly to solemnize the joyous event; and when the prelate is one whose pre-eminence in many fields is so marked as in the case of His Grace of St. Louis, it is not strange that the Golden Jubilee of

Archbishop Kenrick was the occasion of a magnificent festival, notable among the most noteworthy events in the annals of the Church in the United States. Prominent among the reflections suggested by this Jubilee is the thought that Archbishop Kenrick has been a member of the three plenary councils held in Baltimore; and that he is thus a living link between the seedtime of half a century ago and the ripening harvest of to-day. One has but to institute a hurried comparison between the social and material status of the Catholic body of 1841 and that same body in 1891 to understand how munificently God has blessed the labors of those zealous ministers who, like Archbishop Kenrick, have verily shown themselves to be "the salt of the earth."

That medical science owes not a little to Catholic missionaries has frequently been demonstrated. The virtues of Peruvian bark became known through a Jesuit missionary; and now we learn that Sister Mary Joseph Aubert, of the Congregation of Our Lady of Missions, a nun who has spent her life in ministering to the spiritual and temporal needs of the Maories, has discovered marvellous curative properties in some of the native trees and plants of New Zealand. The medicines manufactured from these herbs have stood the test of experience, and are undoubtedly a distinct gain to the world's pharmacopœia.

The trial of the Archbishop of Aix for his now famous letter to the French Minister of Public Worship resulted in the prelate's being fined some six hundred dollars. It would have been worth at least ten times that sum to the French Government had M. Fallières quietly ignored the Archbishop, while the moral victory of the Catholics can scarcely be computed in dollars and cents.

In the current *American Catholic Quarterly Review*, "M. A. C." has an interesting paper on the Battle of the Boyne and the Siege of Limerick. Mentioning St. Mary's Cathedral of that city, an edifice which has been for two hundred years past in the possession of Protestants, the writer narrates an incident that throws a vivid light on the habitual senti-

ments of lively faith that distinguish the children of St. Patrick. We quote: "This venerable temple, though abounding in objects of interest to the historian and antiquarian, has a dark and gloomy aspect. A visitor lately remarked this to a poor woman selling apples in the shadow of its massive spire. 'Ah, then,' she replied, 'why shouldn't it be dark and heavy? Didn't Cromwell's wretches and William's Orangers turn out the Blessed Sacrament and quench the lamp? *Sure it couldn't be bright or lightsome without Him!*'" There is more genuine poetry in that reply than we have found in many a volume of poems that has reached our table during the past year.

The venerable Father John J. Duffo, S. J., of the Immaculate Conception Church, New Orleans, celebrated on the 24th ult. the fiftieth anniversary of his entrance into the Society of Jesus. Especial interest is attached to the event from the fact that Father Duffo has throughout his career been a veritable hero of yellow fever epidemics. In 1853, 1854, 1855, 1858, 1867, 1873, and again in 1878, he did the work of several priests in the plague-stricken districts of the South, and won for himself the genuine love and esteem of bishops, clergy and laity, all of whom delighted to testify their sense of his merits on the occasion of his Golden Jubilee.

Among recent converts to the Church in this country are the Rev. Dr. Spalding and wife, of Cambridge, Mass. He has been rector of Christ Church in that city for many years. On Sunday, the 29th ult., Dr. Spalding preached his farewell sermon to a large and deeply interested congregation, stating the reasons that led to his change of faith.

We wish to say of the article on Notre Dame in a recent issue of the *New York Herald* that it is the most absurd and useless production we have yet seen in an American newspaper. This is saying a great deal. It is sensational to the last degree, and contains almost as many blunders and misstatements as there are paragraphs.

One would have thought that of all the practices of the Catholic Church, the one most

abhorrent to those who cut adrift from her would be that of auricular confession. Yet here is an Anglican minister writing to the *Newbery House Magazine*, that no fewer than twelve hundred clergymen of the Church of England hear confessions in private. In the course of time the Anglicans may see the absurdity of their going so far on the "road to Rome" without completing the journey.

A convention of the Apostolate of the Press will be held in New York on the approaching Feast of the Epiphany. The members will take counsel together as to the best means of resuming the admirable work inaugurated many years ago by the Very Rev. Father Hecker, C. S. P. The project has received the cordial sanction of the Most Rev. Archbishop Corrigan.

Judging from the prominence given to the subject in our English exchanges, education is the burning question among Catholics in England. Bishops, priests and laymen are alive to the importance of securing proper safeguards for the religious training of the young; and it is gratifying to add that they are apparently successful in their efforts.

New Publications.

THE SINLESS CONCEPTION OF THE MOTHER OF GOD. A Theological Essay by Frederick George Lee, D.D. London: T. Fisher Unwin, Paternoster Square.

The Rev. Dr. Lee is a minister of the Church of England, but writes with all the intensity of fervor and devotion that characterizes the faithful Catholic heart. His essay in defence of the Immaculate Conception of the ever-blessed Mother of God is an eloquent and forcible plea for this grand dogma of our holy religion. The purpose of the gifted and zealous author in his work has been to make it serve toward the realization of his prayers and aspirations in the "Corporate Reunion of the Church of England with the Mother Church." And truly no more potent means could be adopted to this end than to establish and spread devotion to the Help of Christians

—to her who was the instrument by which the Incarnation of the Son of God was made known to men.

Dr. Lee realizes the force of the words of Cardinal Newman, that "those nations and countries have lost their faith in the Divinity of Christ who have given up devotion to His Mother; and those, on the other hand, who have been foremost in her honor have retained their orthodoxy." He therefore gives the fullest development, in perfect accord with Catholic teaching, to the principle by which he is actuated—that the honor of the Son is indissolubly connected with honor to His Mother; that belief in her exceptional privilege of perfect freedom from sin, original and actual, is "an outer defence of the central Christian verity of the Incarnation." He shows how this belief has constituted an integral element of Catholic faith and teaching from the very beginning; that it is embodied in the writings of the Fathers, and in the Eastern and Western Liturgies of the remotest periods, reproducing, in language that alone would make the book acceptable, the thoughts and expressions of Doctors and Bishops in every country; that at all times and in all places Catholic feeling has shrunk with horror from the thought that the Mother of the Word Incarnate could ever, even for a single moment, have been under the domination of Satan.

Dr. Lee's work is a complete and reverential exposition of the subject,—setting forth its meaning, and the motives, scriptural and traditional, upon which belief in it rests. There is throughout a sentiment of allegiance to the divinely-constituted authority residing in the Church, whose voice ends all controversy. May the author's work of love, which can not fail to be the source of blessing to himself, accomplish his design of leading his co-religionists to submit to that Authority to which he so nobly appeals, and in union with which all hope of membership in the Church of God can alone be made to rest.

THE LIFE OF ST. FRANCIS DI GERONIMO, OF THE SOCIETY OF JESUS. By A. M. Clarke. New York: Benziger Brothers.

Catholics no longer have any ground for complaint that the Lives of the Saints are dry and uninteresting reading. Of late years many of the most famous and facile pens of the time

have clothed those Lives so charmingly that they are far more delightful than thousands of the so-called literary successes of the day, on which so many are wont to spend a great deal of time to little or no profit. This is especially true of the volumes of the Quarterly Series, most of which have been written, and all of which are edited, by the Fathers of the Society of Jesus.

The latest of the series is the Life of St. Francis di Geronimo, by Miss A. M. Clarke, sister of the learned and versatile editor of *The Month*. St. Francis, too, was a member of that Society, which has furnished so many names to the calendar of modern saints. As his life and some of its characteristic virtues were lately the subject of an article in THE "AVE MARIA," we shall only notice briefly a career in which sublime charity and profound humility, wonderful sweetness and unusual simplicity, joined with prudence and firmness of the deepest kind, united in a singular manner to form a character exceptional even among the saints. We read of his having had innumerable friends but not a single enemy during the seventy-four years of his blameless and busy life.

He was already a priest when he entered the Society, the ardent desire of his heart from early youth having been to devote his life to the conversion of the heathen. But in this he was grievously disappointed: his superiors, with what proved to be wise forethought, having decreed that he should devote his life and precious spiritual gifts to the conversion of his own countrymen. The harvest showed that the husbandman was well chosen. St. Francis spent forty years in the city of Naples and its vicinity, preaching in the public squares, as was then the custom; giving missions and retreats in the various churches, which were productive of wonderful results; and establishing sodalities, principally for workingmen, the good effects of which could not be calculated. He was, moreover, very successful in his labors among the convicts and galley-slaves, to whom he was a veritable father in their misery and degradation. For these poor sinners his sympathy was boundless. He was also the first to introduce retreats for ladies of the world, and thus became instrumental in accomplishing many reforms in

society. This he did without giving offence to any one; for no one knew better than St. Francis di Geronimo how to combine sweetness with firmness.

Space will not permit us even to mention all the good works in which he was engaged. His apostolic simplicity was perhaps his greatest characteristic. While he considered himself to be the least of his brethren, his friendship, conversation and advice were sought by the highest dignitaries of Church and State; yet no creature was so humble, no sinner so depraved, but that in St. Francis the one found an ear ready to listen to complaint; the other, promise of consolation and pardon.

After a long period of intense bodily suffering, during which he was entirely incapacitated from performing his beloved duties, he went to his reward, at the age of seventy-four. Many marvels occurred after his death, and numerous are the miracles recorded as having been worked through his intercession; the recital of which we leave to his pleasing biographer, feeling confident that no one will open the *Life of St. Francis di Geronimo* without reading it from cover to cover.

MEMORIAL VOLUME OF THE CENTENARY OF
ST. MARY'S SEMINARY OF ST. SULPICE, BALTIMORE, MD.

On the 29th of October, 1791, the first ecclesiastical seminary in the United States was founded and placed under the direction of Sulpitian Fathers from Paris, members of the great Society established by the Venerable M. Olier for the purpose of training young men in the life and duties of the priesthood. During the century that has elapsed since that time St. Mary's Seminary has had a remarkable career, and its existence constitutes an era in the history of the Church in America. Notwithstanding the many and formidable reverses which attended its early years, it has triumphed under the guidance of saintly and learned men, and holds to-day the first place among the ecclesiastical institutions of learning in the land. It numbers among its alumni—from Stephen Badin, the first priest ordained in this country, down to the present—hundreds upon hundreds of holy, zealous ecclesiastics, whose lives and labors have made the Church in this country the admiration of the world

and a glory of the nineteenth century. It was fitting, therefore, that the centenary anniversary of the foundation of this institution should be celebrated, as it was a few weeks ago, with all possible splendor, and generally participated in by priests and prelates. In the work before us a record of this event is preserved, and an interesting sketch presented of the history of St. Mary's. Long lists of the students who from the beginning have been trained under its auspices, together with a series of illustrations, including portraits of presidents and prelates connected with the Seminary, sketches of the buildings, etc., complete a very instructive and edifying memorial volume. The mechanical part of the work reflects much credit on the publishers, Messrs. John Murphy & Co., of Baltimore.

Obituary.

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

—HEB., xiii, 3.

The following persons are recommended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

The Very Rev. Clement Koppnagel, a prominent priest of the Diocese of Harrisburg, for twenty years rector of St. Lawrence, in the episcopal city, whose busy and blameless life ended on the 26th ult.

The Rev. Peter A. Davies, who passed away on the 16th ult., at Bootle, England, in the seventy-ninth year of his age and the fifty-fifth of his priesthood.

Brother Dorotheus, C. S. C., whose happy death took place in Austin, Texas, on the 27th ult.

Mr. Daniel Maher, of Normal, Ill., who peacefully departed this life on the 2d inst.

Mr. James Kerrigan, who yielded his soul to God on the 16th ult., in Hartford, Conn.

Mr. Daniel Gallagher, of San Francisco, Cal., who calmly breathed his last on the 7th ult.

Mrs. M. W. Morris, a devout Child of Mary, who died on the 27th ult., at Pittston, Pa.

Miss Laura Daniels, of Milwaukee, Wis., who was called to the reward of her good life on the 22d ult.

Mrs. Margaret Maher, who expired in San Francisco, Cal., on the 13th ult., after receiving the last Sacraments.

Mr. John Charles, of Madera, Cal.; Mrs. John P. Miller, Lenox, Mich.; Mr. Richard Saunders, Kilkenny, Ireland; Mrs. Félicie Paumier, Louisville, Ky.; Mrs. William Fox, Rochester, N. Y.; Miss Jane Murphy, Timaru, New Zealand; Mrs. Bernard McGrann, New Holland Pike, Pa.; Patrick and Mary McAuliff.

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



The Legend of The Fir-Tree.

FROM THE GERMAN, BY S. H.

LITTLE fir-tree in the wood,
 Birdling in the solitude,
 Singing, flying, all the day,—
 Little fir-tree seems to say:
 "Ah, if I too might wander!"

When the dancing sunbeams fall
 On the tree tops one and all,
 Little fir-tree heaves a sigh,
 Whisp'ring as the lights flit by:
 "Ah, if I too might wander!"

"Fleecy clouds, in heaven so bright,
 O'er a pathway of delight
 You may journey and be free:
 Only I, poor little tree,
 May not roam or wander."

So the years move on apace;
 Standing in the selfsame place
 Towers the fir-tree, tall and strong,
 Monarch of the leafy throng,
 Yearning still to wander.

Lo! there comes a woodman here,
 Scans the forest far and near,
 Pauses when our tree is found,
 Swings the ax, it clears the ground:
 Now the fir will wander.

All his comrades silent stand,
 Hushed and sad, on either hand;
 But the fir-tree, fallen low,
 Is all eager haste to go,—
 Longing still to wander.

Soon the trunk, so full and fair,
 Is uplifted high in air;
 See it rise, a stately mast,
 On a ship to stand, at last
 Around the world to wander.

Pennons gay now float above;
 On its tip a weary dove
 Rests a moment and is gone,
 Like the fir to journey on,
 O'er the seas to wander.

Storm and sunshine, heat and cold,
 Languorous calm and tempest bold,—
 Through them all, on ocean's breast,
 North and south and east and west,
 Ever more to wander.

"Birdling in the forest deep,
 Sunbeams laughing when you creep,
 Happy winds that murmur by,
 Fleecy cloudlets floating high,
 Like you now I wander.

"But in dark and silent night,
 When the moon is cold and bright,
 Oftentimes I fain would be
 Once again that foolish tree,
 Never more to wander."

Poor Rich Miss Tucker.

BY MARION J. BRUNOWE.

"Love's gift is nought, is nought:
 'Tis giver's love that's worth a thought."



GRANDMA dear, it's a very
 pretty verse; isn't it?" said
 Ethel. "But," she hastened
 to add, in a decisive tone,
 "all the same, it isn't true."

Grandma looked up from
 her work in questioning sur-
 prise. She glanced around at the group of
 young folk for a moment, but said nothing.
 "No, it is not indeed!" Ethel went on.
 "Now, for instance, were I to send each of
 my friends only my love for Christmas, or
 even my love accompanied by a very small
 gift, oh, what a mean thing they would
 call me! I wouldn't want to try it. Truly,
 I don't suppose there is anybody living
 who believes in that verse."

"Don't you think that you could ever come to do so?" questioned Will, with evident interest.

"No," said Ethel, bluntly.

"I was thinking it would be mighty handy if you could," was her brother's dry rejoinder.

The girl laughed lightly. "You sha'n't slip out of giving me a present so easily as that, smartie," she said. "I want a pretty bracelet; you can add your love too if you wish, you know." And she tossed her curls, and flashed one of her sauciest glances at her big brother.

"My dear, I think you talk too fast," remarked grandma, in a tone of quiet reproof.

"How, grandma darling?" she asked, coaxingly; slipping to the little stool at the old lady's feet, and looking up into her face. The dear hand smoothed away the curls from the pretty white brow, and grandma's soft, kind eyes looked seriously into the bright ones regarding her.

"Do you know, love," she said, "that I once received a Christmas gift which was in my sight more precious than pearls or diamonds? It was a plain little glass holding a hyacinth, which had bloomed that Christmas morning; and the giver was a poor, hard-working washerwoman that lived in the neighborhood."

"Oh!" cried Ethel, half incredulous and half awed.

Grandma went on: "The glass and the bulb were as nothing compared to the beautiful assurance that for eight long weeks this faithful heart had cared for and tended the bulb, which on Christmas morning blossomed forth, a flower of so many loving thoughts."

"How beautiful!" murmured Mary. All the rest were silent, even Ethel. Suddenly the latter rose somewhat abruptly, and walked away to the window at the other end of the room.

"It's beautiful and it's poetical," she burst forth, "and it almost makes me cry; but, all the same, there are so few people

like you, grandma. I am sure I haven't a friend who would thank me for that much. Even the dearest I have would say: 'Keep your old bulb, you stingy thing!'"

Grandma's lips twitched a little. "Would she really be so rude, Ethel?"

"I don't think she would consider that rudeness," replied Ethel; "and," she added, candidly, "I think I would say the same in her place. But, of course, I never could give that sort of a gift: I should forget to take care of it during all the time beforehand."

"In that case, the recipient would be apt to esteem herself all the more fortunate, if you proved faithful."

Just then a knock was heard upon the door, and a housemaid entered bearing a visitor's card for grandma.

"I shall have to leave you, children," she said, after glancing at it. "Alice dear, hand me that little shawl: it is chilly through the halls."

In another moment she was gone, and the group were alone. Nell lifted the card from the table where it had been left.

"Of course, that stupid Miss Tucker!" she exclaimed, indignantly. "She's always taking grandma away from us."

"Horrid old maid!" pouted Ethel. "I don't see how grandma can be bothered with her."

"Grandma is so good and kind," put in Mary, gently; "and Miss Tucker is so very lonely."

Ethel gave a little grunt of disapproval. "Why doesn't she get married then, or adopt an orphan?"

"Yes, she's rich enough," agreed Nell. "Though I wouldn't like to be that orphan," she added.

"I think she is a poor rich person," said Alice, softly. "She didn't get a single present last Christmas."

"How do you know?" demanded Ethel, who was growing deeply interested.

"She told me so," acknowledged Alice, with a slight blush.

"Oh, yes,—we forget!" said Nell. "She likes Alice with the rest of the world."

"Wouldn't it be nice if we should all give her something this Christmas?" suddenly suggested Mary, after a short silence.

"No, I don't think so," contradicted Ethel; "I am sure I have enough of people to buy for."

"Ah, do let us!" pleaded Alice.

"I think it would please grandma greatly," continued Mary. "You know the present needn't be very much, girls: just some little trifle from each of us. What do you say, Nell?"

"That you and Alice must be badly off for a means of spending your time and your money."

"And I think Nell is just right," added Ethel. "If we have any spare cash, I think we would do more good by using it for the poor than by throwing it away on rich people who are too close to spend their own. Will knows she has thousands and thousands in the bank. Didn't Mr. Kidd tell you so, Will?"

Will nodded, and then grinned as he met an appealing look from Mary. "But what you have yourself isn't like what other people give you," he remarked, oracularly.

Alice's eyes shone, and her delicate, fair cheeks were in a pretty glow. "I think rich people who have nobody to love them are really the poorest kind of people," she ventured.

Ethel's arm went round her little sister's neck, and her voice was soft and sweet as she said: "And what you think, pet, you somehow make other people think too. I shall give Jane Tucker a hyacinth for Christmas, if I die for it."

"Hip! hip! hurrah!" cried Will, as he tried to pull the curl nearest him. For a wonder Ethel did not repel this attempt. She and Alice were quietly blissful.

A happy, harmonious group greeted grandma on her re-entrance. And grandma's own face—ah, how it beamed when she heard of the project!

"How happy my grandchildren always make me!" was all she said; and the children were more than content.

Cold, bright, sunshiny; old Mother Earth covered with a mantle of snow; sleigh-bells tinkling merrily in the frosty air, and pleasantly mingling with the joyful chiming of church bells,—truly a genuine, old-fashioned Christmas morning.

"Oh, how I love Christmas! And isn't it good to be just alive!" And Ethel Lenox skipped along faster, generously distributing bright smiles all around her. There they were hurrying along the snow-covered streets, the whole of grandma's group, each carrying a little offering to Alice's poor rich old lady. Like the merry, light-hearted party they were, they burst tumultuously into Jane Tucker's room in the big, grand, bare-looking boarding-house.

"Merry Christmas, Miss Tucker! Merry Christmas! Merry Christmas!"

It would be hard to distinguish one voice from another in the general, joyous hubbub; but it was Alice who, going to the side of the lone-looking figure in the rocker, put her two little arms around her neck and gave her a kiss. The old lady seemed strangely moved. She had a pinched, hard-looking face; but, somehow, in a moment it softened. Those squinting eyes, which always had seemed to look with peculiar disfavor upon young people; that pointed nose, which Nell had been wont to declare pried into everybody's business; that sharp tongue, which had undoubtedly made some very unpleasant speeches over Ethel's blunders and youthful exuberances,—all, the whole aspect of Miss Tucker, seemed to undergo a magical change. It is true she hardly said "Thank you!" but her hand shook and her voice sounded a little husky.

Perhaps only Ethel noticed where the pretty, flowering hyacinth was placed—viz., on a little stand between an exquisite painting of the Holy Family. Ethel caught the lady's eye as she rose to place it there.

Miss Tucker did not need to say "Thank you" in words: the glance and the action were enough. The little girl felt that eight weeks' effort had not been thrown away.

Perhaps, after all, Miss Tucker *had* been poorer than the really poor family whom the children had also made happy that Christmas Day.

◆◆◆

"Better than Riches."

BY MARY CATHERINE CROWLEY.

I.

"Cash! Cash! here!" cried an attendant at the stationery counter of one of New York's great shopping emporiums. At the summons a delicate-looking little girl came wearily up, and held out a small wicker basket for the goods and the money. "Be quick now: the lady's in a hurry."

Notwithstanding the injunction, the child started off with no special attempt at haste. The same words were dinned into her ears a hundred times a day. She did not see why ladies should be in a hurry. The ladies of her world seemed to have nothing to do but to wear pretty clothes, and to shop, which meant principally the buying of more pretty clothes. It was all very well to make an extra effort to oblige one occasionally; but if she did it every time she was exhorted to, surely her tired feet would give out before the end of the day.

"Cash is so poky!" complained the salesgirl to her companion behind the counter.

"Hie you, Cash! Hustle I say!" called the floor-walker peremptorily, as he passed.

Thus warned, the child skurried away, and reappeared after a very brief interval. As she rushed up with the parcel, an awkward accident occurred. The lady heedlessly stepped backward. Cash dodged, but, alas! before she could stop herself, she had dashed into a pyramid of note-paper that stood upon the end of the counter,

and sent the boxes scattering over the floor in dire confusion.

"Oh!—oh, my!" exclaimed the salesgirl, distressed, as she contemplated the wreck of the architectural display.

The disturbance at once brought the floor-walker to the spot. "Stupid!" he muttered, taking poor Cash by the shoulder. "Why don't you look where you're going? If you can't mind what you're about, we have no use for you here; remember that!"

"Please do not blame the child," interposed the lady who had unwittingly caused the trouble. "It was my fault: I carelessly got in her way. I am very sorry."

"Don't mention it, Mrs. M——. It is not of the slightest consequence," said the floor-walker, with a bland smile and a bow. (Mrs. M—— was a desirable customer, and he would have said the same thing if she had happened to tip the show-case over.) "We have to keep our employees up to the mark, you know," he added in a low tone, by way of apology for his brusqueness. "The best of them become careless. But Cash has found a friend this time, so we'll let it pass."

Cash, who was busily picking up the boxes, made a little grimace to herself at his change of manner. The lady politely inclined her head by way of acknowledgment, and the floor-walker left abruptly, having suddenly discovered that something required his immediate attention in another part of the store.

When he had disappeared, the little girl looked up and faltered gratefully: "Thank you, ma'am!"

Mrs. M—— now for the first time took notice of the individual to whom she had just rendered a service. She glanced down upon a freckled face of the complexion described as pasty, a pair of greyish-blue eyes, and a tangle of reddish curls just long enough to admit of being tied back with the bit of crumpled ribbon which kept them tidy. Cash was not of prepossessing appearance; yet perhaps because the grate-

ful glance touched a chord common to humanity in the heart of the stranger, or because one naturally warms to any creature whom one has befriended, or perhaps simply from the sweet womanliness which finds all childhood attractive,—whatever the motive, upon the impulse of the moment the lady did a very graceful thing. Taking a rose from the bunch of jacinths she wore, she fastened it to the breast of the child's black apron, and was gone before the latter could recover from her astonishment.

It was only a little incident, but it changed the whole aspect of Cash's day. The beautiful flower glowed against the dark uniform, like a bit of joy vouchsafed to a sombre life.

"How lovely?" exclaimed the salesgirl. "Aren't you lucky, Cash! Don't you want to exchange with me? I'll give you a delicious orange I brought with my lunch for that posie."

Cash shook her head. As soon as she could, she stole away to the room where the girls kept their cloaks and hats. Here, after a furtive look around to see that no one was by who might snatch it away, she unpinned the rose and slipped it into a small card-board box, having first carefully wrapped the stem in a piece of well moistened paper. Then she tucked the box into the pocket of her jacket, and ran downstairs to the store again.

For the next two or three hours it happened that Cash was kept running to and fro almost without intermission; but she did not mind it now. The kindly word spoken in her behalf by the truly gracious lady, the simple gift of a flower, had given her new spirit. Her heart, like a little bird, kept singing a cheery song to itself; while, as she journeyed hither and thither, her feet seemed to keep time to its gladness.

"Why, Cash, you're getting smart! What has waked you up?" said the salesgirl, when, well on in the afternoon, the child sat down by the counter for a few

seconds. Then, without waiting for a reply, she continued: "Now, aren't you sorry you did not exchange with me? See, you've lost your rose!"

"Oh, 'taint losted," answered the girl.

"You did not give it to any one after I made the first bid?" (The inquiry was in a sharper tone.)

"No: I'm keeping it for Ellie."

"Oh, sure enough! Poor Ellie! how is she? Cash, you're a good little thing to remember her so kindly. Here, I have the orange still; take it to her, too."

The child's eyes sparkled with pleasure as the salesgirl put the golden ball into her hand. "Ellie'll be awful pleased. I'll tell her you sent it, Julia," she said.

Cash had, of course, another name: it was Katy Connors. Katy lived, way over on the east side of the city, in a house which was once a handsome dwelling, but had long since been divided into tenements and given up to ruin. The Connors were known among their neighbors as a respectable, hard-working family. The father was a day-laborer; the mother went out washing; Joe, a boy of fourteen, was in the district messenger service; after him came Katy, who was employed in McNaughton's store; and then Ellie, the little invalid. Two younger children had died in infancy.

Poor Ellie was fast becoming helpless. How different it had been a few months before! What a sturdy, active child she was, when one morning she set out in gay spirits "to earn money for mother"! Like Katy, she had obtained a position as cashgirl in McNaughton's. And how quick and smart she was about her duties! The floor-walker commended her twice during the week, and said he would speak for an increase in her wages. How proud she felt when Saturday came, and she knew she would have two dollars and a half to take home! Unfortunately, it was to be dearly gained.

Saturday afternoon it happened that the store was unusually crowded; every-

thing was stir and confusion. Little Ellie and her companions dashed now here, now there, in response to the unceasing cry of "Cash! Cash!" In the midst of the hurry, the floor-walker gave Ellie a message to deliver to one of the clerks in the basement. "Don't delay!" he called after her. Eager to please, the child made her way through the throng, and was on the point of darting down the stairs, when, alas! her foot caught, she tripped, gave a little scream, and was precipitated down the entire flight. In an instant several employees from the neighboring counters rushed to pick her up; but, to their alarm, though she strove to be brave, when they attempted to move her she could not repress a low moan of anguish. The superintendent sent at once for a doctor, who discovered that she had sustained a severe injury, having struck against the edge of one of the iron steps.

Where was now the proud home-coming? Ellie was taken to the hospital, whither frightened Mrs. Connors was summoned. Upon one of the cots in the accident ward lay the child, her small face wan with pain, and in her eyes the startled expression noticeable in those of a person who has had a serious fall. In one feverish hand she held something tightly clasped—something for which she had asked before being carried from the store. When the doctor turned aside she beckoned to her mother, and, with a pathetic little smile, folded into the palm of the weeping woman a small yellow envelope. The next moment she fainted away. Mrs. Connors' tears flowed faster as she beheld the precious offering—Ellie's first wages, and the last which she was likely ever to earn.

The firm of McNaughton & Co. investigated the accident, to see if they could by any means be liable to an action for damages brought by an employee. But there was no loose nail in the stairway, not the least obstruction. The proprietors were not to blame; it was simply the child's heedlessness, they said. In fact, the fault

was with Ellie's shoes: the sole of one, being broken, caught on the top step and caused her fall.

And she was to have had a new pair that very evening. Mrs. Connors had quietly determined that her first earnings should be expended in this way. Poor Ellie! she would not need shoes now: the doctors feared she would never walk again. The firm sent a twenty-dollar bill to the child's mother, another "Cash" was engaged to take Ellie's place, and the matter was speedily forgotten.

(To be continued.)

The Guest.

In a certain orphan asylum the words of the grace said before meals were: "Lord Jesus, come and be our guest at this time." A little German boy took those words literally; and one very stormy night, as the children were all sitting down to supper, he asked the Sister who presided at the table: "Sister, Our Lord never comes, and yet we keep on asking Him. Will He *ever* come?"

"Oh, yes!" answered the Sister. "He will surely come."

"He may come to-night," whispered the child. "May I set a chair for Him?"

"Yes, surely," said the Sister.

So the boy drew up another chair, and just then some one knocked. When they opened the door a poor young man stood there, wet and weary and hungry. He was taken in and furnished with warm, dry clothing; and then the Sister led him to the vacant chair and bade him eat.

"Now I understand, Sister," said the little German, after the meal was over. "Our Lord could not come Himself, so He sent that poor man in His place. Is that the way it was?"

"Yes," answered the Sister again; "and in helping the poor man, we helped the One who sent him."

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 Rose of Sharon.*

SPOTLESS Rose is blowing,
 Sprung from a tender root,
 Of ancient seers' foreshowing,
 Of Jesse promised fruit;
 Its fairest bud unfolds to light
 Amid the cold, bleak winter,
 And in the gloom of night.

The Rose which I am singing,
 Whereof Isaiah said,
 Is from its sweet root springing
 In Mary, purest Maid;
 For, thro' our God's great love and might,
 The Blessed Babe she bare us
 In a cruel winter's night.

the ecclesiastical cycle: it ushers in all the other festivals of the year; it is preceded by a period of special preparation, and is celebrated with solemn rejoicings. St. Chrysostom styles Christmas the mother of all festivals, since from it all others take their origin; for had not, he adds, Christ been born according to the flesh, He had not been baptized, which is the Epiphany; neither had He been crucified, which is our Paschal festival; neither had He sent down the Holy Spirit, which is our Pentecost.

It may, therefore, appear strange that so important a feast should for three centuries and a half have held no place among the festivals of the Church. Yet such is the indisputable fact: during the early ages of Christianity the Feast of Christmas was entirely unknown. No day was set apart for its solemn celebration; no liturgy was in existence for the special commemoration of the Saviour's birth; no public ceremonies summoned the faithful to kneel in spirit before the Crib of Bethlehem. The only official notice of the feast was a commemoration of the Nativity on the 6th of January, as an adjunct to the three other mysteries solemnized on that day.

The Baptism of Christ was the mystery originally kept on the 6th of January. The commencement of His public ministry, and

The History of the Christmas Festival.



CHRISTIANS are accustomed to hail the advent of the Christmas festival with peculiar gladness; for it is a commemoration of the event which, more than all others, brought joy to the whole world,—the anniversary of the day

whereon was inaugurated the great work of man's redemption. The birth of Christ marks the commencement of the Christian era. Christmas comes first and foremost in

* A Christmas carol, written by an unknown German poet of pre-Reformation times. Though lax and unpolished in form, the popular songs of this period are full of freshness and vigor, often of sweetness and pathos.

announcement to be the Son of God, was held to be an event of far greater magnitude than His coming into the world. It was supposed, moreover, to possess a more cosmopolitan signification, as being not confined to the Jewish nation, but a proclamation to the whole world of a Redeemer. Hence the Epiphany, or Manifestation, was considered to be of so much greater importance than the birth of Christ that to the latter no special day was assigned. The Epiphany is spoken of by the Fathers as the Day of Baptism—*Principium et causa hujus festi baptismus Christi est*; and it was one of the three days on which baptism was administered to catechumens. To this public appearance of Christ at His baptism as the Son of God was united the commemoration of His first public miracle, the conversion of water into wine at the marriage banquet of Cana. The appearance of the Star and Adoration of the Magi were also added, and a commemoration of the Nativity made.

Thus the Epiphany became a collective festival, denoting a fourfold manifestation: (1) The appearance of God manifest in the flesh at the Nativity; (2) The appearance of the Star that guided the Magi to Bethlehem when Christ was manifested to the Gentiles; (3) The glorious manifestation of His Divinity and of the Three Persons of the Holy Trinity at His baptism; (4) The manifestation of His supernatural power at the marriage of Cana. In consequence of this manifestation in four different ways and on four different occasions, the festival was called in the West *dies epiphaniarum*, or *apparitionem*. Only through the influence of the Latin Church was the commemoration of Christ's birth introduced in the East, where the Epiphany was kept as a triplex festival: (1) Epiphania, the appearance of the Star; (2) Theophania, the manifestation of the Holy Trinity at Our Lord's baptism; (3) Bethphania, the manifestation of divine power in the house (*beth*) of Cana. St. Jerome declares the Epiphany

is venerable, not because of Christ's birth in human flesh (for in this He was hidden), but because He was openly declared to be the Son of God. St. Chrysostom says: "Not the day of His birth is the day of His real appearance, but the day of His baptism, and the manifestation of the Three Persons of the Holy Trinity."

Not until the middle of the fourth century was the Nativity separated from the Epiphany by the Latin Church, and a day set apart for its celebration, the two feasts being called respectively *Prima* and *Secunda Nativitas*. The error of the Manichees, who denied that Christ was born in the flesh, very probably induced greater importance to be given to His Nativity, and led to its being made a distinct festival.

In reference to the day, Clement of Alexandria mentions the opinion of some who placed the birth of Christ on the 20th of April, and of others who assigned to it the 20th of May. St. Epiphanius and Cassian state the general belief to be that it was on the 6th of January. Calculating the birth of Christ from the Crucifixion, which was supposed to have taken place on the 9th of April, a book entitled "*De Pascha Computus*," published either in Italy or Africa in 243, gives the 28th of March as the date of the Nativity. But this date was not in accordance with the popular belief that Christ suffered on the 25th of March—a belief so deeply rooted in Gaul that we find it recorded that as late as the fifth and sixth centuries the Passion was commemorated on the 25th of March, and the Resurrection on the 27th, quite irrespective of the movable solemnities of Good-Friday and Easter Day. The accepted tradition was that in the spring equinox the world was created; on the same day mankind was redeemed by the death of Christ; and that the Annunciation and Incarnation of the Eternal Word took place on the same day (March 25); whence nine months would bring us to the 25th of December, the day of His birth.

St. Augustine mentions as an undoubted historic fact that Christ was born on the 25th of December. The first proof of the observance of the feast of the Nativity on that day is found in a Roman calendar drawn up in the year 336, in which is read: *viii kal: Jan: (December 25) natus Christi in Bethleem Judeæ*. It was during the pontificate of Pope Julius I. (337-352) that the appearance of Christ in the flesh (*natalis in carne*) was separated from the Epiphany, and appointed for solemn commemoration on the 25th of December. We learn from St. Ambrose that his sister Marcellina made her profession in Rome on the day of Our Lord's Nativity, in presence of Pope Liberius, who preached on the occasion on the mystery of the day. This must have taken place in 353 or 354, as Liberius left Rome in the latter year.

The observance of Christmas as a distinct festival was not introduced into the East until a later period. St. Jerome and many writers of his time speak of the Nativity and Epiphany being kept on different days in the Western Church. Addressing the consecrated virgins in the cloister at Bethlehem on the 25th of December, St. Jerome bids them remember that on this day Our Lord was born. People here, he says, assert that "He was born on the 6th of January; and they ask, who should know better than those who live on the very spot where He was born? But let us hold fast the tradition we have received from our forefathers, while we condemn not their opinion; for the teaching of the Apostles is nowhere better known than in our city of Rome, where they were received when driven out of Judea."

St. Basil, preaching in Cappadocia about the year 372, mentions the Nativity and Baptism of Our Lord as being both kept on the 6th of January; while his brother, St. Gregory of Nyssa, preaching in the same place on St. Stephen's Day, 386, says: "Yesterday we celebrated the birth of Him who was made sin for us." Hence we may

conclude that during the interval the change already made in the ecclesiastical calendar in the West had spread to the East. The precise time of its introduction can not be determined, as it was not simultaneous throughout the churches of the Orient. St. Chrysostom, in a Christmas sermon delivered at Antioch in 386, says that ten years had not yet passed since his hearers had come to the true knowledge of the day of Christ's birth, which had been kept on the Epiphany until the Latin Church gave them better information. At the time when he spoke the Christmas festival was not kept either in Jerusalem or Alexandria. In the latter metropolis it was introduced only in 431.

By some it is conjectured that Christmas was fixed on the 25th of December for the purpose of affording a Christian substitute for the *Saturnalia*, or feasts of rejoicing, celebrated by the pagans at the winter solstice. After the shortest day the sun was supposed to enter upon a new and victorious course, and the succeeding days were kept in honor of *sol novus, natalis invicti*. St. Gregory Nazianzen's exhortations to his people on the Nativity seem directly intended to warn them against falling into the same abuses as the heathen. He bids his hearers beware lest, whilst observing the joyous festival, they should indulge in the luxury and intemperance which mark the pagan feasts. Conformity with the habits and customs of the heathen world around them, from which their Christian profession obliged them to be wholly separate, was a danger to which converts were continually exposed. The fast of the kalends of January observed in the Latin Church was perhaps intended no less as a means of deterring Christians from taking part in the mummeries and excesses which ushered in the New Year than as a preparation for the Epiphany. So long as the Epiphany continued to be considered a greater festival than Christmas, the fast of Advent which preceded it was kept from

the 17th of December until the 6th of January; and when Christmas was first fixed for celebration on the 25th of December, the faithful were directed not to fast on that day.

For a considerable time after the Christmas festival was universally kept, the Epiphany was still held, both in the East and the West, to be the more important festival of the two. The ancient Roman *Ordo* speaks of it as undeniably greater. Gerbert, writing in the thirteenth century, in a German Mass-book calls it *der obriste Tag*—the higher or greater day. But as time went on, the first manifestation, the birthday of the Word made Flesh, gained ground, and took precedence over the second manifestation, the proclamation of the Saviour's birth to the Gentile world. Moreover, as the years passed on, the Baptism of Christ ceased, by some unaccountable change, to be regarded as the principal mystery commemorated on the 6th of January, and gave place to the Adoration of the Magi, whence the day was called the Feast of the Three Kings. This alteration was seemingly a very gradual one; not until the beginning of the ninth century did the Epiphany receive this later signification.

There is no doubt that from the time that it was constituted a distinct festival, the Nativity of the Saviour was celebrated by the Church with peculiar solemnity and devotion. In ancient times the principal festivals were preceded by vigils, which the faithful kept in the church, passing the night in fasting and prayer. This custom was afterward abolished for Christians in general, on account of the abuses to which it gave rise, and restricted to the religious orders. It was, however, retained for Christmas, the people being invited to assemble in the churches to assist at the Divine Office and hear the Midnight Mass. The German name for Christmas, *Weihnacht*, has reference to this custom. The day itself was kept with the same religious solemnity as the Lord's Day. There were always sermons, as we gather from the

writings of the Fathers, and the people were exhorted not to let the day pass without making a devout Communion. Liberty was given to servants to rest from their labors, and the laws of the State prohibited public games and shows as on Sundays. Private Masses were also forbidden, as a rule: the Church obliged all the faithful to attend the cathedral or one of the larger churches of the city, in order to show all possible honor to the day.

In regard to the three Masses which are now a special privilege of the day, it is not easy to determine how far back they date. Some say that as Christianity spread, the crowds who collected rendered them necessary. A far more probable explanation of the usage is that in Rome a procession was customary on Christmas Day to (1) the Church of Santa Maria Maggiore; (2) the Church of St. Anastasia, whose feast is kept on December 25; and (3) St. Peter's. In each of these basilicas the Pope offered the Holy Sacrifice. St. Gregory the Great mentions the custom in one of his Christmas homilies: "By the liberality of the Lord, we are about to celebrate to-day the solemnity of the Mass three times." Whether this custom prevailed elsewhere in early times is more than doubtful.

In places where St. Anastasia's feast was not kept as it was at Rome, priests used to say two Masses: one of the vigil and one of the feast. This was done in France until the Roman *Ordo* was adopted; and for some time after, as at first, the three Masses were said only by bishops. Wherever the custom of saying two Masses prevailed, the people were apparently expected to hear both. On this account the benediction was not given at the conclusion of the first, nor was the *Ite Missa est* said, lest the people should think themselves at liberty to depart out of the church. And when the three Masses had become customary throughout Europe, as was the case in the fourteenth century, the congregation were expected to remain until the third was finished.

As the Midnight Mass commemorates the actual birth of Christ into the world, so the Mass of Dawn commemorates His revelation to mankind in the person of the Shepherds who came to adore Him; while the Mass of Day celebrates the eternal sonship of the Holy Child. A mystical meaning is also attached to the three Masses. They are supposed to figure the threefold birth of Jesus Christ, who was begotten of the Father before all ages, born in time of the Virgin Mary, and is evermore spiritually born anew in the hearts of the faithful. To all who receive Him He gives power to be made the sons of God. *Laudetur Jesus Christus!*

ELLIS SCHREIBER.

Another's Burden.

(CONCLUSION.)

VII.

“ONE evening, a few months ago,” continued Frayno, “for the first time since my marriage, I went to the tavern. I drank several glasses of wine, and in the meanwhile heard what Choquaz had been saying about Loysa. The wine had excited me somewhat, and the scoffs and jeers of my companions inflamed me beyond all control. I armed myself with a heavy club, and ran toward Choquaz’s home.

“It was late and the door was locked. I called out to those within to open it, but received no answer. With a vigorous shove I broke the lock and hurried in. I found Thomas in bed. As soon as he saw me, he jumped up and seized an axe that lay in the corner of the room; but he did not have time to use it: I struck him down just as he turned to attack me.

“His mother, awakened, came running in with a knife in her hand. I had entertained no purpose of hurting her, but now I rejoiced that an opportunity was afforded

me of taking revenge for the old grievances of my mother.” I knocked the knife from her hand with my club, and in a moment I was struggling with two adversaries—for Thomas had only been stunned by my blow; and, recovering, he threw himself upon me with the fury of a wild beast.

“I do not recall what happened afterward. For the time being I was a madman; and when I endeavor to recollect the scene, it vanishes like some awful dream. I remember, however, returning home. Loysa, who had sat up waiting for me, uttered a cry of alarm as she saw me. I was covered with blood.

“I did not recover from my fit of fury till some hours afterward. Still trembling with passion but exhausted, I could just manage to reassure my wife of my safety, and then fell prostrate on a bench. Loysa approached me, with terror in her eyes and voice, and asked with anguished tones: ‘O Michael, where are you hurt? They have tried to murder you. I had a presentiment that they would, and that is why I sat up.’—‘I am not hurt,’ I answered; ‘but leave me now, I beg you. I will tell you everything to-morrow.’

“She understood from the tremulousness of my voice that I was too excited to speak. As a matter of fact, the blood was throbbing against my temples like a sledgehammer; and my ears resounded with a hoarse roar, as of a night wind moaning in a forest. At times I involuntarily bounded from my seat. My rage was not yet appeased. I was strongly tempted to return to the home of Thomas to see whether he was dead, and to give him the finishing stroke if he were not. Then came the thought of making sure of his destruction by setting fire to his house. As for justice, I did not even think of it. Nothing seemed more legitimate than my vengeance, and I did not imagine that any one could blame me for what I had done.

“I spent the night sleepless and nervous as I had never been before. Loysa remained

with me, not daring to ask for an explanation, but tortured with anxiety and fear. Finally, I grew comparatively calm, and told her what I had done. She did not overwhelm me with bitter reproaches, but she entreated me to leave the country, saying that she and the children would follow me.

"I would have done well to take her advice; but as I learned the next day that Choquaz had survived his wounds, I thought the magistrate would recognize the justice of my settling for myself any quarrels with my enemies, and so made no resistance to my arrest.

"I blame nobody for the result. I know that I am a criminal, and that it is only just that I should do penance for my crime. But the judges deceived themselves in thinking I should survive the fifteen years in the galleys which they have given me. I shall not last that long, because the thought of my family is wearing out my strength and life; and I shall die heartbroken before one-third of the sentence has been executed.

"For myself, it matters little whether I pull the galley oar or handle the joiner's plane; but in Soubéros there are five mouths longing for bread, and, alas! I can not fill them."

As he uttered these last words, the unhappy convict dropped his head and burst into a torrent of tears. The ecclesiastic, moved to compassion by a sorrow so genuine, said nothing, but debated within himself how he could alleviate Frayno's misery. Suddenly he arose, and, without a word to the criminal, betook himself to the officer in command of the galleys.

VIII.

The alms which the charitable vicar of Soubéros had given to Frayno's family were soon exhausted, and Julia and Loysa had to think of obtaining work. The farmers, however, disliked to give employment to the mother and wife of a galley-slave. None of the children were capable of rendering any service. Loysa had to remain at

home to take care of them; and although she endeavored to earn something by spinning, her work was so often interrupted, and she was so weak and disheartened, that she scarcely made enough to support herself.

The old woman, on the contrary, seemed to have found in her sixtieth year all the vigor and courage of youth. At four o'clock every morning she was up; and as the vintage that autumn was so abundant that laborers were in demand, she readily found employment. The vintage over, she hired herself as washerwoman to the neighboring peasants. Despite all her courage, however, she was no longer hotheaded and passionate as she had formerly been. She bore without a word of reply reproaches the most bitter; and whenever by accident or design any mention was made of the galleys, she lowered her head and wept in silence. She did not complain, and was happy when some generous neighbor gave her, besides the trifling wages of the day, a piece of bread or meat for the hungry ones at home. For herself, poor old woman, she stinted herself habitually, partaking only of what was absolutely necessary.

Several months had passed, and winter was at hand. Loysa knew that Michael had done some work for different villagers, for which he had not been paid; and, despite the humiliation it cost her, necessity forced her to ask his employers for the amounts they owed him. She went, therefore, to Farmer Combrey; and, after explaining her straitened circumstances, hinted that she would be much obliged if he would settle his account with her husband.

Combrey manifested considerable displeasure at this very reasonable request.

"What I owe your husband? Certainly I will pay it; I am not the man to defraud laborers of their wages. But I did not promise to pay him at once. The work he did for me was not pressing: I could have waited months to have it done. And it was well understood that he was to be paid for it only next spring."

Loysa did not dare to insist; but as her necessity was imperious, she called upon another debtor. This one was willing enough to pay, but exacted a receipt signed by Michael himself; the signatures of Loysa and Julia, he maintained, were insufficient. He was a man of system, and desired to have matters of this kind arranged in a systematic and legal manner. This, of course, was equivalent to a refusal. The third to whom she applied was even less honest.

"What I owe your husband!" he exclaimed. "Why, I owe him nothing. I paid him in full long ago. Did he never tell you of it?"

At this reply, which she knew to be false, Loysa could not repress her tears of disappointment. She returned to her cottage, and told her mother-in-law of the ill success of her trial. Julia remained silent.

"We shall be obliged," added Loysa, "to sell Michael's tools."

"And if he returns?"

"Alas! in fifteen years the rust will have made sad havoc of the steel; and when he does come back, he would not be able to use them."

"And are you ready to sell at an insignificant price what cost so dear? Ah! you don't know how he bought each separate saw and plane and chisel—at the cost of what savings and hardships. And, then, those tools are himself. Poor boy! When regret overcomes me I go into his shop; I seem to find him there, and come out consoled and fortified."

In the meanwhile Loysa was visibly wearing away. She no longer felt capable of supporting the continuous struggle of life. The day was measurably near when she would no longer be able to leave her bed. She felt it; and while on the one hand she dreaded death on account of her children, on the other she could not but welcome the idea of her deliverance from all the evils and apprehensions by which she was besieged.

One night, as she was lying sleepless and feverish upon her couch, she fancied she heard some noise at the outer door of the cottage. She raised her head and listened. Yes, she was right: some one was knocking.

"Mother," she cried, "here is Michael!" and running to the door she withdrew the bolt. Her instinct had proved correct: she was clasped in the arms of her husband.

How had he escaped from the galleys? Had he been pardoned, or was he a fugitive from justice, which would recapture him and award him additional punishment? The intensity of their joy forbade any such reflections on the part of the two women, and they put no questions to their loved one, whose return was not less welcome than unexpected. He was overwhelmed with caresses; the children were aroused, and brought to him to be embraced. Loysa's fever no longer troubled her: she laughed and cried in a breath, and was half distracted with joy.

"Sit down, Michael," said Julia, who alone had preserved some self-possession. She lit the lamp and drew up a bench to the table.

"How tired you look!" said Loysa, as she inspected Michael's appearance.

"I have been walking three days and nights without taking a moment's rest," he replied. "Thank God, however, I find you still alive, and my fatigue has left me. If you have suffered, think of it no more. I am at home henceforth. Give me a drink of water: I am thirsty."

"Alas! water is *all* we can give you. Is there any bread in the pantry, Loysa?"

"Yes, luckily the children left a little."

"Never mind," said Frayno: "I will wait. Just now I feel as though I could fast for the rest of my life."

They forced him, nevertheless, to eat a piece of bread; and when he had finished, Loysa asked:

"How is it that you are no longer a prisoner?"

"Oh, because you have prayed well to the Blessed Virgin during my absence!"

"Will the officers not try to take you back again?"

"Don't I tell you that Our Lady has freed me? And now listen. When you hear after this about angels appearing in certain places, never again say you don't believe it. I who am speaking, all unworthy as I am, have seen an angel, have touched him, have talked with him. He has taken my irons and my place in the galleys, and has been rowing for me for three days.

"As I was almost despairing in the galleys down there at Marseilles, and lamenting your sad fate, the Blessed Virgin, to whom I prayed with all my strength, took pity on me, and one day I found at my side an angel whom she had sent. He wore the dress of a priest, doubtless because it is the holiest of costumes. He came up to me, and, pretending not to know anything about me, kindly asked me to tell him my story.

"I did not suspect his character, and thought him simply a man like myself. Yet I told him why I was a galley-slave, and did not attempt to excuse myself. He saw at once that I was telling the truth, and immediately rewarded my sincerity. He persuaded the commander to take him in my stead, and so allow me to return to you. Who can resist angels? The officer consented, and I departed; sure that whenever he wishes the angel will unfold his wings and fly to the heaven that alone is a fit dwelling-place for such as he."

* * *

The Count of Joigny, hearing nothing for some time of his confessor, Vincent de Paul, and fearing that his charity had involved him in some peril, instituted inquiries on all sides concerning the holy priest.


Vincent was one of those men who vainly seek to hide themselves. His benevolence betrayed him everywhere. The officer who had witnessed his heroic charity toward Michael Frayno spoke of the matter

to his superiors, and they rightly judged that this voluntary galley-slave could be none other than the priest for whom the Count of Joigny was looking.

Father Vincent, when discovered, would leave the galleys only on one condition—that letters of pardon should be procured for the prisoner whose place he had taken. M. de Gondi obtained the letters from the King, and the Saint again took up the missionary labors and reforms which he had already begun in the galleys.

◆◆◆

In Expectation.

 "GOD, how long?" Judea cried,
And soft the night winds sighed.
"Ah! when shall we salvation see?
Behold we bend a suppliant knee;
No longer from Thy waiting children hide—
How long, O God! how long?"

"O God, how long?" the saints have wept,
As they their nightly vigils kept,
"Before we see Thy glorious face,
And rest fore'er in Thy embrace?"
And heavenward was the yearning cry onswept,
"How long, O God! how long?"

"O God, how long?" the souls make moan,
Who earthly stains of sin atone
In purgatory's cleansing fire;
The burning flames of their desire
Their pleadings waft unto the Mercy Throne—
"How long, O God! how long?"

"O God, how long?" we make complaint,
As, in the bonds of Love's restraint,
We seek the Cave of Bethlehem's light,
But fear the Advent's long, dark night;
And murmur as our strength grows faint,
"How long, O God! how long?"

Thank God, not long! Fast speeds the night,
And day-dawn comes with glorious light,
To fill the yearnings of our heart,
And bid earth's pains and fears depart.
We have not long our weary way to fight,—
Thank God, not long!

Traces of Travel.

MERRY ENGLAND.

BY CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

XII.—CHESTER.

IT is always a pleasurable sensation, tumbling one's things into a little travelling bag and taking a ticket for some new quarter of the globe,—some place one has never yet seen, but which he has read of and heard of ever since he was a child. There is the chance of forming a fresh friendship on the way; there is the absolute certainty of seeing something interesting, and, very likely, beautiful—even the banks of the railways in England are ornamented at intervals, and the roads are so smooth that it is a positive pleasure to travel on them.

It seems I missed the express train this morning. I'm glad I did: I like to lounge in a new land—even if it is as old as the hills, it is all new to me, all attractive; and there is mighty little I miss that can be seen from a car window. Cab men received me at Chester with an almost royal welcome; they love to capture an American in Chester. A troop of barefooted boys, with generous enthusiasm, volunteered to carry my one article of luggage—but I would not think of troubling them—even at “tuppence” per head. I bravely bore my own burden; chiefly, no doubt, because I hadn't the smallest idea where I was likely to bring up, and I meant to prolong my pilgrimage until I felt that my hour had come—as it was sure to, sooner or later. I had seen a great square tower, which I knew was the cathedral tower, and I took it for a landmark; thus I easily worked my way into the heart of the town.

Wandering in a delightful state of bewilderment—not caring a farthing whether I turned to the right or to the left or kept

straight on,—I came to an arch spanning the street, and lo! East Gate, the first of the four city gates in the old wall of Chester. Straight ahead now—the plot, as it were, was thickening at every step, the houses growing older and older every minute; centuries old the youngest of them seem to be. Most of them look like pictures, or theatrical scenery, and for this reason they appear unreal to the stranger-eye. It is hard to believe in them at first: one discredits his sight; he almost questions the sense of touch.

Presently, quite unexpectedly and most happily, I chanced upon the Yacht Inn, at the corner of Watergate and Nicholas Streets. Now, this is the very Inn to which Hawthorne took his friends whenever he came to Chester—and that was as often as he could get away from Liverpool. This is the Inn where Dean Swift, then on his way to Ireland, stopped over night; and, wishing to do honor to the dignitaries of the cathedral, he invited them all to dine with him at the Yacht Inn. None of them came, for the Dean was in bad odor. Well, the satirical fellow swallowed his wrath with his dinner; and after dinner, with the diamond in his ring—not keener edged than his tongue or pen, nor more brilliant either—he scratched on a window pane, that looked from the staircase into the top room, this couplet:

“Rotten without and mouldering within,
This place and its clergy are all near kin.”

Hawthorne saw this souvenir of the Dean's indignation many years ago, but the glass has been removed for safe-keeping; the wonder is it was not broken or stolen away before the authorities took charge of it.

When I first laid eyes on the queer little plastered house, with a double peak to its roof, and windows of various sizes crowded with an infinite number of diminutive panes of glass, I said to myself: “It is perhaps large enough to accommodate the landlord's family.” It seemed to me that there could be no spare room in such a

doll's house of an inn, and I cautiously made inquiry. There was a room unoccupied. We climbed the steep, narrow, and well-worn stairs, and came to a sudden turn in a passage that was full of abrupt turns and steps, pairs of them, up or down as the case might be—and there was my room, and here am I in it. A bed, hung with heavy damask curtains, half fills it. The one small window scarcely lights it, though there are at least twenty panes of glass in that sash. "How much for this room?" asked I, when I had concluded that it would just about fit me. "We charge a shilling a night," said the landlady. "I will have the room put in order; you see, I haven't been in here for a couple of weeks." Alas! I fear patronage has fallen off since Hawthorne's day. The wonder to me is how she can keep from running in and out of these cozy and crazy little corners all day long.

It is but a step from the Yacht Inn to the East Gate of the city wall. Stairs lead to the top of the wall in various parts of the town, but I choose the East Gate for my starting-point. On the top of the wall is a narrow, paved walk, with a parapet of stone on the outer edge of it. This walk is but three or four feet in breadth; it is not always level, but at times rises a little with the wall, so as to span the arches in the gates through which the main thoroughfares of the city pass into the suburbs. Now and again it is almost level with the city streets; but look over the parapet, and you will see that the wall rises high above the outlying land. In one angle of the wall a canal flows through a cut, like a deep moat; and fifty feet below you is the sluggish stream and the sloppy tow-path. At another point the wall becomes a part of a grand old castle overhanging the river Dee. The castle is enriched with reminiscences of Ethelfreda, daughter of King Alfred; of Hugh Lupus, the Norman; Henry III. and Henry IV.; Hotspur, Richard II., and many another worthy or unworthy. Its

origin, whether British, Roman or Saxon, is uncertain; and this uncertainty I think one of its chief charms. Who cares to know the name of the builder? Is it not enough that the castle stands to-day, and is likely to stand for a thousand years to come? Is it not enough that in the tower of Julius Agricola—a square structure that helps to emphasize the general effect of the outline—in that tower is a chamber in which King Richard used to hear Mass when he was a prisoner in the castle? It is now a powder-magazine.

It is nearly two miles around the wall, and every inch of it is delightful. It is a pity that cities are not walled nowadays, for the walls are such charming aids to the enjoyment of one's constitutional. There are many points of uncommon historical interest encountered in a circuit of the walls of Chester; the Phoenix Tower, for instance, a crumbling heap of stone at one angle of the wall, bears this suggestive inscription on its grizzly front:

KING CHARLES
STOOD ON THIS TOWER
SEPTEMBER 24 (27?), 1645, AND SAW
HIS ARMY DEFEATED
ON ROWTON MOORE.

It was then that the festive Cromwell came in with his horses and his whitewash; and though he was admitted to the city—where the people had been starving throughout the siege—on condition that the public and private houses should not be molested, he at once proceeded to decorate the cathedral in the highest style of his peculiar art. He is not likely to be forgotten so long as there is a drop of whitewash left in the land.

Now, still patrolling the wall, one looks down upon the greensward of Barrow Field, where once the Roman soldiery was drilled; and where, fifteen hundred years later, a vast number of plague-stricken citizens of Chester were hastily buried. Oh, there have been unwritten histories full of rare romance bound up within these walls, and many a time have these vener-

able stones been chipped by the cannonade of the enemy! Away back in A. D. 607 King Ethelred put twelve hundred monks to the sword, and conquered the city after a bloody combat.

Ships once were moored under the shadow of these very walls. Not many years ago there were bolts and rings still hanging to the stones of the Tower, where ships had formerly made fast. But the sands o' Dee have choked off navigation; and the river now seems like a pleasure stream, whose only object in life is to keep green the pastures that border it, and float a shadow of the quaint old town that looks serenely down upon it.

Coming in from the walls this evening—I've made the circuit twice to-day,—I find myself in an amiable frame of mind. The dusk deepened so silently and so slowly that I scarcely realized it until, turning one of the angles of the wall, I saw a long street all aglow with lamp-lights; and at the far end of it a tall factory chimney with a lurid flame flaring from the top of it, and making a kind of aurora in that quarter of the town. A few steps farther on, I had the old cathedral tower in bold relief against a strip of mellow, green and amber-tinted horizon; a tumbling sea of roofs filled the middle ground, while close underfoot was the shadowy—very shadowy—churchyard, with its fragmentary tombstones, some of which looked as if they had started to follow the dust they have been so long silently commemorating.

The question arises, Is there a cathedral in all England that is not at the present moment undergoing the radical changes of the restoration mania? Restoration naturally follows the Reformation. Wherever you go you find a blank partition separating the nave from the choir, and beyond it are heard the clatter of hammers and the continual hum of voices. Even in that part of the sacred edifice where service is daily held, and where one instinctively takes his hat off, there is

a prominent flavor of fresh plaster, that is hardly so conducive to the proper spirit of devotion as the faint odor of incense that once floated through the old abbey. Chester Abbey (it is now called the cathedral) is a striking example of the natural result of this restoration movement; the place is becoming as modern as possible. Much of the exterior no longer bears the slightest trace of age; nor should it be expected to, since it may be said to have been built within the last twenty years.

The cathedral, as it now stands, or as it stood previous to the restoration, was virtually completed in 1492. Bluff King Hal despoiled it, and Time has melted the stones of it like wax; but there is still left a shadow of the solemn walls, and something of its original beauty—quite enough to charm the visitor, who is sure to seek it out the very hour he arrives in Chester. The ground on which it stands has a history that is almost without a beginning. In the Roman days a temple dedicated to Apollo stood here; and this temple is supposed to have been erected on the ruins of a Druidical fane. Everything in Chester dates back to the beginning of Creation, or soon after. Were it not that the city is actually founded upon a rock, it might have been a green pasture by this time—a bit of grass land with a forgotten history.

The carvings are grotesque and fanciful, as is most of the monkish work that is found in all these old abbeys. The arms between the stalls bear strange and hideous faces; also the figures on the seats, which were so arranged that if the monks grew heedless and sat too heavily upon them, the seat slipped forward and slid the offender on the floor. The Lady Chapel has been entirely restored through the generosity of a private individual, and looks as fresh and modern as any imitation that one is likely to find exhibited for a *fac-simile* of an original.

But there is a part of the old abbey that has truth stamped on the face of it—the

cloisters. They are, to me, the most interesting portion of these English cathedrals. They had their day, when the old monks used to pace them with sandalled feet, reading their Office. They were sacred to silence and meditation, and the ivy-draped arches are perhaps almost literal translations of the life which has gone out of the place with the fourteenth century.

Chester cathedral cloisters are black with age. The arches are crumbling; the ancient epitaphs on the paved floors are worn smooth; nothing but fragments of the original poetic architecture and the immemorial ivy remain. The birds build there; the momentary tourist turns on his heel to get a square view of the square tower that overshadows one corner of the sacred enclosure, and this is about all that can be said of it. It is like looking at the illustrations of some historical romance without reading the text, to pace these serene and solemn haunts.

In the good old days there was a subterranean passage that led from the abbey to St. John's, a quarter of a mile distant. The passage still exists, but the air is foul, and the exit at St. John's is stopped with earth. Its ruin is as perfect as an elegy. Broken arches reach out into the air for the graceful carvings they once were wedded to. Hammocks of ivy swing in the wind where once the sacred banners of Our Lady swung on holydays. A ruined stairway leads to Heaven knows where—some secret chapel perchance; rock-weed hangs in knots from the crumbling wall; and away up under one of the empty niches is an empty coffin, cut in the solid wall—a coffin hewn from one piece of rock, and now exposing a hollow trough in the shape of a human figure. The bones of some good monk may have been exalted to that position; they have gone the way of all flesh, which is grass, and his casket has outlived his memory.

A half dozen or more streets in Chester may be called two-storied. On entering the

street you find it a trifle narrow, perhaps; but there is a sidewalk three feet broad—most English sidewalks are narrow,—with a line of consecutive shops on the inside of it, as usual. Above this line of shops is an opening, extending the length of the block in most cases. It looks not unlike a continuous balcony, though it is rather low; and above it the upper stories of the houses extend as far as the shops on the street. Stone steps lead up into this balcony, which looks private enough, but it is in reality a public thoroughfare; and you may get into it by steps at two or three places in the block. On coming into this public balcony, which is called a "Row," you find the street repeated, but with a broader and better pavement. Here you meet the best families on foot, and look in the most attractive shop-windows, and are altogether happy; for it seems like playing at business in such a queer little thoroughfare as the Row always is and always must be. In one Row I found a second-hand book dealer, with his library lying in heaps at his feet. The flags were literally covered with musty volumes, as he sat there in the midst of his treasure, patiently, hopelessly awaiting a purchaser. All these rows are of stone underfoot and plaster overhead. They have a ghostly appearance at night, when few people are out, and only two or three dim lights are burning.

Sitting in this dingy little Yacht Inn, with the street-door closed and bolted (it is against the law to open, even for a few hours, on the Lord's Day), no one seems to be passing—ah, yes! a few solemn-visaged people, who have hymn-books in hand and umbrellas overhead. Thus it is that the mourners go about the streets; for the shops are shut, and the blinds are drawn, and the rain is sifting down in a fine powder.

My spirits fall with the shower. Who does not know the sorrows of travel? There is but one antidote; this is found in precipitous flight: I will away betimes.

The Curé's Cook.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TYBORNE," ETC.

CATHERINE, the housekeeper to the Curé of F——, was very busy in her kitchen. Generally speaking, she took things easy; but to-day evidently an important matter was on hand. Indeed it was so. M. le Curé was going to have a dinner, the like of which he had never eaten during the twenty years Catherine had been in his service.

Catherine's great cross was the Curé's indifference to food. He would never let his table be supplied save from his poultry yard and his garden; and as he gave away half of their supply, he lived poorly enough. He never gave dinner parties; but so cordially received any passing guests who came at meal-time, that such guests came often. Then when Catherine exclaimed: "What am I to do?" M. le Curé would reply: "Put another cup of water into the soup, another egg into the omelet, and we shall do very well." M. le Curé was master in his own house; Catherine could only sigh and complain behind his back.

But the evening before our story opens, a friend of Catherine's, who had been out all day shooting, and was coming home tired and thirsty, stopped for a moment's greeting. Catherine gave him a chair and a good draught of cider, and the grateful sportsman presented her with a hare. Catherine was delighted, and she determined to make a *pâté*, or hare pie, which would last the Curé for several days.

She exerted her best powers, and the *pâté* was cooked to perfection. It was ready long before twelve, the Curé's dinner hour. At a quarter before the time Catherine went to look for the priest, who was in his garden reading his Office.

"M. le Curé, dinner is ready."

"You have made a mistake, Cather-

ine," he replied. "The Angelus has not yet rung." And he cast his eyes again on his breviary.

Catherine sighed and looked out of the window. "Oh!" What did she behold—whom did she see turning the corner of the street? Two young priests of a neighboring parish. Catherine knew them well. Such appetites as God had blessed them with! How often had her baked chicken and omelet disappeared before them! And, then, it was too much: they were bringing with them a certain Richard, a favorite choir boy; a good enough boy, and with an appetite to match his other good qualities.

Catherine gave one despairing look, rushed on the *pâté* and locked it into the cupboard. Then she flew to her master.

"M. le Curé, here are the two vicars of Crève coming. I am sure they will stay for dinner, and they have that enormous eater Richard with them."

"Very well. Put three cups of water into the soup, and three more eggs into the omelet, and all will be quite right."

"Of course I can do that," answered Catherine; "but the *pâté*? If I serve that they will eat every bit of it."

"*Pâtés* were made to be eaten," said the good priest. "I am glad you have one."

"Oh, no one but yourself, M. le Curé, ought to eat this *pâté*! It would last you a week. It is made of a hare. Robert Brune gave me such a fine hare. No, I don't want those young priests to eat it up. I do beg of you, M. le Curé, not to speak of the *pâté*. I will prepare a nice omelet and some pancakes and coffee—whatever you like, but don't betray me about the *pâté*."

Tears stood in Catherine's eyes; and the Curé, dimly comprehending that she had received some personal present, said:

"Very well; do as you like—only do go and open the door now; they are knocking."

The three guests came in, the dinner was served; and Catherine, as she beat up the eggs, tried to stifle her remorse. She

knew the young priests were self-sacrificing, hard-working souls, and that they must be very hungry. They had taken a long walk, and had to go farther still; and their errand was one of charity. She was ashamed of her weak soup, her hastily prepared omelet, her indifferent salad; but for once she hardened her heart.

The Curé was an absent-minded man, and cared little for food; but he began to feel the dinner was more scanty than usual.

"Well, my friends," he said, "you have but poor fare before you. If I had only known you were coming, we could have had a chicken or rabbit for you. You know we can get nothing in the village; we are a long way from a market; and therefore when you take a poor village curé by surprise, *oportet pati*."

"What are you pleased to say, M. le Curé?" asked the terrified Catherine.

"My good Catherine, I am telling my friends that whenever they come to dine with a poor curé *oportet pati*."

"Alas," said Catherine to herself, "it is just what I thought he would do!" So, opening the cupboard, she placed the *pâté* on the table.

There was an exclamation of delight and surprise from the guests.

"Ah, M. le Curé, you were mocking us!" said one priest.

"Actually making fun of us!" echoed the other.

Richard said nothing, but his mouth opened wide.

The *pâté* was cut, and pronounced delicious. It was attacked again and again. Richard declared that pie crust was much nicer than bread. The Curé ate a morsel, and there was a bit left for Catherine and the cat; that was all: the rest had disappeared.

When the guests were gone, Catherine came to her master.

"Oh, M. le Curé, you did not keep your promise!"

"What promise do you mean?"

"You promised not to speak of the *pâté*."

"My child, I never said a word about it."

"Why, you said: '*Apportez le pâté*.'"*

"No, no!" replied the priest; "I said: '*Oportet pati*.' In Latin it means: 'We must suffer.'"

"M. le Curé," said Catherine, so indignant she forgot her manners, "you said '*Apportez le pâté*.' Is it likely that I, who have served you twenty years, and the late curé ten years (God rest his soul!)—I who have thus been in a priest's house for thirty years, do not know that much Latin?"

M. le Curé made no reply, but could have been heard murmuring to himself, as he walked in his garden, a resolution never again to quote Latin at his dinner table.

Significant Incidents.

THE London *Weekly Register*, *à propos* of the recent death of the Hon. Lewis Wingfield, says that Mr. Wingfield was fond of telling a characteristic story of his experiences in search of a nurse for a small-pox case. It appears that a friend of his, who, by the way, lived and died a Protestant, sickened in his house, and the sickness developed into small-pox of a virulent type. The hospitals were full, and there was nothing for it but to nurse the sick man where he was. Accordingly Mr. Wingfield set out to procure an experienced nurse to instruct him and his family in their duties as attendants on the patient. This was the result as stated by himself:

After repeated visits to various institutes, in all of which the word "small-pox" produced a sudden dearth of nurses, he called at an Anglican establishment "just off the Strand, where the comely matron was clad in blue, with a big silver cross dangling on her bosom, and a becoming cap, half like a nun's, with a *souçon* of a Breton peasant in an opera. 'Come,' I

* Bring the *pâté*.

thought, 'this looks better.' But as the fatal word dropped from my lips, the smile departed, to be replaced by an expression of pained amazement in that I should have the bad taste to mention anything so improper. She admitted that many of the Anglican nurses were disengaged, but that none of them cared to risk herself in the presence of King Small-pox. . . . I was wending my way home, in the sad contemplation of a great humbug, when a gentleman suggested that a Roman Catholic sisterhood ought to be tried. 'No use,' I said. 'They, like the Protestant Sisters, wear a peculiar garb; and are probably content, like them, with playing at amateur devotion. The more grave the case, the more gladly they would attend it, one would think, after assuming the badge which consecrates them to the service of the wretched. But experience teaches that it is otherwise. They prefer to pick their patients, and choose the prettiest.' However, while I was about it, methought there would be no harm in trying. What was my surprise and joy when the superior answered with alacrity: 'A bad case of small-pox; very confluent? Poor fellow! Yes, of course. I will send some one at once.'"

Our secular journals at home only last week told of a young Methodist pastor at Bellvale, N. Y., who declined to perform services at the grave of a child that had died of scarlet fever. He said he could not be present, as his mother objected to his running any risk. The child was buried without religious rites of any kind; and, as one paper states, "the tears of the heart-broken parents, who had waited at the open grave for half an hour hoping the clergyman would come, were all the more bitter. His want of courage has caused much indignation."

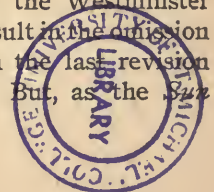
Our sympathies are with the dominie. It was too much to ask of him. We make no excuse, however, for the sham Sisters: they unquestionably shirked a duty; for they were nurses, and professed to practise

the self-abnegation and sacrifice of Catholic sisterhoods. But the service demanded of the minister might have been performed just as well by some one that had already been exposed to the danger of contagion; nor was it necessary that it be performed at all. The case may have been one where charity was to be exercised at home. Was not the man's family—his wife and his own children—to be considered, as well as the entreaty of his mother? It is too much to expect Protestant ministers to display the self-sacrifice which is, ever has been, characteristic of the Catholic priesthood. Only a true shepherd can feel ready, if need be, to lay down his life for his flock.

Notes and Remarks.

Several extraordinary cures are reported to have been wrought during a *triduum* in honor of Our Lady of Perpetual Succor held recently in the Mission Church of the Redemptorist Fathers, at Roxbury, Mass. The church possesses a *fac-simile* of the miraculous picture of the Blessed Virgin under this title, and has already been the scene of indisputable miracles. The original picture of Our Lady of Perpetual Help is in the Church of St. Alphonsus in Rome. It has been venerated by the Roman people for centuries, and through its medium our Blessed Mother has bestowed innumerable favors on her devout clients.

In the course of a remarkable editorial on the present theological disturbance among American Protestants, the *New York Sun* declares that the controversy centres in the doctrine of hell, aversion to which, beginning with the preachers themselves, has increased and extended greatly. The popular belief in everlasting punishment is threatened with extinction, as far as Protestants are concerned; and the next revision of the Westminster Confession will no doubt result in the omission of the term *sheol*, which in the last revision was substituted for hell. But, as the



wisely remarks, the conception and doctrine of hell can not disappear "without radically changing the very foundations of Protestant belief, even if they are not utterly destroyed." And it adds: "Human society would also be affected powerfully by the extinction of the popular belief in everlasting punishment, and the popular fear of the terrible consequences to the individual which go with a denial of the faith of Christianity. Yet Protestantism is unquestionably determined to modify the theory of the government of God, so that it shall be reconcilable with the present sensitive aversion to the infliction of pain on man or beast."

But no Catholic can regard the doctrine of hell otherwise than as one of the greatest truths of our holy religion. The harmony of faith would be destroyed by its elimination. The Passion of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ explains the awful truth of its existence.

The comptroller of the royal household recently asked the new King of Würtemberg what course was to be pursued with regard to the many annual contributions which the late sovereign had given to the charitable institutions throughout the country. The King said that everything was to be continued as before; and when the official ventured to point out to his Majesty that the royal purse was hardly long enough for this, the reply was: "If we have to economize, it must be done in some other department—not at the expense of the poor."

A beautiful fresco representing "The Flight into Egypt" was lately discovered in the old Church of Santa Maria degli Angioli, in Lugano. The discovery has caused great excitement in Italian art circles, and a committee has been appointed to examine the painting. The authorship of it will be difficult to determine.

The editor of the English *Review of the Churches* has been publishing a species of symposium on the subject "The Reunion of Christendom," and has succeeded in eliciting a brief expression of opinion from His Eminence Cardinal Manning. The Cardinal recalls a saying of Pope Pius IX., on the occasion of

his first visit to that illustrious Pontiff: "The English do a multitude of good works; and when men do good works, God always pours out His grace. My poor prayers are offered day by day for England." The Cardinal says that he echoes these words, and that he rejoices in the fact that a special power of the Holy Ghost has breathed and is still breathing over the English people. "Controversy," he adds, "repels, but charity unites. Your present action can not fail to bring many minds into closer union of good-will. Union, however, is not unity. It is Truth that generates Unity, and it can be recovered only by the same principle and from the same source from which it descended in the beginning."

The union of Christendom may be sighed for, and talked of, and written about for centuries; but it will be realized only when all Christians accept for their legitimate spiritual ruler Christ's Vicar on earth, Peter's successor, the Roman Pontiff.

We are glad to learn that a monument has recently been placed in the Catholic cemetery at Mobile, Alabama, which will perpetuate the memory, as well as mark the resting-place, of the Rev. Abraham J. Ryan, the "Poet-Priest of the South." Father Ryan shared during his lifetime, and still shares, with Paul Hayne and Sidney Lanier, the distinction of being a Southern poet whose voice was sufficiently strong to be heard far beyond the limits of the Southern States; and he sang many a lyric that will prove a "thing of beauty and a joy forever" to the devout Catholic heart.

In the interesting sketch of Chief-Justice Taney published not long since in our department for younger readers, it was stated that he is the only Catholic that ever held a Cabinet office in the United States. The statement is incorrect; and as it is likely to be—has been—repeated, it is well to remind our readers that the venerable Judge Campbell, of Philadelphia, was Postmaster General under President Pierce. As prejudice against Catholics was general and bitter at the time, the appointment must have required an exercise of moral courage on the part of the President, with which he should be credited. Judge

Campbell is a native of the Quaker City, and has been identified with its progress all his life. He still fills the office of president of the board of trustees of Jefferson Medical College, and is a member of the board of city trusts. He has been a delegate to numerous democratic State and national conventions. At the time of his appointment to a Cabinet position he was Attorney General of Pennsylvania. Judge Campbell is still remarkably vigorous, though he has celebrated his eightieth birthday. He is the last surviving member of the Cabinet of President Polk.

The Right Rev. Edgar P. Wadhams, D.D., the venerable Bishop of Ogdensburg, N. Y., who had been ill for a long time, died at his episcopal residence on the 6th inst. He was in the seventy-fourth year of his age. The deceased prelate was a convert to our holy faith, which he embraced when twenty-nine years old. His theological studies were made at St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore; and in 1850 he was ordained in the Cathedral at Albany, N. Y. For many years he labored zealously in the work of the sacred ministry; and on February 15, 1872, when the Diocese of Ogdensburg was erected, Father Wadhams was appointed Bishop, and on May 5 received episcopal consecration. His administration was blessed with the happiest results for the good of religion. Through his energy he gathered around him a body of hard-working and devoted clergy; and the increase in the number of churches, schools, etc., testifies to the fruitfulness of their work, despite many obstacles. We may well hope that his is now the reward of the good and faithful servant. May he rest in peace!

Our esteemed contemporary of Philadelphia, the *Catholic Standard*, has recently been advocating a scheme of lectures for Catholics, and has been publishing various letters and communications, as well as editorial remarks, on the feasibility of the general plan of such lectures. While we unhesitatingly approve of the plan of having our Catholic people addressed and instructed by competent lecturers, we just as unhesitatingly advocate the *modus operandi* of our own esteemed contributor, Dr. Maurice F. Egan, of the University of Notre

Dame. Writing to the editor of the *Standard*, Dr. Egan says: "I take the liberty of suggesting that a fund be formed for the payment of at least twenty-five dollars to each lecturer chosen by a properly formed committee. In that case, the committee will have the right to expect that the lecturer prepare his discourse to suit the demands of the 'course.'"

This suggestion, to our mind, puts the matter on the really proper footing—that of a business transaction. Let the lecturer be paid for his services, and let him in turn so prepare his lecture that it will be worth paying for. No Catholic should attempt to deliver a lecture, in a large city especially, that he is not willing to have published *in extenso* to the country at large, and that is not deserving of such an honor.

The *New York Press* suggests a new pastime for the benefit of those who may have become tired of the old-fashioned games usually played at Christmas. The directions for the new game are simple and easily learned:

"Gather a party on Christmas Eve, or early Christmas morning; and then hunt up a lot of poor people who have no Christmas dinner, and give them one. The game can be played by any number of persons, and is warranted to make more real enjoyment and merriment for all who take part in it than any other game."

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands, as if you were bound with them.
—HEB., xiii, 3.

The following persons are recommended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

Mr. Matthew Dalton, who met with a sudden death on the 27th ult., in New York city.

Mrs. Anna Hart, of Corning, N. Y., whose happy death took place on the 5th ult.

Mr. Patrick Fleming, who passed away on the 13th ult., at Greece, N. Y.

Mrs. Mary A. Dacey, of Charlestown, Mass., whose exemplary Christian life closed peacefully on the 27th ult.

Mrs. John Mooney, who died a holy death at Bay City, Mich., on the 20th of October.

Mr. John J. Byrne, of Chicago, Ill.; Mrs. Catherine T. Brown, Philadelphia, Pa.; Mrs. Ellen Sullivan, S. Braintree, Mass.; Mr. John Flynn, N. Adams, Mass.; and Mrs. John Enright, Bordentown, N. J.

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



To Bethlehem.

For The "Ave Maria," from the Spanish.

WHO are these of graceful mien,
Modest eyes and brows serene,
O'er a rough and weary way
Toiling at the close of day?
She a patient beast doth ride,
He walks gravely by her side.

Who but Mary, Virgin meek,
Like the rose-heart her pure cheek?
Who but Joseph, guardian dear,
Shielding her from care and fear?
Come and let us walk with them,
Journeying up to Bethlehem.

Now within the cave they rest;
Jesus lies on Mary's breast;
While, 'mid strains of joy and love,
White wings softly float above—
Hark! no song can sweeter be:
"Gloria tibi Domine!"

What is this that fills the air,
Shedding brightness everywhere,
Till the watchers leave their sheep,
Vigil holier to keep?
Come and let us follow them,
Hastening to Bethlehem.

Who are these in silk and gold,
Bearing treasures manifold?
Caspar, Melchior, Balthazar,
Guided by a lonely Star;
Alien tongues the travellers speak,
Eagerly one goal they seek.

Who is this, with trait'rous smile,
Bidding them to pause a while,—
Aye, beseeching that they bring
Tidings where to find the King?
Let us steal away with them
Silently to Bethlehem.

Whose the wailing loud and deep?
Why do women moan and weep?
They are mothers mourning sore,
To be comforted no more
For the babes that shall not wake,
Murdered all for Jesus' sake.

Angels, Shepherds, Wise Men three,
Innocents from pain set free,
May our childish voices ring
Praises to the new-born King!—
Keeping company with them,
In the peace of Bethlehem.

"Better than Riches."

BY MARY CATHERINE CROWLEY.

II.



NOT growing better at the hospital, Ellie begged to be taken home. Rather than live apart from those she loved, she strove to be content to remain alone day after day, propped up by an inverted chair upon a wretched bed.

Or, when she felt stronger, with the aid of a pair of rude crutches, she would drag herself to the window to watch patiently for the return of the dear bread-winners, whose toil she would so willingly have shared.

There, in a little stuffy room, upon the top floor of the old house, she spent the long, sultry summer; there she remained when autumn came; there the approaching Christmas holidays were likely to find her.

How was it, then, that Ellie was generally cheery and blithe? Perhaps her mother's prayer each morning, as she bade her good-bye to go to work, had most to do with it. "May Jesus and His Blessed Mother watch over you, mavourneen!" the good woman would say, with a sigh at the necessity for leaving her.

Frequently, when the child could have

wept for loneliness, the words would keep echoing in her heart. She was a well-disposed little creature, and those hours spent alone often brought serious thoughts, which molded and beautified her character. But Ellie was a thoroughly natural child: there was none of the story-book goodness about her. She was keenly interested in everything that went on. She thought there was no one like mother, but it was Katy who represented the world to her,—the world of McNaughton's store, with its brightness and beautiful wares, and its ever-changing crowd of handsomely costumed ladies intent upon the pleasures of shopping. Any scrap of news which one fagged out little cash-girl brought home at the close of the day was eagerly listened to by the other, who found her enforced idleness so irksome.

Katy had a great deal to narrate at the close of the day upon which our story opened. Sitting upon the foot of Ellie's bed, she told how she upset the pyramid of note-paper; and what trouble she would have been in, but for the kind lady who so promptly came to the rescue. To Ellie's quick imagination the story had all the charm of a fairy tale. And when, at the close, her sister placed in her hands the orange and the tiny box wherein lay the rose, still quite fresh and fragrant, her face beamed with delight; and Katy went to bed very happy, feeling herself more than repaid for having treasured them so carefully.

The next morning, when Katy reached the store, she found everybody in a state of pleasurable excitement over the opening of the holiday goods; for it wanted but three weeks to Christmas. At the end of the stationery counter, where the pyramid of note-paper had been, an immense stack of dolls was now attractively displayed. The little cash-girl stood before it, lost in admiration. There were little dolls and big ones; dolls with blue eyes, and others with brown; some with light hair, and some with dark, *bébé Jumeau* and *bébé*

Brue; rubber dolls, and rag dolls with *papier-maché* faces.

"How lovely they are!" she murmured to herself, including even the plainest and least among them in her appreciation of the gorgeous company. "Don't I wish Ellie could see them!" she continued. "I'll have to count them, so as to tell her how many there are; for I don't believe that by herself she could imagine such a lot of dolls together."

Katy and Ellie had never had a doll in their lives,—that is, a real *boughten* one, as they called those not of home manufacture.

The kind salesgirl who had sent the orange to Ellie, from her post behind the counter, noticed the child's wonderment.

"Will you look at Cash!" she said to a companion. Katy was oblivious of them, however. After watching her a few moments, Julia called out:

"Well, Cash, which do you like best?"

The little girl looked the dolls over again with much deliberation; and finally, pointing to a good-sized one, with golden hair and large eyes, said:

"This."

"Oh, one of those ninety-seven cent dolls!" responded Julia. "They *are* handsome for the price. Sawdust bodies, to be sure; but what fine heads?—red cheeks, splendid eyes, and hair that will comb out as well as that of some costlier ones, I'll be bound."

"Ninety-seven cents!" repeated Katy, with a sigh. It was an unattainable sum, as far as she was concerned. The salesgirl remarked the sigh.

"Say, Cash, why don't you buy it?" she urged. "Your mother'll let you keep part of your wages for yourself Christmas week, won't she? And you wouldn't get such another bargain in a doll if you hunted a year and a day. You'd better speak for it quick, though; for when the rush of trade comes, there's no knowing how long the lot will last."

Katy shook her head. "I wouldn't want

to buy a Christmas present for myself," she answered. "But I was wishing—only there is really no use in wishing; still, just supposing there was—I was thinking if I could only get that doll for Ellie, how happy she would be. You know she has to be alone so much, and she gets awful blue sometimes; though she won't let on, 'cause it would fret mother. But the doll would be great company for her. We've neither of us ever had one."

She continued to gaze longingly at the rosy beauty, while the salesgirl meditatively dusted the show-case.

"Stop! I'll tell you how you can manage to get it," Julia said, suddenly. "It's the rule of this store that on Christmas Eve, after all the customers are gone, each employee may choose as a present from the firm some article worth a quarter of his or her wages for the week. Let's see: you're paid three dollars, aren't you?"

Katy nodded.

"That would count for seventy-five cents on the doll; then all you would have to put to it would be twenty-two cents. Couldn't you do that somehow?"

"Yes!" cried Katy, delighted. "Sometimes I run errands for a dressmaker who lives in the block below us, and she gives me pennies, or once in a while a nickel. And when my aunt's husband comes to see us—he's a widder man and sorter rich; he drives a truck,—well, when he comes 'casionally, he gives each of us children as much as ten cents; and I guess he'll be round about Christmas time. Oh yes, I'm almost sure I can make up the twenty-two cents!"

"But, then, when the doll is yours, won't you hate to give it away?" queried Julia; for Katy already began to assume an air of possession.

"Oh, not to Ellie! And, you know, she'll be sure to let me hold it sometimes," was the ingenuous reply.

The quick tears sprang to the salesgirl's eyes, and she turned abruptly away,

to arrange some dolls upon the shelves behind her.

"After all, love is better than riches," she reflected, as the picture of the crippled child in the humble home arose in her mind, and she gave a sidelong glance at Katy's thin face and shabby dress.

"You will be sure to save this very doll for me, won't you?" pleaded the child.

"I can't put it aside for you," she explained, "because the floor-walker would not allow that; but I'll arrange so you will have one of the lot, never fear."

"But I want *this* one," declared Katy.

"My goodness gracious, you foolish midget! They're all as much alike as rows of peas in a pod," exclaimed her friend, a trifle impatiently.

"No," insisted the little girl. "All the others have red painted buckles on their shoes, but this doll has blue buckles; and I'm sure Ellie would prefer blue buckles, 'cause we've often talked about it when we played choosing what we'd like best."

"Well, well!" laughed Julia. "All right, Katy: I'll save it, if I can."

Satisfied by this promise, the child ran away; for customers began to come in, and to loiter would be to lessen her chance of gaining the treasure which to herself she already called Ellie's.

McNaughton & Co. did a great business within the next two weeks; the employees were "fearfully rushed," as they expressed it. Katy had no opportunity for further conversation with the sociable attendant at the end of the stationery counter, now given over to toys, upon the subject oftenest in her thoughts. She had been transferred to another department, but every day she took occasion to go around and look at the doll to make sure that it was still there; and the kindly salesgirl always found time to give her an encouraging nod and a smile.

One afternoon, however, a few days before Christmas, when Julia returned from her lunch she met Katy, who was crying

bitterly. The cause of her distress was soon told. A new girl had been put at the counter that morning; she knew nothing about Katy's doll, and now, as luck would have it, was just in the act of selling it to a big, bluff-looking man, who said he wanted it for his little daughter.

Julia rushed to her post. The man was upon the point of paying for the doll, and had decided that he would take the parcel with him.

"Have you seen the brown-eyed dolls?" she interposed, pleasantly. The other girl scowled at the interference with 'her sale,' but she persisted. "The brown-eyed ones are considered the most desirable."

"Are they?" the man hesitated. "Well, I believe I'll take one, then, instead of this. My little maid likes brown eyes."

Katy's doll was saved. The child, in a fever of suspense, had watched the transaction from behind a pile of dry-goods. Now she turned toward her friend a face bright with gratitude, as she hurried away in response to the imperative call of "Cash."

When Julia recovered from her flurry, she explained matters to her associate. The girl's ill-humor quickly vanished once she understood the situation, and she willingly agreed to help to retain the doll if possible.

(Conclusion in our next number.)



Gratitude and Gold.

A CHRISTMAS TALE.

In a small hamlet in the Duchy of Modena, one night during the week before Christmas, in the year 1833, a poor woman was seized with such violent pains that she called to her husband: "John, for the love of Heaven go and fetch the doctor; I feel as if I were dying."

As the village was very small, the doctor did not reside there, but in a larger one some three miles off. The hut of these

peasants was on the outskirts of the hamlet, and in the immediate neighborhood of a dense wood, by traversing which the doctor's dwelling could be reached in a much shorter time.

Having taken this road, John strode on precipitately, in order to arrive as soon as possible—when suddenly he was stopped by a band of armed men, who asked him where he was going at that hour of the night; and he answered, much terrified: "Pray do not detain me, gentlemen: I am going for the doctor; my poor wife is very ill!"

"My good fellow," answered a young man, who, from his appearance and distinguished manners, appeared to be their leader, "I am a doctor; I will come, if you like, and see your wife. If you go to the town you can not be back for at least two hours, and meanwhile she may die."

And, without giving the countryman time to answer, he set out with him toward the cottage. This proceeding proved a visible sign of divine interposition, for they found Susanna—this was the name of John's wife—insensible; and had the doctor delayed another quarter of an hour, he would not have been able to save her. With a few drops of an elixir that he had with him he restored her to consciousness; and, tendering her other services of the art of medicine, Susanna was soon out of danger.

The unknown doctor then made them solemnly promise not to speak of his visit to any one, as otherwise his life would be in danger. He left them the phial with the elixir, saying he would come for it the following night at twelve o'clock. He then left, overwhelmed by the expressions of gratitude of these poor people.

The following day the village doctor, hearing that the wife of John Malpensieri had been very ill the night before, proceeded toward the cottage; and, entering unawares, his glance fell on the fatal bottle they had not had time to conceal.

"Who has been here?" he said; and

taking it in his hand, he recognized the initials that were on the label. "Oh," he continued, "I know the person to whom this phial belongs!" At these words his eyes glistened with joy; and, taking the husband aside, he added: "My friend, I want to say a word in your ear." Upon this they locked themselves into a little room adjoining the one they had just left.

Susanna, alarmed at the doctor's words, and fearing for the life of him who had saved hers, went to play the eavesdropper at the door of the little room, where she heard these terrible words: "He who came to you last night is the ringleader of the last outbreak. A reward of five hundred ducats is promised to him who will consign this man, living, to the hands of justice; one hundred for you if you will help me to arrest him."

The peasant, forgetful of the important service rendered to his wife, was not long in deliberating; and he told the doctor that the owner had promised to return at midnight for his phial. "All right," said he; "I will go at once and give information to the mayor. But mind you hold your tongue, and don't breathe a word even to your wife; and you may reckon the one hundred ducats as if they were already in your pocket." Greatly rejoiced at this unexpected good fortune, the doctor immediately left the cottage.

It is beyond our power to express the terror and regret of John's wife when she found herself incapable of saving the man who was being betrayed. She was ignorant of his residence; and had she known it, how could she warn him of the threatened danger? Her husband did not leave the cottage for a single instant; he only thought of the money he was going to acquire, and the joyous prospect before him. Unending seemed to him the hours of that day, the most awful as well as the luckiest of his life.

When the night came, the *gendarmes* arrived one by one, so as not to arouse suspicion. They hid themselves round

about the cottage; and, knowing that the chief of the rebels would be well armed and would sell his life dearly, they had mustered strongly, under command of a sergeant expert in this sort of enterprise. John, trembling all over, scarcely knew where he was.

A few moments after midnight the unknown doctor, faithful to his promise, entered the cottage; and John, unable to support the sight of one he had so basely betrayed, immediately took flight. The poor woman, greatly agitated and weeping, exclaimed: "O sir, you are lost! My husband has betrayed you; there is no escape. I would give my life to save you, but it is useless. The *gendarmes* surround the house—" Here her sobs prevented her from saying more.

"Calm yourself, my good woman. Perhaps at this moment you are saving my life. Let whatever may happen neither alarm nor intimidate you." And placing himself at a window, he fired a pistol, and saw the *gendarmes* come out of their hiding-places and prepare to fire their guns. He then let off another pistol, and this was the signal of imminent danger. In an instant the cottage was full of his friends, who disarmed the *gendarmes* before they had time to defend themselves from so unexpected an attack; they also took John, whom they found concealed, and led him into the cottage.

Hereupon the unknown doctor, giving a well-filled purse to the astonished Susanna, said: "Take this purse as a slight token of my gratitude for your timely warning of the danger that awaited me. A happy Christmas to you! As to you, ungrateful man," he added, turning to the husband, "I leave you to the remorse of your cowardly action, and that is my only revenge."

So saying he departed with his companions; leaving, overcome with shame and confusion, the satellites of the tyrant who, at the period of our story, governed that portion of Italy.

RING, BELLS! RING!

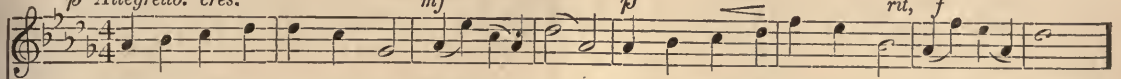
CHORUS OR DUETT.

CHRISTMAS CAROL.

FREDERIC J. LISCOMBE.

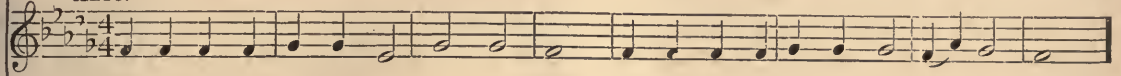
SOPRANO.

p Allegretto. *cres.*

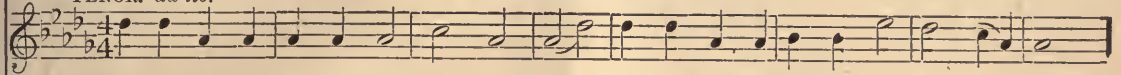


Sweet-ly did the an - gels sing, Ring, bells! ring! On the birth-day of earth's King, Ring, bells, ring!

ALTO.

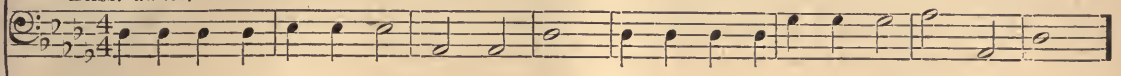


TENOR. *ad lib.*

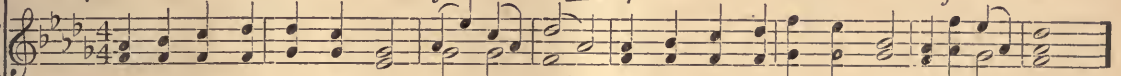


Sweet-ly did the an - gels sing, Ring, bells! ring! On the birth-day of earth's King, Ring, bells! ring!

BASS. *ad lib.*



p *cres.* *mf* *p* *cres.* *rit. f*

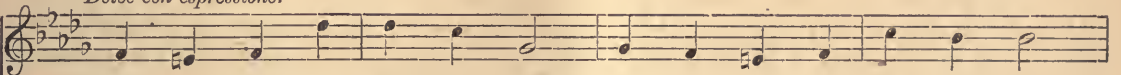


ORGAN.

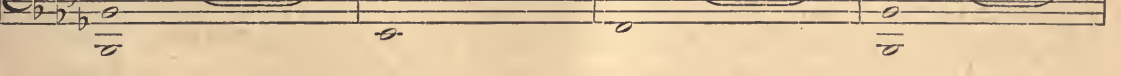


SOP. SOLO.

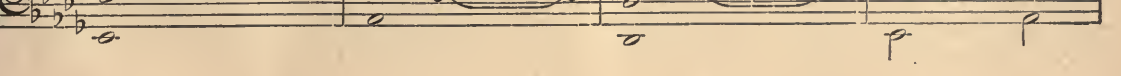
Dolce con espressione.



Naught of wealth and naught of pow'r Showed it - self in that still hour;
Shep - herds by their flocks at night, Heav'n - ly vis - ions saw with fright;



But Our Lord him - self was born In a man - ger, Christ - mas morn.
Hast - ened them a - way, to see If in the man - ger Christ could be.



pp *cres,*

Soft - ly slept the Ho - ly Child, Watched by Ma - ry, Moth - er mild;
Thus it was, the calm, sweet morn When Je - sus, Prince of Peace, was born,

cres, **D. C.**

Wise Men, guid - ed by a star, Came from diff - 'rent coun - tries far;
Her - ald - ed by angel - ic vis - ion, From the realms of fields e - lys-ian,

CHORUS.

SOPRANO.

p Allegretto cres,

mf *p* *rit, f*

'Tis the birth-day of earth's King, Ring, bells! ring! Joy and peace the day doth bring, Ring, bells! ring!

ALTO.

TENOR ad lib.

'Tis the birth-day of earth's King, Ring, bells! ring! Joy and peace the day doth bring, Ring, bells! ring!

BASS ad lib.

p

cres.

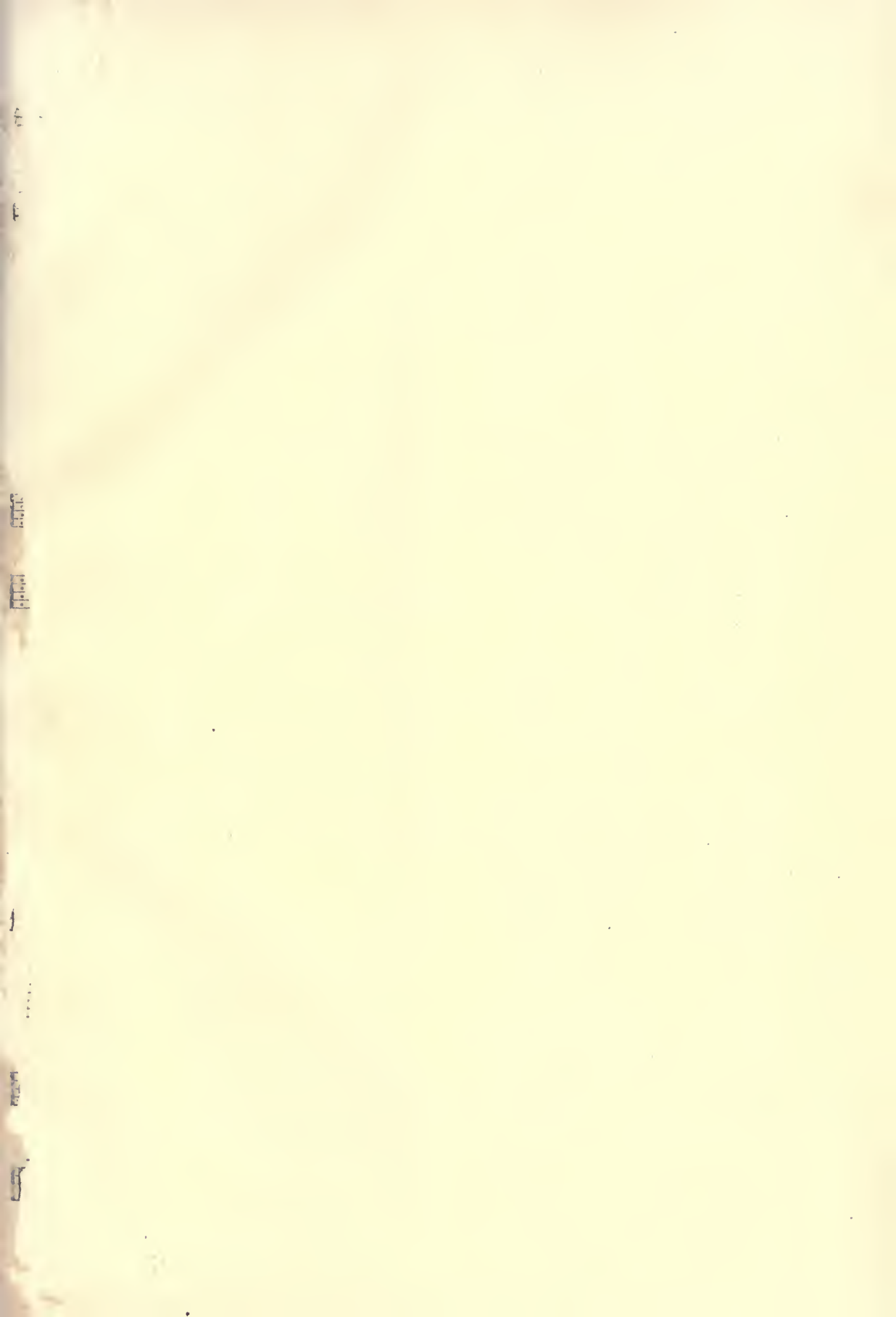
mf

p

cres.

rit. f

ORGAN.





LA VIERGE AU BAISER.

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 First Christmas.

OH, to have seen that light,
To have followed its shining train,
With the Shepherds who watched by night
On the lonely, silent plain!

Oh, to have heard that song,
In the gleam of the wondrous Star,
From the glad, angelic throng,
With the gates of heaven ajar!

Oh, to have been with them
Who shared in Mary's rest;
To have kissed her garment's hem,
And the feet of the Child at her breast!

The Gifts of the Eastern Kings.



THE Wise Men did not content themselves on the first Epiphany with adoring the great King whom Mary offered to their homage. Following the example of the Queen of Sheba, who came to honor the peace-loving King in

the person of the wise and opulent son of David, the three Eastern Kings opened their treasures and drew forth rich offerings.* The Emmanuel deigned to accept these mysterious gifts; but, after the ex-

ample of His ancestor Solomon, He did not allow the Magi to depart without Himself overwhelming them with presents immeasurably surpassing in richness those which they had brought. The Wise Men offered Him earthly gifts, He loaded them with celestial favors. He confirmed them in faith, hope and charity; in their persons He enriched His whole Church, which they represented; and in their case and that of the Synagogue, who had allowed them to march alone to the discovery of the King of Israel, were accomplished the words of the divine Canticle of Mary: "He hath filled the hungry with good things; and the rich He hath sent away empty."

Let us, however, consider these gifts of the Wise Men, and recognize, with the Church and the Fathers, the mysteries which they symbolize. The gifts were three in number, in order to honor the number of Sacred Persons in the Divine Essence; but this mystic number received here a new application in the triple character of the Emmanuel. This Son of God had come to reign over the world: it was meet to offer Him gold, which marks supreme power. He had come to exercise the functions of the Sovereign Priesthood, and reconcile by His mediation heaven and earth: it was fitting to present to Him frankincense, whose aromatic smoke ascends from the hands of the priest. His death alone could put Him in possession of the throne reserved for His glorified humanity;

* Dom Guéranger.

this death was to inaugurate the eternal sacrifice of the divine Lamb; and the myrrh was there to attest the death and burial of an immortal victim. The Holy Ghost, who inspired the prophets, had, then, directed the Magi in the choice of these mysterious offerings; and it is this that St. Leo tells us so beautifully in one of his sermons on the Epiphany:

“O admirable faith, which leads to perfect knowledge, and which was not instructed in any school of earthly wisdom, but was enlightened by the Holy Spirit Himself! For where had they discovered the inspired nature of these presents—these men who had left their country without having as yet seen Jesus, without having as yet found in His glances the light which directed so surely the choice of their offerings? It must have been that while the Star struck their bodily eyes, a ray of truth, still more penetrating, inflamed their hearts. Before undertaking the fatigues of a long journey, they had already known Him to whom were due, by gold, the honors of a king; by frankincense, divine worship; by myrrh, faith in His mortality.”

If these presents represent in a marvelous manner the characteristics of the Man-God, they are not the less full of instruction for us by the virtues which they signify, and which the Divine Babe recognized and confirmed in the souls of the Magi. Apart from the primary significations already spoken of, the gold which these Eastern Kings laid at the feet of Jesus reposing in the lap of Mary, signified for them, as for us, that charity which unites the justified soul to its Creator. The frankincense is a striking emblem of prayer, which, mounting upward as a fragrant aroma from a heart inflamed with ardent love, brings down God Himself into that heart and preserves Him there. Finally, the myrrh is emblematic of the renunciation, the mortification, by which we are rescued from the slavery of our corrupted nature.

Of the discussion that once prevailed as

to whether the Magi by their gifts really intended to offer to the Babe of Bethlehem the supreme worship (*latría*) due to God alone, or merely a civil homage and reverence as to the King of the Jews, we may say that the overwhelming testimony of the Fathers long ago definitely settled that point. Following the most rigorous canons of critical investigation, we are forced to interpret in the former sense the words of St. Matthew: “And falling down they adored Him. And opening their treasures, they offered to Him gifts—gold, frankincense, and myrrh.” Commenting on this passage of the Evangelist, Dom Calmet says: “In these gifts all the Fathers, with scarcely an exception, have seen a clear proof that they made avowal of the mystery of the divinity, the royalty, and the humanity of Jesus Christ. Incense is fitting for God, gold for a king, and myrrh for a mortal man whose body is embalmed.” St. Ambrose adds his testimony: “The Magi believed in the unity of God, and they deposed at the feet of Jesus Christ gold, frankincense, and myrrh. In offering Him gold they recognized Him as king, and by their gift of frankincense they adored Him as God; for the treasure (gold) indicates a king, the frankincense a sacrifice, and the myrrh a burial.”

St. Bernard, in his second sermon on the Epiphany, compares the light which illumined the intelligence of the Good Thief to that which shone upon the Wise Men; and since, in the opinion of everyone, the Good Thief recognized the divinity of Jesus Christ, we are forced to conclude that the Magi also had cognizance of that divinity. “See how penetrating is faith; how like those of a lynx are its eyes. It knows the Son of God drinking His Mother’s milk, it knows Him hanging on the Cross, it knows Him rendering His last sigh. For the Thief recognized Him on the gibbet, the Magi recognized Him in the stable,—the first seeing Him nailed to the Cross; the second, wrapped in swaddling clothes.”

St. John Chrysostom, in one of his homilies on St. Matthew, makes an observation that is perfectly just: that the Magi, seeing a Child in the most humble and miserable of conditions, could have been determined to adore Him only by the profound and intimate belief which they possessed that in this bare stable there was presented to them the Author of all good. "We see there," he says, "nothing great among the sensible, tangible things of this world; but only a narrow cave, a lowly crib, a poor Mother; in order that the simple philosophy of the Magi may shine out all the more brilliantly; in order that they may all the better teach us that they prostrate themselves, not before a man, but before God, the Author of all things."

We might multiply authorities on this point, but the words of the Church herself are sufficient. In the prayers and hymns which she uses on the Feast of Epiphany, she explicitly affirms that the divinity of Jesus Christ was manifested to the Eastern Kings; she prays: "Lord, who on this day revealed Your only-begotten Son to the nations, under the guidance of the Star," etc.

We too, then, O Jesus, will open our treasures; and, presenting our gifts, will confess Your triple glory of God, Priest, and Man. Deign to gratify our desire to return our love for the love You manifest in our regard. Receive also our petition, tepid and imperfect, yet united with that of Your Church. Teach us to render it more worthy of You and proportionate to the effects which You desire it to accomplish, so that it may ascend unceasingly toward You as a cloud of sweet perfumes. Receive, in fine, the homage of our contrite and penitent hearts; the good-will that is ours to impose on our senses the curb that refrains them, the expiation that repairs their erring. So may we share in the joy with which the Eastern Kings were gladdened at the Crib of the Man-God, and begin with fitting dispositions this further lease of time, the New Year soon to dawn.

A Christmas Episode.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

TO Caroline Hester every door seemed closed. Pray she must; because she would have prayed if a tiger faced her and there was no hope of escape, as prayer was her life. Now she prayed that the will of God might be done, but with little hope that His will would give her what she wanted. And yet she might have known that God, who had granted so many of her prayers, would find a way for her,—would open a door if she knocked, hear if she called.

Caroline was young, handsome and good. The Hesters had all been good-looking people, and she was no exception. Soft, serious brown eyes, a complexion fair but mellowed in tint by the sea-air, and a graceful figure, made people know that she was a Hester.

Raymond and Robert, her younger brothers, were good-looking lads, too. If they had not been, it is not probable that Earle Trescott, their maternal uncle, would have troubled Caroline's mind as he did with a proposal which she could not, would not, dared not accept.

The Hesters were Maryland people—Eastern Shore—and Catholics; but Mrs. Hester had been a convert. She had been a widow for several years. She had never understood much about money; and when she died, Caroline and her brothers found that the little patrimony was almost gone.

There was left Mr. Hester's summer house on the Long Island coast, well furnished, comfortable, but not by any means luxurious. Clams and fish were plenty—to be had for the trouble of taking them,—and there was a large garden behind the house, where potatoes and cabbages and parsley and roses grew in abundance, together with currants, and some real English gooseberries planted long ago.

Caroline and the boys took possession of this house—the “Gargoyle,” as they called it, because there was a great ugly terra cotta face fixed under the gable. Caroline’s relatives—that is, her mother’s relatives—tried to dissuade her from “burying” herself. But Caroline, with something of the instinct of a frightened animal, wanted to get away with the boys.

The Trescotts were fond of Raymond and Robert; and they did not dislike Caroline, though she amused them by her “ultra” ways, as they called her devotion to the Church. The Trescotts were very good-natured, but very lax people religiously; and this good-nature and laxity together made Caroline fear them for her boys. Had they been grim and unpleasant, she would have been less afraid of them. But both Mr. and Mrs. Trescott were described by all their friends as “the loveliest people.” The theories they held would have sent the world back to social chaos, if practically applied. They talked a mixture of Mr. Ingersoll’s coarse platitudes, garnished with some of the late Mr. Beecher’s flowers of rhetoric. They had no children, and the good looks and sprightliness of Raymond and Robert Hester had greatly attracted them. They had a handsome house in New York, and, as Caroline thought with bitterness, “everything that could make life superficially attractive.”

After her mother’s death, Caroline had made her sacrifice. She had been asked in marriage by a young man of excellent character and brilliant prospects. He was congenial to her; she respected him; she liked him; she preferred his society to that of any other living being. She never admitted to herself that she loved him, for fear that her sacrifice would seem too great to herself. She refused him, telling him frankly that she could never marry until the boys were off her hands. This seemed very absurd to the man, who knew that she was, above all living women, the one he most admired and revered.

“The boys!” he said, scornfully. “The boys! They will desert you when you have worn yourself out for them. Why, boys leave their own mothers in loneliness! Can you expect a better fate? And—think!—you are sacrificing *me!*”

Caroline did not relent, although her heart nearly broke. And he went away, believing that she was heartless. She began to feel old after this,—she was yet young; but a woman is in years as she feels, and Caroline began to look backward. In feeling, she was an old maid already; she had taken the first steps in a career which must be one of renunciation.

She flew to the little old house on Long Island, with her boys. There was a church near and a school for boys and girls,—the boys taught by the Belgian priest who had the cure of souls. The Trescotts laughed at her trembling anxiety for the boys; they called the people at the Gargoyle “the hen and chickens.” And once Raymond had repeated it, in a fit of passion, when his sister forbade him to go duck-shooting in a flat-bottomed boat, because a storm was coming up. It had wounded her; and even when he admitted that she had been right, the wound still rankled.

On the Christmas Eve after her mother’s death, Caroline stood at the window of the house and looked at the landscape. It was level to the horizon, where the sun had set up great bars of red and gold in a lake of purple and pale green. The back of the house faced the west. She stood in the little enclosure of the kitchen porch, and wondered whether anybody could be more desolate than she was at that moment. The boys were at the Trescotts’. They had gone thither, in the highest spirits, on the 18th of the month. She had a presentiment that they would never return. They were fifteen and sixteen years of age; and if they preferred the luxury of the Trescotts’ house to the poverty of hers, what could she do? She could not keep them at the Gargoyle against their will; she would

have to let them drift away from her, to become aliens to the faith she had taught them to love more than life.

Her sacrifice was in vain. Yes, she could pray; but she had no hope that God would work a miracle and change the human nature of the boys. They had never visited the Trescotts before. The attraction of such a house at Christmas-time must be very great. They were goodly, kindly boys; but, then—Caroline thought this with tears in her eyes and a little contempt in her mind,—they were *boys*. Deep in her heart she believed that her suitor *might* have waited for her; and, with the usual selfishness of unselfish women, she could not see why he was not willing to sacrifice himself on the altar of her sacrifice, though “the boys” were in his eyes as uninteresting as the primrose by the river’s brim was to Wordsworth’s Philistine.

Caroline forgot for a few moments her sorrow and hopelessness in the sunset, while the waves kept chaunting in her ears the rhythm she loved. She always felt safe near the sea, probably because she had been born within sound of its voice. The sunset had changed the horizon to one flaming bar of gold, and she stood absorbed in its glory; for Caroline was an artist by nature. Her one talent was the gift of transferring to paper with wonderful skill her impressions of nature.

Suddenly she turned away from all the glory. She clasped her hands nervously. She was poor! she was poor! She could not sell the sunset, and its gold was not what she most craved. She ran into the house, found her palette, and painted feverishly. What was the use? She had given Raymond ten of her little pictures in a portfolio, made by herself, in the hope that he might be able to sell them at one of the great print-shops. No doubt, she thought, he had forgotten all about them. And yet the sale of those pictures would make a great difference to her. She had enough money for the ensuing year; she could

keep the boys at school for twelve months; after that they must work. She had hopes that Robert might be a priest, and the good pastor of St. Casimir’s had begun to teach him Latin. But if her pictures should sell, she might, with hard work and frugality, be able to keep them in charge of the pastor until they had been sufficiently educated to permit them to enter a college. They were clever, and they must have opportunities even if she should die for it. *If* the pictures should sell, *if* a market could be opened for more, she would sell the house—which was hers,—send the boys to college, and make out as best she could. A lonely woman needed so little to keep her alive!

But what was the use of all this? The boys were lost to her, and she had nothing more to live for on earth. She went into the parlor; she made a fire in the grate, and hung up the evergreen wreaths over the chimney-piece and about the pictures. She knew they would not come, but she could not keep her thoughts from them. She *must* work for them. She took out the two little packets, tied with red and blue ribbon, she had made for them; one contained a sketching-book, the other a little copy of Izaak Walton, ornamented and interleaved. She lit the candles and “made believe” they were coming.

There was a ringing at the bell; her heart jumped. It was the butcher’s boy.

“The postmaster asked me to give this to you,” he said, abruptly. “Hope you’ll have a merry Christmas.”

She thanked him, took the letter and returned to the softly-lit room. It was from Raymond, dated the 23d.

“We sold the pictures,” he said, “for twenty-five dollars. And the man liked them; he wants more. Aunt Trescott has bought us new suits of clothes, and a fur cape for you, dear old Carl! We wish you were here. You won’t mind if we do stay until New Year’s. You are never lonely, you know,—with the church so near, and your paints and music. We are going to

the opera to-night. We didn't get to Mass—I know you'll not like this—on the Sunday after we came; because uncle said we were tired, and he would not have waked us. Everything is 'gay' here. It is the most beautiful house I ever saw. We wish we could always live with uncle,—but we couldn't think of leaving you."

The letter stopped abruptly: probably the boy had been called away to some more interesting employment. Caroline dropped the letter, and knelt on the floor beside the glowing grate. She was deserted—deserted! And this was the end of all her prayers. What difference did it make now whether the pictures were sold or not? But still, with her face wet with tears, she prayed, feeling utterly crushed.

Was that a click at the garden gate?—were there steps on the hard, frosty walk? Yes. She arose as the door opened, letting in a cold blast that filled the *portière's* bulge like the sails of a yacht in a stiff breeze. A man entered with a big box. She scarcely noticed him.

"This is for you, ma'am," he said; "from New York."

He put the box down with a thump; he was tired of boxes that held nothing for him. Caroline took out her purse; she could afford to give him fifty cents now. The pictures were sold—oh, irony of hope!

More steps on the walk, and with a rush Raymond and Robert entered.

"Dear old Car," cried the ruddy-cheeked Raymond, "we just *had* to come!"

And he kissed her; while Robert waited a little behind, filled with the joy of her joy, and anxious that she should notice his new overcoat.

Caroline looked into their faces in silence, and before she kissed them asked, in her heart, to be forgiven for her doubts. She had forgotten that prayer *is* prayer.

The *Adeste Fideles* rose in great volume that night from beside the tinkling old piano. And with the Christmas Mass began a new year of hope and content.

The Florentine Mother.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

BY MARY E. MANNIX.

ONE Christmas Day in Florence, long ago, ah! long ago;
Yet mothers tell the legend still in the twilight's tender glow,
And closer press their little ones, who, while they long to hear,
Thank the sweet Infant in the Crib that loving hearts are near.

It was a golden day, no cloud in all the radiant blue;
The sunny balconies were decked with flowers of every hue;
The people hurried forth in gala costume to the square,
To see a troupe of mountebanks fresh from a Roman fair.

Chained to a post a lion stood, low-crouched upon the earth,
Frowning upon the throng for whom his sullenness made mirth;
And some, more cautious than the rest, moved hurriedly away,
Nor cared to watch him nurse his wrath that happy Christmas Day.

But others pricked and goaded him, as is the way with men,
Till one, with gleaming rapier point, made the beast writhe; and then—
A spring, a snap, a roar, and they are scattered all like chaff;
Frozen the careless jest or gibe, and dumb the foolish laugh.

Uprooted lies the post, the chains are clanking on the ground.
"The lion has escaped!" they cry, as, with one angry bound,
He clears the marble walk. "Away! To dare now were to die,
With that wild fury in his roar, that madness in his eye."

Backward they rush in breathless fright,
Aghast each livid face;

Oh, where is all the merry throng that filled
the sunny place?
In court and hall and archway old a sudden
stillness reigns,
Only the fountain's tinkling fall and sparkling
plash remains.

But no—a little boy at play, with childhood's
guileless charm,
Still lightly tosses cup and ball amid the wild
alarm;
The breeze has softly flushed his cheeks and
ruffled his dark hair;
Unconscious of the danger near, he skips
across the square.

From crowded casements far above they watch
him sporting still.
"God ease his death!"—"O Jesu, save, if it
may be Thy will!"
With tearful eyes and close-locked hands they
wait the coming strife,
And yet among them all not one will risk
the boon of life.

At last it comes, the angry beast, with loud
and sullen roar,—
Farewell, sweet boy! Thy mother's heart will
shelter thee no more.
And now, with rage renewed, fierce eyes pro-
truding red and wild,
The cruel monster scents with glee the life-
blood of the child.

The boy trips on, with stealthy step the lion
waits to smite;
All eyes are hidden, none can bear the horror
of that sight;
Naught but a miracle of God the gentle child
can save,—
Ah, happy Christmas morn, to end in dark-
ness and the grave!

But, lo! from out a doorway on the square a
woman flies,
Her long hair floating all unbound, dumb
anguish in her eyes;
Her feet seem not to touch the ground, and
now her white hands fling
The bleeding carcass of a lamb before the
desert's king.

"My lamb! my lamb!" the boy cries out, as,
from his mother's arm,

He weeps to see the lion drink its heart's-
blood rich and warm;
While she on winged feet speeds on, with
pallid lips that pray,
Her soul's best treasure born again that
blessed Christmas Day.

Not long to tell the monster's fate: how, ere
the feast was o'er,
They bound the tyrant of the sands in stronger
chains once more;
Nor how the frantic crowd, around that dwell-
ing on the square,
With shouts and songs of grateful praise made
joyous all the air.

And when the stars shone out that night, and
in each downy nest
The mothers of fair Florence laid their little
ones to rest,
Not one among them all but whispered low,
beneath her breath:
"O Christ, new born, could I have saved my
darling thus from death?"

Traces of Travel.

MERRY ENGLAND.

BY CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

(CONCLUSION.)

XIII.

IT so happens that I go eighty miles out
of town for my Christmas dinner; this,
of course, means that I go eighty miles out
of London. I believe the English acknowl-
edge no other city in the kingdom. I know
that everybody goes "up to London," no
matter from what quarter of the island
he hails; and that the Londoners invari-
ably go "down into the country." I,
therefore, go down to Salisbury to eat my
English Christmas dinner with English
friends in good old English style.

Three of us join hands and hearts, and
together start for Salisbury. We reach
the old cathedral town in good season,

and are driven, not without considerable display of whiplash and livery, to the "White Harte Inn." Our honest host, who has accompanied us from London, then explains how, his house being at this season overflowing with relatives, he has reserved the better portion of this ancient and honorable hostelry for our exclusive use; that our carriage will await us at the door from dawn till dusk—and as much later as we see fit to drive; that we will take our dinners at the manor-house with all the members of his family, including those who have multiplied to the third and fourth generation; that we will be much more comfortable at the Inn; and therefore he makes us a present of the Inn and all that pertains to it, and will call for us five minutes before the dinner hour.

It seems almost like the traditional Christmas tale. Exceedingly plump and rosy-cheeked porters rush to us the moment we cross the charmed threshold; handsome and excessively well-bred pages, with myriads of buttons shining like stars in the firmament, fly to answer the bells almost before they are rung; the landlord obsequiously 'hopes we find everything to our satisfaction,' and we have each confessed privately to one another that it is all like a decidedly jolly dream.

Our host arrives. We are arrayed for dinner; entering two carriages—the dinner is necessarily approached with due formality,—we are driven to the manor-house, which is in the edge of Salisbury town, not five minutes distant. There an English welcome awaits us. The dining-hall would do credit to one of Bulwer's novels: high and handsomely frescoed ceilings; paintings of defunct ancestry upon the walls—"periwig-pated fellows" many of them;—great windows, like chapel windows, opening out upon a faultless lawn just crusted with frost, yet it gave birth to a cluster of baby-blue violets not three hours before dinner, to which fact our several decorated lapels bear witness.

There is, of course, much eating and much drinking—this is very apt to be the case at an English dinner. We chat of everything pleasant and Christmas-like; and in the midst of our merriment—it is growing late by this time—we hear voices, children's voices, blending in a quaint old carol of the Christnastide. It is a carol of the time

"When the ship came in,
When the ship came in—"

and brought glad tidings of great joy, no doubt; but the songsters were so full of plum-pudding and embarrassment that their words were almost unintelligible. Now again we catch a refrain:

"Joseph hummed and Mary sang—"

perhaps at all the good fortune that had befallen the world. We tried to get the words of this carol—they must be very ancient,—and have been promised a copy; but of course they will never come to hand. (They never have.)

These youngsters, who seem to be the children of laborers, continue their carols until we almost forget to listen; and finally they are gently but firmly put out of the manor, and sent their way rejoicing over a rich reward. Thus passed our Christmas Eve. It is very late—or very early the day after—when we return to the White Harte to seek repose.

Let me make a note right here. Old Sarum, the seat of the bishops of Wiltshire, being a wintry and uninviting place, the cathedral and the town which had there been built were taken apart, and carried stone by stone down into a valley some two miles distant, and there set up again. This new site became known as New Sarum, or Salisbury. The new cathedral was founded by permission of Pope Honorius, A. D. 1220.

In Salisbury town one finds the same narrow, winding streets that thread all English villages,—streets that run up against dead walls, a thousand years old, perhaps; and then turn suddenly and steal

through an ancient archway, that suddenly appears just in the nick of time. These streets are full of surprises nowadays; for while you are wandering down them, between a double row of quaint houses sagging with the weight of centuries, you suddenly emerge upon a nineteenth-century innovation in the shape of something extremely modern and convenient; and all the historical pictures your fancy has been painting against this background of the past are suddenly and rudely dispelled.

By the prettiest and most tortuous street, or lane, of all, one approaches Salisbury Cathedral. It is called one of the finest and most harmonious specimens of Gothic architecture in existence. A broad, velvety English lawn, of the richest and juiciest green, surrounds it; the fringe of now leafless and skeleton trees have rooks' nests among their branches,—a few old rooks are on guard while the army is foraging; the sky is bright blue, the air sharp and bracing. In the midst of such surroundings towers the marvellous sanctuary, a very miracle in stone, that seems to have blossomed, flower-like, disclosing galleries of painted windows, tier upon tier—porches, pediments, pinnacles, traceried turrets and spires; and all girded about with row upon row of statues—a whole congregation of them,—each like an embodied passion or a prayer. The very angles of the structure are like the petals of a flower, fold within fold, perfecting the whole. Built in the form of an archiepiscopal cross, it sweeps from north to south, with nave and aisle, four hundred and seventy-three feet in length; and from the centre the matchless spire springs four hundred feet into the air, and seems to fade away like an arrow-tip lost in the pale wintry sky.

There is choral service this Christmas morning,—that is what we have come to hear; but the lofty ceiling shelters a very meagre company of auditors. How dif-

ferent the early Masses at the modest chapel, where the faithful and the humble gathered, and were nearly suffocated for lack of room and suitable ventilation! At the cathedral we listened with rapture to the lark-like carol of a boy-soprano, who breathed such golden and crystalline notes into the trembling air, they seemed like prismatic sunbeams.

Half of the cathedral is boarded up, partitioned off, and rendered inaccessible. We are obliged to make roundabout pilgrimages to the transepts, the Lady Chapel, the choir, the cloister, and the chapter-house. You see, that great reformer Cromwell made a point of defacing all that was beautiful in the Catholic cathedrals of England; he did the work which his admirers have ever since been vainly striving to undo. Every inch of the marvellous frescoing in this cathedral was daubed out; every statue of the hundreds that are enshrined here was more or less mutilated; every stained-glass window was shattered to fragments; the lovely columns were broken; the lesser chapels demolished; and the valiant Oliver, as usual, stabled his steeds somewhere within the sacred edifice. All that can be restored is slowly, very, very slowly, reappearing out of the chaos worked by the Reformation. But the original perfection of the whole is like a half-forgotten song: it lives in the memory for a moment only, giving as much pain as pleasure.

After choral is over it becomes necessary to end the day appropriately; so we drive to a neighboring village, where we see the river dragged for fish, while the whole population gathers upon the banks of the narrow and shallow stream—it is a river in name only—to watch the sport. There is something much better than this remaining: another church, a little grey stone Norman chapel, set in the midst of an acre of ancient graves, whose low headstones are, many of them, washed quite smooth by the flood of years—and the weather.

What could be better than to spend Christmas afternoon hereabout?

The great, square tower is quaking with the chimes that have been rung at intervals all day long. Down the nave we walk, under bowers of evergreen and holly. The baptismal font is like a fairy spring, and a cross of white flowers is floating within it. Everything hereabout is queer and quaint, even to the inscriptions on two or three tablets, let into the wall of the chapel, that set forth the manifold virtues of the titled dames to whose memory they were erected. We look through an odd little "peep-hole," which was built expressly for the accommodation of the excommunicated, who were permitted to cast a sidelong glance at the faithful as they knelt to receive the Blessed Sacrament. In those almost forgotten days this lovely chapel was flooded with incense and permeated with prayer; for this was, of course, on the better side of the Reformation. It is very easy and very natural to drop into a revery in such an atmosphere as this—but the roar of those bells awakens me in an instant, and I resolve to explore the tower.

Up a narrow, stone stairway, that is steep and dark, I climb in a state of bewilderment; but stumble unexpectedly into the main chamber of the tower, where I am not a little startled at discovering a dozen men apparently strangling at a rope's end, and each making a desperate effort to get either to the ceiling or to the floor as soon as possible. They are hoisted up two or three feet—each one has his separate rope,—and then down they come with a rush, dragging a couple of yards of rope after them. It looks like capital punishment; it may be capital fun, yet it is evident they are dreadfully in earnest. All around the edge of the tower chamber sit sympathizing villagers, who have come to see the *hanging*, and who are taking it quite as seriously as the victims themselves.

I am rather glad to make my escape up another flight of stairs, where all the bells

are whirling in a delirious fashion—those were the bell-ringers below. Here the roar is simply horrible. I stop my ears, and find that my teeth are chattering and my knees shaking under me, so tremendous is the vibration of the air. I try to climb up a ladder to the tower roof; it is a difficult feat for a non-professional to accomplish, but I do it. Now beneath me all those great green-bronze bells are whirling and whirling and whirling, till I marvel that they don't leap out of their sockets, fly over one another, and dash their brains out against the thick grey walls. The chorus of brazen tongues is forgotten in the amazing spectacle of a dingy square chamber; a slim ladder descending into it from a small trap-door in the roof; and the floor of the chamber covered with a writhing mass of melodious metal, that seems positively alive and delirious with Christmas jollity.

Once on the top of the tower, my eye wanders over a fair landscape, across which the thinnest haze is drifting. Beneath me sleeps the quiet churchyard—like a picture by Birket Foster, who seems to have reproduced the very spirit of the English pastoral, and to have made it familiar even to alien eyes. In a corner of the churchyard stands an old-time house with a thatched roof, and diamond-paned glass in a very diminutive window, that opens directly upon the graves in the churchyard, and is not more than a foot above ground; in fact, the house itself seems to be half buried. On the other hand stands the rectory, once an old priory; and just beyond it a mansion, long ago the residence of Sir Walter Raleigh's uncle, where Sir Walter was wont to spend no little of his leisure. It is a fine old mansion, with a superfluous breadth of second story, that looks like a kind of huge drawer shoved out under the ample roof and supported by pillars.

Over the disordered and scattered roofs of the village—most of them thatched—I look off upon the low green hills, and see the river winding among them, and the

fleecy flocks feeding upon them; and when the chimes have lulled for a moment, and their sweet discord has swooned away like an echo, I hear a soft, musical ringing, faint and far off it is, and recall the poet's line:

"The tinkling bells that lull the drowsy folds."

Yes, that is it—Birket Foster's pictures and Gray's elegiac lines; these interpret the English pastoral landscape.

The shadows begin to thicken. Voices are calling me from below; and looking down from the battlements, which are trembling still with the vibration of those jubilant bells, I see my friends peering up at me. How absurd they look! They seem to have perfectly flat faces, set in the middle of perfectly flat bodies as round as dinner plates, and no legs at all. They are directly beneath me; and the ridiculous foreshortening of their persons—they are proud of their carriages, each one of them, and with good reason—makes them appear like some strange animal not yet classified, with wildly gesticulating arms that more than make up for all other deficiencies. I rejoice that these highly respectable and much esteemed people do not dream of the figure they are cutting down yonder. I descend, and we return to Salisbury.

There is still the Christmas dinner, with all the traditional dishes; we live through it, and are proud of the achievement. Snapdragon, and every game that is appropriate to the season, we play, or play at, heartily. It is all very childish and very great fun, and we are more than tired and sleepy when bedtime comes. Thank Heaven, the waits that kept us awake all Christmas Eve—the Christmas waits, with drum and fife and uncultivated chorus of male voices,—these we are spared.

To-morrow will be a day of rest; our drive to Stonehenge and Salisbury Plain will in itself be restful; then we will fold our tents and depart hence—but not till we have gone again and yet again to the cathedral close, passed under the ancient arch, and gazed over the broad lawn upon the beau-

tiful temple, with its drapery of shadows that sweep half of the gloriously green fields about it. And when the sun is setting in the face of the west-front, where are ranged the tier of angels, the tier of patriarchs and prophets, the tier of apostles, the tier of doctors, virgins and martyrs, and the tier of worthies; when all these marble figures are transformed, and the spirit of each original seems for a moment to enter and possess its effigy—surely they live for a moment in that inspiring glow—the chorus of the elect will ascend in the twilight, and the deserted and deformed cathedral will seem to know something of the glory that possessed it in days gone by.

Flowers in Sacred and Legendary Lore.

BY MARION A. TAGGART.

THE record of man's existence upon earth shows no time when the love of flowers had a beginning. When Adam first breathed the air of Paradise, the delight of existence must have been enhanced by the perfumes borne upon those primeval zephyrs; and the Chaldean shepherds no doubt found room, in their nomadic life, for admiration of the beautiful blossoms that embroidered the fields through which they led their flocks. From the pleasure man enjoyed in these gifts of nature, to the offering of them to his gods and connecting them with religious observances, was an imperceptible step, early made, and one never to be retraced; for in all ages have flowers been thus used, and to-day the Christian knows no more fitting offering to place on his shrine than these lovely "smiles of God."

Flowers formed an important part of Roman ceremonial, religious, civil, and social; and the Greeks, best-loved children of nature, had numberless customs and

myths in connection with the blossoms so freely produced by their exuberant land. Around the Christian calendar, as on a trellis, have been entwined flowers associated with each feast by legend or suggestive suitability, till the year is beautiful and fragrant with blossom and perfume.

Let us begin with Christmas, which may be said to be the first of all our festivals; for

"Christ was born on Christmas Day:
Wreathe the holly, twine the bay."

The glad feast recalls at once the thought of the living green brought in heavy with snow, emblem of the life unending, then begun. Of the many legends connecting flowers with the birth of the Saviour only a few can be indicated. One, of the rose-colored sainfoin, comes from France, and says that when the Infant Jesus was lying in the manger, among the herbs and grasses forming His bed this plant was found, which suddenly opened its flowers to form a wreath around His head. For this reason the pretty blossom was greatly esteemed in the Middle Ages. The Star of Bethlehem furnishes an earthly reproduction of the Star in the East, which has given its name to the shining white blossom. The Rose of Jericho is said to have first bloomed at Christ's birth, to have closed at His Crucifixion, and opened again at the Resurrection. The same flower, it is said, sprang up beneath the footsteps of the Holy Family in the Flight into Egypt, and hence was called Mary's rose.

The laurestine, which Montgomery calls "the fair tree of winter," was dedicated to St. Faine, an Irish Abbess who lived in the sixth century, and who was commemorated on January 1. An old adage says:

"Whether the weather be snow or raine,
We are sure to see the flower of St. Faine;
Rain comes but seldom, and often snow,
And yet the viburnum [laurestine] is sure to blow."

Passing on to the next month, we find Candlemas Day observed by replacing evergreen with box, which was kept up until Easter. Herrick says:

"Down with the rosemary and bays,
Down with the mistletoe;
Instead of holly now upraise
The greener box for show."

The snowdrop, blossoming nearly at this time, has been called "the fair maid of February":

"The snowdrop, in purest white array,
First rears her head on Candlemas Day."

This delicate child of the cold is said to have bloomed then in memory of the Blessed Virgin presenting the Child Jesus in the Temple, and as an emblem of purity has always been associated with her. There is a pretty legend connected with this delicate blossom, which tells us that as Eve wept over the desolation she had brought upon the earth, when Paradise was closed, and all the world was hidden under a pall of continually falling snow, an angel was sent to console the mother of mankind. As he spoke to her, he caught a snowflake, upon which he breathed, bidding it blossom; and as he did so he said to her:

"This is an earnest, Eve, to thee,
That sun and summer soon shall be."

The snowflake fluttered to the ground. The angel's mission ended, he departed for heaven; but where he had stood, and the flake had fallen, grew a circle of fragile flowers—and the beautiful snowdrop was given to the earth.

March opens with the Welsh patron saint, David, for ages associated with the leek. On that day Welshmen wear leeks in their hats. This custom is of doubtful origin; but the most widely received tradition is that St. David made the Welsh wear leeks in their hats to distinguish themselves from the foemen in a battle with the Saxons, in which the Welsh were victorious; and henceforth upon the 1st of March the leek was placed in "their Monmouth caps," as doughty Fluellen says, perpetuating the memory of their victory.

The 17th of March, St. Patrick's Day, and its association with the shamrock, which he is said to have used illustrating

the Mystery of the Trinity, needs no more than a passing allusion.

St. Joseph's lilies are so strongly associated with him as to be known by his name; while in Tuscany the oleander is regarded as the rod which he carried, and which, bursting into blossom, indicated him as the chosen spouse of the Blessed Virgin. Elsewhere the campanula has been called "the little staff of St. Joseph"; and in Germany the white double daffodil bears the same name.

Although early art represented the Angel of the Annunciation bearing a rod of olive, as messenger of peace to mankind, lilies are become the flower of the Annunciation; but white iris, narcissus, and blossoming almond-tree were also appropriate to this feast.

With Lent come many floral legends and blossoms associated with the season. First of all the daffodil, called Lent lily, from which name has been formed "lentil" by a very evident corruption. Robert Herrick, pausing in his gaiety for a moment's serious thought, hears from the daffodil a quaint little sermon, not inappropriate for the season to which this flower was consecrated. He says:

"When a daffodil I see,
Hanging down his head t'wards me,
Guess I may what I must be:
First, I shall decline my head;
Secondly, I shall be dead;
Lastly, safely buried."

Palm-Sunday brings its own explanation. The branches substituted for the palm, differing in different lands, include the evergreen, pine, palmetto, catkins of willow or yew; and in Brittany sprigs of box are used.

The plant which furnished the thorns to crown the head of Our Lord has been variously identified. A pretty legend gives it as the rosebriar, which, falling to the ground, blossomed into roses from its sacred contact. Local tradition naturally singled out thorns known to each locality, but the Eastern belief is the most worthy of cre-

dence; and that, in most places, pronounces it to have been a species of buckthorn, known, from its having as it is supposed formed the crown of Christ, as the *Tizyphus spina-Christi*.

Equally varied have been the traditions that surrounded the wood of the Cross, and many trees have been designated as having furnished it. The aspen and the poplar have shared the ignominious distinction with other trees; and legend attributes the shivering of the aspen and trembling of the poplar to their accursed use. Sir John Mandeville states that the Cross was formed of four woods: the cypress, cedar, palm and olive; in the case of other writers, box and pine are substituted for the two former. These four woods were generally supposed to represent the four quarters of the globe.

Many plants are said to have been spotted by the Blood of the Lord falling upon them as they grew beneath His Cross; among others the wall-flower, the wood-sorrel, and the purple orchis, called in Cheshire "Gethsemane."

The blue speedwell has been called the Veronica, because the pious people of the olden time thought they saw in it a resemblance to the napkin with which St. Veronica wiped the face of Jesus on His way to Calvary.

The Passion-flower by its very name expresses its curious formation and resemblance to the instruments of the Passion. An old Spanish writer, speaking of it from descriptions he had received from Jesuit missionaries in Mexico, calls it "the flower of the Five Wounds."

The elder is the tree upon which Judas is said to have hung himself, by which tradition is explained the superstitious dread in which that tree was held.

Easter has claimed all white flowers as its own: lilies in modern times almost exclusively, but earlier the garden daffodil, the broom, and the anemone, which was called "the purple Pasque-flower."

On Ascension Day was gathered the everlasting; and the Swiss fashion wreaths of edelweisse and amaranth—both emblems of immortality—to hang over their doors. “Immortal amaranth,” says Milton,—

“A flower which once
In Paradise, fast by the Tree of Life,
Began to bloom; but soon, for man’s offence,
To heaven removed.”

To St. George, the patron of England, has been assigned the harebell, which bloomed at the season of his feast; and for this reason, as well as for the color—blue coats being worn on that day—was dedicated to the Saint.

May ushers in not only all the flowers, but all the poetry and legends of flowers, both sacred and profane. The hawthorn is the first fragrant association of the month,—the May-bloom, as our English forebears called it. In Cornwall they call the lilac Mayflower, and the lily of the valley has been nicknamed May-lily. Even New England has laid an unwilling contribution on the May shrines in the loveliest May flower of all, to American thought *the* Mayflower—the trailing arbutus.

Whitsunday is wreathed in blossoms, coming as it does in the Maytime.

“When yew is out then birch comes in,
And Mayflowers beside;
Both of a fresh and fragrant kinne,
To honor Whitsontide,”

says Herrick, who knew and loved these old customs. Flower sermons were preached in certain London churches on this day, and everywhere flowers were gathered in abundance to deck the houses. In Russia there is a pretty custom for the young girls to cast wreaths of flowers in the Neva, in memory of their absent friends, at the close of Whitsuntide.

The rose, which bursts into blossom at this season, the favorite flower of poets and myths, has been consecrated especially to the Blessed Virgin, the Mystical Rose and the Queen of the Rosary. The Rose of Sharon, the beautiful Hebrew figure of Our Lord, comes to mind in thinking of this

flower; and once more we find Herrick, in one of his pure and devout moods, writing in this connection:

“Go, pretty child, and beare this flower
Unto thy little Saviour;
And tell Him by that bud now blown
He is the Rose of Sharon known.”

The trefoil, or clover, is still given among friends on Trinity Sunday, as an emblem of the mystery that day celebrates.

St. John has had too many plants associated with him to be enumerated; many of them bear his name, as St. John’s wort, St. John’s bread, or the carob tree, said to have furnished him food in the wilderness. Currants, ripening at this time, have been called St. John’s berries; and the artemisia, St. John’s girdle.

The English daisy, called also the marguerite, white, with its soft red flushes, was probably named after the penitent, St. Margaret of Cortona.

“There is a double floret, white and red,
That our lasses call herb-Margaret,
In honor of Cortona’s penitent,
Whose contrite soul with red remorse was rent;
While on her penitence kind Heaven did throw
The white of purity, surpassing snow;
So white and red in this fair flower entwine,
Which maids are wont to scatter at her shrine.”

Sweet William was once probably *Saint* William, or Sweet St. William, after one of the three saints of that name, the number of whose namesakes to-day proves the popularity of the saints in years gone by.

The sunflower has been called St. Bartholomew’s star, and the Passion-flower has been considered the flower of Holy-Cross Day for obvious reasons.

Michaelmas Day brings even to America its Old-World associations, with the fine flowers growing by the roadsides, popularly termed “Michaelmas daisies.”

The wood-sorrel has been called St. Cecilia’s flower, from its trumpet-shaped blossom, recalling a musical instrument.

Herb-Barbara was so called from its growing and being eaten near the time of St. Barbara’s feast, December 4.

And so, with merely a hasty glance at

the great number of plants that entwine our calendar, we come again to Christmas, the last festival of all.

The ages of faith lavished upon the Blessed Virgin all their wealth of chivalric poetry and devotion; showing nowhere more plainly than in the thought of her expressed in association with the flowers, and still unconsciously retained in their familiar nomenclature. Thus the most beautiful of the ferns is the maiden's hair, called also Our Lady's hair; one of the finest of the orchids is Our Lady's slipper, shortened into lady's slipper; while another orchid has been called Our Lady's hands. We have lady's fingers—*i. e.*, Our Lady's fingers; the digitalis, more familiarly known as the "five finger," is in France called her gloves; the cuckoo-flower was her smock; the harebell, Our Lady's thimble; the cowslip, her bunch of keys; and black briony was called Our Lady's seal, owing to the great efficacy of its roots as a plaster to heal wounds. The Virgin's bower still bears her name, as does the marigold, contracted from Mary's gold; and the fragile lilies of the valley are her tears.

It is amusing to find Our Lady's comb and Our Lady's looking-glass transformed by Puritan scruples into Venus' comb and Venus' looking-glass; though it would seem at a glance that the Pilgrim Father, with his feet firmly planted on Plymouth Rock, had little to indicate him as a votary of Venus, however much he might abhor the "papisty" that poisoned his forefathers' gardens.

Volumes have been compiled on the subject of floral legends and consecrated plants, of which the present article can merely indicate the wealth. In the folklore, songs and customs of a simple people, and not less in their devout and poetical names for common objects, are hidden treasures learned research can but incompletely exhume. In the names of the herbs and humble field flowers, in the legends with which they came to be associated, are

not only vivid expositions of profound theological truths, but poetical flights of thought that seem to penetrate beyond the external beauty of form and odor, seizing the soul of the flower, and expounding, in the simplicity of the wisdom of ignorance, the hidden meaning of its Creator.

Yule-Tide Gifts.

A STRIKING word-picture in the beautiful story of "Ben Hur" depicts one of the most touching events relating to Christ's Nativity—namely, the journey of the Magi to Bethlehem. The meeting of the three Kings; the strong yet wonderfully tender recital of the workings of grace within their great hearts; the eager faith and love which animated them, as, guided by the miraculous Star, they sought the new-born King of the Jews, have a fascination which culminates in an act of worship, as we read the scriptural words supremely impressive in their very simplicity: "And going into the house, they found the Child with Mary His Mother; and falling down they adored Him. And opening their treasures, they offered to Him gifts—gold, frankincense, and myrrh."

Nearly nineteen hundred years ago that Babe held out His tiny fingers to touch the bowed heads of those worshippers, who reverently placed at His feet their offerings; and yet to-day the hearts of thousands thrill at the mere Gospel narrative. As the Star was a beacon of hope, a guide to the Saviour's Crib for the Wise Men of old, so in the Christian soul the star of loving desire to honor the Infant King burns brightly, seeming to gather fresh brilliancy in the Advent gloom; and Christmas bells ring out in our hearts even before the consecrated bells of churches proclaim the good tidings to the shepherds of Christ's fold and the expectant flocks.

In the atmosphere of joy that emanates from Bethlehem, the heart expands and longs to give,—longs in the spirit of the Magi to spread the peace and good-will of the Midnight Cave through all the world. As a result of such salutary impulses we have the really beautiful custom of gift-making. First comes the generous offering to the Church, then the gifts to dear ones—to mother, to father, to friends; gifts perhaps insignificant in themselves; gifts where the cost is never considered by giver or receiver; gifts breathing the sweet peace of Christmastide. And last, but not least, comes the portion set aside for God's poor,—the poor to whom He came especially, the poor whom He loves so tenderly. And how many such there are!—poor men, brought to want through sickness and misfortune; poor women, struggling to keep soul and body together; poor children, who have never known the comforts of a home, the affection of a loving parent, and who know nothing of Christmas, save that it is a time when rich people have a holiday.

However little we may be able to give, let the poor never be forgotten; and if a sacrifice has to be made to insure the offering of gold, it will serve as myrrh, and the action will be borne by watching angels as frankincense to the King of Glory.

The spirit of the world, like another Herod, strives to destroy the influence of the new-born King. Heed not its voice; be not deceived by its purple and ermine, its jewelled crown and sceptre; but, like the Magi, take another road—go through the haunts and byways of poverty and misery, avoiding the gay thoroughfares of amusement. And the fireside you reach after a day of charity, a day of gift-making to the patient, suffering poor, will be brightened by the smile of Mary and the blessing of her Son; and your heart will sing with the Angels, as it never sang before: "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace to men of good-will!"

Notes and Remarks.

Signor Crispi, late chief manager of United Italy, and active persecutor of the Church, is supposed by some Americans to be a well-informed man in all international questions. We have been told that he thoroughly understands American institutions and loves them ardently. He says, in the December number of the *North-American Review*, that he admits three forms of religion as worthy of place in the world: the Oriental Orthodox, the Roman Catholic, and the American. "The American Church," he tells us blandly, sweetly, naïvely, "has for its chief a magistrate, who acts as bishop and as king." We do not think Mr. Porter, our able minister at Rome, ever told him this. It is possible that somebody has translated Mark Twain or Bill Nye into the language of Italian diplomacy. And Signor Crispi is a statesman!

At the secret consistory held in Rome on the 14th inst. two Cardinals were created: Mgr. Ruffo Scilla, Maggiordomo of His Holiness; and Mgr. Sepiacci, of the Order of St. Augustine, Secretary of the Congregation of Bishops and Regulars. At a public consistory on the 17th inst. the Rev. Sebastian Messmer, D. D., of the Catholic University of America, was appointed Bishop of Green Bay; the Very Rev. James Schwebach, V. G., Bishop of La Crosse; and the Rev. Ignatius Horstmann, D. D., chancellor and secretary of the Archdiocese of Philadelphia, Bishop of Cleveland.

A dispatch from Cairo to the New York *Sun* announces the escape and safe arrival in Egypt, on the 14th inst., of a priest and four Sisters, formerly attached to the Austrian Soudan Mission, who have been in captivity at Omdurman since the revolt by the hordes of the Mahdi against Egyptian authority, eight years ago. They had a narrow escape from recapture by the Arabs, and were greatly exhausted by their journey across the Desert.

Thirty-five years ago, in the little town of Ellsworth, Me., the Rev. Father Bapst, S. J.,

was tarred and feathered by Protestant fanatics for exercising the duties of his sacred calling. In the same town, a few weeks ago, another Catholic priest, the Rev. T. F. Butler, delivered by invitation an address before a meeting of ministers held there. Father Butler's address was an able paper, and, while not offensively antagonistic, gave the reverend gentlemen who listened to him a number of points that may well occupy their best attention for some time to come. Commenting on this significant event, the *Pilot* may well exclaim:

"A Catholic priest addressing by invitation the Protestant ministers of the town where little more than thirty-five years ago a Catholic priest—the Jesuit, Father Bapst—was tarred and feathered for daring to exist and exercise his office! Truly the world moves!"

The pioneer of the Benedictine Order in the United States, the venerable Father Nicholas Balleis, rector of the Church of St. Francis, Brooklyn, died peacefully on the 14th inst., after receiving the last Sacraments. He was in the eighty-fourth year of his age, having been born at Salzburg, Austria, on November 22, 1808, and lately celebrated the sixtieth anniversary of his ordination. Father Balleis had been in charge of St. Francis' parish since 1836. There was only one other priest in Brooklyn—the Rev. Father Malone, of the Church of SS. Peter and Paul—when the diocese was formed.

We have frequently been asked whether Mr. Justin McCarthy, M. P., leader of the Irish Parliamentary party, were a Catholic. The following from the Liverpool *Catholic Times* settles the question definitely:

"Replying to the queries of a correspondent, Mr. Justin McCarthy, M. P., says: 'I have no hesitation in authorizing you to tell any one who feels any interest in the subject, that I never was, am not, and never, please God, shall be, an atheist. I am, as I always have been, a member of the Roman Catholic Church.'"

By the death of the Rt. Rev. Eugene O'Connell, the episcopate of the Pacific coast has lost one of the oldest and worthiest of its members. The late prelate's career was linked with the earlier history of the Church in California, he having been for several years rector of the old Spanish mission of Santa Inez. In 1861 he was appointed chief pastor

of the Vicariate Apostolic of Marysville, then of recent creation. Later he was consecrated Bishop of Grass Valley. In 1879 Bishop O'Connell asked for and obtained a coadjutor in the Rt. Rev. Patrick Monogue, and shortly afterward retired from the administration of the diocese, which is now included in that of Sacramento. Although advancing years led him to abandon the arduous duties of the episcopacy, he continued to perform at Los Angeles the duties of a priest with a fidelity that was never wanting. Bishop O'Connell was for some years an efficient professor in All Hallows College, Ireland. At the age of seventy-six he has gone to his reward. *R. I. P.*

At a meeting of the Chicago Society of Artists recently, Miss Kate Field, of Washington, advocated the abolition of duties on works of art imported into this country. While we cordially endorse the lady's views on this subject, we confess that the portion of her address which most interested us was the following, which we quote from a Chicago daily:

"Miss Field said that a Congressman should not be asked to support a measure because it was right, but because it would pay; and in this case they could be shown how free art would help the World's Fair. France was sulking. It could do more for the art exhibit of the Fair than any other nation. It had accepted American pork, and the United States should admit its art."

Miss Field may not be successful in her advocacy of the scheme to abolish these duties; but she evidently understands the average Congressman, and knows how to command his support. Free art *vs.* free pork is good.

An exact copy of the celebrated Madonna of Czestochowa, the work of a Polish artist at Cracow, has been presented to the Very Rev. Edward Sorin, C. S. C., by Count Szlubowski, on behalf of the Carmelite nuns in Rome. This Madonna has a marvellous history, with which our readers are already familiar. The painting is on cedar wood, four feet in height by two and one-half feet in width.

The Paris correspondent of the *Catholic Times*, writing of the general grief expressed for the death of Lord Lytton, says: "No more touching tribute was paid to the memory of

the illustrious deceased than that which came from the lips of the Rev. Matthew Kelly, in the church of the English Passionists, in the Avenue Hoche. Taking for his text, 'Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord, for their works do follow them,' the preacher said that the late Lord Lytton would be deeply mourned by the Catholic congregation of St. Joseph's. 'Never was his assistance asked by us in vain, and his support of our various charities was never-failing and generous.'"

A touching tribute to the memory of John Boyle O'Reilly, the ex-convict poet and novelist, who dedicated his "Moondyne" to "All that are in prison," was that recently paid by the inmates of the Massachusetts State Prison. On the failure of the Maverick Bank, in which the O'Reilly Memorial Fund had been deposited, the convicts abstained from tobacco for three weeks, bought with the money thus saved implements, and proceeded to the manufacture of fancy work and bric-a-brac. From the proceeds of the sale of their work, a sum of five hundred dollars has already been handed to the Memorial Fund committee; and a further instalment, it is said, is forthcoming. O'Reilly's words and works appealed to the innate manliness that exists in the majority of even the criminal class; and were he living, this act would be sure to elicit his admiration.

The Catholics, clergy and laity, of Providence, R. I., are mourning the recent death of one who for years has been identified with true Christian education in that city. Brother Josiah, of the Brothers of the Christian Schools, was a typical Catholic educator, one whose high vocation as a Christian teacher was zealously fostered throughout his career. The general esteem in which he was held was evinced by the crowds who thronged to his funeral services, the numerous clergy present in the sanctuary on the occasion, and the glowing tribute to his memory pronounced by the Rt. Rev. Bishop Harkins. *R. I. P.*

We were rather surprised, some time ago, to read in the *Catholic Telegraph* what purported at first sight to be a very uncharitable wish on the part of the editor. The context,

however, sufficiently explained and justified the expression; and we are so thoroughly in harmony with our Cincinnati contemporary on the point in question that we reprint the paragraph:

"We hope that those among our subscribers who are in debt to us will have an acute attack of remittent fever, and send us the amount they owe us by the next mail. It costs a good deal of money to conduct a paper, and this money has to be spent in cash every week. Our delinquent subscribers should remember this; and should consider also that though the sum they owe, one by one, is small, when hundreds of them fail in paying that small sum the total amounts to hundreds of dollars. So, reader, if you are one of those for whose conscience this paragraph was written, please remit at your earliest convenience."

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands, as if you were bound with them.
—HEB., xiii, 3.

The following persons are recommended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

The Rev. T. J. Disney, rector of the Church of the Sacred Heart, Louisville, Ky., who died peacefully on the 8th inst., fortified by the last Sacraments.

Sisters Mary Achelle and Mary Octavien, of the Sisters of the Holy Names; and Sister Mary Joseph, of the Sisters of the Precious Blood, who were lately called to the reward of their selfless lives.

Mr. John B. Geisz, who departed this life on the 30th ult., in Philadelphia, Pa.

Mr. Joseph McMahon, of New York city, who passed away on the 13th inst.

Mrs. Catherine Coyle, who piously yielded her soul to God on the 2d inst., at Newark, N. J.

Mr. Edward Coghlan, of Baltimore, Md., whose happy death took place on the 10th inst.

Miss Frances L. Fernandez, who died a holy death on the 1st inst., in Boston, Mass.

Mrs. Elizabeth Hickey, of Rochester, N. Y., who breathed her last on the Feast of the Immaculate Conception.

Mr. Patrick Gallagher, whose life close peacefully on the 2d inst., at E. Albany, N. Y.

Mr. Edward Clowrey, Mrs. Ellen Johnston, Mr. John Burns, Miss Mary Gleeson, Mrs. Hanora Dawson, Miss Nellie Morrissey, Mr. John McCaffrey, Mrs. Hanora Cleary,—all of Albany, N. Y.; Mr. Patrick Gallagher, Greenbush, N. Y.; Mrs. Mary McDermott and Mr. James McMahon, Galena, Ill.; Mr. John O'Gorman, St. John, N. B.; Mr. Luke O'Brien, Woonsocket, R. I.; Catherine Mahon, Covington, Ky.; Mrs. C. Kelly, Biddeford, Me.; Mr. John Reilly, W. Albany, N. Y.; Mr. J. McKernan, Indianapolis, Ind.; and Mrs. Ellen Westropp, Troy, N. Y.

May they rest in peace!



Holy Night.

BY THE REV. A. B. O'NEILL, C. S. C.

WINTRY Night has spread her mantle
 O'er a fair Judean town,
 On deserted street and highways
 Moon and stars look calmly down;
 Wealthy nobles, poor plebeians,
 Merry youths and grandsires old,
 All repose in peaceful slumber,
 Sheltered from the bitter cold.
 All, except some lowly Shepherds,
 Men of simple mood and wills,
 Who, inured to cold and hardships,
 Watch their flocks upon the hills.
 Only these, and, in a stable,
 Bleak and lonely, rude and bare,
 Two expectant, humble strangers,
 Both absorbed in silent prayer.
 Midnight steals upon the mountain,—
 Lo! the Shepherds start with fear;
 What betides this radiant vision,
 What this hymn divine they hear?
 Surely these are forms angelic
 Winging downward from the sky,
 And a myriad host is singing:
 "Glory be to God on high!"
 Midnight lingers o'er the stable—
 Aged spouse and Maiden mild
 Gaze with speechless adoration
 On a lowly, new-born Child.
 Countless spirits hover round them,
 Eager all that Babe to scan;
 For 'tis He whom God has promised,
 Christ the Saviour, born to man.
 Sing, ye stars, a song of gladness!
 Echo, earth, the blest refrain!
 Banish, fallen man, thy sadness;
 Let each heart repeat the strain!
 "Alleluia, Alleluia!
 Ever joyous be this night:
 God has sent our blest Redeemer,
 Christ is here,—our way, our light!"

Little Michael's Christmas.

BY SYLVIA HUNTING.



YULE-TIDE had come at
 last: it was Christmas Eve.
 In the pleasant room above
 the shop a cheerful fire was
 blazing; wax-candles burned
 in the bright silver sconces
 on both sides of the mantel-
 piece,—sconces brought over from Holland
 years before by Hans Jauselin's father, a
 baker like himself; and the old mahogany
 furniture shone like so many mirrors.

On a roomy couch, nestling among
 pillows, lay little Michael, the baker's only
 child, whose frail life had always hung
 upon the feeblest tenure, and who for
 months had not stepped beyond the thresh-
 old of the room.

Good Grandmother Jauselin (her son's
 wife had died at little Michael's birth)
 passed to and fro in front of the fire,
 glancing at intervals toward the bed.
 Presently, pushing her spectacles back on
 her snow-white hair, she advanced to the
 side of the couch.

"Michael, my little man," she said in
 a low voice, drawing back the eider-down
 coverlet. The quaint red lamp in her hand
 threw a weird radiance on the small, re-
 cumbent figure. Twice since the great
 clock in the shop below had struck seven
 Grandmother Jauselin had spoken gently
 to the child; but the little one still slept on.

The shop bell rang violently. Michael
 started up, leaning on his elbow in the atti-
 tude of listening. The old woman, seeing
 that he was awake, went to the door at the
 head of the stairs and called softly:

"Come up, son Hans, and leave Peter
 in the shop. Michael is awake."

A great, strong man, with frank blue
 eyes, and a long, blonde beard, sprang up
 the stairs in two or three strides.

"How now, little one?" he asked, smiling, and patting the thin, blue-veined hand.

"How is father's little son?"

"I have slept well," answered the child.

"It was such a nice, long sleep! If I could only always have rested as I have done these last weeks, I think—I think, father, I might now have been a strong boy. What time is it, father?"

"Not eight yet, dear heart," said the baker. "There are many people in the shop, but I told grandmother to let me know directly when you waked. I wanted to have a kiss and a word from my little Michael."

Very gravely the child bent forward and kissed him, saying, "I hoped when I woke that it was nearly time for the Infant Jesus to come; but when I heard the shop bell ring, I knew it could not be midnight yet."

"No, my darling; but everything is ready for to-morrow. We shall have a happy Christmas."

"Yes, father. Did you have many figures of Santa Claus in the shop this year?"

"A great many, and they are nearly all sold. Shall I run down and fetch you up a chocolate one, with a white hat of sparkling loaf-sugar?"

"No," he answered, quietly. "I do not care for one to-night. Father, do all children know about Santa Claus, that he lived once on earth, and loved little boys and girls?"

The good baker knit his brows. "I doubt it, little one," he said. "You see, they have not all had good, kind grandmothers, like you, to teach them these things."

"It is a good grandmother," said the child,—*"so kind."*

The old woman sat down on the bed, and, stooping, softly kissed the little boy on the forehead. "For eight years you have been the joy of my life," she said. Then, rising quickly, she began arranging some things on the mantelpiece.

"We shall have fine times to-morrow, Michael," said Hans, smiling down into the white, wasted face. "Grandmother and

I have decorated the sitting-room with cedar; holly wreaths are hung in the windows; and such piles of nuts and apples and raisins and sweet cakes of every kind you never saw."

But the child was asleep.

Somehow, Hans Jauselin's heart was heavy as he descended the stairs; and the grandmother, sitting near the fire, dropped tear after tear as she watched the placid, sleeping face. She had closed the door at the foot of the stairs, as well as that leading into the room, and all sounds from below were hushed, while the child slept calmly on. The hours passed, and the old woman also slept, her grey head resting on the back of the chintz-covered arm-chair where she sat. A faint voice aroused her.

"Grandmother," said Michael, "when will the little Jesus come?"

"At midnight, my treasure."

"Will it be soon?"

"Pretty soon, darling; pretty soon."

"Call father, please," said the child.

"He is coming, sweetheart; he is coming now."

The door opened and the baker entered. Michael stretched out his little hand. The father drew the child to him and held him close.

"Can you stay with me now till Jesus comes?"

"Yes, my dear: the work is all done."

Nestling closer to his father's heart, with a smile that made his face look brighter than it had been for a long time, little Michael said:

"Father, promise me something. I know that if you promise you will never forget."

"I promise."

"Next year, and every year afterward, I want you to have a pretty Stable of Bethlehem made for the show-window, with a lovely little Jesus in the crib, and all the other figures around; like my own little Stable, only larger, so that the smallest children may see without standing on tip-toe; for all of them do not have kind sisters

to lift them up so that they may see. I want them to look at the Stable just as they do now at Santa Claus; and perhaps in that way some of them who do not know anything of the Infant Jesus may learn to know about Him."

"It is a kind heart, a tender heart," said the father, in an unsteady voice.

"And, father, I think if they saw the dear Saviour lying in the poor manger it would not hurt them so much to be cold and hungry and naked. I never thought of the real Christmas as I have done this year. How can those poor children know about it, who have not friends to tell them?"

The kind face of the baker grew sad; but he answered cheerfully, almost gayly:

"My dear little one, it shall be done as you wish—this year and every year thereafter while I live."

The child lay silent for a time, but he clung closer to his father's hand. Then, drawing his face very near to his own, he said:

"Father, last night I had a dream. I thought it was Christmas Eve—to-night. And the dear Lord Jesus came floating down on a cloud just here, into this room; and you were sitting by my bed holding my hand. And He said: 'Come, my little one; I am waiting. Come with me to keep Christmas in Paradise—'"

"It was only a dream, dear heart; it was only a dream."

"Yes, father, a dream—but not all a dream. Father Scherer told me I was old beyond my years; and he said, too, that he believed Our Lord sometimes speaks in dreams to little ones like me."

"You were ill, my darling; and when one is not well, strange dreams come."

"Father, I am waiting for Him: He is coming. In Paradise I shall love you so dearly—oh, so dearly! And you—you have promised for the poor children—you will never forget?"

"I shall never forget," answered the strong man, shaken with sobs.

The grandmother had fallen on her knees beside the bed. Slipping her hands under the covering, she gathered the little feet in a warm and gentle clasp. They were cold, very cold. The child smiled faintly upon her. "Dear grandmother!" he said. Then he twisted his hand in his father's long beard, after a childish habit, saying very slowly and softly, "Ah, this is my own dear St. Nicholas!" After that he spoke no more.

And now the fire burned very low, and the candles sputtered in the silver sconces; the pleasant room was full of shadows. Outside the cocks were crowing. Far in the distance a church bell rang out the hour of midnight—Christ was born again.

Why did the golden head rest so heavily on the weeping father's arm? Why did the grandmother lift her clasped hands to her forehead in an agony of sorrow, dropping them again with the peace of resignation? Ah, it is sweet to keep Christmas in heaven!

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"Better than Riches."

—

BY MARY CATHERINE CROWLEY.

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(CONCLUSION.)

III.

On the morning of the day before Christmas, Katy appeared at the counter and offered the twenty-two cents which she had succeeded in getting together—the balance to be paid on her present.

"Can't I take the doll now, please?" she begged.

"You will have to ask the floor-walker," replied Julia.

She did so, but he said she must wait until evening; he could not make any exceptions. So she was obliged to control her impatience.

Scarcely five minutes afterward a crash was heard. The equilibrium of the rack of

dolls had been disturbed, and the whole collection was dashed to the floor. Fortunately, only three or four of the dolls were broken; but, alas! among them was the one Katy had set her heart upon giving to her sick sister.

The commotion brought her to the scene at once. Poor Katy! She did not burst out crying, as Julia expected; but just clasped her hands and stood looking at the wreck of the doll, with an expression of hopeless disappointment, which would have seemed ludicrous, considering the cause, had it not been so pathetic. It aroused the ready sympathy of Julia.

"Don't feel so bad, midget!" she whispered, picking up the pieces. "See: only the head is spoiled. There's another with the feet knocked off. I'll get permission to take the two dolls up to the toy-mender's room, and have the head of the other put on your doll; that will make it as good as new."

When order was restored, she made her request of the floor-walker.

"All right," he answered. "It will cut down the loss by ninety-seven cents; so you may have it done, if they can spare the time upstairs. That is an awkward corner, anyhow; it will have to be left free in future."

At noon Julia snatched a few moments from the short interval allowed her to get her lunch, and hurried up to the toy-mender's quarters. She prevailed upon him to have the doll repaired in the course of an hour or two; he promised to do so, and it was sent back to her early in the afternoon.

That day Katy's duties, fortunately for her peace of mind, brought her frequently into the vicinity of the doll counter. Now she hastened to it, in a quiver of excitement, to witness the success of the process. When the cover was taken off of the box, her cheeks crimsoned with indignation and her eyes blazed, as she turned inquiringly to Julia.

"Indeed, Katy, it is none of my doings," protested the salesgirl. Though the result of the experiment was so funny, she had not the heart to laugh. The doll with the beautiful blue buckles on her shoes had now a mop of dark wool, and a face as black as the ace of spades.

Julia's quick wit at once jumped at the correct conclusion regarding the apparent blunder. The toy-mender's two thoughtless apprentices had played a joke upon the little cash-girl.

"It is only the nonsense of those rogues upstairs. I'll take the doll back and tell them they must fix it to-night, or I'll complain of them for their fooling at this busy time," she announced, energetically; for she noted the twitching around the corners of Katy's mouth, notwithstanding the child's brave effort at self-control.

Katy went off partially comforted.

"It's mean to tease a child in that way," added Julia, in an audible aside, as she laid the doll on the shelf behind, and wished that the lady to whom she was showing some very handsome dolls would finish her choice, so that she might get a free minute to run up to the mending room again. But the interest of the customer had been awakened by the little drama enacted before her.

"What is the matter?" she inquired, cordially.

Julia looked disconcerted; but the lady had such a sweet and noble face, and her manner was so winning, that the girl found herself telling briefly not only the history of Katy's doll, but of Katy and Ellie too. It was not a waste of time either; for while she talked the purchaser made one or two additional selections, and then, after giving directions concerning them, passed on.

"Do you know who that was?" asked Katy, rushing up as the lady turned into another aisle of the store.

"Yes: Mrs. M——, of 34th Street. Of course she left her address for the parcels," replied Julia.

"It's my Rose-lady, as I call her,—don't you remember the one who gave me the pretty flower?" cried the child.

"Why, so it is!" rejoined Julia. "Well, she's a lovely lady certainly. She happened to ask what the trouble was about the doll; and was so interested I couldn't help telling her how you had saved and planned to get it for Ellie, and all about it."

"Mercy! did you?" answered the child, in confusion. "My, but you're the talker, Julia! What would the likes of her care to hear about that!"

The store kept open till half-past eleven Christmas Eve; but at length the last customer was gone, and the employees were allowed to choose their presents. Katy skipped around with joy when the doll was put into her arms. After a moment, however, Julia whisked it away again, and sent it to be packed in a box. The box proved to be large and clumsy, but this was accounted for upon the plea of haste.

"Well, good-night and merry Christmas, Julia!" said the little cash-girl, gratefully. "I don't know how to thank you enough for being so good, and helping me so much,—indeed I don't!"

"Never mind trying," answered Julia, brightly, but with an earnestness unusual to her. "Isn't this Christmas Eve, and didn't the Infant Jesus come to help us, and teach us to do what we can for one another? Just say a prayer for me at Mass to-morrow; that is all I ask."

"You may be sure I will," Katy responded, heartily.

"Good-night! Merry Christmas to you all, and especially to Ellie!" added Julia, hurrying away.

Katy's father was waiting for her at one of the entrances of the store. After a slight demur, she allowed him to carry the package, while she trudged along at his side. The stores were closed, the gay throng of shoppers had disappeared. People were still abroad upon the great thoroughfares; but the side streets were deserted, except when,

now and again, overtaxed workers like herself were to be met making their way home. The lamps burned dim, save where, occasionally, an electric light flared up with a spectral glare. The glitter of the world had departed. It was past midnight; in the deep blue of the winter's sky the stars glowed with a peaceful radiance. Looking up at them, Katy began to think, in her own simple fashion, of the meaning of Christmas and of Christmas gifts; of Bethlehem, the Virgin Mother, and the Divine Child; of the Love that came into the world on that holy night of long ago, to kindle in all hearts a spirit of kindness and helpfulness toward one another, making it more blessed to give than to receive. The little girl realized the happiness of making others happy, when she handed to Ellie the bulky package over which she had kept watch all the way to the house.

The usually pale face of the young invalid flushed with excitement, while, with trembling fingers, she unfastened the wrappings and opened the box.

"O Katy!" she exclaimed, as she beheld the hard-won present,— "O Katy!" It was all she could say, but the tone and the look which accompanied it were quite enough.

At first neither of the children could think of anything besides the doll; but after a while Ellie made another discovery. As she trifled with the box, she cried:

"Why, there's something else here!"

The next moment she drew out a doll precisely like the first, except that its shoes had red buckles; at the sight of which Katy immediately concluded that, for herself, she liked red buckles better. Attached to it was a card on which was written: "For an unselfish little sister."

"It did not get there by mistake: it's for you, Katy," said Ellie, ecstatically.

"Then the Rose-lady must have sent it," declared Katy, feeling as if she were in a dream.

That her conjecture was correct was evident the next day; for about noon a

carriage stopped at the door of the dilapidated house in — street; and a visitor, who seemed to bring with her an additional share of Christmas sunshine, was shown up to the Connors' tenement. She was followed by a tall footman, who quietly deposited upon the table a generous basket of the season's delicacies.

"The Rose-lady, mother!" cried Katy, pinching her own arm to see if she could possibly be awake.

It was all true, however; and that day the Connors family found a devoted friend. Henceforth the Rose-lady took a special interest in Ellie. She induced a celebrated doctor to go and see her. The great man said there was a chance that the crippled child might be cured by electricity; and it was arranged that the mother should take her regularly to his office for treatment, Mrs. M— offering the use of her carriage.

Now Ellie can walk almost as well as ever. She is growing stronger every day, and will probably before long be able to attain her ambition—"to earn money to help mother."

"And to think, Katy," the little girl often says, affectionately, "it all came about through your wanting to give me that Christmas doll!"

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Bethlehem.

In many respects Bethlehem is the same to-day as when Our Lord was born. The people dress now as they did then, and many of their manners and customs are unchanged since the first Christmas long ago. Baron Geramb, a famous traveller, who became a monk of the austere Order of La Trappe, tells us, in one of his books describing a pilgrimage to Palestine that he was particularly struck by the dress of the Bethlehemites. It reminded him of Jesus, Mary, and Joseph; and of the Shepherds also, who were the first to adore the

Saviour of the world. Baron Geramb says:

"The women are dressed in precisely the same manner as the Blessed Virgin in the pictures which represent her; not only the fashion of the garments, but the very colors are the same: a blue gown and red cloak, or a red gown and blue cloak, with a white veil over all. The first time that I chanced to see, at a distance, a woman of Bethlehem, carrying a little child in her arms, I could not help starting; methought I beheld Mary and the Infant Jesus coming toward me.

"On another occasion my emotion was not less lively. I perceived an old man, with white hair and white beard, driving an ass along the hill on which Bethlehem is situated; he was followed by a young woman, dressed in blue and red, and covered with a white veil. I was at Bethlehem. Imagination carried me back to the time of Augustus Cæsar. In a moment it transformed those two persons into Joseph and Mary, coming, in obedience to the orders of the prince, to be taxed.

"The dress of the country-people also awakens in the mind touching reflections: it is, I am assured, exactly the same as that of the Shepherds at the time of our Saviour's birth, and dates back upward of two thousand years. It is a sort of smock-frock or tunic, drawn tight round the waist by a leathern thong, and a cloak over that. No shoes: people in general go barefoot."

But if there has been little change as regards material things in the place of Our Lord's birth, the whole world has been changed otherwise. He said: "I have come to cast fire on the earth." That sacred fire is the love of God, and it burns brightly and spreads everywhere.

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JESUS and Mary will to all eternity be Son and Mother, and this one divine fact reveals to us the eternity of our relations.
—*Cardinal Manning.*



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Ave Maria.

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